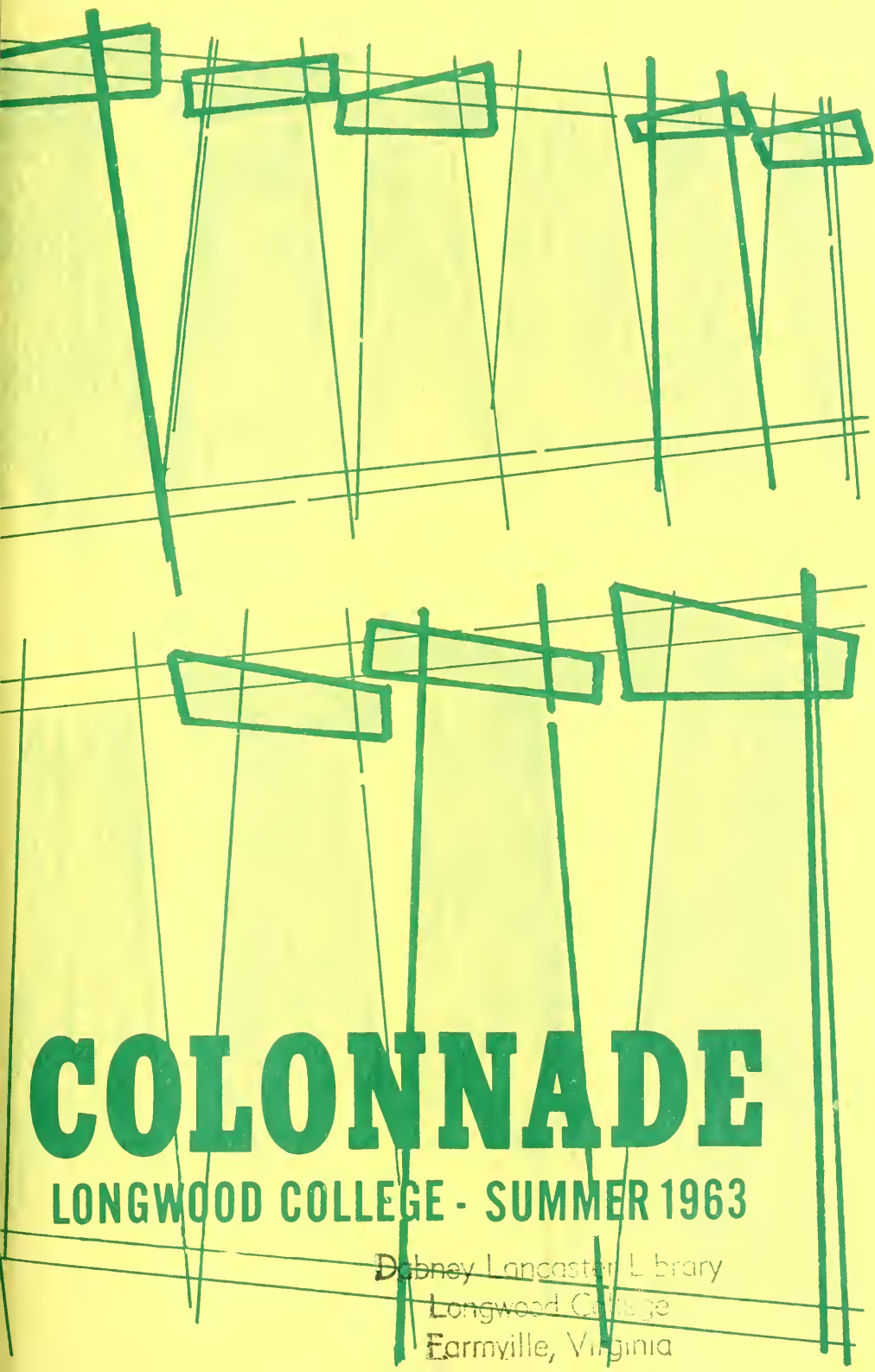
Summer 1963

The Colonnade, Volume XXV Number 4, Summer 1963

Longwood University



COLONNADE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE - SUMMER 1963

Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA
CONTEST · 1963

Volume XXV Number 4

STAFF

Editor: Barbara Anne Poland

Assistant Editor: Diana Upshur

Literary Board:

Poetry Editor, Judy Beck
Essay Editor, Earlyne Brown
Short Story Editor, Evelyn Gray
Marcia Catoe, Lani Fletcher
Pat Gillette, JoAnne Held
Maria Konovoloff, Nelda Shields

Art Editors: Melanie Wilkes, Judy Woodyard

Business Manager: Anna White

Circulation Head: Katherine Pulley

Head Typist: Betty Ann Wall

Board of Advisors:

Mrs. Mildred Davis, Mr. Carson Gibb
Mrs. Janice Lemen, Mrs. Ruth Taliaferro

Business Board:

Ann Carroll, Judy Crum
Barbara Gillespie, Ginny Gilmore
Helen Grigsby, Judi Hackney
Margaret McMullen, Kay Orr
Gina Pederson, Dee Watkins
Helen Weeks, Shirley White

Circulation Staff:

Mary Jane Blackburn, Peggy Gay
Betty Hall, Kay Orr
Cathy Palmore, Kathy Puckett
Carolyn Ramsey, Ella Louise Rosser

CONTENTS

Cover by Pat Kowalski

Printed by The Dietz Press, Inc.
109 East Cary Street
Richmond 19, Virginia

From the Editor:

Each year the *Colonnade* staff sponsors a contest for the entire student body, in the fields of poetry, short story, and essay. This issue of the magazine is devoted to publishing the winning entries of this contest. A large amount of good material was submitted for all three categories, and we of the staff wish to extend our thanks to every contributor.

The judges awarded first, second, and third prizes in the poetry and essay divisions and first and second prizes in the short story division. Interesting is the fact that all three judges independently chose the same entries for first place in all three categories. Congratulations to the winners. You have done a fine job.

As is the custom, the entries were judged by two faculty members and a student judge, all of whom were selected by the literary board of the *Colonnade.*

Kay Willis, the student judge, is a senior English and French major from Portsmouth, Virginia. Kay is a member of Boerc Eh Thorn, of which she is now serving as Treasurer, and she is in Kappa Delta Pi. She is active in the French Club and has served on the business staff of the *Colonnade.* She enjoys reading very much, especially novels. After graduation Kay is planning to teach in secondary school. She is eventually planning to attend graduate school.

Dr. Rosemary Sprague joined the staff of the English Department this year. She received her B.A. degree from Bryn Mawr College and her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Western Reserve University. She was a scholar at the First School of Letters of Kenyon College in Gambeir, Ohio. Dr. Sprague is the author of seven historical novels for teenagers, the most recent of which is *Fife and Fandango*, published in 1961. Last summer Dr. Sprague was the only American invited to lecture at the Shakespeare seminar at Stratford, Ontario, Canada.

Dr. Maurice Sneller is a member of the History and Social Science Department here at Longwood. Dr. Sneller received the B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Virginia.

B. A. P.

Colonnade Sketches

Virginia Gilmore, author of the first place short story, is a Speech Pathology and Audiology and English major from Falls Church, Virginia. She lived most of her early years in the Western part of the country, including such states as Utah, Colorado, Washington, Texas, and New Mexico, before moving to Virginia eight years ago.

Ginny began writing short stories while she was enrolled in the Creative Writing class here at Longwood. Her first story to be published by the *Colonnade* entitled "Meat In Due Season" appeared in the Spring, 1963 issue.

Doystovesky and Tolstoy head the list as Ginny's favorite writers. She also enjoys the novels and short stories of Kafka.

Future plans for Ginny include transferring to the University of Virginia for her senior year of undergraduate work, after which she hopes to take graduate courses. Upon completion of her education, she is planning to return to the western part of the country to live.

* * * * * * *

Nelda Shields, a sophomore English and Spanish major from Martinsville, is the first place winner in the essay division. This is the first time she has contributed to the *Colonnade*.

Nelda's favorite literary form is the short story although she has not written any short stories thus far. Like Ginny, her interest in this genre heightened as a result of taking the Creative Writing course.

