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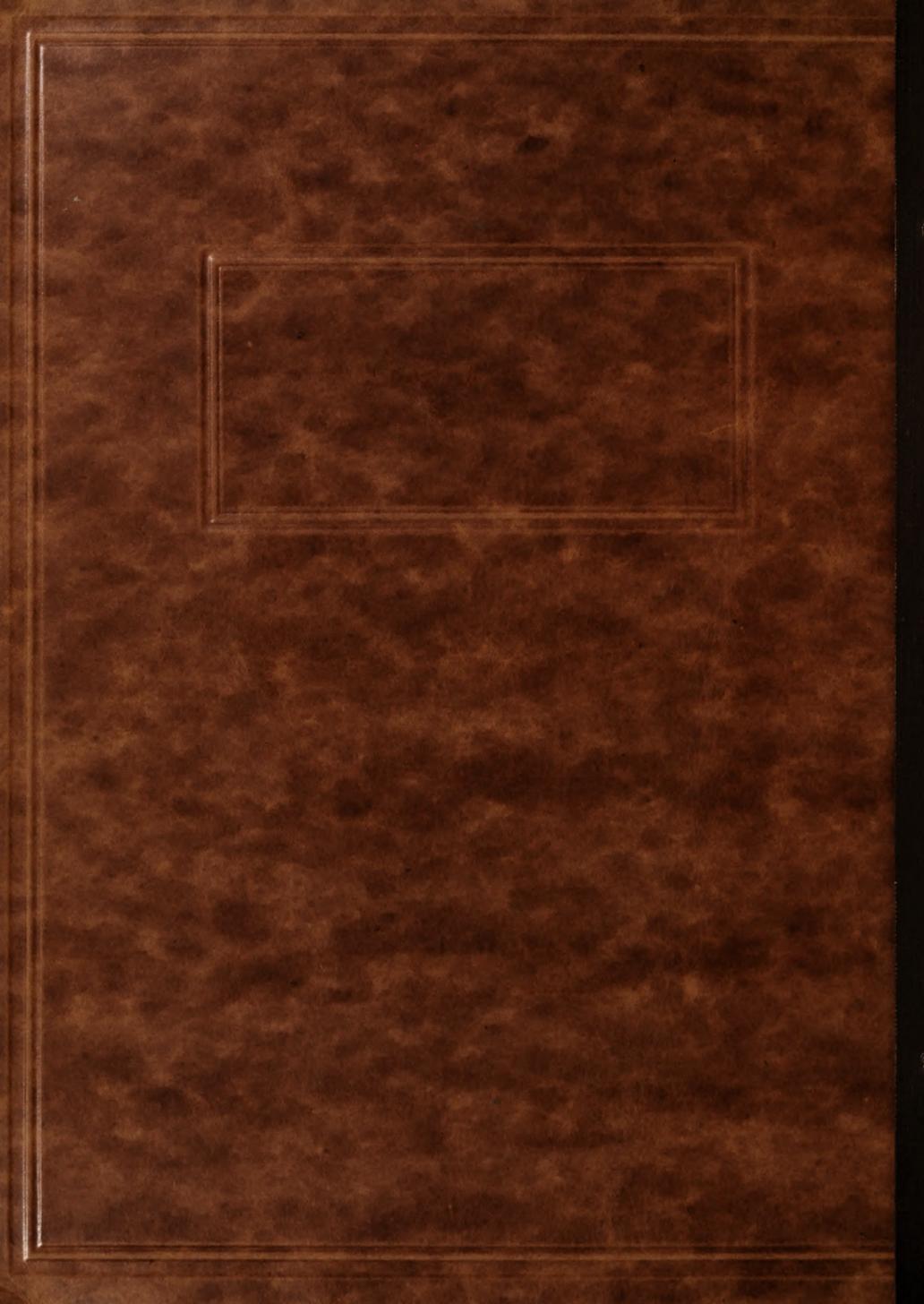
Whirlwinds lick up the dust

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

WHIRLWINDS LICK UP THE DUST

by

Aura Ginières A.B.

Boston University 1946

submitted in partial fulfillment

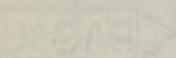
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degree of

Master of Arts

1949

EFFICIENT BOND



A. F. & CO.

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THE COMPANY

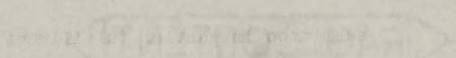
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NEW YORK



NEW YORK

A. F. & CO.

NEW YORK

1900

THE COMPANY

AM
1949
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APPROVED

BY

First Reader

Gerald W. Brace

Professor of English

Second Reader

Robert H. Spurr

Professor of English

APPROVED

BY

Charles W. Johnson First Reader
Professor of English

James H. Smith Second Reader
Professor of English

"Lo in grim earnest the world
Is shaken, the roar of thunders
Reverberates, gleams the red levin,
And whirlwinds lick up the dust.
All the blasts of the winds leap out
And meet in tumultuous conflict,
Confounding the seas and the heavens
'Tis Zeus who driveth his furies
To smite me with terror and madness.
O mother Earth all-honoured,
O Air revolving thy light
O common boon unto all,
Behold what wrongs I endure."

Aeschylus, Prometheus Bound

...the ... of ...
...the ... of ...

... ..

PREFACE

If the work of art, the novel, must have a raison d'être, it is that there is sincerity at the work's core: the same sincerity that is the essential basis of any human relationship.

We are prone to despair at the world situation, at a national crisis, even at the immediate personal web of living with which each separate individual becomes enmeshed, but we forget, we have had so much despair, that some simple, earnest ideal of love and comradeship has always arisen as a dominating theme of human aspirations. But, again, such a vision has always had to stand against realistically heavy odds and cynicism. It is the problem of doubt and hope in conflict with which this story deals.

The role of the artist is not only to represent life as the artist himself sees it, but to show it to the world in order that it may be seen in the same way. That is the task.

Joyce, Woolf, Melville, Proust, James, are part of the literary past we have in this direction. The world about should and must be interpreted; the artist not only observes but interprets it for those who cannot. His role is multiple and varied. Sheer literal depiction is not good art; a fitting selection and

prismatic interpretation by the individual artist is the hall-mark of art transcending hack work. And art must have a message, not didactic, but the message of its own vigor.

Life -- the model which artists think they work from -- is represented only as each artist has the vision to see it. We color our interpretations by personal influences which are inescapable. Hence an inevitable limitation in the universality of every achievement.

Characterization -- the bedrock of the novel -- is successful when the artist is able to dig deep into each personality. The secret of great characterization, as in Tolstoy, Flaubert, or Joyce, is the depth of the digging so to speak, and to emerge, the hands dripping with the heart's blood of a character. The deeper one goes, the greater is the yield, too. Since characters usually make any human situation, I think the valid approach is to attack a given situation from the characterization rather than the plot, that is, in a sense, to work from the inside out, from the inner personality to the situation that personality confronts.

Given a situation like the Greek contemporary scene, it is tacitly assumed that there will be tragedy, pathos, human striving and defeat. What happens in this setting to the concept?

I have found the reality in focusing not the drama, but the individuals involved in the drama. True, there is no distinct

...interpretation of the individual artist in the half-work
of his transcending work... but the artist has a message,
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hands digging into the heart's blood of a character. The deeper
one goes, the greater is the yield, too. Since characters really
are human situations, I think the valid approach is to

attack a given situation from the characterization rather than the
plot, that is, in a sense, to work from the inside out, from the
inner personality to the situation that personality confronts.
Given a situation like the great contemporary scene, it is
difficult enough that there will be tragedy, failure, human striving
and defeat. What happens in this setting to the concepts?

I have found the reality in focusing not the drama, but the
individuals involved in the drama. There, there is no distance

as it concerns those who are not heroes than it does the hero himself.

I have tried to keep the hero in the secondary role and to work out the related characters fully in order, by juxtaposition, to bring out forcefully the implicit drama of such a scheme. Then what does happen when a group of people find they have a definite and marked relationship with a condemned man, 'the hero'? How do they see it out, what adjustments are necessary, and how do they, who must in the end go on living, relate themselves to the world which the 'hero' has escaped through death? The problem is to be framed in its meaningfulness for the lesser figures in the hero's world.

as it concerns those who are not across the line the party
 itself.
 I have tried to keep the line in the necessary role and to
 work out the related matters fully in order, by investigation,
 to bring out completely the implicit drama of such a scene.
 Then what does happen when a group of people that they have a
 definite and varied relationship with a concerned man, the party?
 How do they see it out, what adjustments are necessary, and how
 do they do them in the end so on living relate themselves to
 the world which the party has escaped through death? The
 problem is to be framed in its essentialness for the latter
 figures in the hero's world.

When this was life and not death, she knew with all the doubts of
 a newly-emerged consciousness that she was alive because life is
 some other being than herself for she felt in this transitional
 state of illusion that she could never have the reality of exist-
 ence in her own mind alone. The joyful rise and fall of her
 husband's back reassured her momentarily. This dependence, that
 is of not feeling quite alive, yet on the other hand of not being
 asleep, gave her a sense of sufficiency. Perhaps, she thought,
 this is stamity. Perhaps this time between, this un-pleasant
 void between sleep and waking might be the sign-post of eternity.
 Was there a mark anywhere? It was like seeing on a sign-post
 along a road or at the rise of a hill with the cryptic sign un-
 stretched indistinctly--East and West--The High Road or The Low
 Road--life and death.

She smiled delightedly in her dream of sexuality and started
 up. She woke suddenly. For a few moments she was not fully aware
 of being awake and alive. She realized for the first time in her
 life the difference between life and death, and if Susan Crawford
 could not have turned to see the thin fuzz of hair and the slightly
 pink flush of skin at her husband's neckline she would have called
 for the servants to assure herself of her own existence. Somehow,
 even with the placid warmth and startling brilliance of the morn-
 ing sun, she could not be sure alone, or, were she to be certain
 that she was, as her eyes flickered anxiously over the curtain-

She woke suddenly. For a few moments she was not fully aware of being awake and alive. She realized for the first time in her life the difference between life and death, and if Death Crawford could not have turned to see the fair face of hair and the slightly pink flush of skin at her husband's neckline she would have called for the servants to assume herself of her own existence. Somehow even with the placid watch and scolding brilliancy of the morning sun, she could not be sure alone, or, were she to be certain

that this was life and not death, she knew with all the doubts of a newly-emerged consciousness that she must first behold life in some other being than herself, for she felt in this transitory state of illusion that she could never know the reality of existence in her own mind alone. The rhythmic rise and fall of her husband's back reassured her momentarily. This suspension, that is, of not feeling quite alive, yet on the other hand of not being asleep, gave her a sense of nothingness. Perhaps, she thought, this is eternity. Perhaps this time between, this sun-splashed void between sleep and waking might be the sign-post of eternity. Was there a mark anywhere? It was like coming on a sign-post along a road or at the rise of a hill with its cryptic arms outstretched indicatively--East and West--The High Road or The Low Road--Life and Death.

She smiled delightedly in her nimbus of unreality and started to hum quietly to herself with the absorption and freedom of those people who feel themselves entirely alone. The old tune might be reworded, she thought, to suit the situation: "You'll take the dream road; I'll take the waking road, and I'll be in eternity before you." Her husband stirred uneasily at the sounds she made.

I'm really awake now, she thought, and it was then she remembered with a kind of sadness her sleeping hours of the past night. She looked about the room as if searching. You don't ever find them, she mused, as her eyes filtered erratically over the furni-

ture in the room, you just feel dreams clinging about you vaguely like an old scent, something rather indefinable as all old scent is, or like an amalgam of odors. There was in dreaming a fusing of all the dreams of one's life, and since the night was merely a continuation of the day, it must be that dreams were the link between the life of living each day and that death of sleeping each night. If one did not dream, then it might as well be death, for all the recognition the mind has of that time which has been absorbed in dreamless sleep. A mild panic seized her again at these thoughts, and she half rose to rouse her husband but fell back again to the pillow.

It was not the fear, she thought, but that one could not understand. Unhappiness swarmed over her like settling bees, and she tried to piece together the decomposing memories of last night's dream. Already parts of it were forever lost to her, carried by this reverie to that amalgam of odors from which they would never again be entirely separated. The dream had been forbidding, at least that was certain, for she had awakened feeling acutely conscious of unpleasantness, not exactly with a bad taste, but again, like a bad odor that had permeated every corner of her consciousness. Still if one thought about them enough, one's dreams could be reconstructed, however incomplete, at least structurally with some foundation. Do not forget, she slyly cautioned

herself, lifting a mental finger in her own warning, the longer you wait the less you will recall.

She did remember, kaleidoscopically sifting and sorting images in her mind's eye as with a variegated sieve, that Leslie had been involved. The picture of her daughter's thin face and constant little smile filled her with vast pity. Leslie's eyes, round and staring, rose before her as they were the last time she remembered having seen her on the dock at New York, when Susan and the Dean had sailed, and the child had said good-bye in an empty voice. "Don't bother to worry about me, Mother," she'd said with quick adult flippancy; "you won't have time for that sort of thing." Things like that mark the passing of time more than anything else, she thought, anyway, much more than any clock or calendar. Only at that moment on the docks, and at those bitterly poignant words of Leslie's, had she realized the passing of the years and the barriers it raised. You don't see until it's too late, of course, she capitulated, and it's only because it's too late that you do see. Something similar had happened at another time when she first became aware of her own mother's age. Once, Leslie had been about seven at the time, all the family had been together in the car and her mother had gotten out alone to go into a store. The rest of them sat in the parked car to wait for her, and somehow in the glare of the hot sun in that dusty

little town they'd all seen together and for the first time that mother was really quite old. You don't feel other people's age, she thought; you see it. That was what happened then. An incident, a phrase, a thought on the part of the aged person makes it quite visible, almost pictorial. Time is pictorial. The same day came back clearly to her. The sunshine in the room, now full and glaring too, resolved the scene vividly in her mind so that the strange twist of emotion they had felt simultaneously, she and the others in the car, came back to Susan in bed. The same thing she had experienced with Leslie on the docks, a momentary desire to make some recompense for age and the passing of time, perhaps, and futilely, to try to hold time back by something she might do.

And if she had dreamed of her daughter, if she had dreamed of Leslie, why should it have been this way? She recalled with a piercing shock that she had seen Leslie last night and that she had seen Leslie's staring eyes and her face shrouded in black, unsmiling and somber like the peasants with their beautiful dark eyes. Then she remembered everything clearly, she saw exactly what had been in the dream. Leslie had been standing on the crowded deck of the Chimera, passively surrounded by scores of native women who looked just like her, and yet the thought came to her of why she should recognize her own daughter among all those women who looked just like one another. She argued with

herself defensively, any woman would know her own child because of the very reason that the child is her own as if some immutable law made at the time of conception gave each mother such an exalted right, an insight as to the existence of her children, allowing her to sense with certainty, that her child was on the crowded deck of a small steamer plying between Athens and Salonika in the midst of the shattering beauty of human eyes bound in black. Out of the pale foreheads and faces, exquisite with the luminosity of suffering the eyes reveal in the Quattrocento portraits of the Virgin or the infinitely sad face of the Pietà in Rome, Susan had recognized her daughter. That Leslie was there and that Leslie was her own child she was certain, but of her ability to recognize her own daughter she was not at all certain, nor was she able to explain why. There was a case on the islands only lately of two babies who had been switched. One mother had readily accepted a fair-haired baby as her own even though she knew the child had been born to a British soldier and his native girl.

However, she mused, if Leslie had been on the Chimera, what was she doing there? The boat had sunk two weeks ago off the coast of Salonika, and two hundred Greeks had perished. Why should Leslie have been with them? But had the boat really been the Chimera? She could not be sure except that all the faces had seemed to be waiting for something to happen, some disaster

that would resolve and end the fixed sadness in their eyes. At a time of disaster the question of life should not be important for the peasants, who saw so little of living and who feared death less than they feared life. And if Leslie were lonely, alone in America, Leslie her baby, who used to tell friends that her mother was beautiful and played the piano, what could she, Susan Crawford, do for her after all? Leslie seemed, like the peasants, too pitiable to be touched, and at the most unapproachable with her sincere pride of simplicity, so resolute and determined, surrounding her soft-flowing hair like a halo. The images of the Saints and the Pietà came back to her. She knew without reasoning that her concern for her daughter had been taken from its context. She smiled at this as though one could lift one's daughter out of context, but of course that was what happened to them; Leslie had merged with the peasant women. The thought of doubting the relationship of her own daughter was silly. You don't do that sort of thing merely because of a dream and mainly because it is a dream you should not consider things in that light. She was admonishing herself.

The sun was higher now at seven o'clock and she knew it would be time to get up. This day, she thought, will be most difficult getting through, and I am afraid. Fear was there even if you did not look for it; even if you would not keep things in

context some gnawing consciousness warned you to be afraid. She rose carefully from her side of the bed, which was nearest the large windows, and went to pull down the blinds. There were traces of snow on Olympos and the mountain was clearly discernible through the soft early morning haze that filled the air. The lake,--or rather the bay; she thought of the bay more as a lake since it did look like a long still lake because of the Verroia hills enclosing it to the North and the mountains of Thessaly to the South;--the lake was benign and splendid this morning, radiating the beauty of Mount Olympos.

"What good is it?" Prothromos, the Registrar of the school, had said to her one day. "You can't eat it," he went on, pointing to their view of the mountain, and he repeated the words in Greek, confirming the idea in his own mind by his own tongue. "No sir, Mrs. Crawford," he continued in the mixed accent he had picked up while studying at Harvard, "you get to learn as I did that only the gold crowns make any difference." He patted his hip pockets and grinned at her, "What's in your pocket is what counts everywhere." She had made attempts at disagreeing, but he interrupted, "For the Americans, perhaps, because they do not have to stay here, there is beauty." And Prothromos must have known that beauty should be appreciated, he must have gotten that much at Harvard, but he used his meticulous enunciation as if proving his

point merely by a carefully pronounced syllable. She tried to imagine him walking through the Harvard Yard on one of those frivolous spring days that was her best memory of New England. He would have looked distinctly out of place even in the Harvard Yard with all the interesting faces. Prothromos would have appeared to be rushing through the quietness, such a small figure, prematurely bald head, clutching a briefcase, avoiding the spring sun and the fair-haired boys that reminded her of Leslie. Prothromos avoiding their white tennis shoes and their premeditated slouch as they strolled with hands in pockets, too cool and calm, too far away, she mused as she felt the heat of the sun on her face, Prothromos would have been distinctly out of place in the Harvard Yard. How many times had she heard his story? So many so that now she laughed at the picture of him fleeing Turkey with his gold crowns and his Persian rugs, but Prothromos on a magic carpet somewhere over Istanbul really would have been ridiculous.

"You never forget those things," he had said, meaning the escape from Turkey. Suddenly Susan became aware of voices in the garden below the window. Someone was in her garden, the garden with the almond trees and the roses, and the immaculate rows of artichokes like some invincible tropical plant that grows tenaciously for ages by itself. For there was, she thought, something implicitly graceful about artichokes, yet they were so

practical too, almost edibly sturdy. They turned out to be more than vegetables, and one could build a garden about that sturdy grace which also meant good food, as in the way the peasants made jelly out of rose petals. Lisa had the knack for artichokes and she knew when they were ready to be cooked, which was part of the secret. Susan had learned from her girl in this case because the natives ate artichokes all the time and she knew that this was the standard for a good recipe. Lisa made them with fresh tomatoes and olive oil, simply, but Susan could never get them to come out right. She realized that it was Lisa's voice below her in the garden. She could see her maid leaning over the fence gossiping with one of the villagers in her warm friendly fashion, her large face and large body poised in an early morning charm of the freedom that comes with the privacy of being the only one awake and stirring. The girl went about the house and garden in the morning singing softly, and the muted sounds of the music and words combined seemed always to Susan to be peculiarly voluptuous the first thing in the day. She thought of her husband and looked back toward the bed. Susan wondered if her husband ever heard Lisa singing in the morning.

This is the day of the trial, she thought, pushing aside the splendid surge she felt perceptibly for a moment, and Lisa must be discussing it with the villager at my garden fence. What did things mean to her who was made to know little beyond the artichoke bed?

She pulled the blind down slowly so they would not hear the sound of the slats as they unfolded. It was time to wake up her husband.

Lies of the garden fence was lovely. She stretched smooth, round arms to the lowest branch of the young almond tree and took off some of the fruit. Her mouth became small with the tang of no-ripe nut and the soft eyes blinked rapidly. Andrew would be coming down the hill soon on his way to the city. The parcel rolled about her tongue and she worked over it appreciatively like a conscientious farmer that she had over the fence to the side of the road.

Mrs. Crawford's articles needed quilting, she reflected, some time today, and reached up for another almond. Coming down, some one, Andreas, she glimpsed in her side. There still not be such time this morning, and Andreas came as he always did, down the hill with the long strides making a faint click, click of metal hitting metal, the British wave of the explosion at some little angle, and the stiff way he greeted her,—"Good morning, Miss Lisa."

"Good morning," she returned with a smile, "I was going to give the articles," and she gestured as if having to excuse her presence, "but I saw you coming."

"Don't let me disturb you then." He continued walking down the road.

"Oh, come back you silly goat." She hung over the fence as if to grab him by the coat tail.

Lisa at the garden fence was lovely. She stretched smooth, round arms to the lowest branch of the young almond tree and broke off some of the fruit. Her mouth became small with the tang of unripe nut and the soft eyes blinked rapidly. Andreas would be coming down the hill soon on his way to the city. The kernel rolled about her tongue and she worked over it appreciatively like a connoisseur, then spat the seed over the fence to the side of the road.

Mrs. Crawford's artichokes needed cutting, she reflected, some time today, and reached up for another almond. Come soon, come now, Andreas, she whispered to herself. There will not be much time this morning. And Andreas came as he always did, down the hill with the long strides making a faint click, click of metal hitting macadam, the boyish wave of the cap when he came into sight, and the stiff way he greeted her,--"Good morning, Miss Lisa."

"Good morning," she returned with a smile, "I was going to pick the artichokes," and she gestured as if having to excuse her presence, "but I saw you coming."

"Don't let me disturb you then." He continued walking down the road.

"Oh, come back you silly goat." She hung over the fence as if to grab him by the coat tail.

"But what brings you out so early," she laughed, "why even the sun is not up yet. To what do the sun and I owe this pleasure?"

"I am going to town
To buy my fair love a gown,"

he mimicked the words of one of the village songs.

She laughed again and threw an almond at him. When he winced with the taste of it she could not restrain herself.

"Shhh," he cautioned her, "or you will wake up everybody."

"I don't care; it is so good to see you again, Andreas," she said. "I have not laughed like this for a long time."

"What a disgrace you would be to Mrs. Crawford if you laughed like that all the time. Here's another tree for her," and he threw the almond pit back in the garden. "I cannot stay long, Lisa," he spoke purposefully.

I know, she thought, this is a luxury not for us; we are no longer children. "Yes, I know," she said aloud looking at him with great calm eyes.

How like the eyes of the new colt when I feed him, he thought, and said, "I am going to the trial."

"No, Andreas," she exclaimed and made the sign of the cross over her breast, murmuring in a soft voice, "Heaven help us, that will be dangerous."

"I must go," he insisted quietly. Now they were both whispering like two people who are not afraid of being overheard, but of

voicing their thoughts to each other, and who hesitate to do so, hoping that a softer tone will modulate not only sound, but also the idea of the sound.

"It is for Ion's sake," he said after a moment of silence.

"Yes, of course, but what good can it do? And it may do much harm."

"Perhaps we can save him yet."

"Save him, save him," she repeated in disbelief. "Are you crazy?" and her hands tightened on the knob of the fence. "He is sure to be pronounced guilty, and always closely guarded. No doubt they will execute him immediately. What can you possibly do in the face of all that?" she asked, trying intensely to hold his gaze.

He looked toward the bay and the Verroia hills, squinting as if having caught sight of something he had been looking for.

"He is our leader and we've got to try," he said tersely.

"But think of the danger to yourself."

"I cannot think of that now."

"Well, then, at least think of me."

"This is no time, Lisa."

"How long has it been since you came back from the hills?" she asked him.

"Only a week."

"Perhaps things would have been better if you had stayed away

until the trial was over."

He turned toward her and placed his hands over her clenched fists. "It is because of the trial that I am back," he said. "They sent me down to see what can be done."

"You are so young. Why did they send you?"

"Because I know the city so well."

"You should have told me before."

"What good would that have done? Now you know, and what makes any difference? It must be this way."

The brown eyes filled with tears and she began to cry softly.

"Hush," he said, looking about apprehensively. "Do not cry, Lisa."

"What will become of us," she gasped out between stifled sobs. "How long will this go on? I am so tired of being afraid."

"Yes, yes," he tried to soothe her, "but be brave; it may be over very soon."

"Ah, Andreas," she spoke without tears, "even I know that is not so."

"You know how things are," he said without comfort.

"Well, that one man is lost does not make good reason for another's going too. There will be other leaders to take his place," she spoke defiantly.

"He is different from any of the others. That's why we must

not lose him. He is educated and knows how to handle affairs best. I think he is shrewder than the rest because he sees things clearly in his mind first before he puts them into orders. This is partly why we fail. We need better organization. It is good to be active, to fight, to give up everything for this cause, but so many of us, you and I, Lisa, do it because we are hungry and dissatisfied, because there is no bread and not because we know what we are doing."

"What are you going to do?"

"I shall go down to the newspaper headquarters, where the rest are waiting for me."

"Someone from the village may inform the police that you have come home."

"That's the risk I have to take, but I will keep off the streets as much as I can."

"How about my father, does he know you are back?"

"No, I do not think so. I did not leave the house at all until this morning."

"Nevertheless, I am afraid, Andreas," she said with growing concern. "Why, you should not even be standing here like this talking to me. How will you get into the city without a pass? If a sentry stops you--all will be lost."

"I planned to go through the old wall in the Turkish quarter," he said in an even voice, pointing to the right of the city, where

the open hills melted into the massed rooftops. "From then on it will be easy."

"You are different," she said, not heeding his pointing finger.

"Hm, what do you mean?"

"You are changed from the last time, though I cannot explain it." She would have begged him to explain it to her if he could, but he seemed to miss the entreaty in her voice.

"I may be changed," he agreed. "And if I am, then the hills have done it."

"The hills are not to blame for everything that happens nowadays."

"Still there is the change of living in the hills," he said, "and no matter how many men there are with you, or how young you are, you always feel old and alone like those old hills."

The morning sun cast a soft red glow over the hills lying before them. "Look," he said, "in a minute they will be brown again," then added with a wry laugh, "and old."

"I see," she replied, the woman in her unwilling to yield to ignorance of her lover's world. But I do not see, she thought; one does not go to the hills a youth and return an old man, not even for this better life they are fighting for.

"'Always travel alone, but be certain of what you can do.' That's what Ion used to say," Andreas continued in a brooding tone.

He has forgotten me she thought, and indeed he is old. His mouth now, as he spoke almost bitterly, seemed to make him age. Before her eyes he became an old man and lost the jaunty look of the cap that he had waved at her only minutes ago.

"Andreas," she spoke shrilly, "you will be careful." She did not dare say any more. It was not her place to have said this much.

"I shall do what I can. Do not worry."

She did not question the finality of the tone, but said, "Send me word somehow before tonight."

"I will," he touched her hand. "Addio, Lisa mou, Addio."

"Addio," she replied, watching him go out of her life.

He has forgotten me and thought, and indeed he is old. His mouth now, as he spoke almost bitterly, seemed to make him age. Before her eyes he became an old man and lost the jaunty look of the one that he had waved at her only minutes ago.

"Andreas," she spoke shrilly, "you will be careful." She did not dare say any more. It was not her place to have said this much.

"I shall do what I can. Do not worry."

She did not question the finality of the tone, but said, "and as word scowled before tonight."

"I will," he touched her hand. "Abdo, his son, Abdo."

"Abdo," she replied, watching him go out of her life.

posing herself for the first meeting of the day with her husband,
and waited for Lisa to answer the ring.

What a morning for such a day, what a spring for such a year.
She felt it like an alien walk after the disturbed night and
wandered, sitting there still and reflecting like some invited
guest, what lay beyond this day? Would she, having witnessed and
aroused for this day, be called upon to issue a verdict of some
kind to an invisible audience in the mood? Was there a decision
to pass, and yet who wanted what? The decision had been in the
going back. They had come back a year ago in the late spring,
the late for the decade of the slanted trees; the quick shock of
the planting summer heat, white and budding, had been the only
welcome. The house had been, she decided, of all the airy memo-
ries, the most obiding one for her. Carl had not minded it, any
more than he would have cared for the other houses on the street,
the disordered garden beds or the torn fences. Ever for him as

Susan tinkled the small bell for Lisa, and the liquid sounds
splashed like small lapping waves in the clear morning sunlight,
making a spread of circle upon circle of notes in the airy pool of
her dining room. The table was laid for breakfast. The thick
morning smell of acacias was draped over everything, and she walked
softly about the room as if careful not to disturb its fragrance.
Some lilac in the copper bowl would be lovely, she thought, com-

posing herself for the first meeting of the day with her husband, and waited for Lisa to answer the ring.

What a morning for such a day; what a spring for such a year. She felt it like an alien calm after the disturbed night and wondered, sitting there still and reflecting like some invited guest, what was beyond this day? Would she, having wakened and dressed for this day, be called upon to issue a verdict of some kind to an invisible audience in the room? Was there a decision to make, and yet who wanted one? The decision had been in the coming back. They had come back a year ago in the late spring, too late for the acacia or the almond tree; the quick shock of the plunging summer heat, white and deadening, had been the only welcome. The house had been, she decided, of all the early memories, the most shocking one for her. Earl had not minded it, any more than he would have cared for the other houses on the campus, the disordered garden beds or the torn fences. Nor for him as much would there have been pain at the sight of the crestfallen tennis courts or the ruined roads.

The house was hers. She smoothed her hands along the gleaming mahogany of the table and caught a faint picture of her own face in the gorgeous dark surface of the old furniture. They had left her that, and the house was still intact. The Italians had left it for the Germans, and they in turn had passed it on to the

British, who had given it back to her in the end after everything was over; they had returned like scavengers to pick over the heap of leavings. Even now they had not got it all picked clean. The school grounds had not been completely returned to them. The British army was still camped on the grounds below the house where the pool used to be. Dreary army huts were indifferently hidden behind the young pine forest, and the lawn was worn down to a shoddy brown color from the ruthless boots. The officers' mess had been in the house, and the desolation of the place when she had first seen it pushed like a ferret through the undergrowth of her reverie. Lisa wept as she scraped off the filth in the white marble hall. A year would not take off that dirt, nor the dirt on their souls, clinging tenaciously with the accumulated filth. The impracticality of war was obvious. How much is there yet to do, she thought, fingering the place mat indolently. Lisa had not come, so she moved toward the kitchen, a small, graceful figure, the head poised and the violet eyes shining like a young girl's.

"Lisa", she called, her voice lingering on the vowel tones. She saw the girl beyond the screen door, sitting on the steps with her head on her hands.

"Lisa." The girl raised uncomprehending eyes. "What is it?" They conversed in Greek.

"Andreas is back."

"Oh." So that's who was at the garden fence. "How is he?"

