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# COLONNADE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE  
SPRING • 1961

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# COLONNADE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA  
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Volume XXIII

Number 3

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## *From the Editor:*

The magazine you hold at this minute is more than an arbitrary collection of the creative art and written work of individual people. Being a student magazine, the *Colonnade* is composed of student work, published by a student staff, and presented for student readers. This means the *Colonnade* is obligated to the student body of Longwood College.

Being a literary magazine, the *Colonnade* is composed of the best expressions of creative thinking to be found on campus, published in as artistic a form as possible, and presented to convey thought and knowledge, and to stimulate creative thinking. This means the *Colonnade* is obligated to uphold the artistic and intellectual aims of all magazines of its kind.

Realizing its responsibilities to both the student body and to the tradition of literary magazines, the *Colonnade* has formulated an editorial policy to guide the contributors, staff, and readers toward the achievement of this twofold purpose.

A literary magazine has the special privilege of fostering intellectual honesty and freedom of thought. Realizing that this freedom must be tempered with responsibility, the staff accepts the execution of this privilege as the first and most important contribution of the *Colonnade* to the students of Longwood College.

The *Colonnade* will strive for accuracy in all departments, and for good taste, being mindful that too often blatancy may be mistaken for vigor and vulgarity confused with humor.

The most important, and most difficult, task of the *Colonnade* is not the formulation of an editorial policy, but the decisions involved in upholding it. In judging material for the magazine, the staff must consider the work's intent. It must be realized that no work which is published in the magazine is going to be of a perfect, fully-developed literary style, but the work of a *student* writer. Too it must be recognized that it would be narrow to exclude a story solely because its subject is controversial or considered taboo by some.

*If the Colonnade attempted to publish only those works that are perfect or pleasing to all, it would cease to exist.* The *Colonnade* cannot publish material which is entirely lacking in mature purpose, nor can it exclude any work on a basis of subject matter if its purpose is honest and its presentation is a serious one.

It is the job of the staff to stand by what it feels to be right, at the same time being careful to consider carefully before it takes a stand. It is important for the readers to question their evaluation of the published works to discover if their criticisms are due to a violation of the *Colonnade's* policy—or due to a personal bias.

—J.V.D.

## *Colonnade Sketches*

"Many Minus Two" is not the first story by Donna Humphlett which the *Colonnade* has published. Her first story, "Josephine," was published in the Winter issue, causing, to Donna's surprise, much controversy. Since then, she has written "Many Minus Two," which was selected as a winning story for the literary contest.

Donna, who is majoring in English, is from Petersburg. Her taste in, and requirements of, a short story reflect an interest in the problems arising from a conflict between public opinion and an individual's desire to define and strive toward his own standards. Donna feels that her stories are realistic and that her intention is not frivolous.

Appropriately enough, her favorite authors are J. D. Salinger and Ayn Rand. Her musical interests are broad, for she "likes everything. Almost. Especially Chopin."

Donna's future plans are uncertain; tentatively she is considering teaching English after graduation. Until then she is very much interested in continuing her work with both the *Rotunda* and the *Colonnade*.

\* \* \* \*

Gayle Ray, a freshman pre-nursing student from Scottsville, is the author of "No," a poem selected in the recent literary contest sponsored by the *Colonnade*. She has been a contributor to the magazine since the fall, and plans to continue contributing until she transfers to the University of Virginia School of Nursing in 1963.

Gayle prefers writing poetry to other forms of literary expression because it enables her to convey emotion through symbolism more readily than other means. She also prefers reading poetry because she enjoys reading aloud and feels poetry satisfies this action more than most prose.

She likes the works of Walter de la Mare because he seems to use a play on words that brings many extrinsic things to mind. Faulkner is one of her preferred prose writers because of his direct and to the point manner. His exact themes, such as the degradation of Southern aristocracy and the upholding of the Negro, appeal very much to her taste.

More of a music critic than art critic, Gayle enjoys all forms except the so-called "country music." Instrumental music is preferred over vocal in her taste, with her most appreciated composers being Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff.

Gayle sums up her interests by saying, "Some people read . . . I write poetry."





