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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XX

November, 1956

No. 1

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Contrast

Somewhere leans a beam of light
Through the prism of the atmosphere;
And color rises from the earth
And descends from out the sky
To form the arc that holds
The distance of the universe.

Somewhere a land without tomorrow's hope
Stains her breast with her children's blood,
And her once-rich meadows lie dead
While smoke designs the air
Like sombre grave-stones that bear
The epitaph of war.

—Vivian Willett




... And Then Comes The Night

The day passes swiftly, and in pursuit
Comes the night
With one great stride across the sky
To crush the light.

While the earth turns, the shadows meet
And bring the breeze
That paints the once-green foliage brown
On all the trees.

This is the force that brought the breeze
That killed the trees
That bore the leaves
That grew in the world
That God built.

—Vivian Willett



The Golden Lion

By CAROLYN WAUGAMAN



BART rode the automatic elevator to Richard's apartment, wondering a little frantically by now what he would say to him, and how Richard would act at this rather awkward visit. He had seemed pleasant enough over the telephone, but Richard was just that type of person. He'd probably receive him with open arms, no questions asked, give him a drink, solve his puzzle, say good-bye, and maybe see him again about two years hence at some out-of-the-way party.

About fifteen minutes later, settled comfortably in a too-large chair and clutching an oversized Scotch on the rocks, Bart concluded that he'd been right so far, all the way from a back-slapping, hand-shaking welcome up to the glass he held; therefore it must be about time to start hinting toward the subject of the visit. Richard had to do things big—big welcome, big chair, big drink, big talk. Bart searched his mind for a tangible approach, but he seemed to be floating on top of all his thoughts.

"Rich, I want to know where Paul is."

A slow smile played over Richard's face. "If he owes you money, don't bother. He

owes me some too."

"I want to find him. His old man's dead now. He asked me to try to drag Paul out of the gutter. It's the least I can do after what the old man's done for me. Besides, I always keep promises I make to dying uncles. It's a policy of mine."

"The sarcasm's unnecessary, my boy." Richard leaned back and lighted a cigarette. "He's at The Golden Lion."

An old memory came back and slapped Bart into a surprised silence.

"Don't look so sick, boy. The place is a bit honky-tonk, I'll admit, but it isn't that bad."

Bart released a short laugh. "I've never heard of the place. I was just thinking about something that happened once. The old man was going on one of his big-game hunts in Africa. I was about fifteen at the time, so Paul must have been around eleven. Paul wanted to go with the old man, but of course it was out of the question. The night after the old man left, Paul had this damn nightmare. We couldn't get him awake. He sweated and screamed for about ten minutes, I guess. It

seemed like ten hours at the time. I was scared to death. When he finally woke up he was still crying with fear. He had dreamed that a lion was stalking him. The old man wouldn't give him a gun and the lion caught him and ate him. He said that the inside of the lion was dark and wet. When we got him awake he was pounding on the lion from its insides trying to get out, but no one would hear him or help him."

Richard relaxed into the other over-sized chair. "It's a good story, but I think Paul's forgotten it."

"You think he really knows what he's doing." It was more of a statement than a question.

"He's been there for about two weeks. It happened one night near the end of last month. One night when it was sleeting and raining and the world was composed of dirty, half-frozen slush, The Golden Lion heeded the call of one who—"

"That's poetic, Rich, but what happened?"

"Paul was sitting in the street with his trumpet in all the cold, wet slop. I don't know whether he was drunk or not. More than likely he was. He sat there at two o'clock in the morning and blasted his emotions through that damn horn. He was right out here in front of the apartment. The neighbors yelled a few curses and threats, but nothing bothered Paul. He just sat there in the street and played his head off. They started throwing stuff at him, so I went down and got him. He said he had to play, so I took him to The Lion. I wasn't exactly sober myself or I'd never have done it. He went in carrying that battered trumpet and looking like a muddy, ragged bum, which is, I suppose, just what he was that night. Don't ask me why the combo didn't have a trumpet. Evidently they had just lost their horn man. I'd seen him before, a greasy-looking little man that even Paul could play circles around. He wasn't there that night. Paul played with them, and he's been there since."

"Rich, take me to The Lion."

Bart fell in step beside him down the icy pavement. Richard with all his big things, big talk, sometimes had big wisdom too. Perhaps that was why puzzled men sought him out on

cold March evenings, and little men wondered why he didn't run for president, and tired men came to him with empty pockets and outstretched palms.

The Golden Lion emerged suddenly through their wind-reddened lids; and Richard went in first, pushing his way through the dimly lit entrance. The two men sat down at a table before Bart would let his eyes find Paul. He wanted to be sitting down.