"He is old," the girl answered.

"Old?" Susan repeated as if not understanding, but she did understand for somehow they were all old.

"There will be not tomorrow for him," Lisa said calmly. There was a look of resignation in her sad eyes.

"You should not talk like that. It is not good."

"Then it is better to say nothing at all about it."

"That is not good either." She was used to their fatalism.

"Was Andreas going to the city?" she asked Lisa going back into the kitchen.

"Yes." Lisa followed listlessly. The numbness of the interval with Andreas had started to wear off. She would have liked to tell this woman, but there was more involved than she could afford to meddle with just to relieve her own spirits. Doubt caught at her throat like clenched fingers.

"What does he want?" Susan asked.

"I don't know." The girl was stubbornly reserved.

"Mr. Crawford will have peaches," Susan told her, "and not apricots this morning."

Lisa went toward the pantry, and the swinging door closed her in out of Susan's sight. She came back in a moment to wash out

the great golden fruit.

"They are Naousa peaches," Lisa said, softly stroking the down and holding up the round firmness like an offering to her mistress.

"And what news did Andreas have?"

"We did not have much time to talk."

"Where was he going?" She may know about Ion, Susan thought, if Andreas has been talking to her. Was there anything she could learn?

Lisa did not answer, but parried the question with thrusts of ice cubes that she jabbed in between the peaches and leaves she was arranging in the bowl. Picking up the bowl, she answered in the same way Andreas had told it to her. "He is going to the trial," and the dining room door swung behind her as she bore the dish out.

The illogical hope Susan had, that perhaps she may have been mistaken that this was the day of the trial, was, after all, not possible. "I should think Andreas would give up this futile business," she said aloud.

"It may not be futile."

"But there is little to hope for in fighting the government from the hills."

"The fighting is not only in the hills."

"You mean the bombing in the city last week?"

"Yes."

"I suppose they are all a part of the Communists' plan."

The girl did not answer.

"These things are not Ion's idea?"

"I do not know."

Susan began to stack dishes. "If Andreas keeps going to the hills, you will never be married."

"So it must be."

"You will give that up?"

"If I have to."

"The question would seem to be of giving up the hills rather than the marriage."

"Ah, you are mistaken, Mrs. Crawford." She was apologetic out of deference to the older woman, but continued, "The question is rather of life and death for us."

"That is quite an idea, Lisa."

"It is not merely an idea for me; it is the only way. If marriage for Andreas and me were the solution, things would be so easy, but there is more because there are more of us. More Greeks who are in our position too. Forgive me," she went on, "I like working for you, but what kind of life would that be for Andreas and me when my pay is not enough to buy bread with, or if he cannot find work? No marriage at all is better than such misery, for

there will be children to worry about."

"It's very difficult," Susan said.

"I see what can happen from my own family. My mother and father have never stopped working in the fields, and all of the children had to start young without education to earn their bread." She paused, and then asked, her eyes clear and young in the adult look of her face, "Shall I always be a serving maid for the Americans?"

Susan flushed at the girl's candor. "Andreas must have talked for a long time this morning."

"I may not have a good education, nor can I read and write very well, but there are things that neither Andreas nor books have to make me see. You cannot go about with your eyes closed in this country, nor your mind, because no matter how little you know, you do realize very clearly what it means to be without bread, since you see it in yourself or others near you. Then it is that you try to think beyond these things to why they are. Maybe with an education you can see and understand reasons, but for me, who is part of it, the most important thing is to try and find bread."

"Of course," Susan said, "I do not disagree with that at all, Lisa. Yet I do think that there must be some other way."

"What is that?"

"I don't know," Susan replied. "Did Ion come regularly to your village?"

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"What is that?"

"I don't know," Susan replied. "Did Ion come regularly to your village?"

"You mean to the meetings?"

"Yes."

"Quite a few."

"What does your family think?"

"They did not know about it. I should have been beaten severely if my father knew."

"How could you get away with it then?"

"We met late at night. I would go out when the others were asleep," she replied reluctantly and as if in doubt.

"Where did you go?" Susan retaliated.

"That is not for me to say," she said firmly and taking some dishes turned toward the dining room door, where she stopped and asked Susan, "Will you go to the trial today?"

"I don't know," she answered; not looking at the girl, and turned on the faucet so that the water made a loud splashing noise in the quiet of the kitchen.

from their sun-riden, rain-soaked above, and he stood quietly there close to it, like some tired traveller, he had stumbled at a well-worn step that had gone unnoticed by everyone else. He spoke her name because he had always done it upon entering the hall when he came home and wished to find her. The years, he knew, had made it part of a pattern, a thread of tapestry they had woven together with the threads of their lifetimes. However he started her he called and she answered from somewhere in the house, the sewing room upstairs where he would find her lovely and proud head bent over the cloth and pattern, or patiently directing her girls as if he absentmindedly called and she did not know that he would look in the living room where she sat late in the afternoon at the glass table under candles to fill the big house, and, if not there, then beyond that road in the garden where she walked among the roses he looked upon the wonder of the earliest flowers, the daisies, that climbed the grey brick walls like a lavender vine.

Earl Crawford came down the white marble stairs calling his wife's name. He had been, he thought, rather slow in getting up this morning and she might already have eaten breakfast. He paused at the foot of the stairs, holding the bannister's curve with one hand and meditatively smoothing back his thinning brown hair with the other. The damp air of the night which the Pentelic marbles still sustained in the hall seemed to him a remarkable contrast

from their sun-ridden bedroom above, and he stood quietly there alone as if, like some tired traveller, he had stumbled on a cool well-spring that had gone unnoticed by everyone else. He spoke her name because he had always done it upon entering the hall when he came home and wished to find her. The years, he mused, had made it part of a pattern, a damask or tapestry they had woven together with the threads of their lifetime. Whenever he wanted her he called and she answered from somewhere in the house, the sewing room upstairs where he would find her lovely and proud head bent amid the cloth and patterns, or patiently directing her girl; or if he absentmindedly called and she did not answer then he would look in the living room where she sat late in the afternoon at the piano making tender melodies to fill the big house, and, if not there, then beyond that room in the garden where she walked among the roses or looked upon the wonder of the earliest flowers, the Wistaria, that clothed the grey brick walls like a lavender stole. She was always there to answer his call, as he knew now she must be outside the cool whiteness of this room waiting for him.

She may have breakfasted already, he thought again, and then suspected himself of wishing to eat alone. He remembered that the mail would have been brought in, and leaving the hall went into the small study adjoining it, where airmail letters stared up at him with numerous post-markings of the Greek censors. Receiving letters

was one of the brightest spots in each day. He marvelled, as he fondly handled the letters and ran them through his hands like large coins, that they did ultimately arrive and that they, the Americans of the school, managed to get most of the letters and nearly all of the packages intact. Nothing ever arrived on time if time was at all to be measured. The expectancy, with the delay and waiting that the slow boat service involved and the protracted holdovers at the post-office, was as in the game children play with themselves of holding back a pleasure and measuring out the delight of some sweet over long periods lest the initial gratification subside. To them there at Salonika the mail was like that experience, and the dull mind of Jonathan who brought it to them added at times the piquancy of procrastination, and again too when he was tardy or forgetful, the rational of displeasure they allowed themselves free to indulge in was like a child's caprice.

And beyond that, beyond there being mail on the table left by dull-witted Jonathan, beyond that, what was there for them? He ran through the envelopes. Besides the overseas edition of the Time, there was one letter from Leslie's school addressed to Susan and himself. If after a year they had accomplished a good deal, they could be hopeful. They had done a good deal, he told himself, slitting the envelope cautiously with his forefinger; they had cleaned out the place and set it to order,

classes were going steadily each day and supplies had held out till now. But after this, as when the staccato feeling of something oppressive had seemed to hem him in from his first arising in the sunny bedroom, after this, what would there be? The incident of Ion and the trial today that would end it, or not, had for him the horrible definiteness of a starter's gun at the outset of a race, and the conclusion of that race held out to him the reality of defeat.

The words in the letter did not startle nor surprise him, mainly because he was concerned with something which he considered it essential to think on, but also because he had never been consciously concerned over his daughter. That Leslie was sick struck him as being rather appropriate. Children do become ill, and his daughter with the great staring eyes, who had always annoyed him because she presented problems when they went abroad, had seemed to be on the verge of illness the last time they had left her in America. Now, he thought with an inevitable resignation, putting the letter back in the envelope, now at last she is ill and I shall have to tell Susan.

He found her arranging lilacs on the sideboard. Her fine white hair shone in the sun as she bent over the delicate mound of lilacs and green in which the small fingers moved deftly, sorting and clipping the sprays. He stood for a moment by the door, startled

at the mixed odors, the sun, and the flood of tenderness for Susan which seemed to have come incisively from his having left the cool depths of the marble hall. To find her with the sun, the flowers, and the fruit on the table was as if she were a part of them, or that she belonged to them. Beyond where she is, he thought, the sun shines, and she has been my strength, yet the earlier wish he had had to avoid her came again, and when she raised her violet eyes to find him standing there he felt like some inconsiderate observer. He felt too that she might not have wanted to see him either, and, tugging at his tie, he moistened his lips and said, "I thought you would have eaten."

His hesitancy vaguely disturbed her.

"No, I was talking with Lisa," she replied, lowering her eyes again to the lilacs. He moved toward the sun-porch and looked over her garden. She made everything her own merely by exercising her womanliness, like the garden and the flowers, or perhaps more like the way she exercised her womanliness on him. There was resentment that came with the tardy recognition of one individual's dependence on the other. He knew that he could not live without her, and having realized it at this time when he seemed to sense that she might be withdrawing her support, he felt a hostility that pushed to him through the heat and odor of flowers which radiated from her at the other side of the room.

"Earl," she said and then paused, lifting her head to appraise the arrangement of the lilacs; "I think we should go home." It was like a challenge to him.

She placed the bowl in the center of the sideboard and went toward her seat at the head of the table. He did not answer but instead turned and made quick steps to meet at the chair, where she sat down with the grace and relaxation of someone who is habitually poised, and, when fatigued either mentally or physically, assumes a kind of indolent charm. He kissed her hair lightly, thinking that she had for the first time in her life challenged him or his decisions.

"I think it would be impossible to leave now," he replied, handing her the peaches. "We shall have to stay on another year at least before we can be replaced."

"You mean we'd have to wait until the Wrights could come from America?"

"Yes, somebody has to remain here."

"I suppose so." She was almost abject.

¶ lost her, he thought, somewhere this morning. He remembered having caught a sleepy glimpse of her as she had stood by the windows with the sun making a kind of silver nimbus about her small body. He remembered that as if it were the exact moment in time when he had lost her.

"There is so much going on that I do not quite understand," she said somewhat sadly in depreciation of her mental ability, "so much around me and around us, Earl, that I wonder if it would not be better to get out of it, so that we can see things clearly because we would not be inside anymore."

"I don't think that is the answer," he said. "Just how much of what^{we}/do with the children in the school depends on understanding the situation as a whole here? What we are to them is outside of everything else."

"But you cannot close your eyes to the rest as though it did not exist." Somehow, from now on, she thought, I shall not be able to ignore Lisa, nor overlook the vacant stare in her eyes. "Outside of wealthy schoolchildren there is Lisa and Andreas," she murmured half to herself.

"Lisa and who?" he asked.

"Lisa and Andreas."

"Who in the world is Andreas and what has he got to do with this?"

"I suppose he is Lisa's intended," she smiled at him down the length of mahogany, "a fiancé of sorts."

"Well, what of it?"

"She is---", as if Susan had tinkled the small bell at that precise moment, Lisa came into the room and announced in a halting

voice that Prothromos wanted to see the Dean.

"Send him in," he told her in a clipped Greek accent, and when she left, "--what is the matter with that girl?"

"I wanted to tell you about her," Susan said.

"Later," and he rose to welcome Prothromos.

He, Prothromos, had the surprised look of wisdom that monkeys have and when he grinned as he did now, he had it more, because the wrinkles under his eyes spread and widened to make his face radiate a shrewdness that was not visible when his face was in a relaxed mood. The heavy tan and sparse hair added a slightly ludicrous appearance to the prominent lower lip, and as Prothromos pushed his aggressive little body into their breakfast room Susan Crawford felt that he had cleaved the morning scents and sunlight like a sharp, clear wind leaving the air empty and stilled.

"Did you hear the news?" he asked, his eyes darting back and forth between the two Americans with animal-like intensity.

"No," Susan and the Dean echoed the word together breathlessly as if the small whirlwind in the room had forced their wits to ineffectuality.

"Why, the King is on his deathbed. It won't be long now. He has only a few more hours to live," Prothromos announced impressively.

Susan rang for more coffee and the Dean invited their guest to sit down. No one spoke for a few moments after that.

"What are you going to do about having classes today?"

Prothromos asked.

"I can't get over the suddenness of it," Earl Crawford said in small disbelief.

"You know how things like that are held secret until the end," was the answer, "and besides," he smiled, "who knows, they may not be telling us everything. In this country anything is liable to happen, and lately so much has been happening under such strange conditions. Someone may have decided that we need a new King."

"Oh, no," Susan protested.

"It wouldn't be the first time in Europe."

"What good would that do?" the Dean asked.

"Not much probably, but the Communists may have been hopeful, or one of the bandits in the hills may have had a sudden fancy to the throne and the splendor of the palace gardens in Athens."

"Do you think so, Prothromos?"

"Talk is always wild, but there is not much difference. It all depends on who has the most power. If the Communists had the military power to take over, wouldn't they move into the luxury of Athens? Don't tell me there is any difference between men who have power and money. It all turns out to be the same pawn,--economic power, or the almighty dollar as you Americans call it, is all the same to King, Communist or Liberal."

"What are you going to do about having classes today?"

Prothrope asked.

"I can't get over the silliness of it," Karl Oestlund said in

small disbelief.

"You know how thick like that she held herself until the end,"
was the answer, "and besides," he smiled, "she knew, they say not
he selling us everything. In this country everything is liable to
happen, and lately so much has been happening under such strange
conditions. Someone may have decided that we need a new kind."

"Oh, no," Brian protested.

"It wouldn't be the first time in Europe."

"What good would that do?" she had asked.

"Not much probably," but the Communist may have been hopeful,
or one of the benches in the hills may have had a sudden fancy to
the throne and the splendor of the glass windows in Atlanta."

"Do you think so, Prothrope?"

"That is always wild, but there is not much difference. If
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military power to take over, wouldn't they move into the army of
Atlanta? Don't tell me there is any difference between men who have
power and money. It will turn out to be the same game,--conscience
power, or the mighty dollar as you Americans call it, is all the
same to him, Communist or Liberal."

"There must be a middle road somewhere in all this," Earl Crawford persisted.

"There might be, if the Greeks had the economic power and were left alone, but it's too late for that."

"Education is the answer."

"It may be."

"You know that it's been years since the youth of this country have had any decent schooling, Prothromos. The war was almost completely static as far as education is concerned here. How many men are properly qualified and educated to take a part in a responsible and enduring government?"

"That's true, Mr. Crawford, but education is too far in the future. A boy needs at least twenty year of good schooling before he is a good public administrator. The question is what are we going to do now?"

"About classes?"

"Yes."

"This ought to be a big mess."

"What are you going to do about it?" The whirlwind pursued him relentlessly.

"Have them, of course. What else is there to do?" Earl Crawford replied quickly.

"You'll probably have to call school off for a week or two."

"I'll be darned," and he tossed his napkin on the table. "See here, Prothromos. They can't do that sort of thing. That would set us back too much. For God's sake, man! This is a school, not a government shake-up."

Prothromos laughed, and Susan thought it was not at all dry, the way he should have laughed when one considered his face, but he laughed deeply, down in his small round belly somewhere, a laugh that came out lengthy and prolonged like the echo in a well, and he said simply, pushing his lower lip into a pout, "Well, that's the way they do things around here."

"I don't care," the Dean said petulantly. "It's getting so that we have more holidays than school days."

"If the decree comes from Athens then there isn't much you can do about it, Mr. Crawford," Prothromos replied respectfully. "The schools in the city are already closed, so I think you'd better cancel today's session. It will seem disrespectful to have classes."

"No, no, I won't do that. The King may not even die."

"He will," Prothromos said firmly.

"But he may not die today."

"Still I think you should go according to the precedent set by the Greek schools. It will be better policy."

"Perhaps you're right."

"Shall I make a no-school announcement?"

"Uh,--better wait a while, just in case."

"Better not wait too long, Mr. Crawford; some parents may not like it very much."

"Why should we cater?"

"Why should we do anything in this country?" Prothromos shrugged his shoulders and got up to leave, "except that we have little choice to do otherwise?" He laughed again, "I find appeasement is the only tactic to use on them."

"That's been going on too long," Earl Crawford said. "All right," he added, "let's go to my office and see about it." The thought that he had forgotten to tell Susan something occurred to him as he asked to be excused with Prothromos.

"Earl," she called to him as he opened the outer door to leave, "you forgot about the trial. Are we going?"

He looked at Prothromos and then at the floor.

"I'll see," he answered and went out.

in it, and yet when it is filled with our own mind there is no peace. I ran on out of the door, she thought, where it fitly behind me and so shut in space tightly, locked securely in a grey stone house that I could contemplate from without. But that is all, only from without. Peace, like love, should be contemplated from within, and like love it should be where our gods.

Something about the silent house disturbed her and she went toward the breakfast table, now hidden in the half-shade with dirty dishes, as though avoiding Lisa's smiling soft hands and arms to gather them up. Susan could hear no one. They have all left me alone, she thought, and I cannot bear it. Even the curtains are up. She and Paul had left things unsettled at breakfast, as Leslie and Ian had given way to the King. The King was dying and she must think of it since a daughter in America did not matter half so much as a King who was sure to die within a few days.

Remembrance of what personal losses their life had entailed called up Peace, she thought, must be where no man goes. The silence settled stilly over her house and she stood waiting like a frightened animal for some sound to descend, to spread and rouse her. It is in the numbness of fear, the aftermath of pain, the death of living each hour where peace eludes us because we do not comprehend,--- because we dare not comprehend the causes. If we were without mind then there would be peace, as this empty house is peaceful when I am

in it, and yet when it is filled with man and mind there is no peace. I can go out of the door, she thought, close it firmly behind me and so shut in peace tightly, locked securely in a grey stone house that I could contemplate from without. But that is all, only from without. Peace, like love, should be contemplated from within, and like love it should be where man goes.

Something about the silent house disturbed her and she went toward the breakfast table, -now sullen in the half-shade with dirty dishes, as though awaiting Lisa's smiling soft hands and arms to gather them up. Susan could hear no one. They have all left me alone, she thought, and I cannot bear it. Even the servants are out. She and Earl had left things unsettled at breakfast, so Leslie and Ion had given way to the King. The King was dying and one must think of it, since a daughter in America did not matter half as much as a King who was sure to die within a few days. Resentment of what personal losses their life had entailed welled up in her and gushed out like some deep-delved spring that cascaded over her thoughts in a rushing torrent. What did they have in the end but years of giving to others? Their time, efforts, tears and laughter had gone out to the world while Leslie was separated from them, and at forty-five she felt estranged, depleted, and quite alone, with a sudden longing to see her daughter, as though in Leslie she would find either some hope or some reassur-

ance that her own life had not been lost or wasted. The impossibility of having her grief assuaged immediately staggered her, yet her mind considered the unfeasible prospects of an air-trip back to America. Still, she thought against impossibility, there might be some mail. A letter from Leslie would at least ease the sadness, and she hurried to the library to see what Jonathan had left. There was nothing in the usual place; the empty table was like an insult. Jonathan might still be carrying it about with him, she thought hopefully, and started to leave the house in search of him when Lisa burst into the cool hall in a bright flush of exalted spirits.

"Did you hear, Mrs. Crawford," she almost shouted, "did you hear?"

"Is he dead?" Susan asked with a sigh.

"No, not that. I mean about the money from America. President Truman is going to send us money. The Americans have agreed on it."

The girl was gay again, and naive. The mature clarity of the morning had disappeared and she had already forgotten Andreas. However, Susan thought, it may be for Andreas's sake that she is so happy. The two incidents of the morning, although they had all known of both the King's illness and the ratification of the American measure, had seemed to assume enormous proportions to Susan by this time. She opened the door and let the warm air

from outside penetrate the cool of the marble interior. She would have wanted to send Lisa out and close the door again on her and the chaos that the fragrant morning breeze from the bay swept into her house which had been her last defense. The students were beginning to arrive. Their cries and shouts blew into the hall like bright blossoms.

"Uncle Harry they are calling him now," Lisa said, pointing to the small group of servants who were talking in the driveway. "Everyone is very pleased about that news."

"It will be quite a while before anything happens," Susan said harshly.

"Yes, but the Americans are so good. They have all kinds of wonderful things to send us," she replied confidently, "and maybe Andreas will come back from the hills."

"I hope so," Susan moved out to the terrace and looked toward the bay where a freighter lay moored, "but what about the King?"

"Oh, we cannot tell how much is true and how much is not," Lisa replied picking up some bits of paper that littered the stones.

"They," she indicated again to the group of servants with her head, "even talk of his being poisoned, and no one is sorry."

"Where did you hear about the other news?"

"Jonathan told us when he came from town this morning on the first school bus."

"Have you had any word from Andreas?" Susan asked and wondered if Jonathan would have brought any mail back with him.

"No," Lisa answered, "I think it is too early yet. When I talked with Jonathan he said that things are quiet in town. There is not much talk about the trial and Ion because of the other news. Ion will be forgotten easily," she concluded knowingly, "already they are discussing other things in the kaffenion."

"Everything seems to be happening rather suddenly," Susan said absently. Why, she asked herself, should it concern me? She remembered a line of poetry about the death of Kings. There must be something magnificent about the death of a king. She imagined an enormous bed and the kingly silence that would surround it. "For God's sake let us sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of Kings,"--that was it--Shakespeare, no doubt, with his strangely adult children. Who, she mused, would sit on the ground and talk with her of Leslie? Here on this Greek ground overlooking the bay and Olympos with a scraggy, rock-bound beauty, intensified and made false by the permeating odors of lilac, acacia and oleander in piercing profusion. For God's sake, Lisa,---but one could not, especially to a servant who was no more than a child, no less than her child Leslie.

"Do you think the Americans will send us nylons?" the child asked like a child.

"Is that what you would like them to send?"

The answer came readily. "I should really only want one thing," she stammered, "and that is some nice underwear with lace in pink and white like yours."

"Is that all?"

"I would be very happy if I had that to be married in," and her great eyes melted into the dream-like depths of the young.

Marriage, and the child leaves the mother. She thought with anguish of Leslie's being married. That was the final cut of the cord, and the slight loosening along the way, the partings, and the distance, they were the anesthetic for the last measure of pain. Visions of Leslie's thin face looking into that of some callow boy rose before her as she looked at Lisa. A kind of objectivity was needed at times like this. One should not remember the child at the breast, or, if one did remember, one thought that the child too would know the immense satisfaction of man and child at the breast, for after these what more was there except the loss? She looked toward the road and in fancy she saw Leslie careening down the hill toward the city in a jeep with one of the young British officers who came to her teas and who wore mustaches to make up the years they lacked in maturity.

"Do not hurry," Susan said aloud; "there is plenty of time for marriage."

"Not when you are young," Lisa said with a laugh and left her.

Sometime the British came half drunk and lonely, looking for a home in her house. Loneliness, she thought, walking over toward the rose border, draws strange people together and accomplishes even stranger things. She would feed them, of course, and chat, and when they lingered on after tea-time she had to find more food for them although it was not the food they wanted, or she played while they gathered at the piano to sing. She could not bear to think long of them with Leslie, running about in a wild race for diversion in this strangely diversified land, dancing all night and swimming at dawn in the tideless, azure water below. Cassidy, of the Training School, perhaps, slender and darkly intense, would love her daughter, but that was speculation, she chided herself, remembering as she saw Lisa with the other servants that she had meant to look for Jonathan before going to chapel.

She was standing with the group. She picked out his constant figure in the dark brown suit with the mail bag sticking out from under the arms, and even at this distance she could see the gold flash of his row of false teeth as he smiled repeatedly. The servants broke apart when she approached, murmuring, "Good morning, Mrs. Crawford," in voices musical with respect for her.

She singled out Jonathan from the rest of the group and guided him away toward the school building while he hovered over her slight form, painfully solicitous in his fashion.

"How is your mother, Jonathan?" Susan asked.

"She is not very well," he said, abjectly blinking his eyes behind enormous horn-rimmed glasses and shifting the mail bag to the other arm.

"Everything is so mixed up," he said and wrinkled his brows at the idea he had brought up. "I wish it were peaceful again. You remember how it used to be," he said eagerly, searching her face as if to find a trace there of the past, "before all this happened, before the wars. Remember how peaceful it was when the school was down by the sea?" Nostalgia overwhelmed his broad features and he blinked his eyes, as a slow smile filled the large areas of his mouth and cheeks.

"My mother was happy then, but now I do not know what is going to happen."

"I don't think any of us do, Jonathan."

"It's too bad, it's too bad," he reiterated unhappily, his voice rising thinly.

"Why don't you come to Chapel?" The thought occurred to her incidentally. "I'm going over now."

"Well--," he hesitated.

"It will do you good."

He frowned again and then, "All right."

"But tell me if there was any mail this morning," she said.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Crawford, there was nothing. Neither the boats nor the planes came through," and he held out the empty mail bag for her to see.

"Oh."

"There was a lot of mail last night," he went on; "I'm sure there was some for you."

She knew he kept, for some unaccountable reason, a close survey of the mail received by the American staff.

"There was one with Leslie's school marked on it."

"There was," she said, "are you sure?"

"I'm almost sure. Let me see," he scratched his cheek. "Yes, I do think it was yesterday's mail, although I am not certain."

"For God's sake," she blurted out, "can't you remember?"

He was startled by her abrupt passion. Not comprehending the source, he looked at her dumbly.

"Forgive me," she touched his sleeve. "I'll go and look for Mr. Crawford. Perhaps he has the mail."

"Is Leslie happy in America?" he asked her with the unconscious and sensitive divination of children and the slow-witted.

"I wish I knew, Jonathan, I wish I knew," Susan replied, as she took his arm to lead him into the Chapel.

...the day is dying, but the Church is eternal and un-
changing, the three-eyed figure with the feet bound and eyes in
the forehead, mystic and lord, of the old revealed religion. The
Church will give us strength in this time of need and there will be
peace. The Fatherland is here to lead by the discipline and order
which will be the hearts of Greece; yet we cannot go back, we will
not go back after having fought, suffered, and conquered the very
monsters of our beloved country. We shall rise again like the
Phoenix from the ashes, stronger and full of glory if we have
faith...."

Susan leaned back in her seat starkly bereft of that pounding
drive which had dominated her all the morning. Now it all seemed
meaningless. Like a brief spurt of energy dissipated, the morning's
desires had waned and disappeared; she felt old and tranquil.
What had youth been, or love or peace, Leslie, Lisa or Ion? As
if by some paralysis of the will, they too had disappeared into
the odor of churchly incense with a quiet, calm majesty. The
monotonous tread of students' graceless feet, with the final

composing rustle of their books and garments, was a kind of sedative for her in addition to the soothing and undulating intonation of the priest's Kyrie Eleison. She floated away from herself as in a narcotic dream.

"...The King is dying, but the Church is eternal and everlasting," the black-robed figure with the full beard was saying in the cadence, rhythmic and lush, of the old Grecian tongue. "The Church will give us strength in this time of need and there will be peace. The Fatherland is torn in two by the dissension and unrest which stirs in the hearts of Greeks, yet we cannot go down, we will not go down after having fought, suffered, and conquered themany invaders of our beloved country. We shall rise again like the Phoenix from the ashes, stronger and full of glory if we have faith...."

* * * *

...they call me Prothromos, which means to run in advance, or as the Americans say, to stay ahead of the game...and that's it, too ...faith in yourself, not misplaced in the crumbling ruins of this Church...the faith is kept in gold coins, hard and durable, the universal faith...you learned it, you little bastard, almost at the cost of your life...King or Communist, British or American, they will never make that up to you...stay ahead of the game, Prothromos, because once you were far behind...you remember it

still don't you...the stinking passage to America, and the loneliness...the aching fear of being alone and the long years of fighting...and for what?...for this?...not this....oh no, not one thing after another...all that ignominy for this....Boston and Harvard, five winters and the hell of playing valet to some foolish ass in exchange for the master's degree in Economics....what did you learn then that you hadn't known before that except for the gold coins clinking consolingly in your pocket?...what did you forget to learn?...what could they have taught you since you knew the one important thing, faith in the universal gold sovereign.... stick to that, Prothromos, my boy, and you'll be nobody's fool.... there is something good about having them hidden at home....makes you feel confident, but what would they buy this time?...escape to where?...not to the north....not back to Turkey or over to ItalyEgypt, perhaps....Egypt with all the other Greeks....a colony of traitors,...rich, fat, oily merchants lining the bay at Alexandria....coffee and the ouzo at Cairo....that's for you, old man,...some nice deal at Alex....or horn in on some racket in Cairo....you missed out on that set-up in Pittsburgh to comeback to this....you had to come back for the damn stupid war....you could still be in America....raking it in....Christ, those Americans.... what stupid fools they can be....if we get out we'll be leaving the country to them or to the Russians....one is just as bad as the

other....stupidity on one hand and greed on the other....these two
beside me....two fine Americans....really good people....kind and
well-meaning....but how well can they handle the Greeks?....Craw-
ford failed with UNRRA....couldn't cope with the bureaus and the
bribes....the warehouses full of rotting shoes and medicine while
a country goes barefoot and diseased....what is the answer to that
Prothromos?....do you know....not the Church anyway because it's
done nothing and only the fools believe in it....they'll come, the
stupid Americans....pouring money down the sewer-holes of Greece..
..all washed out to sea in the end....they're kind enough and
stupid enough to give it to the Greeks to handle again....the
Greeks who haven't had real prosperity since Pericles....Economics,
a good Greek word meaning thrift....why show thrift to starving
peasants?....they need a hard hand to make them work....keep them
out of coffee houses, and afternoon naps....endless holidays and
time wasted needlessly...you can be the one to do it....nobody wants
you to....but you'd be much better than some other....what hurts is
having to yield....having to change your ideas like a chameleon with
every change in government...makes a man sick....what else is there
to do?....the only way to live is to stay ahead of the game....stay
ahead of the game, Prothromos, my boy....and you'll be all set when
the showdown comes....

* * * *

* * * *

....I am Jonathan....twice a day every day I go for the mail....
it makes me happy to bring letters....but when I do not have any
they become angry at me....I do not want to be hated....like Mrs.
Crawford this morning....such a good woman....sweet and so kind....
always asks about mother....the only one who does....gives me
clothes for her and shoes....gave me this coat....a very good coat
....sometimes there is a pain in my stomach and my head aches....
I don't think she is happy here....she is so pretty....and so kind
like the Mother Mary who lost her son....and here I am with her
listening to the priest....but it is hard to understand...my eyes
ache from the sun....the heat....he speaks only words which I do
not understand....words and does nothing....not like Mrs. Crawford
....she gives me shoes and asks about my mother....faith is such
a strange word....if you do not have faith how can you tell what
it is....I don't see how faith will get us food....I remember how
many times I went without food....faith would never have filled
my stomach....something is lost and the soul dries up....I am
dry and useless....the war took all my strength....the war and
soldiers...soldiers for centuries it seems....how long ago....
and where is the time....the emptiness....and the empty streets....
the houses and the sad children....what is tomorrow...what is
tomorrow for those who do not know what today is....the sun is

hot....the pain....the sharp pain is hitting me right above the eyes....

