

# HARLEQUIN

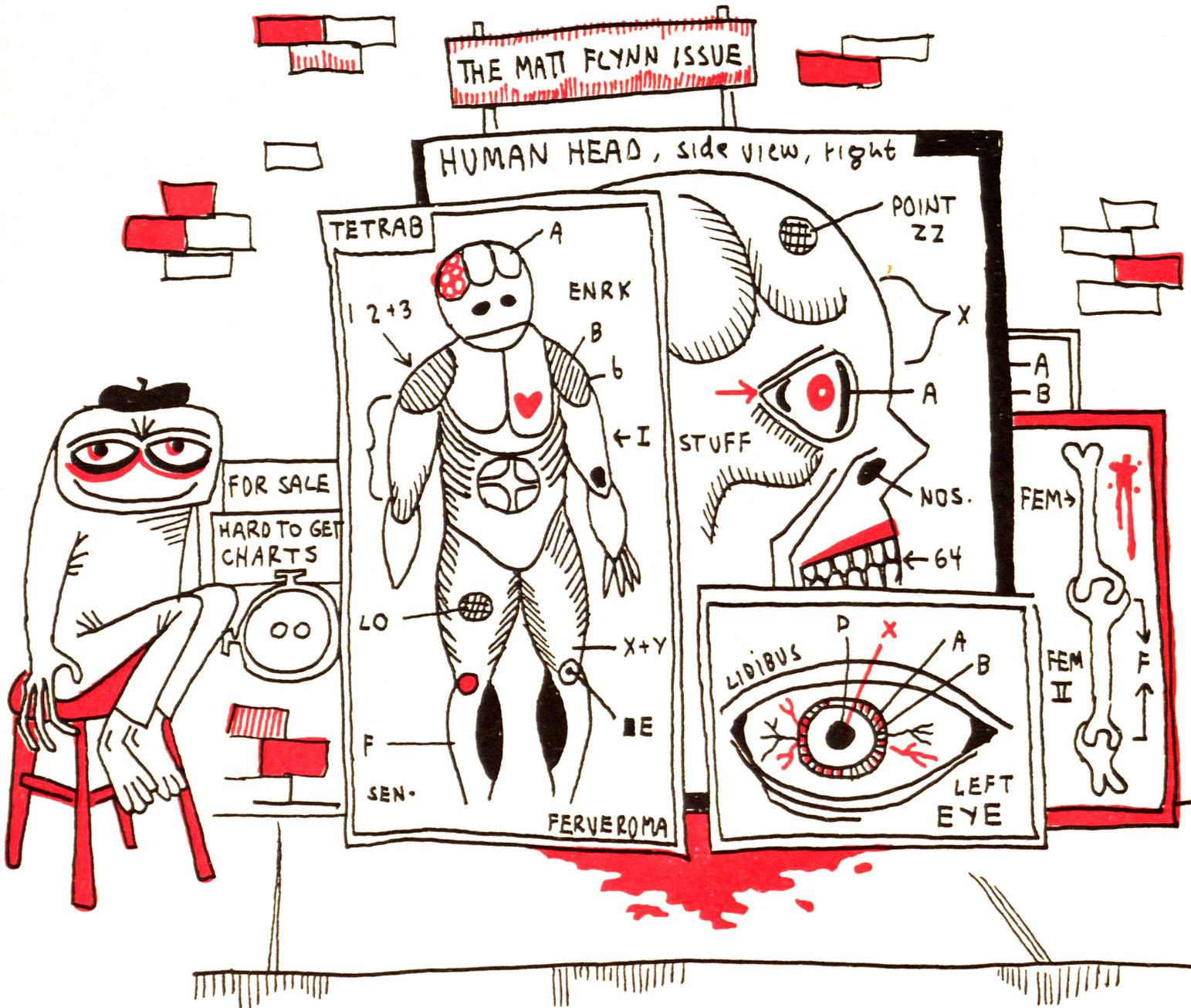
VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3

JUNE, 1959



25c





**Pla-Boy  
DRIVE-IN**

delicious  
double deck  
**STEAKBURGER**

*"See ya next fall!"*

## HARLEQUIN

June 1959  
302 Read Hall  
University of Missouri  
Editors:  
Dan Hays  
Tom Sieg

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angel  
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# look ba

by matt flynn



When asked to write this article, I was at first skeptical at opening my soul to the public at a quarter a peek. However, this skepticism was soon over-ridden by my insatiable desire for recognition (a trait common to the American male). I pondered the question, What can I add to what has been written in the Hardy Boy books?

First I envisioned a sunny pleasuredome of ice, and a damsel with a dulcimer (a vision I am told which is not unique to me). Then, forced up by a mighty fountain, came my Freshman Advisor (Beware! Beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair!). He was advising me as usual to take the basic Freshman courses: German, Chemistry, Evolution and Comparative Anatomy. Here then is the point from which I began looking backward in anger, Angel.

When I first left high school, (Picture Two) I had a big grin for the world. I was the King with that diploma crumpled in

# ck in anger, angel

my powerful fist. Then some nut told me about college.

When I entered college, after being lost three and a half days in registration, the Tom Swift look in men's clothing was just coming back into style. This is the three-to-four-button coat, pegged pants and wide stripes.

Unfortunately, I had just attended a summer OFF TO COLLEGE SALE at one of the local clothing stores and was told that the old two button jacket and bell-bottom trousers were still



the rage. This mode of dress led to a good deal of excitement during fraternity rush week. I was taken on tours of every basement and attic in Greek Town and numerous trips to Stephens, Christian and the city water and light plant (of which I was coaxed to make a floor-plan sketch). I was, however, pledged by a fraternity which mistook me for a non-conformist.

My first year at college was filled with adventure and revelation. This was the year that I nearly had my appendix removed at the student clinic when I went to them with a stomach ache. I won't say that I enjoyed college that first year, but I will say I found it disgusting. I began to take a great interest in the Army and Navy commercials on T.V. But suddenly the year was over.

That summer I worked in the Columbia Street Department learning how to make the streets impassable. There is more of an art to this than the normal im-

perceptive eye can detect. First you dig a hole and let it set. After it has set to the point where letters are being written in protest (this usually takes several months, because Columbians have become tempered to the jogginess of the streets and pay little attention unless the hole is several feet deep or cuts across their living room floor) you will fill it up with soggy clay and let it set again. This can continue for a whole year, as some of you know. In addition to this minor education I also received one hell of a sunburn.

I will spare you the little happenings of the next two college years, letting them slide off into the murky past labeled only by three little words, "Those Damn Years." I make it sound, as if I am looking back only in anger, which is untrue. I found some beauty in those two years.

I was initiated to the Hinkson, with its meandering beds and beer-can-strewn shores. In the



And so now my four years of college are over and I go out to face the world feeling like Perseus in search of the Gorgon; but I, too, remember Pasternak. ●

---

**(Editors' not: The entire play has been deleted because of offensive symbolism at the censorship level.)**

Bursting into the parlor where, on the afternoon of April 1, her mother was entertaining the bridge club, little Sue exclaimed excitedly: "Oh, mama! There's a strange man in our kitchen kissing the maid!"

Excusing herself, her mother started for the kitchen to put an end to such carryings-on in her chaste household.

"April Fool, mama! It's no strange man at all. It's only Daddy."

---

Two cannibals met in a mental institution. One was tearing out pictures of men, women, and children from a magazine, stuffing them into his mouth and eating them.

"Tell me," said the other, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

\* \* \* \*

The birds do it  
 The bees do it  
 The bats do it  
 Join the AFROTC

\* \* \* \*

The man put his small son on the mantelpiece and told him to jump into his arms. When he jumped, his father stepped aside and the boy fell on his head.

"That will teach you a lesson," the father said. "Don't trust anybody . . . not even your father!"

evenings spent on those spring-time banks with unrecognized young lovers wandering by saying, "Oops, I didn't see you there," and "You know what I like," a memory was stamped. Even today as I sit taking a test or listening to a lecture I have a faint but lovely recollection of singers on the Hink giving out with such ballads as "Xxxx Xxx Xxxx" and "Xxxx Xxxxx Xx." You know the ones.

Those were also the years in which I learned to drink. I was taught by a true master who majored in Drunk 105, and is now doing extensive graduate work. I became an art enthusiast also, being led to believe that a good artist is a good drunk, and vice versa. I took up clay modeling under the influence of wine, letting the White Port Jinni-in-the-jug muse me. My best work, MO-LOCH, is pictured for you. It is the one on the right. It may be of interest to you to note the sensitivity with which my empathetic hand fashioned the clay, but probably not.

Now I will review my Senior

year, for those of you who have lasted. I took the five-hour Psychology course and learned that I was teetering upon the brink of toothless insanity. Most people who take this course are suddenly aware that they have from seven to twelve characteristic mannerisms that may soon lead to mental disintegration. It's kind of a family entertainment. I found it so interesting that inspiration compelled me to write a play, which I shall impart to you here, based upon observation of a symbolic nature.



It has been proven in an independent survey that 98.6%  
of the dysentary and 99.5% of the ptomaine in Columbia  
originates

at the

## BENGAL SHOP

Worried about finals? Well, fox your instructors -

Eat at the Bengal Shop . . .

Spend final week in the clinic!



"I won't take it back, I still say that pig-tail  
makes you look effeminate."



**"Alright, where is that laughter we rehearsed?"**



**"Gad, Eslinger, he has your eyes!"**

Little boy: "Daddy, what is a bachelor?"

Daddy: "A man who didn't have a car in college."

A philosopher is one who can look into an empty glass and smile.

The freshman girl showed up at the clinic with a note from her housemother: "Dear Doctor: please do something to Jane's face. She's had it a long time and it's spreading."

First co-ed: Did you hear about the awful fright Joe got on his wedding day?

Second co-ed: Oh, yes; I was there and saw her.

# step RIGHT into your future

**T**oday's graduate is finding  
competition tougher than  
ever before. This makes  
it even more important

for you to be sure to put your  
best foot forward. We will  
fit you in a wardrobe  
guaranteed to make you look  
your best. So come in now and  
let us give you that young  
executive look.

put that young executive  
look into your appearance  
with personally fitted  
national brands from . . . .



*Puckett's*

"of Course"

908 E. Broadway

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Botany 500

Varsity Town

Palm Beach

Clipper Craft

See ya next fall



# Ruggles Cafe

Hgwy 40 & 63 N.

steaks  
chops  
seafoods

## editorial

All right—so why a Matt Flynn issue? Why should we pay parting tribute to one individual, ignoring many others?

First of all, because Matt is the sort of person who makes humor magazines possible and worthwhile. He is innately funny, and, more important, he sees humor in everyday life situations — a perceptual trait most of us have lost, or never had.

We realize there are those who *don't like* Matt Flynn cartoons, and who don't like Matt Flynn. He has a rather well developed ego, and does the things he does to satisfy himself. This irritates many people — but then, individuality seems generally to have an irritant quality these days.

Of course there are others, more rational beings, who just don't like Matt's cartoons. And we know that, no matter how small a minority they may be, they have a right to feel this way.

But we like Matt, and we think most of our readers will like the Matt Flynn issue. And as for the dissenting few — well, there just isn't a hell of a lot they can do about it, is there?

Harlequin's editors want to pause and thank a person whose understanding, generosity and candor have helped greatly in establishing the magazine.

This man is a businessman who has thrown his place of business open to us free of charge for proofreading, pasting up, delivery of the magazine, and for pasting in the Mudlands supplement last month. He has criti-

cized, suggested and at times, just plain griped about the magazine.

He paid gladly for the negative advertising we think is entertaining and effective in a humor magazine . . . and then went along with us when we goofed in the placement of his ad.