## BUT HELL IS NARROW

There are now no magnitudinal doings in the deep.  
No red-raw, flame-forked tongue flickerings, screaming  
yellow yards of smoke, belching black balustrades of murk.  
Nor does Doré discover the grand chiaroscuro of caves, burning  
brutally beautiful and biting the merciless from stalactites  
like charred serpent's teeth.  
No social of sinful gathers here, having common interests.  
Bat-wing Bosch Rover boys romping through escapades of evil,  
corps de ballets of bones doing arabesques over broken rock,  
ladies of sin wearing brocaded flesh, branded with A's,  
are the Old Wive's Tale of the devil's dead wife.  
Instead, be content to entertain the small demons,  
ambassadors from the diminutive hell who never  
saw the baroque halls of night. Now prepare  
the banquet of the brain. But beware;  
the devils are petty, snarling over  
a scrap of hope and crunching  
near the ear.

—LA VERNE COLLIER

# *Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnamable:* A Trilogy of Confusion by Samuel Beckett

by Judy Detrich

SINCE the publication of his works by Grove Press beginning in the early 1950's, Samuel Beckett has received increasing attention in the United States. Although Beckett is an Irish-born playwright and novelist, he lives in Paris now, writing in French and preparing English versions of his work. Beckett's works have been damned by many as bawdy, confusing, obscure; on the other hand, Beckett's works have been ranked with those of Joyce and Kafka as profound, sombre, and paradoxically humorous and beautiful. Despite conflicting evaluations, it is evident that Beckett is commenting on human perplexity—and commenting significantly.

"Play Without Words," a mime presented on the Jarman stage in 1959, conveys some of Beckett's thoughts concerning man and his relationship to the society in which he lives. Beckett sees society as a mass of confusion which creates and perpetuates obstacles for reality. The mime conveys two existential points characteristic of Beckett's writings: the impossibility of communication and paralysis of feeling. The chief horror, in Beckett's mind, is that man becomes so entangled in society's culmination of turbulence, complexity, and insecurity that he is unable to distinguish himself from this overpowering network of confusion. Man's position ceases to be that of master of his society; on the contrary, society condemns man to the fear of nothingness, to the fear of "nonbeing."

Beckett's trilogy of short novels more fully expresses his ideas than any one of his plays can. The trilogy is unorthodox in both form and content; *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable* present a work that is obscure and confusing. Yet the obscurities and confusion are not entirely detrimental to the work, for confusion is essential to the trilogy and is ordered by a search for identity which unifies the three novels.

The search for identity combines Beckett's thoughts concerning the individual and society. Society is condemned as being synonymous with the chaos of daily living, while Beckett's characters embody the search for a personal order and purpose which will dispell the fear of "nonbeing" and allow them self-respect and hope as individuals.

As a unified work, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnamable* concern a search for identity in a complex society which clouds and confuses the individual to the extent that the success of the search is impossible. Such an unsuccessful struggle is hopeless for both characters and readers, yet the characters' running commentary counteracts

their despairing search by revealing the humorous and noble aspects of the human being as well. Molloy, Moran, Malone, and their unnamable counterpart appear to be representative of all humanity, and of the artist in particular. The various characters are actually different aspects of one complex individual struggling to discover himself. That is, each character explores a different area of interest or side of one personality with an increasing depth of insight and purpose. Molloy's search is on a universal basis; he is every man struggling against the impossibility of communication and paralysis of feeling which are overpowering him. Malone seems to represent the artist to whom communication and feeling are especially essential. The final search, made by the Unnamable, unites all that precedes it in a struggle which is the most complex of all.

In form the three novels are stream-of-conscious narratives carried past the development of other writers, such as Virginia Woolf. For whereas other writers have narrated disorderly thoughts in an orderly world, Beckett's characters disclose disorderly thoughts in a disorderly world.

Molloy's commentary centers around an attempt to reach a certain town, the name of which he doesn't know or can't remember, where he hopes to find his mother (the source of his identity). At the end of his commentary, Molloy finds that his experiences (or thoughts) have brought him to a state of paralysis; as a bewildered and uncertain wanderer he is no closer to his goal than he was at the onset.

Moran's story presents the only confident and certain figure in the work, and he is only confident until he leaves the shell of habit he has created to begin a search for Molloy. From that point on his life contains parallels to the search Molloy has had before him. When he finally returns home, having failed to find Molloy, he is disillusioned and confused as is demonstrated by his contradictory ramblings:

This time a year ago I was setting out . . . I am clearing out . . . Perhaps I shall meet Molloy . . . I have spoken of a voice telling me things. I was getting to know it better now, to understand what it wanted. It did not use the words that Moran had been thinking when he was little . . . So that at first I did not know what it wanted. But in the end I understood this language. I understood it, I understand it, all wrong perhaps. Does this mean I am freer now than I was? I do not know . . . It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining.