Nelda enjoys reading poetry, especially that of Howard Nemerov whom she was privileged to see at the Hollins College Literary Festival this year. She also likes the beatnik poetry of Ferlingetti.

Future plans for Nelda include teaching Spanish and English in high school.

Barbara Poland and Diana Upshur

THE TEST

by Virginia Gilmore

The late morning sun hammered down on the shaggy expanse of parched lawn. Motionless trees cast squat, lifeless shadows, giving small patches of yellowed grass temporary relief. The two boys, their swimming trunks and towels almost dry, sat listlessly on the porch steps, one a few steps above the other. The older, a freckled, stocky boy, looked down at his slender companion. Casually, he picked up a small pebble and rubbed it between his grimy fingers. He looked down on the relaxed form of the younger boy and a mischievous grin crossed his face. With a quick motion he threw the stone. The stone caught the younger boy in the back of the neck. With one violent movement, the startled boy jerked himself to his feet, facing his tormentor. He stood looking at the older boy who stared off into space, a forced expression of innocence on his face.

"Eric!" The muscles in the younger boy's body were taut. The dark eyes under the shock of almost-white hair were deep with anger and indignation.

"What's the matter with you?" Eric answered, his body relaxed, his blue eyes wide with surprise.

"You hit me, that's what!"

"Ah, I haven't even moved."

"You hit me in the back of the neck with something!"

"What's the matter, did a bug bite your neck? You think someone's always picking on you, Chris."

The younger boy relaxed somewhat and rubbed the back of his neck gingerly, his eyes searching Eric's for some glimmer of truth.

"You just better watch out," he murmered, almost hoping the threat would go unnoticed, yet knowing it must be voiced.

"Better watch out or what?" Eric said, "or you'll go tell Gram? Or Aunt Betty? 'Mamma, Mamma, Eric hit me in the neck. You better put some medicine on it or I might die'."

"I don't need their help. I'm not scared of you." The blond boy averted his eyes from his cousin's leering face. He swished his arms and shoulders about, trying to shake the tightness from them and to appear relaxed and unconcerned.

"You're scared of your own shadow."

"You just better watch out," Chris repeated, his voice rising.

Eric didn't answer him. He kept his eyes on the smaller boy, a

(continued on next page)

sleepy but amused look on his face. Chris felt his cousin's cold stare. A chill ran down his spine. He looked down at the ground and drew the damp towel around his narrow shoulders, trying to conceal his sharp, protruding ribs.

"Let's do something," Chris said almost suddenly, trying to avert attention from himself.

"Like what?" his cousin answered with disinterest.

"Well," Chris paused, thinking desperately of an appealing pastime. "We could play ball, I guess."

"Oh, that'll be a lot of fun," Eric answered derisively. "I can't throw the ball hard at you. You might get yourself hurt and Gram would blame me."

Chris struggled again for another diversion. "Or we could get Gram to fix us a lunch and go for a hike."

"Too hot," Eric answered sleepily, lounging back against the step behind him.

"Well, let's do something!" Chris said, almost desperately.

Exasperation touched Eric's voice. "Look, why don't you go in the house and play dolls with my sister."

"I don't want to play with her."

"What's the matter, Christine? Scared you'll have to be the 'mommy'?"

"You better not call me that again!" Chris's eyes narrowed. His voice was hallow and low.

"What's the matter, Christine?" Eric repeated his taunt, delighted with the effect on the younger boy.

Chris looked around in desperation for a moment before lunging at the older boy. His arms flailed the air too high for effectiveness. Eric pushed him to the ground, and the two rolled over each other, each one scrambling to pin the other down. Eric's laughter was punctuated by the other boy's short, quick grunts of exertion. Eric came to the top easily and effectively, pinning the wildly thrashing arms down above the feathery white hair. Chris's face was red with heat and humiliation. Gradually he became still, his eyes squinting in the hot summer sun.

"Are you going to leave me alone?" Eric laughed.

"Get off me!"

"Look. If I let you up, will you leave me alone?" Chris lay completely limp, not answering.

"Okay, I'm going to let you up. You better not try anything." Cautiously Eric eased himself off of the frail form. Chris lay still for a moment, then slowly got to his feet. With an exaggerated limp he moved slowly towards the steps and sat down again.

(continued on next page)

THE TEST

Eric stood, hands on hips, and looked across the lawn. He swayed back and forth, coming up high on his bare toes. A tiny movement across the lawn caught his eye, and with a stealthy step, he moved across the dry grass. Slowly he crouched, cupped his hands together, and with a sudden motion, imprisoned the moving object in his hands.

"Hey, Chris! It's a cricket. Biggest one I've ever seen." Eric's fascination momentarily made him forget the bitterness that had just passed between the two. Chris moved closer to his cousin, peering into a tiny opening in the imprisoning hands.

"Ah, that's nothing. We've got them twice as big at home," Chris remarked expansively.

Eric expelled his breath contemptuously. "I wish you'd go back home and stay there."

"This isn't your house, it's Gram's. I have as much right here as you do."

"Ah, I live here all year. You're just visiting. That makes it my house, doesn't it?"

Chris moved closer to his cousin and his catch, ignoring his cousin's question. "Ah, let him go," Chris said, watching with uneasiness as it struggled to free itself.

"Why?" Eric answered, almost dreamily, entranced by the insect's movement.

"Just let it go. It isn't hurting you." Chris felt a coldness grip his frail body as he witnessed Eric's fascination.

Eric moved his gaze slowly to Chris's face. His eyes held a deep sparkle.

"You're scared of it, aren't you?" he whispered almost gleefully.

"I am not!" Chris's voice had lost its strong imperativeness as he once again jumped to the defensive.

Eric's smile broadened as he realized that he had struck home again. With a quick movement, he thrust the cricket up to Chris's face. Chris, startled by the movement, jumped backward, putting his hands up to shield himself.

"You are too scared!" Eric shouted gleefully.

"I am not! Just don't stick it in my face again!"

Eric held out one closed hand, the cricket imprisoned in it. Chris eyed him, puzzled.

"Well, take it," he commanded, still grinning widely.

Chris held out his hands and felt his cousin's open and slip the cricket into them. His own felt icy compared to the damp warmth of Eric's and the hard shell of the insect. He closed his hand and felt a strange sensation as the cricket butted against its encompassing walls.

(continued on next page)

He looked up at his cousin's face as if expecting further instruction, then dropped his eyes slowly again to his hands.

"See? It won't hurt you." Eric's voice was patronizing, almost gentle. It left Chris with a feeling of relief. He stooped to release his captive.

"Don't let it loose." Eric's voice held a tone of amazement.

"Why not? What are you going to do with it?"

"Kill it." Eric's reply was matter-of-fact.

"Why? They don't hurt anything!" Chris's shocked voice rose high. He looked up at Eric with total lack of comprehension.

"Well, they don't do any good," Eric said, with logic enough to satisfy himself.

"That's no reason," Chris argued.

"What's the matter? Scared of a little gore?" Eric's voice took on its tone of annoyance again.

"I've seen lot's of dead bugs before. They don't scare me. It's just that . . ." Chris's explanation dropped off, its meaning lost on the older boy.

Eric stood quietly for a moment eyeing the younger boy with puzzlement. Slowly a grin spread across his face. "Okay, I won't kill it," he agreed almost cheerfully, ". . . you do it." The order shot forth spontaneously. Chris looked quickly at his cousin, trying to decide whether or not he had heard right.

"Look, I don't want to kill it," he argued.

"Scared of a little blood?" Eric hissed. "Well, I've got news for you. They don't even have blood." The last was almost whispered, so strong was its imperativeness.

"I'm not afraid of blood." Chris sounded worn out.

