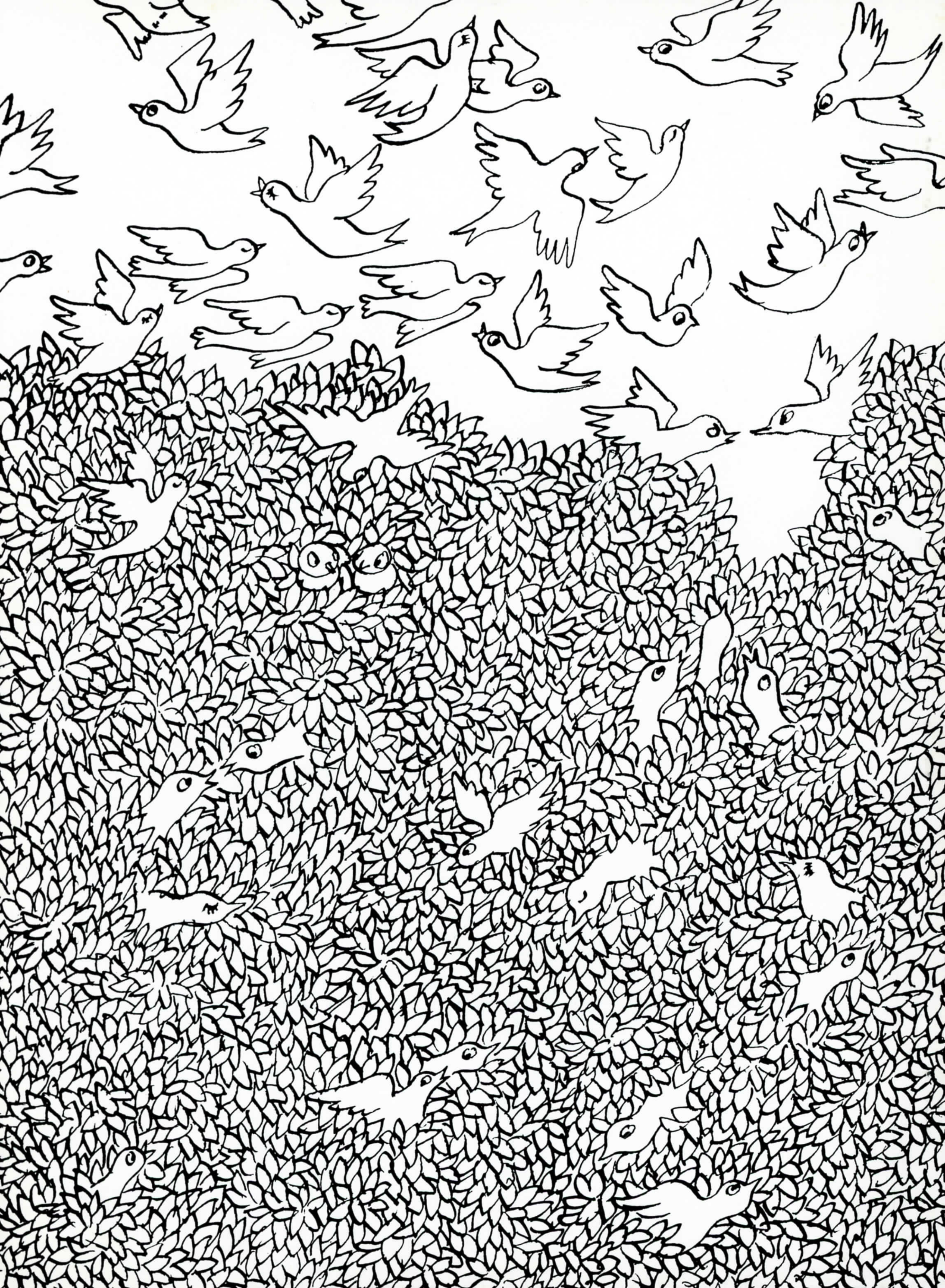

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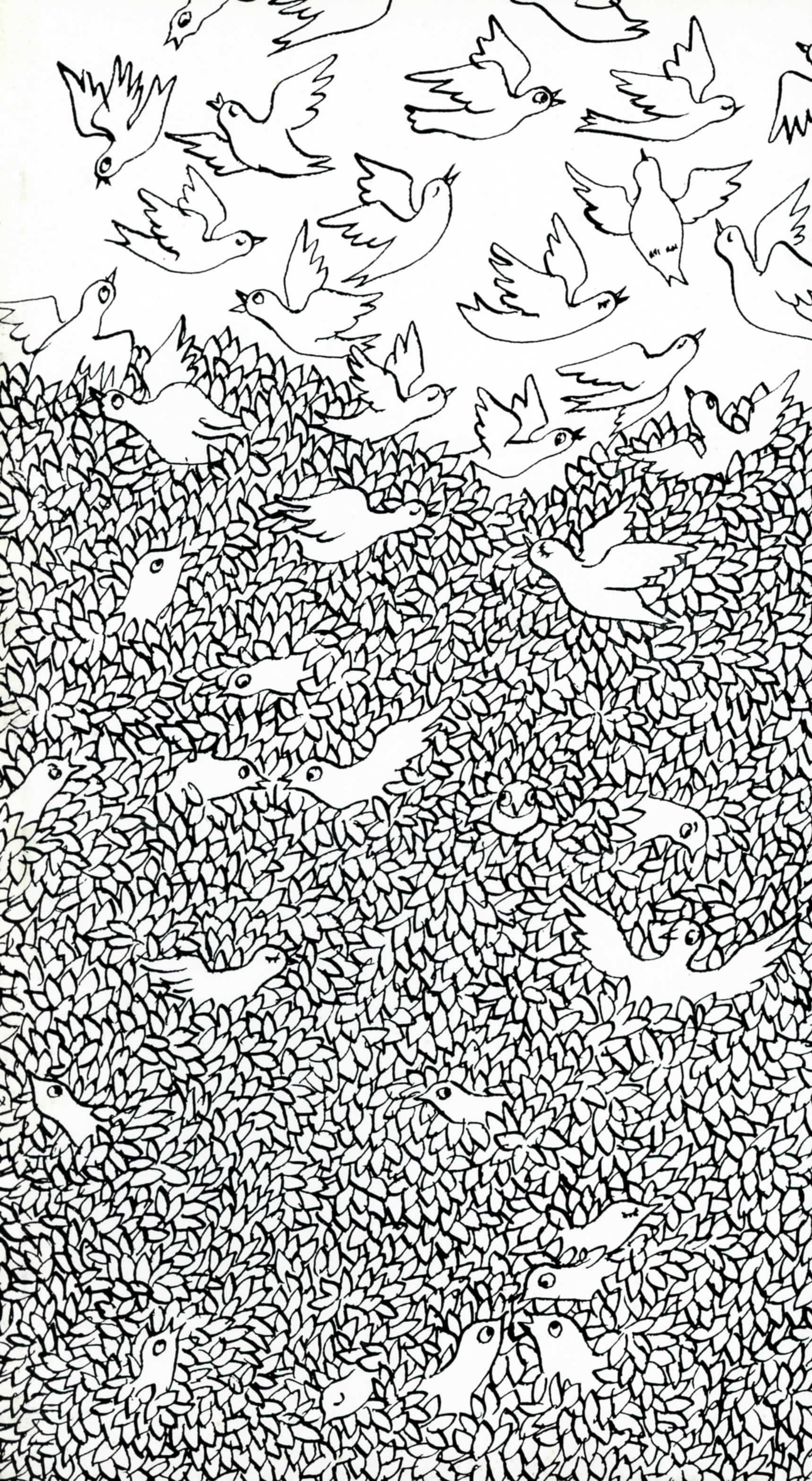

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EDITORIAL

Human life has often been short-changed and underrated by our prevalent assumption that art is a gumdrop decoration, or unnecessary extra ruffle in the world of practical affairs. But few would deny that building a life, developing his own individuality may be considered man's greatest and most profound "Art" of all. This should be just as much a creative enterprise as painting or writing or glass-blowing. The same aesthetic principles may determine the forms in which all his actions are shaped.

The first and perhaps most important of these principles is a feeling for depth. No person can hope to become a mature individual without somehow getting below the surface of external events and appearances. He cannot isolate himself, for neither insight nor perspective can be gained by putting himself apart from the everyday world. The artist must deliberately settle down in the midst of life and scrutinize all the faces around him including his own. A keen sensitivity to and an awareness of all that is going on should be developed as a requisite to any form of human understanding. This means not only an awareness of contemporary times but of dimensions of memory as well—of the Madonna, Apollo, the potter of Vallauris, the silversmith of Lima, the scientist of Germany. Only by seeking, exploring, evaluating, reflecting can man attain the new perception, the new imagination which is art.

Becoming an individual incorporates also the simplicity, the perfect balance of form and action which governs art. More than simply implying the taking advantage of every opportunity with the least wasted effort, this principle requires the building of a well-constructed system of behavior. Just as a poet searches for the inevitably right word, so man must develop a capacity to respond with interest and some understanding to a wide range of ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, while at the same time maintaining a unity of purpose and a unique composure of self.

The purpose of any art, whether it be literature, sculpture, music, or other form of expression, is to foster an ease of communication between man and his world. A writer does not write only for himself. Ideas which have no meaning apart from their author are valueless. One idea can not have two authors; therefore, true communication first necessitates an understanding of

the other person's ideas in order to see his viewpoint also. Most certainly it is man's aim to fulfill his own individuality and recognize at the same time the individuality of his companions.

Art in all forms attempts to create a pattern that will lead to a sense of well-being or completeness. How can this be attained? The college community with its libraries and art galleries, its self-study, open-minded seeking for fact, and emphasis on academic freedom seems the logical place in which to begin the initial development toward becoming a mature person. A student publication is and should be a reflection of this development. It increases ease of communication between student, professor, and people outside the community by offering a channel for the dissemination of ideas. It encourages *logos,* "the outward means by which the inward thought is expressed," by exploring depth and measuring the thoughts of the campus. By also employing an economy of motion toward creating a sense of well-being, the publication can be an educator, a means of stimulating thought and exciting curiosity. The creative individual is the most significant unit in society. Art is not a pleasure for its own sake or an enjoyment merely. It is an educator.

PATSY ARSCOTT

The Challenge of Higher Education

by Harriet Sloop

The problems of higher education have become more complicated with the rapid enrollment of students in colleges and universities in the last several years. This increased enrollment has demanded an increase in the number of professors needed by these institutions. If colleges are forced to expand their faculties, professors already employed naturally stand to suffer a reduction in salary. Small liberal arts schools, like Queens College, are therefore in a precarious position, for if present salaries are reduced, and the remuneration for teaching becomes too small, some of our more able professors will be forced to move on to institutions that can afford them a salary commensurate with their abilities.

Administrators and faculty are aware of this complicating factor in education today. They realize that their first responsibility is to the student who enters the doors of their small, liberal arts school. How can they best help their students attain all that the aims and purposes of the college declare when the classrooms are already too crowded? How can some of the overload of teaching be removed from the professors' shoulders? Are colleges going to be forced to run the risk of losing some of their most valuable professors? Must present salaries be lowered to enable colleges to hire mediocre professors at the risk of losing the good ones they already have?

Members of the Student Self Study Committee do not think that it is necessary to run that risk. We feel that we have not exhausted all the possibilities for solving the problem on our own campus. The Student Self Study Committee has come to the conclusion that several rather obvious solutions have possibly been overlooked. In the midst of our growing pains we have learned that Queens students are more than willing to do their part toward the improvement of higher education. We have found that they are capable of doing far more than they are given credit for. Queens students all want to do their share. They are not afraid to accept responsibility. One sub-committee interviewed students from the various departments on campus, and found that they believe that one of the chief faults of higher education is that it is so highly institutionalized and structured that student capabilities are often overlooked or wasted. This fault could be the key to solving some of our present problems, at least for a while.

Students could put to use their potential in both the academic area and the scholarship area of the college life, and alleviate some of the burden on professors. We found in our interviews with students in the various departments that, if given more responsibility, they found more satisfaction in their courses, and in their work. Classes that had been planned to let students feel more personal responsibility for learning seemed to be for them the most successful. They enjoyed the freedom allowed them to grapple with the ideas and problems of a subject.

