ASPECT

November

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# THE DUEL

# by Paulette Carroll

"Whose side is she on, anyway?" hissed a dowager when Joséphine made her perfectly poised entrance into the ball-room of the Brancourtois mansion. "Or does she fancy that Baron Von Reinsfeldt will spare her Anatole tomorrow?"

"He probably will, at that," answered Vicomte de Belletiers, an old friend of Joséphine's family. "Reinsfeldt kills his man only when women are not involved. Remember what he did in 1822 to that Raguette boy who was on good terms with his late wife?"

The Vicomte gestured as if he was making a downward thrust with his sword.

"Alive, but diminished, if you get my meaning."

"They are such a devoted couple, so perfectly matched!"The fashionable young widow and the struggling débutant fresh from his country estate... Did you see how he kissed her hand? Just the proper blend of passion and reserve, an acknowledgement of both love and circumstances... Too bad he is abit skinny" she added, wrinkling her nose. "Do you think she believes he has a chance?"

The Vicomte shook his head.

"You know Joséphine is no fool. The Prussian hasn't been defeated in fifteen years. Of course, at forty, he has to watch himself. But he knows that. You won't catch him drinking and wenching all night."

"So she is being stoical, then? Too proud to show her feelings, as you would expect... Or is it...that the baron has his charms too? After all, a bland little affair like that Villetiers business could get boring for a woman like her... No adultery, no misalliance, no financial scandal, no blatant perversion..."

"I don't know about the financial scandal, my dear."

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"Belletiers, you don't mean those rumors about her father? That's ancient history!"

"Did you say rumors, ma chère?" He smiled sarcastically. "You must not forget that such closet skeletons can make a person highly vulnerable."

"To Reinsfeldt? Or to Villetiers, who may know too much by now? She certainly has kept them both in her little court far too long. It's a wonder that they didn't get at each other's throats a long time ago."

"Well, chère amie, you know what our friend Balzac says: "You must expect and suspect anything when a woman is in love." That goes double when you don't really know whom she's in love with. And quadruple when you are dealing with countess Josephine de Belcontrais."

"Well, it is certainly too late for her now. The matter seems pretty much to rest in..."—she imitated the Vicomte's earlier gesture—"the baron's hands."

Belletiers smiled for his only answer.

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Joséphine and Villetiers left the ball early. If the baron-and all Parisian society with him-felt certain of victory, Anatole was no less sure that he was going to kill his rival the next morning. He had had fleeting moments of doubt and depression, but in Joséphine's entrancing presence he felt not only confident, but elated. After all, the baron was an old man. And before all, he, Anatole, was the man she loved. He chose to trust his good fortune and his mistress with equal blindness, in spite of their lovers' quarrels. Wasn't she too beautiful and too successful for a newcomer not to be a little jealous at times? It was not as if it had ever been anything serious. But tomorrow he would show them. Show everybody that he was Joséphine's protector, and a man to be reckoned with. After his victory, everyone would have to talk to him with respect. "This, they would say, "is the young man who killed Reinsfeldt at swords." He would show the Prussian no mercy. For his first really serious duel, he owed it to himself to kill his opponent.

Anatole was now standing behind Joséphine in her dimly lit salon, watching their reflection in a mirror, entranced by the special sort of beauty her pensive mood was giving her. Emerging half naked from the white satin of her gown, her breasts rose and fell with the accelerated rhythm of her agitation. He put his hands on them and buried his face in the curls on her neck. He felt a deep quiver run through her and nothing in the world could have convinced him, at this moment, that the baron would stand a chance against him the next morning. But she suddenly broke their embrace.

"No!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

"Josie? What's the matter?"

He tried to hold her again.

"You're not worried, love? Oh, silly! I am going to be piqued if you worry, you know. I want you to be confident. Do you know who is now holding you in his arms? The future vanquisher of a famed duelist, that's who. Now you show a little more appreciation for the honor you are shown."

She smiled in spite of herself, but at the same time she pushed him back firmly. He was less disconcerted by her refusal than by the determination he could sense in her.

"Anatole," she said, "it is eleven-thirty. Your duel is at ten tomorrow morning. You should put every possible chance on your side. Don't stay here. Go home and sleep."

"But sweetheart ... "

"Don't argue, please!" The sternness of her expression turned to guile again as she added: "Do it as a favor to me. I know it is silly. But I will be less worried if I know you will face him fully rested. Leave me now and promise that you will go straight to bed—and sleep until it is time to get ready. Will you, please?"

