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Longwood University

COLONNADE

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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
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FROM THE EDITOR:

The evolution of publications has shown itself to be a slow and sometimes painful process, but as with all things, ultimate change and progress are inevitable. The college magazine is perhaps the most transitory of all publications, for styles in creative writing are constantly being revised to suit the tastes of an ever-critical audience. College students change too; they are far more mature emotionally and intellectually today than when the *Colonnade* first appeared in 1938, and they are even more critical than the general public concerning the literature they are to read.

In order to meet this change in the students and their expanding interests, the *Colonnade* is changing too, by attempting to elevate the quality and modernize the style of work being published in the magazine. To do this, certain features have been dropped as of this issue, and others added. Among the discarded features are the traditional center spread, the annual parody issue, and long documentary essays. In place of these features, the *Colonnade* has added more poetry and art work by Longwood students, and plans are being made to include serious reviews of literature and music.

Also in this issue are short biographical sketches of two prominent contributors to the magazine. We hope that these sketches, which will be continued throughout the year, will not only acquaint the readers with diligent members of the *Colonnade* staff, but will also gain recognition for these writers and artists who are both serious and creatively talented.

Another interesting feature of this issue is the review of Robert Penn Warren's *The Cave*, by Barbara Southern Meeker, wife of Dr. R. K. Meeker, our advisor. Although it is not ordinary *Colonnade* practice to publish the work of graduate students, we feel that such an excellent book deserves professional treatment, and Mrs. Meeker (who was once a *Colonnade* editor herself) is certainly capable of giving it that.

Although each year more and more college magazines fall by the wayside for lack of student interest, the *Colonnade* has been able to maintain its status and make even bigger plans for the future. It is hoped that the more compact format and serious nature of the new *Colonnade* will not only be appreciated by the student body, but will encourage a greater number of contributors to insure its ultimate success.

J. B. H.

COLONNADE SKETCHES

Sandra Leigh Clements, author of *The Pebble,* is a 19-year-old junior from Glen Allen, Virginia.

Interested in writing short stories since the age of thirteen, Sandra has followed literary activities ever since she discovered her talents. Having been an active writer on the *Colonnade* for three years, she has won honors in the many writing contests sponsored by the magazine.

Even though she is a history major, and is tentatively planning an honors paper in that field, Sandra does not specialize in historical writings. She feels that a reader's individual interests are of primary importance; therefore, she aims for variety in order to please many.

Presently, Sandra is working on a novel involving human conflict and struggle. In the future she plans to do graduate study in history, after which she hopes to further her literary interests by combining a career in teaching with writing.

"The Beast," a poem by La Verne Collier, is only one of a great number of poems that this 21-year-old junior from South Boston has produced in her two years at Longwood.

La Verne wrote her first poem in English 112 and since then has been a regular contributor to the *Colonnade.* She has the distinction of having won first place in the poetry contest for 2 consecutive years. She has certain ideas as to what a good poem should contain, critically speaking, but she thinks a poem should delight the general reader with unexpected relationships.

La Verne is not only a poet; she is also an artist, a classical music fan, and a dancer.

She describes her life as very prosaic and unexciting, so it would follow quite naturally that one of her favorite poets is Emily Dickinson. In art her tastes range from El Greco to Botticelli to Ben Shahn and do not include extreme abstract expressionism; in music she enjoys classical music more emotionally than technically.

After graduation, La Verne hopes to go to New York to teach or further her study of art.

THE BEAST

The knowing panther undulates,
variegates
his skin grown
dark as a rainbow of night
showing unity of color
as the power and the prime fuse.
The sleek slowness of walk
propelled by
eyes of seeming fire
yet framed in cool glass.
They go toward their goal
but are vacant
in image inside the retina.
This casual cat pounces
on his prey with a fullness
of grace—
arch of neck
skillful spring and pause
of sinews.
Superiority of size
growing into
the detachment of act
unknown to the cub
whose gambol is gauche
and flame is intact
in sight.

La Verne Collier

AUTUMN RAIN

The sun rose that morning
And spread over the spilled paint pots of autumn,
A bright mellow light,
And my heart rose like the mists from the mountains.

I went out to the ripe fields and forest.
I sniffed in the dry-leaf crisp wind,
And smelled the incense of the harvest.
I drowned myself in the musk of the woods.
I laughed in the clear air.
I lay for hours on a hill watching lamb-clouds play tag in the blue.
I climbed the mountains in their gay falling leaves.
I knew the warmth of a fire
And watched a top-heavy Hunter's moon.

And I learned to love.

It is raining now. A cold rain
That falls from a leaden sky and
    On bleak, bare trees
    To a chilled earth.
Cold autumn rain that mingles with my tears—
    Cold autumn rain.

BECKY BAUM


J. Dunlap

GRAVESTONES:

Histories, Mysteries,

All around me are old stones. Some are of granite; most of them are marble. Some stand straight; most of them lean or have fallen. These old gravestones are thin slabs that seem to rise directly from the ground. Their sides are grayed by time and weather; often they are covered with moss and lichen. This is the Westview Cemetery.

The grass around me is unkempt, covered with moss or bare in spots. Scattered about are tiny yellow blossoms, violets, and forget-me-nots. Above where I am lying is a tall cedar tree, and to one side there is only a dip in the ground to separate me from the gravel road. There are trees and other stones all around, yet this stone is set apart. Why is this grave standing alone?