Paul stood crying through his crazy trumpet among the small group of musicians. He had on dark flannel slacks and a wilted, light blue sport shirt which was already beginning to cling to his body. Perspiration made his face shiny and rather vague beneath soft blue lights. His chest looked thin and concave beneath a loose-fitting shirt. Bart had always wondered how he could produce such vital trumpet sounds with such a shrunken frame of ribs. His closed eyes were shadowed by an untrimmed, blond forelock which grew straight out from his head and drooped sideways across his forehead.

They sat for almost two hours watching him. Neither man spoke except to order some drinks. Several times Richard thrust his cigarettes before Bart, and each time Bart shook his head and lighted one of his own. Richard drew a smoke-laden breath. The invasion of humanity had driven some of the terror of circumstances from the place. "Shall we leave, old boy?"

Bart shook his head. "What can I do? Shall I leave him standing there crying and screaming for help? Will he stay in the belly of the lion forever, calling for someone who dying from the silence of his own voice?"

Paul rose tall and slight, ghost-like beneath the soft lights. His knees were slightly bent and he stood with his head back, pointing the trumpet upward toward some listener. He rocked forward, opening his deep eyes to the people before him. Richard finished his drink quickly. "No, Bart. He'll stand there forever, bragging through that battered horn—telling the world how he escaped by himself because no one would help him."

Bart's eyes closed for a moment as he crushed his cigarette in the overflowing ash tray. "Let's go home."

The Flight Of Aengus

By JUDITH CAROL BILLETT

The hourglass of the world is turning;
Lo! With relentless sway!
As kingdoms rise and cities fall
And mountains waste away.
In the depths the mountains level into ribs and valleys.
Slowly, slowly the hourglass of the world
Turns and sifts, and with the mounting stream
Mountains rise; it turns again and cities fall,
Waste and lost my dream.

As I was dancing with Aengus in the land of Tir na n-Oc,
He turned and said to me,
"Oh terror! Psyche, we must run! Come and fly with me!
Already are sounding the trumpets of bedlam,
Already spongles of daybreak are wounding the phoenix.
Behold the shimmering trees!
Let us fly! Let us fly!
Tomorrow passes the day of joy!"

A green horse of Chagall
Galloped across the sky.
Dandy and dainty his pricking feet
And long the trumpet.
The tapestry curtain fell soundlessly down,
And lo! We left the children of the dancing circle,
We left them to smash apart.

Arms were turning into anemone,
Shoulders to trembling leaves,
Cheeks into shrinking petals,
And lips to milk and honey.

Who thought that the tides could change their course,
Who thought that streets and fields could burn,
Who dreamed that dreams could wax and wane
And sands in the hourglass shift and turn?
Not a hand can stay its pressure;
Quicker, finer flows the sand;
And what is left after long sterile ages?
Surely not a house, a tree, a friend, a plot of ground.

One last look at Tir na n-Oc,
At the stately land of joy,
As our electric heartbeats roamed in chill-laden wind
through the trees,
Violent and passionate with the tenderness of midnight.
Oh, thy wings, thine arms flung out,
The electric flashes from thy fingertips to mine!
For transient seconds together we held
The subtle grasp of form divine!
But jagged branches snagged our way
As we passed from Tir na n-Oc.
Snarling voices hid our path
And gall cringed in our teeth.

THE COLONNADE

Oh Aengus divine, three loves have I:
The strength of thine outspread wing,
The flutter of thy childish ways,
And the shining transient blessing of
Thine infant weight in my arms.
But your arms were turning into stone
As we passed into the light.
Jagged branches snagged our way,
As we passed from the night.

We saw two children walking in the vale
Picking honeysuckle for their dwelling.
His hair was bright, her face was pale,
The shining of their step beyond all telling.
And though they passed and went along their way,
And though we'll never see their face again,
Yet still we see them past the arch of day
In magic vales of bright refreshing rain.

They galloped away on their dandy horse
Of the singing merry-go-round
And this was their floating song in flying:
"Where is fairyland,
Where is sorrow?"

Aengus mighty! As we reached the full sun,
And stood at the edge of the chasm,
Sudden we stood in the presence of our creator!
Where la Dama de Elche stood in silence,
Apollo in folding whiteness,
And dark the shadows.
In the gritting wind all things are crumbling.
And suddenly mine eyes were blinded
In the weight of stifling terror!
Breathless and stunned I could not call out
For Aengus! The god of love turned into massive mountain.
My tears dragged me to the ground to the gates of Inferno.

I saw you with a light and merry heart
Retreat with fading music without tears,
And then the glass was turned, and for long years
I wept, and long regretted your depart.

I searched for him in the Pyrenees
I searched for him in the chasms,
And in the level plains.
Once in the north I saw his shadow under the ice;
It was not he.
It was a lake of frozen holy water
Where throngs of sad men sat wailing.
Oh, my sorrow! Their weeping echoed ceaselessly.
I turned to one and said,
"What is this land?
Where is the land of tomorrow?"
And he answered in mournful and piteous tone,
"This is North America.
My name is Legion."