*Molly*, then, establishes the search for identity through the symbolic searches of Molloy for his mother and of Moran for Molloy. Too, the first novel conveys the ideas of the impossibility of communication

## THE OTHER KINGDOM

She sat on a snow dais, saying  
I am a sceptre to myself,  
straightly, coolly silver.  
A sceptre, not a scullery maid's knife used to  
lop off  
unlovely bread for the blessing to the bone  
and blood of the burlapped.  
My backbone holds itself to be of the Ionian  
order  
and my blood, a pristine blue to quaff an  
Aegean's noon.

In April, the dais frother frond darkened and  
ribbed,  
then moved,

The column curved and a barbarian heart  
routed  
the mind's monarchy of the silver age.  
She ran to the green hemisphere of a hill to  
fall.

Here, she read a new geography of countries  
yet coming  
brought forward from backward out of the  
silver patina  
of the glaciers that covered Eden.  
From the map mirrored in her marrow, she  
saw

Eves flower out of her branches of vein,  
Eves of daffodil hair, delphinium eyes,  
dancing to their blood's tune of skip and jump  
like iambs against the days of prose.

—LA VERNE COLLIER



# TAMBREY, WHERE IS YOUR SOUL?

by Diane Leavitt

It is now evening. Everything is calm and serene. It is one of those nights when you feel a storm coming. Yet, the storm is over—the storm of my sister's life, that is. She died so suddenly that I still find it hard to believe she's no longer here. I think I am the only one who knows the truth about her life. I know I shouldn't speak badly of her who was only put into the ground this very day, but this has been on my mind for some time, and I must tell someone. I'll start from the day he came and let you judge for yourself.

As you know, Tambrey and I grew up on a small farm which was way out in the country. When Ma died, we girls had no one to talk to but each other. Well, that was all right with me, and Mary too, but it never seemed to be enough for my older sister Tambrey. Pa worked hard all day in the fields, and when he came home in the evening, he was always too tired to do anything except yell and fuss at us. We were so afraid of him, especially when he would get drunk and start preaching about sin. He would pace around the room stomping his feet and cursing the devil. He would tell us that our Mama, whom we had loved so dearly, had gone to hell because of her highfalutin' ways. Actually it was Pa to blame for her death by making her work so hard all day.

When Mama was alive, she used to sit down every evening and tell us stories about the big city. She said it was a beautiful place and had so many people. All the women wore pretty frilly clothes with big wide skirts. And the young ladies of the town often had men callers and went to dances. My, how we used to dream about going to the city some day. Pa used to say that Mama was filling our heads with nonsense. But we know how much she loved the city and how much she had loved Pa to give it all up for a life of hard work on the farm. When Pa preached to us against Mama, we all almost hated him. Especially Tambrey. She would get so mad, it would take all of her willpower not to talk back to him. But, all in all, we three sisters stuck together and got along all right.

Then one evening before supper, we were sitting on the porch waiting for Pa to come home. Tambrey suddenly jumped up shouting, "Look! Mary! Becky! Look quickly. There's a stranger coming down the road. Let's go meet him."

"Are you crazy?" I asked. "We'd better go into the house. If Pa ever caught us talking to a man, he'd skin us alive. You know that as well as we do."

"Oh, don't be silly," she answered. "Pa won't be here for a little

continued on next page

while, and, after all, we must be neighborly."

Mary and I sat on the porch while Tambrey ran down the road to meet the stranger. He was riding the most beautiful black stallion. He brought his horse to a halt, tipped his hat to her, got down and walked along beside her. Later that night, she told me their conversation.

"Well, howdy there, ma'am," said the stranger. "It's mighty nice to have someone as pretty as you running to meet me."

"Howdy sir, and thank you," said Tambrey.

"Well, is that all you're going to say, a girl who looks like she's just come from the big city and knows a lot to talk about?"

"Oh sir, you flatter me. My name is Tambrey Lawson, and I've lived right here all of my life. Besides that, I ain't never met many people. Just whenever somebody passes by, and usually Pa makes my sisters and me go in the house until he passes.