Ordinary bricks, forming a shallow rectangle, are topped by a simple ledger of white marble. There is nothing elaborate on this table-like top, only the words:

Beverly Randolph
died February 7th, 1797
in the 43rd Year of
his Age

To this the Daughters of the American Revolution has added:

House of Delegates
Colonial Cumberland Militia
President Executive Council of Virginia
Governor of Virginia
1788-1791

Why is the grave of a Governor of Virginia alone?

Nearby are some monuments cut in spires or crosses, but most of the graves are much simpler. The grave of L. A. Warren is perhaps representative of most of the old tombstones. The monument itself rises from a rectangular base of white marble. Its sides are straight until, at the top, they broaden and narrow to form a design. Beneath the name is inscribed:

by JUDY DETRICH

Carved on Stone

Born March 17, 1845
Died December 1, 1885

and the phrase: "God knew best."

Above the name is the symbol of a hand pointing upward.

Placed inconspicuously to the right of this stone is a smaller one. There is no design, no symbolism, no eloquent message on this stone, only the words:

Our Faithful
Old Mammy
died
August 20, 1902

A faithful slave lies now with the family she served so well.

Scattered throughout this section of the cemetery are family plots, surrounded by fences of rusted iron. Inside one of these fences is a marble ledger. Its surface is gray, and divided in two by a wide crack. No cultivated flowers adorn this grave; only a shiny green plant—poison ivy—sways gently in the breeze. Upon the ledger are these words:

Sacred
to the memory of
Mary Eliza
consort of
Edward Wiltse
who departed this life
on the 27th day of February 1853
In the 27th year of
her age

Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb.
Take this new treasure to thy breast.
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

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THE PILGRIMAGE

Dear God, I lift my eyes and pray—
To find thy presence like an all encircling cloak of light,
Whose folds would shield my soul against the black despair
Of futile searching and the nothingness of Life.
I long to find a hand stretched out to mine, leading me
With strength through paths where meaning never seems to lie.

I feel no presence here within these walls but that of man—
The works, the deeds, the erring words of man;
The "Thus saith the Lord," of man.
Each chapel like a grotto stands apart in solitude;
Luminous outlines of the Mother Mary, draped in shadows of the dusk,
Rise from the darkness of the somber walls.
How quiet, calm, this work of mortal hand and eye;
And hewn with skill by men who guide the chisel and the hammer blows;
All statues—stiff, unwieldy, mute—with unseeing eyes
Which gaze upon the heads of worshippers kneeling at their feet.
Why can I feel no calm repose when gazing at her gentle face,
But only marvel at the skill of those who carved each graceful line?
How can this image, born of mortal mind,
Stand for the source of life and meaning to mankind?

Each mind conceives you in a different way;
For there are those who kneel with simple faith
Because they somehow feel you with them all the day,
And rise, refreshed, assured of Christ's redeeming grace.
Oh God, why did you never fill me with such faith and trust
That I might pray and find your spirit in my soul?
Great men have said with perfect sureness you do live,
But no one can explain the nature of your powers.
It is agreed, you are the spirit who begot our world
And many others flung through space and time.
Men have said that you have love,
And knowledge of each living thing in your creation.
Do you, when men kneel, hearts and eyes uplighted,
Feel sorrow and compassion for their toil and pain
And send the Holy Spirit to strengthen and unbind their souls?

Or,
As some men say,
Are we not like chessmen on a board—
Without the right to ask, or wonder why?

My thoughts re-echo in my mind
Like footsteps trapped by masonry and vaulted stone.
The nave, the arches, chapels—
All remain just as before,
Cold stone, the symbols of a craftsman's skill.
I feel the hours I spend, imploring, searching,
Are only times of quiet solitude
When, finding no response to all my prayers,
I beckon Unbelief to creep into my mind,
And wonder if we have a God at all.

Edmonia Leech

SUMMER CIRCLE

Rotund summer, when wet
shows itself in trees
like oak and maple
molded into contours as rounded
as a Rubenesque woman.
The leaves of these trees,
massed after rain,
bend down under their weight
like the heavy hair
of mythical maidens with seaweed tangles.
Hair, when water and sunlight splashed,
spills down like an emerald sequined headdress.
Vines with wind
in their long blonde-green strands
of strong braids
like circlets twisted
shake water from their interlaced locks
in the manner of
a voluptuous Norse goddess.

Grass hangs over damp circular stones
as the moist tendrils of bangs
hang over the face of a plump child.

La Verne Collier

THE PEBBLE

by SANDRA CLEMENTS

There was something about the pebble that even 12-year old Johnny Darren, who could explain the cause of storms and the value of rotating crops, could not explain. The fact that it was perfect in symmetry could have been the something, or the fact that it looked so out of place, or the fact that it was as smooth as a bird's egg. Or it could have been the fact that the pebble was no larger in diameter than a dime. Johnny had noticed it as he was walking beside a brook in the meadow looking for a stray calf; and now he was running his fingers over its contours.

When his father called from the hill, Johnny obeyed, but not before he picked up the pebble and dropped it in the pocket of his jeans.

The day passed quickly, so quickly in fact that Johnny almost forgot about the pebble. If it had not fallen out of the pocket when he got ready for bed, his mother might have thrown it away when she washed the jeans.

Johnny rolled it around in his palm once more and then placed it on his dresser. It certainly *is* unusual, he thought, just before he dropped off to sleep.