So, for caring enough to offer needed help, for understanding and trying to help not only us but students in general, we want to say a public "Thank you" to Lew Kaplow at the Bengal Shop.

The time has come for maudlin farewells.

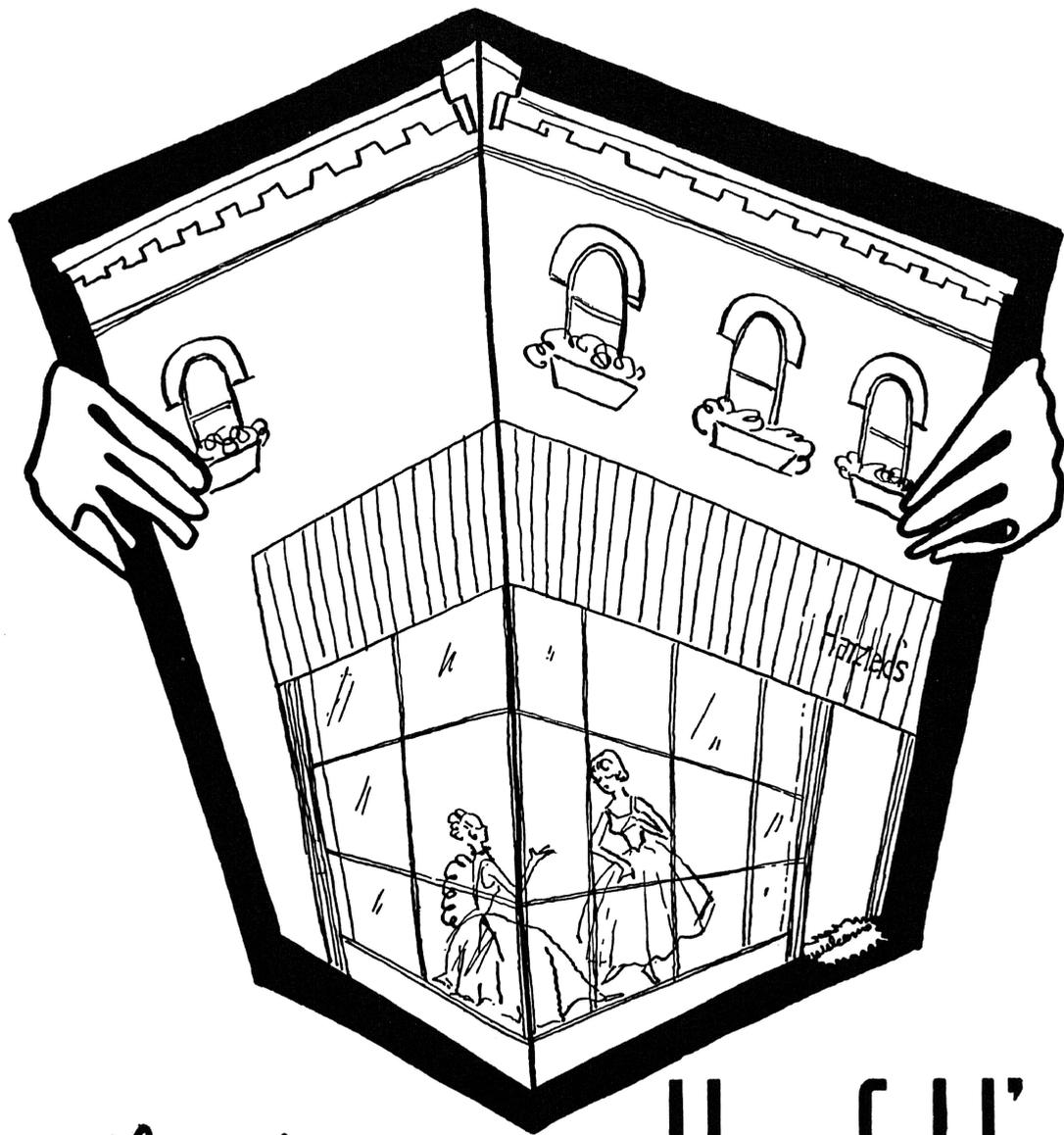
Our friends are leaving. In fact, most of *us* are leaving, and though we refuse to admit it openly, we're sorrier to see us go than anybody else. But go we must.

We know nobody will ever be able to do the things we've done — at least, not in exactly the same way. This saddens us, while it gladdens the black, crusty hearts of our successors, who all the while have secretly felt that we were incompetent.

These will soon be the sickening "good old days", and soon, no matter how we protest to the contrary, we will become nostalgic. Who knows — things may become so distorted in our memories that we'll remember *Man-eater* and *Harlequin* as good campus publications. We may even remember their readers as perceptive, discerning people.

So maudlin farewell. Maybe we'll meet again someday, out there in the Real World. Maybe we'll even speak.

by tom sieg

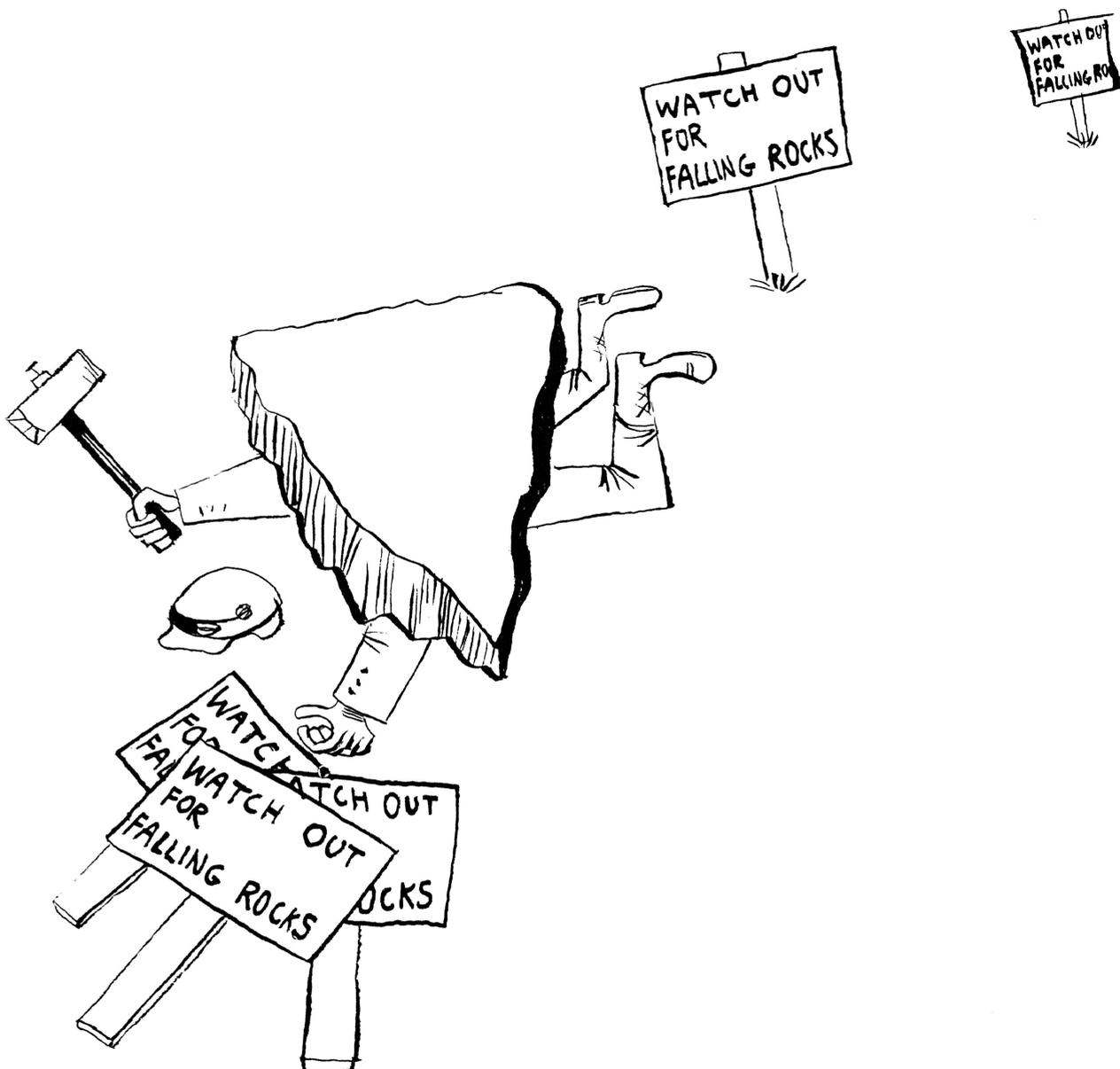


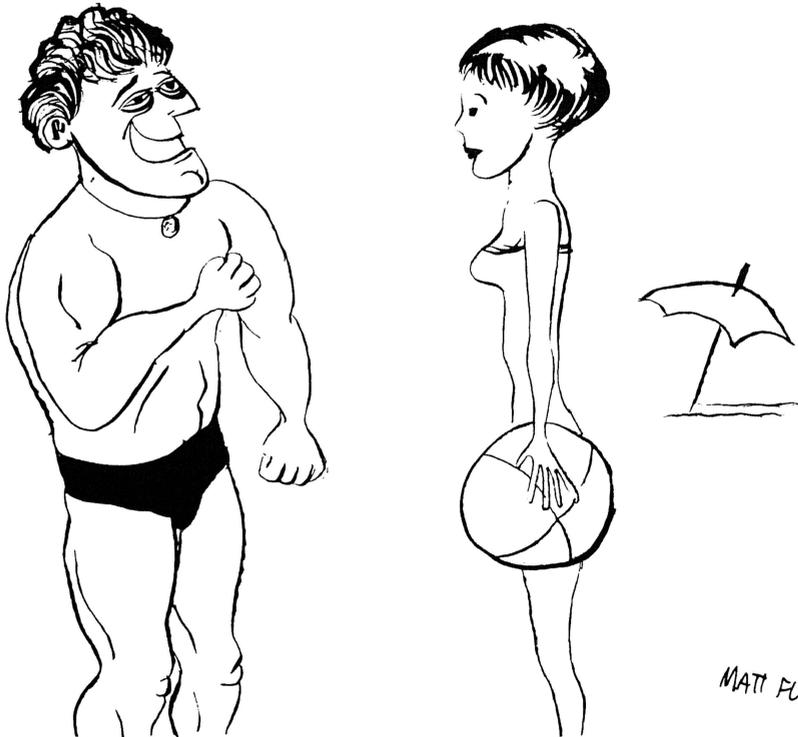
*The welcome mat  
is always out at*

**Hartzfeld's**

*Broadway at tenth*

a small disaster





**"Well, enough of this talk about me. I have to go."**

People who live in glass houses shouldn't report Peeping Toms.  
\* \* \* \*

Home is where the Harpy is.  
\* \* \* \*

The little boy, kneeling at his bedside saying his prayers, finished them with: "And dear God, help us all to live better electrically."  
\* \* \* \*

Joe: "Give me a hot fudge sundae."

Waiter: "The hot fudge is gone."

Joe: "Crazy, man! Give me two."  
\* \* \* \*

"How did you learn to kiss like that?" she asked in ecstatic tones.

He answered: "Siphoning gas."

The traveling salesman pulled up beside the farmhouse, hopped out of his car, leaped up on the porch and rang the doorbell. A moment later a beautiful girl with long brown hair and soft blue eyes answered his ring.

"Boy, I'll bet you're the farmer's daughter," exclaimed the salesman.