The majority of these students, however, were good students in upper level courses. They admitted that although this, the group tutorial worked for them, it would not work in all classes. Students who wish to participate in

classes like those of the group tutorial must realize the purpose and direction of such an endeavor. They must be aware of their individual responsibilities to themselves, to other members of the class, and to the professor, before they can hope to find success in the method. A professor in a course such as this would not necessarily feel that he had to meet with these classes in times of more than usual pressure. He would be assured by the previous performance of the class that they could carry on without him; that they would be prepared to pursue the course of study without him. A spirit of mutual respect and confidence would already have been developed; and working together toward some higher goal than simply meeting class could be relied upon.

By endowing the students of higher education with more responsibility, three things are gained. Students become more interested and concerned about their work. Student capabilities are not sacrificed, and professors feel freer to make the best use of their valuable time. A healthy attitude prevails. Students no longer sit in classrooms like sponges merely absorbing the material that is placed before them. Instead they are forced to find out what is important for themselves; consequently, they will be better prepared to continue to learn and study after they leave the academic environment. A general spirit of enthusiasm for learning may permeate an entire campus, if this closer relationship of students and faculty members is generated.

Professors, with the help of students, would be able to find more time to devote to the classes that needed them; to study and to do research that would keep them abreast of the times. There would not be such a pressing need to employ more teachers at the risk of salary reductions for present faculty members. Some professors have already learned that they can use their Dana and Queens Scholars to assist them in research and in activity hours. The impact of this small experiment has already been felt on the campus. When students in lower classes see upperclassmen assisting professors in their courses and in labs, they are inspired to do good work. They are encouraged by the fact that these students were once floundering freshmen themselves. The spirit of "the pursuit of excellence" would take hold of them.

The Student Self Study Program made us realize how complex and interrelated the problems of education are. This in itself has been enlightening to all who have taken part in it. A spirit of faith in each individual student's capabilities has been renewed, and with this renewal of faith has come the conclusion that certain academic problems are not insoluble. Students and faculty members are more willing than ever before to join together in undertaking this program as an endeavor to do all they can for the good of the college and for the sake of higher education.

The Somber Shadow

Child of the South,
Have you forgotten
    the despair,
    the hunger,
    the anguish of war?
Have you forgotten
    the heartache of the aged,
    the pain of the wounded soldier,
    the fierceness of battle,
    the bitterness of peace?

Your men were brave; but others were stronger.
The victors ravaged your land,
    raped your women,
    burned your fields,
    broke your spirit.
They left only confused memories of happier days,
    when cotton was king;
    when the violent sunshine beat into the
    barren bolls until the puffs of cotton were born;
    when your black slaves chanted as they
    toiled in the early morning mist.

Your sacrifice was repaid with
    misery,
    starvation,
    grief.
The blood of your men,
The pride of your families,
The heritage of your past,
The youth of your children,
All this they seized and then retreated—
Leaving you naked and destitute.

Child of the South,
Your land needs you now!
A somber shadow returns,
    disrupting your life,
    destroying your very soul.
Stand by her!
Deny your prejudice and your bigotry.

Child of the South,
Why do you desert her now?

—BETSY JOHNSON

Friend Of Friends

Presence in power and height I know,
Alone in a night full of reeds and the sand,
Flat on my back with my eyes out in space in
the waves of a star on a lake—and the moon

Presence in heart and communion I know,
Involved in the jumble that's people and things
Yet filled by a smile made of love unconfined
with a fullness of Life unmeasured by mind.

Presence in mind and excitement I know,
In a world of ideas always new and unsure,
Surrounded by all I could want to absorb in a
vacuum so small there's no room for a hole.

Presence in fun and laughing I know,
Aware of the good in what's simple and light,
Able to give, to take in, and to share whatever
I find to give pleasure that's pure.

Presence in doubt and confusion I know,
Assailed by the empty who cry in the dark
That God is no person to know or be known,
but the sum of reality known—or not known.

Presence in darkness and blindness I know,
Unable to see where I came from, or go,
Trapped in myself, yet I know He is here—
totality focused—and knowing, I sing.

—LOUISE GITTINGS

THE AFTERMATH

by Virginia Rose

Barbara turned to look at the big red Coca-Cola clock which hung on the dressing-room door behind the lifeguard chair. Only three more hours and the pool would close for the night. She glanced at the sky, hoping to see huge black clouds with roaring thunder and flashes of lightning. Eight straight hours in the hot summer sun of South Carolina was almost too much for her.

The swimming pool was crowded for 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and, as she looked around, she regretted the fact that there wasn't a soul over twelve years old anywhere to be seen.

Jimmy had just left for the dentist's, and now she was burdened with the full responsibility of the pool and this didn't help her state of boredom in the least. When Jimmy was there, she at least had someone to return her sighs, and to back her up when she lost her temper.

Barbara reached behind the chair and pulled a large bottle of baby-oil from her beach bag, although it was almost empty. She poured the last few drops on her deeply tanned legs, wondering if they would ever lose the dirty look they had acquired in the last two months. Sometimes she hated that she had even considered this job as lifeguard at a private country club pool for the summer. Nothing ever happened, which made her many hours of practice and training seem useless; yet, swimming was always a wonderful sport for her. She could relax in the water more easily than anywhere else and for this reason only she had stayed on at the job.

Just then, Bryant, a regular customer, looked up at her with tears streaming down his already wet face. "Barbara, make Johnny quit ducking me! I almost drowned!!"

The fear in the boy's eyes made Barbara think for a moment how dangerous a simple game in the water can be. Johnny was always bothering someone, so she sent him home, which satisfied Bryant and perhaps taught Johnny to think before he pestered anyone again.

"Boy! You sure are tough!" Barbara looked up to see Sammy and Simmons, two of her life-saving students, laughing at her abruptness. Because of their remark and laughter, she wondered if they really understood the responsibility which would be theirs if they passed the course.

"This place and you kids are about to get on my nerves," she said, smiling, as they walked to the dressing room to put on their bathing suits.

They ran out a few minutes later, jumping into the water with a huge splash in her direction. Nothing seemed to please the boys more than to splash water farther than the next one. She tried to explain to them that she didn't mind getting wet, but they would have to learn to respect the other swimmers. But they just laughed and went on playing. She thought how useless it was to try to tell them why they should or should not do certain things in the pool. They just didn't care.

"Hey, Barbara! Watch this cool dive!" Sammy yelled as he approached the end of the diving board, but Barbara was looking past Sammy at the golf course. Sammy stopped suddenly, because the expression on Barbara's face was nothing to laugh at. Turning around, he saw a colored boy running up the hill to the pool and screaming louder than seemed possible for such a small boy.

In a split second, Barbara was down from the lifeguard chair. "Sammy, grab those towels and come with me! Simmons, get everyone out of the pool and watch them! Bob, call Dr. Hart, he's in the Pro Shop!"

Before anyone knew what was happening, Barbara and Sammy were tearing cross the eighth tee to the boy. He was so hysterical and talking so fast in his strange Negro dialect, that neither of them could understand what he was saying. But he was pointing in the direction of the ninth hole, so all three of them ran over the sand trap hill.

Barbara knew immediately what had happened when she saw two golfers and two more Negro caddies standing by the small lake which received the overflow from the pool. She knew it was close to ten feet deep. The water had a dark blackish-green color and was very dirty. It scared her for a minute to think she might have to dive into it.

"We just got here! I think his brother is in the lake!" the golfers yelled from a distance. Barbara had a second to think that she had never seen grown men appear so frightened.

"Exactly where did he go down?" Barbara asked as she ran to the side of the lake.

"Right there," said the oldest caddy, who was crying, much against his will. He pointed to a spot on the far side of the lake.

Barbara immediately slid down the slippery bank of the lake and jumped feet first into the dark, slimy water. The farther she went down, the colder it got; it was almost imposible for her to hold her breath! Finally she felt the bottom with her feet, and turned so that she could grope along with her hands. She couldn't remember ever being so scared and so alone in her life! Finally, just as she was about to return to the top for a breath of air, she felt something on the bottom. She grabbed whatever it was and headed for the top just as fast as she could. And she just couldn't let go. Not now! Just as she felt she couldn't stay under another minute and keep hold of the boy, someone grabbed her hand and pulled her up on the bank of the lake. Gasping

for breath, but managing to tell the men and boys to bring towels, she finally got the young boy on the dry ground. As Sammy was wrapping him up, she felt his pulse, which was very faint. Immediately she checked his throat for any foreign objects, put her mouth to his, and began the rhythmic process of artificial respiration.

Breathe air in; press air out. Complete silence except for the small boy who kept saying, "Please don' let my brutha die. He's the only brutha I got!" Breathe air in; press air out. Breathe air in; press air out. It seemed to Barbara that she would never be able to stop. Five minutes passed. Finally she detected a gasp, very faint, but he was coming through. She breathed harder and pressed harder. Finally he was able to breathe alone. She sat up and relaxed a little after feeling his pulse, much stronger now. She demanded silence, because even though the boy was unconscious, he might be able to hear comments that could send him into shock.

She found out what his name was and tried to make him come to by saying it over and over. At last Dr. Hart came. Barbara stood back and let him take over. The others were explaining what had happened, while she tried to comfort the smaller boys. Then Mr. Bennet, the golf pro, started fussing at them for swimming in the lake.

"I've told you all so many times how dangerous it is to swim in this nasty lake! How can you be so *stupid?* It would serve you right if he'd died, and then you would *realize* how important it is to listen to what people tell you! You should get down on your knees and thank this girl for saving his life!"

Barbara thought how strange it was that Mr. Bennet could talk this way under the circumstances. Men were really funny when they were scared and felt a certain responsibility.

Sammy went with Mr. Bennet and Dr. Hart to the hospital along with the boy and his brothers. Barbara, still shaking and tired all over, walked back to the swimming pool when she noticed that the long-awaited rain was beginning to fall. It was pouring by the time she reached the pool and she began to shake from cold as well as from the scare.

Jimmy was back when she got there. She was putting on her robe, thanking Simmons for staying at the pool, and trying to answer as many questions as she could. The swimmers finally got dressed and left, and Barbara went home to an empty house, feeling very much alone. She called the hospital and found to her relief that the boy was going to be all right.

Just as she hung up the phone, her mother came in from town. Excitedly, Barbara described what had happened, trying to remember each detail so her mother would understand just how everything had happened. Her mother looked at her searchingly without speaking, and finally said:

"But how did you ever bring yourself to use the mouth-to-mouth method on a *Negro* boy?" Barbara looked painfully at her mother and started out of the room. Turning at the door, she answered, "I guess I just didn't think about it at the time!"

Then she went to her room. She leaned on the window sill and smiled. Nothing mattered now, nothing. She, Barbara Veans, had saved a *life!*

The Waiter

Dressed like a hunter
In scarlet called "Pink."
"Howdy do, ma'm.
Dat's fine sir, Ah think."
An aristocratic Negro,
In boss man's old clothes,
Serving sailors and students
In the cellar repose.
Silver and brass,
A plantation's fare,
Candles in rumbottles
Unheard of there.
Now rouge spots unnoticed
As magnolia face,
And wine as romantic
On checks as on lace.
Bubbles in amethyst
Champagne reflects.
Pink marbles shiver
As player retracts.
Flags are the wallpaper
Symbolic of waste,
Waving in rhythm
Inebriant haste.
Servant of none,
A free man at last.
Antebellum living
One hundred years past.
Rice, cotton, coon hounds
Hot toddies at ten.
Charleston society—
All gentlemen.
Tenant room quarters,
Paid by the day.
For hours past midnight
A beer on a tray.
This difference in living
He thought he should call,
From "Carolina wealth
To bowery brawl."