The pebble may have been unusual, and it may have been beautiful; but Johnny soon discovered that it held no magic powers and it was not lucky. In the six years that it lay on the dresser, the crops failed in all but two. It watched impassively as Johnny's mother sickened and died. And it said nothing when the barn burned before anyone had time to lead out thirty heifers or to throw out a year's grain production.

At the end of those six years, Johnny set out for New York with two objectives in mind—to paint and write, in that order. As he packed, he glanced at the dresser and, with a shrug of his shoulders, dropped the pebble into the suitcase.

In New York he found the grubbiest apartment available. He wanted atmosphere and mood; he got them both, and the pebble still watched impassively, this time from a glass.

Each day a new drama unfolded on the streets before Johnny. One day it was a fight with a vendor about unfair prices; the next it was a fight between lovers; the next it was a policeman chasing a juvenile

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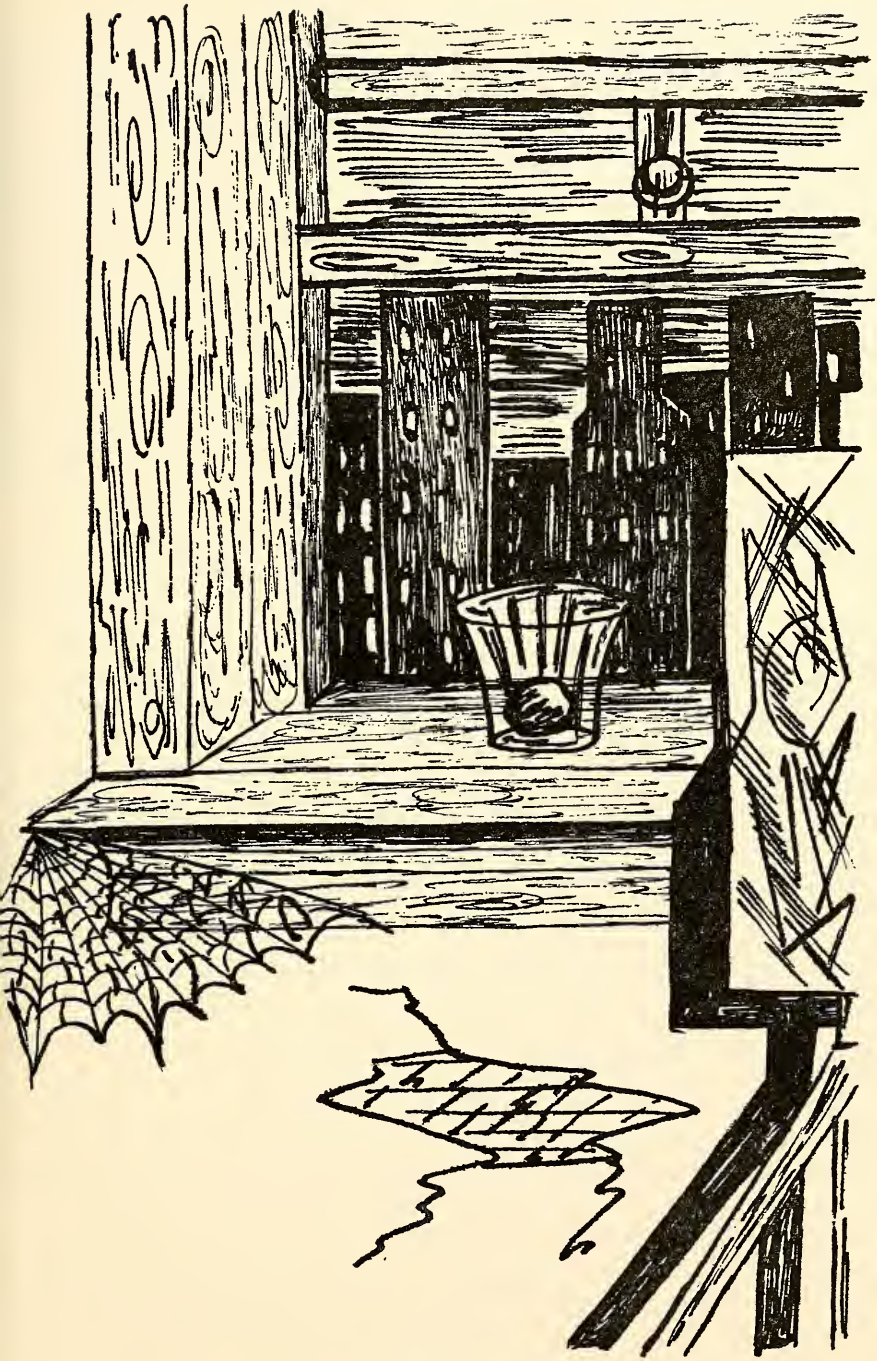

delinquent. But Johnny never seemed able to capture that drama on canvas, or at least that was what all the art dealers told him.

So he walked to Central Park, he walked to Times Square, he walked to the Bowery, Harlem and Greenwich Village. But nothing rewarded his blisters and his aching muscles except polite and firm "no's."

The pebble always went along. If it could have talked, perhaps it would have taunted; perhaps it would have asked, "Still think I'm lucky, Johnny sap? Still think I'm a magic piece? Not ready to throw me away yet?" But the pebble kept quiet.

The pebble took a lot that year. It listened to Johnny ranting and raving; it listened to problems; it watched as Johnny cried tears of bitterness and anger. Perhaps the pebble was Johnny's best friend, because it never argued back and it never fussed. But, then again, it offered no advice or solution.

