

# One event happeneth to them all

I want to tiptoe leering hunched over up the stairs to her rotten flat to whisper little tales of lechery but there isn't much more to tell, really. It has all been said. I've read it all before.

Putting my arm around Peggy's shoulders I thought how sad it would be when it ended. Then I thought about how great it could be when she was away forever and I could go on with the next part of my life.

Celia will be back at about noon on the second day after you leave, I wanted to tell her. Celia threw herself into my bed nude last year and asked me to start her on a career of fucking. Oh, she loved me. Oh Celia, my sweet.

I can laugh at Celia because it was so unreal. I can't laugh at Peggy because it is too real. There are no secrets between us although we rarely talk. There is a great fact in our life that makes the whole event too real to be fully enjoyed.

That is why I am sad about her having to leave. If there was no restraint we could fight alone and laugh like lovers, live like lovers, and life would shine. The fact of life keeps us apart even together and that is the sad part of her leaving.

When August ends, September comes. The bug maple outside my window will turn red again. Or is it yellow? There is a great danger in riding a motorbike here in the fall because the wet leaves are slippery, worse than ice sometimes, and you may fall. I fell once on my motorbike, it was on gravel. Gravel and leaves on the road are unexpected.

The leaves are turning and it's Peggy's turn to leave. It was not unexpected. It was expected. I was ready for it. The time came, she left, it was simple. A simple fact.

Click.  
"Hi Fred."  
"Hi Paul."  
"Peggy's gone."  
"I know."  
"What are you going to do now?"  
"I don't know."

"Doing anything tonight?"  
"No."  
"Let's go to a movie or something."

"No. Well. Okay. Want a beer?"

"Okay."  
"It's funny, isn't it?"  
"What is?"

"Having a beer and not being able to go see Peggy after."  
"You'll get over it."  
"I already have, actually."  
"Good. So finish your beer."

"I'm just playing a role. I was really used to her having to leave about a month before she left. This is just the denouement. It's ridiculous.

This moroseness is just an act."

"Let's go to the show."  
"For Christ's sake what's your hurry?"

I couldn't find my moccasins so I looked under the bed and I found her ashtray. I don't smoke so it is her ashtray. It was full of butts, all hers, so I threw it out.

When you rationalize an affair like I did by pretending it's love it is hard to escape when the time runs out. Out of sight, out of mind, absence makes the heart grow fonder. Which is it? I'll find out, in a month, but I know.

She threw me out. And there were no butts about it. Out of bed. It wasn't working right.

We both live for sex, except for me it is that five per cent that makes the complete man. For her it is about fifty per cent of life. So I put five per cent of myself into the role of

lover and she put fifty per cent of herself into the role and the result is a disappointment. Irreconcilable frustration.

The sun reflected silvery on the river almost every morning since we met. The fall may be sunny too, but there will also be rain and fog and cold. Next year is another year. That is what I like about life. Next year is always another year. You can fake it for a while and maybe things will be all right. If you are me you can fake it for quite a while.

Poor old Zelda Fitzgerald used to crap on Scott. Eventually he had to stop his work, although he wrote a couple of good books first. Once he complained to E. Hemingway that Zelda said he wasn't normal. He was too small, she told him. You can read it all in A Move-

and wait for ourselves to die.

You can't always hold a good talker - bridge-player-fucker down. You need someone who also wants to live with you forever, or until one of you dies. Whichever comes first. That is the trouble with marriages. Sometimes people forget that forever is a long time.

My friend Muriel is living with a man she loves and writes that they may have a child. She won't marry him because she hates marriage. Better a kid should have one loving parent than crumble with a lost marriage. Muriel is happy, so how can she be wrong?

*That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten times thine ten times refigur'd thee;  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?*

—Shakespeare.

A spectacular sun blazed through the reddening leaves of the maple beside my window. In waves from far away a crowd cheered at a football game, and occasionally a carillon tolled the time.

The air was cool, as it always is early in October, but it felt clean and it gave more life to events occurring in it. Like the football game, events were cut into discreet parts when they happened in the cool, clean autumn air.

The sun scrambled through the maple branches and spilled in pieces on my bedroom floor. A little wind lifted my curtains

and swirled them like skirts and dropped them again. I lay quietly on my bed, listening to the leaves and to the curtains move with the breeze and to the faraway crowd and the chiming bells.

A man bored does odd things. He will wander wildly in the civilized jungle, no need to hunt, no farm to till, no fortress to defend.

Now I am lying motionless on my bed, except my eyes are turning from my window to the ceiling to the wall at the foot of my bed. The ceiling is cracked like an old painting, which it is I guess. To the left of the big poster on my wall is a framed painting of the river near my parents' summer home, where I grew up.

My mind wanders and wanders. It fixes on Peggy. I have still not escaped from the lie. For an instant I think it is love. No. I would not have thought of her at all if I had been doing anything.

Anything.  
Read.  
No, I'll fall asleep.  
Sleep.

No, I feel like shit when I get up after sleeping in the afternoon.

I could go for a walk but it would make me feel more alone. I could visit someone. No, I have nothing to talk about. I feel sorry for myself. I am boring.

There are a billion people who need a hand with their work and here I am on my bed.

Where is Peggy now? Where is Celia now? Where is Muriel now? My soft heart is crystallizing and the cooling air will soon bring snow and the fallen leaves will freeze on the ground.

I've read it all before but haven't lived it. And someday summer will return, and so will fall.

by ip se dixit  
brunswickan staff

## VIEWPOINT

### "What entertainment group would you like to see for Winter Carnival?"

by ben hong



barbara wilson:  
science I

"I really don't care. I'm easy to get along with."



tom monroe:  
alumnus

"The New Christy Minstrels, Strax's Jailhouse Band or Carleton Show Band."



jane greene:  
alumnus

"I don't want to see any rock groups performing at the Playhouse. Back Porch Majority or Yarbrough."



bronwyn macintyre:  
arts IV

"Big Brother... Oh Christ!"

boots: STU  
arts IV

"The Beacon Street Union, The Grateful Dead, or The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band."



ernie peacock:  
arts II

"The Mothers, Dylan, or the Fabulous Flying Weiser-meisters."



george ayer:  
chem eng II

"The Cream, The Rolling Stones or Colin B. Mackay's Trained Dogs."



jack jackie knoll:  
arts IV

"Aretha Franklin, Joni Mitchell, Colin B. Mackay and the Board of Deans."



from Sallust, slation, The scosin Press, 86-87, 92.

in other words h a murderer, n a trial (at the you are being ements on the e are encroach- erties of every-

y people who tion thought I and those who ated my glasses hair too. It is a will read and letter because I n too.

Emerson Wilby Arts Rep