He smiled indulgently.

"All right, little worry-wart. But don't you give me that line tomorrow morning, or there will be trouble!"

She briefly averted her face, then kissed him for what she thought could well be the last time.

\*\*\*\*\*

It took Josephine a long time and a lot of arguing with the butler to be finally admitted into the baron's antechamber at one o'clock in the morning. He appeared at last in neglected dress and an unpleasant mood. Reinsfeldt was a simple man who saw most things in black and white. When he had decided to challenge Villetiers, he had at the time renounced Joséphine, trading an unobtainable pleasure for the inferior but certain satisfaction of vengeance. And if Joséphine was now in his antechamber, it could only be for one reason: she wanted to plead with him to renounce that final satisfaction. That he would not do. And he was in no mood to be gracious about it. "Madam" he said roughly, "let us come to the point. It is late and I need my sleep. I will not withdraw my challenge to Monsieur de Villetiers. I will not let him escape with a cute gash on the left arm so that you can spend your days and nights nursing him back to health. I have nothing more to say on the subject. Please spare me your tears. I assure you that they would detract from your beauty."

Much to the baron's surprise, the countess looked at him with an amused smile.

"I am surprised, Monsieur," she said, "that a man like you should know so little about women."

She paused briefly, enjoying his confusion. Then she grew serious again.

"I have not come to ask you to spare Villetiers. I have come to ask you to kill him."

There was a silence.

"Is that so?" the baron said finally. "Well, I am afraid, countess, that I do not quite understand."

He motioned her to a seat.

"Please listen to me. Please. I am in a terrible situation."

She looked up at him in anguish.

"I am listening" he said still standing.

She averted her face.

"Oh, it is terribly embarrassing for me..."

She summoned her courage and added rapidly, in a low voice:

"There are rumors circulating about your not intending to kill him."

The corners of the baron's mouth rose in a barely perceptible sarcastic smile.

"Oh, Heinz! Don't you understand? If you leave him alive, however...maimed, it will be the end of me!"

She hid her face in her hands in anguish. He pulled up a chair and sat down near her.

"All right, Joséphine. Let's not panic. Suppose you tell me exactly why it would be the 'end of you', as you say?"

She rose abruptly.

"What do you expect me to do? Live like a nun for the rest of my life? Even now Villetiers is so possessive that it is worse than if we were married. Ten times worse. If he were my husband he would have something to do. He'd be busy taking care of my estate, at the very least. And he would have to keep quiet about ... certain matters. Oh, can't you see what it's like to be the prisoner of this brainless, idle young fop? I can't even smile at another man without the obsessive nitwit making a scene. I'm fed up. At my wits' end."

Anger colored her pretty cheeks and accented the mock-neglect of her curls.

"I see," said the baron in a contained voice. "And I suppose you pity the lad too much to break up with him?"

"Pity..." she said hoarsely. "Pity! Pity that young serpent, that blackmailer?"

She paused, as if at a loss for words. Then she picked up her wrap.

"No, Heinz, I see that my visit was in vain. I was a fool to take so great a risk."

He rose, but she moved away from him.

"Do not trouble yourself. I see now that you do not want to understand. Very well then. You leave me with the

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choice of either bearing that tyrant for the rest of my life, castrated or not, or having him drag my father's name in the gutter. I won't even mention the possible loss of most of my income. I am above such considerations. Yes," she added before the baron could get a word in edgewise, "you can gloat over my foolishness. The clever, conniving countess of Belcontrais babbled like a débutante in a moment of weakness. You can tell that to the ballroom gossips. They'll love it."

Reinsfeldt caught her by the shoulders.

"Please, Joséphine" he said in a subdued but firm voice.
"For heaven's sake, calm yourself. You are going to wake
up the whole household. I am sure that Lenclier must have
heard you."

Suddenly defeated, she stood in his grip, her lips trembling.

"What difference does it make if your butler heard me?" she said in a thin little voice. "Soon enough, all Paris will know that my father was an embezzler."

"So those rumors are true?"

She broke into tears.

Reinsfeldt held her for a minute, nervously kneading her shoulders. Confusing thoughts raced through his mind, as her behaviour of the past year took on an entirely different meaning. The shreds of his distrust gave way to a kind of dizziness when she lifted her wet face towards him. Looking at him with imploring helplessness, she whispered:

"Please, Heinz, kill him!"