The tall stone buildings closed around,
And still I followed sorrow. And yet, Aengus,
And yet, if I were time and space away,
Walking over shifting desert sands,
If you should chance to pass again my way
I'd recognize your face, and take your hands.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF FRANZ KAFKA

By ROBERTA SCOTT WILLIAMS

UNTIL Franz Kafka's friends disregarded his wishes by publishing his novels and short stories after his death in 1924, little was known about this puzzling German author. However, the Kafka reputation has grown until today book reviewers frequently use expressions like "Kafkaesque" and "Kafka-like," and critics are often heard to remark about a story or book that "It sounds like something out of Kafka." One cannot understand these phrases without knowing something of the strange world of Franz Kafka.

Kafka's stories, written in a realistic, formal style, contain very little dialogue and very little action. Their characters are people who are caught in some of life's baffling situations and who are struggling unsuccessfully against forces they can neither explain nor understand. In telling of these things, Kafka combines realism with fantasy, creating a dream-like world of his own in his stories which often baffles the reader unfamiliar with his style.

Kafka is an easy writer to read, but not an easy one to understand. In all his stories, the real meaning is to be found only by interpreting the symbolic events and characters of his fantasy world. It is possible to find several interpretations or levels of meaning in each story, all of which are infused and interwoven from beginning to end. To really understand a Kafka story, the reader must unwind these interwoven themes and uncover the various meanings. As examples of how this may be done, here are analyses of two Kafka short stories, "A Sport" and "The City Coat of Arms."

"A Sport" contains the typical Kafka dream-like world of half-fantasy, half-reality. It is so carefully constructed, however, that even the fantasy seems real; there is just enough distortion of facts to make the reader realize that the story is not entirely factual. One such detail, the most obvious sign of fantasy, is the mysterious creature owned by the "I" narrator. "I have a curious animal, half-

cat, half-lamb," he says at the beginning. Obviously, no such creature exists in real life; this animal lives in Kafka's world of fantasy. And yet, this creature does have some characteristics that are typical of animals in real life; the love it has for its owner and the way it "sniffs around me [the narrator] and winds itself between my legs and simply will not be parted from me" are characteristics that nearly all household pets possess. This strange combination of the real and the unreal occurs throughout the story.

One interpretation of this story can be made on the religious level. Here the strange animal represents Christianity; the half that is cat would be the Christianity of the world today—changed by materialism and the cynicism of a skeptical age—while the other half, the part that is lamb, represents Christianity as it was in its early days—a religion which emphasized the spiritual, not the material things in life. From the cat, the animal takes its head and claws—the grasping, greedy claws of a materialistic world; from the lamb, it takes its size and shape—those few basic beliefs that remain a part of religion today, although they are being rapidly overshadowed by the new ideas of materialism. And from both it gets "its eyes, which are wild and changing, its hair, which is soft, lying close to its body; its movements, which partake both of skipping and slinking." The narrator further explains that it ". . . is a legacy from my father. But it only developed in my time; formerly it was far more lamb than cat. Now it is both in about equal parts." In this passage the gradual replacement of the spiritual qualities of religion by materialism today is symbolized. These changes have weakened the religion; although the animal has "teeth of a beast of prey," it is able to eat only milk, a liquid.

The children who come to see this strange creature are also part of the religious level of this story. "Naturally it is a great source of entertainment for children," says the narrator of his pet. "Sunday morning is the visiting

hour. I sit with the little beast on my knees, and the children of the whole neighborhood stand round me." Even the time — Sunday morning—is symbolic. It suggests the church hour; the children visiting the narrator to see the animal symbolize most church-goers of today. They go to see it out of curiosity, just as many today attend church only because they are curious to know what happens there, to see who came and who didn't come, and to learn why the featured choir soloist became angry at choir practice and refused to sing.

Like today's skeptics, the children believe only what they see and question what they don't understand about this animal. ". . . the strangest questions are asked, which no human being could answer. . . ." But the narrator cannot fully explain the animal to them or answer their questions. Like the priest who goes through the ritual with great ceremony but imparts little of the deeper meaning of religion to his congregation because he himself has no real faith, he can only "confirm myself without further explanation to exhibiting my possession [the animal]." When he tries to explain the animal just by showing it to them, he fails because he can only point out to them the tangible, material part of it [religion]; and they already understand this.

Like the children, "I" is a skeptic, who, although he would never admit it, will ultimately be among those responsible for the complete destruction of religion even though they are in no way directly connected with its death. He lacks the faith to try to rediscover its spiritual values, and he will "just wait until the breath voluntarily leaves its body," unwilling to save it from materialism because he does not realize there is anything wrong.