—BETTY DANIEL

Man

Published by the National Poetry Association in their annual anthology *America Sings*

Across the empty thronging teeming place
I met a man who was lost and yet found
Who was lonely but had many friends
who searched the travesty of scenes
And knew that life was endlessly meaningless
But was full of hope

—BETTY JENKINS

Illusion

The wide and lucid picture-window framed
Array of potted foliage, tropical plants,
And passers-by were struck by the tableau
Of coral, topaz, lilac, sanguine spectrums.
This was a scene for Picasso or van Gogh,
And the small humming bird, soft-feathered
creature,
Darting through flower-petals in the garden,
Suddenly sucking the sweetness of honeyed
nectar,
Shook drops of dew and pollen off his wings,
And spying the luxury of the enclosed bower
Sped toward it, whirring, as always, in an air
That had been safe, but now, today, betrayed
him
To death and silence, under the window glass.

—LOUISE O'KELLEY

A Grecian Summer

Ruth Wilkes

Kythera becomes a challenge, a question, and a treasure.

The *Mirtidiotissa* opens her already overflowing arms to you on August 2, 1960, as you board the tiny vessel at Pireaus, the port of Athens, Greece. You think of many things—the increasing heat as noon draws near; the astonished looks and jeers of the Athenians when you announced you were going to Kythera for a month; the poverty of the Greeks around you going to their homes on the coast of the Peleponnesus and the small southern islands.

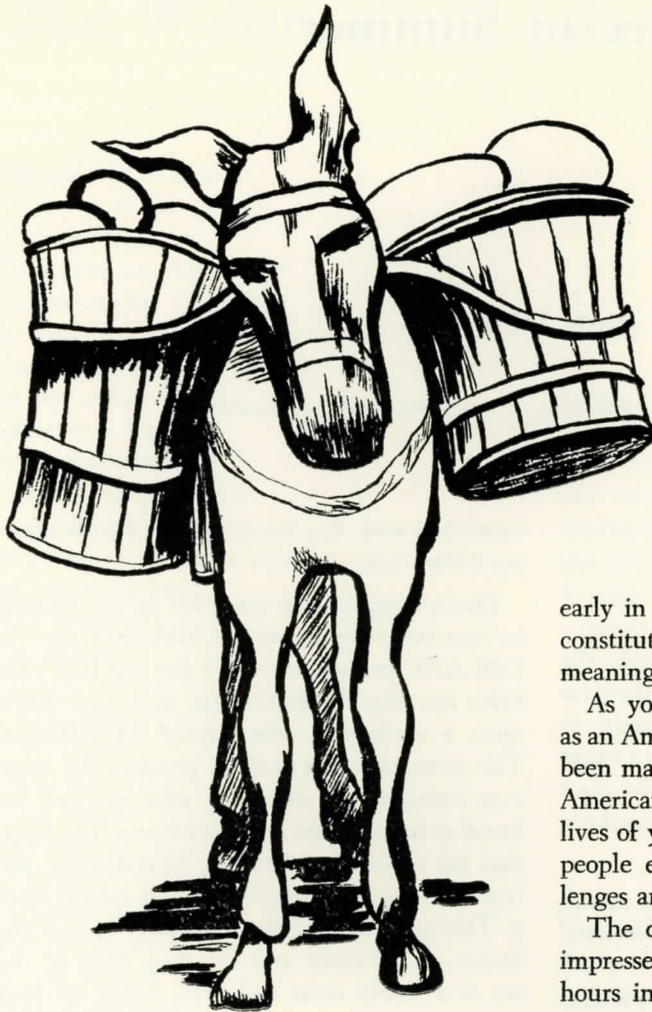
You try to speculate about life for a month on the small island of Kythera at an Ecumenical Workcamp. You remember the workcamp description: "Through the years the population has diminished on this island south of the Peleponnesus because of soil erosion and lack of water for vegetable crops. The workcamp will begin construction of a water reservoir dam." You wonder what life will mean for you and the Kytherians this August.

Your attention turns to the twenty-five other campers from ten countries as you journey through the enchanting blue Mediterranean waters. Night falls and finally at 3:00 A.M. you meet your island. She is so small that the *Mirtidiotissa* cannot dock. As the full golden moon shines across the black water, a small rowboat comes to meet you in the bay. You row toward the island questioning how Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, could be connected with this barren piece of rock looming before you.

Dawn creeps slowly into view as you bounce for two hours by bus to the workcamp site. At 5:00 A.M. you come around the last rock that hides the blue Mediterranean and gaze down upon a monastery, also named Mirtidiotissa. The monastery was built to preserve the large icon found on the site many years ago and believed to have special healing powers. You learn that the name of the icon is Mirtidiotissa; the boat and the monastery take their names from it. The stark white of the monastery against the brown of the earth and the deep blue of the sea is a lovely sight and your home for four weeks.

As the days go by you find Kythera a fascinating island for a study in silent beauty—the deepest blue of the nearby sea, the equally blue cloudless sky, and the rocks whose plurality is a symbol of the economic depression. Kythera is also fascinating for the study of a people with an island mentality, a way of thinking that is vastly different from your own.

As you visit the villages of the island, the largest with a population of 450 people, you do not wonder so at their poverty; this can be accounted for by lack of water for crops, scarcity of trees, and extensive soil erosion. As you meet and observe the people you see no move on their part to improve the existing economic



early in the month that meaning for your life constitutes something vastly different from meaning for their lives.

As you reflect upon the shape of your life as an American you realize its complexity. It has been made problematic by an awareness of the American heritage and an involvement in the lives of your countrymen as well as the lives of people everywhere. It seems marked by challenges and an impetus toward accomplishment.

The different shape of the Kytherians' life impresses you. You see them sit and talk for hours in the small cafes. Their historical and political context seems to have no significance for them and their life appears boring and routine. You are tempted to say that for these people life has no meaning, but you quickly catch yourself. You remember that two-thirds of the island population has emigrated over the preceding ten year period. The fact that these people have remained is proof that life here has some meaning for them, and the fact that they have asked for your help in beginning economic improvement indicates that they wish to invest their life with more meaning. Many Kytherians are content with this life as it is, but many others are eager for someone to help them begin innovations in it. Their life is threatened by a water shortage, for instance, but they do not know where to turn to reduce the threat.

situation, but this too is understandable. In your own moments of doubt about the work you are doing, you, too, feel that this mood of accepted defeat is the only sensible one. Perhaps it was an outburst of idealism to suppose you could rehabilitate this island and infuse a renewed zest for life in its people. In your more cynical, or perhaps honest, moments you doubt whether it is worth the effort.

No, these things about the people do not elicit your amazement. The question that does continually haunt you has to do with the meaning of existence. You see your life as an American student contrasted sharply with the lives of these hospitable Greeks. You realize

You feel that they have been bound up too long within thmselves. Perhaps your workcamp will provide the outside stimulus needed to initiate a program of improvement in which these people will participate.

You look again at your life as an American. You have thought of it in terms typical of most Americans. Yet you know many for whom this life becomes routine. There are many living in this wider context under better economic conditions who are bored and find little meaning in life.

You begin to see that the pattern of life is not what gives it meaning. However, the pattern may provide the context for living in which meaning may be discovered, and once discovered may be enhanced and deepened. You do not believe that improving the economic situation on Kythera will necessarily grant meaning to the life of the people. You do believe, however, that renewed economic hope may lead to renewed hope where meaning can be found or enhanced. You are convinced that that which gives meaning to existence is something far different and deeper than the outward patterns and movements of life.

You prepare to leave Kythera. The *Mirtidiotissa* brought you into a sphere of existence outside even your imagination. Your island experience has forced you to delve into the question of a life meaning and has helped you discover a partial answer. Assuredly your task here has not been earthshaking, but you have been part of an effort to make life better for 6,000 islanders; each no less a person than yourself.

There are many things you never want to forget: viewing distant Crete on a clear day; riding the donkey who seemed to understand English quite well; throwing an American beach party by the sea; carrying water from the well in handmade earthen jugs; learning enough Greek to buy groceries which were delivered by donkey, and having tea with the fascinating Greek Orthodox priests.

You feel on September 1, 1960, as the same rowboat takes you out into the Mediterranean, that you have lost your heart to Kythera. You cannot but hope that your presence at the monastery has helped the Kytherians to see beyond their small island, and stimulated them to continue the work of restoration which you have begun.

Perfume

Flora opens her bounteous basket
And out fall camellias, jonquils,
dandelions and a host of other
    early Spring flowers.
No perfume, no matter how expensive,
Can match the fragrance of the flowers.
The only thing one must have
To enjoy such lavish and beautiful scents
Is time.

—HARRIETTE McMICHAEL

THE BOOTLEGGER'S DIFFICULTY

Kay Davis

Down the barrel of the gun, through the sighting piece, Obie squinted at the layout of the land—mountain timbers, back trails, and here and there a cabin and a plume of smoke. Hard-faced above the trigger, he perceived her walking there, and leaning the gun beside a sapling he watched her impersonally. On his stubbled face an insolence was etched about the curling lips and black moustache.

As she walked along, she was thinking of a superstition. If you were a girl on the mountainside, you kept count of every yellow convertible you saw and when you had counted sixty-seven, the first boy that spoke to you would be the one "you was a-going to marry, naturally."

And Nada Murl had just spied her sixty-sixth on the road back from the mill stream. With the air of one who is footloose and all by herself in a golden, foolish world, she would skip along unconcertedly and do a Highland Fling or else hold the sack of meal behind her back, lean almost double and pivot crazily around. As she would presently straighten up and begin to walk in a fairly sane fashion, the expressions of a pretended conversation would flit across her face: a withering "I ain't sent you no Valentine, no such thing . . . aah-punh!" . . . a monstrous frown that would presently break into a teasing smile . . . a motion of breaking someone's hands from about her eyes to look back in ecstatic surprise . . . a feint as if to sidestep the playful adversary . . . and then presently she would squeeze herself as though being alive and being young were all that were important in the world.

"Hey, lookit Nada Murl, Maw! Hey, 'Tater Pearl!" A boy of eight or so with a striped engineer's cap pulled down over his eyes hollered from a fence post, where he just sat motionless looking up the road.

The barefooted girl in levis and longtailed shirt laughed and balled up her fists in an attitude of roughhouse.

"Put up your dukes, Josh Hatfield!" And playfully he did.

"Morning, Cuzzin Lovie. Ain't it pretty today. Gosh!" She paused for a moment to lean on the rail fence and chat with the fallen-chested woman punching nightshirts and denims in a black pot with the end of a yard broom. The woman brightened. Her kindly crow-footed eyes measured the girl, and the two struck up a sprightly conversation.

"I reckon you've filled out some sinct I seen you last, Nada Murl. Younguns do beat all about growing. Last time I was over to see your Maw, it was 'fore the baby come—you wuz a-daydreaming to beat the band over that there dress in the catalogue."

She laughed, "Oh, Maw and me are gonna make a dress like that—Lookedy, there's a redbird. I'll kiss my middle finger three times"—and she gave appropriate smacking noises—"and a wish'll come true. Oh, well, Grandpa's gonna buy two bags of cottonseed meal from the feed store in that pretty material with all them tee-ninecy flowers running in stripes. It's a right thin material, and it'll be snug in the waist here and have a gathered skirt and some ruffles here and some ruffles here." She illustrated. "It's gonna' make up real cute—I think."

Obie watched the girl out of view. He reached into the pocket of his red and black wool hunting shirt and drew out a plug of chewing tobacco. Then, leaning his arms on the limb of a tree, he stood chewing, exerting his cheeks quite a bit. He raised his forearm to wipe his face on the shirtsleeve, then picked up his gun and continued to squint into the distance. Evidently satisfied, he abandoned his listening and watching attitude and cut back through the brush toward his still.

His shoes clumped heavily as he stalked into the camouflaged area. Stopping short, he resumed suddenly his listening. In the distance, a faint cow bell could be heard coming closer and closer in the general direction of the still. He heard a man's voice now, sharply, distinctly, calling placatingly to "come back there, Pansy!" Immediately, the cow bell jangled right at hand and the heifer broke into the clearing. A trampling of underbrush sounded not far behind. Cold-eyed, Obie lifted his shotgun and offered to shoot the clearly surprised old man who came sputtering into view.

"Okay, Oldtimer—this ain't yer still and it ain't yer business and it ain't nobody else's—you hear? Now git!"

