

times I think you do it just to irritate me."

Vincent slowly got up and removed Modern Mysteries from the table. It was very relaxing reading for him (fiction could never be as horrible as everyday life), but Myra claimed they were "mentally degrading." Sometime, he vowed, I'll buy a dozen of them and go off and read them in a sanctuary.

Myra strutted about the living room, inspecting for dust. For lack of a white glove, Vincent gave her his linen handkerchief, but she did not appreciate the joke. He felt the old anger arising in him. Up to a point, a man can take. . . Quickly he suppressed his emotion. He buttoned his suit coat (which he had just unbuttoned) and ascended the stairs. If he could get to the bedroom before Myra did, he might be able to sneak in a drink or two before Edna and Foster arrived. They were more acceptable if they were slightly fussy around the edges.

He entered his room-like closet and reached into a box marked Keds. The amber bottle held just enough for two or three good snorts.

Quickly he downed these and began picking out his evening clothes. Myra entered the room, humming to herself, but as she neared him, she abruptly stopped.

"Vincent! You have been drinking!" The eyebrows were arched into pyramids. "I thought that tonight, at least, you could conduct yourself properly. I can imagine Edna telling her friends about Myra's drunken husband. Imagine!"

"Now look," Vincent began, but it was no use. This is the trial, judge, and jury. Guilty as charged. You are sentenced to one hour, a pause, and one night of browbeating. Have you anything to say?

Yes!

Vincent stared at Myra and shouted. She was wide-eyed. Yes! he repeated and walked from the room, head high, voice firm.

He ran down the long, curving stairs, through the spider's parlor, into the kitchen, past an open-mouthed Roberta, to the garage. Vincent pushed himself between the cars, into the Lincoln, and sped out of the garage to the street.

Powerfully, the car surged forward to the highway and then onto it, ignoring stop signs. The car felt good under him. Here he was master of the road, master of the situation.

If a man can't even have himself one drink after a long day, when he's facing a longer evening, he might as well give up. When, ever, he recalled, have I been able to do exactly as I pleased? When could I ever express myself, feel some emotion? A straightjacket would be freedom incarnate.

Always the wish to, for once, do exactly as he pleased, was with him. To let go, to react to a situation as a man should, if he were free. That Goddamn Myra.

The highway was free, open. Easily he passed slower cars, slaves to rules and regulations. The speedometer climbed higher and it was heaven. Vincent jerked his eyes upwards as he saw an ancient coupe crossing the highway ahead of him. In a moment they met, and he felt the car careen away from his control. The steering wheel fought back and, in a moment, he was in a ditch, the car pitching and turning. Then it stopped.

His jaw hurt as he painfully forced open the door and got out. He felt his fists tighten as he looked at the young farm boy inspect the damage to his car.

Almost instantly Vincent felt the touch that said control yourself. Don't act irrationally. But now a stronger, more insistent voice said make yourself free. Do what you want to do.

He ran up to the youth and grabbed his collar. How delicious it would be to kill him. He, who stopped the flight, who ended his control over his machine.

Kick up the traces, do what you wish.

Vincent got into the Plymouth, easing himself under the wheel. It was all clear now. Nothing was near that said No!

The youth came to the car as Vincent yelled at him. He felt the pocket knife in his hand (to be used for the civilized purpose of whittling wood, if only it wasn't so messy.) He heard the click as he pushed the button and, as the youth leaned towards him, he slashed it across his face. Quickly he started the car and headed back. Never was there such a fine feeling as to do what you want to do. Never, probably, could he do it again.

Narcissus

By Sue Polsky
Junior in English

Oh proud Narcissus
Of the tangled dreams,
Who gazes in the liquid mirrors
Of multi-colored streams

And weeps great self tears
That leave no streaking trace
Of Human love or pain
Upon his eyeless face

To Go By Night

(Continued from page 3)

She nodded and hurried into the waiting room. The man behind the desk looked up from under a green eye-shade.

"Something, Miss?"

"Yes, Yes, I'd like a ticket to—to Milton. One way."

He took a long, folded paper and stamped it several times with a rubber stamp.

"That'll be two dollars and eighteen cents," he said.

She took the nineteen dollars from her purse and laid it on the counter. He looked at her for a moment, then took three dollar bills and handed her change.

The bus had pulled out into the deserted street and she walked to the curb, looking up at the windows for the man. She stood for several minutes, uncertain. Then she saw him at one of the windows, smiling at her. As she hesitated, a green-uniformed man came up to her and tipped his hat.

"Cab, Miss?"

She turned to look at the cab driver, not quite comprehending. Suddenly she turned and ran to the parked taxi. She yanked open the door and gave the puzzled driver the number of the red brick house.

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