"I" is a skeptic, who, although he would never admit it, will ultimately be among those responsible for the complete destruction of religion even though they are in no way directly connected with its death. He lacks the faith to try to rediscover its spiritual values, and he will "just wait until the breath voluntarily leaves its body," unwilling to save it from materialism because he does not realize there is anything wrong.

"A Sport" can also be interpreted on a metaphysical level. Combined in the strange beast are the dual elements of man's nature—

spirituality (the lamb) and sensuality (the cat). In this interpretation, then, the animal represents the plight of a person in today's materialistic world who tries to combine matter with spirit. It is not understood by the children and the narrator because they know only a world which emphasizes the material or physical things in life; the spiritual side of man's nature, which has been lost in this over-emphasis of materialism, they cannot understand. Nor is the beast understood by the other animals the children bring to play with it. "Sometimes the children bring cats with them; once they actually brought two lambs. But against all their hopes there was no scene of recognition. The animals gazed calmly at each other with their animal eyes, and obviously accepted their reciprocal existence as a divine fact." In the modern world of today, one who is "different," who tries to combine materialism with spirituality, is doomed to a lonely existence because those whose attitudes are wholly materialistic or wholly spiritual cannot understand him.

Because it does have both spiritual and material qualities, the animal can never be happy in a materialistic world. It does not know how the part of it that is spiritual should act, because everything around it is material. "It flies from cats and makes to attack lambs. On moonlight nights its favorite promenade is the tiles. It cannot mew and it loathes rats. Beside the hen-coop it can lie for hours in ambush, but it has never yet seized an opportunity for murder." This is the fate of those few persons who cling to the spiritual qualities in life at a time when most people are emphasizing the material things.

"The City Coat of Arms," like "A Sport," has no dialogue; it merely presents an account of the thoughts of an unidentified narrator on the proposed building of the Tower of Babel. The plot is in part based on the Biblical reference in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, in which the children of Noah build "A city and a tower, whose top may reach into heaven." This might indicate that the chief meaning of the story is to be found only by interpreting it as a religious allegory. However, a closer examination reveals that many details do not fit in a religious interpretation, proving that

Continued on Page 14

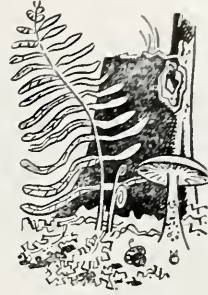
Illusion

The wind moaned with her chilling breath.
The leaves fell to the cold dark ground.
The streams made not a single sound.
The earth seemed but a thing of death.

I looked above into the sky.
The clouds were soft as angels' wings.
Their sweetness to my memory clings.
Above them, birds did joyfully fly.

"I'll rid myself of human fears,
For earth is but the tomb and shroud,"
Thought I, and soared into the cloud
And found it but a mist of tears.

—Alyce Somerville



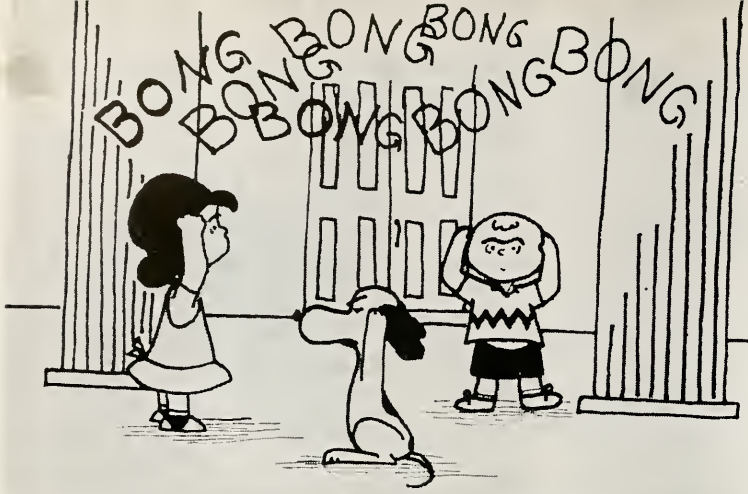
The Storm

When clouds appear and raindrops fall
The mothers to their children call,
"Come home! Come from the storm!"
Yet starlings lift their wings and fly
About the white, grief-stricken sky
In glee; they do not mourn.

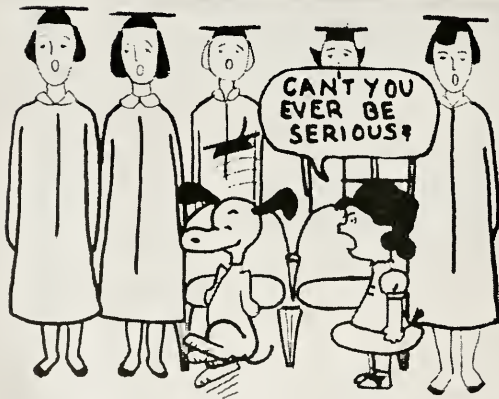
When drops of rain fall on her breast
All Nature smiles. She is at rest—
Of storms she has no fears.
But men into their houses run
And longingly await the sun,
While angels cry their tears.