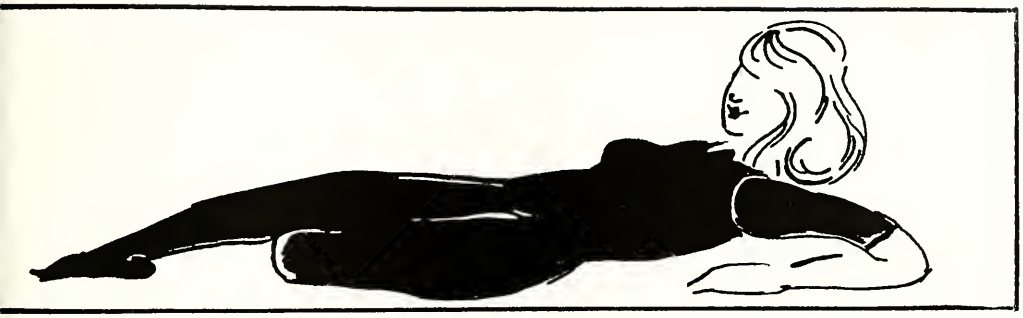
"What's the matter, Christine?" Eric whispered.

Chris looked up at his cousin's face. The sunburned cheeks with their smattering of freckles were pushed up against his pale blue eyes in a cold smile. Chris stooped to the ground, his sharp knees coming up under his chin. He opened his hands, and took the cricket almost tenderly between his two fingers. He watched it as it kicked helplessly in the air. His face was pale—almost transparent. His dark eyes were wide and deep.

"Go on, pull its legs off," Eric urged gently.

Chris, almost hypnotized by his cousin's droning voice, carefully took hold of one leg and slowly pulled it off. It came easier than he expected, making a brittle, hardly audible cracking noise. He dropped the leg as if it burned his hand. Quickly he yanked off the other leg, and the popping noise it made was loud against the stillness around them. He dropped the rest of the cricket on the ground and momen-

(continued on page 34)



A VIEW

Invoke the Muses—Darkly clad,
Black leotards, peroxide hair,
Cry, "Hey, you—here," and they will gad
To stand behind you at your chair—
Irreverent daughters of those nine
Who did young Chaucer once inspire
And Shakespeare, Milton, Donne design
And fill with awesome, classic fire.
No gentle, buxom virgins these—
But whores with sullen, silent laughter.
And Literature with a dirty face
Comes boisterously tumbling after.

Rebecca Wilburn

HAWTHORNE, THE ARTIST

by Shirley Gunn

ALTHOUGH Nathaniel Hawthorne could not accept the optimism of Transcendentalism or extol nature, the natural man, or the supremacy of beauty, he shared the feelings of the Romantic Movement for the strange and the mysterious and for its symbolical imagination and gay fancy, and he turned to the past for much of his writing material. The secret guilt, the haunted mind, fate, the universal sin, and the curse from the past are the recurring themes of his works.

An ancestor of the Puritan, Hawthorne had many ideas about the individual and his relationship to the world. In focusing attention upon the above themes, he agreed with his ancestors. Not intent upon his morals' rectifying the world, he analyzed the inner life, the relations of head and heart, especially in his novel, *The Scarlet Letter.*

Hawthorne saw the individual as inevitably alone, yet always needing to maintain contact with humanity. Young Goodman Brown went into the forest alone, yet he needed his wife, Faith. After his experiences in the forest, he lost all contact with his wife and neighbors and so lived a gloomy life until the end of his days. Because Ethan Brand lost contact with "the magnetic chain of humanity," he became a "cold observer" until he plunged into the lime kiln.

Hawthorne's main philosophy lies in his conception of human nature as the maintenance of a balance between intellect and feeling. Having narrated how Ethan Brand sympathized with mankind and viewed the heart of man as a "temple originally divine," and then had a vast intellectual development which progressively disturbed the balance between his mind and heart, Hawthorne says:

> Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development, —as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor, —he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

Dr. Rappaccini also lost his balance of intellect and feeling. As Professor Baglioni advised Giovanni:

(continued on next page)

> But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge.

Rappaccini did sacrifice the life of his own daughter Beatrice through the poison of the purple flowers.

Much of the content of Hawthorne's writing is extracted from the past. "Young Goodman Brown" and *The Scarlet Letter* both relate to the Salem witch trials of 1692. In "Roger Malvin's Burial", a historical incident involves problems surrounded with a universal human interest. In most of his works he tries to relate the basic facts to some reality. In *The House of Seven Gables*, the Maules are described as possessing some of the traits known to have been characteristic of the Hawthornes. He also made his description of Hepzibah Pyncheon's seven-gabled mansion conform to several old dwellings formerly or still in existence at Salem, Massachusetts.

In analyzing Hawthorne's style, one becomes aware that he uses much color and sound. The purple flowers and the orange-colored reptile give color to Rappaccini's garden. Faith's pink ribbons add a tint of color to Goodman Brown's story. On the breast of Hester Prynne's gown, "in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A".

Although he may not use sound as much as some other writers, he does employ it occasionally. Consider the sound effects in these paragraphs from "Young Goodman Brown":

> On came the hoof tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the young man's hiding-place; but, owing doubtless to the depth of the gloom at that particular spot, neither the travelers nor their steeds were visible.

> The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds—the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveler, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn.

(continued on next page)

Also apparent in Hawthorne's style is his use of rhythmical repetition. He repeatedly uses the phrase which is the title of *The House of Seven Gables*, sometimes referring to it as "The Pyncheon House," or "the seven gables," or "the mansion." In "Rappaccini's Daughter" he uses the words *breath* and *breathe* many times. The several appearances of Faith's pink ribbons in "Young Goodman Brown" give a sense of rhythmical repetition, also.

In his vivid descriptions, Hawthorne employs line drawings and contrast, as well as color and sound. In the following paragraph from *The House of Seven Gables*, the many lines of the Pyncheon house go out in all directions:

> There it rose, a little withdrawn from the line of the street, but in pride, not modesty. Its whole visible exterior was ornamented with quaint figures, conceived in the grotesqueness of a Gothic fancy, and drawn or stamped in the glittering plaster, composed of lime, pebbles, and bits of glass, with which the woodwork of the wall was overspread. On every side the seven gables pointed sharply towards the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices, breathing through the spiracles of one great chimney. The many lattices, with their small, diamond-shaped panes, admitted the sunlight into hall and chamber, while, nevertheless, the second story, projecting far over the base, and itself retiring beneath the third, threw a shadowy and thoughtful gloom into the lower rooms. Carved globes of wood were affixed under the jutting stories. Little spiral rods of iron beautified each of the seven peaks. . . All around were scattered shavings, chips, shingles, and broken halves of bricks; these, together with the lately turned earth, on which the grass had not begun to grow, contributed to the impression of strangeness and novelty proper to a house that had yet its place to make among men's daily interests.

One of the unique features of Hawthorne's fiction is his use of contrast. He uses contrast of movement, sentence length, light and dark, color, and figures. In the second paragraph of *The Scarlet Letter*, he presents a contrast of both scenery and figures, with only a slight variation in sentence length:

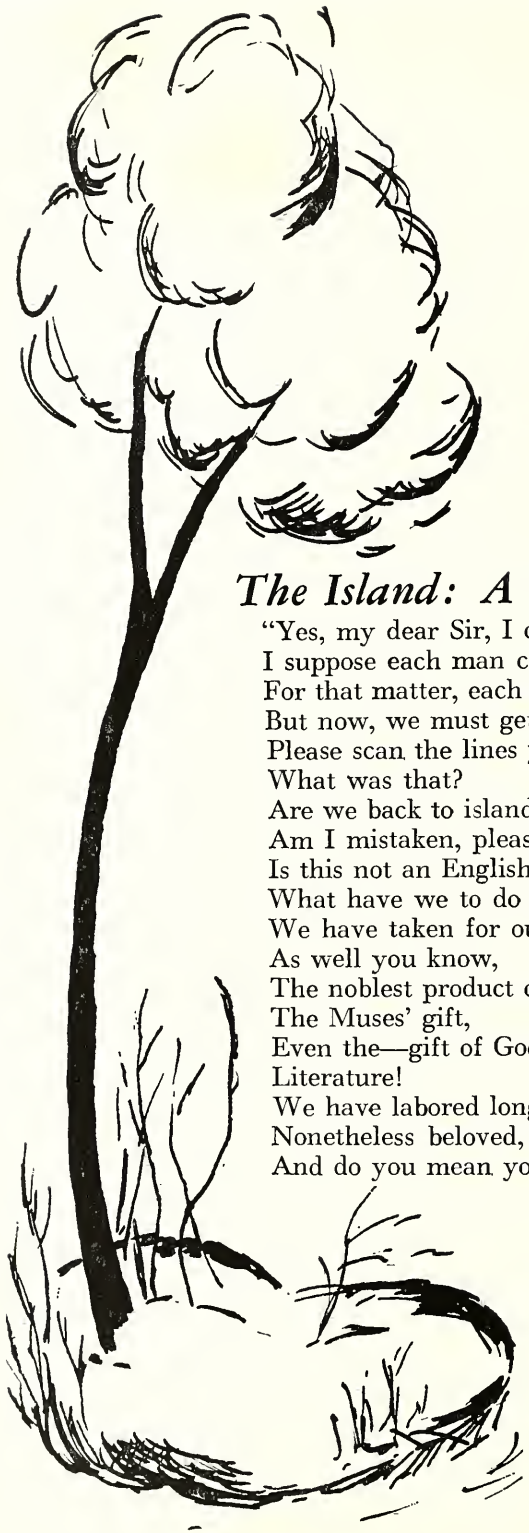
> Certain it is, that, some fifteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already

(continued on next page)

> marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its bettle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the new world. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pig-weed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society, a prison. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.

Hawthorne is also unique in his use of allegory. Basing his method upon suggestions derived from his reading of some of the great allegorists, particularly Bunyan and Spenser, he located his stories, as he said, "in a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairy land, where the Actual and the Imaginary may meet, and each imbue itself with the other." Writing of such a world, he could "so manage his atmospherical medium — as to give details, happenings, characters, and settings allegorical significance." In almost all of his fiction, Hawthorne employs this technique. The scarlet letter itself is a moral symbol. In "Young Goodman Brown" he symbolizes the universality of sin. Dr. Rappaccini, his daughter, the garden with the poisonous shrub and the ruins of the fountain, Giovanni, and all of the other characters and setting have a meaning deeper than the simple meaning of the story.

Thus, Hawthorne works much as an artist works. He is aware of beautiful structure and constructs his stories around neat patterns. He employs mass, line, movement, contrast, and variety for the creation of artistic effects. He is rhythmical. He produces stimuli which evoke vivid images in color, light and dark, and sound. He uses selection with superior discrimination. He does all of this in spite of his Puritan background and his relative ignorance of art principles.



The Island: A Dramatic Monologue

"Yes, my dear Sir, I can see your point.
I suppose each man could be an island,
For that matter, each woman and child, also—
But now, we must get on with the lesson.
Please scan the lines you indicated.
What was that?
Are we back to islands again?
Am I mistaken, please correct me if I am,
Is this not an English class?
What have we to do with geography?
We have taken for our subject,
As well you know,
The noblest product of the ages,
The Muses' gift,
Even the—gift of God—
Literature!
We have labored long over tedious passages,
Nonetheless beloved, you understand—
And do you mean you cannot scan

The simple lines that so intrigue you?
Sir, do not look askance at me,
I will have it out!
Have all my lectures fallen so heavily
(Heavily, the right word? Yes, it fits.)
On such deaf ears
That hear only the sounds of breakers
Washing up the shore
Of some God-forsaken islet?
(Dear Zeus, the boy must be possessed
Of some Satanic turn of mind,
Else could he so attentive sit
And learn so little that is relevant?)
I see you would change the subject.
Fine, Sir, and so would I.
—Oh, now, it's to be oceans!
We've forsaken dry land
To plunge headlong into the water!
Well, I see you will have your way—
And so, go to it,
Say what must be said,
But, please to make it brief—
This is no student haunt
Where everyone becomes philosopher
And idleness disguised in abstract sense
Is idle still, but on a higher plane.
(How eloquent I wax! Enough, I see, to quail
This young aesthete—mark those words for future use.)
What, Sir, not speak?
Strange, did you not burst to prattle
But a moment since:
'Of ships and sails and ceiling wax—'
—And, I believe, of islands?
So be it.
My duty done, (he had his chance
And cannot surely expect more
From one whose patience he has tried
Not once, but many times,
And has yet to find it lacking,
Although a trifle frayed)
Proceed to better things!
(O God! Can one believe this fool would be a poet?)

Peggy Pond

A BROAD ABROAD

by Harriet Hunt and Anne Friedman

EDITOR'S NOTE: This essay is a chapter from the book *A Broad Abroad* which is being written by Harriet Hunt and Anne Friedman. The book is based on the experiences of the two girls in Europe last summer.

IF you are among the fortunate swarm of Americans, who, armed with camera and guidebooks, will descend upon smiling European society in the near future, this book may be helpful. If you plan to include it in your portable library of sights and brief histories, forget it, and—if at all possible—get a refund on money spent p.d.q. If, however, you want to *really* live this foreboding adventure as I, a *pauvre* student, did, take this book to heart, and also to Europe.

I guess, for practical purposes, I should introduce myself. Name: Pan Adams. But, as you'll find out the awful truth sooner or later, I might as well save you the trouble. It's Pandora, as the girl with the magic box. Vital statistics: At the time of this *experience*, I was a rising senior majoring in French and Art at Laughton College for Women on the underside of the Segregation Line (otherwise referred to as Mason-Dixon). Size-wise, there's nothing particularly outstanding about me. I'm of average height, weight and shoe size. The hip area is slightly larger than the upper region of my person, known to such prudes as Victorians and parents, as the bosom. We shall not enlarge upon this item as science *alone* has not explored this area and the remedy is yet unknown. My facial characteristics have never launched a thousand ships but they've never sunk any either. Enough of that. Just say I'm typical, except for this jaunt, and that's my reason for writing.

Long had lurked at the bottom of my thoughts the desire to make my pilgrimage into Europe, that fabulous, forbidden paradise for unchaperoned girls. I once tried to organize a cycling tour of Europe, but who wants to cycle across an Alp alone? (No one else had the energy.)

My "Grand Tour" came about in a most surprising way. My roommate, Rusty Birch, and I were having a heated discussion on the pros

and cons of how many charm bracelets can be worn without becoming gaudy, when out of the blue, actually it was out of the hall, came Kelley Burgess shrieking some trash that sounded like "Let's go to Europe for $400." After we'd soothed her fevered brow and she had calmed down somewhat, she told us the real story.

"The Mademoiselle is organizing a trip to Europe for three months, school at La Sorbonne and all, for a mere 400 georges!"

Immediately we grabbed Kelley and ran to see Mademoiselle who is Virginia Grainger, the one and only French prof at Laughton College. She told us the glorious *ideé* was still just that—a glorious *ideé*, as it was only October and time of departure was tentatively set for the following June. After wasting precious seconds fighting for the phone, we finally got L.D. calls through to our parents, who laughingly responded, "Sure, if you actually can do it for $400, and will have a professor along!"

To us this was an affirmative. We could already see the smiling Europeans and feel their embraces as they greeted our boat and draped us in leis (we were a little confused in all the excitement). Thus, the Birch and Adams Travel Agency had its birth. Every spare moment was spent sending zillions of postcards, reading all the "Tour-it Yourself" books and planning all the charms we could collect in wonderful, free, beautiful, *unchaperoned* Europe. By the way, we had forgotten to tell our parents that our "chaperone" would be with us only on the *to* and *from* and not on the *there*. Our plans blossomed from October to June—the price mushroomed. By December the $400 had grown to $500, by January to $600 and by June it was a fat, round thousand. For some unexplicable reason, our parents actually stuck with us! The "inside Europe" transportation problems led us from Eurail passes to car rentals and finally—O' glorious achievement, O' glorious smooth-talking me—my parents actually agreed to buy me a car! I worked my way through Jaguar XKE's to the lowliest sports cars until, finally the worry lines disappeared from my father's forehead, and I ordered a Volkswagon—sans radio, sunroof and white walls.