And soon the pebble was placed in the window when Johnny found another use for the glass. The glass could furnish an escape that the pebble could not. After a while Johnny was convinced that the escape was only an end in itself, and the pebble went back to the glass.

At the end of a year and a half, Johnny gathered his meager earnings and bought a bus ticket to Chicago. He wanted to try his hand at his other hobby—writing. That proved almost as disastrous as the painting had. He found that editors did not put much stock in new, inexperienced writers. He needed an agent, but he didn't have money for one. Editors always wanted to know where he had sold before; they never said, "New, huh? Well, I'll publish one of your stories. It's not Hemingway stuff, mind you, but you'll at least be able to say that you've sold something." Johnny found no one like that.

The only person he found was a woman. At first he went out to meet her, but soon she began coming to the room. Even in the disappointment of his career, Johnny was happy with the woman, happy in thinking that at last there was something good in his life. This happiness ended quickly when he asked her to marry him and she admitted that she was already married. He said nothing until she left, and then he flung the glass, with the pebble still in it, against the nearest wall.

So now the old feeling of insecurity, inferiority crept back to haunt Johnny. Now he could only think, "Not only am I not a writer; I'm not even a man." He had managed to dispell these feelings years before and now he would attempt to dispell them again. But it was easier

said than done. He barked at his landlady; he fought with the grocer; he slapped a little child for no reason at all. Then he turned on himself. He tormented his mind with thoughts of inferiority; he lived in a world all by himself and nothing seemed able to break that little shell. For hours he would sit by the window looking out but seeing nothing. He sometimes never moved from one day to the next, and he lit one cigarette after another, often failing to remember that he even had it. Shaving was a rarity. When he wrote, which was just as much of a rarity as shaving, he wrote furiously as if he expected to die any minute.

At last the sun rose in Johnny's world and pierced the darkness that had so long been dominant. A telegram came saying that oil had been found on the farm. His father wanted him home to help supervise the drilling.

After his few belongings were packed, Johnny picked up the pebble from the corner, where it had lain for so long, and dropped it in his pocket.

. . . . . .

The meadow looked the same to Johnny except for the signs of drilling. The stream was still as clear and bubbly as it had been three years ago. Johnny stopped beside it and put down his bag. With little or no hesitation, he secured the pebble and tossed it in among the imperfect stones. At last they were both back where they belonged.

THE SEARCH FOR SELF

Robert Penn Warren, in his latest novel, *The Cave* (Random House, 1959), returns to the themes of the relationship of idea to reality, which he explored in *World Enough and Time* (1950), and the search for self-knowledge, which has concerned him since *All the King's Men* (1946). Here, Jasper Harrick, a young guitar-strumming Tennessean, is trapped in an underground cave. According to Isaac Sumpter, the only other person to enter the cave, Jasper is still alive. Isaac, however, has not actually found the lost boy; he promotes the hoax, carrying food to Jasper, hearing his dying words, and generally hamming it up, merely for the sake of publicity and financial gain. Warren overlooks none of the ironies of this situation, and these are crowned by the revelation that Jasper, now dead, had indeed been alive in the cave.

Mr. Warren takes as his epigraph a passage from Book VII of Plato's *Republic* in which Socrates describes a group of prisoners in a cave. Because they are chained and cannot move their heads, they see only the shadows thrown on the cave wall by a fire in back of them. Not knowing any other reality, they mistake the shadows for the objects themselves. In a like manner, the characters in *The Cave* are prisoners. Each one lacks identity, the awareness of self that alone makes man what he is. Countless instances are to be found throughout the book of someone being startled to find himself saying or doing a thing, as if someone else were acting for him; actions of others are constantly misunderstood. The soul of one of these people is like the underground cave Mr. Warren describes: a murky labyrinth of echoes and vague reflections. No one knows who he is.

The experiences of each of the characters can be related to this theme. Everyone calls the Greek restaurant owner "Pappy," because they cannot pronounce his real name—Papadoupalous. As a result, when he speaks his own name, he wonders who the name belongs to. Since he is confused over his own identity, it is not surprising that he falls in love with a stripper because her platinum-blond hair reminds him of Jean Harlow. He punches a man for whistling at her and will not have sexual relations with her before marriage, for fear his illusions will be destroyed. Inevitably, after marriage, he is torn between his idealization of her and her ugly reality.

A similar problem confronts Isaac. He believes himself culpable

because his mother died giving birth to him. On crawling through the cave he experiences a symbolic return to the womb, as if by dying he could thereby resurrect his mother, expiate his crime, and take on a new identity:

> So he, Isaac Sumpter, shut his eyes and thought of being in a warm, comforting darkness, where he would be outside of what he had to go through, in a darkness which had none of the deep, twisting strain of life, and yet was life, a state of being which was, at the same time, both peace and achievement, both non-life and life.

Isaac had been horrified to find that he was considered a Jew because of his associations with the friends of his Jewish mistress. Curiously, after he wrecks his love-affair and is expelled from college, he begins to acquire traits normally attributed to Jews, as if to live up to the image other people had of him.