* * * *

The black-robed voice calls to them from the depths of a steel grey beard. The children stir uneasily because they do not understand rhetoric. Where they sit, the four of them, close to the altar, the sun beats exultantly where a few moments ago only the glint of candles has illuminated the holy place; the sound of the priest's words are for the people, though some of them do not hear:

"...We are humbly grateful to that great man President Truman and to all his fine countrymen. Our faith, because of their help, will be unimpaired, and we shall pray that with this wonderful news we shall also hear of the recovery of our most revered King...."

* * * *

....I am the Dean, Earl Crawford, not at home in America, a foreigner in any other country....home, Susan calls it.... and if it were that, maybe we could go back....but there has been no home for us....leave this to go back to a child.... not after the cost....I have built this school and I shall stay with it....faith there is, but where....the Church....does not offer peace to them or even a respite....Prothromos may be right too late to leave them alone....money, and money, someone to

manage it, ruthless and driving....a whiplash for the indolent
Greeks....Maybe Prothromos would do a good job....I failed at the
economics of it....who knows about the academics of it....rich
Greek kids....the curriculum, sports and the Idea of Democracy....
how successfully does one teach Democracy to children....it is a
way of living, not a lesson....like asking for faith where there
is only faithlessness....The Americans, yes....they'll send in
the army men....the stenographers, jeeps and supplies....but when
they meet the Greeks it will be a farce....but how to stop it since
they need help....any kind of help....so little hope anywhere....
a mentality that is so un*American....how long have I knownthe
Near East....yet find it hard to understand....something naive
and good though....shrewd calculating children that want to be of
help....never ask them for directions to any place...will give you
answer to some place, any place....not because theyknow where it
is, but because they want like hell to helpful....curious too....
always asking pointed questions....impolite according to our
standards.... but when you want to know the only thing to do is
ask....simple as all that....none of the sham of Emily Post....
the peasants are a good solid lot....but poverty makes bad
citizens....remember that shepherd in the hills....long black
cape, crook....loaf of bread and onions...when we were in the
hills with Susan....thought he only spoke Greek....came out with,

"Hell, mister, you're a long way from Boston."...had lived in Cleveland years ago...left the hash-house to come back to the hills....children, really, but some of them are shrewd, crafty and conniving....black markets and luxury....Athens makes me sick.... can't stand the difference in the villages....can't get ahead unless you know the right people....haven't time for diplomacy.... may be a mistake though....need so much money and supplies to go on with....what's next....failure perhaps....go home?....give it all up....somebody else take over my school....what a thought.... I'll have to talk Susan out of it....could bring Leslie over.... bad place for children, but what else is there....Susan's so nervous these days....should have told her about the letter.... can't think of everything....and that trial....Prothromos is probably right about Ion,...not worth much really if he would have done that....good boy, must have changed during the war.... too bad....athletes go wild sometimes....just couldn't be helped ...hardly my fault....did what I thought was best for everybody ...no power to do otherwise anyway....even if he was innocent ...not a diplomat....only the Idea of Democracy pounded into the aristocratic skulls of Greek kids....no faith....no Church.... no King....only the Idea of Democracy....

* * * *

* * * *

No one gets up to open the windows. The children stir restlessly. There is a subdued sound of shuffling that spreads like newly ignited tinder through the young bodies. The incense seems to rest in a shelf of stale acrid odor just above their heads. The voice speaks to the children since they should be the ones to understand. He has felt the doubt of maturity in the four adults who stare blankly at him. The old Grecian language is plucked like the strings of a viol:

"...We must plant the seed when we are young. You, the youth of Greece, will be the healthy stalks to grow out of the harvest. You know the biblical story of the seeds that fell by the wayside. Some fell on stony ground and did not take root, and some fell on good. The ones that fell on the good ground were the seed of the Kingdom. You must be the seed of this kingdom. You know, most of you, what the years of famine were to the fatherland. You all remember when there was no bread, when the conquerors walked among us and took it out of the mouths of little ones, women and the aged. You saw, all of you, disease, pestilence, and death spread its wings like a vulture over all the people. I do not have to recall the terror for you...."

* * * *

* * * * *

....I, Jonathan, recall the terror...the days black, and the nights blacker...and the heat...how the cool water in clay jugs would have been then....figs at early morning....cool red wine....mother and the sweet cool of the shade when I was a childI have forgotten....when was it?...the sun was hot and my stomach pained me....when was I young?....where is my mother.... I shall be tired and forget....forget to bring the mail...the mail, morning and night....Americans and food...it makes me sick now because I remember the terror....I cannot stand it in my stomach....it makes my head ache....food....horrible and ugly to fill my stomach....how long?...how long?...I shall be pieces for the vultures....and my mother?...when was I young?...and the mail must be brought every day....I cannot understand.... the pain is there above my eyes....when will there be the end.... the end....the end....

* * * * *

"To telos, to telos, to telos," he screams, the piercing words and his voice wails away into a whimper as he falls into the woman's arms.

* * * * *

The dream broke into ghastly reality for her. The hall became a bedlam of children's excited voices. Everyone hemmed

them in. Jonathan was sobbing in Susan's lap. Prothromos and Earl, aided by the priest, were trying to calm the children.

"Earl," she called when they had moved Jonathan away.

"Earl," she looked for his eyes and could not make him hear.

She rose and went near a window for air. Desperation and the shock of fear isolated her like someone lost. "Earl", she wanted to find her husband, to talk to him. She called his name again as she glimpsed him in the crowd of students. "Earl," but he had been swallowed up by the stream that moved in spasmodic surges toward the exit.

anything at all it would have been mere stupidity. She had no affection for him because he was bound up with the past like an old family pet, a dog perhaps, who is tolerated in quality because he is what has been; to love him would be to give up a portion of the past.

— He is a product of the times, she thought placidly, trying to cast the haunting presence out of her mind. The lantern and the best polished hat incidentally like a spectre; she passed by her steps to look back, wanting in all earnestness to find something stalking her. From the air was lifted now, a contrived sound had fallen on the school grounds, and the sight of a newly arrived freighter scored in the bay seemed to indicate the kaleidoscopic flux of each day.

A jump, sending spurs of dust into the air, came up behind her and stopped in faint influence of the stillness. It was young Gaudy, the British factor. His fine blue eyes looked on her.

There was next for her, she thought as she went from the chapel to the large building of classrooms, the exquisite torture of the first form of boys; the first hour after the incident with Jonathan promised to hold little quiet. They will want, with the frank inquisitiveness of children and of Greeks combined, to know everything, and no less than she knew. Somehow she felt that she knew very little. No one would have expected hysteria from Jonathan; had they expected

anything at all it would have been more stupidity. She had an affection for him because he was bound up with the past like an old family pet, a dog perhaps, who is tolerated in senility because he is what has been; to lose him would be to give up a fetish of the past.

He is a product of the times, she thought platonically, trying to shut the haunting screams out of her mind. The incense and the heat followed her insidiously like a spectre; she paused in her steps to look back, expecting in all sanity to find something stalking her. Even the air was muted now, a contrived hush had fallen on the school grounds, and the sight of a newly arrived freighter moored in the bay seemed to indicate the kaleidoscopic flux of each day.

A jeep, sending spurts of dust into the air, came up behind her and stopped in jaunty defiance of the stillness. It was young Cassidy, the British doctor. His fine blue eyes beamed on her. "Somebody sick here? Glad it's not you."

"Oh no," she said, thinking it a relief that he had been summoned.

"Where can I find the patient?"

"Over in that building." She pointed ahead to the dormitory.

"Righto. See you later," and with a wave of the hand he was off in his competent little mechanical monster.

She hurried, for she was already late for her boys. Sounds issuing from the windows meant that their impatient energy had burst the bounds. They will disturb everyone, she thought concernedly, but fortunately they are the only class in the basement. The rough benches and tables on the concrete floor must have been put there especially for them. At times a quick fear of their energy and youthful vitality would shake her poise. They did frighten her. They were so different from Leslie's girlishness, which was an extension of Susan's own fragile delicateness. Leslie was an extension of herself, she thought. Would a boy have been the extension of Earl, she wondered. Surely not one of these vibrant, black-eyed rascals could have been hers, for giving birth to one would mean the ancestry, the generations of tousle-headed energy and the masculine-dominated familial culture of the Greeks, that she knew was alien to her. They should have had a son for the obvious reasons, to carry on the name, and she would have wanted also one like these, to stand against the mild sweetness of Leslie, to be the justification, which now she felt they needed, of their own lives: the justification that a daughter could never be. That idea is Greek, and she sensed a kind of joy as she opened the door: it was as though she no longer could see the line between the Greek years and her American past; they were as one.

Nigropontes, her favorite, was up to something as usual. Her

hand caught at her throat as she saw him with an uplifted chair ready to come down on the behind of another student, who was stooped over a book on the floor. She winced, and called out to him, "What are you up to, Nigropontes?"

"Good morning." The chair remained aloft. "Good morning, Mrs. Crawford. How are you?" and the black eyes danced merrily.

"Put the chair down, and take your seat."

He is round, she thought, almost laughing aloud. His face, his eyes, even his little body, which seems to be busting out of his breeches. He did not move toward his bench. The others started sorting themselves into their respective places.

"Well?" She tried to be haughty.

"Mr. Jonathan," he danced around her in his eagerness, "he is--fou." His English vocabulary being limited, he tried the French word, and the others laughed at him. He was unabashed.

"That's enough," she admonished him. "Please take your seat."

He danced backward toward his bench, which was right beside her desk.

"What is it?" They were not allowed to speak Greek during the English lesson and his vocabulary failed him.

"What is what?" She tried to confuse him.

He looked up at her, his round eyes becoming rounder from

perplexity at the strange phrase. An enormous smile lit up his face, and he said demandingly, the others intently listening as if to their leader, "What is Mr. Jonathan?" and he took his seat, but the round, firm legs kept up a little scherzo under the desk, and the hands braced themselves against the wood as if to spring out in a great burst of pent-up strength. He is full of energy, she thought, and put her desk between them, too, afraid that he would loose all bonds and dace toward her again with his energy. He strained toward her impatiently. The others had by this time caught the mood, and small echoes of "Yes, Mrs. Crawford," went up. There was a scraping of hard-soled shoes on concrete.

"Didn't you have fear?" he asked concernedly.

"Mr. Jonathan is sick, that's all," she said, opening a book and hoping they would do the same. No one moved. She looked up to find Nigropontes turned to his mates and making elaborate signals with his hands and eyes. She eyed him; then the others, having caught sight of her stare, pointed it out to him, and burst into a roar of laughter. His ego remained dominant. He is a clown, she thought, and smiled at him. Who is his mother, she wondered irrelevantly. She was finding it impossible to control their mood. Their spirits engulfed her like a bounding sea wave, and the previous unhappiness was drowned in gay green depths of childhood and the smiling guile of Nigropontes.

"If you don't behave," Susan said to him, "I shall send you out of the room."

"No, please, madame, I will be good," he assured her and sat down, leafing through his book with a great flourishing of thumb and saliva, and asking the class in general, "Which page, please?"

"Please turn to page 182," she announced, ignoring him. "The story of the hare and the tortoise." She fingered name cards. "Please begin, Costa, we do not have much time left."

"Once upon a time," he began historically, "there lived in animal-land a hare," the little Greek tongue could not master the next word, "and a tuh--tuh--, please," he said, giving up. "I cannot."

"The word is pronounced tor-tis." Susan wrote it on the board and they all tried it, giggling at the unfamiliar sound. "Who knows what this word means?" she asked.

No hand was raised, and she saw Nigropontes turned in his seat to observe the others. He, she thought, knows the answer and is waiting to make certain no one else does. The plump hand waved under her face, each little finger making impatient gestures in the air. "Me, Mrs. Crawford!" He could not restrain himself.

"Yes," she signalled him.

"This is the story," he started a good sentence with some pain, "of the hare and"--he had to insert the Greek.

"Oh, yes." The others recognized it.

"But what is a tortoise?" she asked him again.

"He is like this," the hands attempting a portrayal in mid-air.

"Go to the board," she said and gave him a piece of chalk. He marched up and wielded the chalk into an absurd round figure with four legs and a head. The class applauded him. He bowed and asked, "Is like in America?"

"They are all the same everywhere."

"Tell us about America," someone in the back benches said.

"Yes, please, Mrs. Crawford," the rest agreed.

"But we have not done any lesson," she protested, glancing at her watch.

"This is a fine day," one of them said. He must mean "special," she thought in agreement and closed her book resignedly. They had, in all their youthful vigor, subdued her. These, she thought with love, are the hope that the priest spoke of today. She looked down at Nigropontes, who was watching her intently. He is the hope of Greece. The years of possibility stretched before them like a sunset on the horizon. Who will fulfill the hope? Will Nigropontes?

"What would you like me to tell you about?" she asked them, smiling now, in rapport at last.

"Hollywood." It came out of a universal agreement, their eyes shining black like deep rain-pools of the eagerness of childhood.

"Clucks Gebel," Nigropontes said.

"Who?" She would have laughed and held him to her out of sheer delight.

"Clucks Gebel," he repeated, as if there were no room for doubt, "in the cinéma."

"Oh, of course." She recognized it. "You mean Clark Gable."

"Yes, yes." They were a chorus of anticipation.

"I don't know very much about Mr. Gable," Susan said, "except what I see in the cinéma, like you."

"You go to Hollywood?" Nigropontes raised his hand this time, a symbol for the absorbed interest in all of their faces. There was a state of imperativeness about his question. She felt it dreadfully important to inform them on the question of Hollywood for no reason she could fathom except that they were eager. The immediacy of all knowledge to a child impressed her. They must know about the world, she thought, because it will be theirs, and I should tell them because it once was mine. One yields things up, like knowledge, to the young, as in a legacy, and she, who would have questioned the validity of Hollywood, now felt it more than essential to tell Nigropontes and his mates what it was like. They should, she thought, without any reluctance give up their country

for another, yet should one put a stigma on their heritage of a vastly mutilated and sick country? Should one limit this vibrant curiosity in the free scope and horizons of childhood, which when led should be sure to follow, out and beyond past the hills and the sea, to new and strange lands?

"Yes," she said definitely, "and it is a very nice place because it is a good deal like your country. The climate--" she changed the word--,"the weather is a good deal like yours, warm summers and mild winters." She proceeded slowly to help them understand. "They have figs and grapes as you do and clear water to swim in." Nostalgia made her forget the class-room.

"But, Hollywood," they insisted.

"Well, that is only a small part of the whole state of California." The faces before her showed obvious signs of doubt. "Pronounce it after me. Cal-if-or-ni-ah." She went to the blackboard and drew a picture of the state. "This small dot is Hollywood. There are many lovely houses in Hollywood where the stars live."

"What means 'stars?'" A hand shot up like a flashing beacon.

"The men and women in the cinéma are called stars, because,"-- she realized then that she did not know, and in the expectant hush her eyes wandered toward the door as if for some clue. Prothromos was standing there, holding the door-knob, and in the brief

exchange of glances before they spoke she felt an aura of hostility about him.

He said, bowing his head to her, "I am very sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Crawford," and walked toward the desk where she waited for him, "but Mr. Crawford has announced that the school will be closed after this hour. They can go home." He waved his hand at the standing class of students. "The King is dead."

"Of course." Susan agreed, not at the death but at the dismissal. There was the finality of death. What could one say? She asked instead, "Where is my husband?"

"In his office."

"Is he busy?"

"Yes, quite. He's been trying to keep the school open. It was a waste of time."

"I know," Susan said and turned ^{him} from/to look at the students. "There is so much one must not do, isn't there?"

"Maybe," he replied, putting himself before her again and in front of the students who were still standing, "you have put it exactly right. Everything really depends upon what we do not do. Too much this way," he gestured and grinned, "or too much that way, and -- poof!--like that you are in danger."

"It is better to do nothing, then?"

"It is better do do nothing, and sometimes even better to say

nothing, because that means ideas and ideas are bad." He indicated the class. "They are young, and we must be careful."

"Not too much however," Susan said, "or they will be stunted."

"There are some things they do not have to know."

"They should have the choice."

"Certain people are incapable of choosing; it is foolish to leave it up to them." Prothromos backed toward the door. "Besides," he cautioned her, "here there is too much money."

"What has that to do with it?" she asked.

"It is easier to breed ideas then," he said, turning to go.

"You cannot --," she began, and did not finish but looked at his back; resignation, like smoke, seeped in through the wall-cracks of her mind. She smiled and closed the door after him softly, with the caution of one who is not sure of having spoken the right words. She addressed the class. "The King is dead. There will be no school for two weeks," she announced in Greek.

There was a short silence and then loud shouts of joy rose from them, as upon the signalling down stroke of the concert-master's stick. She smiled indulgently and said, "We will finish the lesson some other time." There was a rush of little bodies, and the jarring sound of benches on concrete. In a few moments they had all gone out of the room with melodious calls of "Addio, Mrs. Crawford!" Nigropontes alone had remained seated at his desk, his round face

solemnly composed and his hands folded.

"Well," Susan said briskly in Greek, "what is the matter? It is time to go home."

"You did not finish telling us about Hollywood," he objected.

"When you return. You have to go home for the vacation now." She walked over to him at the desk, a small boy, and in the still beating of her emptiness, the mother reached out to touch the child. There was peace between them.

"Come," she said, "with me." He clutched her hand firmly in his own. The spontaneity of it set her free, and the immeasurably profound comfort of trust made her one with the boy.

looked down at him, and he looked the dark eyes and silver curls on
 her with the natural spark of children.

"Would you like to stay with me?" she asked.

The boy wrinkled for a moment and then he shook his head,
 saying with the painful earnest of the young, "No, no, I shall go to
 the city to see my own mother."

"Yes," Susan said quickly. "Yes, of course. Tell me what she
 will do during the winter?"

... The boy raised his head and pointed to the ceiling, pointing a little.
 "I hope we shall go to Athens."

"To Athens?"

"My father is there. He says a little about the city and it will
 be nice to visit. I cannot wait," he said, and pulled at her to go
 on. Susan was at a moment's pause. "What is it to them besides your
 mother and father?"

"I have a sister too. She is younger than I am. I want to

They went, woman and child, up the stairs together in the sweet
 silence of their communion, and for Susan Crawford, the time was
 tender as is the sound of young swallows' wings in spring, beating
 tremulously before the adventure, the flight out of the nest into
 the world. She was leading, the boy, she felt, into the world.
 A strange desire to make him her own possessed her, for where
 there was Leslie, there would also be room for Nigropontes. She

looked down at him, and he turned the dark eyes and slow smile on her here with the natural aplomb of children.

"Would you like to stay with me?" she asked.

His brows wrinkled for a moment and then he shook his head, saying with the painful candor of the young, "Oh, no, I shall go to the city to see my own mother."

"Yes," Susan said quickly. "Yes, of course. Tell me what you will do during the vacation?"

He released her hand and paused on the stairs, panting a little, "I hope we shall go to Athens."

"To visit?"

"My father is there. We have a house near the sea and it will be nice to swim. I cannot wait," he added, and pulled at her to go on. Susan moved on reluctantly. "Who else is there beside your mother and father?"

"I have a sister too. She is younger than I am. I want to bring her to school too. I'll have her come to see you some day," he said in anticipatory delight, his black eyes dancing.

They had reached the top and turned toward the door. Boys milled about in the yard like swirling drifts of autumnal leaves.

"I shall be left behind," Nigropontes said. "Wait for me," he called to one of his friends and bounded away leaving her empty-handed by the doorway.

The bird leaves the nest. Swallows swooping and darting in the meadows and low-hung eaves of barns left too, like Nigropontes, with a quick flight of wings and a shrill, wild cry. She was sensitively aware of the parting as with Leslie. And Leslie? I have almost forgotten her, she thought, skirting the boisterous boys as one avoids deep piled foliage. Their brightness will fade into the sobriety of brown, the color of maturity, and hard colors will come out of the tender tones of childhood. What a palette, she thought. The pigments of the present will become the ineffaceable daubs of the future when there will be no other solvent, no turpentine to meliorate, to color or to alter the tone once fixed and dried on the canvas of time. This is the outline and the base, childhood is the source of life and the years will add duller tones and lesser shades of light to the canvas. And Leslie? Would that admit of no warmth?

As she opened the door, the muted tones of her piano filled the white marble hall as though new-driven snow, a softly waving mass, had settled inside. She listened. That would mean Cassidy, to be sure, so near lunch time. Where is Earl, she wondered, in the enveloping sounds of music. Unmistakably Mozart with young Cassidy playing precisely. Lisa came out to her then, tentatively afraid to jar the delicate sounds. She pointed to the closed door and whispered. "The British Doctor."

"I thought so," Susan said. "He will probably stay to lunch."

"What about the others?" the girl asked.

"What others?"

"The lady and her fiancé."

Oh, no, Susan winced inwardly, not today; of all the sun-filled days of spring when Melena and Stephanos would be welcome, this was not the one. She looked toward the closed door as if beyond to the piano. Poor Cassidy loved her too. He loved Melena as Ion had loved her. It was like a birthday, the focusing of the years.

"Well,"--Susan was outwardly unperturbed--,"what can we do?" and glanced at her watch. "They will be here in a half-hour. Is everything allright?"

"Yes".

"I mean, with you?"

"I am alone; it is not easy."

"No word?"

"Nothing."

"Later, perhaps."

"What about the trial? Are you going?" Lisa asked.

Susan said briefly, "With all these people coming, I am not sure," and thought, how could they? What a mess! Aloud she said, "I shall go in with the doctor." Lisa went back to the kitchen,

the question in her eyes unanswered.

She listened again, her hand on the knob, hating to disturb him, yet eager to talk with him. She opened the door and walked toward the music. The room was dark and cool. There was the light clear odor of flowers blowing in with the breeze from the windows over the garden. He had not seen her walking softly on the rugs; his face, lost in the music and absorbed, had the look of one who dreams, his eyes closed momentarily, a soft smile playing about the lips. I do not play Mozart that way, she thought casually, but that should be the way to perceive the complete form in audible perfection.. The way to see it would be with the eyes closed.

He must have sensed her presence. His fine blue eyes seemed luminous in his deeply tanned face, and the fine mouth under a trim mustache spread into a warm smile of pleasure at seeing her.

"I say," he rose and a flush began to spread from his immaculately groomed neckline, "I hope you don't mind my popping in, but I couldn't resist the piano."

Susan extended her hand. "You know I'd rather listen to your playing than my own any day."

"There's not another piano in Salonika like this one," he said, running his thin hands along the keys, "and I'd wear it out if you let me. You know what it means to be able to play occasionally,

don't you?" he asked, lowering his eyes and shutting in the clear blue of them. "Lets a chap get away from the smells and antiseptics of a hospital, and the sight of men looking like a facsimile of one's self," he went on.

"Sit down, please," Susan said, moving behind him to the window seat.

"And there are these wretches too. Actually, I couldn't stand it this morning," he confessed, "so I came here."

"You mean Jonathan," Susan breathed, glad to be out of Cassidy's view. There was, however, a bond of pity between them. "How is he?"

"He's all right now, just temporarily unbalanced. He came out of it as soon as the hysteria was over. He should be quiet and off his feet, that's all. Poor devil, the hospitals are full of them and many much worse off than he is." I can't tell her how much worse, he thought, grateful for her silence. He sat down and began to play softly, this time for both of them. I am glad they called me, he thought, and that she is here. She is so calm and lovely. Makes a chap feel at home somehow. Would have sold my instruments for this last night, and here it is. He looked about the room only vaguely aware of it, and remembered last night's room with a sense of compassion, for he had gone there out of sheer desperation. The compassion was not for himself, since

he did not consider it a weakness to have gone, but for the girl because she had been so miserable.

"Beethoven's Apassionata," he heard Susan murmur, and nodded in assent.

The girl last night had been eager to please him, bringing out the few English words she knew and repeating them constantly like some bedraggled parrot. "What, Johnnie?" she'd asked, "me nice girl." She repeated the phrase again and again: "Me nice girl, me nice girl." It was then he hadn't wanted her, and had longed desperately for some music. He crashed down an arpeggio which broke the silence of the room like profanity.

"Sorry," he turned to Susan's startled face.

"Do go on," she said.

At least she had been clean. This blasted government made sure their prostitutes were clean for their soldiers. Government inspected and stamped like an animal carcass for the market, and all for four shillings. Rather a pity though and a bit of a mess all around. She must have been fresh and young once; their age was hard to guess at, and a young village girl whose real age was fifteen or sixteen looked anywhere from thirty and on. He'd been surprised and appalled at first because even those outside the brothels had the same look of age. Even those outside the rotten muckiness of the houses in the Turkish quarter had the same look. He'd had to leave

after that. Leave the dead look in her eyes and persistent stroking of her hands. "Where go Johnnie? Where go Johnnie?" she repeated in a mechanical misery, tugging at his beret. He had left her lying on the bed, her head turned toward the wall already asleep. An American had been coming up the stairs. They'd met at the club, so he had lowered his head putting on the beret. I hope the bloke didn't recognize me, he thought, but what the deuce. He had rushed into the dark streets with the even darker shadows of the overhanging balconies and the shimmering little lights like ineffective apostrophes on the night's indistinct page.

He'd gone down the treacherous streets, followed by dogs and the scent of a dark female body, to the sea front, where a boat was moored, dark and lonely. He'd managed, he thought, to walk off the loneliness and to find the courage it took to go back to the mess. He couldn't have gone to the club even though a piano was there. They all would have been drunk, as usual, and he had thought of Mrs. Crawford's marvelous piano. He stopped playing.

"There's a great difference, isn't there?" Susan asked.

He wondered for a moment what she meant, as if she had been able to read his thoughts, and said, "Beg your pardon?"

"I mean between Beethoven and Mozart."

"Rather," he said enthusiastically, turning around and straddling the bench, his eyes fixed earnestly on her. "I must say

that old Mozart's easier on the fingers, but Beethoven gives one a little more, well, let's call it," he mused, "spiritual satisfaction."

"Yes," Susan agreed, looking into the garden, "and when you are young the differences are very important, but when you get older there is a kind of blending. Everything in music becomes, more or less, one thing."

"However," he said brightly, following her eyes out of the window, "I don't agree with your saying I'm young. I'm not, you know," he insisted with a smile, "and secondly, I don't see how you can think all music is fused, because everything is really distinctly different."

"Because you are young," she said, feeling very old and not as certain of what she said as she tried to sound to him. It is the tenacity of age, she thought.

"Being young is besides the point," Cassidy vehemently assured her with the tenacity of youth. "Don't you see that the separateness of things, of anything, Beethoven and Mozart if you will, is the essential form of life?" He got up and ran his long fingers through his hair. "Why," he said, striding before her, "Look around us right here." He waved his hand in a circle. "How many people are united? I mean that both ways, physically and spiritually."

"Perhaps not here," Susan replied, "but this is not the measure, because the country is disrupted now!"

"Still, actually, I haven't seen many people who are fused."

"That's a funny way to put it."

"It's the closest I can get to what I mean. You and Mr. Crawford seem to be."

"I suppose so," she said woodenly and felt she was avoiding an issue, "but I think that part of becoming and being old is to see things merge. Youth sees things separately. Things fall into place in the pattern when one is old. Beethoven and Mozart are manifestations of music." She paused. "They are idea and form in music, but together they are music as a whole, as all of us are part of the world, and as I am as much a Greek as anything else."

"Sounds mystical. Do you really feel that way?" he asked.

"By God, I wish I did. The beggars make me sick sometimes with their Johnnie this and Johnnie that, as though all the British army were one man."

"You see what I mean, then," Susan said triumphantly.

"I may see what you mean, but I don't at all agree,---he went to the piano again---"or even understand."

"You're from Yorkshire, aren't you?"

"Yes, you see, my mother got mixed up with a blarney-talking Irishman and he won her heart."

"That's an odd mixture, Ireland and Yorkshire."

"I'm an odd type, I guess."

"Why say that?"

"Oh, for no reason, really, but I feel that nature crossed me up."

"You went to school in England?"

"Yes, Cambridge; my mother ran a pub to make a gentleman of me. I learned to appreciate Homer, and here I am. What could be more disappointing?"

"What did you expect to find here?"

"The gods, I guess," he shrugged. "I don't know what, exactly, but there's something foul about the place, the corruption, the luxury on one hand and the hunger and appalling filth and disease on the other --it's endless,--and the British army just hasn't got the means to cope with it. We're as much to blame as the Greeks are, just for coming and not doing much, but we get a short ration too. Britain's on the verge of bankruptcy as it is."

"I thought the British army was leaving."

"I hoped so, but we've had it. Most of the men will stay on indefinitely, or at least until the Americans get here."

"You want to go home?"

"I'm fed up."

"Yes, I know how it can be," Susan said softly, "I know."

"I'm in the office, I'm in the office."

"I'm in the office, I'm in the office."

THE OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONFIDENTIAL

He went back to the piano. "I can't keep away," he said.

"Please play some more," and she settled back to listen, but a sound of voices in the hall beyond them roused her. Melena's gay laughter and the duller male accompaniment came to interrupt the serenity that they had found together. She would have to tell Cassidy. Susan went over and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Please, stay to lunch."

He looked in the direction of the hall.

"I have some other guests, too."

"Thanks awfully; I'd like to stay."

"It's Melena and her fiancé," she said, nodding at the voices.

He rose and moved defensively, making for the door to the garden. Suddenly he stopped and sat down again at the piano, his head lowered. "I'd better see it out," he said, raising his fine blue eyes toward the voices.

Susan left them together in the garden.

How could she have been so lovely tonight, thought Susan, and it is like a dream to her very waking.

"With a pleasure in the very words," Susan said, her voice unchanged by recognition. Her eyes were drawn to the woman's face, and she saw the light in her eyes, the smile on her lips, the grace in her movements, and she remembered that the girl had been here before, and she remembered that the girl had been here before, and she remembered that the girl had been here before.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crawford," she said in precise English and extended a cool hand to Susan, "and Captain Cassidy, how are you?"

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"How do you do, Mrs. Crawford," she said in precise English and extended a cool hand to Susan, "and Captain Cassidy, how are you?"

Melena led them in, Stephanos, the Dean, and Prothromos, with the lilt of her voice like the vibrant plucking of harp strings; to Cassidy by the piano and to Susan it was music, the part they had not played, or as if she were the needed third player for their musicale.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crawford," she said in precise English and extended a cool hand to Susan, "and Captain Cassidy, how are you?"

Susan left them together by the piano.

How cool Melena is, Cassidy thought, taking her slim hand. She is like a forest in the early morning.

"It's a pleasure to see you again," Melena said, her voice unchanged by recognition. Her green print dress, sparkling with spots of color, was to him like the fine-filtered sun splashing through green trees, and he remembered then the past winter. He remembered, more because of what she stood for, than for the love he still might hold for her.

"Actually," he replied, "the pleasure is all mine; I might not have seen you again. If that wretched ship gets to port, I'll be going to England."