Without once slowing down, the old man turned and got. Babyishly he scampered back through the overgrown weeds. Obie's brutish laugh followed the leaping, scooting figure.

The old fellow and her pa spoke of it at the supper take that night, and Nada Murl listened to Grandpa with only half-interested ears. She thought of ruffles and boys and poems to write and what to wear to school tomorrow. In his car, half-asleep on the mountainside, Obie thought of a man he coley-fire hated and a bawdy song he coley-fire liked and the way the old man had looked, so scared-like. Suddenly, experimentally and with a little embarrassment, he tried to squeeze himself in ecstasy the way the crazy girl had done. Somehow it didn't work for Obie.

Why We Loved Her

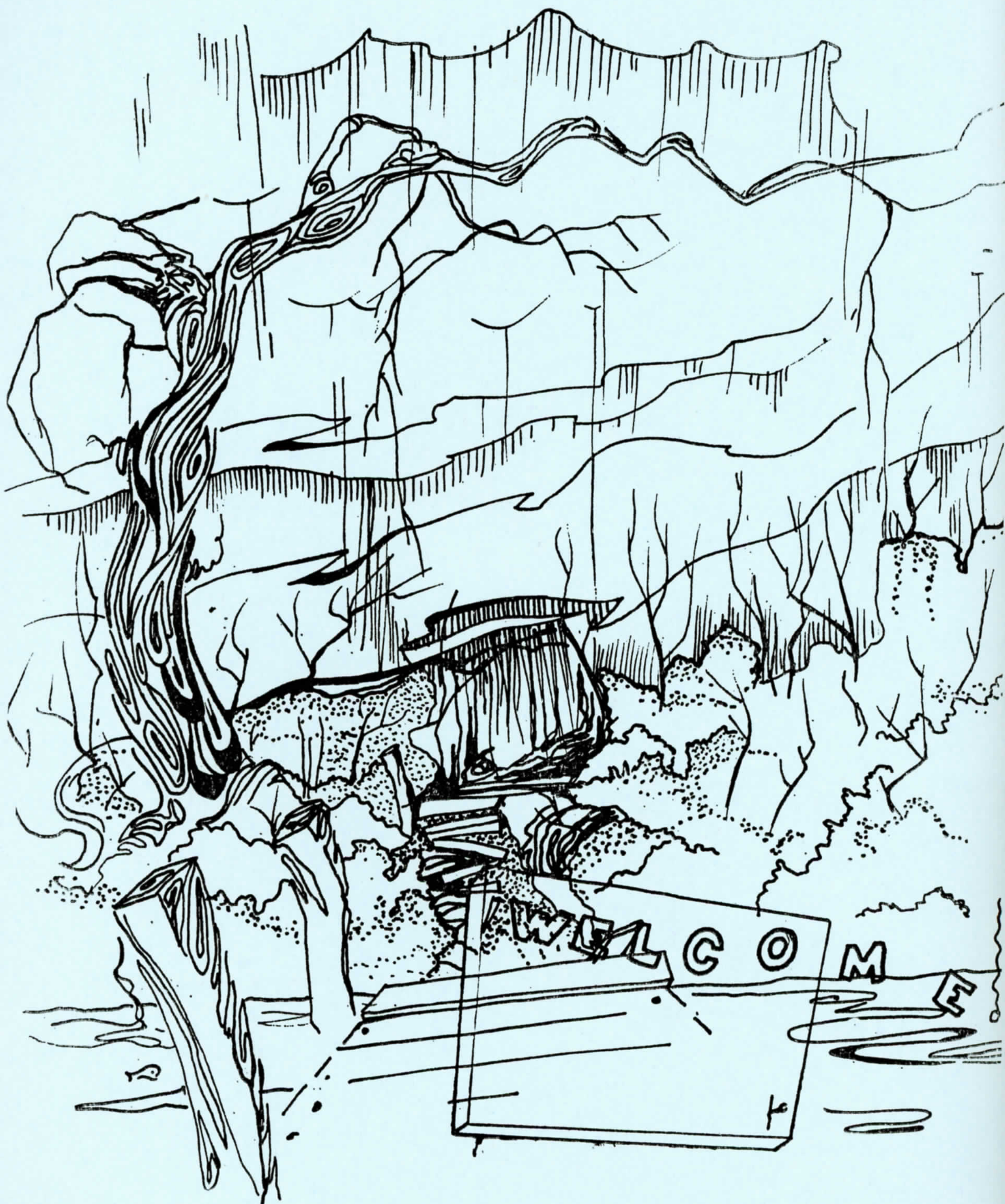
The violets back of the hedge
Washed and cold,
As blue as that because she was four years old;
The turkey-red scallops carefully made
Round her flannel petticoat;
The sharp smell of onions at the vegetable man's,
And his dishevelled goat
That seemed to cry out in Italian too;
The tireless friend that would pump on the backyard swing,
And the copperhead that she killed, its head on a string
For terrible trophy to her parents' eyes;
The surprise
Of all scattered loves, even a long lost dog
Coming together again, as out of a fog,
As into a giant sunflower single-eyed
Love, in the old brown house.
That she was a whiz at geometry
Peter had reason to see;
There was somethig about that custard—what was it?
Or lemon cake. Everybody can try them, as in fairy tales,
But everybody fails.
When she watched Emily, Saturday sunshine in her hair,
Rolling marbles where she sat
On the rug that was made at the foot of Mount Ararat,
She remembered to pity Cowper secretly
That he had only hares to play on his orientals.
Way back in her heart like a thorn, was the little fact
That Benedict Arnold died in his regimentals.

When she had pneumonia she laid her forehead against
the distant snows
Of Mount Blanc, and heard the Swiss bells ringing.
All this we had to put away this afternoon
With strange hymn singing—
Her essentials, that made her, many untold and some forgot.
May God keep them, if she does not.

—ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

Reprinted from *The Kenyon Review*

This poem was written by Roberta Teale Swartz, better known to us as our Mrs. Gordon Chalmers. Mrs. Chalmers, a member of our faculty, has contributed poetry to such outstanding magazines as the *Atlantic, Saturday Review,* and others. She and her husband were the founders of one of the country's leading magazines of literary criticism, *The Kenyon Review.*


WELCOME

THE UNTIMELY SPIRITUALIST

Betty Daniel

"The audience is full," whispered Mr. Phelps to Alicia Huffstetler, advertised on the billboard as "THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEDIUM—THE WONDER OF 1912." Her name headed each circular which lay on porches, until mothers stooped to examine the dusty bit of yellow which admonished them not to neglect the dead. So, many friends and families left their Ouija Boards to gather to inspect this so-called "realm."

The lights were dimmed and a cold chill escalated down the backs of the tense observers. Clothed in a seemingly transparent white robe, Alicia turned to Mr. Phelps. "Maybe it's not as we always thought. Maybe we're the fools, not them."

On stage, she was hardly undramatic. She used local clichés in her dialogue, and communicated reverently with the spirits of the dead. "There is no need to be scared," she rationalized; for before each seance she was careful to learn as much as possible about the then dead inhabitants of each town. Nevertheless, she now felt differently. She knew that she was a good actress, but was she good enough? "Can I always deceive people this way?" she questioned as she looked into each expectant face.

The people of Tannin were a good audience. They were receptive to each answer, and asked only of their sons, daughters, parents, and of prominent citizens such as Mayor Whimmple who had shot himself. A woman stood in the back of the room. From the stage she seemed only a black apparition. "Tell me," she whined, as she pushed a black veil away from her face, "did you really love me, Herbert Henry?" Everyone turned to see who asked of the bachelor grocer, who had broken his neck falling down the steps of his store. He was a good man, they thought—rather shy, and certainly not amorous. She was a stranger, couldn't be from Tannin. They looked toward the stage.

"He . . . , he . . ."—Alicia was stunned. Never had she actually communicated with the dead. Yet she saw a form, heard a voice.—Herb Henry . . . ?

"You too will die. You cannot live, Alicia Huffstetler, to deceive people. You will drive your carriage into the river on your way to Franklin. You and Mr. Phelps will drown."

She breathed hard, her hands clutched the folds of her robe. "I . . . , I am tired. I see nothing. Tomorrow. Yes, come tomorrow."

Phelps caught her as she rushed from the sight of the people who stood, disappointed, yet willing to come again. "We can't go to Franklin . . . . No, No, we can't. Murphy . . . , anyplace—not Franklin, or here."

"What happened out there, Alicia?"

"Herb . . . Herb Henry said we would die in the river—on the way to Franklin." She grasped his hands, and pulled him toward the door.

"Phelps, you know. That's never happened before. I'm a liar. I'm a cheat. You've helped me."

"All you need is some sleep."

"Not here . . . let's go, we can't stay here! We can sleep later."

Phelps was worried; so, as she said they must, they packed and left Tannin in an hour. The lamplighter was checking the street lamps as they passed the general store with the swinging sign—"Herb's Market."

Alicia fell asleep, exhausted by her violent desire to escape. Phelps gave Ross his way, and the old horse slowly pulled the carriage toward Murphy. The night had been clear, but wind-shifted clouds covered the moon, and rain slowly began. Phelps urged Ross on and pulled the blanket closer to Alicia and him. The rain came faster and harder in dizzy blackness, like children doing the "stitch-starch." A boisterous noise awoke Alicia and she looked at Phelps who stared worriedly ahead.

"Where are we, Phelps?"

"Near Murphy. Perhaps two or three miles further. We should be there soon."

Alicia screamed. She saw a white object, and before Phelps could ask her what she had seen, she jerked Ross's reins.

The tires resisted the wood surface, and Ross pulled back. The bridge gave way, and the carriage fell into the swollen river.

The white sign at the river forbade none, but welcomed all—to Franklin.

Summer Noon

Dogs dozing on the back doorstep;
Frogs in damp repose underneath the porch;
Birds, their fledglings now flown, perching unchirping among
the large foliage of the poplar tree;
Lizards lazing on logs in the shimmering sunshine;
Crawling things invisible in the coolness of their underground
dugouts;
Rodents resting under the moss-covered ledges of the creek bank,
And calm cows lying in the shady pasture, chewing in rumination—
But I, a being evolved beyond all these,
Must hurry back to the machine-clacking business of earning
my daily bread.

—FRANCES USSERY WEST

Waiting

Outside the wind
Shoves 'round the house,
And I feel a draft
Through a crack
In a windowless wall.
The furnace hiccups,
Then belches its hot breath
Into a maze of pipes.
The windows and doors
Are locked and barred,
And here I lie
Meekly waiting to submit
To the stealthy caress
Of sleep.

—MERRY JAYNE McMICHAEL

Poem

Wander through the maze
  of blocks and animals.
Sway and hear the rattle of you.
But walk;
Put one foot down;
Lift, swing, bring
The other foot forward.
Stop and lean.
The maze shifts.
Feeling only the fall,
Collapse,
Animal.

—PATTIE SIMS

Impressions of Washington

by Jane Dudley

Objectively reproducing the atmosphere of Washington is an impossible task. Ignoring the limitations imposed by one's lack of literary talent, there is one major factor that prevents capturing the all-inclusive spirit of our capital: Washington varies with the people observing it. That this is true was impressed upon me during my few months there when I was participating in the Washington Semester Program at American University as the representative from Queens. As one of nearly one hundred juniors and seniors from colleges in all parts of the country who were brought together for a concentrated study of the actual operation of the federal government, I found myself in two distinct roles which enabled me to view the city from two different perspectives. First as a tourist and then as a politically-oriented student, I received various impressions that to me partially constitute the "Washington environment."