"No," said the girl, "I'm his housekeeper."  
\* \* \* \*

You've read the passage all wrong, young lady. It's "all men are created equal," NOT "all men are made the same way."  
\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxology' in it?"

Little Willie (aged seven):  
"No."



**"It gives you a strange feeling to be in a part of the world untouched by human beings."**



"I think he's going to bury you!"

MATT FURMAN

# off-campus

By Max Shilman

*Historical Quirks of Fate—No. 1*

Occasionally one cannot help but ponder the wonders of the wondrous modern world. It is indeed amazing what revolutionary changes have occurred all around us in the last decade or two. Take commercial television.

But not everything is that bleak. For instance there is the H-Bomb, the electronic brain, satellites, Strontium-90 and the Flip-Top Box.

Which reminds me of a girl I used to know way back in 1861 in Chillicothe, Ohio. Mabel Sigafos was her name.

One day Mabel, an inveterate smoker, said to her father, "Dad, I wish they'd make something smaller and milder to smoke than those big, strong, nasty cigars."

Her father smiled. He had not figured Mabel for such a deep thinker. "Shut up," he said, "and keep hustling drinks!"

But it was not in Mabel Sigafos' nature to give up so easily. She was determined to make



*and 20 minutes later she burned to a crisp*

a better smoke and so, scrimping and scraping, saving her measly B-girl's pay and a little she made on the side, she sent off to Arabia for a special blend of mild tobacco.

Her greatest problem was finding something to wrap the tobacco in. She tried wrapping paper, but when she lit up, the wrapping paper burned faster than the tobacco, causing third-degree burns of the upper, lower and middle lips.

Just when it seemed she was doomed to failure, Mabel made a startling discovery. She found that the paper in her mother's Bull Durham tissues burned very slowly. She discovered this when she leaned up against the stove while



# WIN A FIN

from

# LIMERICK LAUGHTER

A New Monthly Contest Sponsored and Judged by the  
Harlequin Staff on Behalf of our Back Cover Advertiser

Put a little sunshine in your life. Put some cash in your pocket. Enter the monthly Harlequin "Limerick Laughter" contest. It's easy. It's fun. You have three chances to win every month you enter. Here's how the contest works:

Each month, the Harlequin will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk games, the new hilarious word game. Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.

This contest is open to all Mizzou, Stephens and Christian students and faculty members. Entries must be mailed or delivered to the Harlequin Office, and limericks for the May contest must be received by June 6, 1959.

So enter now and keep entering each month. The samples below show you how easy it is to write a winning limerick.

*At Missouri the coming of spring  
Is not marked by the bird on the wing  
But by each Lochinvar  
Setting forth in his car  
Intent on an ol' Hinkson fling.*

*An astronomy student named Lars  
Discovered while studying Mars  
With an L & M smoke  
He could always evoke  
A great deal more taste and less tars.*

*O pity the plight of Farouk  
Once a king now not even a duke  
But he still gets big pleasure  
In true kingly measure  
With a Chesterfield in his Chibouk.*

*A maiden who'd never been kissed  
Kept wondering what she had missed  
'Til she smoked an Oasis  
And just on that basis  
She settled for its Menthol Mist.*

# Make laffs and money



**L & M is Low in tar**  
with **More** taste to it.  
Don't settle for one without the other.

**CHESTERFIELD KING**  
Nothing Satisfies Like the  
Big Clean Taste of Top Tobacco

**MENTHOL-MILD OASIS**  
Delightfully Different  
— a Refreshing Change

## off-campus (cont.)

preparing dinner and burned to a crisp 20 minutes later.

Immediately Mabel was hailed as a hero, which is quite an honor for a girl. The governor visited her in the hospital and proclaimed, "You have done the smoking public a great and wonderful service, Miss Sigafos. In your honor, we have decided to name your invention the Sigarette."

"Like, crazy, daddio," she said. Then she died.

"Alas!" cried the governor. "The life of this fine lass gone up in smoke — burned to death serving her fellow man."

"You're wrong," said Dr. Perkins. "She did not burn to death."

"Then why did she die?" the governor asked. He was incredulous.

"It's a brand-new disease," the doctor replied. "We're calling it 'lung cancer.'"

But I digress. The most wondrous and complex of our new developments, the Flip-Top Box, came about, as it were, by coincidence, being invented by one Morris Philip, an employee of the Marboro company.

Morris had worked for Marboro for 23 years, and for 23 years his boss, Philip Morris, had been bumming cigarettes from him.

One day Philip came over to Morris and said, "Got a cigarette?"

"Sure, Philip," Morris said, proffering him a Marboro in a new and different kind of package.

"I say," Philip said as he reached for a Marboro, "isn't that a new and different kind of package?"

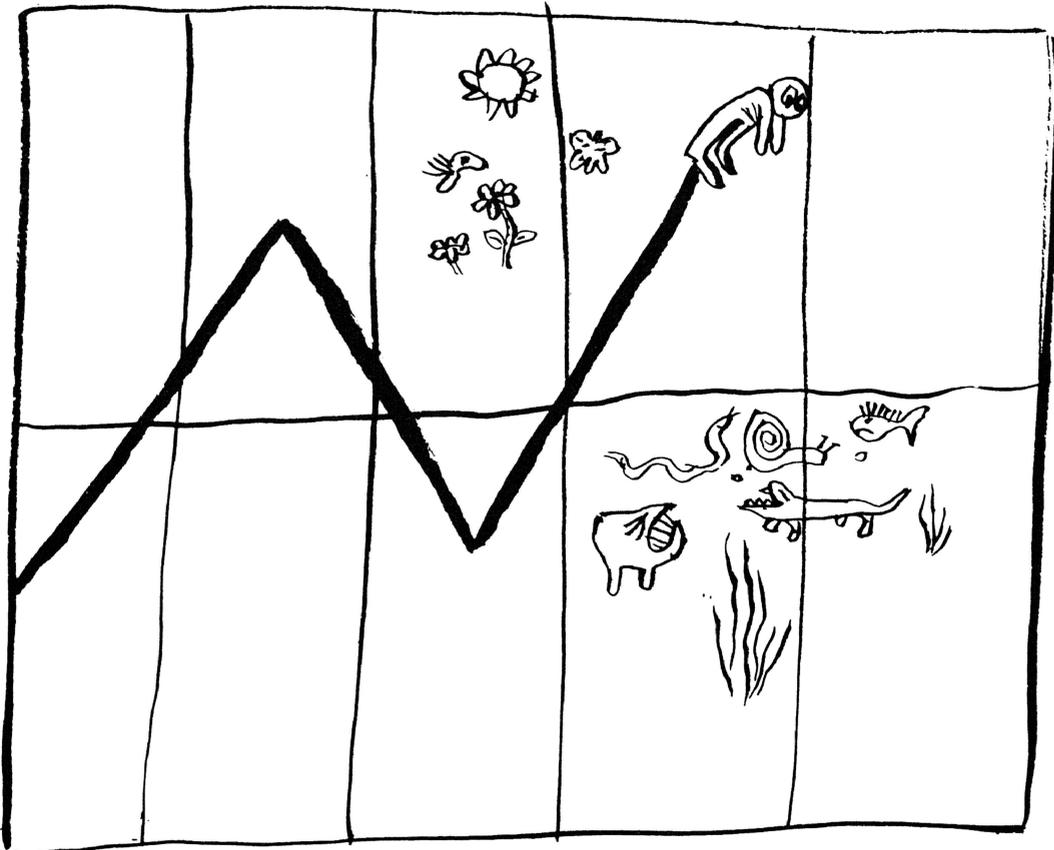
"Yes," Morris said. Then, with great force and malice aforethought, he pushed the top of the box down and broke Philip's furshlugginer hand!

Ever since, this has been known around the Marboro company as "The Day Morris Philip Flipped His Top." Hence the term. ●

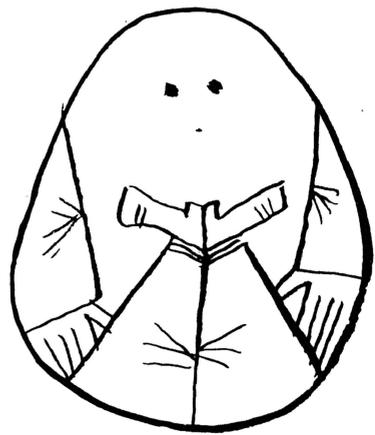


"Now, there's something you don't see everyday."