Everything about the pilgrimage underwent a transition, including our idea that "getting there is half the fun" and, as our student boat sank, we took to the wild blue yonder in the form of Icelandic Airlines. A helpful hint. I think even though it's 18 hours getting there, it's cheaper than a freighter and much more fun. But, I'm getting ahead of myself. Back to the travel agency. One dark day, a travel agent (a real one, Victor Bennett) entered our rosy picture and the rain began to fall. He was egged on by my *sweet* parents to get us on a tour for the summer. He finally settled for a two week job, a thrift tour of Great Britain which, he promised, would be the neatest thing since

(continued on next page)

Weejuns. He got us into, as a favor, several student hotels at "nice low prices" and also made many suggestions as to "cheap-but-nice" restaurants, and other aids to shoestring living.

During the course of our pre-Europe events, two girls from down the hall got bit by the travel bug and we were now a foursome. Yours truly, Rusty, and new initiates, Nancy Moyer and Beth Hull. This was January, and the zillions of postcards began to pay off. We were kept hopping with pamphlets, embassy propaganda, passports applications and—O' painful thought—shots! The only thing they didn't seem to want was our fingerprints. Someone may want them, upon publication; in fact, we'll probably get the Pete Seeger treatment for unamerican activities (they seem pretty darned American to me!). Back to the subject. Forgive me for raving. Our European Quartet even made big plans for the minimum required decks of cards for our all-summer bridge tournament (we hopelessly began lessons for Beth, who was still stuck on hearts).

We wrote for reservations and cancelled all but one. For our 30 student days in Paris, we had acquired a few addresses of dorms. Upon a close inspection of the various rules and regulations, we settled upon a comparatively relentless, we thought, little hideaway right in the middle of the Latin Quarter. *La vie Boheme* for me! I had pictures of my collegiate self, making my way through all the grit and grime which we were sure to find in our *$24 a month* hole, for, hadn't *everyone* warned us how *dirty* and *backward* Europe is? We even thought of taking our 40 pound luggage limit in canteens; we *certainly* couldn't drink the water!

Time couldn't fly fast enough for us; at last school was out and we were homebound for the frantic week before take-off in New York. That week's activities are still a blur to me. There was just *so* much to do!

The four of us had carefully compiled a list of what *not* to take (from others' previous experiences) and with my plan before me I meticulously read:

DON'T take:

1. Bermudas
2. Cotton shirtwaist dresses (especially Madras)
3. Pleated skirts
4. Oversized sunglasses
5. White socks
6. Tenni-pumps
7. Spike heels
8. Culottes

(continued on next page)

9. Madras rain coats
10. Weejuns

After balancing my suitcase on the scales, I diligently placed therein the following items:

1. 2 pairs of bermudas
2. 4 cotton shirtwaist dresses (1 Madras)
3. 1 pleated skirt
4. 1 pair of oversized sunglasses
5. 2 pair of white socks
6. 1 pair of tenni-pumps
7. 2 pair of spike heels
8. 1 pair of culottes
9. 1 Madras rain coat
10. 1 pair of Weejuns
11. Assorted undies
12. 2 pretties for glamorous occasions.

and several drip-dry cotton blouses, along with other necessities.

Since these essentials tipped the scales at 39½ pounds—(I wanted to save some of my weight limit for souvenirs)—I committed the rest to hand-luggage in a *giant* and suitably ugly pocketbook and a camera bag filled with film—just hoping customs wouldn't inspect my film supply which was well over the ten roll limit.

I need not comment on the trip to Idlewilde Airport on the 8th of June except that it was a tearful one. You see, I *was* pinned to a gorgeous hunk by the name of Scott Coleman. He was in disagreement with this trip but had reluctantly and nobly given me permission to accept an escort *only* (and *only* after suitable intros) if it was *completely* necessary. Nuff said. Let's go to Europa!

One final word before take-off. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely deliberate. This book is *true*. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty!

Idlewilde Airport must be the biggest place in the whole world—or at least it seemed so that *big* morning. We arrived there *en masse* with luggage, parents, boyfriends and all-important Dramamine (neither Rusty nor I'd ever flown before and we were a tad scared. In fact, we were petrified!) After weighing in at Icelandic and discussing the possibilities of a union between food and our stomachs, we decided to make the big move. We ended up in what surpasses anything labeled lush—The Golden Door (I feel sure the door couldn't possibly have

(continued on next page)

been less than 24 K's, the real thing!) After a quick glance at the mammouth menus (and the mammouth prices) we all ordered the cheapest things possible. My father held up amazingly well as he forked over his life savings for a lunch-type snack. In all fairness, I must say it was well worth it (I didn't have to pay). After watching all the giant jets hog the runways, we were forced to board our Loftleider *DC6B*. The word *force* may be a little strong for some but not for me. Not only was I almost overcome with last-minute panic at the thought of getting on that thing, but Scott and I were being bodily torn asunder.

After putting up a good fight, Rusty finally pulled us apart and after such last minute advice as "Write" and "Don't talk to strangers", we kissed the crowd goodbye and descended the stairs to the runway with such pleasantries ringing in our ears as "My Little Girl."

Once seated behind Nancy and Beth in our "good" seats over the wing, we unraveled the mystery of seat belts and prepared to die. First one motor—then another—and another, 'til all four were trying to explode. The plane trembled and we trembled and when we had reached a peak of pure unadulterated terror, it moved! Our carrier of destruction taxied for what seemed years. We passed our parents, the buildings and the ground, and we were in the air—and still alive! After several hours of flying, we grew confident, unfastened our seat belts and put down the parachutes. We discovered the window and that kept us occupied until some unknown hour (we were probably passing through another time zone). I made the startling discovery that people under clouds are missing one of the most beautiful artistic achievements of good ole' Ma Nature. Just as I was evoking the artist's muse, I was interrupted by dinner.

As I was well fortified with Dramamine, I indulged and cold vegetables have never tasted so good. Afterwards, the treat of the evening was served—Cognac. Although none of us had ever even seen it before, we played the role and gave it the old college try. I tasted it and gave up; Rusty tried it in coffee and joined me at the water fountain in an attempt to put out the fire. Nancy and Beth ingeniously discovered a new *parfum*, Cognac No. 5.

Then, another green tourist spotted lights below and we jumped for the window. We strapped ourselves in, grabbed for our parachutes and bounced to a landing at Gander, Newfoundland. We thought it was a great landing, probably one of the smoothest ever, but were thwarted by the experienced travelers aboard who informed us we had nearly crashed. There's not much to say for Gander except they had a gorgeous terminal and a poor, lost, and thoroughly miserable marine whose

(continued on next page)

plane had left without him. After examining the souvenirs and paying our respects to the whizroom (john), we reboarded the plane and took off for Iceland. By this time we were experienced travelers, most of our fear was gone, also the cognac (thank heavens).

Between sessions at the window looking for the night that never came and attempts at reading (I was trying *The High and The Mighty* of all possible books), we managed a little sleep and suddenly we were coming in over Iceland. We comforted ourselves with the thought that Greenland's the one that's icy, but it was still pretty cold (47°) for cotton dresses.

We were herded off the plane and onto cold little buses (which drove on the wrong side) and deposited us in the heart of Reykjavik at Icelandic's restaurant where we remained prisoners for 1½ hours.

We'd gulped our food so we could play the tourist scene with cameras but we were informed that, due to customs, we weren't allowed out, and picture taking was *verboten*...It was all a shame because Reykjavik looked like Holland is supposed to look and I had expected something to match the climate. I couldn't resist lagging behind to sneak a few shots anyway as we were being hauled back to the plane. Our big bird took off again and after a few more hours of watching Geometry come to life in the fields of Holland, we landed in Luxembourg, Europe!

We rushed off the plane, impatiently waited through the long customs line, grabbed our luggage and, dragging it behind us (it was too heavy to carry), we boarded another Icelandic bus—this time bound for the train station in Luxembourg. Once inside the station and surrounded by what seemed millions of *natives*, we waited for the smiles, embraces, leis (I found out later they're found in Hawaii) and help with our luggage. What happened? Absolutely nothing. We got a few sneers and a couple of snickers and we were still dragging our luggage behind us. We had to find the train to Brussels, so, leaving Nancy as guard over our island of luggage, we set out. Rusty and Beth found the *cambio* where they traded off their first travelers' cheques for a bunch of "play money" while I approached an unapproachable-looking official.