Likewise, Jack Harrick, the father of the boy trapped in the cave, is known to everyone in Johntown as "Old Jack," hunter of he-bears and wild-boars, who knew "every likker trail and still track in East Tennessee, and had helled over half the ridges and up half the hoot-owl hollows from Chattanooga to Nashville and as far over as Abingdon, Virginia." Only his wife knew that when Jack held "above his own head and blood-smeared face the forever outraged, unforgiving face of the bear" he had shot, it was "a lifted mask" to hide the fear on his own face from himself and the world. Now, the old man, dying of cancer, wonders "where Jack Harrick had gone, or worse, who he had been, after all."

The fact that Jasper's death in the cave serves as a vicarious atonement gives a decidedly Christian significance to this novel. A television reporter speaks of "Jasper's Golgotha," for the boy was, like Christ, laid in "a sepulchre hewn out of rock." The Greek realized that "he would not have to go in the ground and suffer. Because Jasper would be doing it for him." Jack Harrick thought, "I did not want my son to come out of the ground, because somebody always has to go in the ground. If he was there I would not have to go."

Jasper's death had a positive moral effect on these characters because they believed in Isaac's story. That their faith was based on a fraud in no way nullifies the consequences of that faith. Through such ironic shading, we may perceive Warren's attitude toward the reconciliation of image and object, of idea and reality.

Barbara S. Meeker

THE MOUNTAIN

When I was born
The mountains were the first thing I saw,
Mountains with a sun-crown on their heads.
The first thing I heard was a dog bayin' up the ridge.
I saw the winters come and go
And felt April touch my cheek,
Tasted the dust of summer,
Smelled the nip of autumn.

And when my mother passed beyond the hills
Father said, "Johnny, let these hills be your mother.
They'll be all you want . . . they'll feed you and give you clothes,
They'll give you refuge in time of storm
They'll comfort you
And one day they'll give you a love."

So I trusted the old mountain and was not betrayed.

I followed my hounds on the ridges and trailed the buck in the dales.
I watched the summer fox kits play in the sun, the lazy hawk circle overhead.
I saw the mountains bleed and burn and blaze in fall.
I watched the moon rise over young corn, over plowed fields, over the harvest.
I saw the winter stars, brilliant and clear, reflected in the snow.
I found the first spring flowers.

This the mountain gave me;
And one day she gave me a love.
She came to me on the mountain with the wind in her hair.
That hair! Like burnished copper it was, with sunlight trapped on her crown.
And eyes the hue of the early fall sky.
And her body was lithe as a sapling's shaft and strong as the base of a birch tree.

And on a clear morning
She came to the mountain cabin of mine
The trees and the flowers danced for us
And the old mountain watched over a family again.

BECKY BAUM

THE AGE OF ARTIFICE

Adolescence is no golden age
producing progeny
of classical cast.
Those solid, stolid
mute
marble marvels
of columnar height
never slight
of thigh.
Their chiseled chins
sublimely supporting
the symmetrical smiles
which indicate
colossal composure.
A composure
that is assured
of the centuries' celebration.
They realize greatness of place.
Only temple and pyramid
have enough pomp
for a god's prop.

Youth simulates
such states
as the victory of vigor
before the fall
of the dark ages.
It has its stage
more upon a mantelpiece
since it is akin
to a plaster statuette
in a theatrical stance
of elegance.

La Verne Collier

PAS DE DEUX

Head and heart are usually
inseparable
as dance partners.
But, when heart begins
entrechats,
steps of nervous nimbleness,
intellect starts
to stumble
in the usual choregraphy
of swish and thistle of furry skirts whirl
in three-fourths time
harmonious soft sole
sliding, entwining
of head and heart.

Then bladed thought thrusts in
turning the program
into a sabre dance
where every delight
is knifed at the knees.

If the head maintains balance
heart offers applause
not heard outside of itself
for a simple standing upright,
the *en pointe* of intellect.

La Verne Collier

Home for Christmas

by EDMONIA LEECH

Just the thought of going home depressed Carol. It was so bleak, so run down, and dirty. She knew exactly what she had to look forward to . . . boredom, utter and complete boredom. She didn't want to invite any of her friends to the house because it just wasn't worth the effort it took to clear out the filth and clutter. But it really wasn't the boredom and filth that was depressing her about going home though. There was something about her father that made her despise him. He was just as dirty and filthy as the house he lived in. From his unshaven face and sweaty undershirts to his vile mind, he was pure filth. Carol always tried to avoid him when she went home, but it seemed impossible to stay out of arguments with him. The simplest, most innocent discussion would end with his, "Don't argue with me."

Often in rare charitable moments Carol would say, "I really do love Daddy. I just get mad at him sometimes, but really I do love him because we ought to love everybody." Then one scene would creep into her mind.

Mama was standing at the kitchen stove with tears streaming down her face. Daddy was standing there too. He'd been working the night shift and that always made him ill-tempered. He was standing there in his underwear because that was how he slept when he slept during the day. Mama had tears streaming down her face because he was talking about Margaret, his own daughter—Margaret, who had never done anything that wasn't good and right.

"What did you let her go up there for? You know she didn't go up there to meet his parents. Of course that's what she told you, but I know men; I've been around them enough to know what they're like." Mama just stood there with the tears streaming down her face and didn't answer, but after he'd gone back to bed Carol would hear her sobbing over and over.

"How can he say these things about his own daughter? How can he have such a vile mind as to say such things about his own daughter?"

That scene came back to Carol over and over again, and she often wondered if her father could tell how much she hated him. Maybe that was why she never seemed to be able to talk to him about any

subject without their coming to some disagreement over it. The argument always went his way, of course, because he ended all discussion with "Don't argue with me," and Carol never did, either.