MATT FUTWIN



*Manic-depressive*



*Introverted*

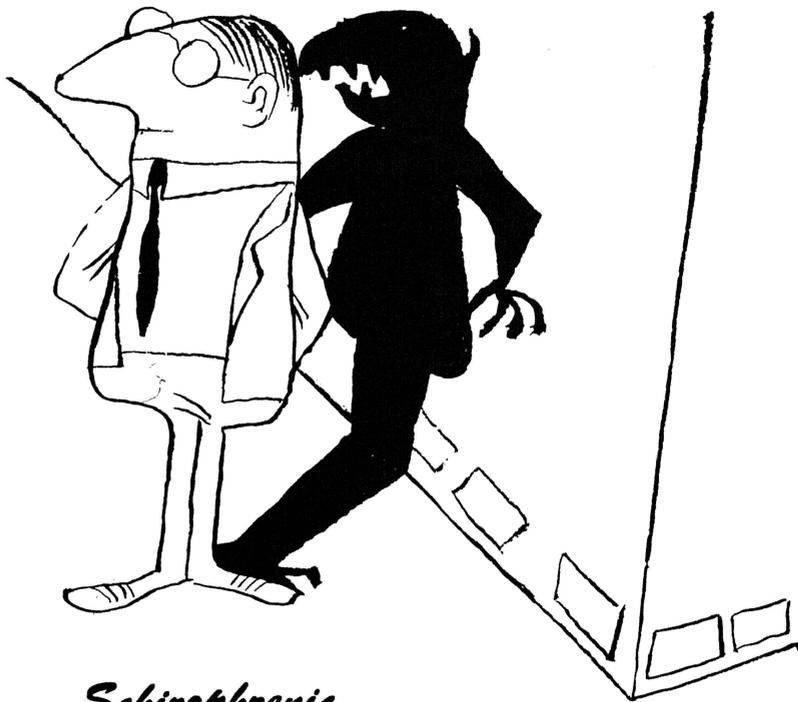
# *Flynn's Freudian Flings*



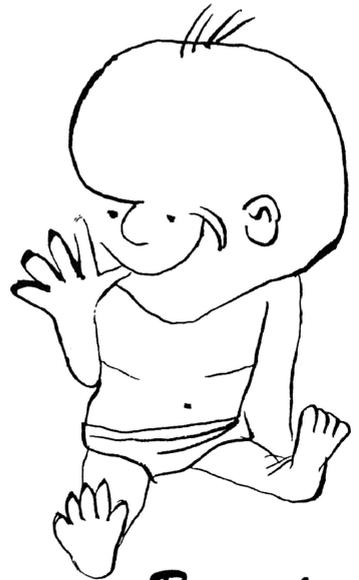
*Insomniac*



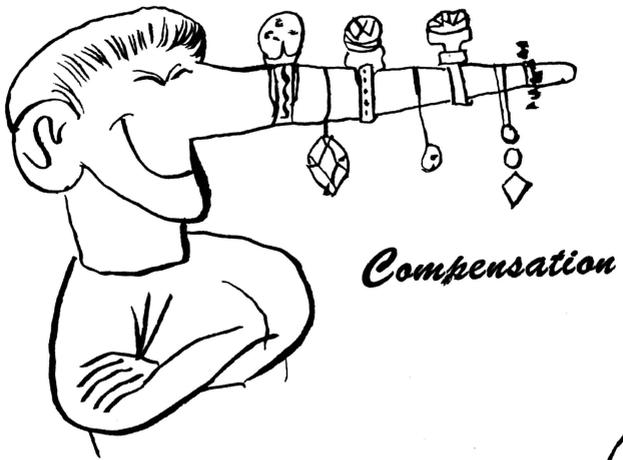
*Amnesiac*



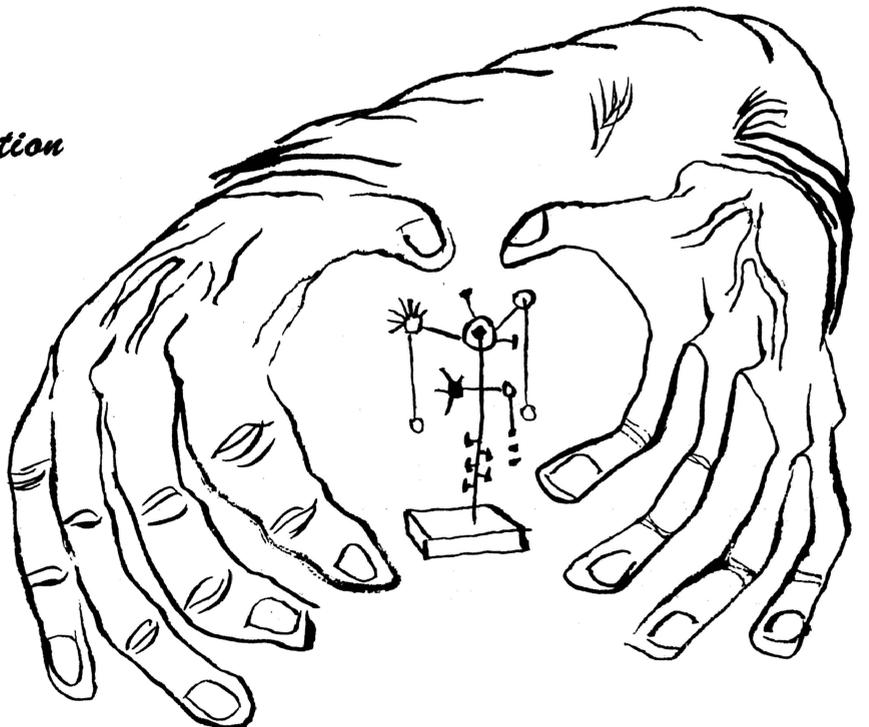
*Schizophrenic*



*Regression*



*Compensation*



*Kleptomania*

# mink is mink is mink

Now I'm a gal;  
A very good pal  
Of the czars of Crime's underground.  
But I have a word  
And' fain would be heard,  
Though the pure and righteous may frown.

I'm twenty and one:  
Think that living is fun:  
Have no regrets or deep sorrows.  
I live for today  
And laugh as I play.  
Let Prudential provide for the 'morrow.

I've been wined and dined;  
Been feted and treated  
To the best this old world offers.  
I'm much in demand  
And hold in my hand  
The keys to all gangdom's coffers.

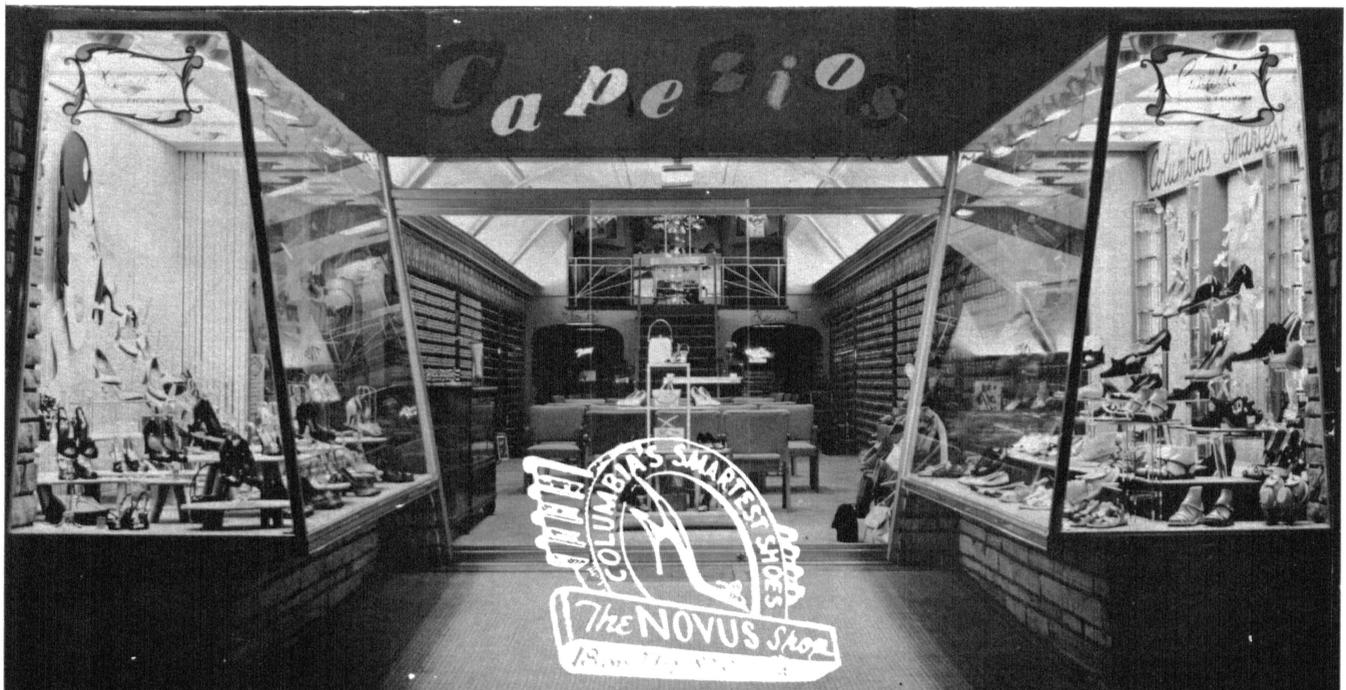
I've been to the races,  
Know all of the faces  
Of the syndicate and unemployed hoods.  
To keep what I know  
From stopping the show  
The boys pay and they pay good.

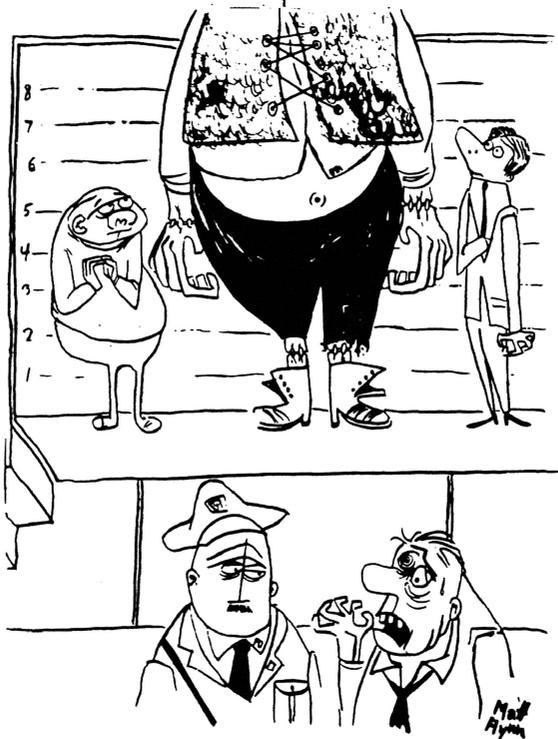
I've bushels of jewels  
From assorted fools;  
(Expensive gifts and some that are trite)  
From men who have thought  
My silence could be bought  
By worldly goods — and they're right.

But fame don't mean much  
Nor do diamonds and such.  
I'm unimpressed by the gold in Kentucky.  
I'm finished with fame.  
I want mink on my frame  
And you don't get mink by being lucky.

In order to gloat  
A doll needs a coat  
That comes from a mink giving its all.  
I want to be wrapped  
In what has been trapped—  
It separates a dame from a moll.

To the deep bitter end  
My views I'll defend.  
I'm befurred in the proof of them too.  
The method, as you quarrel,  
Is slightly immoral  
But I got my mink the same way mink do.  
Bloesser  
(Childe of Henry)

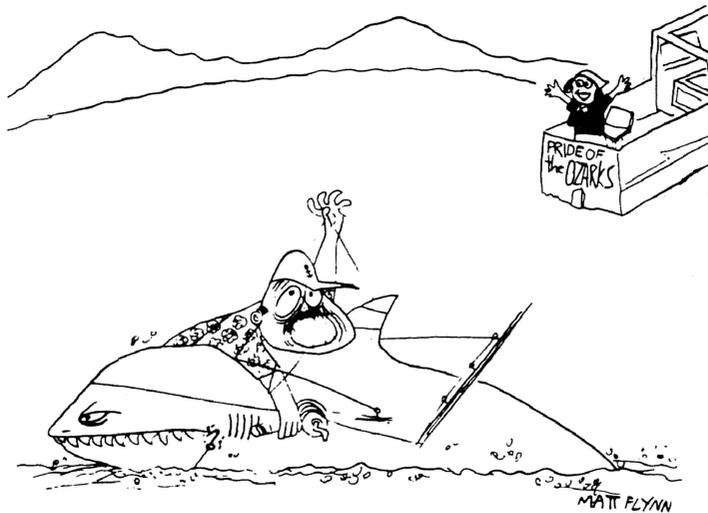




**"Yes, Officer, I'm certain. He's the one who stole my roof!"**



**"Oh come now, Grisdon, don't go Hollywood on me."**



**'Try and take him alive, Charlie honey!'**



**"Sonofagun! Jack Blurch! We never expected to see YOU again."**

# The Creation

1. In the beginning The Physicist created the heaven and the earth.
2. And the universe was without laws, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the Spirit of The Physicist moved upon the face of the waters.
3. And The Physicist said, Let  $F$  equal  $Ma$  and  $F$  equalled  $Ma$ .
4. But The Physicist saw that this was not good and He said, Let  $F$  equal the time rate of change of momentum and let the mass vary with velocity.
5. And The Physicist saw that this was good and the evening and the morning were the first day.
6. And The Physicist said, Let there be atoms and there were atoms, and He divided the atom further and He said let the center of the atom be the nucleus and the particles it contains, protons and neutrons and let the outer particles be electrons.
7. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the second day.
8. And The Physicist said, Let there be light, and there was light.
9. And He said, Let the velocity of light be  $3 \times 10^8$  meters-sec.
10. And The Physicist said, Let nothing move faster than light and nothing moved faster.
11. And The Physicist realized that the universe was still infinite and He saw that this was not good and He said, Let the universe be finite and let it curve back upon itself.
12. And the Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and morning were the third day.
13. And The Physicist sad, Let there be Newton to discover my laws. But He saw that Newton could not do all this himself so He created Einstein.
14. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the fourth day.
15. And The Physicist said, Let there be Hans for He knew that there was needed an instructor to teach these laws after they were discovered. And He created Hans in His own image.
16. And The Physicist saw that Hans was lonely and He removed one of his ribs and created the lab instructor.
17. And The Physicist saw that Hans was happy and He blessed Hans and the lab instructor and said unto them, Go ye forth and teach the laws of physics.
18. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and morning were the fifth day.
19. And The Physicist saw that there were needed beings to learn his laws of physics and He said, Let there be universities to teach these laws, and He stocked them with all manner of beings.
20. And The Physicist saw that He would need more physicists and He said, Let there be coeds to replenish the race of physicists.
21. And He sent Hans and the Lab instructor to the universities and said unto them, Teach these beings physics, and they taught physics.
22. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the sixth day.
23. And on the seventh day The Physicist ended his creations and set about to write up his lab report.
24. And The Physicist blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: and He set aside this day for beings at universities to write up *their* lab reports.
25. And The Physicist saw that all was well and He rested and left the universe to the governance of His laws.

by Bob Arzt, M.I.T. VOODOO

# the og monsters

by robert thomson

In the far reaches of outer space, in a rather grimy corner of the Universe, all things considered, a rather grimy planet orbited around a second-rate sun. On this planet lived monstrous creatures, in many ways quite human by bestial standards but really nothing at all like the fine, rational creatures that walk on the planet Earth, as we will shortly see.