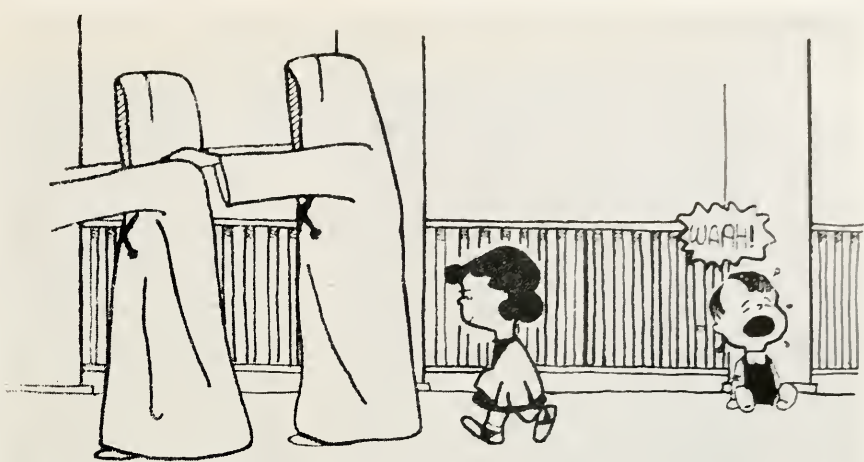
—Alyce Somerville





Peanuts at





Longwood



The Critics' Corner

DANCE DRAMA—Strains of every type of music from early English ballads to contemporary jazz were heard in Jarman Hall on October 8th when Frankel and Ryder presented the first program in this Artist Series. The dance group, whose home is New York City, travels around the country creating a finer appreciation and understanding of dance.

The first dance, a presentation of imaginary folk dances, served to introduce the six members of the company as well as to entertain. "Whirligig" showed great ingenuity in the creation of dances that had certain familiar elements in them but were not stereotyped.

Second on the program was Miss Frankel's solo, "The Ballad of the False Lady." The background for this was an old English ballad dealing with a woman who has slain her lover. Miss Frankel's ability to characterize through movement and pantomime was clearly exhibited.

The first half of the program, however, was dominated by the number entitled "Diamond Backs." In contrast to the earlier forms of music used in the previous works, modern jazz served as the background for this dance. The story behind the dance was that of a teen-age gang such as those found in the New York slum areas. Mark Ryder as the leader fascinated everyone with his excellent dancing. The audience found this number highly amusing because of its caricature of today's youth.

The second part of the program opened with "Masquers," which was done by Frankel, Ryder, and the company. "Masquers" was based on a composition by Poulenc, a French classical composer. The plot was quite frank and earthy, and once again Miss Frankel and Mr. Ryder were excellent in their portrayals.

The entire program seemed to build up to the last number, "At the Stillpoint." The music for this dance was one of Debussy's compositions. This highly imaginative and extremely stirring number was the climax of the evening. —Joann Fivel and Pat Walton

TIGER AT THE GATES—On the evening of October 24th at 8:30 P. M. at the University of Virginia's Little Theater in Minor Hall, the curtain opened on the presentation of Christopher Fry's translation of Jean Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* given by the Virginia Players.

First and foremost, Mr. David Weiss should be commended for his excellent designing and direction.

This brittle, sophisticated comedy surprisingly conveyed many philosophical ideas about war, presented poetically and symbolically. The dominant symbol, of course, was the tiger which represented the emotional urge for war. The opening line of the play suggested that there would be no war for the tiger was asleep. As the complications over Helen's presence in Troy increased, the tiger began to rouse from his slumber; and in the end when there was war, the tiger was stalking around. The last line, "There will be war," summed up the prevailing and universal idea of the inevitability of war because man allows his emotion to overrule his intellect just as surely as a tiger that is merely asleep will always awaken. Three distinct viewpoints of war were personified in this production. Demekos successfully incited the people to an emotional pitch making them eager for war and glory with his purple passages; Helen displayed callousness towards the situation; and Hector and Ulysses with an intellectual approach realized the futility of war, especially one fought for a false cause.

Using the classical theme and legend of the Trojan War as his vehicle, the author treats the situation from the modern viewpoint, which is that war can be prevented by a critical analysis of the problem, rather than the Homeric concept of war for emotional release and glory. The Virginia Players managed to get this feeling of conflict in ideas across to the audience very strongly.