She realized that that was the real reason that the thought of going home depressed her, but she had nowhere else to go, so when December 18th came, she was homeward bound on a bus filled with other people, all eagerly thinking of the holidays. Some sang carols, others told jokes. They were in the best of spirits and did not notice the quiet girl who looked somberly out the window and spoke to no one.

She got a job working behind the lunch counter at one of the downtown drug stores. It wasn't because she wanted to earn money so much as it was just to be away from home as much as she could. It was just as well that she didn't plan to make much money because they hardly paid her enough to drive the car to work every day and then back home. There was only one thing good about that job; it kept her away from home and her father. Sometimes she even thought she was happy, when a rush hour came, and she was so busy that she couldn't take time to remember or even to think.

Carol knew that there was something wrong with her mother Christmas day. She looked so pale and ashen. There were dark circles under her eyes and her pupils were lusterless. She only picked at her food at dinner, and though she tried her best to carry on a part of the conversation and to keep everyone well supplied with food, her heart simply wasn't in it. Carol's aunt and sister and brother-in-law were having dinner with them and, after they left, her mother didn't even take the dishes off the table, but went and lay down without saying anything to anyone.

That night Carol was in the front part of the house, washing her uniform to wear the next day, when she heard Anne, her younger sister, scream. It was such a horrible, anguished scream that it seemed to paralyze her very thoughts. Everyone ran, but Carol got there first. Her mother was half-sitting, half-lying in the kitchen doorway. Carol knelt down beside her and tried to pick her up, but her mother was too heavy. "Oh Mother, Mother, tell me what's the matter . . . Oh Mother, what's the matter?" she sobbed over and over again.

Her mother only stared at her vacantly and said, as if she were unaware that she was even speaking, "I'm all right . . . I'm all right." At first she seemed to be trying to find herself, but then she closed her eyes and rolled her head back. Carol thought she was dead. She threw

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SEEN AT THE WEST WING GALLERY

by ANNA DeHAVEN

The bulletin boards in the halls of the Art Department have displayed art work of the students numerous times, but at the beginning of the year there were ten oil paintings displayed which were done by a contemporary American painter who is listed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. This painter is Mrs. Janice Lemen.

In case some of you were not fortunate enough to see these impressive paintings, they were examples of individualistic and expressionistic paintings of figures in the nude done from models. Mrs. Lemen tried to emphasize contemporary use of color and the most economical means of portraying the subject. She says she "was more concerned with quality than style," and feels that "the people looking at a painting should determine the style and not the artist who paints it."

There were many controversial comments among the students on these paintings. Some thought they were presented in a suggestive manner, while others thought they were fascinating and certainly drew their attention. Most of them like the effective way in which color was used, and one student commented that the many colors in flesh tone that you would expect to find seemed to be mixed with the eye rather than on the pallet.

Mrs. Lemen, who studied under Mr. Sidney Gross at the Art Students League in New York last summer, will exhibit these ten paintings along with fifteen others that she painted last summer as a one-man show at Mary Baldwin College in February.

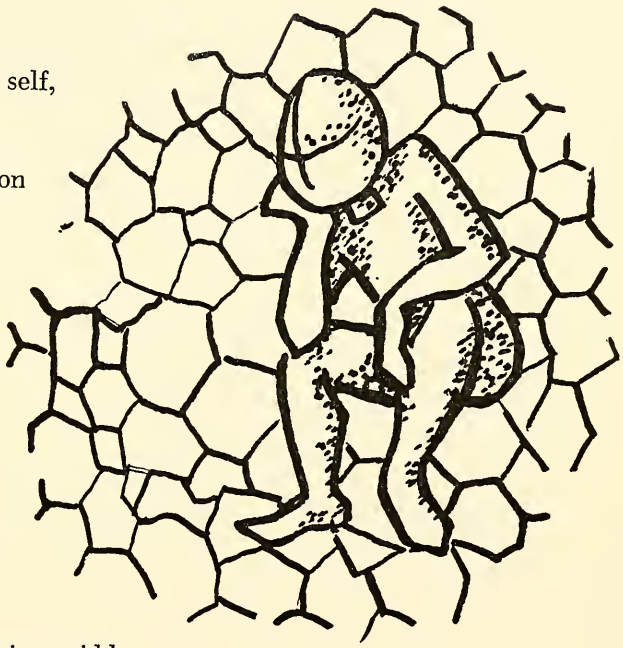
Right after Mrs. Lemen's display, many of you probably saw the display presented by Miss Ross's students, which roused equal attention and comment. A few displayed some drawings in perspective. An interesting example of this was a pencil drawing of the front of the Rotunda as illustrated by Ann Jenkins. It is clear that she set down with visual accuracy the view she was drawing and used careful composition, skillful handling and space organization. Lee Burnette and Joanne Kleinecke illustrated true perspective in their drawings of the back of the Alumnae House with a partial drawing of the Library and Jarman Hall on either side.

The same class also exemplified decorative pencil handling of picturesque trees. Elaine Johnson and Sue Gosnell showed this technique in drawing leaves individually with much detail. Careful pencil handling in obtaining rough texture of the leaves and bark of a tree was shown by Leo Pagenhardt.

SATURNALIA OF ONE

The soul sits in his cellar
drunk from swilling
a cask of pretension
whose aging inside the brain
does not improve taste.