There were two main sorts of these space-monsters, the Og-Monsters and the Ig-Monsters. The Og-Monsters and the Ig-Monsters were similar in appearance except that the Og-Monsters had polka-dotted skin and the Ig-Monsters had — horror of horrors! — skin with green and yellow stripes.

No one knew quite how the monsters had developed so similarly, yet so differently. One theory was that the Igs, though biologically of the same species as the Ogs, had lived many years in the great Forest of Eg, and the action of the sun filtering through the Eg-Trees had caused a chemical change in the Igs' skin pigmentation. This was not given much credit among the enlightened Ogs. A much more favored interpretation, by those that sought causes, was that the Igs had been cursed by Gog, the supreme deity of Ug-kind (the evil spirit was called Gig). There was a book of wide circulation on this planet, held in highest esteem by all honest Gog-fearing Ogs and Igs and especially by the politicians, so they said, that was used to substantiate this position. The book was used as a sort of Rorschach test with various individual and traditional interpretations, all of them held to religiously, however; and many chose to



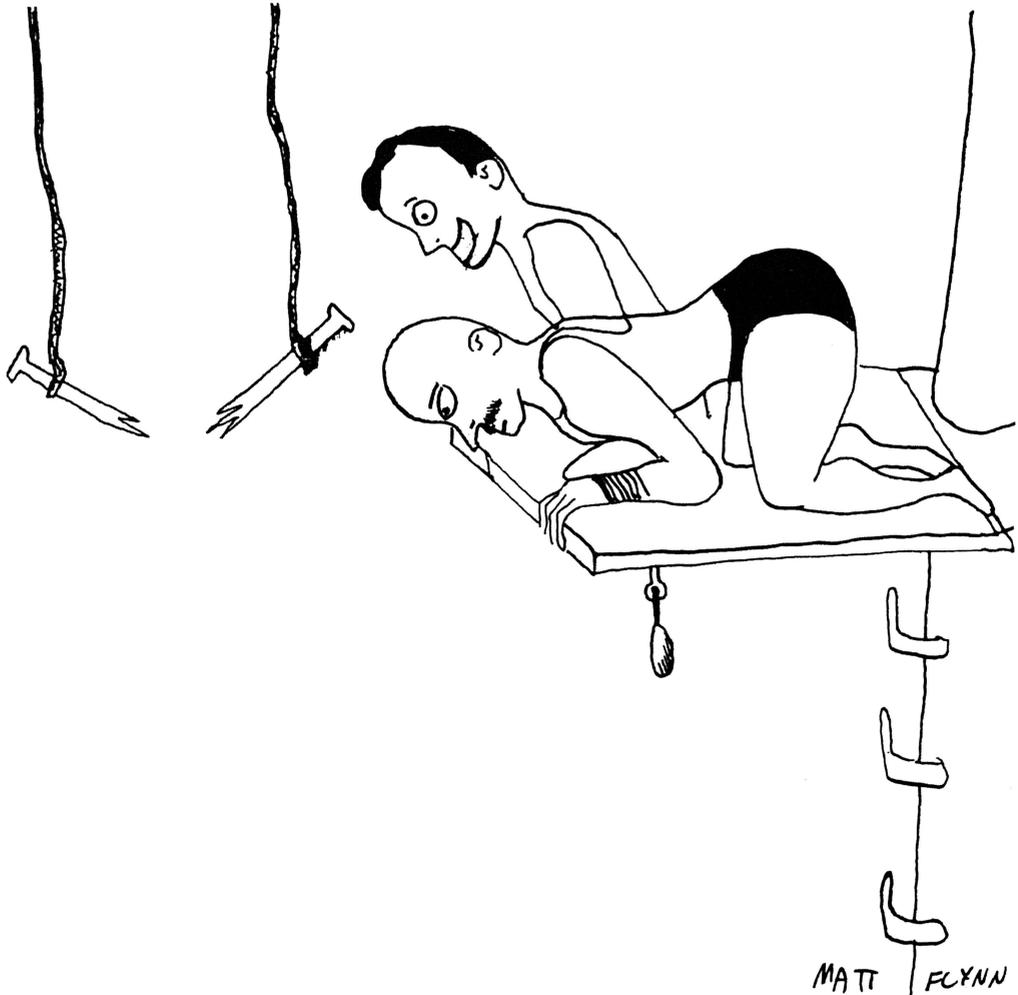
interpret it as supporting their position on this matter.

A good many Ogs, of course, were not interested in the matter of origins. They just knew that the Igs were different. They were of a different race. A small group of Og and Ig biologists and anthropologists said that the Igs were not basically different, and that the concept of race was faulty, but race was the rage, and the Ogs had a way of raging when it came to race.

So, in short, the Igs were discriminated against by the Ogs. Once, a good many Igs had been captured and sold as slaves to Og farmers, but other Ogs had objected to slavery, mainly for economic reasons, and the Igs had been freed. But the Igs remained in a very low social and economic status indeed, and this was pointed to by some Ogs as an illustration of the Ig basic inferiority and undesirableness.

"Igs smell after a hard day's work," they said. "Lower class Igs commit as many crimes as lower class Ogs, and since there aren't as many lower class Ogs, therefore Igs commit more crimes. Evil! Evil!" they said. "Igs have stripes," they said, and after all, this was sufficient argument for discrimination.

Not too many years ago, there was a great movement for integration on the planet, and this provoked all sorts of unreasonable declarations, mob action, and speeches in Ug-gress, the legislating body of Ug-kind. The Ogs who were for integration were called Igger-lovers and Communigs, and they were often asked, 'Would you want your daughter to marry an Ig?' The last was considered by the anti-integration Ogs to be the final and unanswerable argument against integration. But as a matter of



**"Well, that's show biz . . ."**

fact, many Og men lusted after Ig women, partly because they felt sexually inferior to Ig men, and many Igs had Og blood. But just the hint of a stripe on their skin was enough for the children to be called Igs. This was reasonable, of course, since there were more Ogs than Igs.

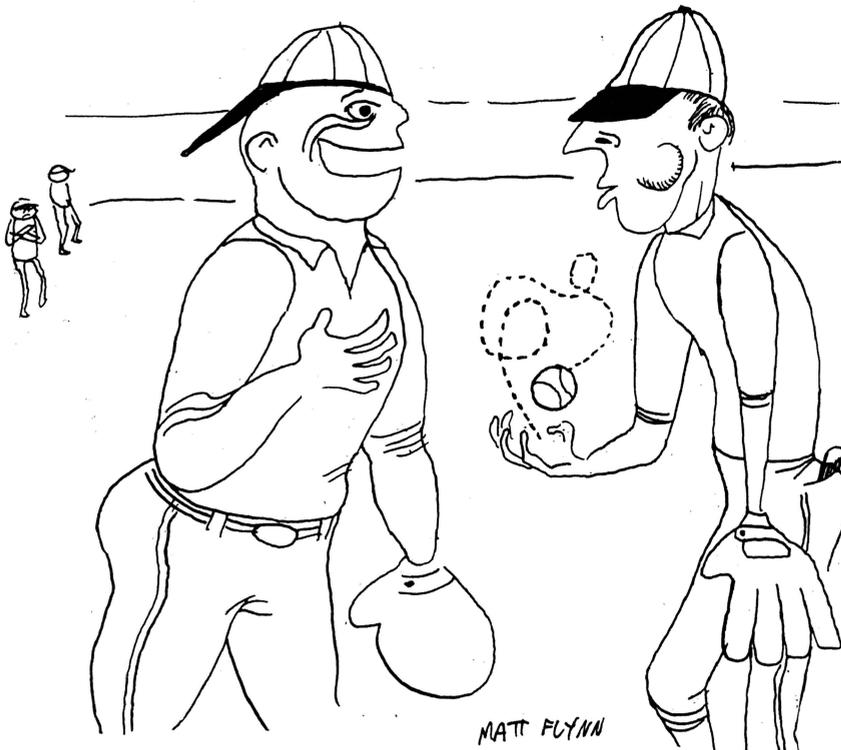
A rather unfortunate result of all this was that the Igs for the most part failed to develop as they should have, given poor socio-economic status, and they did not make the contributions they could have to Ug-kind (it should be mentioned that not a few Igs lifted themselves out of their en-

vironment and became quite adept at aiding progress and contributing to culture, but this was ignored by the Ogs). In addition, the Ogs, who had political control, spent so much time on the internal Og-Ig controversy that they neglected other areas, and they were attacked and defeated by forces from a neighboring planet.

So the Ogs and the Igs, both in slavery, both oppressed, became united at last, and there was no more talk of integration, or of otegration, which, for that matter, had scarcely been mentioned. ●

## happy graduation, son

This is it boy; give it all you've got,  
Go out there and **whip** that Big World,  
Stand up and yell and give it hell  
And don't take "no" for an answer  
Unless "no" is the answer you want.  
Get in there and dig, son, **dig** for the job you want.  
And **do** a job—  
Don't be satisfied with mediocrity, or even superiority—  
Strive for **excellence!**  
Step out big and **show** those damned people what you can do,  
Show them what college and drive and innate strength of  
character **mean,**  
Jump into the world and make them **see** you,  
Make them take notice, make them envious of what you  
really are,  
But for Chrissake, kid, before you do,  
You'd better go home and sober up.



"You're looking great today, Hawk!"

Get in the Swim  
with . . .



*Go lands*

BEST WISHES

to the

CLASS OF 1959 . . .

May the

years ahead be

happy ones.

**Columbia Opticians**

11 South 9th



He kissed his wife methodically, pulled out a handkerchief, patted his blushing mouth and made his way out of the apartment. He went to the elevator, pressed the button and waited. The door opened, and he got in, tipped his hat at the old lady standing in the elevator, pressed the button for the Ground Floor and marveled at the door's automatic closing.

During the elevator's descent there were no interruptions. Late in the morning as it was, everyone else had gone already but George and the old lady. George never left for work before 10 o'clock and he thought the old lady was probably on her way to a doctor.

The elevator slid open and George allowed the old lady her exit. He wanted to say "Apres-vous," but he felt his college French was a bit out of place for the grandmother. He'd save it for a prettier moment.

George neared the glass exit and nodded to the doorman as he walked outside. He had accustomed himself to the doorman although he knew that part of the rent went to the retired

the

postal worker. Besides, it was impressive when he brought friends up for a drink.

Cedar Street was sunny this morning and George Gordon felt unpossessed as he walked east to the corner and turned south down Michigan Boulevard.

"Look at the lake. Lake Michigan — the second largest of the five Great Lakes. The basin for all five. Here's Michigan Boulevard — Boul Mich — the breeziest street in the world. Named after the lake. Chicago's most fashionable strip; what the hell, the *world's* most fashionable strip! And here am I, George Gordon: Bachelor of Arts, assistant copy chief and only five years out of school and the army. Possessor of lovely, impressive, fashionable spouse. Rentor of fashionable, all-glass, fifteenth floor apartment. Next in line for all-powerful, fashionable head copy chief job. *Je suis le . . .* I am the ruler of the universe." George passed a sweet girl in front of the Tribune Tower.