It was more than the baron's senses could bear. He grabbed the woman he had so madly desired, pressed his lips against hers, and was overwhelmed by a response more passionate than his fondest dreams.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a little after eight the next morning when Joséphine woke up. Reinsfeldt was trying gently to unclasp her embrace. She sighed and caressed his moist skin.

"I have to get up," he said reluctantly.

She said nothing and advanced her lips, using the insidious strategy of turning a presumably final kiss into a first one with such clever transitions that there was no point at which Reinsfeldt already realized what was about to happen, and still wanted to avoid it.

"Just one more time..." she pleaded when it was too late for him to say no.

Joséphine's maid had a tubful of warm water ready for her when she finally came home around ten. She had a leisurely bath, changed her clothes, and had her hair arranged. It was a little before eleven when she heard a familiar voice in the entrance hall. Rushing down the stairs without the slightest restraint, she flung herself into the arms of her lover. They remained embraced for a long time without saying a word. Joséphine was laughing and crying at the same time.

"You killed him!" she said finally, her voice quivering with triumph.

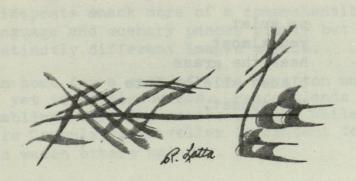
"Of course I did, silly girl."

He paused briefly.

"You know, it was surprisingly easy. Everything was over in ten minutes. The man had no reflexes at all!"

Brushing his lips against his mistriss' fragrant hair, Anatole added:

"He acted so tired. He probably had no sweet angel to tell him to get ten hours of sleep..."



### Don Foster

And then there is preparation An old house is towed away Or piece by piece removed Or shingle by shingle forgotten

Pences with papers stuck to them
Are blown away with garter snakes
And old hills with crabapples
Are suddenly level highways with garages

Fuzzy night that shaded the groves
Now smooth as two way mirror
And lights up with neon alphabets
Now shivers in the wind without a cloak

But the insects open wings at last And live in cubby corners of wire buildings Dart in and out of fans, land on typewriters Sleep on the back space key

Richard Latta

so quiet you almost hear the grass blades slicing into the sunset.

# Judy Shepps

I've wandered a crazy half-knowing world
Twenty-four and a half years convinced and
convincing. Blazing half trails of almost
Perceived truths witness the static groping.
Almosts carved with might-have-beens lead to
It-is. All roads lead to Rome and roam i did
To get Here Now. Heavy eyelids bear muted
Testimony to many miles of wandering, eons
Of hitchhiking with semi-sages, sleeping with
Common illusions and Dying the inevitable
Nonsequitors of impossibilities.

I've wandered an inner road of curves and Dead Ends that are interwoven. I've busted Lights and Signs that had directions of a Sort that were incomprehensible to my Ego and which were rejected instantly by My indomitable Id (with coaching from the Silent Libido of course). Dusty shoes and Worn out clothes are my possessions and Proudly I lay them aside for the next Traveller.

#### I'm home.

I have finally wandered to the palace of Maximal expectations and equal happiness for Each segment of my Schizophrenic self. The Guideposts smack more of a comprehensible Language and scenery passes slowly but Distinctly different images parade.

I'm home for a rest of some duration unknown Or yet to be discovered. Peace blends with Rumbling, bursting emotion. For a while even This Compulsive Traveller is content to sit And watch others walk by.

# POPULATION

THEORY & HISTORY

-PART 2-

Edward J. Hogan

#### WHAT MALTHUS MISSED

But Malthus' principles, which he had thought described the enduring dilemma of population and subsistence, described only pre-industrial Europe (the period coming to a close in the century around 1800), and not the decades ahead.

Why? Because two revolutions which were developing during Malthus' lifetime greatly altered the age-old pattern of population history, leading to a sustained population explosion. The first was the revolution of sanitation and health; the second, the Industrial Revolution.

The <u>sanitation</u> and <u>medical revolution</u> was primarily the result of basic and far-reaching improvements during the late 1700s. Two of the most important of them were (1) the introduction and widespread availability of cheap cotton clothing (which eliminated such practices as sewing children into leather skins at the beginning of winter3) and (2) the spread of the practice of smallpox inoculation. 4 This last development may be the most important factor that ignited the explosive population growth in England that began about 1750, due to a pronounced decrease in the death rate.