"Why, I never would have believed it. You sure you ain't just joshin' me? I bet you got a boyfriend sneaking out every night and meeting you somewhere."

"Why, no sir. Surely not."

"Well then, we'll have to do something about that."

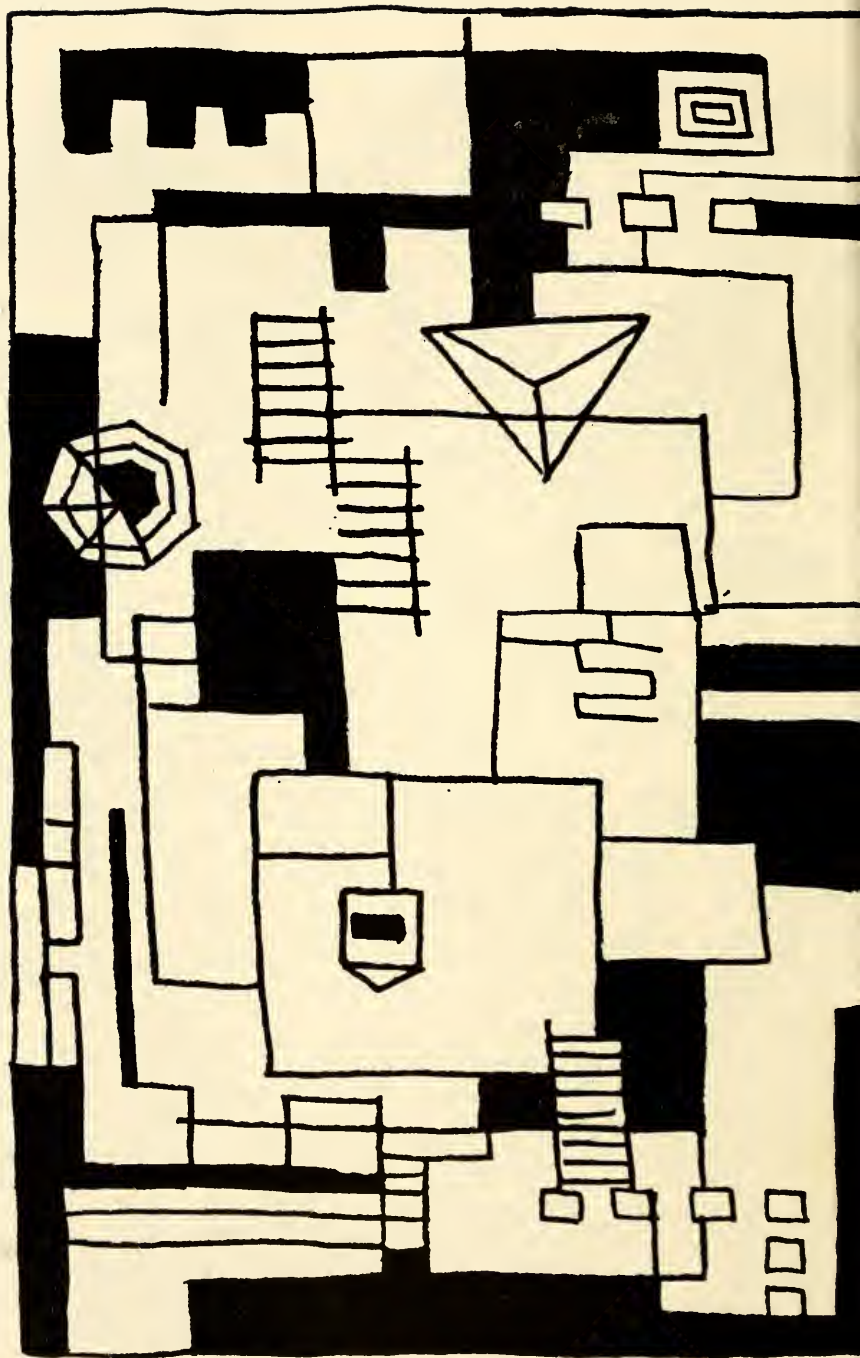
And believe me, he did. Tambrey met him behind the barn every night after Pa went to sleep. She made us promise not to tell Pa. Of course we didn't because he would have beat us too. Sometimes Tambrey would tell me what she and the stranger talked about. He would always tell me that she belonged in the city. He told her that she should get Pa to sell the farm so he would have enough money to send her to the city. Tambrey just ate up every word the stranger said to her. She would have done anything for him, and how she longed to go to the big city.