"How nice for you," Melena said, and went on gaily, "but how unpleasant for us. I shall miss you so much."

"Oh, come now. That's putting it a little too thick."

"Don't be absurd," and her laugh was like the cascade of rich sounds played briefly on the harp. "I shall really miss you."

"Thanks awfully then."

"When do you expect the ship?"

"In a few days." And in a few days he could leave it all behind, leave her behind like some forgotten path in a wood; like that, the memory would grow over, wild and untamed with brambles and branches, and so fade. Or, if he ever did remember, there was

that trip they had had together, something implicit that would bear remembering like a path taken.

"You will forget us, Captain Cassidy." She glided toward the windows further away from the others.

"I hope so," he said bitterly and wondered if she were taunting him.

"You will forget me also."

"I look forward to that."

"How unkind."

"Why should I remember?" He really was not asking her the question, because it was his own. She did not have the answer. Then why should he remember Melena and the hills, any more than the rest of this ungodly place since she belonged with it? His love for her had grown almost incidentally from that mountain trip. He had gone because it was his work. She had gone because she had wanted to go, and, for her it had been camaraderie, not love. There was something noble and unselfish, he thought, in her efforts since no one would have expected her to undergo the primitive existence of traveling through mountain villages in a medical lorry; she had done the job well because she could never do anything badly. He had admired her strength and endurance on the mountains in the past winter, as he had admired her grace and beauty on the tennis courts this early spring.

"Time will save us," he said aloud.

"From what?"

"From the past, and memories."

"Pooh, you are so tragic. Why should you want to forget this beautiful land? Look," she pointed outside to the bay and Olympos, "and smell the flowers." She threw back her auburn hair and closed her eyes, breathing heavily of the garden odors.

Her mouth is like the red flower of the Judas tree, he thought, and would have plucked it for his own, but instead with the pain of denied love looked out of the window unseeing.

"You love it because it is so convenient for you with all your money. You're living in luxury with all this poverty around you," he went on callously, thrusting his hands in the hip pockets and pushing down in them with vehemence. "Damn it, Melena,"--he looked at her flushed face,--"have you forgotten the mountains?"

"What difference does that make?" He had hurt her, but she did not yield. "You know that my brother and I are living on my uncle's money. The car, the chauffeur, and the houses are all his. You forget, Doctor," she said, "that I am an orphan."

"A poor orphan?"

"That is beside the point."

"No, actually that is the point."

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Why are you marrying Stephanos?"

"That was decided long ago and without my having anything to say about it. I have no choice."

"Your uncle arranged it?"

"Yes."

"Because of the money?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you love him?"

"Enough to marry him and be happy, I think."

"How much did you really love Ion if you can do that?"

"I will not listen to you." Her lips were like flower petals trembling in the breeze.

He knew that he had hurt her very much this time. "Sorry," he felt dismay for his part of the conversation yet he could say nothing to redeem himself. As if it were not all true, he thought vindictively, knowing he had been unreasonable.

"Oh," Melena said to the tall man at her elbow who had just walked over with Susan, and was looking down on her.

"Stephanos, I want you to meet my friend, Doctor Cassidy," Susan said.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Doctor," Stephanos said in French, as he extended his hand.

"Silly," Melena said to him, "Doctor Cassidy is British, so you

"Why are you carrying Stephen?"

"That was decided long ago and without my having anything to

say about it. I have no choice."

"Your uncle arranged it?"

"Yes."

"Because of the money?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you love him?"

"Enough to marry him and be happy, I think."

"How much did you really love him if you can do that?"

"I will not listen to you." Her lips were like flower petals

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He knew that he had hurt her very much this time. "Sorry," he

felt dismay for his part of the conversation yet he could say nothing

to redeem himself. As if it were not all true, he thought vindictive-

ly, knowing he had been unreasonably.

"Oh," Maria said to the tall man at her elbow who had just

walked over with Susan, and was looking down on her.

"Stephen, I want you to meet my friend, Doctor Casaly."

Susan said.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Doctor," Stephen said

in French as he extended his hand.

"Gilly," Maria said to him, "Doctor Casaly is English, so you

will have to use your English, bad as it is. "You don't speak French?" she addressed Cassidy.

"Very badly."

"Mrs. Crawford tells me that you are playing the piano?" Stephanos said.

"Yes."

"You are so fortunate, young man. I did not have the time to learn. I was so busy learning economics and languages, but at least I shall have Melena. She plays quite well. Eh, ma chérie?" He placed his arm about her waist.

"One can always find time," Cassidy said, "if the desire is sincere."

"I had all kinds of desires, c'est vrai," Stephanos said, "but there never seemed to be time for the piano. Are you playing much?"

"Only when I am in the mood."

"The mood?" Stephanos repeated. "Quelle pitié. Here the music is one of our biggest pleasures; there is so little else for amusement in our country."

"It shouldn't be too bad for you, since you can fly to Switzerland and Paris very easily," Cassidy said.

"Doctor Cassidy expects to be leaving for England in a few days," Melena broke in, "so that will no longer worry him."

"Is that true?" Susan asked.

"Then you go back to your own piano," Stephanos said.

"I shall go back to civilization rather."

"You do not like our, ah, civilization?"

"There isn't much, and what there is is pseudo-French, a superficial imitation of Paris, especially in Athens."

"Athens is unique."

"Athens is rotten."

"Have not my countrymen treated you well? You are dissatisfied."

"Doctor Cassidy is anxious to get home for a rest. He is tired after the mountain trips this winter." Susan tried to smooth out the conversation.

"Some of my friends have told me about the good work you were doing," Stephanos said.

"Nothing more than any other bloke would do."

"But it must have been difficult in the hills during the winter. Those villages are so pitifully ,---Stephanos did not finish the sentence. "How did you find a place to sleep?" he asked, as if unaware of Melena's part in the trip.

"Yes, tell us about it," Susan said. "That must have been an adventure."

"I guess there was a good bit less adventure than miserable villages, Mrs. Crawford," Cassidy spoke to Susan, "--but it was quite exciting at times."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

"You went up to check on T. B., didn't you?"

"Yes, mostly that, but we had to deal with everything from frost-bite to starvation." He could feel his own reluctance to discuss the trip, and some he thought, of Melena's.

"How dreadful!"

"Come now, what's so dreadful, Mrs. Crawford?" Prothomos patted her shoulder as he and Earl Crawford joined the group on the window seat.

Cassidy pulled out the steadying influence of his pipe. I should not think of him as Melena's choice, he thought, loosening the bit from the stem, though in all fairness he must remember she had had no **choice** in the matter. Someone pushed him to make room for the other two and he was directly opposite Melena, his knees bunched together as they huddled around the Skyros coffee table. He was facing her, he thought, for the last time in his life, or, he mused, jabbing the cleaner in and out, was it the first time in his life.

"Why," Susan's voice was tinkling like odd chimes which the wind disturbs into a thin light sound, "you're just in time to hear Dr. Cassidy tell us of his exciting experiences this past winter." She looked the group over with the assurance of one who has said what was expected.

"You went up to check on T. B. ... didn't you?"
 "Yes, exactly that, but we had to deal with something from
 front-side to attraction." He could feel his own reluctance to
 discuss the trip, and some of his thoughts of Belmont's.

"How beautiful!"

"Come now, what's so beautiful in Belmont's?"
 "I should have thought as he and Miss Belmont joined the group on the
 window seat."

Casady pulled out the steady influence of his pipe. I
 should not think of him as Belmont's choice, he thought, looking
 the bit from the stem, though in all fairness he must remember the
 had had no choice in the matter. Belmont praised him to make room
 for the other two and he was directly opposite Belmont, his knees
 punched together as they inhaled around the Byrnes coffee table.
 He was facing her, he thought, for the first time in his life, or
 he must, looking the cleaner in and out, was it the first time
 in his life.

"Why," Belmont's voice was talking like old times when the
 was disturbed into a thin light sound, "you're just in time to
 hear Dr. Casady tell us of his exciting experiences this past
 winter." She looked the group over with the assurance of one
 who has said what was expected.

"Notre ami, il est malheureux," Stephanos said.

"Who can blame him?" Prothromos reached for an aperitif which Lisa brought in and set on the table. He asked Stephanos, "Doesn't it make you unhappy to observe the country as it is?"

Stephanos leaned over and began to trace the outline of the Skyros dog carved on the dark wood like a fantastic beast, half animal and half fish. He seemed to be musing. "Peut-être le mot est triste",--he caught himself and added, "not unhappy. There will be time," he said and pointed to the dogs. "Look, if the peasants can make this, then there is no cause to fear."

Cassidy stuffed the bowl with tobacco and lit it carefully; sitting there huddled with his pipe, he felt like a stranger in their midst. I am, he thought, the most alien of them all; at least the Crawfords love the place, and the others belong here. Leaving it, going away, would be the ultimate proof, something like the objectivity essential to the piano. Only when he was away from one did he know the real value of it.

He would know when he had done with the place how much and what it had meant to him. Had it been only Melena? Or, as Mrs. Crawford had agreed, was he merely sick and tired of it all? He had been a stranger, of course, as all the British army was, and if he'd had any excuse for failure or for lack of enthusiasm, then part of it, surely, must be due to that. There should have

"Worry and its management," Stephens said.

"Who can blame him?" Prothonos replied for an instant which Lisa brought in and set on the table. He asked Stephens, "Doesn't it make you unhappy to observe the country as it is?" Stephens leaned over and began to trace the outline of the Gyros dog carved on the dark wood like a landscape scene, half animal and half fish. He seemed to be muttering, "Landscape is not an art form," and added, "not unhappy." There will be time," he said and pointed to the dog. "Look, if the peasants can make this, then there is no cause for fear."

Clearly studied the bowl with tobacco and lit it carefully; sitting there hunched with his pipe, he felt like a stranger in their midst. I am, he thought, the most alien of them all; at least the Gyros love the place, and the others belong here. Leaving it, going away, would be the ultimate proof, something like the objectivity essential to the piano. Only when he was away from one did he know the real value of it.

He would know when he had done with the piece how much and what it had meant to him. Had it been only pleasant or, as the Gyros had argued, was he merely sick and tired of itself? He had been a stranger, of course, as all the British army was, and it had had any excess feelings or for lack of enthusiasm that part of it, surely must be due to that. There should have

been the sincerity of doing it for one's own country.

"You wouldn't make art an excuse for poverty?" he said aloud.

"Ah, mon ami, when you have seen what we have seen," he included the others, "then any excuse is good for art. We have so little today in comparison to the old."

I am a stranger, Cassidy thought; can I understand his point of view? Were they not all strangers, converged only in the dissection like a manybladed knife bent on the incisive cut? He looked to Melena, who sat with her eyes lowered and her arms folded like a sheath, as in those exquisite British Museum friezes that belonged here, that were, he thought, really her. There was preserved, in her type, part of that aristocratic past so unlike the full-bosomed servant-girl. He watched Lisa's slow movement of the arm as she picked up the empty china, and the swaying of the thighs as she moved away.

Prothromos was talking in an excited voice. "What is this stuff good for, when they do not have food in their bellies, and you have as a result the bandits in the hills? We can do without art and the past. It's given us nothing to build on but dreams, dreams," he repeated.

"That is the Turkish view, so practical, bien sûr."

"I am not a Turk. I am a Greek as much as you are. I left Turkey years ago."

"Quel Honneur."

"This is my country."

"Then we do not have to quarrel like the Communists."

The others laughed at that.

"The peasant mentality is a very interesting thing," Stephanos said in the embarrassed interval, as though unaware of what he had said.

"Have you worked with them at all?" Cassidy asked.

"They work for me, on my farm."

"But that is a different thing from knowing them in their own villages."

"Je sais." He took out a silver holder and inserted an English cigarette into it. His hand paused in mid-air as Earl Crawford offered a match. "We should all know the peasants, eh, Mr. Crawford? They may be the future of this country."

"Not in the condition they are in today," Earl replied, a frown settling between his brows. He smoothed his soft brown hair with his hand. "With more education, say, at least ten years."

"You educators fail to see the point. So much can happen in that time. Ten months at the most, and everything will be drastically changed," Prothromos interrupted. "With the Americans

coming in and the change in government, we will not have to wait for education."

"You are impatient," Stephanos puffed leisurely, "but you may be right."

"I know I'm right."

"I hear that people in this country send their money out to Swiss and American banks," Cassidy said.

"A lot of that may just be talk," Earl Crawford put in.

"You forget that your own government is partly responsible for this--mess as you call it," Prothromos said to Cassidy.

"I agree with you there, and most of it was pretty foul."

"I disagree," Stephanos put down his cigarette. "I don't think that we would have been able to do anything without the outside help from the British after the war, or even during the Revolution. There was no one who could have set up a decent government."

"Isn't it true that immediately after the war, a working government was set up in Athens for most of the Peloponese?" Cassidy asked, adding, "I landed then and I saw signs of it."

"I doubt if it could have lasted long. The mass of people do not know to govern themselves. You see, my dear boy, the mentality of these people. C'est un probleme délicat."

"You talk like an outsider."

...and the change in government, we will not have to wait

for education."

"You are impatient," Stephens replied lazily, "but you

may be right."

"I know I'm right."

"I fear that people in this country send their money out to

Spain and American banks," Cassidy said.

"A lot of that may not be true," said Crawford but in

any case your own government is partly responsible

for this--even as you call it," Crawford said to Cassidy.

"I agree with you there, and most of it was pretty good."

"It is better," Stephens put down his cigarette. "I don't

think that we would have been able to do anything without the

outside help from the British after the war, or even during the

Revolution. There was no one who could have set up a decent

government."

"But it is true that immediately after the war, a working

government was set up in Atlanta for most of the 'thirties."

Cassidy shook his head. "I landed there and I saw signs of it."

"I doubt if it could have lasted long. The mass of

people do not know how to govern themselves. You see, my dear boy,

the majority of these people... What an horrible delusion!"

"You talk like an optimist."

"I talk as though I am not sure we can manage these people. All the countries around us are an example of what has happened when the peasants take the government."

"The Russian influence?"

"Yes. The peasants are like children, so easily led."

"We made the mistake of selling our country," Prothromos said disconsolately, "and I think it will be impossible to buy it back again, even with gifts from the Americans."

"The new King--"

Earl Crawford interrupted Stephanos. "You think there will be a new King?"

"What else at this time?"

"New elections."

"That would be stupid. The people are not ready for it."

"If you'd get that monarcho-fascist lot out of the government in Athens, you might yet save your own necks," Cassidy knocked his pipe loudly.

"What, and leave it to the Communists?" Earl Crawford turned his frown on him.

"Well, isn't there a middle class in this country, or a middle group rather? From the people I've talked to in the villages, they don't want either the left or the right -- just something like democracy and somewhere in the middle."

"A naive assumption, Doctor," Stephanos answered him, "today there is no middle way. There is left or right, seulement. Here it is King or the Communist, in the world it is Russia or America. Mais, the Communist must be stopped at any price. Nous ne ferons pas un compromis ici."

"We'll put an end to one of them soon, however," Prothromos said.

"You are talking of Ion Ionnides?"

"Yes."

"That is unfortunate," Stephanos said. "I used to be a friend once. He was a good skier, and a very good athlete."

"His ideas were not as good as his physical strength," Prothromos said, "and I am afraid the latter will not do him much good now, though it will be harder to die where there is so much vitality."

The thought isolated them all, and like burrowing animals with a morsel of food, they shut each other out to worry it for a moment. Cassidy thought of home, the emptiness of Yorkshire in contrast to the lushness of Mrs. Crawford's flowers. At home there would be a hedge and the turning of a narrow lane; no thought of death was before him, for to go home again would be, he thought, a kind of resurrection. Africa and this had been like a great trial he had had to undergo, a beastly test through which

"A naive question, Doctor," Stepanov answered him. "Today there is no stable way. There is left or right, eastward. Here it is like in the Communist, in the world it is Russia or America. East, the Communist must be stopped at any price. How as far as has no Communist yet."

"We'll put an end to one of them soon, however," Trotsky said.

"You are talking of the Communist?"
"Yes."

"That is not correct," Stepanov said. "I used to be a friend once. He was a good sister, and a very good athlete."

"His ideas were not as good as his physical strength," Prochman said, "and I am afraid the latter will not do him much good now, though it will be harder to die where there is so much activity."

The thought flashed through his mind, and like a burning ember with a morsel of food, they shut each other out to worry it for a moment. Carefully thought of home, the eagerness of Trotsky in contrast to the business of Mrs. Gerasimov's house. As home there would be a badge and the turning of a corner; no thought of death was before him, for to go home again would be the thought, a kind of resurrection. Action and this had been the great trial he had had to undergo, a deadly love through which

"Yes, but don't be long. I should like to get this thing over with."

He wondered as he left her at the hall, the uplifted hand and gracefulness of the mature woman closing the door on him, what she had meant and why she had seemed so unhappy.

If the day were to end right now, she thought, this time, this moment in between one activity and the next, between rooms, midway in the white hall between the living room and the kitchen, between the window and life, before the next step at the head of the day, then place now had not dared know the outside, the beginning, and she had not waited for the result of the work, she might make a pile of it all a breach that would fade and

"Yes, but don't be long. I should like to get this thing

over with."

He wondered as he left her at the bell, the uplifted hand and
gracefulness of the mature woman closing the door on him, what she
had meant and why she had seemed so unhappy.

disappear from the wind's memory; that would inevitably lose all
possibility of existence or of having made for her any effective
impression in the timeless present of that day. Could pain be
trapped, whiskered with better possibility by shutting out time and
space?

She opened the door again and watched the slender set of
Casimir's back as he walked away from her. His intensity bound
her eyes along as though his thin brown hands had sensitively traced
a word with the tactile pianist's fingers. The morning seemed as
far away as the vagrant breeze from the bay, which had gone, giving
way to the moon's irrelevant job holding the fragments together
in its grasp.

She would leave it all behind, she thought, as she had
wanted to this morning and as Casimir was going to, yet if the
memory also could be left behind, then she would be safe; but to
go with memories would be harder than to stay with reality.

If the day were to end right now, she thought, this time,
this moment in between one activity and the next, between rooms,
midway in the white hall between the living room and the kitchen,
between the voices and Lisa, before the next step at the heat of
the day, then since she had not dared know the causes, the be-
ginnings, and she had not waited for the results or the ends, she
might make a void of it all: a breach that would fade and

disappear from the mind's memory, that would inevitably lose all possibility of existence or of having made for her any effective impression in the timeless sequence of that day. Could peace be trapped, ensnared with human pitilessness by shutting out time and space?

She opened the door again and watched the slender set to Cassidy's back as he walked away from her. His intensity bound her even then, as though his thin brown hands had sensitively tied a cord with the facile pianist's fingers. The morning seemed as far away as the vagrant breeze from the bay, which had gone, giving way to the noon's relentless sun holding the flagstone terrace in its grasp.

One could leave it all behind, she thought, as she had wanted to this morning and as Cassidy was going to, yet if the memory also could be left behind, then one would be safe; but to go with memories would be harder than to stay with reality. Escape was real only if the mind could be fooled, and that would mean to shut out memory. Cassidy's love had been, and was yet, young, and that was why it would be forgotten.

One grows out of love, she thought, like old clothes or the discarded ideas of youth, simply because one is young and there is the challenge of countless tomorrows, but with the tightening of age and the restriction of tomorrow it is harder to yield to time,

the unequivocal master of the old. She saw Cassidy disappear into a doorway and felt the monumental compassion for the young which the old have when they can forget age. Then, she thought, I am not old, not really old. She closed the door on the heat and went into her kitchen.

"Is everything ready?" she asked Lisa, checking on the food in preparation.

"Yes, Mrs. Crawford."

"Hello, who's this?" Susan asked her.

"This is my sister, Eleni." Lisa made the introduction without lifting her head from the pans over the charcoal burner.

"How do you do? It's hot, isn't it?" The child nodded.

"Is she waiting for you, Lisa?"

"No, she is only resting a while before going up to the village."

"Has she been to the city?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"I sent her."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I had to find out something, somehow," she said closing the lid and turning. "She brought me a letter," her voice lowered and she came toward Susan.

"A letter?"

"I mean a note."

"What did he say?"

"It was not from him."

"Who then?"

"One of the members."

"What has happened?"

"He has been put into prison," she turned to hide the tears.

"Not really."

"He was caught entering the city through the old wall," her voice gave way and the great eyes like the deep hidden pools of the mountain brooks looked beseechingly at Susan for a moment, and the soft arms came up to hide them, like clouds closing over water. The child sat quietly in the corner without stirring.

"I'm sorry, Lisa, so sorry." Susan put her arms around the girl and looked about the kitchen. The others were waiting for lunch. "There is nothing you can do but hope and pray."

"It is hopeless now. I do not think prayers will help much."

"Do you know any more than this?"

"I do not know any more, but I think that someone must have informed on him."

"Who?"

"Oh, it could be anyone, anyone. Among ourselves we do not trust a soul even our mother or father. Houses and families have been split by this terrible thing. Andreas was forgetting that in the hills."

"Do you think someone in your own village did it?"

"I cannot tell for sure now, but if anything happens to Andreas, I'll find out if it takes all my life."

"I think he will be released. Don't think of it now. They may just be detaining for a short time."

"They must have some purpose that will not be good."

"You can't tell."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," Lisa said.

"You do not have the right to make your own justice and law, Lisa."

"What do we have instead, but their treachery and injustice? We have been driven to this." She answered Susan desperately wiping her eyes.

"Nothing will be settled with vengeance."

"Revenge is a right of our people."

"Surely you must see that more killings will not aid you in solving your problems," Susan said wearily, a kind of defeat in her tone.

"Revenge is one weapon we have against the government. They cannot take that away."

"But don't you see that it only makes for more bloodshed?"

"It is a satisfaction to know that injustice does not go unpunished."

"It is also retribution against your own people."

"Do you think someone in your own village did it?"
 "I cannot tell for sure now, but if anything happens to

anybody, I'll find out if it takes all my life."
 "I think he will be released. Don't think of it now. They
 may just be detaining for a short time."

"They must have some purpose that will not be good."

"You can't tell."

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," Lisa said.
 "You do not have the right to make your own justice and law,

Lisa."

"What do we have instead, but their freedom and justice?
 We have been driven to this." She answered Susan desperately
 wiping her eyes.

"Nothing will be settled with vengeance."

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 solving your problems," Susan said wearily, a kind of defeat in her
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"It is a satisfaction to know that injustice does not go

unpunished."

"It is also retribution against your own people."

"Some of our people are against us as you can see." Lisa pointed out to her.

"Just because you think this way, you cannot expect everyone to be a Communist too."

"What is there to live for then?"

"There was, Susan thought, no answer she could give her now so she said, parrying the point, "Earlier this morning you were glad that the Americans were sending help."

"How long will that last?" Lisa asked.

"Perhaps long enough to do some good."

"I do not think so, Mrs. Crawford. We do not take the Americans seriously. We saw what happened when they were here before. They stayed and had a good time--they are such carefree people--but how much was changed after they left? They left the warehouses full of rotting goods from UNRRA because the government would not give it out to the Communists. Many of us could not eat the food they brought us. Some of the tin cans are still on the shelves because we cannot eat American foods."

"There was a good deal you did eat. Look how much we have used at the school."

"That's because you, too, are Americans." Lisa said with finality.

"Yes," Susan agreed, and somehow she felt that that was the

implicit difference. No matter how hard one tried to understand, or to be a part of the situation, one still remained an American, a foreigner and stranger as the French word had it: étrangère, containing both meanings.

"You'll be all right." She patted Lisa's hand, and went on briskly to rouse herself also, "We must start serving lunch."

An end, she thought, somewhere there must be an end to this. There should be an answer for Lisa, and if finding it were all, then there would be the end, but in between there was the incalculable human striving. She wondered, looking at the child in the corner. "Give her something to eat, Lisa." She left the room wondering if the answer, when they found it, would be worth all this pain?

"I forgot," Susan called back from the pantry, "to tell you that we are going to the trial in the city after lunch."

"What does that matter now?" Lisa replied, and added. "We all know what is going to happen."

"I am not sure," her husband was saying to the others in his slow and uncertain Greek, as Susan joined them, "whether this school will be included in any spending of the American funds."

"Excuse me, dear----," she said.

He nodded to her, "Just a minute," and went on talking to the others, "But I do think that we need help from somewhere. The American funds are meager now, with the excessive cost of

things, food especially, and you know, Stephanos, as well as I, that the dollar won't buy much on the legal market."

"The school should be independent." Prothromos stretched in his seat.

"How can it?"

"Soak the rich, of course."

"We are soaking them as much as possible."

"A little more won't hurt, Mr. Crawford. They've got it piled away, and they can dig it out for their spoiled little darlings."

"That's irrelevant," Stephanos replied. "I don't see what right you'd have to do that."

"You know the rich in Greece, Stephanos," Prothromos said winking, "They are very, very rich, and the poor are very, very poor. It would only make sound economics to have them pay as much as they can for an American education."

"Why should they not go to America for it, then?"

"No, that's not it. They should be able to get a good education in their own country even though ^{you} and I couldn't get it here when we were young. We should fix it so they will."

"Let the government take over the school, eh?"

"Not necessarily," Earl Crawford said.

"Perhaps," Prothromos drew his brows together, "the foreign

element in our education is making us all bastards." He looked to Melena and Susan, "Excuse the word, but it's about time we stopped all that. Everyone wants to go to America. I grant you I did it myself, but with me there was the difference that I really wanted to come back to my country."

"Well, the idea here is to show the students a democratic way of life," Earl said, "not to turn their heads toward America."

"I know. That is the theory, but some of our staff practice otherwise."

Susan rose at that as if Prothromos had singled her out.

"I think we'd better start on lunch, even if Dr. Cassidy isn't back yet," she said. "He'll be along in a minute." She smiled at Melena, "This should be a luncheon in your honor, my dear,--yours and Stephanos'."

"What a pleasant idea," Melena looked at Stephanos, "But I feel that all the excitement is over."

"So soon?" Susan seated them and nodded her husband to say grace.

"All these formalities," Prothromos said, "are a waste of time and good money. When I got married ---."

The Dean murmured softly, and in the respite of conversation while he prayed, the room seemed calm and unbetrayed by human voices. The silence was light, and the sound of his voice was enveloped by the scent of acacia. It was as if the moment were

bathed in its fragrance. Hurried steps over the carpet stopped at the door, and Cassidy came in as they raised their heads.

"I say, I couldn't find Jonathan anywhere," he said. "Some idiot has let him get out of bed and go into the city on the school lorry."

"I gave the permission for Jonathan to go." Prothromos spoke out clearly.

"Well, that was stupid. He's a sick man. He shouldn't be doing anything of that sort."

"We needed someone to help with the shopping. Jonathan always does it."

"Do you actually think he was in condition to do any work at all?" Cassidy sat down in the seat which Susan had motioned him to.

"Why, I believe it could kill him in this heat. He's not strong."

"Oh, he'll be alright, Doctor," Prothromos said. "Don't get excited over it. Some of these people will live longer than you and I."

"You were saying something about the, uh, democratic way of life, Mr. Crawford," Stephanos said, with a bland smile returning to the English for Cassidy's benefit. "We have been talking about the school, Doctor," he said to him and turned away again.

"If you don't want Communism to get control here, Stephanos, then you'll have to offer a workable substitute." Earl Crawford

was serving the food.

"Ah, Mr. Crawford, then that means that you do not like our present government?"

"Not exactly." Some of the food slipped to the table. Earl looked at Susan, who smiled back. He wondered if it was to reassure him about the food or the statement he had made, and passed the plate on to Cassidy, who sat coldly hostile next to him. "Not exactly," he repeated, "but I do feel with all due credit to the government that it still needs some changing."

"Some changing!" Cassidy scoffed. "The whole thing is rotten. Actually it needs a complete change or you'll never get it cleaned out. "You know," he said, persisting with a determined hatred in his eyes, "Stephanos, the story of the Augean Stables. It took two rivers to clean them out!" He flicked his napkin. "The Greeks did it then in one day."

"It is a good story, like all of the old stories of Greece, Doctor, but you must remember that it was a myth, only a myth, cher ami, and quite, what is the word, irrelative."

Melena laughed. A sound like a bird cry, after the precise accents of her fiancé, escaped spontaneously and settled in the room. "Darling, she said, "the word is irrelevant. Isn't it, Doctor Cassidy?"

"The word does not matter so much as the idea," Stephanos said.

"The Greeks are always supposed to have a word for it, you know." Cassidy ignored Melena.

"They do, they do, je vous assure, but I am out of my place with your language, Doctor. You will forgive me," and he bowed his head in mock humility. "You do not approve of the monarchy when your own country is also one?"

"I am a subject of the crown by birth, not by inclination."

"Why are you going home again?"

"I don't know, actually." He paused. "I've had it. Perhaps it's only because I came from there. Someplace to go back to when you're dissatisfied with what you've got."

"Home should be more than that," Susan said to him as if they were alone.

"Oh, I suspect it is," he said and smiled at her across the table like a reprimanded schoolboy. His blue eyes became serious.

"Rations are pretty low in England now, and it might be that I'll miss all the luxury here. But I think there may be some reasons why I don't want to leave, Mrs. Crawford."

"Is that true?" she said.

"Our country is not so bad, eh, Doctor," he scattered their moment.

"It's not so bad, as I was telling Melena, when you are one of the privileged like ourselves, but what of the other poor wretches?"

What," he said deliberately putting down his knife and fork, "about your friend Ion?"

"That is another matter," Prothromos said suddenly.

"No, no, the young gentleman is right, bien sûr," Stephanos was agreeably diplomatic. "Let us consider the case," he said with the mechanical formality of men who are trained in the legal profession.

"Some other time," Melena's voice was restrained. "Mrs. Crawford will not care much for such conversation at her table."

"Don't be stupid, ma petite, she does not mind."

"Not at all," Susan said, knowing that she agreed because it depended on her, though she would have preferred not to bring Ion into the midst of these others, already gathered like jurors with a verdict. There was a time, she thought, lifting the bowl of flowers to the sideboard as if clearing the space, for that later.

During the longest dinner about the table, she grasped the crystal tightly. They had decided to talk about his row as though he were already dead. Not probably it as good as dead, she brooded. With amber, heavy-lidded eyes, she surveyed the group at the table. They seem scornful, she thought, of the very best of life in their pulses, while casually lifting fork and spoon to the mouth in the irrelevant sounds of eating. The sounds that would symbolize the end of a lifetime. If one could annihilate a life and still see with wisdom over the mid-day world, what they might be doing that to him. If love, no less than death, must be forever, then she had loved and the eternal yet it would perish with him, for only in the knowing it had once existed, could there be infinite life. Had she forgotten him?

She raised the glass to her lips as if drinking a toast to a memory. One forgets love as one forgets an ideal, because it is replaceable, but there, she wondered as she wiped the corners of her

She sat, her hands stretched on the table, contemplating her ring. The jewel was like the clear water of small coves gleaming with refracted sunlight. It reminds me, she thought, of a small cove when the sun reaches into the coolness of water and makes luminous rays in the depths. My hands are too brown, and rough from the slop waters of the hospital, to show off Stephanos' ring, exquisite and diamonded.