### TABLE 2: EXAMPLE OF THE EFFECTS OF SMALLPOX IN-OCULATION IN A SMALL TOWN IN ENGLAND.

Smallpox Mortality at Maidstone, 1754-1801

	, -1,74 1001		
Period	Smallpox burials		
1752-1761 1762-1771	252		
1772-1781	76		
1782-1791	60		
1792-1801	91		
2172 1001	2		

Source: P.E. Razzell, "Population Change In Eighteenth Century England: a Re-Appraisal", POPULATION IN INDUSTRIALIZATION, edited by Michael Drake(London: Methuen & Co.Ltd., 1969)

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Looking, in 1798, at England's sharp upward trend of population in the face of her limited capability to increase food production, Malthus saw only a harsh reinforcement of his theories in the years ahead. But, although he lived until 1834, he never successfully grappled with the effects of the <u>Industrial Revolution</u> (of which he was not unaware). And a theory of population that did not properly take in the Industrial Revolution was seriously flawed.

Rupert B. Vance states that "the sanitary and medical revolutions saved the lives of children; the Industrial Revolution kept them alive as adults." The burgeoning industry and commerce of England absorbed the growing population while it secured the additional foodstuffs this population required. "In short, the Industrial Revolution delayed the population crisis of England for a hundred years."

As the economies of the other countries of Europe developed into variations of the modern industrial-urban based economy of England. Europe more than doubled her population in the space of 100 years. The most industrialized countries saw the most dramatic increases.

TABLE 3: ESTIMATED POPULATIONS OF SELECTED EURO-PEAN COUNTRIES, 1700-1900. (in millions)

	1700	1750	1800	1850	1900
Great Britain	6.8	7.8	10.6	20.8	37.0
Germany	16.0	19.0	24.5	35.4	56.4
France	20.0	24.6	28.2	35.8	39.0
Spain	8.0	9.0	11.5	15.0	18.6
Italy	13.4	15.5	18.1	24.3	32.5

Source: Herbert Moller, POPULATION MOVEMENTS IN MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1964), p.5.

But, as Vance notes, "In multiplying up to these new limits, England and Western Europe created a denser industrial population than they could reasonably hope to support, once industrialization had spread over the globe." Malthus, in a little-known passage, foresaw the possibility of the development of a European industrial population dependent on the need of the world for the product of its labors, and warned that "the consequences ought greatly to be dreaded." But what Malthus did not—and could not—foresee was a new demographic trend that began to develop in parts of

Europe as early as 1850.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL BIRTHRATE

The birthrate in the "developed" countries began to decline. France, most populous in Europe in 1850, was the first country to show this decline in fertility, even though her industrialization before this period was not a key factor. The rich agriculture, a central trading location which promoted rich commerce in goods and the corresponding growth of cities and the middle class, are among the complex reasons that the so-called industrial birthrate occurred first there. By 1850, France's birthrate began to fall, and it fell so sharply that the far less-populous Germany of 1750 had far surpassed France by the late 1800s. Between 1847 and 1914, France's birthrate declined from 27 to 19 per thousand, and by the end of World War I it was 11, and still falling, approaching its lowest ebb, during the 1920s. Germany's birthrate, in 1875-80, was 39.3 per thousand. 10 France's slowed population growth crippled her in three wars with Germany: 1870, 1914-18, and 1940. England's birthrate began its decline between 1870 and 1880.

The population growth of Europe during the first half of the 20th century, lead by the trends in the most industrialized countries, continued to decellerate. During this period, growth was 36%, compared to a 50% growth between 1850 and 1900. After World War II, Europe did not experience the baby boom that occurred in the U.S. for rather obvious economic reasons. After recovery, the birthrate in Europe generally rose again, although not sharply. In 1970, the birthrate in most of Western Europe averaged about 17 per thousand, and in Central and Eastern Europe, it was somewhat to considerably lower. In the U.S., population increased from 132 to 179 million between 1940 and 1960, an increase of 36%. (The rate of increase was 25% during the period 1920-40.) By 1970, however, the U.S. birthrate was also 17 per thousand. The birthrate is further declining in the U.S., according to the National Center for Health Statistics, and the "declining economy", rising health and educational costs, and the impact of concern about environment and burgeoning population growth seem to be some of the possible causes. 11 It seems likely that Europe, Russia, and other areas of the "developed" world will join in this trend.

To sum up: the population growth in the "developed" world may well be controlled and even ended within the next 40 to 50 years. But one of the exports of the developed world has reinforced uncontrolled population growth in the Third World, the greatest barri-

cade to raising living standards in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

NEXT ISSUE: Part 3: POPULATION, SURVIVAL, AND PROGRESS IN THE THIRD WORLD

#### Footnotes:

Mentioned by Rupert B. Vance in "Malthus and the Principle of Population", POPULATION MOVEMENTS IN MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY, edited by Herbert Moller (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1964), p.51.