"Where's the train to Brussels?"

He stared at me like he didn't understand English. I tried again.

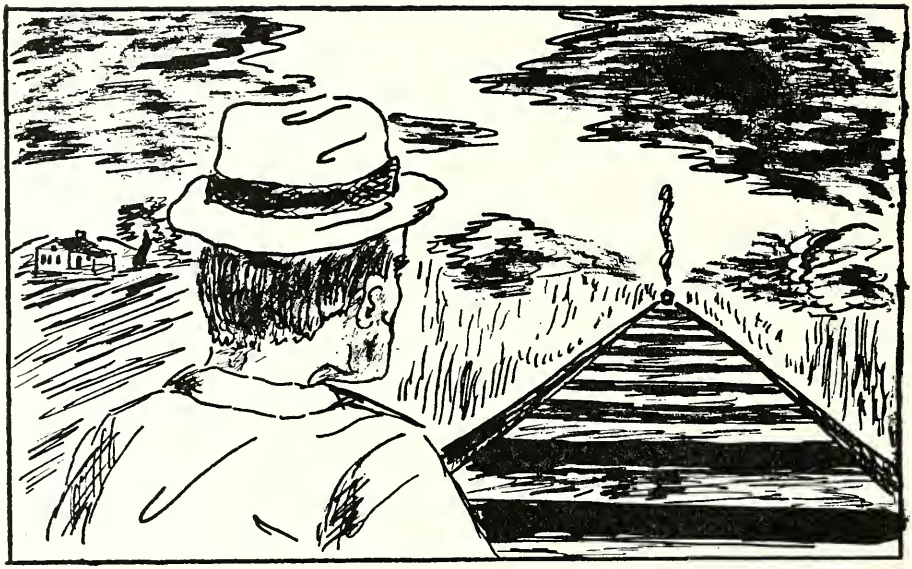
"Où-se-trouve-le-train?-uh-Brussels?-um-train."

His icy stare finally thawed.

"Ah, mademoiselle l'Américaine, Bruxelles, oui, Bruxelles."

He, thinking I spoke fluent French, started off in a long spiel of directions, for which my French major failed me completely. He

(continued on page 35)



CHARLIE

by Maria Grant

Little swirls of dust rose and fell as worn shoes scuffed in the dirt under the early morning sun. Ragged pants and shirt failed to conceal the aging tired stride and slight limp. Under the battered old hat (found in a junkyard in Denver) was a dark, weathered face with light brown eyes that held the expression of every mood. The stubble on his cheeks and chin was grey, and his thin hair was matted with sweat.

Along the road which seemed to stretch endlessly in a combination of hills and curves, there were few signs of life, but he thought an empty city street looked much less alive than this place with trees and grass and cows.

He took a dirty handkerchief from a ripped back pocket and wiped his head. The sun was at his face, and the old hat didn't provide much shade. Beads of sweat had settled on his forehead, and his shirt was wet from the perspiration.

He blinked up at the sun, and saw a sea blue sky all around. There were hardly any clouds—and they looked like foam in the sea.

One time he rested under a tree, with some cows chewing the grass nearby, but he didn't stay long. Cows used to fascinate him. He always wanted to look a cow straight in the eye, and say, "Moo". That

(continued on next page)

was a long time ago when he was about ten. Now the only thing that fascinated him was himself.

But even that was losing its flavor. He was really bored. For years, just watching the human race run by had kept him occupied. Now that was boring, too. Running into an old friend still meant something when nothing else did.

Half the time he didn't think at all. His mind was rather numb, and he was tired of thinking and analyzing and figuring. He had tired of that a long time ago. Now he just existed, and in that existence every day went by for what it was worth, and it wasn't much. It was easier that way.

He very seldom thought like this—he avoided it like a plague.

All morning he followed the narrow road, and the little swirls of dust rose and fell. A barbed wire fence followed, too—around every curve and over each incline. In the distance he saw some scattered hills.

\- - - - - - - - - -

When he looked up at the sun once more he could tell it was around noon.

A sprawling wooden farmhouse, tucked among a cluster of maples, was only a few hundred yards away.

A horse and her colt romped in the field. He watched them as he walked. That's the way to live. Run around a field all day, eat grass when you're hungry, sleep in a warm stable at night. I should've been a horse.

He had twenty-two cents in his pocket and he was hungry.

As he was telling himself how stupid this discussion was, he was walking up the steps of the farmhouse. A woman came, and he asked if there was any work, hoping there wasn't.

"Sorry, mister. We got the plowin' done yesterday and the hands can finish up the rest. Give you somethin' to eat if you want. Plenty of food in the house."

He ate with them (the woman, her husband, three kids, and five field hands) as if he had done it a hundred times before. He was always sure of a meal in a farmhouse. All you had to do was ask if there was any field work—at the wrong season—and nine out of ten times they'd ask you to stay for the next meal. That was enough to keep you going the rest of the day.

It was a lot harder to come by in the city. And the doorways in the Bowery or the benches in the park weren't as soft as the grass under a tree at night.

He thanked the woman. She smiled and said to come back for

(continued on next page)

spring planting. He nodded his head and started off again, down the dirt road. The dust under his feet rose and fell, rose and fell.

He looked at his worn shoes and remembered a time when he could see his own reflection in them. A long time ago.

While he kicked a stone down the road he caught himself thinking—this time of Ann. She was a fool, and she had the wedding ring he gave her to prove it. Poor Ann. Must have gone through hell with him. He shook his head. Wonder where she is now. . . It was a long time ago.

He saw a sign ahead: GROVERTON 22

Towns seem to be growing farther and farther apart. The sweat was dripping down the side of his face and the stubble of beard itched.

Once he glanced at his clothes. He tugged at his shirt sleeve and sighed. Why should it bother him all of a sudden—after so long. Not bother him exactly. Remind was a better word.

Fifteen years ago, maybe to the day, he was sitting in an office at the Bull and Bear. He had been working and sweating in the same building for twenty years. [They finally got some air-conditioning. He snickered when he thought about it.]

Hot, sticky summers. Cold, damp winters. On and on. Ann had *tried* to make things easier, and for awhile he had *tried* too. When Todd was born they were happier than they had been on their wedding day. But it was get up in the morning, ride the subway an hour, work all day, ride the subway an hour, up fifteen floors to the apartment, watch t.v., go to bed. Every day. Winter, summer. Sweat and freeze. On and on. Never an end.

The little swirls of dust rose and fell, rose and fell.

He had sat in his office and listened with tin ears to the men who came in. It hadn't always been like that though. Not at the beginning. But after twenty years . . .

A sea of ulcer-ridden people in tall buildings, that's what it was. He thought of Todd, though he had known what would happen.

It was almost senseless to think about it. A ten year old boy playing handball in the street and the car going too fast. He saw the brown hair and the moody brown eyes like his own.

He closed his eyes and swallowed hard. Two tears mixed with the sweat on his face. Foolish old man.

It wasn't always like that. Toby and Ben and the others used to say, "Mr. Parrish, you have a great future."

Yeah, just great. A country road in the middle of nowhere, USA.

He couldn't believe he was thinking so much about the past all of a sudden, but he couldn't stop either.

That's when he had started staying out late, walking the streets.

(continued on next page)

CHARLIE

He used to fall asleep in the subway at three or four in the morning; but Ann was always there in the living room (on the fifteenth floor), waiting for him. Foolish Ann.

During the past years he sometimes thought about her, but then some new deal would come up. He had a full-time job walking and finding his next meal.

Well, what in the hell *was* this new kick? He couldn't afford to think about the past more than a minute every two years or it depressed him. And here he was going through the whole business.

"You have a great future, Mr. Parrish." Ha. He kicked the stone hard against a post in the fence.

In fifteen years he had traveled from east to west to north to south and everywhere was either somewhere, USA, or nowhere, USA—depending on the mood he was in.