The gradual change in roles from a casual tourist to a student concerned with the political issues of both the United States and the world can be attributed to the Washingon Semester Program. One of the features of this educational experience is a series of seminars, from three to five a week, with people connected either directly or indirectly with the government. It is easy to imagine how much pleasure we derived from working into our daily conversations statements such as "When I was at the Cambodian Embassy the other day visiting the Ambassador . . . ;" "Justice Douglas said to me yesterday that . . . ," and "Paul Butler told me in strict confidence . . . ." Also, not everyone has the opportunity of excusing himself from a discussion with his Congressman by truthfully saying, "I really must go now—I have an appointment with Dean Acheson at 3:00." Being able to punctuate our conversation with such phrases, in addition to establishing the Semester students as incurable name-droppers, did much to facilitate the transition from tourist to politically-oriented student. It is easy, however, to treat this change in roles too lightly in trying to present an insight into the Washington atmosphere, for the second role involves personal reaction that is most difficult to describe. For many of us participating in the Semester Program this was the first time we had ever given serious thought to our political philosophies. The very nature of the Program was such that it was impossible for us to spend the semester in an academic ivory tower—we were thrust into a position of direct observation of the government. Thus the change in roles was more than superficial evidence of our becoming part of Washington. More importantly, it represented the change from being a casual onlooker or spectator to a student becoming aware of, and involved in, the political issues of his time.

The first week of the semester was devoted to orientation and counselling, which meant that except for a few hours we were left free to

become acquainted with the big city. My two roommates and I, not to be outdone by our conception of the typical tourist, armed ourselves with an assortment of maps, which soon enough we discovered we could not understand, and our cameras. (It should be noted parenthetically that a prerequisite for all our excursions was the possession of a pocketbook the size of a saddle bag or larger. This very nicely solved the problem of maintaining the appearance of proper young ladies while not devoting our entire budgets to the purchase of band-aids. Thus when we were walking through an art gallery or some such shrine of Culture or National Heritage, we were very properly attired in high heels. No one ever suspected that concealed within each of our pocketbooks was a pair of dirty white sneakers used for hiking from one tourist attraction to another.) Our first day of extensive sightseeing was the cause of both extreme excitement and a combination of frustration and guilt for my Republican roommates. Just as we were passing one of the several entrances to the White House grounds, little bells started ringing and Secret Service men started swarming. One of the guards was nice enough to tell us that President Eisenhower was leaving through that gate. We got our cameras ready for the big moment, which was even bigger than we had anticipated because the President waved to the three of us. My roommates were in complete ecstasy—until they realized that they hadn't waved back to him! Thus the seeds were planted within them from which a tremendous guilt complex could develop.

An absolute "must" for the sightseer in Washington is a decision day at the Supreme Court. (It might be added that the atmosphere of the session tends to make "Judgment Day" a much more descriptive term.) The dark red drapes, the thickly-carpeted floors, and the hushed atmosphere make one's natural response upon entering the courtroom that of reaching out to cross himself with holy water. After being solicitiously escorted to pews, one settles down to meditate upon the symbolism of the preparations of the altar boys or, perhaps more realistically, the page boys. At exactly 12:00 cries of "Oyez! Oyez!" are heard, and everybody jumps to his feet while the Justices enter in solemn splendor. The image of the eight minor deities and the one major deity is strictly maintained throughout the proceedings of the Court. Such was the case with my visit until the great catastrophe occurred. Justice William Douglas sneezed—like an ordinary human being, he sneezed! The divine image of the Justices was destroyed forever for me.

The weekend of January 20 was the greatest occasion in twelve years for the Democratic tourist. (A street sign on display in 228 Harris is cited as an illustration of this statement.) For weeks the city of Washington prepared for the Inauguration. Not only were reviewing stands erected from the White House all the way down both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, but also each building in town had been decorated for the grand event. Those who occupied one office building had left up the signs used during the campaign. So there in the midst of all the "Congratulations, Kennedy" signs was a bold, but slightly battered, "Nixon for President" sign greeting the Inaugural Parade at a corner on its route to the White House. Stalwart Democrats had been prepared for anything, though, for underneath was plastered an even larger sign saying "Diehards." A more original and creative touch was exhibited by the Treasury Department, which had no need to demonstrate open rebellion since it was still under the control of a Republican. The decorating committee of the Treasury very delicately avoided all the "JFK—Happy Inauguration" signs. Instead, its contribution to the festivities of the weekend consisted of two tremendous banners proclaiming "20th Anniversary, U. S. Savings Bonds." A truly ingenious touch!

By the time of the Inauguration, however, my role had gradually changed from that of only a sightseer, and had merged with my role of a politically-oriented student. This process

of combining the two roles had been a slow one accompanied by very few perceptible changes. One incident occurred, though, that made me realize I was no longer a typical tourist. Everyone who has ever been in Washington knows that the sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House is well-peopled with professional guides who stop all the sightseers to ask to take them on a tour of the city. For the first few weeks, I would be stopped by each one of them on the block. Then gradually a few of these guides, all of whom are experts on spotting tourists, began ignoring me as I walked past. Finally the big day came when I walked the whole block without being asked if I wanted to take a tour of the city. I had finally arrived.

Recognition of my new role, however, meant more than being able to pass the White House without being accosted by tourist guides. It provided a completely different approach to understanding the nature or atmosphere of Washington. From this new perspective the Supreme Court Building became something much more than a tourist attraction—it was the focal point from which this country's social values are reflected through interpretation of the law. The Treasury, in addition to displaying novel banners during the Inaugural Parade, became the executive department whose policies most vitally affect the national, and, perhaps to a lesser extent, the international economies. Thus any kind of understanding of the "Washington environment" could not be based entirely on the impressions one receives in the role of a tourist. Instead, appreciation of this city requires not only recognition of its historical value and interest, but also awareness of its significance as the center of national and world-wide political leadership.

Witness

I traveled along your roads and saw America
Saw America burdened under its own greatness,
Used by its advertisers, plundered by its agents.
Where once green countryside rested in peace
I saw signs of huge proportions selling YOU down the river.
In the streets I saw mangled animals and crushed humans
Defeated by the times of the twentieth century.
In houses I saw gadgets of all sizes and shapes
Run by only a button that was run by only a man.

—BETTY JENKINS

ROUND AND ROUND

Patsy Arscott

". . . And the spirogyra reproduces by conjugation, a process in which two organisms are interconnected by a protoplasmic bridge through which the contents of one cell are transferred to a cell of a corresponding plant. . . ."

"Yes, yes, quite interesting wouldn't you say, Smith?"

"As you say, Sir."

Murray laid the book down, flicked the switch, and once more adjusted the slide under the microscope. Slowly, carefully, he brought the bit of pond scum into focus.

"Now, Smith, if I can just catch some of these fellows in the act I'll prove my point."

"Yes, Sir."

Murray intently rotated the glass beneath the ocular. The thin, green filaments moved erratically at the slight tremor.

"Ah, here, here we can see what I was talking about—conjugation! The contents of a cell on this plant empty into a cell on that other plant, so that. . . ." The words were lost in the excitement of the moment.

"Certainly, Sir. Yes, I can see that."

"Smith, did you notice that they all look alike? I can't determine which is which, but there must be some difference in the chemical make-up of the cell to assure that one will take the active and one the passive part. How do you account for their seeming lack of identity?"

"Well, Sir, I really don't know. The thought has never occurred to me."

Murray continued to muse aloud. "They simply exchange nuclei . . . each cell is a prototype of the one before . . . mother cell, daughter cell, father, son, invariably the same . . . each in turn passes on exactly what it has received . . . no change . . . active, passive, empty, full . . . round and round goes the wind. . . ."

"What was that, Sir? Were you addressing me?"

". . . Why if life had stopped at this stage we should all be vegetables and the world a mass of slimey greens." Murray paused, his form slumped over the microscope. "Here, Smith, you read to me now as I rest. I haven't a thought left. I'm completely exhausted."

"As you say, Sir. . . . And the spirogyra reproduces by conjugation, a process in which two organisms are interconnected by a protoplasmic bridge through which the contents of one cell are transferred to a cell of a corresponding plant. . . ."

Half whispering, half aloud, Murray rejoined, "Is there a thing of which it may be said, "See—this is new?"

Mimosa

Intermingled in blush mimosa blossoms
Our fingers traced the path of a spider,
Hesitated, and crushed
The black invader of our domain.
We witnessed executions there—
And for the bird we seldom cried,
But laughed at a cat's victory.
We soon forgot—when we saw the spinster
Emptying her attic heirlooms into the yard.
As nobles seeking homage, we asked and were given
A treasure, a table, more elegant than the first-offered washstand.
From our perch we bottled bugs to give light in summer evenings;
Then let them free so we could catch raindrops in our flasks.
We chased away the dogs that rescued our abandoned dolls,
And fanned ourselves with elfin green.
We shivered—sometimes left our pinnacle to dig toes into bronze soil.
But leaving warmth, we ascended the hump-backed tree again,
Exhausted from the day, and sat transfixed until evening.

—BETTY DANIEL

Patterns

Patterns
Take their shape and
Remain a moment.
Things move
Sounds rotate
Around you incessantly.
You've been going . . .
Going.

A world of pencils,
People,
Emotions and feet
Have spun about you like
The record you hear now.
You walk
In similar circles—
Starting from nowhere
And ending in the middle.
You realize that the circles
Are no longer being drawn
By the quick imprint
Of feet;
But you are in the middle
Aimlessly shuffling in one place.

Feet continue to
Move frantically.
With a weird feeling, you
Know also that your mouth
Is moving;
But you don't hear.
You haven't moved;
You haven't said.
You look up at
A sky
That has grayed
With a weary dismay and
The promise of a seeping moisture.

Real people take
Shape again
And you walk away—
Straight away.

—PATTIE SIMS

The College Admissions Crisis

Harry C. Biser, *Director of Admissions*

The consensus of opinion among educational researchers is that college enrollments will double by 1970. The only question raised thus far is: How are we going to provide for this deluge of new students upon our campuses? No one, it seems, has challenged the basic argument that we should try to find space for all of these aspiring young men and women. Were we to scrutinize the facts of the situation a little more closely we might adopt a different view.

That a crisis in college enrollments is impending is generally agreed upon by most professional admissions people. However, popular magazine articles would have you believe that the crisis has arrived. Even college admissions personnel, who should know better, speak irresponsibly at times about "the flood of applicants" and the "extremely keen competition for available spaces." By employing devices such as Early Decision Plans (admitting a highly qualified student at the end of three years of high school in return for a promise not to apply anywhere else) and establishing certain minimums on College Entrance Board test scores, the colleges have added to the prevailing anxiety of high school students and their parents.

At the present time there seems to be a problem of enrollment distribution, not one of acute shortage of space. The most recent experience of the College Admissions Center* in finding spaces for students should allay some of the present fears. Of some 2,000 students who filed applications with the Center last summer all except 27 received bids to enter some college in the fall. The northeastern and middle Atlantic states contributed a large share of the applicants; midwestern and southern colleges granted most of the acceptances. It would seem, at this juncture, that students need only to look beyond their regional borders in order to locate college vacancies.

The future does not look as promising as it did, however—particularly to the mediocre or weak student. How are the colleges to provide for the anticipated demand of 1970, provided that we maintain our present unsparing attitude toward college attendance? The expansion of present facilities, the increased use of closed-circuit television, the establishment of more community colleges, and the adoption of double shifts are some of the proposals that have been put forward. Expanding present facilities requires large outlays of capital, not easily obtainable by the small private institutions. Many of

*An organization established in 1958 by the Association of College Admissions Counselors for the purpose of providing a liaison between colleges needing students and students seeking places. It has operated in Glenbrook, Illinois, for the past three years, during the months of June, July, and August.

the "prestige" colleges which, for the most part, have enjoyed considerable success in fund-raising campaigns, are loath to open their gates to any increasing number of students. Consequently the lion's share of the burden is placed upon the already overcrowded state universities. Closed-circuit television has proved to be a valuable supplement to classroom teaching, but not a suitable replacement for the professor. The unavailability of an increasing number of qualified faculty is at the heart of the matter. And if the salary scales continue to lag behind those in business and industry for comparable positions, it will be difficult enough to maintain the *status quo*.

To argue that the colleges and universities should not attempt to expand enrollments, but to strengthen admissions requirements, is risking the wrath of a prestige-conscious public. In the early sixties a college education is considered just as much an American "right" as was "a chicken in every pot" in the thirties. A survey conducted for the Ford Foundation by Elmo Roper and Associates revealed that 69 per cent of American children below 18 years of age were expected by their parents to attend college. However, another Ford survey showed that 60 per cent of these same parents had no savings plans specifically set up to cover college expenses. The problem of financing looms as still another one to be reckoned with—since scholarship funds cannot be expected to assist more than a small percentage of the requests.