4P.E. Razzell's research indicates that "smallpox was a universal disease with a case-fatality rate varying from 16½ percent to 97 percent" in Great Britain before the spread of the practice of inoculation. From "Population Change in Eighteenth Century England: a Re-Appraisal", POPULATION IN INDUSTRIALIZATION, edited by Michael Drake (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1969), p.146.

<sup>5</sup>Vance, p. 51.

6 Vance, p. 52.

7The greatest, most explosive population growth in the United States occurred up to about 1800 (600% increase between 1750 and 1800, 400% from 1800 to 1850). Moller, p.5.

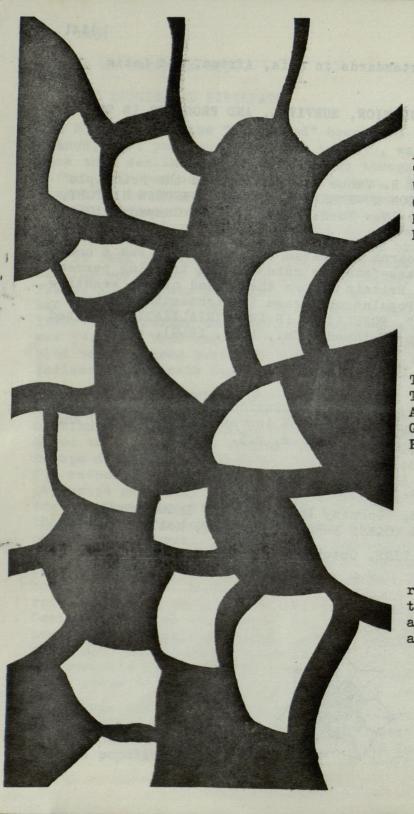
8 Vance, p. 52.

9Quoted by Vance, p. 52.

10 Wolfgang Köllmann, "Germany In the Age of Industrialism", POPULATION MOVEMENTS IN MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY, Moller, p. 106.

11"Toward Z.P.G.", TIME, October 18, 1971, p. 31.



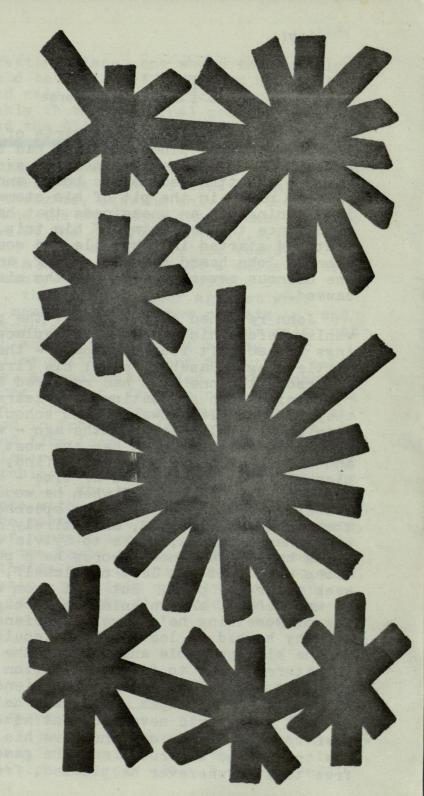


A chorus awoke me
This morning; under my
Window I found a
Group of dandelions
Had gathered to practice
For the summer concert.

The wind gossips
Through the grasses
About how the summer
Got the trees
Pregnant.

running grass to catch wind and a lost afternoon. the white snow
field felt like
limbo
a little numb
yet perfectly quiet
i had no appetite
to leave
but just in
a tingling security
to remain
for an
eternity

till her voice cracked me conscious of reality.



RICHARD LATTA.

# FREE by Don George

As John entered the outskirts of the forest, where little clumps of pines and oaks had begun to replace the grass and mud, an eerie sensation seemed to hover around him, as if attracted to his body, and then to find a resting place in the pit of his stomach, slowly settling in to bring out an uneasiness that had existed in John's mind since the beginning of his trip, a trip, that had started in Lakeville and would end "Who knows where?" John heard himself saying, and was startled by the ominous reverberations in the air his words had caused.