Two weeks ago in Kansas City he couldn't hop a freight, so he "borrowed" a car until it ran out of gas. He laughed. It reminded him of these "beatnik" characters like Kerouac or Ginsberg. He was too old to be "borrowing" cars. Freight hiking was supposed to be his line. He laughed again. Foolish old man.

Maybe it was time to reform. Maybe there was a chance he could find Ann. She was still his wife, unless . . . fifteen years is a long time. For all *she* knew, he could be dead. He still loved her.

Maybe there would be a job in that damn office. After twenty years working and sweating, they stood there and said, "You have a great future, Mr. Parrish." He was enraged all over again.

But he saw Ann standing there in the living room (on the fifteenth floor) and he looked at his left hand. It had a lot more wrinkles than the day she slipped that ring on his third finger. But it was still the same wedding band. Poor Ann. He ought to go back east and start over again. Just the same damn office. No, he could find another office in another ulcer-ridden building. He ought to forget this "breakfast in Ohio, lunch in Colorado" life. He was getting too old for it. Besides, it was harder on his back now; lying on benches or in freights, or even on the grass under a tree.

". . . great future, Parrish."

Foolish old man.

After so long it seemed utterly ridiculous, but somehow he felt he had to go back. He would comb the whole city, the whole state, until he found her. And then they would start a new life, he and Ann, after fifteen years. That is, if Ann . . .

He would start right now, this minute. No more gallavanting across the country, no more handouts at farmhouses . . .

(continued on next page)

Another sign: GROVERTON 12

It was still hot. The sun was lower and still at his face. Must be about four.

A dilapidated Ford pickup truck bounded noisily down the road. When it stopped beside him, the old farmer in the cab asked if he wanted a lift.

As they bumped along he was still thinking of the "Great Reform" as the farmer yakked on:

"Be stopping 'bout two miles outa Groverton. Farm's there. Gotta bring these parts for the tractors and get 'em fixed 'fore supper, or I'd bring ya on in to town. Didn't have the parts in town. Had to go all the way to Hatford. Goin' far? Nice day to travel. Supposed to rain tomorrow, though. Okay with me. Need it for the corn and wheat. Can't grow corn and wheat without rain."

"My wife and me's gotta live off that grain money. Got two boys, too. And they don't settle for just *one* helping of everythin'."

The farmer talked and the truck rattled along and he almost listened with tin ears because he was a foolish old man who was taking the next freight out of Groverton, going east.

The truck finally squeaked to a halt. He thanked the farmer for the lift and began walking again as the dust rose and fell.

He saw the sign: GROVERTON 2

He almost began to run, but he was still sweating from the hot sun and felt like he might pass out if he ran.

For the first time in a long time he was actually happy. His tired stride perked up a little and he brushed the dust from his clothes and felt his face. Have to find a razor between here and Grand Central Station. Have to get some new clothes, too.

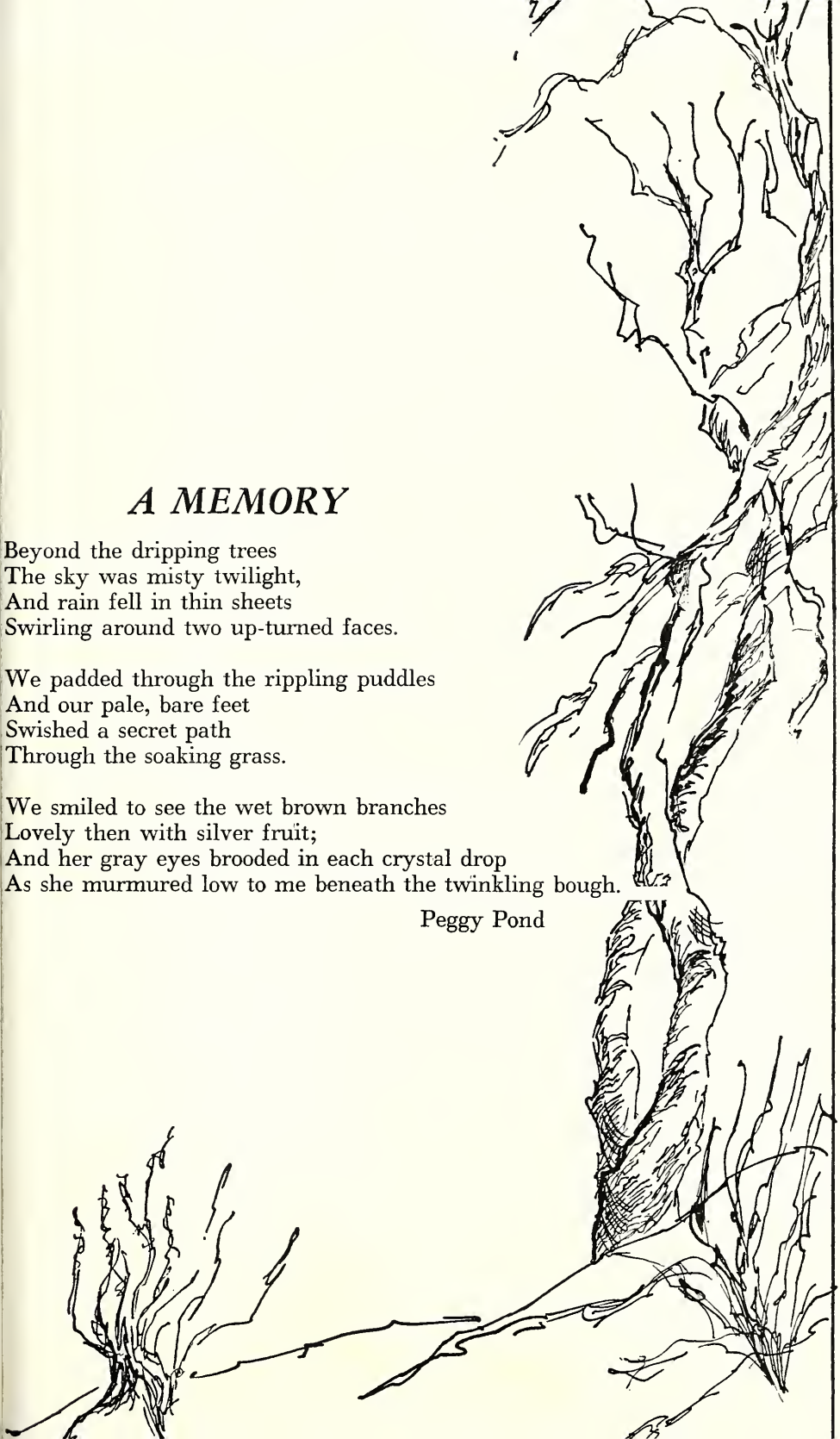
– – – – – – – – – –

He was standing in front of a little dive in Groverton. He had twenty-two cents in his pocket, and he went in.

There was a man sitting in a dimly-lit corner of the place, smoking a cigar. When he saw the tattered clothes and moody eyes of the man who had just walked in, he ran over to him.

"If it ain't 'ol Parrish. Boy, haven't seen ya in months. Want a beer? Hey, Mack, bring us two more. Whatcha been doing, boy? Ain't seen ya since that last freight we hopped back in Dallas. Came into a lotta dough since then. Enough to last till next week at least. Ha. Ha. But we might as well blow it here, huh? How ya been? Ya know ya look like ya feel like celebratin' or somethin'. Might as

(continued on page 36)



A MEMORY

Beyond the dripping trees
The sky was misty twilight,
And rain fell in thin sheets
Swirling around two up-turned faces.

We padded through the rippling puddles
And our pale, bare feet
Swished a secret path
Through the soaking grass.

We smiled to see the wet brown branches
Lovely then with silver fruit;
And her gray eyes brooded in each crystal drop
As she murmured low to me beneath the twinkling bough.