The hue and cry is often raised that we as a nation need more college graduates in order to compete with the Russians in the fight for control of outer space. Is it that we need more college graduates *per se* or that we need more trained scientists? There have been times when more mechanical engineers were needed, other times when more business administrators were demanded, and so on. The fact that we enroll more students in college does not automatically assure us of a reservoir of trained space experts.

In the emotionally-charged atmosphere surrounding college admissions today it is indeed difficult to maintain a clear perspective. Parental and community pressures have caused many of our young people to set unrealistic goals for themselves; frustration, heartache, and failure are inevitable results under these circumstances. The fact that less than half of the students entering college stay long enough to obtain degrees has had little apparent impact. The situation is even worse in the tax-supported institutions. Since admissions standards are often set by state rather than college authorities, the faculty of these institutions, through their grading systems, are responsible for the selection process. Think of the waste of time and money created by the large number of "dropouts" under this system!

Less emphasis upon quantity and more upon quality in future years might provide a more realistic frame of reference for college admissions committees. Before we can implement any such policy, however, we need to reach substantial agreement on several basic premises. This means that high school guidance officials, college admissions personnel, and the public at large must work together to: (1) discourage the weak student from seeking admission to college, and assist him in finding a position commensurate with his ability; (2) not impose our own wishes upon the student who has no desire to attend college; (3) inform the college-bound student of educational opportunities outside of his immediate locale; (4) assist the highly qualified but penniless student in securing the necessary finances for a college education; and (5) eliminate the existing confusion in college admissions practices.

It has been proved time and again that, up to a certain point, a strengthening of admissions standards has brought a corresponding decrease in student withdrawals. If the number of students staying on to graduate could be increased by 10 to 20 per cent, the proportionate gains in operating efficiency would be enormous. Much more faculty and administrative time is spent on the unmotivated or ill-prepared student than on three or four of the clearly successful ones. Moreover, a lower "dropout" rate would effect a better balance between fresh-

men and upper level classes. It is not a rare observation to discover 50 or more students in freshman classes and less than 10 in some senior classes in the same institution. Denying admission to the student who has very little chance of success would allow him to make his plans for employment earlier than otherwise, and without the accompanying experience of having failed in college.

If we can agree to hold the line on the number of students admitted to college, we will then be able to accomplish better results with those accepted. Some of the freshman withdrawals each year can be directly attributed to lack of adequate orientation. The college admissions offices around the country could provide more and better pre-college orientation to their entering freshmen if their application workloads could be kept within reasonable bounds. The faculty could deal more effectively with the individual concerns of the new students if their classes were of manageable size. Even the problems involving the borderline students would not be so time-consuming as before, since there would be fewer of them under consideration.

In conclusion, if higher education is to remain what the term implies, we should not stake the future of our colleges upon makeshift arrangements. Preparations for increased enrollments *in the long run* cannot be sidestepped, but should be handled in a gradual, orderly fashion. There is a danger that many colleges will become little more than "diploma mills" if expansion occurs too rapidly. Operating under this sort of pressure, college faculties cannot be expected to improve very much upon withdrawal statistics.

A concern for the hiring and holding of qualified faculty members should be at the top of the list in any general policy for enrollment expansion. So long as we continue to pay them less than we do our carpenters and bricklayers, we cannot expect to attract highly qualified students in any numbers.

Under a limited expansion program, the students who can qualify for college admission would be justly rewarded for achievement in high school. There would be no room for the lackadaisical ones who are now merely occupying dormitory spaces until eliminated by semester examinations. The question is before us: Should we continue to base our admissions policies upon the "democratic" concept of college for everyone—recognizing the weaknesses of this position—or should we adopt a reasonable approach which allows for gradual expansion and maintenance of standards?

WASHOUT

Marian Rogers

Judy unwound her long legs and drooped over to the hi-fi where, for the dozenth time, she put on that heart-wrenching chord sequence in the Sibelius. "He has GOT to call," she thought for the millionth time—"and today is the last day he can."

"He" was tall, red-haired Ben, a freshman in college, and on a football scholarship. Useless to try to describe him. He was just too dreamy for words! And had been attentive over the holidays—but was one of these I'll-never-be-hooked-by-any-girl types, and Judy was afraid she had *had* it. "If only," she thought from the wealth of her seventeen years' experience, "I didn't show that I like him so much! The worst thing I could have *done* was to fall all over him when he gave me that Christmas necklace, but *gosh!* I was so floored that he gave me *anything* that I . . ."

The phone started and she caught it on the first ring, even including tripping over the coffee table. "Oh, it's *you!*" she said to her mother. "No, I just thought it might be—you can't come home for awhile? It's O.K.—I have gobs of homework to do, and—yes, I'll turn the oven on."

Judy replaced the phone. "Oh, I *wish* he would call! Just when we *can* have outsiders to the sock hop, here I've wangled my way out of *two* invitations so I could ask Ben, and he hasn't even called! Well, if I don't get a ring by seven I'll just give up and tell Bryant I'll go with him. I *have* to let him know, and I think he realizes I was stalling anyway." She put on the Sibelius again and even ate a doughnut, but nothing helped.

Have you ever noticed that a shampoo for an anxious teenager seems to have the same therapeutic value that a new hat has for a depressed older woman? Judy didn't think about that when she decided to shampoo her hair. It—well, it seemed like a good idea. Hot water pelleted down from the shower and landed in tiny stinging jabs on her back. It felt good, and she gloried in the roar of the steamy shower for a while, in spite of her anxiety.

But by the time the water was turned off and the house was again quiet, the futile ring of the telephone had stopped—and outside a crosstown drugstore, a tall red-haired boy disconsolately fished a dime out of the coin-return in the phone booth, and slowly walked away.

The Transition

You are deeply disturbed
  and do not understand life.
You find yourself caught
  in the midst of an unreal world.

  You stand alone as the earth
  crumbles away under your feet.

The friends you know so well
  rip away their guarded masks.
You no longer know
  where to turn or how to escape.

You are a wingless bird
  who has fallen into the sea.
The fish swim by you
  and do not understand your plight.

  You stand alone as the earth
  crumbles away under your feet.

The empty nothingness
  that completely fills this world
Slowly surrounds you
  and penetrates your very soul.

You are the only one
  who has a destination.
The others are racing
  in masses of frenzied circles.

  You stand alone as the earth
  crumbles away under your feet.

You can't be like them;
  they are from another world.
You don't belong here
  but no one is going your way.

As it all fades away
  you become sharply aware
That you do not know
  anyone that lives on this earth.

  You stand alone as the earth
  crumbles away under your feet.

—BRENDA BLACKWELDER

THE SOUND OF GOSSIP

Betty Jenkins

The world that we live in is full of various and often exciting sounds; the soft mew of a low flying sea gull, the loud roar of a passing motor boat, the hiss of a falling wave. Life, at first, was a pastoral existence with the peace of nature mixed in with the sound of stone on stone. Life, now, is a rush of sound with the peace that is found in nature coming in as a lone violin in a great orchestra.

One of the predominating sounds is the sound of the voice lifted in praise, song, debate, anger, and most deadly of all—gossip. In this area fact is distorted, and individuals who often have enough sorrow to bear find themselves weighted down with more. In gossip truth is pivoted to face falsehood, and petty malice enters to turn innocence into guilt.

People who indulge in gossip are those who are usually devoid of true understanding and know nothing of the extent of harm which they bring about. The wise individual knows when to stop the sound of the gossiping voice and bring in the sound of understanding and insight.

To be the object of gossip requires something of an individual. He must stand in the face of clashing and discordant notes outwardly calm while the inner man may rage at the injustice.

Gossip is like a score of music. First it rises in a pulsing beat which dominates the instruments and causes them to vibrate, sending forth their sound. Then, after measure upon measure of this swelling music, the tempo changes and the music drops to a whisper. It is at this time when the quiet comes that one has time to reflect on what is being heard. Changes in tempo also characterize gossip, with the advent of its impetuous beginning. Reflection is also granted; then it is up to the composer as to whether the music again rises in a storm of sound or dwindles to a close. The latter ending is not often found either in gossip or music. The tempo must rise and fall several times before the symphony is over. There are varying heights, but the slow undulating movement continues.

The concert audience awaits the completion of the program; so does the object of gossip await the completion of his concert hour. But just as an enthusiastic audience clapping will bring on one or many encores, in like manner will there be an encore of raised voices if one new note is added to the sound of gossip.

GLOAMING

OR

A COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT MODERNIZED

Let not ambition mock their useless way;
Their joys are nil, their cause to live obscure;
Nor thinkers read, with a most mocking smile,
The social climbing of the modern poor.

When old Bob Burns wrote of the peasant Scot,
The joys the cotter's family found alone,
He painted for his friend a peaceful plot,
A scene which Robert Aiken must condone;
To you I write in a more modern time;
Write of a rapid tempoed world that schemes,
The native feelings strong I put in rhyme.
What little time my people have for dreams!
And, when they have the time, they turn away;
And, as my lines must differ now from his,
I will my message through blank verse portray.

The Western sky at closing day precludes
The glowing tints of sunset hues that paint
A ruddiness of orange-red across
The partially obscured, the distant sky.
Before it rise the blackness and the shape,
The lacy filigree of twining twigs,

The shapely reaching of the upstretched limbs,
The heavy, solid darkness of the trunk—
The topmost branches stretch against the sky
Up where the orange meets a paler hue,
A golden yellow, soft, not harsh or bright,
But one that fades still softer with the dusk,
The goldenness that softens as light wanes
Into a higher hue of grayish shades.
Between black winter branches and the warmth
Of gloaming, closing sky there stands alone
A small, dusk-white framed house with curtained panes
That glow with golden incandescent light:
An artificial brilliance streaming out
To light the bunchy boxwoods that frame house-
And yard; a picture painted all in gray
And black with shaded yellows giving light.
The setting sun sinks quietly and fades
Behind the curving surface of the Earth,
And dark descends upon the waiting world.

Warm smells seep out into the black, the still,
The chilling night; the bright electric pot
Percolates rich dark coffee in the tall
Transparent dome; faint rumblings of its rise,
And hiss of fall fills in the hush devoid
Of sound in the gleaming kitchen while there
On the cabinet lie the litter and remains
Of frozen T.V. dinners: colored wrappings
With icy crystals sparkling on them as
They thaw in artificial warmth. The past
Accumulation of the freezer tray
Forms puddles on convenient counter tops
That gleam bright red against the sunny walls:
A scene of home, but people are not there;
The muffled voices seeping through the door
Are the imitations of the real, sincere,
The happy human sounds that should be heard.
The timer on the gleaming porcelain range
Buzzes, reluctant steps echo, and then
The woman in spike-heeled shoes and knitted dress,
Her russet-copper hair twisted into
A shining bun upon her head, sways, walks
Across the red and yellow Kentile floor.
The dainty golden watch worn on her wrist
Catches a sliver of light and throws it back,
A glittering reflection as she puts
Her hand on the chrome handle of the closed
White oven door and pulls it down to reveal

The stained racks of the tin-foil pie pans filled
With the now heated frozen dinners that sit
Amid the glowing ruddy coils, and the red
Reflects in the sides of the pie pans and warmly glows
Across the food until it looks like rare
Roast slices gleaming, oozing, dripping red.
With "Ouch, that's hot," and "ouch," repeated again,
And "hot as hell!" she lifts them one-by-one
And puts them on a silvery metal tray.