One evening at supper, Pa got terribly sick. Tambrey said she had some medicine that would fix him good as new. Pa was so sick that he never thought to ask her where she got those white capsules. He just mixed them up and drank them right down. All the time I knew that the stranger had given them to her, but I was too afraid to say anything. Well, the next morning Pa was dead. Later, the stranger came around and buried him. Then he got on his black stallion and rode away just laughing and laughing. Tambrey laughed a little too, but I could tell she was really trembling underneath. Well, then we packed what little we had, hitched the horses to the wagon, and rode into town.

Once there, Tambrey took charge. She had managed to sell the farm, get us a place to stay, and to get herself a respectable job. She now could have what she had always dreamed about: party clothes and men callers. She met a real nice gentleman who seemed to like her







## BROKEN PATTERN

Day by day  
He inhabits the city  
And walks ways neatly designated  
As in an aerial view,  
Pace regular,  
Unaltered by alien promptings.  
His goal,  
Never out of one day's reach,  
Is the fruit of ambulant excursion.

If suddenly  
Wilderness obscures the order—  
Overpowered,  
Wind-torn,  
Confounded—  
Where does the white one turn?  
To create,  
The most simple,  
Beyond him;  
To force, futile  
For him of virgin potency.  
Cries unheeded,  
Bleeding unseen in raging overgrowth,  
He takes final leave of shame.

When a new one,  
Scornful of jading pain,  
Subdues the fierce confusion blow for blow,  
Topography  
Imports little to this native  
Engaged in intimate unceasing struggle,  
Conquering passion  
With passion.

—ELEANOR KEVAN

# Many Minus Two

by Donna Humphlett

"How long are you going to watch the snow fall?"

Pete turned around and saw his roommate come into the room. "I don't know, but it looked peaceful. Something we don't get around here very often."

"Yeah. With all these damn papers and tests, and to top it all off—the dance next week end—we don't get very much peace, do we? Say, do you have a date next week end?"

"No, but I've thought about asking Ann. I think she'd go with me."

"Yeah, she would, because nobody else'll ask her."

"Why not? I think that she's a good date."

"Not good, Pete, nice. That's the only reason most boys date her, and when you wise up, you'll stop dating her."

"Just a damn minute. I know why I date her."

"Why, Pete? She nice to you?"

"Yes. But not in the sense you mean."

"I think I know what you mean, little boy, but most of the girls around here don't."

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean if you don't stop dating her some of the better girls around here aren't going to date you."

"Why? Because I date somebody they can't compare with?"

"Yeah. That's the reason. They aren't going to give you what she does."

"She doesn't give me anything like that. We spend most of our dates talking. Talking, that's all. Have you ever tried talking to some of the girls around here? It's not very easy—unless, of course, you hand them a line and they pretend they're listening. It's disgusting."

"But it's natural, man. And who's going to fight it?"

What? Spend two hours handing a girl a line about how good-looking she is and another two hours trying to find out how seriously she took you?"

"Yeah. It's natural, like I said."

"And boring as hell. If she hasn't got sense enough to know that you're lying, you profit and she loses. And if she knows you're lying she keeps her chastity and you've wasted a lot of hot air."

"That's the damn trouble with you, Pete. You're too serious. Put some fun in your life; try dancing—with somebody else. What do you talk about—books?"

"Sometimes. Ideas. Sometimes we just sit and think. Or we go

ut and walk around  
ere.”

Mike walked over  
o Peter and put a  
atherly arm around  
is shoulder. “C’m on  
Pete. You can tell  
ne the truth. Is she  
reating you nice?”

“Oh, for God’s  
ake, Mike. I told  
ou the truth and  
ou’re too stupid to  
ealize it.” Pete  
erked himself loose  
rom Mike’s grip.  
“And quit acting  
like a mother hen.  
enjoy dating her.”

“Yeah. I know a  
ot of boys who’d  
like just one date  
with her.”

Pete’s fist aimed  
or Mike’s jaw, but  
he bigger boy  
caught it and held  
it. “You trying to  
do something you  
don’t know how,

Pete? I wouldn’t. It can be dangerous.” Mike dropped the hand  
from his grip, and Pete drew it back.