John returned to Lakeville; the pine trees seemed to vanish before his eyes, to be replaced by the dirty buildings he had left four days past - the site of his first Little League Baseball game; his first date, with Susan Anderson, the one that had required a month of courage; his junior high graduation, the tears and the shouts as they had stumbled towards high school; the big junior year prom - only three months ago - when he'd taken Sylvia Simpkins, bought her the most expensive corsage and beautiful flowers he could find, the big date he had planned three weeks ahead of time - he knew his speeches well and exactly how and when he would act - but it was all different that night, the speeches wouldn't come, they couldn't; instead, an entirely new voice, one he'd never heard before, spoke to Sylvia with gentle, secret words he'd never known, words he'd put into a poem, along with what was left of himself, and sent to her week after the prom. But that prom wasn't really a prom, it was more of an awakening, he thought, yes, an awakening of something he'd never experienced before; and that was why he had to leave, why he could only leave a on the kitchen table and run out the front door, never to return, never to face humiliation again, never sneer at Sylvia and her new boyfriend and have to the dust from his eyes - at least he'd burned the letter so that that could never torment him. He was free now, free to roam on his own and live his own life, free from the trivia and the rules and the games and the Sylvia's, free to stop wherever he pleased, free to think - the log

seemed an inviting resting place, one where the energies and the thoughts could be collected - why had Sylvia left? - what was it she had said, what were those words that had seemed so foolishly to be an eternal promise? - it had been a warm night and the flies had diverted his thoughts - here it was cool and the forest did promise forever.

He went on, finally finding a beaten path through the bushes and thickets where the sounds filled his mind and drove out all alien thoughts, leaving only the beauty and calm of the forest, and the stillness that seduced him to rest, to stop a while at the clearing ahead ......... The soft iciness of a hand newly chilled by the woods startled him out of his sleep, to gaze at a smile of tranquility, a face of beauty that was obviously a close friend of the forest, that kind shelter against what lurked outside - the memories of all the regrets - and she reminded him of Sylvia, a flowing, graceful walk not unlike the gait of an antelope, and that beauty that aroused in him a feeling quite different from the ness he'd felt before, a feeling that led him and chained him to her cabin - free at last, free to roam the and live as he should. She fed him without a word, silently placing the food in front of him, motioning him to eat, watching the hand flow from table to mouth, and back, watching like a foreigner who had never experienced such a strange manner, watching and then leaving, only to return with wood ..... the hours passed, her name was Tania and she spoke with a lilt that recalled riors and kings of the past, maidens and heroes of always with a smile of content and utter joy - a simple fantasy, this life in the realm of those kindly trees and the poetry grew inside him, bursting out far too soon, betraying him once again - she left quickly, confused, and he, he left too, free to roam the woods again, free to wander on.

-Advertisement-

COSMOPOLITAN CONTACT, a 32-page, illustrated, polyglot magazine for international friendship, correspondence, trade, exchange, travel, politics. Sample 50%. P.O. Box 26531, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

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COSMOPOLITAN CONTACT, P.O. Box 26531, Los Angeles, CA 90026. 50¢ per issue. Inquire for subscription rates. This "polyglot magazine for international friendship" (see ad in this issue as well) is primarily devoted to promoting correspondence among people of all countries. Much of such correspondence is published in the magazine's pages. "Polyglot" is indeed an apt adjective. Seems to be open to all writers; although a certain pronounced anti-communist emphasis pops up often, polyglotism of a bewildering variety is maintained. Some sample lines: "Independent and uncensored", "goodwill unlimited", "back boys in Viet Nam", "Build a strong America Fight Communism", "I hope the Wilsonregime will be short lived; I hope the British will soon get rid of that Vietcong-supporting, pro-communist Socialist-regime." And finally: "An average individual who wants to express publicly his own views or experiences finds out that the means of communication are controlled either by indoctrinated government officials or by profit-seeking businessmen." Whew. A rather fascinating publication.

LYRICS, by James G. Goodwin. Thom Henricks Associates, P.O. Box 1024, Birmingham, AL 35201. 20 pages. Price: inquire. A book of poems of traditional roots. There is some very nice work here, including the following: "Sunday Afternoon"

Sunday afternoon,
with the November wind,
The wind blowing with gloom.
Minutes ticking away,
Gray clouds moving slowly,
Covering—covering the afternoon,
Dinner is finished,
The pipes are laid aside,
Conversation dwindles to nothing,
To nothing—on this afternoon.
Impatient and restless,
We dread Monday's morning,
Yet know the gray boredom,
Of Sunday afternoon.