Miss Dorothy Rector, outstanding in every phase of dramatics while a student at Langwood, was excellent as the central figure of Helen, the witty, clever, and unconven-

tional beauty. Fry's interpretation of a flip-pant, yet sensual, rather than sedate queen was understood and consistently portrayed by Miss Rector.

James Parker, a Longwood graduate whose acting ability on the Jarman Hall stage will always be remembered, played Demekos with such feeling and subtlety that he dominated the action whenever he was present. His characterization of an affected egotist was played to the hilt but never overdone. Mr. Parker's compelling performance resulted in the audience focusing on him, which was significant, since he would be remembered as an initiator of the war.

Some of the weaker characterizations were Penelope Fraser's Cassandra who failed to take full advantage of her sarcastically witty lines, Benjamin Fulton's Paris who lacked maturity and was hindered by a regional accent, and Patricia Rand's Hecubo whose characterization lacked variety.

Miss Nancy Cousins, another Longwood graduate with wide experiences in technical aspects of the theater, was very active in backstage work, aiding in both the scenery and the costumes for this production.

The technical aspects of the play were excellently done. The small acting area seemed much larger because of the classical scenery. The different levels added a great deal to the illusion of immensity and gave the characters more playing area than a one-level set would have.

One of the most outstanding facets of the production was the staging. There was no excessive movement and all motion was simple and graceful in keeping with the setting and the mood. The formal grouping of the actors on the various levels was quite interesting.

The lighting was good throughout the entire play, and the draped costumes were quite appropriate both for the time and the place. The make-up, which was done by each individual, was on the whole good. Donald MacInnis arranged the music, which was well suited to the mood of the play.

—Patrice Deano MarieSo

"THE PAJAMA GAME"—On October 8-13, the WRVA Theatre presented George Abbott's musical comedy, **The Pajama Game** at the Mosque in Richmond. This road-show presentation of the recent Broadway hit was excellently received by the audience, including the Longwood students who were in attendance. However, it is doubtful whether the show, as a whole, is worthy of the high praise it received either on Broadway or in Richmond.

From a musical standpoint, the Richard Adler-Jerry Ross score is clever and original, yet not outstanding in the tradition of the best Berlin or Rogers - and - Hammerstein scores. In general, the various vocal performances were good, although somewhat marred at times by the orchestra's attempt to deafen the entire audience.

In considering the plot, it is perhaps kindest to say that it lacked substance. While the basic idea of the employer-employee relationship in a pajama factory is a good one, the proceedings eventually degenerated into the disappointing, too well-worn boy-gets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-finds-girl formula. This fault, however, was partially obscured by slick, earthy, and often genuinely funny dialogue.

Unquestionably, the best performance of the evening was that of the featured dancer, Barbara Bostock. Recreating the part made famous on Broadway by Carole Haney, Miss Bostock pranced through the entire evening with a vocal, visual, and comic aplomb which made the romantic principals, Larry Douglas and Betty O'Neal, resemble plodding peasants in comparison.

In summary, **The Pajama Game** was a professional musical, whose faults were slicked over with spicy gaiety and whose dim moments were brightened by the light from a mythical world where problems are resolved by sprightly song and dance. Its artistic values may be debatable, but for an evening of sheer light entertainment, it was thoroughly enjoyable.

—Molly Workman

THE STRANGE WORLD

Continued from page 8

here again Kafka has combined several themes.

In the Biblical story, the Tower and City were built by one generation of people; after their completion God became angry with Noah's children and destroyed both the tower and the city, scattering the people all over the earth. In "The City Coat of Arms," three generations of people work at building the tower and city, but only the city is finally completed. This indicates that, while Kafka drew from the Bible the general idea about the building of the Tower of Babel, the rest of the story is his own work. The people are not the people of the Bible story, but people who exist in Kafka's own world of fantasy. Therefore, to properly interpret this story, we must again turn to the symbolism of that strange, dreamlike world.

"The City Coat of Arms" has much to say on a religious level. Here the Tower of Babel symbolizes Christianity. In the opening paragraph, the description of the careful plans that were made before the actual work on the tower was started symbolizes the early beginnings of Christianity and the careful foundations for it that Christ made. Yet, despite this careful planning, work on the tower goes very slowly; the people are in no hurry to finish it. They know that "... so long as there are men on the earth there will be also the irresistible desire to complete the buildings."