He crossed the bridge over the Chicago River and continued south toward the latest, newest, most modern, tallest building in

Chicago — his home away from home — the Prudential Building, better known as the unhumble abode of Blomquist Advertising Agency.

"More elevators. But this time we have the safest, most efficient, swiftest shafts of transportation in the world just to speed me to my destination on floor forty. Up, up most Mercurian, mechanical marvel!" George felt unusually witty this morning. Last evening, at home alone with May for a change, everything went nicely; just like a honeymoon. Things would be fine, now.

He would certainly excel at the brainstorming session scheduled for noon.

George walked through the automatic door into the Blomquist Agency. "40,000 square feet of pure genius," was the motto on the glass door. George felt more each day that this motto was slightly exaggerated; he only took up about two or three of the square feet.

"Morning, Mr. Gordon," the teasing switchboard operator said. "And how is Chicago's con-

tribution to the advertising age today?"

Determined not to be foiled, George went along with her. "Wonderful, ecstatic, joyous, thank you, Miss Yanowski." He thought about Miss Yanowski entering the world with a bruising name like Yanowski, wondering how she ever got a job with the sedate Blomquist Agency. He couldn't use his French on her and he couldn't speak Polish. He wanted to say "Remind me never to send a CARE package to Poland, Miss Yanowski" but he knew that would only start a war in the office.

George made the daily rounds, greeting all with a smile, and went into his domain — his partitioned office. He glanced at the reassuring words on his door — "George Gordon, Asst. Copy Chief."

Everything was as he had left it. The still-crisp diploma with the impressive script; the birch-framed pose of May; the Rotary Club certificate; the mottos plastered about the place — mottos Mr. Blomquist suggested everyone read and memorize.

# built-in break-down

by larry postler

"I'll just look over the briefs on the Invicta Corporation. Mr. Blomquist will be elated over my knowledge of our prize account. From what I hear, today's brainstorming session is about Invicta. Resolved: George Gordon shall have the most thought-provoking suggestion today."

Daniel Weber, copy chief, walked in on George's thoughts. "Look, George, I've got to bow out of that session this afternoon. That two-bit account Blomquist wants me to maximize just called and they want me to have lunch with them. I'll have to go. Come up with something on Invicta for me, will ya'? Tell them it's my idea."

"Sure, Dan, sure. I've been giving it a lot of my time. I'm sure there's something in my mind for you," he said jokingly.

"All right. I'm counting on you. Good day."

"He's never around for the brainstormings. He's afraid to display his ignorance. Always passing things off on me. And he takes home \$5,000 a year more than I do. He rates nothing from my ingenuity." George gazed at May's picture, her smiling collegiate face filled with admiration for George and his ability with words. "Today, May, we'll relive those times when you were really proud of me."

Someone came in, calling George to the discussion room for the luncheon.

George filed in with the others. There was a striking contrast in attire and age. The older men—Mr. Blomquist and Mr. Stanton of Invicta—were dressed in conventional mid-40's business suits, and the young men — George, Wayne Marshall of art,

Steve Johnson of radio-TV and Art Masters of outdoor — were attired in the latest 3-button creations.

The discussion room more befit the elder men's fashions — oak panels, round oak table, straight-back chairs — quite soothing, yet thought-stifling, George surmised.

After the luncheon, again more suitable for the ulcerated oldsters, Mr. Blomquist began. "Okay, boys, we have a problem and Mr. Stanton, whom we all know, will tell you about it."

"Of course we all know Mr.

Stanton," George was thinking. "He's our bread and butter. If Blomquist ever loses this one, it's the end."

Mr. Stanton arose, cleared his massive throat, and spoke. "Gentlemen, Invicta's number one in the automotive field, right? Thanks to our pinpoint design and research Invicta makes the best damn car for the money, right? You gentlemen have been doing a slam-bang selling job, right? Here's our problem, then. We're scared, gentlemen, scared lifeless. People keep Invictas for years. Too long. Surveys show the first Invicta is still running.



"It's funny you should ask me about that—"

That's bad, right? We change the styles and the idiots still keep their old one. If trends continue we'll never sell a new car, right? How are we going to change things?"

Mr. Blomquist broke the trance, saying, "Okay, boys, give Mr. Stanton ideas — positive thoughts. Mr. Stanton's put his company's future in our hands. Come now, boys, brainstorm!"

"His company's future," George thought. "What about ours?"

Wayne Johnson had the first idea. "Let's push the two-cars-in-every-garage bit. You know, 'Pick-a-pair.'"

Steve Johnson's turn. "How 'bout, 'Buy one for your son.'"

Art Masters said, "Put out a four cylinder car. Compete with the you-know-whats from you-know-where."

It was George's turn but he passed. He had an idea but he was skeptical about it. Mr. Blomquist's disappointed look melted George somewhat.

Mr. Blomquist had a suggestion. "Build an even better car."

The others leaped to agree with their boss.

Wayne Marshall almost shouted, "A sealed, no-need-to-oil-ever engine."

Art Masters added, "An automatic brake when danger approaches."

Steve Johnson agreed and added, "An air-cooled motor. No antifreeze, no water, no nothing."

"They're all on the wrong track," George thought. "I've got it, but Dan'll never forgive me if he doesn't get credit for it."

The others had lost some of their steam. They looked to



"But first, we have to stop at Julie's"

George for some new impetus.

George spoke. "I have a suggestion from Dan Weber, who is unable to make this session. Here is Mr. Weber's idea. Why go for better advertising? It's thorough, thought provoking, hard selling now. Why go for a better product? You'll only have the same problem later."

Everyone grew interested. Mr. Stanton leaned forward.

"Let's build a lousier car. Oh, not lousy where it falls apart in a month or even a year. Make a car that goes over the hill in three years. And not a hit or miss basis." George grew enraptured. "Be scientific about it. Calculate and render the car unmovable in so many miles, say 40,000. And not every car either. Maybe every third one. Scientifically lousy. As I say, it's Mr. Weber's idea. As for myself, I can't think of anything right now."

Mr. Stanton, stunned for a moment, ran over and grabbed George's hand. "Right, right, it's great! I see it now. An axle will crack at 33,000 miles. That's easy enough to blame on poor roads and rough handling. We're in, we're in!"

Mr. Blomquist and the others all shook George's hand.

"Wonderful presentation, George."

"Powerful!"

"Oratorically magnificent."

Mr. Stanton hastened to leave. "Back to Detroit, gentlemen. It's still not too late for the '60 models." He again shook George's hand. "Originality, my boy, originality. It's great!"

George blushed. "It's Mr. Weber's idea. He deserves the credit." Beneath, though, George knew how much better things

a family man. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror."

He hung up.

"All right, I'll take it myself. Sure, that settles it. Damn it. May will come back. That settles it. I was a jerk in the first place. She's right. I'll take the credit. George Gordon — the original one. New copy chief. I'm in."

It would all wait until morning. Meanwhile George could think of some way to break the news to Blomquist.

He went to sleep smiling.

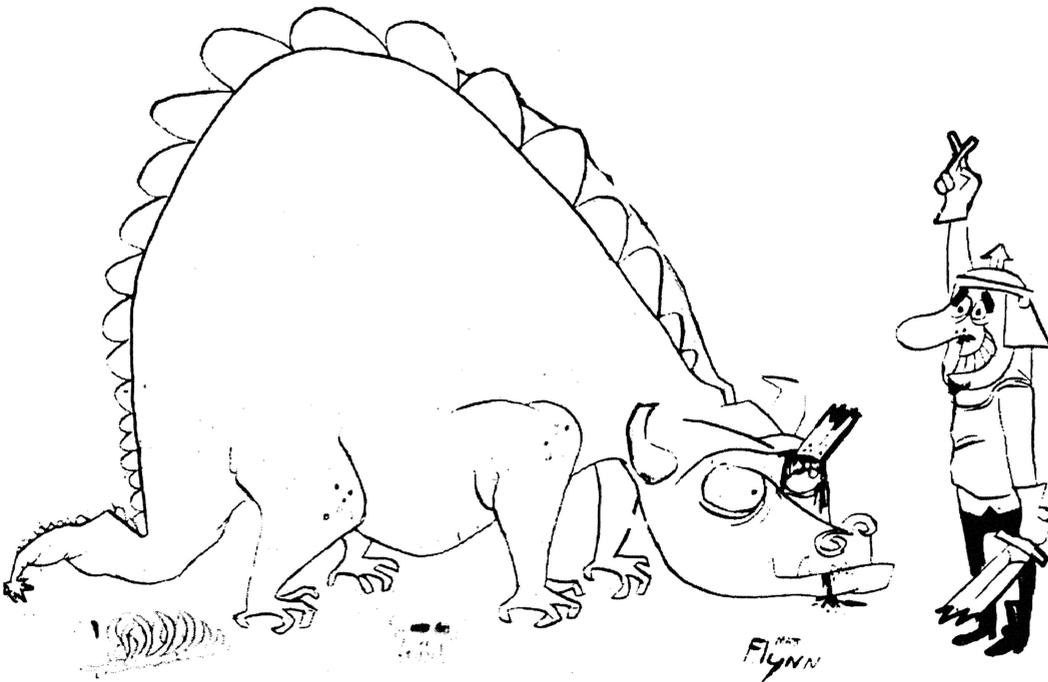
George dreamt about the office. He could see the men floating to him, shouting congratulations. He could see Mr. Blomquist handing him a check for \$5,000 and he saw a sign painter scratch out, "Asst.," leaving only the words "Copy Chief."

He saw May waiting to drive him home, the few short blocks that it was.

He saw Miss Yanowski drive away from the Prudential Building in her new Invicta. She turned down the Outer Drive, speeding southward. The axle broke and her car spun toward the lake and toppled in. Miss Yanowski teased George as she went down for the third time, "How's the most original man in the advertising world today, Mr. Gordon?"

He saw Dan Weber and his little girl driving out to the countryside in their Invicta; saw them hurtle over an embankment on Eden's Expressway. Dan shouted, "Gordon, you take it, I don't want it."

Cars were flying off the bridge over the Chicago River, right and left. The people cheered George as they hit the retaining rail, "Yea, George Gordon, Chicago's most original man!"



"King's X!"

would be for him now that Weber had received the glory. Maybe later Weber would be decent enough to tell Blomquist whose originality it really had been.

"Let's call it a day, boys," Mr. Blomquist said.

George would call Weber at his home this evening and verse him on the events of the day. "Won't Weber be indebted?"

That evening before he called Weber, George told his wife the whole story.

"George, George, what's wrong with you? How could you let our chance slip by so easily? I thought we were better now but this is the last straw. We're finished!" May left the apartment.

Funny how George wasn't fazed by her departure. She would come back once she used the reasoning she had been taught in college.

George dialed Weber's home.

A little girl answered.

"Hello."

"Is your daddy there?"

"Just a minute."

"Hello. Weber speaking."

"Dan, this is George. Wait till you hear. You're in."

"What do you mean, George?"

Then George related the whole thing again mentioning "originality" sarcastically five times.

"What the hell have you done, Gordon? Broken axles? You gave me the honor? Are you nuts? I don't want it, you hear, I don't want it! Broken axles? Don't you know what might happen? The accidents, the deaths . . . I don't want those things! You take it, Gordon. I couldn't sleep at night."

"Well, that's gratitude for you. I give you the best goddamn idea I ever had and you give me this?"