Pete picked up his jacket and walked out of the room. It was two  
o’clock. Ann should be in her room. They could go for a walk.

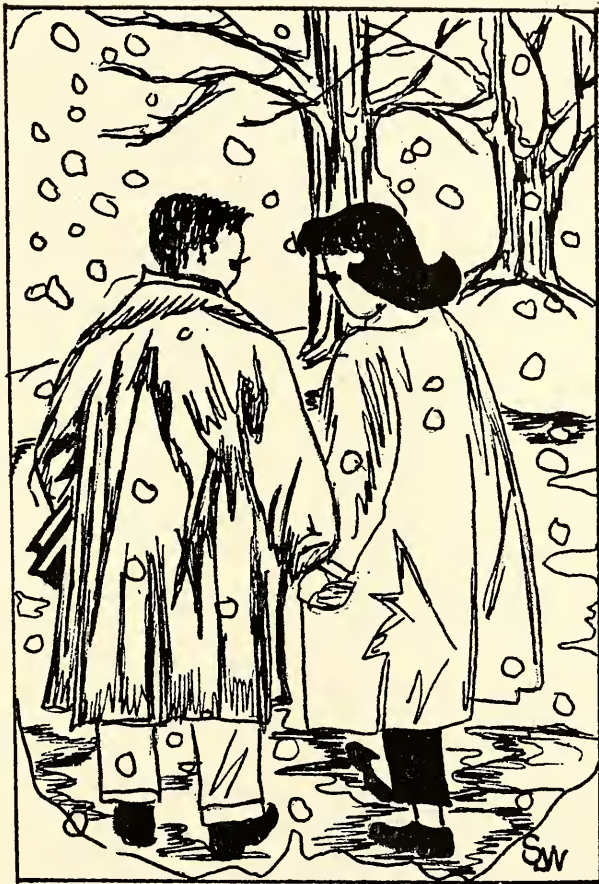
When he walked out of the dormitory, Pete could see Ann walking  
up the street with two boys. She was laughing and talking to them.  
And they were really enjoying it. The way she walked, the way she  
talked. Pete decided to stay behind until they were gone and then  
he’d catch up with her.

The two boys left Ann when they got to their dormitory, and  
Pete ran to catch up with her.

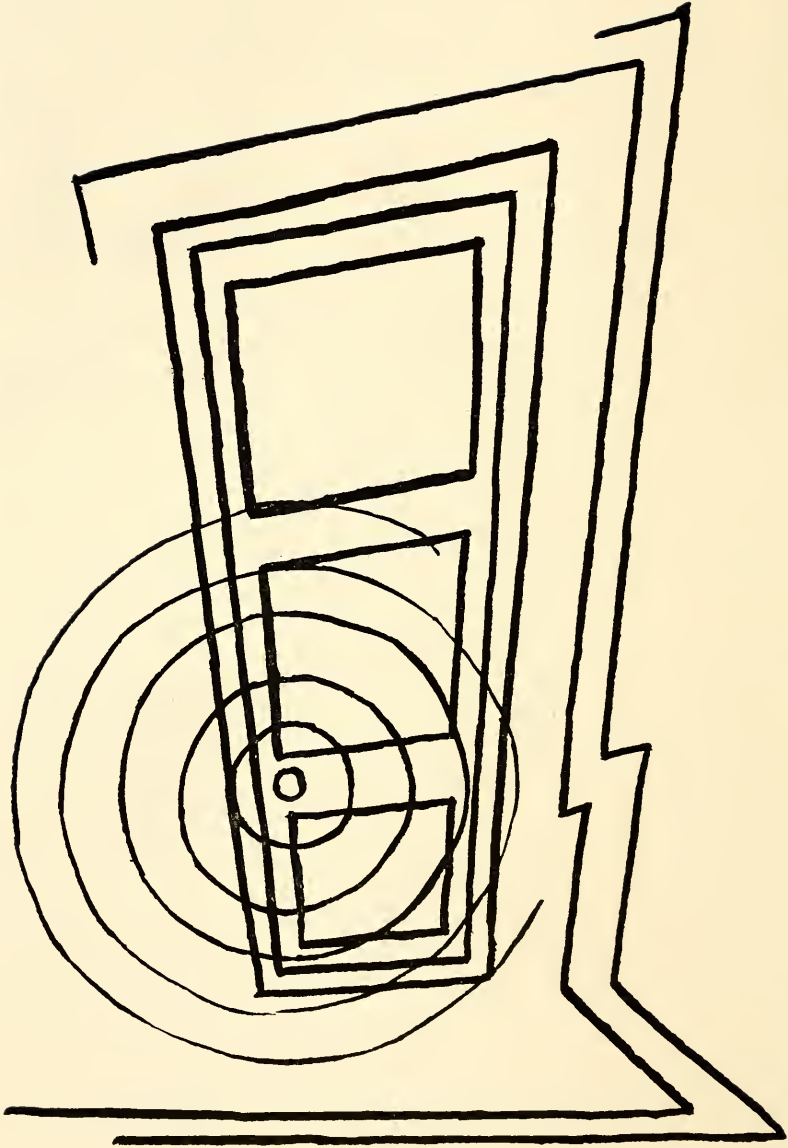
“Hi, Ann. Want to go for a walk?”