In a semi-circle of folding metal chairs
The cotter rests in the midst of his family;
Before them stand the folding T.V. trays
And on each tray a steaming dinner waits
And hisses in its cooling tin foil pan,
Not gleaming now in the dim-lighted room.
The cotter in his tattered "favorite clothes"
Leans forward expectantly from the hidden depths
Of the chintz-covered, overstuffed arm chair
And looks across the rising steam as if
It were not there. Beside him sits his son
In fresh-ironed shirt of spotless white, and blue
Striped tie with horseshoe pin, and he sees the steam
That curls impatiently; his sister preens
And pats each straying fold of the pale pink robe.
Her slippers trimmed in white long-fibered fur,
And she balances upon her plump left knee
A glass bottle of clear polish remover
From which the tell-tale vapors crowding rise,
Rivaling the aroma of the food;
And clustered 'round the pan before her stand
The many bottles in no ordered place
Or even seeming semblance of a plan:
Here polish red of hue, there French Cologne,
And close beside it are grouped rouge, lipstick,
Powder Rachel, eye-shadow and the liner,
Spray-net and bobbie pins—sure all are needed
For a Saturday night's prize: a hard-won football star,
An escort to the annual Ice-capades.
Their mother fans impatiently to cool
Her steaming meal, and fumes because they're watching
Perry Mason instead of channel ten
And the love-lorn, heroic Emmaline's
Search for True Happiness. In the dark front hall
The clock ticks steadily, its slender, black-
Tipped hands glide on around from dot to dot
Marking the pass of moments that are lost
Into the ancient timelessness of lost moments.

The supper's gobbled, and the doors are slammed;
Now all is still except for the ceaseless drone
Sounding from the T.V. set: the cotter's sole
Companion for the night. Son, car, and wealth
Are out impressing Sue; and the daughter, but
Not the mingled odors, escorted by her Bill
To see the opening at the Coliseum;
And the cotter's wife out playing Bridge with friends.
The clock ticks on; the cotter sits alone.
He sighs with understanding as T.V.'s
Marshal Dillon sips beer with Mistress Kitty
In her own Long Branch Saloon, and William Pence,
The bartender, watches goggle-eyed, and, when
The cotter reaches tentatively out
For a second slab of tempting chocolate cake,
The Saturday shirt rips in the twentieth spot.

No further seek the merits of his soul.
The system is sufficient to the day;
Instead of finding some assuring goal,
The cotter goes his safe, unthinking way.

—MARGARET GURLEY

In The Slums

In the slums
I saw an old darkie,
A bulky figure wobbling
Under a heavy load of wash;
I saw a sweater worn thin,
Torn sandals, a dress belonging to past years and other people.
"What can I do?" I cry,
One of the privileged—
"What can I *do?*"
While the slum spreads, the hungry go without, the oppressed
try harder
Without gaining even an inch over yesterday.

—GENIE STALLWORTH

PHOTOGRAPH

Marian Rogers

It was one of those clear, still days in June; perfectly calm.
A hard shower had left deep puddles at random in the back yard, wherever
there was a low spot.
I had stepped outside to listen to a bird as he rejoiced over the post-rain
splendor.
But I couldn't find him, however I looked, until, glancing down
I suddenly saw him upside down in a mirror of water.
He was completely crimson, and in the very top of the inverted persimmon
tree.
He stopped singing, I stopped breathing, as the glass framed his flawless
image.
In a fleeting thought I wondered how many times this image had changed
on its way to my perception—
Right side up until it was reflected in the water;
Right side up to my retina as its inverted image was transferred to my eyes;
Wrong side up again as my eyes converted to what they saw—
Well, the thought was too taxing.
Somewhere a horn tooted; I breathed; my watch began to tick again; the
cardinal resumed his song.
A persimmon dropped, and the mirror in which I had seen so much
Became just a puddle again.

LOYALTY

Lynn Woodward

I guess I was about ten when it happened. My father was the county sheriff (he's dead now), and we lived on the edge of town in a big white frame house. Our town was a typical southern town, and our family a typical southern family. We had nice shade trees in the front yard, and chairs on the porch where we sat every night after supper and reviewed the happenings of the day. (We even had a cook who was just about the best anywhere around.)

Well, the night I'm thinking about was the night Poppa told us about the trouble with the darkies. That's when it started, anyway. Seems like the colored men on Mr. William's farm had got drunk and roughed up one of the white boys from town. Poppa, being the sheriff, had to see about the ruckus, so he rode out to Mr. William's farm to talk to the men. They acted real sassy and Poppa had to get mean. He slapped one of them, which was almost unheard of for Poppa, who was usually real easy-going and gentle. I guess they just got too much for him that time! Anyhow, that was what Poppa told us that night on the porch.

Now, being a boy curious about the excitement, and because Christine, our cook, had a nephew working on Mr. William's farm, I spent 'bout all the next afternoon in the kitchen talking to her. We were friends, Christine and I, 'specially because we made bargains about carrying in wood in exchange for a piece of pie. And she'd been our cook for about—well, a long time, and we'd got to know each other pretty well.

I asked her what she thought about the trouble. "Those niggers d'served worse than they got—gettin' drunk and messin' with a white young'un! Jimmy Lee was the one what got beat up, but I don't blame yo' Poppa none. That boy always *was* into trouble of one kind or another! I hope this help teach 'im a lesson! Seems like nowadays too many niggers is gittin' sassy with the white folks. An' I been 'round long 'nough to know, ain't no white folks gonna stand sassy niggers. Looks like they'd learn sometime! Now you run 'long, boy, I got work to do." So I went out back to wait till Poppa got home.

That night on the porch after another of Christine's good suppers, Poppa seemed to feel real bad about how he'd handled things. When I told him what Christine had said he just smiled. Said he was glad there were still some nice darkies left, and didn't mention Jimmy Lee.

It was late, so Mamma told us children to get upstairs and start on our homework. I was just getting interested in Davy Crockett at the Alamo when I heard yelling and shouting outside. From my window I looked down onto what seemed like a million black faces. The colored folks held torches and were shouting bad things at Poppa and us. They threw stones toward the house, and shouted for Poppa to come out on the porch. As I searched the angry faces I saw the darky who seemed to be their leader—no mistake—Christine!

Incapacity

Stop! I shout to the One who gives.
  I cannot accept without obligation!
You issue limitless love
  But my capacity is limited.
You die in pain for me
  But I cannot live in joy for you.
You have initiated a relationship
  But I find response impossible.

You have brought my seeing into focus
  And the sharpness of life cuts.
You have enabled my feeling
  And I ache with life's intensity.
You have made me sensitive
  And it hurts.

When I wish to rest
  You make me restless.
When I bask in complacency
  You prick me with my need.
When I would suffer in silence
  You give me friends who understand.

Why must you love me so
  When I deserve no concern?
You make me a debtor
  And I am uncomfortable!

–SUE ROSS

Disparity

Have you ever been alone?
    "Of course," you say.
But I hadn't
    And that makes a difference!

Does God seem far away?
    "He is," you sigh.
But He wasn't
    And I covet His presence!

Do familiar objects bring no memories?
    "That happens," you declare.
But it shouldn't
    And I want them to mean!

Are those whom you love most strangers?
    "That's natural," you affirm.
But it isn't
    And I hate the emptiness!

–SUE ROSS

Fragments

I

The smell of stale cigarette smoke
Invaded the room
Causing stuffiness and musk
To gather on every object
This certain aroma
Brings many memories
    An old coat hanging limp
    A pile of letters in blue ribbon
    A lover in exile.

II

The heart is strange
In this world of division
It bridges the gap
Where the body
In unable to go.

III

Bare stark trees
Silhouetted against the cold winter sky
A bird hovered over the icy branches
Rested, then winged once more
To warm tropic season

IV

Dark damp days
Steeped with rain
Down the trees
Flow raindrop rivers
Spilling their silver
Over the brown bark

V

Across the barren waste of soul
A sound comes creeping in
At first it falls on empty ear
For this is tuned to self
But slowly as the song increases
The soul begins to hear

No longer is the wasteland found
No longer is it heard.

—BETTY JENKINS

Fragments No. 2

I

Cold wind rushes in
        Through cracked window
The heavy gold curtain
        Ripples in the sunlight
March has come

II

The clock ticks
        On and on
With a rhythm
        All its own
My body answers
        And soon
I am swaying
        To a rhythm
All my own

III

A sleeping phonograph
Mouth wide
Tongue at rest

IV

Be quiet the silence says
Be quiet and hear the world
Hear the world and know
That others are alive
That others breathe
Be still and hear the world
Growing

V

Why? Why asks the child
Why the ground?
Why the trees?
Why the sky?
Why the world?

VI

A frosted window
A glaring sun
A tree
Silent
In its beauty

VII

Sun slants across the beige spreads
Leaving a golden snail track

VIII

Open oyster shell
Open and show your prize
It opened
And a girl took it home
To fill with ashes

IX

A metal stand with magazines
Rests on abstract design
Its feet dig in
Claw-like
And the design
Spreads upward

X

Three pillows on the bed
One aqua, beige and black
The colors blend
Against the spread
Reflecting
All its light.

–BETTY JENKINS

Poem

Morning passes unnoticed while
  footsteps hasten one place or another;
  dreary humdrum minds
  whirl in circles—
  no room left for green ideas as
  millions enter dollhouse worlds with
  funeral grass and paper posies.
Afternoons, evenings surge into morning—
  footsteps continue
  the well-worn path, the running pace
  of modern man, while
  apathy and conformity suckle
  the toy people and teddy-bear thoughts.
Twinkling prussian night approaches
  only to crawl unnoticed
  into new dawn.

—CAROL ANN SPEAKE

Meditation

The lamp seems
a candle
Tired
with burning.

The dawn seems
a lantern
Full
of warning.

Tired as the candle,
Shrouded with care,
Day labors forward
  and cries out her ware.

—PATTIE SIMS

Thomas Wolfe and his Youthful Search

Harriet Sloop

Thomas Clayton Wolfe presents himself to his readers in his novels as a young man, Eugene Gant—George Webber. This young man is the symbol of youth and of Tom Wolfe himself. Wolfe's needs were so typical of the needs of all the young people of his generation that he symbolizes all youth in his writings. His is the search of youth for love, fame, a place in the sun, a satisfying philosophy, and lastly a God or a faith in which he could put his trust. He reveals himself to his reader as a true artist —a man driven inward—a man whose tormented soul seems to be crying for release. Eugene Gant—George Webber—Thomas Wolfe is a lonely man, searching diligently for something he can never seem to find. His life seems to be determined by the forces of chance, time and fortune. Like all young people, he is disturbed by these problems of time and the meaning of life, death, and love. Wolfe is aware throughout his struggle to find answers to these problems of that creative genius within himself that is to be his means of escape from these frustrations and anxieties. Because Wolfe wrote so vividly about this search of his (and of all young people of his day and probably of every other), we as readers are able to follow his progress towards purpose and peace of mind.

Wolfe's search is recorded in four long, descriptive novels:
Look Homeward, Angel; Of Time and the River; The Web and the Rock; and *You Can't Go Home Again.* These four novels are really one book about life in this vast, turbulent land, America. Each tale is unfolded through the memories and senses of a boy, Eugene Gant or George Webber. Wolfe, who is this boy, is constantly referring to his sense of loneliness and loss, but nothing on this earth is ever really lost to him. His memory is astonishing! Everything he ever ate, smelt, tasted, heard, or felt remained a real part of him. Eugene Gant, the hero of Wolfe's first and second novels, had an amazing capacity for describing these things he saw and felt. His style is lyrical, richly colored prose. His adjectives and verbs are usually sensory. This is particularly true in his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* because Wolfe was young and sensitive when he wrote the book. He does not seem worried about form, unity, and style; his chief concern is to pour forth his heart on paper.

> . . . he had felt now the nostalgic thrill of dew wet mornings in Spring, the cherry scent, the cool clarion earth, the wet loaminess of the garden, the pungent breakfast smells and the floating snow of blossoms. . . . he knew the good male smell of his father's sitting-room; of the smooth worn leather sofa, with the gaping horse-hair rent; . . . of woodsmoke in October, of the brown clean ruddy farmer who comes weekly with printed butter; . . . of honeysuckle at night; Yes, and the exciting smell of chalk and varnished desks; the smell of heavy bread sandwiches of cold fried meat and butter . . . .[1]

Eugene realized his creative genius and his desire to write. It was this desire that eventually led him away from Altamont, his home in the heart of the southern Blue Ridge Mountains. He possessed at this time a consuming desire for knowledge. He began his search for knowledge at the state university at Pulpit Hill (Chapel Hill, North Carolina). When he returned to Altamont at the time of his brother Ben's death, he found that somehow things had changed. He felt suddenly alone in this world and frightened. Yes, the lost world of his childhood was behind him in reality now. Memory was the only key that could ever reopen those days to him in truth. Days, years, familiar streets and faces were left behind—rejoined to him only in the lost land of himself. He was fast learning the truth upon which he expounds in his last novel—you can't go home again.