"I don't want it, you hear? I'm

And he felt the crash as May tried to stop but couldn't. May lay there, her skull smashed by the impact against the windshield. And Mr. Stanton was on the sidewalk, jumping up and down, screaming, "Originality, my boy, it's great! Wait till they hear about this in Detroit!"

George sat up, screaming hysterically. "I've got to stop him! I can't let him get to Detroit!"

He ran out of the apartment, pajamas still on. He pushed the button instinctively. He pounded against the closed elevator door. "Hurry, hurry, I've got to stop him."

The elevator door finally opened. George ran in. A shrill scream floated up the open shaft.

Someone else had been original ●

"Home is heaven, and  
Orgies are vile,  
But I like an orgy  
Once in a while."

Get the **Materials**  
for yours at the

## TIGER DRUG

— in the Hotel Tiger

- Wines
- Champagne
- Liquor
- Beer

prices at a new low!  
parking in the rear

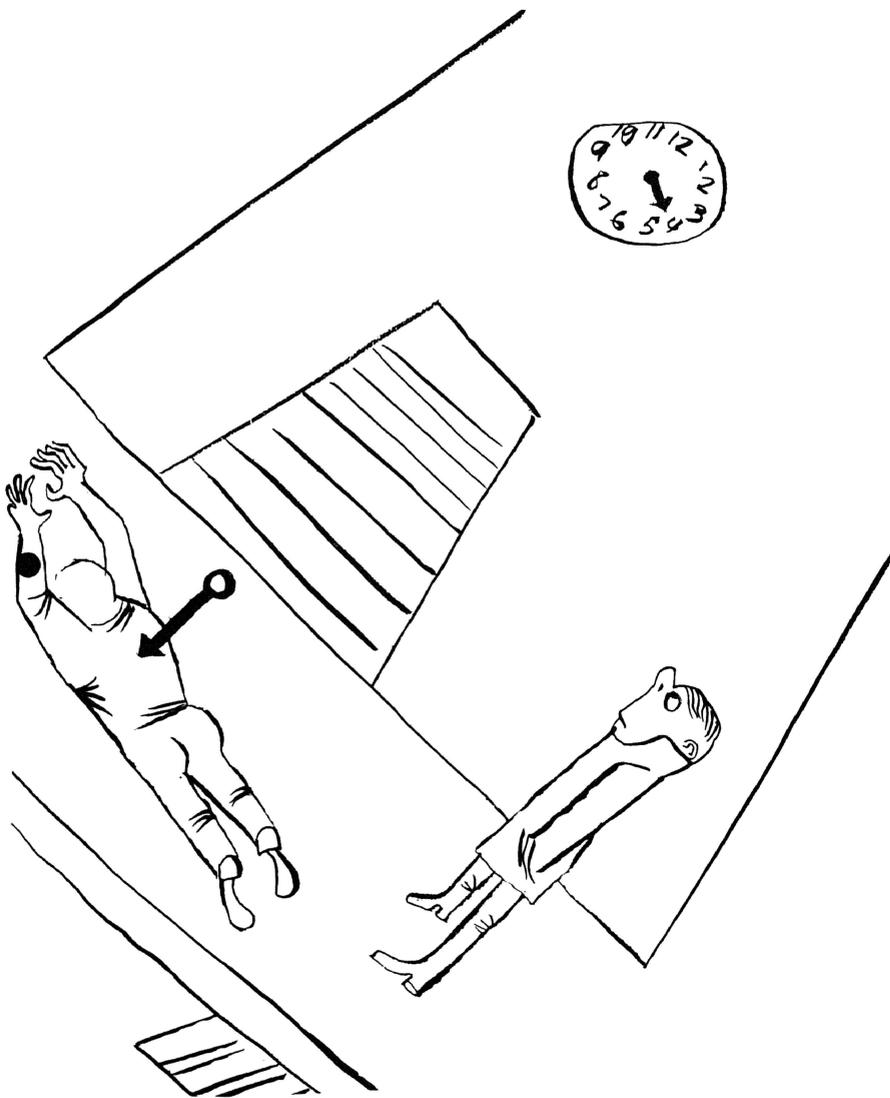


"I don't know why you should hate us for dating. We don't hate you for playing intramural football."

### fifty years, give or take, of progress

Dullards who pose with the cynics keen clan;  
Bright old men who impose your own critical ban;  
Ye prophets of doom who are ever began  
Warning that Fords are the downfall of man:  
That an M-G or a Jag leads our young ones to sin:  
That DeSotos and Buicks are tomb-rooms wherein  
All mankind is whited. Consider them once as true virtuous  
forces:

After all, haven't they nearly ended the stealing of horses?  
**BLOESSER**  
(Childe of Henry)



another small disaster

# HOLT'S SHOES FOR ALL THE FAMILY

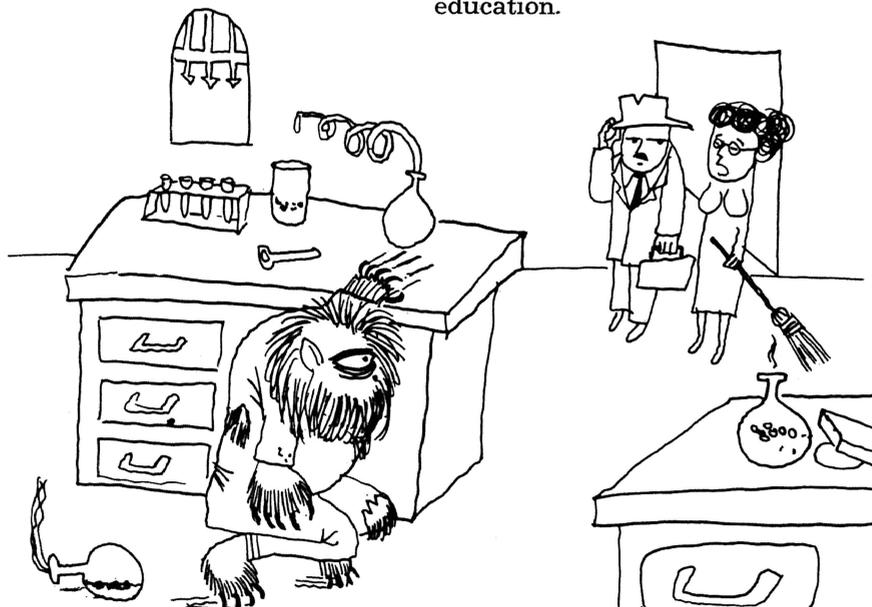
24 On the Strollway

the shoe of champions...



A college student is one who enters his alma mater as a freshman dressed in green, and emerges as a senior dressed in black. The intermediate process of decay is known as a college education.

Personal checks cashed for student and  
 student and  
**FREE** telephone service  
 for local calls . . .  
**STANDARD DRUG**  
 "across from J-School"



MATT FLYNN

"I feel I must warn you, sir. The professor hasn't been himself lately."



Big ladies... and little ladies... and kind of in-between ladies... and rich ladies... and poor ladies

Avoid the Rush and moths by storing furs, blankets and other woolens at

## TIGER LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANING CO.

1101 E. Broadway

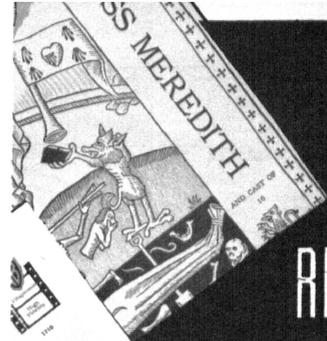
### Narcissus to his love

I bare my chest for the world to see,  
 Wear a thin T-shirt at zero degree,  
 Roll up my shirt to the top of my shoulder,  
 And if it were lawful I would be bolder:  
 Roll up my pants at least to the thigh,  
 Hoping to catch the whole world's eye.  
 by M. T.

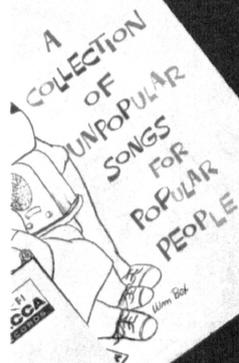


MATT FLYNN

"Edwin, can't you ever be serious?"



RECORDS



TAPES



STEREO



HI-FI AT THE

HI FI HOUSE



Overheard in the UNION: "Shall we have a friendly game of cards?"

"No, let's play bridge."

\* \* \* \*

"Three cheers for home rule!" roared an Irishman after a rousing political rally.

"Three cheers for hell!" cynically replied a Scotchman.

The Irishman looked him up and down. "That's right; every man should stick up for his own country."

\* \* \* \*

"He drove straight to his goal," said the orator. "He looked neither to the left nor to the right, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A damn taxi driver," shouted some one from the audience.

\* \* \* \*

Beta: "Our fraternity maintains four homes for the feeble minded."

Rushee: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

# Moon Valley Villa

*"We have a steak in your future"*

- Charcoal Broiled Steaks
- Shrimp & Lobster
- Chicken
- Broiled Trout

Open at 5:00 p.m. daily

South of Fulton Gravel

Banquet facilities

RFD 1 G! 3-7720

An English farmer was out in the field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you sprinkling purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep the lions away."

"My dear fellow, don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for over two thousand years?"

"Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "It's a good thing . . . this stuff isn't very good."

\* \* \* \*

"What's the teacher's name?"

"Gosh, I knew it once! It rhymes with stomach . . . I know — Kelly!"

\* \* \*

Webster says that "taut" means tight. I guess the guys in college are taut a lot after all.

\* \* \* \*

Some people have no respect for ages unless it's bottled.

# BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢

## Store your things during the summer months

**W**oolens fully protected against moth damage, fire and theft, dust and heat.

Stored ready for you when you  
return in the fall

Processed with

# DORN-CLONEY

Sta Nu

ADVERTISED IN  
LIFE

107 S. Eighth

Phone 3-3114

Congratulations  
graduates  
from . . .

## JERRY'S TEXACO SERVICE

Ninth & Elm  
Hiway 40 & 63

JERRY'S  
CAR WASH

— also —  
Walnut & Providence

**MEN  
OF  
AMERICA:  
THE RANCH  
HANDS**

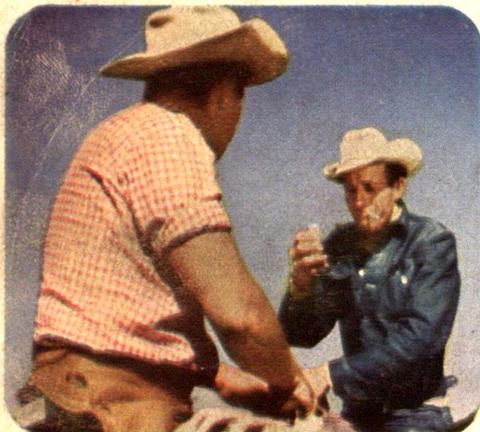
*Live-action shots—  
Saddle Mountains, Wash.*



*Driving cattle!  
Desert sun ablaze!*



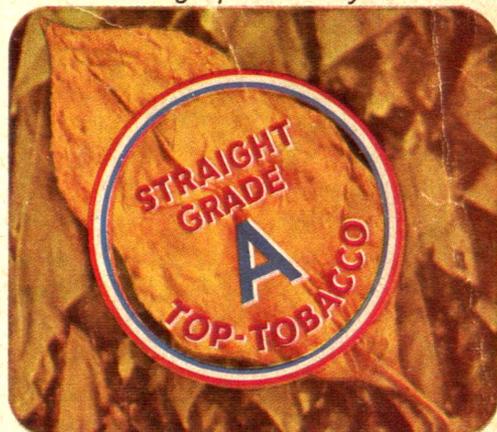
*Pounding leather  
rounding up the strays!*



*Herding steers across the range  
you'll find a man*



*Takes big pleasure when and  
where he can... Chesterfield King!*



*Top-tobacco, straight Grade-A,  
Top-tobacco all the way!*



*This sun-drenched top-tobacco's  
gonna mean...*



*That you're smokin' smoother and  
you're smokin' clean!*



*Only top-tobacco, full king-size,  
For big clean taste that satisfies!*

*Join the men who know—***NOTHING SATISFIES  
LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

**CHESTERFIELD**



**EXTRA LENGTH**  
top-tobacco  
filter action...  
tops in friendly  
satisfaction!

**KING**

53c

# Mudlands

*Sprung Issue*



# *Big Two-Hearted Mountain*

by Molly Bloomers

EDITOR'S NOTE: It has consistently been the policy of *Mudlands* to seek out the new and original in student writing. This earnestly written story is especially commendable in line with this policy.