“I will, since it’s you. But I really have a test to study for.”

“Well, study for the test. I can walk by myself.”



continued on page 24



# NO

Words written,  
Words read,  
The question asked,  
The answer is  
No.  
The word spoken  
And dreaded so long.  
Fiery points  
Engulf the written words;  
The pain crackles;  
Agony fumes;  
The lashing  
Of the dancing fire  
Subsides,  
Smolders,  
Dies.  
Into the realm  
Of life  
No  
Is carried,  
Stacking up against  
A universal plea.

No—  
The cause  
Of war,  
No—  
The defense  
Of pride,  
No—  
The protection  
Of mankind,  
No—  
The eradicator  
Of doubt,  
No—  
The carrier  
Of pain,  
No—  
The closed door.

—GAYLE RAY



## FOGHORNS

Foghorns,  
Why do you call me?  
Must I attend your dirges?  
May I never sleep in a peaceful  
Sea grave?

—ELEANOR KEVAN

~



and paralysis of feeling which continue to be expressed throughout the trilogy.

*Malone Dies* deals especially with the artist's search and with the end of his search. The story Malone tells about Macmann evidences the conflict the probing man must confront. Caught in the rain, Macmann stopped and lay down, reasoning that the surface thus pressed against the ground would remain dry, whereas standing up he would get uniformly wet all over. Macmann's theory was based on the supposition that the storm would be brief; however, neither the violence nor the duration of the storm was brief. "This was the kind of story he has been telling himself all his life, saying, This cannot possibly last much longer." The rain continued but "instead of being astonished at such a long and violent rain, he was astonished at not having understood from the moment the first timid drops began to fall, that it was going to rain violently and long and that he must not lie down; but press forward for he was no more human than . . ." This is to say that man does not have time to "grovel and wallow in his mortality . . . For without going so far as that, he who has waited long enough will wait forever. Waiting is in vain and when you die, it is too late, you are no longer sufficiently alive to be able to stop."

Malone dies, and with him die Molloy, Moran, and Macmann. Through their lives they have come to know only a distorted picture of themselves; their reincarnation in the Unnamable must carry their search to its conclusion. The Unnamable struggles against the elements of society which force men into prefabricated selves and which confuse men to the point that self-discovery is beyond realization, even at death.

The Unnamable realizes that he knows the way to one's identity, but, like Macmann, is unable to control this way. The Unnamable discovers that the key to discovering one's identity lies in silence. Silence, he sees, is a state where chaos and lies are absent, a state where man may stop long enough to hear the voice that is himself. Only in this state may man pause long enough to separate himself from the self-caricature which his actions have drawn. Although the Unnamable realizes this, he is unable to be quiet, for society forces him to speak even though speech is a perpetuation of the confusion and obscurities which prevent a successful end to his search.

Society's web of meaningless tasks and empty speech is overpowering to the end; the trilogy ends with the confusion that the character's running commentary has perpetuated:

You must go on. That's all I know, they're going to abandon me, it will be the silence, for a moment, a good few moments, or it will be mine, the lasting one, that didn't last, that still lasts, it will be I, you must go on, I can't go on, you must go on, I'll

(continued on next page)

## TRILOGY

go on, you must stay words, so long as there are any, until they find one, until they say me . . . perhaps they have said me already, perhaps they have carried me to the threshold of mystery, before that door opens on my story, that will surprise me, if it opens, it will be I, it will be the silence, where I am, . . . you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on.