The city in "The City Coat of Arms" symbolizes this materialistic world. The people soon stop work on the tower (Christianity) and build a city in which they can live while working. But as soon as the city is completed, vicious materialism takes over, and such disputes arise that everyone soon forgets about the tower. The various nationalities have a violent argument because each wants the finest quarter of the city (the world) for itself. Wars arise, and much blood is shed. As the years go by, each generation becomes more and more entangled in the clutches of ma-

terialism. There is no real need now for the tower to be finished, because the people have completely lost faith in spirituality. Yet they remain in the city, held there by their own inability to escape materialism. "... the second or third generation had already recognized the senselessness of building a heaven-reaching tower; but by that time everybody was too deeply involved to leave the city." The only thing they can now have, since they have already died a spiritual death, is a physical death caused by materialism. This is sharply suggested in the closing lines of the story: "All the legends and songs that came to birth in that city are filled with longing for a prophesied day when the city would be destroyed by five successive blows from a gigantic fist. It is for that reason too that the city has a closed fist on its coat of arms." In the end, the people and the city will eventually be destroyed by the "gigantic fist" of materialism; this is the fate of all who forsake Christianity for worldly things.

Still other interpretations of this story are possible. It might be the story of what happens to men when they fail to accept the fact that "all men are created equal" and each race begins to demand the best part of life for its members. The struggles, conflicts, and, finally, total defeat that comes to the people in the story symbolizes what will happen to a world full of racial prejudice. "These conflicts never came to an end; to the leaders they were a new proof that in the observance of the necessary unity, the building of the tower must be done very slowly, or indeed preferably postponed until universal peace was declared." How, indeed, can man continue to build a world of better brotherhood (the tower) unless he first casts aside the prejudices that evoke conflicts and struggle between races and nationalities? Kafka here has presented a problem that is even more important today than it was when he wrote the story. This illustrates the timeless qualities of his stories. The things he has to say about life will be as applicable a hundred years from now as they are today.

A Condemnation of the Unwholesome Humor In College Literary Magazines

AS TOLD TO M. L. DEANE

HAVE you read any college humor magazines lately? Probably, if you're a well-bred Longwood Lady, you've been warned about **Playboy**, **Nugget**, **Escapade**, and **Tiger**, but did you know that college humor magazines are even **worse**? Did you know that the editors of all the peep and scandal magazines are screaming with indignation because our supposedly intellectual college boys can publish filth that commercial publishers would be arrested for printing? I recommend that you read a shocking article in **Behind the Scenes**, one of the better scandal magazines, entitled "Smut Goes to College." This crusading magazine concluded after an exhausting survey that "Virtually all the pictorial content was pornographic. A shockingly high percentage of space was devoted to gags and jokes that would get them banned from any newsstand in the country." Then they gave some examples, and if any boy I know ever told jokes like that—well!

My faith in the Integrity and High-mindedness of today's college students was still not completely shaken until I made my own survey of the magazines in the exchange files of the **Colonnade**. In case you are not the one who nearly breaks your neck to get the latest issue of **Tarnation**, the **Virginia Spectator**, the **Yale Record**, the **Turn-Out**, and their brother magazines (there are no sister magazines, thank goodness!), I will quote a few modest examples.

Here is a nasty one from the **Mississippi Voodoo**:

"Why do all women like Dial soap?"

"Because Dial spelled backwards means happiness."

An equally suggestive but somewhat more literary joke may be found in the **Tarnation**,

published by the students of the University of North Carolina.

Little Nicky, age five, was walking along the street with Liz, age four. Crossing the street he remembered his mother's teaching. "Let me hold your hand," he offered.

"O. K.," said Liz, "but remember, you're playing with fire."

Now that you've caught on to that one, I will cite another found in the same issue, in the form of a dialogue.

"I see you're not a gentleman," said the young girl as the wind swept her skirts over her head.

"No, and I see you're not either," he quipped.

Poetry, too, is employed in this pursuit of the obscene.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
Evidently.

These youthful Spillanes do not overlook a chance to make use of plays on words, as we see from this exchange from the **Yale Record**. Its precise grammar marks it as an Ivy League publication.

"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it to teas."

"Whom?"

A CONDEMNATION . . .

Continued from page 15

A less sophisticated example of this technique is reprinted from the **Virginia Spectator**.

"Who was the lady I seen you outwit last night?"

The **Spectator** has proved to be a great source of material for my article. Here are some quotations that speak for themselves.

"Hey, you guys, stop that swearing — I've got a lady in my room."

Question: "How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?"

Answer: "A **Country Gentleman**, a **Mademoiselle**, a **Look**, a few **Liberties**, and **Time**."

Fortunately, all these illustrations are taken from magazines published by men's colleges, but they eventually reach the eyes of the Fair Sex at co-ed parties and through magazine exchange services. Even at Longwood, there is hysteria in the dormitories every time a new "humor" magazine arrives in the mails. In fact, I am told that more students read the **Spectator** than the **VEA Journal**.

Surely it is time some protest was made. Should we continue to read and be seduced by magazines that would bring a blush to the cheek of any mother? Is it fair to our parents to spend their Hard-Earned Money on such filth? How often have we, the young people of today, been told that we are The Hope of Tomorrow!