Curving the tanned fingers about the water glass, she grasped the crystal tightly. They had decided to talk about him now as though he were already dead. Ion probably is as good as dead, she brooded. With somber, heavy-lidded eyes, she surveyed the group at the table. They seem scornful, she thought, of the very beat of life in their pulses, while casually lifting fork and spoon to the mouth in the irrelevant sounds of eating. The sounds that could symbolize the end of a lifetime. If one could annihilate a life and kill a man with voices over the mid-day meal, then they might be doing that to Ion. If love, no less than death, must be forever, then she and Ion had had the eternal; yet it would perish with him, for only in the knowing it had once existed, could there be infinite life. Had she forgotten him?

She raised the glass to her lips as if drinking a toast to a memory. One forgets love as one forgets an ideal, because it is replaceable, but where, she wondered as she wiped the corners of her lips carefully, was the substitute to fill the hollow place where love once was?

"It is inevitable that he shall die," Prothromos was saying quite deliberately. Cassidy looked toward her compassionately and she met his stare with the profound humility of recognition. He knows, she thought, and I am grateful. The others settled back in their chairs, placing the wrinkled napkins on the peasant-

embroidered place mats and slowly, with delightful ease, sipping the demitasse of Turkish coffee.

"You sound as though there were no possible hope, Prothromos," Susan said. "There may be a chance that he will be exiled instead."

"I doubt it, Mrs. Crawford." He shifted in his seat and leaned his elbows on the table. "The government cannot afford to let him live."

"He will be dangerous."

"The policy is to kill the Communist leaders in order to weaken the strength of the guerilla bands. They cannot afford to let him go, since he is such a shrewd and successful organizer."

"Exile is not a much better fate." Stephanos puffed on a cigarette. "C'est terrible. I have seen men return whose hair had turned white. C'est terrible. I think for someone like Ion death would be preferable."

"Because he is an athlete?" Earl Crawford asked, toying with his cup.

"Yes, that would be part of the reason, of course, but perhaps with Ion it would be slow torture to be unable to go on with his, shall we say, work. He would always be trying to escape. I knew him in Switzerland, you know, when he was a student. A strange and interesting boy, full of fire." He squeezed a small piece of bread into a white pellet. "His uncle had been a good friend of my

father's, so when I went to Switzerland to ski I looked him up. He had some amusing ideas for a village boy."

"How in the world did he get to Switzerland if he was only a peasant?" Cassidy asked.

"His uncle had money, a lot of money, from German import and export trade, like my father. Could you believe that the uncle practically offered him the fortune entièrement?" Stephanos waved his hands in the air, "if he would take over the business, but Ion refused. Nothing would change his mind."

"Too good to be true," Cassidy murmured.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"He was a fool if you ask me." Prothromos suggested. "What can you do without money?"

"The war," Earl Crawford put in tentatively, "don't forget the war. It seemed to me that was what changed him completely."

"Perhaps it only made everything clearer," Stephanos said. "That is to say, what he had believed in before, he became convinced of more firmly during the war experience."

"But we knew him at the school before the war, too," Earl replied, "and we did not notice anything."

"Ah, with someone who is as crafty as they are," Prothromos said, his face in his hands and his small eyes belligerently regarding them, "you would never be able to tell."

have failed in their lifetime. No one could have understood, at least none of those friends who had known him before the hills, before he had become the leader of men who were not his friends, but who followed him with his strength, honesty, and hope, out of their own strangely assorted motives. She remembered once on a skiing trip with Ion in the northwestern mountains, when she had felt he knew himself that he would be unsuccessful. "I shall have a test soon," he'd said looking down into the small valley below. His brown curly hair bared to the wind, the clear grey eyes and his eager forward stance on his skis were to be for her forever a complete memory.

"I think," Susan Crawford defended him again, "he loved his country very much, perhaps too much."

"What an odd thing to say, Mrs. Crawford," Cassidy said.

"No more than any of us," Prothomos added.

"What do you mean?" her husband asked.

"I remember one night when he was showing us his slides on Switzerland and Germany. We all were raving about the beauties of both those countries when he shut off the machine and switched to slides on Greece. 'Beauty,' he said, 'in those countries is nothing compared to this,' and he flashed on peasant villages along the sea."

"That's true," Stephanos broke in. "He loved the peasants, and

I suppose it was because he was one of them. He was so simple at times, it was absurd."

"When he sneaked away from his school duties, he was in the villages up to his dirty business with the peasants, turning their heads to revolution." Prothromos spoke to Earl Crawford. "Isn't that right, Mr. Crawford?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Had he been up to that for a long time?"

"He must have been doing it quite a long time before we suspected it. He was clever. I'll have to admit that, anyway," Prothromos shrugged. "He was also running a Communist newspaper; we'd been wondering so long who headed it, and here he was right under our noses."

"My word, what a man," Cassidy breathed in admiration. "This country needs more like him."

"You are, Doctor, a Communist, too, perhaps?"

"No, he may be right, Prothromos. He may be right." Earl Crawford looked beyond them, defeat written in his stare. "We all may be wrong about this, you know."

"That's foolish, Mr. Crawford. You don't know what you're saying."

Then, Melena thought, the best may have been theirs after all, not his. The idea occurred to her that he would, through death,

not have to endure the aftermaths of this trial in their country, while they, who had not instigated it, or who never could by the very fact of the responsible positions they held, would have to continue to live it out, and seemingly to the bitter end. No one can escape, no matter how much they wanted to close their eyes to the sight. For herself, who had not been able to understand the implications of this upheaval, she felt she could have yielded this or that, the small things, but to have given over one's established life even for the beloved, without sympathy, would be treacherous and hypocritical. If one, she thought, does not share another's ideal then it is non-existent, but if the repercussions of that ideal or idea are inescapable to others, then there is little one can do to ignore the web of circumstances. He was leaving a web for them, the silver thin spinnings of a young lifetime, to enmesh them through their longer years.

Time stretched before them, not only the future, but the afternoon, like the awesome sunsets on the bay stretching like a grotesque but beautiful blend of colors, that would consume themselves and fade through the transitory dusk into the dark night. He would avoid the future if he died, but they who might have ignored it, would live and have to find a place there. If there was a change, if they had to give up wealth and position to a new order, he would have achieved his ideal,

and they who had denied it would have to find a place for him. She knew also, touching her diamond lightly with the forefinger to feel the hardness, that she could not give up her life of today to trap the doubtful life of tomorrow---Ion's dream.

"If we're wrong," Earl Crawford repeated, "if we're wrong--- Did you ever think of that Prothromos?"

"But we're not wrong. You're not really considering that, are you?"

"Half of the world is Russia's and half is America's. Doesn't it seem to be a question of choosing one of two views?" He seemed to be talking to Prothromos alone, oblivious of the others.

"What makes you think you might be on the wrong side?"

"Ion, I suppose. Something about the peasants and the way he gave up his uncle's money."

"It's not hard to give up something you've never had."

"No, but I feel that we've missed out somewhere, that in trying to build the school we have forgotten the world. We may have done the wrong thing. There should have been a fair fight."

"The government will do the best thing."

"He will be killed, I'm sure."

"Well?"

"What should we have done? It was the only thing to do

wasn't it?" Earl Crawford was intently bent toward his colleague.

"Anyone else would have done the same thing, wouldn't they?"

"Of course, We did our duty."

"What is it, dear?" Susan's voice was disturbed.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Crawford," Prothromos said.

"How," Cassidy asked smoothing his mustache, "did the government get Ion?"

"Mr. Crawford and I reported him to the authorities when we discovered his activities," Prothromos replied.

The revelation lay naked in silence for a moment exposed to their reluctant eyes like some horrible obscenity.

"So actually," Cassidy said softly, "he was betrayed," and the silence fell on them again through the dense odors of the acacia, the jasmine and the lilac, through the muffled shouts of schoolboys and the deadly still heat of the day.

"Betrayed," the word itself was ghastly, Melena thought, with the finality of murder. Having said, having done it, was irrevocable for the fate of a man's life. Could it, however, be at all justified by a righteous condemnation against Ion, or by some hope of peace, order, and happiness in this country? She hoped dismally that their action would at any rate be successful in its larger purposes. The price of betrayal was great, she felt she knew that, and if the effort of these betrayers was not to lead

to ultimate defeat of the enemy's threat to their world, then what had been the righteousness of the act?

It was, she could not help feeling, something she too would have done, in their position. A surge of relief over came her that they, and not she, had been forced to do it, since she had known a long time ago that he was the unknown leader of the bandits. The terror which that knowledge had called out in her returned with the realization that he would not have believed her capable of treachery. I might have done as these two men have done, she thought, and actually because I loved him. My love would almost have made it easier, because there is no room for him here in this country which he loves so well, and he, with his ideas has only been making things worse, for himself and the country both.

It seemed to her that it was Ion who was the betrayer: Ion was betraying Greece. Once, when he had told her as much as he dared, she had marvelled at his strength of purpose. He had lifted the ski pole and pointing to the hills said, "The hills from whence cometh my strength. I shall not be afraid." She knew then that he would be strong enough to betray them all to this evil which was threatening their country. There was no blame, however, she thought, and there could be none. Their world was precarious and he had tried to rid them of the stark chaos. They would go on looking to the past, as she, who had only

the past to look forward to, would do also. One might begin anew, but the future would be less than the past in any^{case,}/she knew. Ion had wanted to give up the past. If one tried to retain the past, then something else must be given up. She had given up love in order to keep her own life intact. There had seemed to be no other **choice.**

"I don't understand why you had to do that," Mrs. Crawford was saying stiffly, a dull look on her face. Her husband pushed his chair back and rose from the table to walk toward her.

"What other choice was there, my dear?"

Peace, like broken crystals, lay shattered at her feet. "Let us go into the other room," she said.

In the living room, they stood about with the unconscious of people who had thrown you thrust suddenly among strangers. Miss had drawn the curtains against the sun, so that there was semi-darkness in the long room, but Susan made no move to let in more light, for the anonymity of the darkness was welcomed by all of them.

"Why don't you," she turned to Cassidy hopefully, "play something

In the living room, they stood about with the uneasiness of people who find themselves thrust suddenly among strangers. Lisa had drawn the curtains against the sun, so that there was semi-darkness in the long room, but Susan made no move to let in more light, for the anonymity of the darkness was welcomed by all of them.

"Why don't you," she turned to Cassidy hopefully, "play something

for us while we wait for the car?"

He started to excuse himself, but then changed his mind.

"Righto. Anything special?"

"No," she sank into a chair facing the windows. "Anything at all will do."

For each other they faded into the cool semi-darkness; the murmurings of Cassidy's fingers like the distant sound of sheep bells on the hillside enveloped them and at the same time isolated them from one another.

Suddenly, sunlight streamed into the room, untrammelled, from the two hall doors gaping open and Larry Jacobson, a great hulk of a man strode in,

"Well, well---, hope I'm not intruding," he said.

They sat up like sleepwalkers shocked awake, and they blinked at the sunlight. Cassidy's hands paused in mid-air like a puppet whose strings were caught.

"Why, Larry," Susan stammered. Then, "This is one of our new American teachers," she introduced him to Melena and Stephanos.

"How do you do?" he said. "Big doings intown." He settled his long soft body on the sofa, stuffing pillows behind his back. "They say the bandit leader Ionnides is on trial for his life."

"Were you in the city this morning?" Earl Crawford offered him a cigarette.

"Yeah, just got back for lunch, but I'm going down again. Came over to see if anyone was going down for the shindig."

"We were thinking of it," Earl Crawford replied.

"Shindig?" Stephanos asked. "What is this word, Mr. Jacobson?"

"Oh, that means party, a good time."

"Ah, you Americans. Everything is a party."

"Well, why not?"

"Yes, pourquoi pas? You are right perhaps."

"America's quite a country after all. You can't help wanting to get back once you're away from there." He seemed to be talking to Earl Crawford. "And boy, I'd hate to get stuck here for life. Things are so darned uncertain. No one's safe anywhere, though it's exciting wondering what they'll blow up next. Say," he shifted a pillow, "do you think they'll hang this bandit fellow?"

"Most likely they'll shoot him." Cassidy said dryly and started to play rather loudly.

"Well, Doc, what would you say is the easier way to die, huh? Heck I'd hate to hang by the neck until dead. I had a friend who was a reporter and he used to tell me about the hangings he'd witnessed. Pretty rough some of 'em; they hadn't made the knot tight enough, or the rope broke. I'd think that the good old bullet would be the best bet, eh?"

"With some people it may be a matter of taste," Cassidy replied.

"That's rich, isn't it, asking a man how he'd like to die. I can see that happening in America, but not here. You do things their way or else."

"Tell us," Stephanos asked, "how they do things in America."

"Things are healthier there at least. Do you realize," Larry pointed his finger at him, "that the milk and water isn't fit for human consumption."

"Pardon. Consumption is a malady, is it not."

"Hell, yes, but I mean to drink the stuff. You can't bring up children here."

"We have done alright for three thousand years."

"Well, the old Greeks--that's something else. An altogether different type of man. Still there are a few things left. The Acropolis alone is worth coming over to see. Delphi too, they say, but that's about all. The British took the rest away, eh, Doc?"

Cassidy nodded.

"Neither the British nor anybody else will take any more," Prothromos put in.

"Nothing left to take," Larry replied. "Maybe the loan will help things, but I doubt it. Things go a little beyond money."

I know," he said. "I've been keeping my eyes open. The peasants are a good sort, but he just can't manage. I'd go Communist too, if I were starving to death. They say," he paused for their reaction to his words, and went on," this bandit captain was a good sort, well educated and stuff. By the way, I guess you know his henchman was clapped in jail too this morning. Tried to cook up an escape plot, but they got him. Maybe they'll hang them together. Like Merry old England, Doc. Big time there whenever they had a hanging. Big day for the masses, the proletariat, shall we say."

"Now the aristocracy will have its day," Cassidy said sourly.

"You are really a sympathizer," Stephanos said.

"I'm merely human."

"What can we do to prevent these things?"

"We could---," Cassidy began.

"We need more love in the world," Larry Jacobson put in. "All this suspicion and fear is bad for the liver. The Doc knows. Love, yes sir, we need it in heavy doses. Everybody sticking a dagger in your back when you turn around. What have we got against the Russians, for instance? What have the Russians got against us? A little land lost, true, but think of all the love lost. We need a new slant, a new philosophy of love and comradeship. My boy Whitman had the right idea."

"You speak too fast," Stephanos complained, "I do not understand who this Whitman is."

"Do you read poetry?"

"Mais, oui. De Musset, Verlaine,---".

"That sickly sort of thing is no good. Try reading Whitman, Walt Whitman," he pronounced the words emphatically and slapped his knee, "good virile stuff, full of spirit. Full of love too. That's Whitman, full of love."

"Ah, je comprends."

"Walt Whitman is a poet whose work initiated a change in the tone of the American language," Earl Crawford explained to him.

Lisa came in to announce that the cars were waiting outside.

"That was fast work." Larry Jacobson rose and stretched his corpulent body into activity. "Had you been planning to go all along?"

"Yes, we thought we should go."

"Good. Then I'll tag along. Don't want to miss anything."

He was in the lead, his head towering above the rest of them on the way out, and it almost seemed as though he were leading them, children, on a tour.

There was a jeep and a British car with a chauffeur waiting in the drive.

"I'd better go with you," Larry indicated Stephanos, "so I can

tell you about Whitman on the way down. Can't see how you missed him."

"Well, in that case, perhaps the Doctor will be kind enough to take Melena in his jeep," Stephanos said.

"Of course," Cassidy smiled at him.

"I'll go with them too," Frothromos said.

The chauffeur closed the door on Stephanos' car and they went down the drive. Students gathered to watch them leave and Susan, seeing Nigropontes, called to him, "Didn't your mother come?"

"No, I am waiting."

"Be a good boy," She called. The other boys laughed at him and cuffed him good-naturedly. They shouted as the car sent up clouds of dust and sped down the road and out of the school gate.

"I'd better check with the boarding department about these boys before we go," Frothromos told Cassidy. "I'll only be a minute."

"Mrs. Crawford, does have a fine flower garden." Cassidy leaned against the fender of the jeep, his long lashes veiling his eyes as he looked down on the terraced garden.

"Yes, isn't it, but she's so clever. One expects it."

Melena's green silk print rippling in the afternoon breeze outlined her lithe body and the firm young breasts and the dark hair loose over her shoulders. The girl sighed. She was savoring the fragrance

of the breeze which carried with it the garden odors. Cassidy looked up and saw her heavy-lidded eyes closed. She slowly opened them to find his clear blue eyes intent on her.

"You're so beautiful," he said. Her laugh seemed to him to radiate gently over the deserted schoolyard--even to the barren purple hills around them, and to echo gently back again into the quietness.

"Lovelier than Mrs. Crawford's flowers?" she teased. "You British are such gentlemen. You never forget to be galant, do you?"

"I wasn't being a gentleman, Melena," he said. "I still love you very much."

"Just be one then, if you please." She looked toward the bay. "You forget I am engaged to be married."

"Yes, I am fully aware of that."

"Look," she waved her hand toward the bay, "I wonder what ship that is down there."

"I wonder," he paused, "I say, there is a chance that it might be mine."

"Your ship?"

"Rather, the troopship. My word, I'll be leaving in a day or two if it is."

"You really want to go that much?"

"Heavens, yes, Melena." He began to walk in the drive.

"After what went on at lunch I don't see how these people can live with themselves."

"Why not? It is the artist in you, which makes you so impatient and impractical at times. What else can we do?"

"Well, get out, leave it."

"Not at all. This is our life. We have a way cut out, just as you have one in England."

"Bosh."

"Really, we cannot push everything over and leave it--pouf--- like sand games."

"The misery in all this mess will never change."

"No, but we try."

"You mean your scrubbing and cleaning at the hospital--a waste of time actually. How much of an effect does that have on the whole thing?"

"It makes me worthwhile."

"But what of all the woman of your class who sit around all day and do nothing?"

"That is their affair."

"It's everybody's affair then. How will anything get done around here?"

"Don't you worry. Go back to your own country where you

won't have to think about us."

"Oh do stop, Melena. WE're quarreling again."

"We're always quarreling."

"That's because I love you. I feel wretched."

"It's too late for love."

"Why?"

"I have had my love already."

"You can love again."

"I do not think so."

"I hate to go home because of you."

"Isn't there anyone in England?"

"There's always someone at home."

"Well?"

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"What do you think of my fiance?" She twisted the ring on her finger and he looked away.

"I think he's a nice chap. Urbane, well-educated, and all that, too French though. But I'm intrigued by the other one, Ion. Tell me about him, won't you. You looked rather miserable at lunch while they talked about him."

Her eyelids closed again, shutting him out, and then she said, "If I dare. You know Prothromos is coming too."

Lisa came out to them, her arms bared to the dishpan and

beads of sweat on her face. "Please give this letter to Mrs. Crawford" she said to Melena.

"I wish I were in her place," Melena mused, watching her go down the steps. "The peasants are so simple, with no past or future to contemplate."

Prothromos had come. "Okay." He was jaunty, "let's go, Doctor."

"You'd better hop in the back, old man. It would be the death of Melena, to ride in the back of a jeep."

"Don't be silly; think of all the riding in the back of a lorry I've done," she reminded him.

Cassidy glared at her, "Nevertheless you'll sit in the front seat of a jeep, lady."

"Yes, Captain."

"I don't mind," Prothromos said. "I'll just hop in beside her, and keep the dust off."

"As you were," Cassidy said. "En avance" and the jeep snub-nosed its way out of the gate with its mechanical burst of energy.

"You're quite a driver," Prothromos shouted, holding tightly to the windshield since there were no other means of support.

"This is nothing really," Melena tried to shout too. "I have ridden in a lorry with him. My, it was dreadful. It made me sick."

"You must have ridden a long way."

"Quite."

"Where was this?"

"Well, all over the northwest and the mountains."

"A pleasure trip?" he laughed.

"No, Doctor Cassidy and I," she turned to Cassidy as if for consent to go ahead, "were together in that medical unit that he took to the mountain villages."

"My goodness--did your family approve of that?"

"My uncle does not interfere with the voluntary work I do."

"And Stephanos?"

Cassidy interrupted, "Do you think the trial will last long?"

"No, they'll get it over with quickly. The government can waste more time with papers and more papers, signatures, and counter-signatures; but with something like this, they have sense enough to get it over with as quickly as possible."

"There might be danger?"

"Can't tell what they'll try to get him released perhaps.

But there'll be so many soldiers there, all the guerillas in Greece couldn't save him."

"Yes, I know the government does have a strong armed force in this district," Cassidy commented.

"Everybody gets drafted. They don't get the best training, but they are needed against the bandits."

"I suppose this American aid will be a great thing."

"It should help a lot," Prothromos replied. Now it was not too difficult to converse.

"Not if they sink it all into the military."

"They have to."

"Won't the new elections change things now that the King has died."

"Nothing will change. They'll just swap jobs, Doctor, that's all."

"You know," Cassidy's blue eyes looked intently on the worn road to avoid getting into the holes, "You know, I've just had the thought. What do you suppose Socrates would say, or Homer, if they could see the Hellas of today?"

They were passing a small village. Dirty, half-clothed children played in the dry caked earth and dust. He caught a glimpse of low dirt hovels, dark except for small charcoal fires on the floor, and dark, somber women in black shawls, knitting white wool.

"Things weren't any better in Socrates day," Prothromos said, "and they also may have been worse. As for Homer, he probably couldn't have seen much, if he really was blind. Just a few of the old Greeks had money, the rest lived on love and wine." He winked. "Very idyllic, but inefficient. We always look down on our owntimes, because we really do not think much about

the drawbacks of the past."

"But there isn't much to say for the present, especially here."

"I wouldn't be so hasty."

"You sound optimistic."

"A little money, some firm discipline, and these people will take care of themselves all right." Prothromos pointed out of the car, "This country has not been bled out entirely."

"They seem miserable and apathetic to me. You hardly ever see a young woman."

"They age quickly, from childbearing and heavy work in the fields. So many lost their husbands to the Italians or the Germans and many to the Bulgarian bastards. Sorry," he said to Melena, "you realize, Doctor, that the Bulgarians were more vicious and cruel than the Germans. The Germans were clean and practical, but those barbarians!"

"My God," he sighed, "it's hard to believe that those holes were trenches and we had to defend ourselves in them."

They passed fox holes dug into the hillsides at the edge of the city.

"Funny thing, though, we were all one people, united against the enemy then. War does that, doesn't it? Maybe that's why we have them so often. Look at that wheat crop, poor, very poor; the soil is weak. We were all one people," he repeated, his ugly

face cast with a deep sadness, "but after it was over, and the time came to shift for ourselves, what happened? Civil war and banditry. Sometimes I am doubtful, but we can't lose it, we must not give it up, especially after having fought so much."

"It's been a long struggle." Cassidy felt the man's sincerity and sadness. Sympathy stirred in him to replace the scorn for the betrayal of Ion.

The jeep was on the city road. Pink and white stucco houses with tile roofs spread along the waterfront and rose in layers up the hillside overlooking the bay. On the hillside they melted into the old Turkish quarter of the city with the cobble streets and the overhanging windows.

"What a tired old city," Cassidy said remembering his visit to the quarter last night. "You can smell the lack of sanitation mixed with jasmine. 'Garlic and Sapphires in the mud.'"

"What a pawn for empires," Prothromos said, "don't you see it that way?"

"No, not at all. See," Cassidy pointed above, "what I mean,-- Hadrian's arch. Saint Paul walked on this road en route to Athens."

"That's nice, that's fine to remember, I agree, but the economic importance seems to be paramount now, besides," he added "the road is bad for cars."

Cassidy turned down a side street and made for the waterfront. The jeep paused a minute at the intersection, with its occupants contemplating a small expanse of water with the dismal hulks of sunken ships rising out of it like some stricken prehistoric monsters. The sea was motionless as if passively waiting for the hulks, lingering in their wretchedness like dying animals, to collapse and disappear into the depths. The heat was intense, for the hills around the city contained it in an air pocket, which even the waters of the bay could not cool, since they too were warmed by the brilliant Mediterranean sun.

"We can't forget," Prothromos voice was harsh, and then, "with those things lying there, with all the wreckage and debris of the wars for reminders. That's why some of us are doing all we can to keep what we tried to hold before, at such a terrific cost. Sometimes I think it was too much, maybe even too much to pay for our country's freedom."

Cassidy started the jeep and they rode slowly along the waterfront to the inexorable end of that day.

The American prairies, continued as the ride progressed, and his broadly American ideas, his sharp proletarian, big-business inclinations, kept bringing my exasperated mind inexorably.

"Incidentally, Whitman had the right idea. Democracy--American democracy--would get the world on the right track. That's the American approach. Right, Earl?" He slapped the Dean's knee.

"You are a very active man," Stephanie marvelled.

"Say--, hell, I talk a lot. Just a lot of talk, that's all, but I'm dead serious about Walt and his vision on everything, and the more I see of this country the more certain I am."

"But this Whitman, this poet, does he not see that here, in this country and in Europe we have all the traditions of the past which are most important?"

"I hear America Singing." You've hit the nail on the head. That's just what he was against, that very idea."

"Do you not like it, eh?"

Nigropontes looked forlorn, Susan was thinking as they drove out of the grounds, and she had forgotten to see Lisa before they left. There are so many things I must remember to take care of, she thought, and this day has been as full of things to think about as all my past lifetime. She sat in the front seat with the driver while the three men were in the rear. Larry's talk like the persistent monotony of vast, billowing wheatfields in

the American prairies, continued as the rise progressed, and his homely American idiom, his sharp persistent, Midwestern intonations, kept stinging her enervated mind inescapably.

"Yessiree, Whitman had the right idea. Democracy--American democracy--would set the world on the right track. That's the American express! Right, Earl?" He slapped the Dean's knee.

"You are a very active man," Stephanos marvelled.

"Naw--, hell, I talk a lot. Just a lot of talk, that's me, but I'm dead serious about Walt and his slant on everything, and the more I see of this country the more certain I am."

"But this Whitman, this poet, does he not see that here, in this country and in Europe we have all the traditions of the past which are most important?"

"I hear America singing." You've hit the nail on the head. That's just what he was against, that very idea."

"He did not like it, eh?"

"I'll tell the world. He thought that there was too much of this 'old world' stuff and that it was time America started asserting herself. Time that we got out of the hole of traditional culture, and tried out some of our own culture for a change."

"Well, tres bien, if you have any of your own."

"We have it, don't kid yourself, especially now. Do you realize half the brains of Europe and all of the people with

ambition and drive have emigrated to America."

"The ones who have deserted their countries, that is to say."

"No, not only that. Lots of them are real refugees--from politics, from poverty, from stagnation--and America has been glad to give them refuge and opportunity."

"Bien, but America was for the Indians first. I do not understand why you took it from them. C'est vrai, n'est-ce pas, all the Americans came from some other country?"

"Sure, sure, that's why we are so unique. There was a new mixture, a new blend of many people, out of many lands and many traditions."

"It is not pure then, not pure in the sense of our traditions?"

The spring crop of wheat was golden in the sun. No winds stirred the spreading grain in the small valleys as they passed. The grain, Susan thought, traditionless and pure. It looked hopeful, but how much food was there in a few wheat fields and a few terraced grapevines?

She recalled the scent of ripe grapes on the hillsides bordering the village. The scent of musk, the warm sunny muskiness of ripe grapes, like purple cascades of an exotic perfume, overwhelmed her senses in the remembering. She thought of the earlier years and the time for wining. They had had peace once, she thought, recalling clearly the newly piled grapes and the peasants

gathering together to turn them into wine. The artless, sunny peasants without guile, without, she mused, the artifices of the haute monde--for what doubtful future were they fated in their innocence? And could the close, unquestioned past have contained them forever? The tradition bound past would some time have to give way, if not to the Communists, then to some other "wave of the future". Perhaps Larry Jacobson in his brashness was a symbol of the most serious practical threat to the old system--the Americans, with their machinery, their medicines, and their schoolbooks. She thought of the quiet charm and simple dignity of the illiterate old peasants; she thought of the innocent vivacity of peasant boys who were not unlike Nigropontes. It almost seemed regrettable that an old way of life which had strong values of its own, might not go on just as in the past. She was wistful. Realistically, she thought, it seems that change would be like the surging of the tides and the unremitting moon, inexorable.

"If you think that constantly suppressing the new, to keep the old predominant, is purity--then you can keep it."

"What would Monsieur Whitman do?"

"Why it's simple. He wants to substitute a new democracy of the arts, of schools and a new theology that would replace the old and worn outpolitical ideologies. The past is futile; sure, we

can learn from it, of course, but we can't live by it. Believe me, the world would be much better off if we substituted love and trust for hate and treachery. As Whitman wanted, we can substitute poems for treaties. Why should we spend all our time fighting and then between wars signing hypocritical treaties which are never fulfilled."

"That is part of diplomatics; we cannot do without it."

"Bah! That's the Greek attitude again although since you admire the old Greeks like Socrates and Sappho, you don't agree with Whitman. I can't see why because the old Greeks believed in love, comradeship and poetry. 'Agape'---the Greeks had the word for it! Maybe that's where Whitman got his idea for the clean healthiness of comradeship."

The clean healthiness of comradeship, she thought. Larry's phrase pushed into the cavern of her musings like a small flickering match compared to his electric ideas. Where, somewhere they had forgotten that. Of course, not so much in the practical platitudes one teaches children, but in their world, in the adult world, they had forgotten such a small concept for the larger routine ruthlessness of business and diplomacy.

They had forgotten comradeship for violent nationalism. Like the German cemetery, she thought, as they passed the immaculate rows of white-slabbed markers. Or was it really fair to put

it that way? These men buried here, almost anonymously, must have had friendship, love, and neighborliness in their individual lives back home. She reminded herself that these soldiers, the impersonal military figures, had not always been soldiers. They had been lifted out of their neighborhood life to be put into uniforms and into regiments to be buried, in the end, on a hillside far from home for the Fatherland's power and glory,----small consolation to mothers and wives, the cold idea of patriotism for the warm hands of love. Did Larry mean that in his garrulousness? These were womanly things, but had he noticed, she wondered, the cemetery as they passed it? The stigma of violence was on the landscape. We have forgotten, she thought, that we are comrades in Christ, forgotten it for the atom bomb. We have forgotten Christ for the atom bomb. How could Whitman succeed? The flowers of his mind were scattered to the winds, light and unheeded the bruised petals, except for this odd apostle, the enthusiastic gatherer in the garden of his poetry.

" 'I hear America singing,' " Larry repeated again, a touch of the fanatic in the look of his incongruously soft, full face, and his fingertips drumming rhythmically on his knees.

"You forget, I think that America may not support--I do not know the right word--but I do not think she will manage the affairs of the world any better than that of her own. You are

not empire builders, you are too much enraptured with your forty-eight countries. You know," Stephanos leaned over to tap Earl Crawford who had not said anything, "and my good friend will tell you, the Americans are here, seulment en passant. A strong empire is built on people who make it the personal career, who will give up the love of the motherland to find, shall we say, a new mistress, away from the home and the other connections."

"You may have a good point there," Larry agreed. "You may have, but I think you just didn't get my drift."

"Pardon."

"I mean, look, we don't want to tell the natives to shove over and we'll move in. Not that, the idea is a little more idealistic."