Jock was climbing the mountain. It was a hard mountain to climb but he knew that if he climbed it truly and fairly it would be fine. He had wanted to climb the mountain for a long time. Frank asked him, "Why do you want to climb this great mother-like mountain, Jock?"

"It would be a fine thing if I could climb the mountain," Jock said. "Climb it truly."

"Truly?"

"And with honor."

"Yes," Frank said.

"Yes," Jock said. "One must climb one's mountains with honor, but it is hard."

"You have reason."

"It is hard, and one must climb it fairly, truly and sincerely."

"Why do you want to climb this great mother-like mountain?" Frank said.

"You are repeating yourself," Jock said.

"I must do this thing," Frank said.

"You are right."

"It is part of the code."

"Yes. One must live by the code."

"The code is a fine thing."

"Yes."

“Why do you want to climb this great mother-like mountain?” Frank said.

Jock did not answer. He did not hear Frank. He did not hear Frank’s question. He did not answer because he was thinking and could not hear Frank’s question. That was the way it was. When you are thinking, thinking hard and fine and truly and sincerely, that is the way it is. You cannot hear the questions that people ask you.

He was thinking of the way the snow fell on the Zambesi that odd year and the way the impalas died in the snow, bleeding and vomiting from frostbite. It was odd, and it had always bothered him that it was odd. He had intended to write about it, but he never had. There were a hell of a lot of odd things, and odd, fine and true things that he had never written about. There were a hell of a lot of things he had never done.

And that year in Paris, when they had lived over the slaughterhouse and next door to the brothel. The smell came up through the floor and he heard the squeals and he did not eat meat for a while then. He did not like to talk about it during the day and he did not often think about it then, but at night things are different, and he sometimes lay in bed crying for the pigs and their squeals and the bad smell that came up through the floor.

That was bad but it was not as bad as the War, when they got you in the end and you lost any way you took it and any way that they gave it to you. He remembered the Dutch boy holding his finger in the dike and after awhile you could not tell if it was water or blood that was trickling through the hole in the dike and the boy had said, “How did I do, Jock?” and he had said, “You did fine. You did damned fine.”

That was the way it was and that was the way it had made him the way he was. He spat into the abyss.

“Why do you want to climb this great mother-like mountain, Jock?” Frank was saying.

Jock pushed Frank off the edge of the ledge and Frank fell and splattered far below.

“You go to hell,” Jock said.

# The Stinkies

by Stephen Jameson

Note: For the first time, Mudlands is presenting a short story by a promising young author along with an analysis of the story by one of the University's outstanding critics. This splendid idea struck us when we discovered that other publications do it all the time. It is a very literary thing to do, really.

John was lonely. John was lonely because he had no friends. He had had friends once, but since then he had become a complete bastard.

John had not always been a complete bastard. Once he had been young and happy and in love and the sky was blue and everything wasn't upside down and backwards and he wore grey gabardine pants with a zipper. Then the zipper broke.

It wasn't so much that the zipper broke as that it broke in public at the spring formal and he was wearing his red, orange and chartreuse shorts and people laughed and he decided to hell with you all, I hate every one of you, you're no damned good. He looked at them and said, "To hell with you all, I hate every one of you, you're no damned good." Then he went home and started making a bomb.

"I'm going to make the biggest bomb in the world and destroy everybody because I figure to hell with them all, I hate every one of them, they're no damned good," John always said. He said it before he went to sleep and on the bus going to work in the morning and at work and at the coffee shop at lunch time and on the way home from work and at supper. He always said it.

When he got fired and began to spend all his time on the bombs his sister used to say "What do you do all day out there in the garage John" and he would answer, "To hell with them all, I hate every one of them, they're no damned good." This made his sister happy. She felt the same way.

Then one day John set off his first bomb in a crowded railroad station and it got in the papers and everybody talked about it and John went home and made more bombs.

Soon John was famous. People everywhere were calling him "The Bad Bomber" and talking about him without ever having seen him and this made John happy so he went home and made more bombs.

But as luck would have it the police officer investigating the bombings said to the chief one day, "Chief I've been thinking and out of the forty-five bombs that have been set off forty-two of them have been at spring formals. I figure the guy has something against spring formals."

"Brilliant!" the chief replied. "Come to think of it why would a guy want to go around setting off stink bombs at spring formals? Say, I knew a guy once name of John Matesky whose zipper broke at a spring formal and people laughed at him and he got mad and said "To hell with you all, I hate every one of you, you're no damned good' and ever since that John has been a complete bastard and he used to be a pretty nice guy."

"You don't say," the police officer said and he shrugged. "Well I guess we better get on with the investigation."

That was ten years ago and since then John has stunk up six hundred and fifty-three spring formals. He's out in the garage now making more bombs.

---

## *Love Poem*

**by J. Alfred Elliot**

Ripe beyond her years  
My Melanctha goes.  
Wet behind her ears  
My sweet Melanctha goes.

Her ears are wet  
With sweat,  
And, oh, that sweat is sweet.  
I taste it in the morning air  
And everything I eat.

But ripe-plum girls do die  
And fall from the trees below.  
My Melanctha will.  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

# *A Critical Analysis of the Stinkies*

by Tom McFadden

Mr. Jameson's story, "The Stinkies," is deceptive upon first reading. It seems straightforward enough on the surface, yet it is tightly interwoven with allusion and symbolism that penetrates to the very depths of Modern Man's plight. Mr. Jameson is a young author to watch. He will go far.

There are several dominant themes interacting within the body of the story, and taken in their inter-relationships they form a splendid organic unity.

First there is the recurring motif of isolation. The first sentence in the story states this plainly. "John was lonely." Three small words, but with such stylistic force and implicit meaning! Man is essentially lonely. By this one sentence, the author of the story generalizes the plight of his hero to its fullest human extent: John is Everyman, because Everyman is lonely too.

Another motif in the story is that of rebellion. "To hell with you all," the hero repeats, each time gaining more emphasis. The author here joins rank with Milton, Camus, Shelley, and all the other great writers who have dealt with the subject of rebellion. Miltonic splendor and Camus-like penetration mark the rest of the story too.

It could be argued that John rebelled because of an act of uncontrollable Fate—the untimely breaking of his zipper (a symbol of all machine-made things, and hence all machinery, and hence the dehumanizing industrialization of Modern Man). But this event was not an arbitrary, deterministic, and hence not-self-based one. John was a rebel and a non-conformist before. He wore gray gabardine pants to the formal. This indicates not only that he was rebelling against social custom, but it is not too much to assert that he wore them with the plan fixed in mind of breaking the zipper himself and bringing more sharply into focus the rift between his existence and sensibilities and those of the people at the dance. It was a choice means of exhibiting his rebellion.

A dominant image in the story is that of the bomb. Mr. Jameson evidently alludes to the H-bomb, and to the threat of the destruction of Modern Man by nuclear devastation.

Connected with the image of the bomb is the motif of stinking, and related to this motif is the motif of the spring formal. The term spring formal is a choice poetic paradox, and can be generalized to allude to all the paradoxes that characterize man's existence. *Spring*, a term connoting a time of wild and uncontrolled growth and flow-

ering, a time of freshness, is juxtaposed and contrasted with the term *formal*, which involves control, society as opposed to nature, rigid form as opposed to wild flowering growth, dryness and decay as opposed to freshness. The hero's dramatic act is to repeatedly toss stink bombs into the midst of happy spring formals attended by carefree, insensitive, blind people. This act indicates that the hero is confronting the blind masses with the reality of the stench of the universe, the universal stench that the sensitive, artistic soul perceives. Yet they do not respond, and he must repeatedly toss the stinkbombs.

He does not lose hope, however. He keeps on. And here we have what is perhaps the central theme of the story, Mr. Jameson's message to Modern Man: if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

## *No Goat, No Wrastle* by Don Feltingham

Dionysus said —  
What was it Dionysus  
said? the nth square root  
of beetle's claws is  
essence of ephemerae.

Crack, urn, and wrack your pieces.  
Goat's milk and turtle's faeces.

And in the springtime blear  
of ratiocination,  
Clearing sneering cups of wine:  
Hieronymo's mad again.

## *Morte de Moi-an epic poem*

by Bill Hightower

Hail, Heraclitus, who book-toned sayeth  
Halting heresies of paradox and poesy . . .

(NOTE: 15 lines are omitted from the poem because  
of offensive symbolism on the 3rd level.)

Ghost of goslings, jewels in the air . . .

(NOTE: 2185 lines are omitted because they do  
not adequately skirt the controversial.)

Fearful first-born of mighty Jove,  
Like a green pear or a kitchen stove . . .

(NOTE: Another 592 lines are omitted.)

And western sunsets gild the eastern skies.

# The Earthy Birth

by Leopold Toomb

NOTE: To relieve the heavy contents of the rest of the magazine, the *Mudlands* editorial board has chosen the following light humorous story to elicit a humorous reaction from the humorous readers, humorously.

She wandered through the tombstones. Mud clung to her bare feet in thick cakes that pushed between her bone-thin toes. The air was cold and a light freezing rain seemed to come from nowhere in the dark, misty sky. She pulled her tattered shawl about her thin shoulders and over her abdomen, big with expectancy of new life, a new life of horror, helplessness, darkness, and loss.

“Why did the chicken cross the road?” The words of that transcendent yet concretely earthy question rang in her consciousness, like fantastic and daemonic shadows cast on the walls of a hospital room, or like bullets echoing down the path of a long tunnel of nameless destination and fearful ornament, a tunnel she did not want to pass through.

She did not know the answer to the fearful question. Why? Why? She heard herself whimpering and then she howled mournfully with the pain of the cold, the sense of her isolation, and awareness of her unfulfillment. She howled like a wounded coyote who is bleeding and scared, and the sound of her howling echoed among the tombstones and passed over the muddy ground to the river.

Suddenly she stopped howling. Lifting a bony finger she said, “Hark!” and listened to the dying echoes of her howling. “Hark” she said again. The word seemed pregnant with a dark meaning. The echoes seemed to be answered by howling from the graves. Maybe the dead people had heard her and sympathized. Or maybe the dead people were going to come from their coffins in the dark, earthy ground where worms and pale slugs crawled, and take her, bear her silently away to their terrible province.

She did not know, but she felt drawn to the river. It was flowing, sluggish and dank, at the edge of the graveyard. Standing, she began to walk slowly, as if she were in a nightmare, step by throbbing step to the great inevitable Unknown. At the edge of the wide dark river she stumbled and lay face down in the water. Pain gripped her, and the river was flowing through her, in one ear and out the other. She felt a mystical experience coming on, and then she knew.

The chicken had crossed the road to get to the other side.