All his life Wolfe had felt isolated in these mountains . . . "they were his masters. They rimmed in life." He was glad to escape them. They had had an effect upon his life, however, and he knew it. His "wild energy of body and mind" sent him northward in search of a new life, and he was convinced that only in America could he find such limitless possibilities for discovery and growth. America's whole color and character were new and exciting to him. The very names of Boston and New York thrilled Eugene Gant as he boarded the northbound train.

In Boston, Wolfe-Gant, the young impassioned artist, continued his study and his search for knowledge among the city's web of streets, libraries, and people. It is at this time that he is seized with a fury of youth that drives him almost to distraction. He is obsessed with a love of people and life. He devoured book after book, studying, searching diligently; he wanted to learn all he could about human experiences.

> His hunger and thirst had been immense; he was caught in the Faustian web —there was no food that could feed him, no drink that could quench his thirst. Like an insatiate and maddened animal he roamed the streets, trying to draw up mercy from the cobblestones, solace and wisdom from a million sights and by everything he could not see and could not know, and growing blind, weary, and desperate from what he read and saw. He wanted to know all, have all, be all—to be one and many, to have the whole riddle of this vast and swarming earth as legible, as tangible in his hand as a coin of minted gold.[2]

Already young Gant was aware of life's web. His hunger and thirst were insatiate. He longed for knowledge and inner peace. He was still bothered by the futility of life because of the fact that he felt he would always be a victim of chance and change. Gant symbolizes all youth in this respect. He has the same fears and doubts. He longs passionately for the two things in life now that all youth desires at one time or another—love and fame.

> Since childhood I had wanted what all men want in youth; to be famous, to be loved. These two desires went back through all the steps, degrees and shadings of my education; they represent what we younglings of the time had been taught to believe in and want.[3]

Eugene is afraid, however, that he will not be able to attain this fame or love, and if he does

Darkness, a ghost, an angel, . . .
are symbols of youthful struggle.

he is afraid he will not know how to cope with them. At twenty he has lived long enough to realize the pain and toil of love and success.

Wolfe's progressive development in life is characterized in passages very similar to this. Here he is very poetic and sad. He refers here, as he does in all the novels to the "leaf, the stone and the door." These seem to be symbolic in Wolfe's search in life. In various and sundry ways they represent to me life, birth, and death. They have intimations of immortality. Any interpretation of Wolfe's symbols depends on the context of their usage. Darkness, a ghost, an angel, and October are other symbols to him of youthful struggle and striving for something still unknown.

Although some of the passages in these novels make him sound lonely, pessimistic, and afraid to face life, Eugene Gant was still optimistic and enthusiastic enough about life to give it an honest try. He was aware of his potentialities as a writer. He loved Boston and spent several fruitful years there, coming in contact daily with new, different and stimulating people. His conceptions of America took on new dimensions. From his associations in Boston he learned the universality of youthful frustrations. He and his friend Starwick found the fortune, fame, and love their spirits sought in nights of drunken revelry. This was the beginning of a debauchery that was to be continued in Europe in the second half of Wolfe's second novel, *Of Time and the River.*

> But you, immortal drunkenness, came to us in our youth when all our hearts were sick with hopelessness, our spirits maddened with unknown terrors, and our heads bowed down with nameless shame. You came to us victoriously, to possess us, and fill our lives with your wild music, to make the goat-cry burst from our exultant throats, to make us know that here upon the wilderness, the savage land, that here beneath immense, inhuman skies of time, in all the desolation of the cities, the gray unceasing flood tides of the manswarm, our youth would soar to fortune, fame, and love, our spirits quicken with the power of mighty poetry, our work go on triumphantly to fulfillment until our lives prevailed.
>
> We were so lost, so lonely, so forsaken in America; immense and savage skies bend over us, and we have no door.[4]

While Eugene was in Boston, his father was very ill, and Eugene was called home for his death. Once again he was aware of the fact that life always goes forward. A man's life is swept up on the river of time. One can not look backward and expect to find things unchanged. He felt this more acutely than ever before now.

> October has come again—has come again—feeling the dark around him, not believing that his father could be dead, thinking: 'The strange and lonely years have come again . . . I have come home again . . . come home again . . . and it will not be with us all as it has been.'[5]

It was also at about this time that Eugene began his search for a father—not the "lost paternalistic father of his youth," but for some image of strength and wisdom. In his last novel Eugene-George found this source of strength in his editor, Foxhall Edwards (Maxwell Perkins). He became an external force of wisdom and security to which Wolfe could unite his life after years of floundering around in search of an anchor.

> The older man was not merely friend but father to the younger. Webber, the hot-blooded Southerner, with his large capacity for sentiment and affection, had lost his father many years before and now had found a substitute in Edwards. And Edwards, the reserved New Englander, with his deep sense of family and inheritance, had always wanted a son but had had five daughters, and as time went on he made George a kind of foster son. Thus, each, without quite knowing he did

it, performed an act of spiritual adoption.[6]

Shortly after his father's death, Wolfe's first play had been rejected and he had decided to give up writing for a while to teach. He had gone to New York, and it is here for the first time that the city became a real part of Wolfe's life. His perceptions devoured the city. He found the city impersonal, attractive, and repulsive. He knew the city, but he was not a city man. The city fascinated him, but he did not belong there. Once again he had the urge to wander, to travel, to explore. His search was never done.

Wolfe left America for Europe. He had become convinced of the fact that he was an artist. His life now had meaning and purpose; at least a part of his search was over. He was going to write—to devote all his time and effort to writing. He needed more material for his books, so he went to Europe in search of it.

> . . . This is the artist, then—life's hungry man, the glutton of eternity, beauty's miser, glory's slave—and to do these things, to get the reward for which he thirsts, with his own immortality to beat and conquer life, enslave mankind, utterly to possess and capture beauty, he will do anything, use anything—be ruthless, murderous and destructive, cold and cruel and merciless as hell to get the things he wants, achieve the thing he values and must do or die.[7]

Wolfe-Webber-Gant wrote, traveled and studied. Life was beginning to take on new concepts, until he met his old friend Starwick again. Then the old feelings of doubt and insecurity returned. Memories of the now past days at Cambridge came back—purposeless days when no one worked—when everyone sat around eating, drinking, and talking. Starwick tried to convince him that his work was driving him mad; that he should put it aside and relive with him those carefree days of youth. So for the next several months, Starwick, Eugene and two young women travel together, leading a wild life of debauchery. Why this life of wandering? Why these wild experiences—one on top of another? Because Wolfe was an artist searching into the depths of human experience.

> Of wandering forever, and the earth again. Brother for what? . . . For what? For a cry, a space, an ecstasy. For a savage and nameless hunger. For a living and intolerable memory that may not for a second be forgotten, since it includes all the moments of our lives, includes all we do and are. For a living memory; for ten thousand memories; for a million sights and sounds and moments; for something like nothing else on earth; for something which possesses us.[8]

Eventually Eugene found he had enough of this futile life of debauchery with his American friends. He found no satisfaction in this way of life, so he returned to his work. His thoughts turned homeward. He longed for America, for the better life.

> . . . an end of rawness, newness, sourness, distressful and exacerbated misery, and taking from the great plantation of the earth and of America our rich inheritance of splendor, ease and abundance—good food, and sensual love, and noble cookery —the warmth of radiant color and of wine —pulse of the blood . . .[9]

As Eugene sat thinking of America that day in that little French town, he knew that he could never return. Everything would be changed; everything would be lost. Once again his thoughts pick up the theme of this second novel, and he reviews the memory of the lost but familiar home in America.

> Upon what shore will the wanderer come home at last? When shall it cease—the blind groping, the false desired, the fruitless, ambitions that grow despicable as soon as they are reached . . .
>
> Their souls are naked and alone, and they are strangers upon the earth, and many of them long for a place where those who are tired of searching may cease to search, where there will be peace and quiet living, and no desire.[10]

It isn't until Wolfe's final novel that he really finds for himself a satisfactory answer to the question of time. Wolfe, after the success of two novels, tries to be more objective in this last novel in hopes of improving his form. In his first novels, he did not worry about form, unity, and style; consequently, critics have said that his first novels were too loosely constructed. In *You Can't Go Home Again,* Wolfe-Webber states at the beginning of the novel the paradoxical conceptions Americans have of time and of home.

> Perhaps this is our strange and haunting paradox here in America—that we are fixed and certain only when we are in movement. At any rate, that is how it seemed to young George Webber, who was never so assured of his purpose as when he was going somewhere on a train. And he never had the sense of home so much as when he felt that he was going there. It was only when he got there that his homelessness began.[11]

Wolfe seems to be more at peace with himself about the inevitable passage of time. He has realized the fruitlessness of wandering; he realizes the need to be headed toward some goal in life. Only with this realization in practice could Wolfe find any satisfaction. This last novel is the same basic story told from a more mature point of view. Wolfe uses George Webber as the central character to try to get away from the subjectivity of Eugene Gant. This is disappointing to the reader who has followed this same boy as he searched for a life's purpose and understanding. Webber had discovered, as surely as our Eugene would have, that neither women, fame, city life, success, nor travel could provide satisfaction for the soul of the artist. He had admitted to himself his own limitation, physical and intellectual, and accepted the external limitations of time and space.

In the last chapters of the book, Thomas Wolfe writes a letter to his editor-father explaining to him the marked periods of change and development through which he has been. He refers in this passage to the Lost Generation "hugging the ghost of desperation to their breast." He no longer considers himself a part of this existence.

> Although I don't believe, then, that I was ever part of any Lost Generation anywhere, the fact remains that, as an individual, I was lost. Perhaps that is one reason, Fox (the editor-father), why for so long I needed you so desperately. For I was lost, and was looking for someone older and wiser to show me the way, and I found you, and you took the place of my father who had died. In our nine years together you did help me find the way, though you could hardly have been aware just how you did it, and the road now leads off in a direction contrary to your intent. For the fact is that I now no longer feel lost, and I want to tell you why.[12]

He has found satisfaction and encouragement in his work. He has passed from a philosophy of fatalism (hopeful fatalism he calls it at one time) to a belief in man, and a hope for a better future. He believes that man's life can be, and will be improved once he learns to conquer fear, poverty, cruelty, and need. These are the goals toward which man must aim, and only in setting goals for himself will man ever develop any direction in life.

These four novels illustrate Wolfe's progression toward maturity. He has developed from a highly sensitive, idealistic, and romantic young man to a more mature individual with purpose and a realistic outlook on life. Thomas Wolfe gave much to the world of literature in the short period in which he lived and wrote. His extreme sensitivity and empathy will make his books live long on the list of favorites in American literature, for few men in this field of literature were more truly American. At last Thomas Wolfe had found a mode of life in which he could express himself freely. He was at peace with himself and at home in his America—the land of the brave and the free.

FOOTNOTES

[1] Thomas Wolfe, *Look Homeward, Angel* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1952), p. 69.

[2] Thomas Wolfe, *Of Time and the River* (Garden City Press, New York, 1944), p. 137.

[3] Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again* (Universal Library, New York, 1940), p. 723.

[4] Thomas Wolfe, *Of Time and the River,* p. 281.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 329.

[6] Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again,* p. 437.

[7] Thomas Wolfe, *Of Time and the River,* p. 551.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 866.

[9] *Ibid.*, p. 895.

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 909.

[11] Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again,* p. 56.

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 716.

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Wolfe, Thomas Clayton, *Look Homeward, Angel,* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1952).

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Black and White

I am white; he is black.
I am God's special creation—
He just happened to be.
I am capable of warmth and love—
He has no emotions.
I am entitled to "life, liberty, . . . happiness"—
He has no rights.
I have superior intelligence—
He is stupid and ignorant.
I am beautiful—
He is crude and ugly.
I believe in the brotherhood of man—
But he is not my brother.

—JOANNA BROOKS

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