"Ah, and a little more impractical?"

"A world state maybe, like the United States set up," Larry postulated.

"Impossible," Stephanos said. "You do not know the character of the European, my friend. He must be led. Why did we have Metaxas?---Hitler?--all these strong men?" Because the poor people do not think, cannot think, but they follow discipline."

"That's because they are not educated to the other things. Give them a chance. Did you know that in your own country, out of eight million, only eight thousand get to the university. It's no

wonder they take to the pipe dreams of this Commie fellow. Communism is for the ignorant; no decently educated people like the general run of Americans, would ever fall for it."

"Do not be too certain. I have seen the Russian Bear devour many people. And here, he is at our throat."

"Well, don't worry, boy. The Yanks are coming; everything will be straightened out in jig time. Right, Mr. Crawford?"

"I hope so," Earl sighed and continued to look out of the window.

She had not thought of Ion in that way,--a Commie, as Larry called him--, since he had been her friend. He had been a friend to all of them, vague and coldly aloof at times, but alive and active always, bursting, she remembered, with the energy of the unconsciously athletic body and the alert grasping mind.

He had taken in the days before, when as she now knew, he had not been busy with the leadership, he had taken her to this village to visit some of the peasants. She had not noticed anything or been at all suspicious, for one does not look for these things in friends; that is trust, she mused, the token of friendship which is always implicit. Had he been treacherous to them? "What other choice was there?" Earl had asked her at lunch today.

He had friends here in the village, and enemies too, and she recalled the coldness in some of the faces. The tight scorn in the faces of sad, black-shrouded women, and the distrust of suntanned men came back to her in recollection. Did she imagine it now because he stood in a new light to herself so that she must find a rationale? She wondered resentfull, had he been, after all, willing to ruin all that for which she and Earl had spent years in building? Would he have, given the maximum of success with the guerillas, taken over the school and perverted all their with past/one brutal sweep.

She shook her head sadly at the houses and the children. He had loved the peasants much more than any of them. He would have, she knew the sensitive idealist, given to them what the rich owners had been holding back for centuries: not freedom, but the land. The life of the land had been taken from the peasant, but had anyone the right to give it away again? However just his motives were, could he do that? And did he deserve death for wanting to do that?

Andreas had gone to the hills under Ion's influence, no doubt, and now Andreas, too, was a prisoner for Ion's sake. What future was there for him? And for how many people did Ion's sort of idealism really promise only misery? She could glimpse the solidity of the White Tower on the bay, the fortress of the Turkish

walls where Andreas must have been discovered. The city seemed still and brooding. It was the siesta hour, when no one came out, as a rule, unless unnecessary. Who, she thought, would give up their afternoon rest to come to the trial of an already condemned man? Only the caiques with their brilliant cargoes of oranges, the casks of wine and the dark baskets of figs and olives, bobbed restlessly at the waterfront like spirited horses prancing under a tight rein. The Boats seemed eager to set their sails to the sun and the glorious islands.

"Do not forget the islands", they had said to her. As if one could forget them -- the pearls in the necklace. She remembered them now one by one. There were the colors, clear and articulate, the texture, the hot torpor of the day, and the sweet balm of placid nights. There was, too, that scent of olives and grapes mixed with the fragrance of jasmine, the acacia and the almond tree, with the memory of terraced hillsides and the timeless, fertile olive trees. She had not forgotten the islands or the dark, narrow Byzantine churches which Ion had once shown her. The whitewashed churches overlooking the splendid sea with their musty interiors, their faded saints and the smell of eternities.

"You should see Athos, and I will show you the exquisite art of religion," Ion had said, "the exquisite art of religion shut up for the grey monks to contemplate. My country is being left to

rot and decay." She had seen the pity in his clear eyes. She had seen the pity and she had not forgotten. Since he had loved with the relentlessness of the idealist, would he then have given it up to the morbid regimentation of Communism, or worse still, was that what he had forseen, his clear grey eyes looking down from the hills? Was that what he had seen for their tomorrow?

"It is naive," Stephanos said. "It is the naivete of the child. How, in our world of sophistication today, do you expect anyone to believe in that ideology? You cannot think we will renounce what we have achieved in social order and stability, for this doubtful future of comradeship?"

"You don't listen because you are afraid to. You are afraid that all the props will be kicked out from under you, all the props of the past."

"What we have said since Plato and Aristotle has been very little, my friend."

"He recognized the past too. In Calamus---the democratic song---he said,

'I see reminiscent today those Greek and
Germanic systems,
See the philosophies all, Christian Churches
and tenets see,
Yet underneath Socrates clearly see,
and underneath Christ the Divine I see,
The dear love of man for his comrade,
the attraction of friend to friend,
Of the well-married husband and wife,
of children and parents,
Of city for city and land for land.' "

Larry quoted his master with the care and fondness of the disciple. "And land for land", he repeated. "But I could go on like that for hours."

"You believe, eh, that is why it is real for you. That is why I think we cannot understand you. It is because we do not believe in anything. We have taken the church away and even the King. King George is dead and there will be another, but how much do we believe in them? Something arrives like the Communists, a new faith, or even your naive ideas, and the common man believes." Stephanos spoke wearily with the ennui of the dilettante and connoisseur. He shrugged and lit a cigarette. "See," he pointed with the holder, "our city is still in ruins because we do not believe."

"Darn it," Larry was businesslike again, and the poetry left his voice, "if some of them would stop talking politics in the cafes and start doing some work, things would get done. Maybe that's all you need--some elbow grease."

"You are joking."

"No, sir. Why should I be joking?"

"These people are sensitive. You do not understand the mentality." He tapped his skull.

"I understand the mentality of the pioneer. They were willing to work."

Larry looked his master with the same and looked at his
thoughts. "and I am for Larry," he repeated. "but I could do so

like that for hours."

"You believe, eh, that is why is it that for you. Yes, in
why I think we cannot understand you. It is because we do not

believe in anything. We have taken the church away and even the
king. King George is dead and there will be another, but how

could do we believe in that? Something arrives like the common
idea, a new belief, or even your naive ideas, and the common man

believes." "Cushman spoke wearily with the sound of the
distant and consolation. He shrugged and lit a cigarette.

"Yes," he pointed with the pointer, "our city is still in ruins
because we do not believe."

"That is," Larry was businesslike again, and the poetry
left his voice. "if some of them would stop talking politics in

the cafes and start doing some work, things would get done.
Maybe that's all you need--some elbow grease."

"You are joking."

"No, sir. Why should I be joking?"

"These people are sensitive. You do not understand the
sensitivity." He tapped his skull.

"I understand the sensitivity of the stomach. They are
willing to work."

"America had a new land. Ours--you can see for yourself, my friend--, ours is old and exhausted. There is a little hope in the American money."

"Is it true, what that British doctor said, that the rich send their money to Switzerland and America?" Larry asked bluntly.

"Ah, That I do not know." Stephanos raised his eyebrows in the customary expression of doubt.

"Well, where is everybody now? Sleeping, I suppose."

"One has to sleep in the afternoon here. It is imperative."

"Rubbish, I don't."

And to Susan, it was a strange hushed feeling, so different from the usual appearance of the city streets. The shutters had been rolled down on the shops and cafes along the waterfront. No one promenaded along the white roadway, and except for a few dark sailors on their caiques, there was no sign of life anywhere.

The car was nearing the docks and the warehouses. A trolley, noisy because of the emptiness, careened around the corner past them. Stephanos gave directions to the driver and they stopped before the dark building where the afternoon's court session was to take place.

"That is remarkable." Stephanos glanced at his wrist.

"We are not early?" He turned to Earl Crawford who was peering out of the window at the sentry guarding the door.

"America had a new ideal. Gore--you can see for yourself,
my friend--ours is old and exhausted. There is a little hope
in the American money."

"Is it true, what that British doctor said, that the rich
send their money to Switzerland and America? I am sure
that I do not know." Stephano raised his eyebrows in the
customary expression of doubt.

"Well, where is everybody now? I suppose, I suppose."
"One has to sleep in the afternoon here. It is imperative."

"Impossible, I don't!"
And so began, it was a strange married feeling, so different
from the usual appearance of the city streets. The darkness had
been rolled down on the shops and cafes along the waterfront.
He one approached along the white road, and except for a few
dark shadows on their shadows, there was no sign of life anywhere.
The car was near the door and the windows. A woman,
only because of the eagerness, crossed the corner past
them. Stephano gave directions to the driver and they stopped
before the dark building where the afternoon's court session was
to take place.

"That is remarkable," Stephano glanced at his wrist.
"So are not early?" he turned to Earl Bradford who was peering
out of the window at the night guarding the door.

"I doubt it. Let's wait until Prothromos gets here. We may have the wrong building."

"No. This is it," Stephanos insisted. "May I get you something to drink, Mrs. Crawford, he indicated the cafe across the street, "while we wait?"

"No, thank you," Susan replied. "I'm quite comfortable here. It's been a pleasant ride in comparison with the bouncing in the jeep."

"Yes, a jeep is so unbeautiful, is it not, but so practical vraiment. Our roads are not good."

"The G. I.'s will fix them up," Larry said with certainty. "It will be good to see an American soldier again."

"Yes," Susan agreed. "I'm beginning to get homesick just by thinking about it."

"Ah, Mrs. Crawford, you will want to return to America," Stephanos said. "This is an unhappy time here, but do not forget the old days. We have to remember the past."

"Yes, We have the past to remember," she said.

"Tell me," he said, "how is your charming child Leslie? Is she in school in America?"

"As far as I know." Susan smiled at him. "It's so hard keeping track of your child when you're eight thousand miles away." She glanced at her husband for confirmation. He did not look at

"I don't see how it can be. I'm afraid you're wrong."

"I have no strong feelings."

"No. This is it," Stephen said. "Say I get you

something to drink, Mrs. Crawford, he indicated the cafe across

the street, "while we wait."

"No, thank you," Susan replied. "I'm quite comfortable

here. It's been a pleasant ride in comparison with the journey

in the past."

"Yes, a day is no unpleasant, is it not, but so practical

arrangement. Our roads are not good."

"The G. I. will fix that up," Larry said with certainty.

"It will be good to see an American soldier again."

"Yes," Susan agreed. "I'm beginning to get interested just

by talking about it."

"Ab, Mrs. Crawford, you will want to return to America."

Stephen said. "This is an unhappy time here, but so not

forget the old days. We have to remember the past."

"Yes, we have the past to remember," she said.

"Tell me," he said, "how is your charming child looking?

Is she in school in America?"

"As far as I know," Susan smiled at him. "It's so hard

keeping track of your child when you're eight thousand miles away."

She glanced at her husband for confirmation. He did not look at

her, but said quietly, "I wonder why it's so quiet. You would think they'd all be down here at an important event like this."

"No, Mr. Crawford," Stephanos said. "I think the government warned them not to make difficulties. Now they send you to prison for looking like a Communist. It is dangerous to even say the word. Ah, here are the others. Let us get out."

"Whew, what a trip!" Melena laughed, shaking herself like a tousled pup. "We are grateful to the doctor for letting us live."

"Oh really, it wasn't too awful, was it? Cassidy asked.

"What is the matter? Prothromos spoke to Earl Crawford.

"I don't know. This is the right place, isn't it, Prothromos?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he said impatiently. "I'll ask the sentry how it stands."

They crowded behind him into the doorway, while Prothromos conversed with the soldier.

"He says he cannot say anything."

"How stupid," Stephanos fumed. "Let me talk to him." The soldier threw up his hands and opened the door. A Greek officer with the insignia of a captain saluted him, and waved him off.

"Why, it's Lazarus----my brother," Melena said. They all regarded him expectantly.

"Yes, I am Lazarus, back from the dead." His hands clenched at his sides, he bowed stiffly at them like an actor mimicking the grand gesture.

but, but said nothing, "I wonder why it's so quiet. The words
think they'd all be down here as an important event like this."
"No, Mr. Bealman," Bealman said. "I think the government
wanted them not to make difficulties. How they want you to think
for looking like a Communist. It is dangerous to even say the
word. So they are the others. Let us get out."
"What, what a thing!" Nelson laughed, shaking himself like a
toyed pup. "We are grateful to the doctor for letting us live."
"Oh really. It wasn't too awful, was it? Gladly asked.
"Gladly the patient? Bealman spoke to Neil Crawford.
"I don't know. This is the right place, isn't it, Crawford?"
"Yes, yes, of course," he said lazily. "I'll ask the
nearly how it stands."
They crowded behind him into the doorway, while Bealman
conversed with the soldier.
"He says he cannot say anything."
"How stupid," Bealman roared. "Let me talk to him." The
soldier threw up his hands and opened the door. A Greek officer
with the insignia of a captain waited him, and waved him off.
"Oh, it's a luxury---by brother," Nelson said. "They all
regarded his expectancy.
"Yes, I am waiting, back from the head." His hands clasped
at his chest, he bowed stiffly at them like an actor miming the
great gesture.

"They have given me the great honor of being the officer of the day," he said derisively, and his full lips, with the dark mustache obscuring his youthful face, smiled down at them. "But come in, come in." He stepped aside, pointing to the deserted room."

"He has been drinking," Prothromos whispered.

"You are just in time," Lazarus said, "I have been looking for company. You see they have allowed no one to come down to see our friend off."

"...see our friend off?" Melena echoed for them all.

"There was no farewell for Ion, my dear sister."

"What are you talking about?"

"He is dead."

"No!"

"He was shot by a firing squad under my command an hour ago." Lazarus tapped his epaulettes. "You are a little too late for that sporting little party, but you are just in time to celebrate the wake with me. I have some good wine."

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"They have given me the great honor of being the officer of the day," he said seriously, and his tall figure with the dark mustache appearing in youthful face, smiled down at them. "But come in, come in." He stepped aside, pointing to the deserted room.

"He has been drinking," Robinson whispered.

"You are just in time," Lanyon said, "I have been looking for company. You see they have allowed no one to come down to see our island off."

"..... see our friend off?" Lanyon asked for that.

"There was no farewell for you, my dear sister."

"What are you talking about?"

"He is dead."

"Dead?"

"He was shot by a firing squad under my command an hour ago." Lanyon tapped his spectacles. "You are a little too late for that sporting little party, but you are just in time to celebrate the week with me. I have some good wine."

"You are drunk while he lay," Stephanie said. "That is disgraceful."

"I am celebrating."

"You are disgracing your sister and me."

"My sister has already disgraced me, and as for you, my dearest brother-in-law, let me tell you,"--he snapped his fingers in Stephanie's face,--"you are not and never could be his equal."

"What are you saying?"

"He would have been the husband even she does not deserve."

"What is that?"

"Stop it! you're talking nonsense, Lazarus," Edna interfered, tears in her eyes. "Please tell us what happened."

"There, don't cry," Lazarus soothed her inmost comfort.

Stephanie drew Edna away. "It is celebrate when people die then we can take it easier." He looked at Cecily. "That is what your British pilots did during the war. Give a party when

you "But there was no trial! They just couldn't have done it this way---killed him without a trial!" Earl Crawford exclaimed.

"And why not?" Lazarus' English was clear and forceful.

"Why, there was no legal verdict issued, was there?"

"A mere formality." He pulled out a bottle from the desk draw and fumbled with the cork. "Some of our fine Mavrodaphne?"

"No." Earl Crawford waved him off. A glass was in his

"But there was no light! They just couldn't have done it
 this way---killed him without a trial!" Earl Crawford exclaimed.
 "And why not?" Lawrence, English was clear and forcible.
 "Why, there was no legal verdict issued, was there?"
 "A mere formality." He pulled out a bottle from the desk
 and fumbled with the cork. "Some of our fine Massachusetts"
 "No", Earl Crawford waved his off.

"You are drunk while on duty," Stephanos said. "That is disgraceful."

"I am celebrating."

"You are disgracing your sister and me."

"My sister has already disgraced me, and as for you, my dearest brother-in-law, let me tell you,"--he snapped his fingers in Stephanos' face,---"you are not and never could be his equal."

"What are you saying?"

"He would have been the husband even she does not deserve."

"What is this?"

"Stop it; you're talking nonsense, Lazarus." Melena interfered, tears in her eyes. "Please tell us what happened."

"There, don't cry." Lazarus soothed her in mock comfort.

Stephanos drew Melena away. "If we celebrate when people die then we can take it easier." He looked at Cassidy. "That is what your British pilots did during the war. Give a party when your best friend is killed!"

No one spoke.

"Not right, Captain?" He began pulling chairs together.

"Please sit down, my friends."

The scraping sounds echoed in the empty, high-ceilinged room. It appeared to be a converted warehouse or storeroom. A few high windows let in spots of light which traced themselves in squares

"You are drunk while on duty," Sergeant said. "That is

disgraceful."

"I am celebrating."

"You are disrupting your sister and me."

"My sister has already celebrated me, and so has the

doctor brother-in-law, but he told you"--he stopped his tirade
in Sergeant's face, "you are not and never could be his equal."

"What are you saying?"

"He would have been the husband even if he had not married."

"What is that?"

"Stop it! You're talking nonsense, nonsense." Sergeant interrupted,

stare in her eyes. "Please tell me what happened."

"There, don't say," Lawrence scowled but took no notice.

Sergeant drew Lawrence away. "If we celebrate when people die

then we can take it easier." He looked at Cassidy. "That is

what your British pilot did during the war. Give a party when

your best friend is killed!

No one spoke.

"That right, Captain?" He began pulling Cassidy together.

"Please sit down, my friends."

The scraping sounds echoed in the empty, high-ceilinged room.

It appeared to be a converted warehouse or storeroom. A few high

windows let in spots of light which traced themselves in squares

on the damp cement walls. Lazarus had not put on any lights. Just a few benches had been arranged as if for an audience, but the others were stacked against the wall in dusty protest against their intrusion. Only the open street door, like an escape hatch, oriented them to their surroundings. It was like being in an immense tomb-like structure, as if one were to find the body buried there and the door, now open, to be shut forever--barred against time and the worms.

"It is so quiet." Susan whispered.

"Well, let us be gay, then." Lazarus raised his glass. "Skol: To Ion."

"That is anathema," Prothromos protested. "You should not make jokes out of it."

"The self-righteous Pharisee is in our midst," Lazarus mocked and put down his glass. He leaned toward Prothromos and said, "Who should we drink to,---the betrayers?"

"I won't stand for this."

"Lazarus," Melena begged, "Please---,"

"Why? I am speaking the truth, am I not? We are all friends here, gathered together to mourn our friend. Why should we not be frank with each other? Why should we not talk as friends? Surely we would not betray each other now. The serpent is out of our company." He finished with a flourish of the glass and looked

on the damp cement walls. Lazarus had not put on any lights. The
 a few benches had been arranged as if for an audience, but the
 others were stacked against the wall in dusty protest against their
 position. Only the open street door, like an escape hatch,
 opened back to their surroundings. It was like being in an
 immense tomb-like structure, as if one were to find the body buried
 there and the door, now open, to be shut forever--barred against
 time and the world.

"It is so quiet." Susan whispered.

"Well, for us he says, then." Lazarus raised his glass. "Good."

"To Tom."

"That is another," Prothman protested. "You should not

take sides out of it."

"The self-righteous phrases in our midst," Lazarus moaned

and put down his glass. He leaned toward Prothman and said, "Who

should we drink to---the betrayer?"

"I won't stand for this."

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"Why? I am speaking the truth as I see it. We are all friends

here, gathered together to mourn our friend. Why should we not be

frank with each other? Why should we not talk as friends? Surely

we would not betray each other now. The serpent is out of our

company." He finished with a flourish of the glass and looked

around the room. They listened as if enthralled.

"It was not very hard. If you are given an order you have to carry it out; then it is over with, just like that. So, the Governor General decides that he should be executed. 'Issue the order to the officer in charge immediately,' he says, and the officer in charge proceeds to do his duty very efficiently. I am a good officer. That is about all that I can do well."

"This is terrible." Melena covered her face with her hands.

"But that's anarchy," Cassidy said. "The game isn't played that way. You can't shoot a man without convicting him after a fair trial."

Lazarus smiled tolerantly, "In England that is how things may be,--'fair play' and all that--but here we are turned brother against brother and mother against child. We cannot wait for tomorrow; they could not wait to let him die properly."

"That's what I can't understand!" Earl Crawford said. "Why did they do it this way?"

"They could not afford to take the risk. They say there was a plot by the bandits to plant a bomb in the prison to help Ion escape, but their plan was foiled. A village boy was captured early this morning and they made him talk by noon."

"Was the boy tortured?"

around the room. They listened as it unfolded.

"It was not very hard. If you are given an order you have to carry it out; that is all over that, just like that. So, the Governor General decides that he should be executed. I gave the order to the officer in charge immediately, he says, and the officer in charge proceeds to do his duty very efficiently. I am a good officer. That is about all that I can do well."

"This is terrible." Nelson covered her face with her hands.

"But that's exactly," Gansby said. "The case isn't played that way. You can't shoot a man without convicting him after a fair trial."

Leland said tolerantly, "In England that is how things may be, but in this place, and all that--but here we are turned prisoner against prisoner and another against child. We cannot wait for tomorrow; they could not wait to let him die properly."

"That's what I can't understand!" Karl Crawford said. "Why did they do it this way?"

"They could not afford to take the risk. They say there was a plot by the bandits to plant a bomb in the prison to help John escape, but their plan was frustrated. A village boy was caught early this morning and they made him talk by noon."

"Was the boy tortured?"

Lazarus poured more wine into the glass. "Will no one join me? He drained the wine in one long drink. " 'Did they torture him?' you ask. What a question!"

"Well, did they?"

"I could hear the screams from my desk, and he was only a boy."

"Not much older than yourself," Susan said.

"What did he tell?" Prothomos asked.

"That's a good question, a very good question, but I should not be discussing it with you. I am under His Majesty's oath. Oh, excuse me," he bowed his head, "The King is dead. I had forgotten."

"Where is he now,--the boy?" Prothomos persisted.

"They released him after he confessed.

"Did he reveal any of the bandit hideouts?"

"Not that I know of. He told them of a newspaper press in the city. The police have confiscated it. They have smashed the free press!" His voice rose. "We have only certain papers to read and those which do not agree with the government must go."

"How many others were caught?"

"No one. The place was deserted. They were smart enough for that."

"Where has the boy gone? Back to the hills?"

"How should I know?"

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Lawrence turned away from the door. "Will no one join
me? He drained the wine in one long drink. "The only fortune

that you ask. What a question!"

"Well, did they?"

"I could hear the answer from my desk, and he was only a boy."

"Not much older than yourself," Owen said.

"What did he tell?" Professor asked.

"That's a good question, a very good question, but I should

not be discussing it with you. I am under His Majesty's order.

Oh, excuse me," he bowed his head. "The King is dead. I had

forgotten."

"There it is now,--the boy?" Professor persisted.

"They released him after he confessed.

"Did he reveal any of the details?"

"Not that I know of. He told them of a newspaper press in

the city. The police have confiscated it. They have searched the

free press! His voice rose. "We have only certain papers to read

and those which do not agree with the government must go."

"How many others were caught?"

"To one. The place was deserted. They were smart enough

for that."

"Where has the boy gone? Back to the hills?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, that's that." Prothromos shrugged. "Let's go."

"Oh, no, please stay," Lazarus said holding his arm. "We have not done just honors to the dead."

"There are no honors to a traitor's death."

"Hear, hear!"

"You have had too much wine. Why don't you stop out of respect to the women at least?" Stephanos said.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Crawford," and he added in Greek to Stephanos, "but I have no respect for my sister."

"What could I have done, Lazarus?" Melena looked up at him, the long lashed fringed brightly with tears.

"If you have any decent feelings, if you loved him you would have married him."

"But what good would that have done?"

"He might not have been so rash in his actions lately."

"What is all this, Melena?" Stephanos asked in Greek also moving toward her.

"It is nothing," she replied. "It is all gone by."

"It is not gone by. You turned him down because Uncle wanted you to marry money."

"You are talking about yourselves like peasants." Stephanos' face was strained with contempt. "Have you no pride?" He turned to the others, "I am sorry."

"Well, that's a fine," said the woman, looking at the man.
"Oh, no, please stop," said the man, holding his arm. "We
have not done just now to the best."
"There are no honors to a traitor's death."
"Dear, dear!"
"You have had too much wine. Why don't you stop out of
respect to the woman at least?" the woman said.
"Forgive me, Mrs. Crawford," and he stood in Greek to
Stephanos, "but I have no respect for my sister."
"What could I have done, Alexander?" she said looking up at him.
The four looked brightly with tears.
"If you have any decent feelings, if you loved him you would
have married him."
"But what good would that have done?"
"He might not have been so rash in his actions lately."
"What is all this, Alexander?" Stephanos asked in Greek also.
moving toward her.
"It is nothing," she replied. "It is all gone by."
"It is not gone by. You turned his own disease. You wanted
you to marry money."
"You are talking about yourselves like parasites," Stephanos
face was strained with contempt. "Have you no pride?" He turned
to the others. "I am sorry."

"I have no pride. Not after this." Lazarus refused to give it up. His dark eyes, large and heavy lidded like Melena's, flashed at Stephanos.

"He was my friend as well as yours."

"Beh, 'friend', 'friend' indeed! He would not have been the friend of a collaborator with the Germans."

"You're mad."

"The whole town knows about it. Weren't you aware of that?" I am ashamed to have my sister engaged to you and your money."

"You forget that you live off the goodness of your uncle."

"I don't forget, but we don't need your accursed money."

"That is Melena's choice."

"She can break off the engagement."

"Oh, Lazarus."

"You will, won't you?"

"How can I?"

"This is stupid," Stephanos said. "I'll not have your childish interference until I have talked with your uncle."

"See, even he is beginning to doubt himself. A fine lover, Melena," he taunted her. "Why do you have to talk to Uncle, can't you think for yourself?"

"That's enough of this stupid masquerade," Stephanos said angrily. "I will settle with you later!" He bowed over Susan's

"I have no friends. Not after this." Lakshmi returned to give
it up. His dark eyes, large and heavy lidded like Lakshmi's,
flashed at Sreedhar.

"He was my friend as well as yours."
"Yes, friend," Lakshmi said. "He will not have been the
friend of a collaborator with the Germans."

"You're mad."
"The whole town knows about it. How can you swear of that?"
I am ashamed to have my sister engaged to you and your money."

"You forget that you live off the goodness of your uncle."
"I don't argue, but we don't need your cursed money."
"That is Lakshmi's choice."

"So can break off the engagement."
"Oh, Lakshmi."
"You will, won't you?"

"How can I?"
"This is stupid," Sreedhar said. "I'll not have your
childish interference until I have talked with your uncle."

"Yes, even he is beginning to doubt himself. A fine lover,
Lakshmi," he said to her. "Why do you have to talk to Uncle, and
you think for yourself?"

"That's enough of this stupid nonsense," Sreedhar said
angrily. "I will settle with you later!" He bowed over Lakshmi's

hand. "We are behaving like children. I am so sorry that your time has been so disagreeable."

"Yes, yes, it's all too disagreeable. Let us go on with party." Lazarus bent stiffly to offer Susan some wine.

"I think we'd better go," she said and stood up uncertainly in the dark emptiness of the place.

"Yes," Earl Crawford rose too, "but--"he approached Lazarus---
"It's hard to believe, my boy. So unexpected. We looked for something else, I guess."

"What else?" He did not look at him.

"Exile, perhaps. Not death. At least not death that way-- away from anyone who knew him."

"I was his friend, and I was there."

"Of course. We all knew him, though none of us had seen him for a long time."

"I was the fortunate one to be elected for the executioner."

"It was not your fault, my boy. There was nothing you could have done about it. We can't forget that we knew him as a friend-- the old Ion, before he had changed. That is what we must remember, and only that."

"You talk as if he had become a Gorgon," Lazarus smiled wanly.

"No, but he must have changed into something we could not

hand. "We are becoming like children. I am so sorry that you

time has been so disagreeable."

"Yes, yes, it's all too disagreeable. Let us go on with

party." Lazzarus put skillily to offer them some wine.

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him for a long time."

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"It was not your fault, my boy. There was nothing you could

have done about it. We can't forget that we knew him as a friend--

the old man, before he had changed. That is what we must remember,

and only that."

"When talk as if he had become a demon," Lazzarus smiled

wearily.

"No, but he must have changed into something we could not

understand."

"He only did what he thought would help his country and the peasants."

"He chose the wrong method, then," Earl Crawford replied coldly, looking about at the others.

"You are a sensible man," Lazarus appeared to be sober, his brooding gaze levelled on the blue eyes of the American before him, his dark skin and hands a contrast to the immaculate pallor of Earl Crawford's face, "you must love our country, since you have been willing to stay with us through all this. Tell me," he said,--I am no longer drunk," and he put down the glass. "Tell me if you think we might have given him all the rights he deserved. Was the treatment we gave him fair?"

"Do not say 'we';" Earl Crawford cautioned, running his hands through his hair. "That is the wrong idea. We could not be held responsible for the government's behavior, and we cannot do anything about it now anyway."

"I do not mean today only. I mean before this happened. Should he have been informed against?"

"Oh," Earl's voice fell, in the large hall-like room. "That is something else entirely."

"On the contrary, it was a part of the whole business, and one important aspect of it. If he had not been imprisoned, he

understand."

"The only way that he thought would help his country and the government."

"He does the wrong method, then," said Crawford quickly.

He said, looking about at the others.

"You are a sensible man," Lamson appeared to be sober, his brooding gaze levelled on the blue eyes of the American before him, his dark skin and hands a contrast to the impassive yellow of Earl Crawford's face, "you must love our country, since you have been willing to stay with us through all this. Tell me," he said, "--I am no longer drunk," and he put down the glass. "Tell me if you think we might have given him all the rights he deserved. Was the treatment we gave him fair?"

"Do not say 'we'," said Crawford caustically, turning his hands through his hair. "That is the wrong idea. We could not be held responsible for the government's behavior, and we cannot do anything about it now anyway."

"I do not mean today only. I mean before this happened. Should we have been informed earlier?"

"No," said Crawford's voice fell, in the large hall-like room. "That is something else entirely."

"On the contrary, it was a part of the whole business, and one important aspect of it. If he had not been imprisoned, he

might still be-----."

"Still be in the hills, leading the guerillas," his voice trembled. "Don't you agree that we had no right either, to let that kind of thing go on? Not considering the politics of it, aren't the guerillas robbing, killing and devastating the country? How long are you going to put up with that?" He paused as if exhausted. "No, we had no other choice. We simply had no other choice. I have said this before, today, and I still affirm it! One thing is regrettable, and that is that he at least should have been allowed a fair trial at the end."

"What would we have gotten, a pound of flesh?" Lazarus asked. "There was no other end for him but death, Mr. Crawford. Yet, doesn't it occur to you that the injustice was not in killing him, but in his having forced into that life? He was no real bandit; he was not callous and cruel in war. It is war, too. In war there is no other course: kill or be killed for your cause. I think the treachery is with us, with the country, in making a bandit out of him."

"The idea is preposterous. I don't see what we had to do with his becoming a guerilla."

"Of course, you don't see." Lazarus smiled again sadly, with the tired lines of age near his mouth and nostrils. "How can you, if you really felt that he was justly imprisoned?"