As my contribution to this Glorious Cause, let me quote you some **real** humor. Let's go back to the Good Old Days when a joke was merely funny. For those of you who have forgotten what thus humor sounds like, here are some fine examples.

L.C. student (arriving late at a football game): "What's

the score?"

H.S.C. student: "Nothing to nothing."

L.C. student: "Good, we haven't missed anything."

First student: "Let's cut philosophy today."

Second student: "I can't, I need the sleep."

Now weren't they hilarious? But there are more.

Dr. Simkins: "When were the Dark Ages?"

Freshman: "Back in the days of knights."

A prof who comes to class two minutes early is very rare; in fact, he's in a class all by himself.

These really rate a big laugh. See, you don't have to read low-brow material for entertainment. There are plenty of places where you can still find good, clean jokes. For your profit and pleasure, I am including an Approved Reading List of respectable humor magazines.

Philosophies of Education
Atlantic Monthly
Popular Science
Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man
Grimm's Fairy Tales
Confidential
Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Behind the Scenes
Saturday Review
My True Story
NEA Journal
Shakespeare Quarterly
Woman's Home Companion
Better Homes and Gardens
A History of the South
Mad

This should keep you busy for a while, and by our next issue I will have the latest Approved List ready.

THE TURKEY CALLER

By MARTHA ELIZABETH FOSTER



Sara watched the old man as he sat quietly on the back steps. In his hands, he held a turkey-caller—a small, oblong box made of cedar polished to a high sheen. He turned the little box over and over in his hands, then put it to his lips. He sucked in with quick, short gasps and the sound was the exact imitation of a turkey gobbler. Sara sighed and went back to the kitchen.

As she worked, Sara tried to think of some way to keep the old man at home this hunting season. The heat of the summer had sapped much of his remaining strength. The doctor in Hayesville had told Sara that he must not be allowed to leave the house alone this fall. Sara heard the turkey-caller again and shook her head dubiously.

"Doc just don't know Grampop," she thought. "He's been huntin' every year since he was big enough to tote a gun."

The old man came in the back door. He opened the sideboard and carefully laid the turkey-caller in its paper-lined box. Sara watch him, a tender little smile on her lips. She knew what that simple, little box meant to the old man. She herself could remember—oh, so many things connected with it! She

could remember when Grampop had been tall and strong, when he could walk miles through the foothills without even getting tired. She could remember many nights when he had come home with a big gobbler, or maybe two or three with their feet tied together, slung over his shoulder. She could remember how her father, before that fateful day when he had walked out on them, had scoffed at the old man's love of hunting.

"Takes right smart man to tramp through them woods all days," Grampop always said.

"Those were the good ol' days," Sara thought. "It's really a cryin' shame a man like Grampop had to get old and feeble."

Hunting season came in on the twentieth of November—a Saturday. Sara was in the kitchen, getting breakfast, when Grampop came in.

"Sarey, think I'll take a little walk after vittles."

"Where to, Grampop?"

"Nowhere in particular. Just a little walk."

Sara turned away quickly to hide her concern from the old man. After breakfast, he opened the bottom drawer of the sideboard

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The Last Ride

Explode
 From the starting gate,
 You son of Pegasus!
 Run!
 You have but a thimble of physical power,
 But your heart is strong—so
 Run!
 Let each hoof cleave the turf
 And herald your harnessed power.

Hold
 Your running stride.
 A barrier looms ahead.
 Up!
 Release the coiled springs
 And guide them with your skill.
 Up
 And over; now land in the proper stride.
 Save your strength, swift one, for it's a
 long, hard ride.

Measure
 Each jump, great horse.
 A misjudged one and we plunge.
 Gather
 Your winged feet tightly
 That we may soar in flight.
 Look,
 My shooting star,
 Our goal shines up ahead.
 Over!
 This one last ride is all I ask.
 This one last ride together.

—Nancy Lee Brubeck

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THE TURKEY CALLER

Continued from page 17

and quickly put the turkey-caller in his pocket.

"Be back by dinner-time, Honey," he said as he went out the back door.

Sara watched through the kitchen window. The old man went into the barn and when he came out he was carrying his shotgun over his arm.

"The old rascal," Sara said tenderly.

The day went by slowly. Sara tried not to worry. Noon came but the old man hadn't come. One o'clock, two, three, and finally four, and still he hadn't come home. Then Sara knew.

She took the old mule from the barn and climbed on his back. She stopped at the tenant's house and asked the kindly Negro to help her look.

An hour passed in fruitless search. Finally, at sunset they found him. He was sitting with his back against a log, his gun propped beside him. His face was turned toward the sun, and he was smiling. Beside him on the ground was a big bronze gobbler and in his hand was the turkey-caller.

Sara and the Negro stood silent for a long time. Finally, the Negro broke the silence.

"Happy huntin', Mista Tom," he said huskily.

Sara turned away and the tears streamed down her face.

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