In confusion the trilogy begins and in confusion the last novel ends. The key to the search, silence, is unobtainable and the individuals in Beckett's commentary are fated to a helpless and hopeless existence, "I can't go on, . . . I'll go on."



## TAMBREY (continued from page 12)

very much. Tambrey fell in love with him, and several years later, they were married. The gentleman was very wealthy and lived on a huge estate. It was hard to believe my sister had come into such good fortune. It wasn't until much later that I figured out the reason for her sudden good luck.

You know, until yesterday, I hadn't seen Tambrey in fifteen years. She hadn't changed one bit. She still looked as young and as pretty as ever. And she still talked of having gay times. We decided to go for a walk to talk over old times. No sooner had we walked half a mile than Tambrey clutched her heart. "No, no, I'm not ready yet," she shouted. It was then that I saw him. The stranger on the black horse. He brought his horse to a halt, tipped his hat, and swept Tambrey up behind him. Then he turned his horse around and together they rode off. I can still hear his piercing laughter and Tambrey's frightening screams. I turned to run away from the horror of it all, and, as I did so, I stumbled. I looked down to discover Tambrey's body at my feet.



Master Sun glows red  
Leaving sadness  
To the moon  
As it sinks westward

—sjw

"I know. But walking with another person is more fun, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Who were those boys?"

"Oh, a couple of people in my chemistry lab. One is my lab partner. He wanted a date for tonight, but I told him that I already had a date."

"Oh? With whom?"

"Aren't you getting a little nosy? You're the only boy on this campus who's got any sense and you start acting like all the rest of the males around here. I thought I had a date with you, but if you don't want to go out—well, don't."

"Ann, don't talk like that. You sound like all the rest of the girls around here."

They laughed and Pete said, "Where do you want to walk?"

"Anywhere there's snow."

"That covers a lot of territory."

"We'll cover a lot of territory. Okay?"

"Okay."

They walked along in silence. Finally Pete said, "You know Ann, you're the only person I can be quiet with. It seems that when I'm with anyone else I'm bored unless I'm talking. And then most of the time, I'm bored. But with you I'm never bored."

"Ashamed, but never bored."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Don't give me that 'what do you mean' business. I know that your roommate doesn't want you to date me."

"Who told you?"

"He did. He thinks that if you date me nobody else will date you."

"I'm sorry, Ann."

"Don't be. I'm not very good for you—socially."

"If I like being with you, nobody's going to keep me away from you. Besides we're friends, not lovers. We don't shack up anywhere."

"Yes, but the girls around here have other ideas. You know some dull people can have very vivid imaginations."

"Yeah. I know that. I'm glad you brought it up. My roommate and I had a disagreement this afternoon about you. I lost."

"Well, I wouldn't think that you could argue physically with a horse like Mike."

"Maybe I should take a muscle building course. You know—Charles Atlas or something."

"Or something. Why don't you stay the way you are instead of being like the rest of the boys?"

"You seem to enjoy talking to those boys."

"You'd be surprised at how easy it is to get some of those boys on

## MANY MINUS TWO

a spot. How easy it is to make them look like fools. I like to see how easy it is, that's all. Sometimes they've made a fool out of me. That's how it goes. Some of them fool you."

"Do you really mean that? I mean trying to make fools out of them."

"Yes, why not? But if I'm with someone I really care for, I don't try to make him seem like a fool. You don't have to worry."

"But Mike seems to think that all the boys make a fool out of you."

"I said a few, Pete. And those boys like to stretch the truth. And girls like to believe something vicious about another girl. So that's the way it goes."

"Yeah. The snow feels good when it hits your face, doesn't it?"

"Yes. And I could run and run and run."

"Watch out, you'll fall."

"If I do, you'll pick me up."

She was far ahead of Pete and he tried to catch up with her.

"Wait for me."

"No. You catch up."

"He caught up with her. "Do you have a date for the dance?"

"No."

"Well, you can go with me."

"Thanks for the favor."

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Ann, I didn't mean it that way."

"I know it and I'll go with you."



Teardrops fall and smash  
Against the cold  
And bare earth  
As showers greet spring

—sjw



Leaves drift serenely  
Down the blossoming  
Hillside  
Teasing the damp grass

—sjw

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