"-----ed like again

"Will be in the line, leading the guerrillas," his voice
 trembled. "Don't you agree that we had no right either to let
 that kind of thing go on? Not considering the politics of it,
 even if the guerrillas robbed, killed and devastated the
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 paused as if exhausted. "No, we had no other choice. We
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 I will still say it: One thing is regrettable, and that is that we
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"What would we have gotten, a pound of flesh?"
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 Yet, doesn't it occur to you that the injustice was not in
 killing him, but in his having forced into that life? He was no
 real bandit; he was not evil and cruel in war. It is war, you
 see. There is no other course: kill or be killed for your cause.
 I think the procedure is with us, with the country, in making a
 death out of him."

"The idea is grotesque. I don't see what we had to do
 with his becoming a guerrilla."
 "Of course, you don't see," Lamorne said again, with
 the tired lines of age near his mouth and nostrils. "How can you,
 if you really felt that he was justly imprisoned?"

"You are being mysterious." words from his mouth like

"I do not mean to be, I assure you. There is something about us, about all of us, that is rather foul. We all share some part in the real crime, in letting this happen. our country

"It is happening in practically every country surrounding you," Earl Crawford replied.

"That's it, that's just it. If it is happening so much, then it must mean something." He shrugged, spreading his hands---the expressive Mediterranean summation of futility--his eyes heavy lidded and somber, the burning questions of the young suppressed at the surface. "I felt at times, that if I had had Ion's courage, I would have done the same thing. What courage it takes, though!" He shook his head, and said abjectly, "You should have seen him die." He closed his eyes as if to recall the memory. "It was the same look he always had, in the snow and sunshine in the mountains, as if something were out of his sight and beyond. He had the courage to stake everything on his ideal. We who have no ideals neither live nor die. He had his ideals, and even if we consider them wrong, we cannot mistake the integrity." Lazarus monologue continued with the monotony of deliberation. in the light. They all

"I didn't think he knew who I was because he didn't seem to see me. I thought they might have drugged him, but not Ion. He spoke and I knew that he did know. He said," Lazarus' voice

"You are being hysterical."

"I do not seem to be, I assure you. There is something

about us, about all of us, that is rather foul. We all share

some part in the real crime, in letting this happen.

"It is happening in practically every country surrounding

you," said Oswald's replied.

"That's it, that's just it. This is happening so much, that

it must mean something." He shrugged, spreading his hands---the

expressive Mediterranean mannerism of fertility---his eyes heavy

filled and somber, the burning questions of his young expression

at the surface. "I felt at times, that if I had had Joe's courage,

I would have done the same thing. What courage it takes, though!"

He shook his head, and said apologetically, "You should have seen him die."

He closed his eyes as if to recall the memory. "It was the same

look he always had, in the snow and sunshine in the mountains, as

if something were out of his sight and beyond. He had the courage

to stake everything on his ideal. We who have no ideals neither

live nor die. He had his ideals, and even if we consider them

wrong, we cannot mistake the integrity." Lazarus' monologue con-

tinued with the monotony of deliberation.

"I didn't think he knew who I was because he didn't seem

to see me. I thought they might have dragged him, but not him.

He spoke and I knew that he did know. He said, "Lazarus' voice

jerked out the strongly accented words from his mouth like
 thudding steps across the floor of the room, "he said,
'Yassou, Lazare,' just like that, as if we were meeting on the
 street. I did not give him any answer, 'I leave you our country
 with its agonies,' he said, and added, 'May you live well.' Then
 I gave the order to fire."

A gust of wind, like a summons from the bay, slammed the door
 shut cutting off the slanting rays of the afternoon sun and the
 sound of the sentry's boots.

"I'll get it." Larry Jacobson made for the door. The others
 shifted in the chairs waiting for him.

"It is very late..." Susan murmured to her husband.

"We must go," he said. "Yes."

Lazarus said no more. His dark/^{head}slumped in the attitude of
 despair. Melena brushed his cheeks with her lips. "Addio," she
 whispered, and they filed out in silence.

"Shall we close the door?" Larry asked.

"Close it," Melena answered. They stood together on the
 sidewalk.

"How horrible," Susan said, blinking in the light. They all
 blinked like people suddenly disturbed in the nighttime.

"So many people died here on the streets from hunger during
 the famine. We have seen worse. You are not used to war, Madame."

Stephanos offered cigarettes.

"So these things really happen." Larry's appalled voice sounded naive.

"You will never know, fortunately, my friend."

"Let us not think of it," Prothromos said. "It is all over."

"Do you think so?" Earl Crawford scratched the pavement with his foot. "I don't think that just because Ion is dead, the guerillas will come down from the hills and abandon the fight. Somebody will take his place. The spring offensive routed only one group of them, how long will it take to clear them all out?"

"Don't forget the Americans are coming."

"Yes, I forgot. It's been so long since this morning. Seems as if we left the hill ages ago, doesn't it?"

"Well," Stephanos was brisk, "shall we arrange about going home?"

"I forgot this note," Melena said, fumbling in her bag.

"Your maid sent it down."

"Thank you, Melena," Susan excused herself to read it.

"I am staying in town," Stephanos said to Earl Crawford.

"My man will take you back."

"I'll take Melena home," Cassidy offered.

"Goodby, Mrs. Crawford." Melena thanked Susan for the luncheon.

"Come again," Susan waved from the car. "Let me know when you

are leaving," she called to Cassidy. They drove away. Stephanos, Cassidy and the girl were left together.

"Well, Doctor, it is goodbye," Stephanos stretched out his hand, "if you are going to leave us. We should like you to stay here of course, but --."

"Thanks awfully. It has been a good visit though."

"You will be all right, my dear?" He spoke to Melena. "I'll call on you in a day or two." He bowed over her hand.

"Goodbye, Stephanos," she whispered, her voice husky with controlled emotion. He waved her a kiss from the sidewalk,

"Au revoir, ma cherie."

"What a time." Cassidy sped along the waterfront.

"You had better go slow here,"

"I've had it! This afternoon is about all I can stomach."

"You will be leaving soon."

"Come with me, Melena!" He was unrestrained and vehement.

"Come with me to England away from all this."

She smiled sadly and shook her head. "It would be impossible to go now, more than ever."

"Why, why do you say that?"

"Because of my brother. I had the feeling he was right in some ways. Not that we can undo anything, but we have to live it out at least."

"What was going on between him and Stephanos? Sounded rather wretched."

"Lazarus does not approve of Stephanos."

"Good for him."

"It is not fair," her voice faltered. "I think he has ruined everything."

"What do you mean?"

"He told Stephanos about Ion."

"What about him?"

"What about him! Why, that I once loved him, of course."

"What of it?"

"Don't be stupid. In this country it is not proper to have been in love with anyone else. It has much significance for the fiance. I suppose he will break off the engagement anyway," she added monotonously.

"My word. Just for that?"

"Not just for that; because of that."

"Then you'd be free." He turned toward her. The rays from the afternoon sun glowed on his smile, and his blue eyes enveloped her as if bodily. He stopped the jeep.

"For you," she said, "who have not shared our past with us, it would be hard to understand. But it is all of what we have know together that makes us stay together. I know, it has been

bitter and miserable, this afternoon especially, but we have all been in it together. The way it is when you have grown up with someone. The ties are forever and they mean more than any other new thing. It is like the way going home will be for you. Slowly things will come back to you, and you will recognize the past. You may have forgotten it for awhile, but you will remember."

"I will remember, Melena."

"We have to live this out---," she ignored him----"Lazarus, Stephanos, myself. We are all a part of it as my brothersaid. We have to keep our place and live it out or nothing will remain." She straightened out her skirts as if to go. He took her hand and stroked it.

"You are so fine."

"Fine?"

"Good, I mean."

"You do not know. It took Lazarus and this afternoon to bring out a little good in me. We had so little time for real strength and he is right. Our world shrank to personal and selfish happiness, but that is also understandable since we had known only misery for such a long time." She smiled at him.

"You look the way your brother did."

"Yes, I know. I am tired, so tired." She stood outside of the jeep and beside him on the sidewalk. He noticed the look of fatigue

in her usually alert figure, in the lustreless eyes and the heavy lids.

"You should give up the hospital work, you know."

"That is all I have to make me feel worthy. Do not make me give that up."

"I'll let you go, but tell me when I shall see you again."

"Never." She walked toward the door of the apartment house.

"It is better for Stephanos that I should not be seen with you."

"What difference does he make now?"

"I shall do all I can to marry him."

"What!"

"It will be a good marriage."

"You are bloody practical about it, I must say."

"It is the only thing to do. My life is here." She held out her hand and clasped his firmly, "Goodbye. I hope you have a pleasant journey back to your own country."

"Not goodbye!"

"Goodbye," she repeated.

"I love you, Melena," he said, and walked back to the jeep. She waved, a lonely figure in green silk, the wind from the bay whipping her skirts about her slenderness; she waved at him, ruefully and in awe, the way children do who are being left behind. He did not look back.

in her usually empty chair, in the lamplight, she said:

heavy line.

"You should give up this hospital work, you know."

Wanda said she had to make me feel worthy. Do not make me

give that up."

"I'll let you go, but when I shall see you again."

"Never." She walked toward the door of the apartment house.

"It is better for Stephen that I should not be seen at the house."

"That Stephen does he care now?"

"I shall do all I can to marry him."

"Wanda!"

"It will be a good marriage."

"You are already married about it, I must say."

"It is the only thing to do. My life is here," she said and

her hand and clasped his hand, "Wanda, I hope you have a pleasant

journey back to your own country."

That evening

"Wanda," she repeated.

"I love you, Wanda," he said, and raised her to the floor. She

seemed a lonely figure in green silk, the blue from the day

slipping her skirts about her head; she waved at him, smiling

and in awe, the wet children do who are being left behind.

So did not look back.

might and fired the statues and the doors of the old monastery. The Turkish walls, dark and ruinous, extended a ghastly arc about the city buildings.

People stirred, and the feeling of restlessness which agitated when a city rises after sleep pervaded the streets. The last few hours of January shined with the wind-swept dust and the sweet smell of goats being led out of the town to the hills. There was the gentle music of bells mixed with the nervous crack of water cars rattling over the cobble, the clatter together in a grey row of the road side while the black-garbed shepherd moved his goats down toward the road back to the school house and itself with a belt of dark velvet on the mountainside.

"There's something so infantile about death," says Aristotle before the silence in the air. "Only one space. The one space must be, perhaps, when it happens in bed, the way we expect people to die at home. For God, why is death so monstrous when it

The town had come alive again, the grey shutters in the shops were ravelled again and people sat at the sidewalk cafes sipping coffee. The cool breeze whipped in from the bay and the hills beyond, where grey mistshad settled over Olympos. The wind rocked the caiques like a lullaby, and the young boys and girls began, arm in arm, the late afternoon promenade along the waterfront. The sun seemed to burn on the hill overlooking the city, where it

caught and fired the windows and the domes of the old monastery. The Turkish walls, dark and ruinous, extended a sunburnt arm about the city buildings.

People stirred, and the feeling of restlessness which appears when a city rises after sleep pervaded the streets. The tender scent of jasmine mixed with the wind-swept dust and the animal smell of goats being led out of the town to the hills. There was the gentle music of bells mixed with the raucous sound of motor cars impatient with the animals, who shied together in a grey mass at the road side while the black-garbed shepherd moved his crook among them. The road back to the school unwound itself like a bolt of dark velvet on the mountainside.

"There's something so intangible about death." Larry Jacobson broke the silence in the car. Nobody else spoke. "You can understand it, somehow, when it happens in bed, the way we expect people to die at home. But God, why is death so elusive when it happens this way? Almost unbelievable."

"It may be because we did not actually witness it," Earl Crawford said. Not having seen it, he thought, is what makes it endurable, and unbelievable, as Larry says. He didn't want to believe, he knew, in Ion's death, because he had not been prepared for that. He felt frustrated. I wanted it to be conclusive, he thought, and fair. That poor boy Lazarus had seen it as taking

... and then the window and the door of the old monastery.
The Turkish walls, dark and ruinous, extended a hundred and about
the city buildings.

... feeling of restlessness which appeared
when a city rises after night - crowded the streets. The tender
sound of fountains mixed with the wind-swept rust and the animal
swell of voices being led out of the town to the hills. There was
the gentle music of bells mingled with the low-toned notes of music
came important with the animals, who which together in a great mass
at the road side while the black-crowned crows were the crows
among them. The road back to the school was not itself like a
belt of dark velvet on the mountainside.

"There's something so mysterious about death," Larry Jacobson
proke the silence in the car. Nobody else spoke. "You can under-
stand it, somehow, when it happens in bed, the way we expect people
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obscure, and unobtainable, as Larry says. He didn't want to
believe, he knew, in man's death, because he had not been pre-
pared for that. He felt frustrated. I wanted it to be conclusive,
he thought, and fair. That poor boy Jacobson had seen it as being

the pound of flesh. Was it that? I gave Ion up to the police in the first place because I am a law-abiding man, he thought. I am, perhaps, even able to see some good in what he had been trying to do, but that was not the problem for me to settle. The authorities were the ones to decide that. Since he had been wanted by them, it was a question between the law and Ion, so he and Prothromos had exposed him. Yet now he felt he had been cheated out of the legal conclusion. He could not understand the injustice of it, if indeed it could be understood at all, Earl Crawford thought.

"That boy, Lazarus must have had a heck of a time of it. I'd hate to have been in his shoes. Imagine giving the order to fire on your own friend," Larry marvelled.

"You ought to know the army," Prothromos said, "you've got to do what you are told without questioning a command." That's the end of that, Prothromos thought, a whole afternoon wasted as if we did not know what was going to happen. Lazarus and his wine, as if the King had died again. His crazy ideas about responsibility and here we try to keep the country from being given over to the Russians. He raved about ideals and goodness like an adolescent. What will we come to with an army like that? Can't even stay sober on duty, but he should worry. He's got all the money he needs, position and an inheritance waiting for him. If he had to fight for existence as we did, he would not be drivelling about ideals.

"I didn't realize how horrible it can be," Susan said. "If I had a son I would not want him to have to go through that. Poor Lazarus." If I had a son, she thought, if I had a son, what a world would be waiting for him. This world we dare not face clearly, this world we do not understand, would be no heritage at all. Who would want to leave him this? Ion, Andreas, Lazarus, they are somebody's sons, she thought, and because I do not have even the pleasure of my daughter's nearness, I am glad they are not my own. How would I comfort them, as a mother should? Ion is gone, and he had been right perhaps. The agonies of the country are ours now; he has left them to us. Andreas, where is he? Poor Lisa, what would her comfort be? Or Lazarus and his sister Melena? The web of the doubtful future was spun about all of them with the steel-like grip of inevitability.

"They had no right legally, to kill him without the court's verdict." Crawford said. "Prothromos, how can they get away with that?" How can they get away with anything, he thought? He felt defeated and tired. How long can you fight corruption without being corrupted? Had he, then done the wrong thing? But Prothromos says it was the only thing to do. Prothromos should know his own country, shouldn't he? True he never liked Ion and his ideas, but he must have been thinking only of doing the right thing. He used to refuse to feed Ion between terms

when he couldn't afford to pay. "What does he do with all his money?" Prothromos used to ask. But they didn't get much of a salary as it was, thirty dollars a month, and Ion used to get left over army rations cooked in his unheated room. They're two different types, he and Prothromos. I keep forgetting the Ion's dead. I should have gotten to know him better. You just don't have time. There isn't time enough to live, is there? So much goes into existence like priming a pump that never yields. Susan may be right about going home.

"I think the whole affair should be considered closed. The government knows what it is doing, Mr. Crawford. What could we have done about it? Besides I think they did the right thing. You said yourself that we can't put up with this guerilla nonsense forever," Prothromos replied, jerking at the cord where his arm rested. This nonsense is right, he thought; one man dies--one out of millions--and they make a big fuss. People have been dying by the thousands and lazy idealist is shot for disturbing the whole country, and he can't stop talking about it. They forget the starvation and the Germans, the Italians, the Bulgarians, the Revolutions, the dirty British--they forget it all because they only saw it at the cinema in America. They did not have to live through it, and, now, they can stay or go. They have a visa effective immediately back to the safety of America,

while we stay here and try to live. "What right," he asks, "what right? Have we no right to live in peace, to die in bed, not in trembling and fear of bandits and guerillas coming down from the hills. What right, he asks? Are we not to avoid being sold down the river to the Bolsheviks? Are we to sit by and let Ion have his way after all the hellish past? Not while Prothromos still knows what's going on, we won't.

" 'For you, O Democracy!' " Larry said. "I'll never disparage America again."

"America---" Susan said, "It sounds like a strange, far away land that I've never seen, that I can't remember seeing even on the map." How long ago, was it, she thought, since she waved goodbye to Leslie? How long ago was it when they first saw the hulks in the bay and then the remains of the school? How long ago was it since this morning, this morning early with morning flowers and the drift of voices from my garden? How long ago was it since this noon and the afternoon? Home must be far away, she thought, and I am so tired of it all. There seems to be no answer, nothing to account for the past, to make the future clear or the present real.

"You are lucky, Mrs. Crawford," Prothromos said. "You don't have to worry about America. All you have to do is go down to the consulate when you want to leave. They'll point it out to you

on the map." It's as easy as all that, he thought; why don't they go and leave us to ourselves? We did well enough without them. Now with their money, they'll never leave, like the British parasites staying on and on. They have been here so long, living and eating the food their own country can't afford, and then they revile it. Like that Doctor. Those cold, reserved British--like fish, but they like our warm-blooded women! He had his eyes on Melena constantly. I wonder how much Stephanos knows? He ought to be told about it. A man's duty to tell, especially where someone is being fooled. She's probably trying to put something over on him. He really ought to know. That young fool her brother, and that disgraceful argument they had with Stephanos. Fortunately it was in Greek so the Americans couldn't get most of it. What a disgrace, no pride, this younger generation, just lots of money to use as they wish, Christ!

"Everything gets worse and worse, though, doesn't it?" Earl Crawford asked, not waiting for an answer. "I'm not discouraged but who knows what will happen with the new King. Maybe the people won't like him." What will happen, he wondered, and who can predict it now? How many of them want a King? "Give us Democracy," the students say, as though it can be served up in a platter. I can't give them democracy, nor the men to give them democracy, unless they stop interfering with the school program.

Two weeks gone out of the curriculum. Prothromos should know. They might have clamped down on us if we hadn't closed the school. If we don't get help from somewhere, then we may really have to close down. Somebody like Ion with a Ph.D. from Zurich getting thirty dollars a month. What a shame, and America full of money and prosperity. The stories we hear of the prices though, cars costing two thousand dollars and houses shooting sky high. Susan and I had better stay here at that rate. What would I do in America? A second rate job in a second rate school. At least there is individuality here and not the horrors of mass production. One does not always remember America, but how long can one forget, he thought, how long can one forget?

"The King's wife is very nice I hear," Susan was saying. "They say Fredericka is actually the brains behind him." Would a woman change things, she wondered, and one of German background at that? There were so few who really did anything to help. A few exceptions like Melena exist, but even Melena has to have her cake and eat it. Poor Cassidy. I guess she will have none of him. I'll miss him, she thought, but Melena won't. There's something about being young. Men fall into one's life constantly and one can fail to see them as individuals. Melena does not appreciate Cassidy, but the boy is not at his best today. How could he have been at lunch; with Stephanos and all his elegance there? But of

these women howmany are like Melena? These women with money: immense, lazy women who do nothing but eat and ape the movies. It is not so bad in this old city, it can't hold too many of them, but they are in Athens. They are in Athens in cars and with dogs on the leash. No resourcefulness, none of the art of the past is in their fingertips. If it were not for the peasants with their bright rugs and embroideries, their carvings like the Skyros table at home, if it were not for the peasants there would be nothing. How does one account for their past, then? Sappho, Ismene, Antigone, Aspasia, and all the rest? So much beauty of spirit and mind, but now what is there? The old Greeks left one thing absolute---the Acropolis and the perfection of the Caryatids on the marvellous Hill---as if knowing there would be the death of art and the sterility there is now. Was that enough to account for the ages, two or three exquisitely beautiful marble buildings scattered on a glorious hill? Would that past atone for the present and the future? One more look, she thought, at that marvellous hill, and I could believe in something for them, but now what is there but the blight of chaos and the stark tragedy of revolution? How could they see it through, and would the new Queen be of any help to those who would look toward her in the future?

"That's all we need," Prothromos said, "a woman to run the country. Our ideas about a woman's place are so different than

yours," he told Susan. "She had better not get mixed up in government matters or she won't be popular at all."

"Look at Mrs. Roosevelt," Larry said. "Now that's a woman for you."

"It is another matter in America," Prothomos replied. "Here they would not understand it. A woman is supposed to be a good mother and bring up her children. That's all we expect of them."

"Maybe, Prothomos, that's what is wrong here," Susan said. "Women aren't given enough of an opportunity to show what they can do." That man, she thought, persists in his ideas. It is impossible to talk with him. I wonder how Earl can put up with him? He has been an influence in everything Earl has done. As a matter of fact, Earl does nothing without consulting him first. True, they have to agree, but with such a complete schism of every idea--how can we ever get anywhere? The endless faculty meetings over this or that little point of etiquette. One cannot trample all over the old customs, I know, but how in the world can they ever get any working idea of democracy if they don't even let the boys and girls have school dances together? He should know better. He should be the one to agree with us. He lived in America, but I guess he hated it, more than anything else. "The decadence," he once said, "of a mismanaged capitalistic culture. Too bad, Too bad!" and he shook his head as if it were so deplorable. If people do not

understand each other at this small level, she thought, how can country agree with country, and nation with nation, so that we will have any decent world to live in? This is the root of all the trouble, and this is where no one has the wisdom to give it a solution. What could there be but endless disagreement and endless waste of the decisive years?

"You can't expect to change things overnight, dear," her husband said.

"We've been at it more than overnight," Susan replied, "and today is an example of our success so far."

"We can't be discouraged or we'll never get anything done," he said. If she gives up entirely, he thought, then how can I endure it without her? That letter, damn that letter. I wonder where I've put Leslie's letter. I'll talk to her after dinner. There'll be time for a talk then. Perhaps we can take a short trip. She seems so restless, so edgy all the time now. I suppose the best thing would be to get Leslie over, or she'll never give up the idea of going back to America. I couldn't stay on without her. She was so strange this morning, and all day too, though one can't blame her for being unnerved by these incidents. Delicate condition, I guess; women in the menopause should be careful, but she's always been able to take anything that comes along. It will be good to get back to the house. This afternoon

was hell. Can't get over the eeriness of the business. I'd feel better if they'd convicted him legally. Makes you think think that they didn't want the public to know because they were afraid of something. I wonder if that could be it? But why? They've convicted other people before Ion. I'd feel better if Lazarus hadn't made such a scene, too. The boy was wrought up, no doubt. Everybody seems to be worked up. Jonathan this morning too. What a mess! I'd like to give it up and forget the whole business.

"What's the trouble with the school bus? Look at that crowd of people," Larry shouted excitedly, waving his plump fingers out of the window past Earl Crawford eyes. The car stopped suddenly at the rim of the crowd of peasants who obstructed the view of what was going on in the small village below the school. Women were weeping and men were standing about with the dejected posture of hopelessness and shock.

"Look," Susan said, "there's Nigropontes." He was standing alone, lost, at the edge of the unfamiliar sea of faces. As they climbed out of the car, the boy ran toward her and fell sobbing, his arms clasped about her skirts.

"What is it?" She stroked his hair, as he continued weeping. "You'd better look," she said to Prothromos and Earl. "He's not able to say anything."

At Earl Crawford's request the crowd spread apart and made an

opening to the center of the group, clustered about the water pump. A man was lying on the ground moaning and writhing. He had been tied crudely by the peasants in an effort to restrain him.

But there was also something else.

"See," Nigropontes' dark, tear-flooded eyes looked up to her and he pointed toward the pump, his small hands fearful and unsteady, from what he had been compelled to behold there. A severed human head had been placed on the crown of the pump, a ghastly emblem of the atrocities of revolution.

"It's Andreas," Susan's voice rose to a thin scream. "Oh, my God!" and she clung to the boy as if he could, in his innocence, give her the protection she wanted. Earl Crawford came to them and tried to draw her farther away, while Prothromos talked to the villagers.

"What happened?" Earl Crawford asked him when he came back to the car. "Why is that man on the ground tied up like that?"

"That man is Jonathan."

"No---! But why?---"

"What else," Susan cried, "what more can happen?"

"What was it that happened, Prothromos?" Earl asked.

"You saw the bandit's head?"

"Yes."

"That's the one who was in prison with Ion today. The villagers have taken their own revenge for his part with the Communists. Somebody discovered who he was and they had their own execution. His head was posted here as a warning to others."

"How did Jonathan get into that condition?"

"He and the boy were coming back in the bus with the supplies and the mail. They stopped to get out and when Jonathan saw 'the awful thing', theysaid, he just went out of his head."

"Something like his crack-up this morning?"

"Perhaps. I guess he wasn't really over it."

"What shall we do, Prothromos?" Earl Crawford asked.

"We can't take him back to the school with us," Prothromos answered, "it wouldn't look good."

"What should we do then?"

"We'll leave him her and tell the authorities."

"I can't stand anymore." Susan took her husband's arm with one hand and held Nigropontes tightly with the other. "Take us home," she begged. "Please take us home."

forget completely the unhappiness of that day. To her returned to work it out, to place events against time and effort, under all experience, and stand in the silence of the soul inside hell inner and beyond home, to lift the calm within the terrified atmosphere of the afternoon. She tried to assume herself, dignified and still in here, the eyes large and questioning, that it had all been a dream, a nightmare, and the very idea that she had left her own home at all that day, was quite preposterous.

She looked about, to find things undisturbed, absurdly still and reassuring. How I shall ring for help, she thought, and have her with this day. The mother has not done for him, so he is depending with me, and I shall have the same as if it were any normal day preceding any other normal day in her existence. But then the morning realization came back to her that fate was to hold—about midnight!

She could tell the girl, but was would it be possible? Why,

She closed the door again, as if to escape the perplexities and desperate tenseness which had been pursuing her all that day. She wanted to put a barrier around herself, wanted these grey stone walls to withstand the outside world and the events it contained, to hold back the inevitable pressure of them upon her own mind and personality. Could there be any end to the horror? She felt a growing numbness, even blankness, a desire as before to

wait. There must be something for him to do, a game or distraction.

forget completely the unhappiness of that day. In her reluctance to sort it out, to place events against time and effect, cause and importance, she stood in the silence of the cool marble hall in her own beloved house, to let its calm soothe the tortured nervousness of the afternoon. She tried to assure herself, Nigropontes hand still in hers, his eyes large and questioning, that it had all been a dream, a nightmare, and the very idea that she had left her own house at all that day, was quite preposterous.

She looked about, to find things undisturbed, absurdly static and reassuring. Now I shall ring for Lisa, she thought, and have tea with this boy. His mother has not come for him, so he is lingering with me, and I shall have tea as if it were any normal day preceding any other normal day in our existence. But then the numbing realization came back to her that Lisa must be told--- about Andreas!

Who would tell the girl, and how would it be possible? Why, she thought, should she have to be told the whole ghastly thing? But how long could the horrible details be hidden? If she did not already know about it all, she would be told by the villagers before long, perhaps even before Susan would have to tell it to her. I shall go upstairs and rest first; then, when it is cooler and I am more able to deal with it, I shall tell Lisa. She stalked herself mentally like a cat. The boy---she had forgotten Nigropontes again. There must be something for him to do, a game or distraction.

"We'll go in here." She tugged/^{him}by the hand toward the living room. "Your mother did not come? She phrased the question slowly and clearly for his benefit and, in a way, for her own too. She felt she must be calmly certain not to be incoherent and unclear.

He shook his head with the mute dejection of the young, the fleeting look of passive misery which comes so quickly to the surface of sensitive young faces.

"Come," Susan smiled at him, her violet eyes unsmiling, "let us play a game." He must play checkers, she thought, they all do.

"Yes." He brightened at once. Oh, the sweet balm of childhood. She would have given up her lifetime to be a child again, to be flowering and new, where happy fantasies and gay moods are quick to find, and to succeed each other, in the ever shifting, bright world of the child, like a carrousel always on the whirl in impatience for the varied experience of each day. Why do I not see quickly as he does, and why do I not forget as readily, she asked herself like one obsessed with an irrational sense of guilt. She had, she knew, in an abstract way expected the death of Ion but not these vivid concrete things, not the misery in Lazarus' face behind his horrible mock gaiety, not the pitiful sight of Jonathan gone mad, not the grotesquerie of the villagers' revenge on Andreas, not the terror in the face of the small boy Nigropontes. I must find peace. I must forget, she thought, and find some drug

for oblivion.

"Where is Mr. Jonathan?" The boy sat on the window seat expectantly. Susan winced inadvertently at the question.

"He will not come back today."

"Oh."

He accepted her statement, and there was comfort for her in his not persisting as an adult might have done, trying to make conversation of it. I am grateful, she thought, for his silence in place of the conventional glibness of conversation which floods everything with words as if to account for some event, to rationalize it, to explain it away, or philosophize about it. To have to endure that now would be unbearable.

She rummaged under the window seat in the small cupboard. A picture puzzle to do, of course, and then she would not have to play. She dropped the multi-colored scraps on the Skyros table and found a small chair for him. He traced the patterns of the animals with his plump forefinger to make them real, his compact body hunched over the table in an attitude of concentration. It would be good, to have him stay here awhile. It could not make her forget Leslie, but the boy would be a displacement.

"Will your mother come for you today?"

"I think tonight." He looked up deliberately and then back at the table-top.

"Well, you can stay here until she comes." She stroked his dark, curling hair like new sprung tendrils under her fingers. He played with the puzzle. Soon he had forgotten her, but she sat by him and stroked the hair absently and precisely, the way people rock themselves, and it became a kind of sedative for her.

She glanced about the room. Nothing had been altered since the noontime; the odor of food still clung as if the memory of the luncheon were not to be put aside. The lilac drooped disconsolately and the piano remained uncovered where Cassidy had only lately talked with her. And the others--dispersed, she thought, like the blossoms of the first frail almond flowers. Cassidy would be gone. All the young officers went sooner or later with their loneliness and restlessness. It was that way even with their own staff at the school. Like Americans like Larry would come to burst in on their scene with a loud startling brilliance and then to disappear like a fourth of July rocket.

Their life had a transiency that somehow by the very nature of it, helped make it possible to endure. If someone left, then they would be replaced. Not that transiency was desirable, but, she mused, at least they had had that, the endless replacements of people to fill up the years. If Ion left, and Jonathan with his devotion, there would however, always be for her still somebody with whom and for whom to live. Someone, she knew, would fill

their lives, if not fulfill them. What happens when a life is unfulfilled, when there has been no conclusion as with Ion, and Andreas? Had they realized anything? Had life given them any reward before the end that would make recompense for their blighted existence, and the premature, mottled fall, the early death?