Drunk slowly
in this cellar
the tippling is
no burst of a bachanal for self,
indulged, then forgotten.



Rather, it is a prone position
of the senses
who see only
through the eyes as
two small, dark windows
which offer
a partial view
and sepia atmosphere.
It permits
a small spectrum
for outside scene.

There's no flurry of flickering, giddy
larks' wings
in the brain.
In fact, it never reaches
a common insect's height.
Insects soberly enjoying
their million-mullioned eyes.

La Verne Collier

In the following year more words were carved on this stone:

Safely keep them until the
dead in Christ shall rise incorruptible.

Mary Eliza
infant daughter of
Edward and Mary E. Wiltse
died the 7th day of August 1854

Both heart and imagination are stirred. Edward Wiltse, who lies in the grave next to them — what sort of man was he? Was he a Northerner, or a man from the city? Not many monuments in a tiny Southern cemetery have such eloquent epitaphs. Surely he loved his wife very deeply. Did he ever overcome his grief?

Throughout this part of the cemetery are tiny gravestones. Some are marked with a little lamb or a single rosebud. Over one watches an angel child with its arms outstretched. These are the graves of little children. At one spot there are two small stones, side by side on the same base. From the base a marble border extends for an arm's length to the foot stones. Inside this border is a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, planted so thickly that they completely cover the inner area and spill across the marble border to the other side.

On the many of the gravestones that stand beneath the stately trees here in the old section are symbols: A cross and crown, an open Bible, an open gate, birds, crossed swords, a weeping willow tree, clasped hands. What they mean in many instances may only be imagined. One of the stones has at its top three connected links. At the bottom is the epitaph:

Friendship's but a name.
True love lasts forever.
Truth crushed to the last
Will rise again, the
Three links hard to sever.

A road of gray gravel winds in and out of the cemetery, separating the old from the not-so-old, the not-so-old from the new. The section across this road from the oldest section is one of transition. Intermingled with the small marble stones are stones of different sizes and shapes and of a different material, gray granite.

Family monuments appear for the first time. In the center of a plot rests a seemingly immovable stone usually bearing only the family

name. Around it are less imposing markers for each member of the family. A good many of the family monuments have raised letters instead of the cut ones previously found. And with few exceptions the stones seem to be more solid than before.

At the back of this section is a startling grave. In this cemetery so near the battlegrounds of the Civil War, you would never expect to find the grave of a Yankee soldier. Yet, on the face of a weathered stone is carved a rose—the floral symbol of love, beauty, and wisdom—a name, two dates, and the meaningful words: "A Union Soldier of the War of 1861."

The gravel road is crossed once more. Immediately you can sense a change. The tall, towering, shade-giving trees have been replaced by younger trees and huge shrubs; the grass is smooth and lawn-like. The stones themselves have changed too. For the most part the monuments are solid rectangles, with straight sides rising from firmly attached bases. Here and there is a stone whose top is curved upward or broken into angular planes. The stones differ in size; some are horizontal, others vertical. The marble stones are becoming rare; perhaps time and weather have proven that granite is more enduring. The gray granite faces of many of the monuments and markers are polished, while the sides, bases, and backs remain rough for contrast.

Iron fences no longer mark the family plots. Instead, square stones bearing the family initial have been placed in each corner of the lots.

Here the gravestones bear only the family name and a brief design. The symbols used on the stones are usually floral; the clematis symbolizes gladness, the lily tells of purity, the laurel speaks of victory and reward, the hollyhock stands for a fruitful life.

Across the road everything seems to contrast with the oldest section. The area is sunny because the trees have not yet grown tall enough to supply shade. The stones differ very little among themselves; most of these horizontal monuments have polished faces and rough sides. They vary little in height; many times the artificial wreaths placed before the monuments seem to tower above them.

There are fewer childrens' graves here and more soldiers' graves. The bench on which I am resting is a low one of white marble. The seat slab is inscribed:

In Memory of
William L. Price
Killed in Normandy July 11, 1944
Buried St. Laurent Cemetery, France

GRAVESTONES (Continued)

The road is met once again. This time, instead of crossing it, I follow it to the final section of the cemetery. Set apart from the massive stones of this section is one small and simple stone. The face is bare except for these words:

Leola Wheeler
1884-1954
Faculty Member
Longwood College
1911-1949

As I wander idly among the stones and benches I hear a new sound. A little man is sitting nearby, bent over his work. The noise I hear is the rustle of the papers upon which he is working. As I turn to leave, he mutters something. "Excuse me," I say, "did you call me?" He looks up in a startled manner and I realize that he hasn't called me at all. "I'm sorry I disturbed you," I say and turn once more to go. As I look down, I see that his papers seem to be the work of students. Before I think, I blurt out, "Are you a professor at Longwood?"

"Yes." He stands up and places his hands in his coat pockets. "I often come here to work. It's so peaceful, you see. When I get tired of reading these papers, I wander around for awhile. You'd be amazed at the things I find. There are all sorts of graves here."

"Did you know Miss Wheeler?" I ask.

"Miss Wheeler? Everyone knew Leola Wheeler. A fine woman she was too. Did a lot for the girls. Quite eccentric, she was, and a lot of people were afraid of her—she had a sharp tongue. She was the dramatics teacher, don't you see? Ask anyone down at the college—they can tell you what a fine woman she was. Good day, girlie," he ends abruptly.

The gravel path leads back past the Davidsons, the Baldwins, the Jarmans, past the Bloomfields, the Burgers, the Walls.