Yet though they were dead, Susan wondered, were they quite gone? Was Ion not still here in the room, his slides and his boundless energy, his grey eyes beaming on her? Was not that the sound of his voice going past the windows drilling his boys with a bracing run up the the mountainside? Those were his strong legs, sturdy shoulders, and matted hair as real as the sunshine and the Aegean breeze. Was it but a chimera? And the sounds of laughter over her garden fence in the early hush of the morning, was that not the shy, fond badinage of Andreas and Lisa? Surely that was life still and not death's annihilation. Could death be simply that; annihilation? Was death to be seen as becoming a nothingness, in the blanking out of a human face, of a personality? There must be, she thought, more than that for the final answer, and she rose to move quietly toward the piano so as not to disturb Nigropontes.

"You will play?" He looked over his shoulder at her.

"Do you want me to?" She sought his favor.

"Of course," with all the aplomb and social finesse of the adult.

How would you explain death to a child, she wondered, arranging herself at the piano. Does one only say, for explanation, that the dead have gone away? "Away where?" of course, as Nigropontes might ask. And how would she, who might be close to death by years, explain it to him, if for herself she had no answer whatsoever.

The burial, among strained, solemn faces, the reverent ceremony and muted voices, the haunting odor of sadness--all these meant death when her father had died, but that long ago. The memory was dim and death must have a further meaning, beyond all these. Was it that the idea of a man died slowly, that what was once a human being was slowly forgotten? Time made the death complete. Was the essence of every death, the one great death. Could all deaths mean only one possible death. "After the first death there is no other." She recalled the lines from a young modern poet who had refused to mourn a child's death. How does one explain the death of children? How would she explain Leslie's death to herself? Who would replace Leslie? The boy Here? This Grecian child, another life from another womb, was not hers, and she could not forget Leslie for him.

She fingered the score of the Mozart sonata. Some of the

absolutes of Mozart's form, she thought. The deathlessness of form inviolable, and the sound of Cassidy's clipped accent echoed in her room again, "Seems mystical, and I don't at all agree."

Perhaps one tended to mysticism in old age, the fine wall, the impregnable barrier against the reasonableness of youth, the withdrawal as a sign, not that the mind is static, but that the mind has given up for the relatively tight protection of the mystical web of assurances. Was her own attitude genuinely mystical, or was it just the last resort in bewilderment and fatigue? One did sense things intuitively. One had to try to explain things as best one could, and, whether it be by dry rationalism or by intuition, achieve some sense of order in the realm of one's experience. Had she been trying to file away the past, meticulously, in the drawers of her mind like a filing system, or had she actually believed in herself and the power to place her life on the level of other lives and to live and die with them in complete fulfillment of life and death?

Could she tell Lisa with any assurance that she herself had been able to understand Andreas' death? Had she really understood? Had she understood his death, with its grisly mockery of man for man? Was there, in this crime, any explanation to be had for Lisa or for anyone else? Lazarus may have been right when he said they were all responsible. Were they then also to mourn with Lisa, the

husbandless, the empty-hearted?

Nigropontes sighed in his perplexity over the picture puzzle. An echo, she thought, in miniature of my own hesitancy--and panic. Then she walked carefully through her own rooms, over the old rugs and past the noon odors with the air of a person who loves and owns wher he walks. The inviolability of her own house, for she was the mistress of it all, struck her clearly, and she felt the small weight of power that it implied, and she bore it steadily with the beauty of women who all their lives have had to take in other lives along with their own, who would never be alone because they had so much to give to others, who would never shirk, even at the cost of their own complacency, any effort it cost of trying to share the unhappiness of another soul, another individual, another Lisa.

In the small room beyond the laundry, dark except for the faint light of the window, and silent except for the tender brushing of the young almond tree against the screens, she found her. Lisa of the lovely round arms and the enormous eyes, of the youth and the unhappiness that their time had known. What have I ever known compared to this, Susan thought, of Lisa with her infinite sorrow.

"You know?" Susan said.

"Yes, I know." Her wide open eyes stared up at the ceiling

from the small cot on which she lay like one paralyzed, with her sadness visible in the sag of her body. She who had been young and in love with the dream of love only this morning, who had for awhile forgotten sorrow in love, this then was Lisa.

My God, Susan thought, "Thou Ravisher Death!" At what cost freedom or the new life? Would the individual pain comprise the total happiness, and could this girl's misery ever be repaid, and in whose lifetime?"

"I think I knew," she spoke slowly as if to herself. Susan sat on the chair at the head of the bed. "I think I knew," she repeated, "that he would not come back as I watched him go down the hill this morning." She spoke clearly with the rationality of one who has in an almost mystically lucid moment realized a different truth and has been able to orient it to the whole realm of actual experience. "The chances were so small, and he was only one, where there were so many who could wish him dead."

"You know about Ion also?"

"Yes, that too. It is cataclysmic, so big that I do not dare think of it."

"You should try not to think. Can you sleep?"

"There will be no sleep for many nights to come ."

"You will make yourself sick."

"I must have my sorrow. It is the only thing left to me."

"What a strange way to think of it."

"Ah, yes, but that is the way we are. We shall have sorrow at the breast to feed, instead of love. Sorrow will drain the milk and there may be peace, but until the final drop of bitterness is torn from my very soul, I shall not sleep." She droned in the fashion of the old peasant women Susan had heard recounting stories of death in the famine and in the wars.

"Tell me," Lisa said, "how did he look?"

"Who?"

"Andreas. You saw him?"

"We cannot think of it." Susan was appaled.

"I must know. I must know it all, even to the end."

"I saw very little of him."

"What, what did you see? His eyes, were they open or closed? His hair--, his mouth--did he look unhappy?"

"My dear girl, you don't realize what you're saying." Susan began to fan her face.

"I know what I am saying," Lisa waved the fan away, "and I know what I am asking."

"We could not see much because we were not very close."

"What have they done with his body?"

"I did not think of that. It must still be in the village."

"That village will be accursed from now on."

"You should try to sleep."

"If only we can bury his body."

"Can I bring you some tea?"

"No, don't go yet." The girl stretched out her arm to Susan. "I do not want to be alone yet."

"Do you want to talk?"

"Yes, it is easier not to have to hold it close to my brain. I feel as if I would burst with the thought of having to live this, day upon day. How shall I endure it?"

"There!" Susan soothed her, "you are young; you will forget. It seems so bad now because it was such a shock."

"Would you forget if Mr. Crawford died?" The girl turned to look at her, the soft dark eyes reproaching Susan in the half-light like a shy animal's.

"I have been married for a long time, my dear."

"It is the same with us too, because we have put a whole lifetime into a few years. We feared the end would be sudden and we lived from day to day, not from year to year. Thewar taught us that, and when we were hungry in the famine, it was the same. We had to live for the moment, and so we pushed everything, every feeling and idea, into the present. There was no tomorrow really. None of us could be sure we would have any tomorrow. Andreas and

I allowed ourselves the luxury of dreaming; we thought we could be married. It was good for a while. Now what will there be to make each new day possible?" Her voice dropped to a tone of tragic hopelessness.

"I know." Susan could not think of anything to say in the face of such desolation.

"And Ion. How much easier could it have been for him? It is so queer to think that they did not realize what happened to one another. It's best,, isn't it? Each may have hoped that the other escaped."

"Who told you about it?" Susan asked hoping to take her mind off the subject of Andreas.

"Bad news travels even faster than the good in this country. People are eager, it seems, to tell of unhappiness in this country. We are getting used to it, so that we have forgotten good news completely."

"Today has been terrible. We have had three deaths."

"Who else?" Lisa asked.

"The king."

"Ah, the King. The whole world will mourn him. Who will mourn my Andreas with me? I do not even dare go home to my family with my sorrow."

"Poor child."

"See what has happened to our country. It is hard to believe that once there was not war."

"You were unfortunate being born when you were. The young men and the girls your age did have a childhood with war around them."

"We know little else. How old we all are because of it, too. But Andreas this morning looked so old, Mrs. Crawford, I could not believe the change."

"It is very hard on the men."

"The women know sorrow and the tears of unhappiness."

"We should not give up hope, Lisa."

"I am not a fool, but what is there for us to do? Did I fool myself with thinking that Andreas and I may have found the only kind of answer there was?"

"You took one of the ways offered for trying to find a solution. You want to see your country prosperous again, Lisa, don't you? I think everybody does, but some of us think it can be done one way, some another."

"Are there many ways?"

"I don't know, my child. It has been too long at war within itself. But at least now you ought to see why war and revenge against your own people is not an answer to the problem."

"I feel the same way I felt this morning, Mrs. Crawford. We have seen too much horror. We have been allowed only one way.

All other ways, the vote, representation and fair courts--all such legal means have been blocked. The monarcho-fascists are too powerful, and so we have taken to the gun again."

"You refuse to be convinced even now."

"Now more so, I am certain that we cannot give up. We feel that there has been injustice, and for that we take our own revenge, even if no other good result comes to us after all. They have killed Andreas; I would kill anyone to avenge him. It must be this way, and we are willing to bear the sorrow. Yet if it is to be only this, always this, never the end and the success, then perhaps we are doing the wrong thing. Who knows, but we must go on in this as long as it is the only thing we can see clearly. Ion used to say, 'You must not be disheartened. Great changes do not come about in one day.' "

"Well, if that is the way you still feel, then I cannot do anything more to change your mind."

"Thank you. You have been very kind, and I feel much better now." Lisa made an effort to get up.

"No, stay here. I can get dinner for Mr. Crawford very easily." They were mistress and servant again.

"Do you want me to bring you anything?" Susan asked on the way out.

"Please," said Lisa, rising on her elbow; her unhappy body

seemed to manage itself with an effort. "Please, tell them to bring Andreas' body to me, and to take the head down." The last phrase was almost incoherent to Susan. The girl leaned back on the pillow exhausted from the emotional strain.

"I'll tell Mr. Crawford, of course, Lisa."

She left and went into the dark kitchen. She pattered around the ordered cupboards and attempted to start a charcoal fire with the unpracticed hand of one not used to such a fine skill. She remembered the oil stove then, a stranger in her own kitchen. Get hold of yourself, woman, she chided, you can't even get a fire going.

There was water on for tea, and some cold meat. She busied herself in the simple task recalling the delight of cooking for her husband long ago when they had had no servant. I have forgotten those small pleasures, she mused, and they were so much once in the past. I have had more than many people will ever have in one lifetime, and I have had more love, and enough to spare. The memory of her early morning fears and the comfort from the sight of her husband beside her in bed. She needed some such reassurance now, she thought, as she felt again the twinge of lonely fear, in the large kitchen with the silent house about her. Where was he at this moment?

So many times in her life she had wondered where he might be,

and that many also, he had come back to her, full of love and tenderness. Only when she was of afraid of losing the love between them, did she realize how strong it was. This morning, too, when there was the tense barrier of her frustrations, she had felt alien to him, and the day had been tedious to her because they had not shared it together. I wanted to lose him, she thought, to spite myself, but now I have the need of him like the ever recurring night or the rain on parched ground. He is the refreshing coolness of night rain. He is, she thought, my husband who has been all these long years, my only love.

It was not time yet for the electricity to come on, so she lit a candle and carried it with her, a small wraith, through the house to the room where the boy was playing. She drew back the curtains and the room filled with the glowing tones of the sun that was setting. Her room sparkled with undulating glints of iridescent scarlet and gold like the interior of some crystal turned to catch the light of sunset. They fell on the rugs and the bronzes over the fireplace, on the bowl of lilac, and the polished wood of her piano; they fell on the gleaming floor surfaces and the slim green candles in their silver holders, on the black elephant on the mantelpiece and the sturdy andirons, on the rows of old books and the Skyros table, on the picture puzzle, still unfinished. The lights fell upon the boy, tousle-headed

and weary from waiting the long day, who had fallen asleep over the carved figures, hunched over and his face buried in his arms in the deep sleep that only childhood knows. She knelt down and, sitting on the floor beside him, took the boy in her arms. She remembered Leslie--was it so long ago?--and that was the way her husband found them, when he came a little while later calling from the door, "Susan, where are you, Susan?"

"Where have you been?" she whispered, still holding the boy's head in her lap.

"At the office with Mr. Brown." He threw himself into a chair and ran his fingers through his hair nervously.

"What happened, Sam?"

"Well, we couldn't locate Cassidy, or begin with. So we had him go straight to the news after leaving the city."

"Did you try the Officers' Club?"

"It wasn't there either."

"He must be dining out."

"Well, anyway, we've gotten Jonathan sent to the hospital."

"And Andrew?"

"The police have recovered the head."

"Lisa is quite sick over it."

"That's where the girl. She's sick," he groaned and closed

his eyes, his head relaxed against the chair.

He looks tired, she thought, and well, "You get dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I will."

"We'd better have dinner now."

"What's up with the boy?"

"He was the only left from the wedding reception."

mother hasn't been for him so far. Why won't he get married?

dinner will do?" What about the other night?

"Where have you been?" she whispered, still holding the boy's head in her lap.

"At the office with Prothromos." He threw himself into a chair and ran his fingers through his hair nervously.

"What happened, dear?"

"Well, we couldn't locate Cassidy, to begin with. Seems he didn't go straight to the mess after leaving the city."

"Did you try the Officers' Club?"

"He wasn't there either."

"He must be dining out!"

"Well, anyway, we've gotten Jonathan sent to the hospital."

"And Andreas?"

"The police have removed the head."

"Lisa is quite sick over it."

"Can't blame the girl. What a sight," he groaned and closed his eyes, his head relaxed against the chair.

He looks tired, she thought, and said, "Are you hungry?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose I am."

"We'd better have dinner now."

"What's up with the boy?"

"He was the only left from the boarding department. His mother hasn't come for him as yet. Why don't we let him have dinner with us?" Susan asked him almost shyly.

"I don't care what you do with him."

"Do you want to rest a while?"

"I'm all right here, thanks. Why don't you play something?"

"It will disturb the boy. Let him sleep a little longer."

This business must have frightened him to death. He's usually so talkative and mischievous. I couldn't believe my eyes. He's been at the puzzle all by himself." She was proud of him, as

though he had been her own. "He had just gone down with the bus driver for the ride when he went to pick Jonathan with the supplies. Too bad he had to see it. Children are impressed so easily at his age." She wondered if Earl was listening. He did not answer. "It reminds me of Leslie when she was younger." She stroked the boy's hair rhythmically.

"The letter," he said, sitting up and clutching at his pockets distractedly, "I wonder what I've done with that letter. Leslie's, you know."

"Why yes, My goodness, I've even forgotten about that with all the commotion. What a day! Where is it, dear?"

"Seems as though I must have put it in my pocket." He fumbled with cards and envelopes. "I didn't change my suit this noon."

"It must still be there. Look closely." She rested Nigropontes' head on a pillow and got up. "Let me look for you."

"I'll do it." He was irritated by her apparent eagerness. She stood near him. "For heaven's sake, Susan, you're standing in the light." She moved away behind him, and sat in the window seat.

"Here it is. Not much to say." He drew out the small sheet, and handed it to her. "She's sick."

"Why didn't you tell me? I knew something was wrong."

"I've been so busy all day."

"Too busy for your own daughter."

"Well, what difference does it make, knowing it now or twelve hours ago? You can't do much about it from here."

"I would have known about it, at least," she said with the alarmed instinctive concern of mother for child.

"What good would knowing do?"

"Oh, you don't understand. My poor baby, all alone eight thousand miles away, and sick." She rocked back and forth, her eyes beginning to shine with tears, and still clutching the letter with her arms hugged to her breasts. She made soft sobbing sounds.

"Please, Susan."

"And this too. Haven't we had enough to endure today? How much more can we put into this day? I can't stand it any longer. I want to be with my daughter and away from this aching land." She got up and began to pace the floor. "What have we got left for ourselves after all these years? Nothing, not even the company of our own child because we don't dare bring her here. Well, I'll go to her then. I'll go to America alone."

"You can't possibly do that."

"Why not? We're not isolated. I can book passage very easily. Even fly and be home in three days."

"Susan, don't talk nonsense, please." He rose and faced the windows, his back toward her as he had stood early that morning. "I need you here with me. There is a lot of work to do yet before we can go home." He spoke slowly, and quietly, deliberately as one who has taken time to consider a matter, and to whom the subject is of so grave a concern that he speaks of it only when driven to do so.

She felt that he would not have gone into a discussion with her, if she had not become so overwrought and distracted. She sat down at the piano and buried her face in her hands. The sudden jarring of the keys disturbed the boy who shifted uncomfortably on the floor, but he did not awaken.

"We'll take a vacation in the summer," he said.

"And leave Leslie all alone in America, so far away from us?"

"We'll send for Leslie to come here."

"Here?"

"Yes, why not here? She's old enough to travel. It is just a matter of getting on the boat at New York and docking in Athens."

"We could meet her in Athens, couldn't we?" She looked up.

"Of course."

"But when? How soon?"

"Well, she won't be well enough to travel right away."

"That's true. And she ought to finish the school term. But there are no classes for her here. What about her schooling, Earl?" Her face became vivid with the idea of Leslie's coming, and her hands strayed over the piano keys.

"We'll arrange something."

"I'll do it," she said. "I'll tutor her. I can find time for it, of course." She was convinced. "It's the only thing to do. Imagine a school full of teachers not being able to teach a teen age girl. How absurd."

She is tenacious, he thought, and untiring. What could I have done without her? Aloud he replied, "Yes, isn't it?"

"Leslie can have the sun room upstairs and the bedroom that goes with it. We'll redecorate before she gets here. Perhaps we can ^{take a}trip to the islands together, the three of us, eh, Earl? It would be wonderful to see them again, the old churches. I wonder what they've done to fix them up? Poor Ion, he'll never see them again. We'll have to go to his favorite church and leave flowers. He would like that."

"You sound as though he were a martyr."

"You know, I think he is for me. I am only a woman, I suppose, and I have missed out somewhere, but I still can't see why they have shot him, nor why even, you and Prothomos gave him up to the police. Why did you?" she asked, and thought, he must

be strong enough for both of us in this. I am afraid he will not say the right thing, or have the right reason. Let us see it together, she thought, or I shall not see it at all.

I must tell her, he thought, exactly how I feel, since she will know it if I am holding anything from her. If she should distrust me from now on, as it seems she has all day, then it would be impossible to live together. Were people of their age confronted with the question of trust and confidence as a source of conflict? They had lived a lifetime together because of a mutual and abiding trust. Now he felt her edginess due to distrust. Did he have to explain his action to her who had shared the countless experiences of the past with him almost solely on faith, on his own wisdom and not hers? But it has been her wisdom, he thought. I know I could not go on without her.

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"Is it important/you, my dear?" he asked.

"Have I ever questioned anything before today?"

"Why should today be so very different?" he countered.

"I feel that not only for them, for Ion and Andreas, has there been a great issue, but for us also. Didn't you agree with Lazarus that we are in some way responsible?"

"I've thought of that. I've been thinking about it sever since he said it. Do you remember this morning when you spoke about going home, I said that what we do does depend on under-

standing the situation here, true, but I said that the most imperative problem is the school. What we are to the students is more important than what we could have been to Ion or Andreas."

"Don't say that."

"I mean it. I couldn't help thinking when we were with Lazarus that somehow we had been too late. It's not our fault, you see, that our school had little influence in the past. If we had been as close to others as we can be to some of these---!" He indicated Nigropontes still sleeping on the floor. "It is in the future that we have our great possibilities."

"It is not clear yet. How do you mean about Lazarus."

"When Lazarus and Ion, too, were educated they were in contact with German schools, and when they went to school it was thought the proper kind of education for their class. Ours was only small and no one believed in the culture of the savage Americans. Both Ion and Lazarus were subjected to this stern, ruthless style of education. Ion, I think, was more sensitive and impressed with it than his friend. But to both of them it is force rather than persuasion, power rather than freedom, which is ingrained in their thinking. They feel they can't trust humanitarian reasonableness in letting things work out gradually."

"I don't think Lazarus feels that way."

He leaned his elbows on his knees and directed his gaze on the floor to the boy like a symbol of Lazarus, the potential adult before him..."Lazarus has realized the mistake, if we call it that, only because he has seen it literally blow up in his face. His friend, Ion, gave his life trying to fulfill an impossible ideal, and Lazarus, like the rest of us, has seen it. But having recognized it, he has no recourse except to cynical despair. His trying to blame us is meaningless. Are we to blame?" he looked at her sitting across from him on the piano seat, her attention centered on the ideas he gave out in the muted tones of those who do not wish to disturb a sleeper. "Are we to blame because the idea of democracy, of what we may have to give them, did not come in time to avert the catastrophe of this civil war?"

"No, I didn't mean that at all."

"The question is, is democracy the answer, and the kind of democracy we have to teach them? We have faith in it, but can they, especially if it is not their own?"

"So you feel that Ion was, shall I say, undemocratic?"

"No, least of all that, because he was in his way really a democrat. He wanted as much for everybody, for all people, the peasants and the upper classes. He was a true democrat in that sense, but he had, against that, the idea of force, and was as a

means to achieve his ideal, and he used the tactics of the fascists that he always deplored to us."

"What Lisa said this morning was, 'We are forced into war by the government.' "

"Yes, I know, and it's true, unfortunately so. Yet the method of violence will change nothing. Look what happens as a result."

"But as for the school, it will be years before we can hope that these boys will do much to bring democracy here."

"That is our job, however, Susan, and I know only now how important it is that we stay here and carry on. Schools like ours are everywhere, and they are needed everywhere. For the most part, they are in the hands of conscientious people who are willing to give over their lives to teach something for which they have faith. We may have to be as fanatic about America, as a Russian about his country and its crude faith in a secular millennium, for, as we said at lunch, isn't the question resolving itself into which of two ideologies will be paramount? It would seem we cannot come to terms with the Russians."

"Remember Larry and his ideas. All that zeal and vigor. Maybe Whitman could help to understand, or at least to strengthen faith. It's been so long since I've read him." Susan rummaged in the book shelf.

"He has some impractical views on democracy, but by and large it's wholesome, and his ideas of love and comradeship are fine. Larry's right there. UIon forgot the basic Christian kind of comradeship. He forgot that you must be comrades all around before the thing can be successful. He forgot to include all the country in his plans."

"That would take time."

"I agree, but it is only when everyone agrees on the idea of democracy that you have it. You can't coerce people into it with guns and bombs and raids from the hills. You saw what they did to Andreas---because some of these people, the peasants themselves, will have no part of the Communists' ideal."

"So many people have said to us that they want neither one nor the other, not the King nor the Communists, but that they really want some form of democratic government." Susan blew dust out of the old books. It sparkled lightly in the air, and disappeared out of the low-slanting sun.

"They won't accomplish it by being isolated. Look at Stephanos. A completely different type, worlds apart from Ion and Lazarus, but he is a citizen of this country with definite ideas of what he wants because he has been educated to them. It's hardly his own fault, as it wasn't with Ion, but it swings out too far, the pendulum, and as with Ion, an individual gets caught up in

the air, never to come down again." He sighed and stretched his arms. "We should try to get in more of the village boys. If only we had the money. Someone like Andreas, for example, might have lived a different life in another time."

"It's all part of our time, isn't it? As though we had brought it on ourselves."

"Perhaps it is that each generation carries over the sins of the fathers."

"What a beautiful vision he had for America, almost unbelievable," Susan looked up from the book she was reading and stared out of the window toward the garden.

"Who?" he asked.

"Whitman, I mean. Did he really believe, I wonder, what he wrote? What a powerful, yet sensitive, nature he had. Like a giant of emotions. Have we at all fulfilled his vision?"

"In part, I think." He saw the sun catching at her hair like the meadows when the glow-worms appear, insudden glints of sparkling little lights, as she bent over the book again. I wonder if she understands now, he thought, or if I have helped her to understand.

"I think I can see why the visionary or the idealist, perhaps like Ion, can get so caught up in the dream he has. The wish can be so powerful, and will override reason if it has to."

She did not wait for him to answer. "Your visions are as intense and concentrated as the wish is to have them fulfilled. Thus, America may have been a vision, an intense, unswerving ideal, in the mind of some man, long before it was anything but forests for the Indians. Dreams make life possible. They make hope and hope makes life endurable." He felt she had forgotten him and was thinking aloud trying to convince herself.

The room was growing darker. The sunset had settled into the deep glow of dusk. He could see the sky, like the riotous palette of some mad Romantic painter, overspreading the bay and spilling the wild colors into the hills beyond. There was the sound of bells. It must be the herd, he thought, we saw this afternoon on the way up the mountains to fresh pastures. Susan's garden looks cool and it would be good to be walking there with her. The bells became louder like the converging signals of numerous chiming steeples. It seemed to him that their sound was varied and tuneful like churchbells, and that they sounded abroad with the peace of churchbells over the countryside. How long since he'd heard that sound of churchbells? In America, it had been too long, yet not long ago in Switzerland they had heard them together, he and Susan, and sometimes in the villages here. He looked out to see the swarming mass of goats heading up the narrow mountain road. The sound of bells seemed deafening.

"Listen, listen," Susan's voice was exultant. "Let me read this to you."-----

"And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and its reality,
For these(not for thyself) thou hast arrived.

Thou too surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou too by pathways
broad and new,
To the ideal tendest.

The measur'd faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all."

She paused, breathless. "Go on", he said.

"All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards, divine and certain
Forms, objects, growths, humanities to spiritual images ripening.

Give me O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith,
In thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us,
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?
Nay but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."

"He must have believed," she said, "or how could he have written those words?"

"He must have believed," her husband repeated after her. The

The sound of the bells faded dimly into the dusk of the hills. He felt he had imagined it all. Nigropontes was still asleep.

Susan came over to her husband and they stood together looking out of the window.

"Health, peace, salvation universal.' " He quoted the poem. " 'Is it a dream?'"

"It cannot be, " she replied. "It must not be. That is what we work for, what we live for, and if we knew it were impossible, then there would be no life." Her voice was firm, as if with a new, clarifying certainty. "This," she continued, "Is why I shall not be afraid."

"The garden," he pointed, and took her arm." Let us walk."

They went out quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping boy, by the side door on the terrace. The bay, with the last great daub of the sunset's color, was settling into the tireless and triumphant canvas of each night's eternal return. Lights, frail with the inconstancy of humanity, blinked along the waterfront and inland in the city and the small villages surrounding the city. The freighter was like a small island, moored offshore.

"I love it," she said, "because it has always been beautiful, even when the country has been unhappy, as it is now. Do people here see their own country, I wonder, as we do?"

"There is so much beauty. It should not be missed." He drew

her arm through his, her small fingers pressed lightly against his coat sleeve. Her small flower hands, and their constant efficiency, he thought, the idea stirring him with fondness. Have I really lost her? She was young again for him; a bride, she had been like this then, and they had looked on the world together. Was that lost too? How much of life remained for them?

The night odors arose subtly in the darkness and settled down about the house like bedding animals.

"Smell," she said, "even the lilac from here." He sensed the relaxation of her body as she pressed against him. Had there been any pain or sickness that he had not shared with her over the years through the nights, her small body engulfed with his, that he should not share this pain with her now? Had he forgotten her big with child, alone except for him, and her dependence on him then----had he forgotten that he could give her strength for this too? Was she not that very strength of him that he could return to her in measure as she had need of it? Was it not the strength and meaning of their life, or at least was it not the measure of all the rest of the strength and meaning it it, the joy of love and this indissoluble bond between two lives?

"WE've forgotten to eat. How silly of me. I think the tea water is still on. ---And that boy asleep on the floor. He will be cold." She directed the two of them back toward the house.

"Let's put him to sleep in Leslie's room." Already it had become Leslie's room, he thought, following her poised figure through the brooding night.

They found Nigropontes wandering about in the hall, a look of imminent terror on his face. Susan held him to her and soothed him.

"My mother," Nigropontes said, "where is my mother?"

"She has not come. You'll stay with us," And she led them, her husband the boy, into the kitchen. Her womanly assertiveness was dominating them both, so they waited while she stirred pots and pans, clinked glasses and in a few moments brought them food.

"Here," she placed it on the small marble-topped table standing in the middle of the room. "We'll dine in the kitchen, eh, me lads, when the cook's away."

Nigropontes sat very calmly, intent upon his glass of milk. His dark eyes drooped as he finished the glass. Susan went to him.

"I sleep?" he said.

"Yes, yes."

"The boy must be very tired," Earl said to his wife. "I'll leave out the clock for the watchman, and we'll all go to bed."

"I'll see to the other rooms," Susan said and went back to the front of the house.

She picked up the puzzle, and closed the piano, scattering the

shawl over the surface. Then she put the bowl of flowers back in its place. Cassidy may be gone in the morning, she reflected; all the golden lads must go. Would that the nightmare of this day would end with the night!Perhaps, she thought, closing the book of Whitman and returning it to the shelf, perhaps Larry was right after all, were not the poets the wisest because they were the visionaries.

She stood solemnly, like a pilgrim at the shrine, contemplating the room. The house has been able to contain us, and this room to hear our shortcomings with the compassion of a confessional. How much of my life have I given to this, she thought, as she stood at the door reaching for the light switch. Goodnight, she whispered, as if to someone thereand with a gentle touch bestowed darkness on the room like the sincere offerings of the pilgrim.

Susan and the Dean took the boy by the hand, and the three of them walked past the chill whiteness of the marble hall, beyond the small library and up the stairs.

Nigropontes sat on the edge of the bed. "Tell me now, tell me about Hollywood." He swung his legs in anticipatory delight.

"Oh, no, we will all sleep now."

"Why?"

"Because we are tired. You are tired." She fluffed the pillow.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow?" He accepted the answer and the bed readily, his eyes closed. He has fallen asleep immediately with the ease of children, she thought, and went into her own room.

"I feel good, having him there," she told her husband, "not only because he reminds me of Leslie, but because he is a Greek."

"Hmm?" Earl Crawford was brushing his teeth.

"He's such a little rascal, still wants to hear about Hollywood. I wonder how he will turn out?"

"Can't tell about the rascals."

They prepared for bed with the unconcern for each other's presence of people who have performed in the same pattern for so long that it becomes fluid with the stream of the whole day's continuum. She stood beside him at the wash bowl, measuring the toothpaste judicially.

"The boy's got a quick mind," Earl said, "you can't put much over on him." He left her alone in the bathroom.

"I wish I knew what's happened to the students we've known all these years." She tried to talk so he could hear her from the other room; then, standing in the doorway, a glass of water in her hand, she said,

"This day has been like an eternity. The past seems beyond recollection and the future too distant to be measured. I feel,"

she walked to the windows and raised the blinds, "timeless, somehow, as though there were nothing before and after us.

When was it that we came here? Do you remember?"

"Not so long ago, dear." He turned from the bed to smile at her across the room. "We're really still pretty young yet." He laughed as he dropped his shoes into the closet and put on his slippers.

"I remember," her back was to him, "how frightened I was, of coming so far from home. Imagine this after New England."

"You were so lovely then," he said.

"Have I changed? But of course I have. I meant in other ways." She played with the cords on the blind.

"Another kind of beauty," he replied, "but like redefining something, that's all. This will never fade."

"Thank you," and she turned off the light. "I wonder if there is a moon." She heard him turn on the bed. "I guess not. We can't see Olympos tonight."

"You'd better come to bed. We've got a lot to do tomorrow."

"I know, dear." She rustled across the carpet, her gown radiating the faint scent of her clothes to him. He could see her outlined against the light from the window as he had early that morning in the sunlight.

"We'll write to Leslie in the morning," she said and drew back the covers. He felt the slightness of her as she settled into place beside him: there where she would always be.

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