Through the hedge the road leads me until suddenly I am outside the peaceful, timeless cemetery. Gradually my ears become accustomed to many sounds; cars whiz by, a baby cries, a rooster crows. Mechanical noises, human noises, busy and hurried noises. I think of the governor who is modestly buried and buried alone, of the irony of the old mammy and the Yankee soldier, of the tenderness of the children's graves.

The highway leads me into town past the stores of the Davidsons, the Watkins, the Burgers, past the newspaper of the Walls, and up by the college of Dr. Jarman. My walk seems to have been a daydream; yet, I still remember the subtle mysteries I discovered.

her arms around her and clung to her tightly. As if to atone for all the neglect she felt she'd been guilty of, she sobbed, "Oh Mother, I love you." Her father tore her away and she ran to the telephone for the doctor.

When the doctor came he tried to ask her mother questions, but she didn't even open her eyes, and the only sound that she made was a moan that sounded as if her very soul were in pain.

Carol quit her job the next day and used the money she had earned to buy a bath robe, slippers, and a gown that her mother could wear at the hospital when she went. When she got home, the doctor was there. She could hear him and her father talking in her mother's room. Every time the doctor would ask her mother a question, her father would answer. That made Carol furious. He kept telling the doctor that she had worn herself out taking care of the baby, Betsy, when she had the measles, that she'd not been going to bed early enough, that she'd let them operate on her after Betsy came and she'd been sick ever since. He was making it sound as if her mother were entirely to blame for being ill. They talked on for a long while but Carol missed most of what they said because she had to get supper ready for the family. Once when she was near the door she heard the doctor say, "You should be in the hospital just as soon as you can possibly go. In fact, I won't be able to sleep tonight knowing you're not, but the matter is entirely up to you. Think about yourself now and not your family. They're going to get along all right, and the important thing to think of right now is having you well and building you up so you don't have this trouble anymore."

"She doesn't want to go," her father said. "She'd rather be right here where we can take care of her." Her mother didn't answer. That evening he stayed in her room a long time and Carol could hear him groaning and complaining about how his head hurt so badly he couldn't stand it, and in the night she heard him waken her mother and ask where there was something he could take for his head. She told him that there was aspirin in the medicine cabinet. He cursed and said, "Why don't you keep something in the house to use when people get sick? Aspirin's about as good as nothing." Carol wished him dead a thousand times.

It was almost time to go back to school when Carol went to see Margaret, thinking she might have some solution to all the problems boiling up at home. Margaret had always accepted the burden of

these family crises, and Carol hoped that she would find a solution for the new responsibilities.

"You think you're independent," Margaret told her, "But you've been sheltered all your life. You think you're protecting yourself by just standing by and avoiding arguments, but it's time you started taking a little initiative. If I could, I'd bring Mother here to stay with us until she gets well; but I've got a job and you know I've been sick too and I'm just not able to do it. It's up to you to make Daddy see he's got to take better care of Mother. No matter how unpleasant they are, these things simply have to be done."

The day before she was scheduled to go back, Carol was ironing in the kitchen when her father came in. She should have known to keep her mouth shut because he'd just had a tooth pulled and was in a nasty mood, but she thought that somebody had to speak up for her mother even if her mother wouldn't do it herself.

"Why isn't Mother going to the hospital?" she asked.

"Because she's needed right here," he answered her.

"Well, isn't it more important for her to be well, than for her to be here? All she needs is a little rest and she'll be all right again. You know she will; and if she has to keep on working here she'll die and then you'll not have anybody to take care of you." The lump that meant the coming of tears was rising in her throat, but Carol forced it back. "She needs somebody to take care of her and you'll be working and Anne will be in school. Who's going to take care of her?"

"I might take you out of college. I have the authority to do that, you know," he said, and his temper was rising.

"I'd be more than happy to quit college if I thought it would help Mother any," she said.

Well, she's not going to the hospital and that's all I have to say about it," he shouted at her.

Suddenly something snapped inside Carol and she forgot what she was saying. "Don't argue with me," she said, just as quietly and evenly as an adult might speak to a child.

She knew it was coming and she made no attempt to back away. His fist caught her squarely on the side of the face and dazed her for a moment. Automatically, as if pushed by something, she lunged forward and grasping at his neck with both hands threw him against the sink, but he was too strong for her. He had her arms pinned against her and he forced her back. The back of her forearm hit squarely

against the iron and she felt the flesh crawl where the heat seared it. She screamed in pain and, regaining her balance, pushed him away from her and into the refrigerator. The dishes on top came sliding off and fell with a crash and splinter of broken glass on the floor. She wanted to get away from him, but her fists wouldn't let go the handfuls of sweater she was clutching at his throat.

Suddenly her mother was there, pale and hollowed-eyed. She had the mop in her hand and was making feeble attempts to strike her husband with it. "I'll hit you with anything I can get my hands on!" she was half-crying, half-screaming.

They both came to their senses. Carol let go her father's sweater and turned to her mother to calm her trembling and to help her back to bed, though she herself was shaking violently.

"Get out of here," her father said. "Get out of here!" But he spoke wearily and he went to his room and shut the door.

The house was quiet and Carol was sitting looking at the angry red-brown scar on her arm. The burnt skin was beginning to rise in blisters and she touched them now and again because the sensation of fire in her arm almost thrilled her. Although she didn't understand why, it seemed to her to be a symbol of a great victory.