Peggy Pond

A STUDY OF BEN JONSON'S

Song: To Celia

by Nelda Shields

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

This lyric poem has been considered for centuries to be one of the greatest love poems written by Ben Jonson. The purpose of this paper is to analyze the poem to point out its ambiguity. The intention of the paper, however, is not to discredit entirely the traditional view of the poem, i.e., that it is strictly a love poem, but to establish a theory that Jonson had more than love on his mind when he wrote this poem.

To view the poem as a love song, one must consider the language as figurative and never literal. In the first line of the poem when the lover asks his beloved to drink to him with her eyes, he is asking her to gaze lovingly at him. The lover promises that he will also pledge his love with his eyes. The lover continues praising his beloved by asking her to fill his cup with kisses. He will not want wine if he has her love instead; her love is valued more than wine. The fact that the entire first stanza pertains to drinking would suggest that wine meant a great deal to the lover. The stanza is filled with words referring to drinking, i.e., "drink," "pledge" (toast), "cup," "wine," "thirst," "nectar," and "sup." The lover's soul now thirsts for a drink divine; he longs for fulfillment of the spirit. He says, however, that if he had a

(continued on next page)

choice between his beloved's cup of kisses (her love) and Jove's nectar that would quench his divine thirst, he would choose her cup. In making such a statement, the lover places the woman above the gods. He thinks that she is greater than any earthly (wine) or even divine (Jove's nectar) thing.

This idea is held together in the first stanza partly through Jonson's continued use of the "drinking vocabulary." Whereas this device gives unity to all eight lines, the rhyme scheme holds the first four lines to the last four. The rhyme scheme is ABCBABCB; each line in the first "quatrain" has a corresponding line in the second.

In the second stanza the lover verifies his belief that his beloved is greater even than the gods. He has told her so, and now he will prove it. He sends her a wreath of flowers, not just as a token of his devotion, but with the hope that with her the flowers will not die. Even the gods cannot keep a flower from withering away, but the lover believes that his beloved can. Upon receiving the flowers, the beloved Celia only breathes upon them and sends them back to her lover. With him the flowers still grow; therefore, his picture of the divine Celia is not shattered. Not only did she impart renewed life to them, she even made them a part of her own body by giving the flowers her fragrance. Thus, the lover has proved to himself that his beloved is above even divine beings.

Even though much of Jonson's work is of romantic sentiment, satire is the key word of Jonson. The poem "To Celia" is probably a combination: a romantic satire. It was genius in Jonson, not an accident, that enabled him to so arrange the words that the sentences take on a double meaning.

The letter of the Greek, Philostratus, from which Jonson adapted his poem, will serve to point out the satire in "Celia."

> Drink to me with thine eyes alone;
> and, if thou wilt, apply thy lips
> and fill the cup with kisses
> and so give it to me.
> When I behold thee, I thirst,
> even with the cup in my
> hands; and it is not this
> that I touch with my lips,
> but I know that I drink
> of thee. I have sent thee a
> wreath of roses, not to
> honor thee (though this
> too was in my mind)

(continued on next page)

but out of favor to the
roses themselves that
so they may not wither.
And if thou wilt do a
favor to thy lover, send
back what remains of them,
smelling no longer of roses,
but only of thee.[1]

With this letter as a basis for contrast, "To Celia" will be examined from the standpoint of its literal meaning. "Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine." Celia, you go ahead and drink to me. Pour the wine in your eyes, not in your mouth where wine is usually poured; you're already so bitter that the wine couldn't sting you. However, Celia, do not think I'm going to drink to you; no, I'll just pledge (gaze) with my eyes. Ridiculous interpretation? Not so when one considers the importance the word "only" plays in Jonson's poem. Philostratus asks that his lover drink with her eyes "alone;" Jonson uses a more emphatic word, "only." Philostratus does not really need the word to convey the meaning of his letter; it could have been left out and the meaning would not have changed. Just the opposite is true in Jonson's poem. In the first line "only" falls in the middle and is accented. Jonson meant for "only" to jump out at the reader in order to point out the comic satire. How ridiculous to see someone pouring wine into his eyes, but that is exactly what the lover is telling his beloved to do. The lover is subtly saying that she is just stupid enough to do it.

Philostratus does not say that he will drink to his love. Jonson puts in a whole line that is not even suggested in the letter. The lover tells Celia to drink to him, but then he merely pledges to her. "Drink" is a more active word than "pledge." To drink is a definite action but many times a pledge results in nothing. This suggests tension between the two lovers. If he truly loved Celia, would not the lover be willing to drink to her? It seems apparent that the lover is telling his former beloved that she doesn't move him to any action anymore.

In the letter the lover asks his sweetheart to fill his cup with kisses and give it to him that he may drink of her. Jonson veers away from the meaning in Philostratus' letter. "Or leave a kiss but in the cup, and I'll not look for wine." Notice the word, "but." Isn't the line saying that the lover must not place her kisses anywhere *except* in the cup? "I don't want you kissing me," says the lover. "Kiss the cup

[1]W. J. Courthope, *History of English Poetry* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1924), p. 185.

(continued on next page)

if you must kiss something, but not me. If you do put your germs in my cup, I won't be able to drink from it, but to be without my wine will not be so bad as having to take your kisses." Considering the personality of Ben Jonson, it is easy to see the sarcasm intended for Celia. Jonson was well known for his love of women and wine, especially the latter. To give up his wine to avoid a woman insinuates that she must have been really sour.

Celia's "lover" continues by saying that he does not thirst for her love. His soul is thirsty for a spiritual drink, not any earthly thing she can give him. "But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine." He could easily have gotten Celia's kisses, but they are of the earth; he longs for divine fulfillment. "I don't have Jove's nectar (this is validated by the accented word "might"), but if I did have the opportunity, I'd take his drink before yours. I'd rather have a cup of Jove's wine than a cup of your kisses."

In the letter the lover sends his beloved a wreath of roses. Philostratus makes it a point to emphasize the roses, not the wreath. Five times he uses "roses" or "them" in reference to the wreath. Not once does he say "it." It seems very fitting that he should emphasize the roses since they are usually considered to be the flowers of love and beauty; it is the object of his love that is to receive the roses.

It is doubtful that it was ignorance that made Jonson overlook this. The lover in Jonson's poem sends Celia a rosy wreath. Rosy does not necessarily mean that the wreath was composed of roses; it may refer to the color of the wreath. As far as the reader of the poem knows, the wreath may be red berries. Apparently to Jonson the kind of flowers was unimportant. It was the wreath itself that was important. Jonson refers to "it" four times in the last five lines of the second stanza. This point has considerable effect upon the meaning of the poem. In the time of the Greeks, a wreath was a sign of honor. Therefore, Philostratus paid a double tribute to the lady in his letter by sending her a wreath (representing honor) of roses (representing love). However, the use of the word has changed. Lovers receive bouquets and corsages; corpses receive wreaths. It is hard to believe that Celia would be anything but insulted by receiving a red wreath. Her "lover" must wish she were dead.

In the letter the lover has a dual purpose in sending the roses: to honor the beloved, and to prolong the life of the flowers by allowing them to be in the presence of his beloved. Jonson clearly states that Celia isn't being honored, yet he (the lover) hopes that with her the wreath will not wither. This is absurb. Would not a woman be honored if told that with her flowers would not die? Since the "lover" says that he is not honoring his beloved, he must be laughing at her. He is in-

(continued on next page)

SONG: TO CELIA (continued from page 33)

sulting her by telling her that she thinks of herself as divine, but he certainly does not.

In both the letter and the poem the lovers are apart. In the letter the lover asks his beloved to send the flowers back to him that he may have a part of her with him; he believes the roses will bear the fragrance of his beloved. Jonson does not have the "lover" request the return of the wreath. Instead he has Celia breathing on it (an act not even mentioned in the letter!) and sending it back of her own free will. Doesn't this further suggest ill-feeling between the lovers? After all, what woman would return a gift of flowers received from her lover?

It is the choice of words in the last two lines of the poem that definitely favors a satiric interpretation. When reading the lines the natural stress falls on the words, "since," "smells," "swear." Alliteration increases the accent of these words. If Jonson were trying to write a romantic poem, he certainly made a poor choice of words. "Smells" and "swear" simply jump off the page, and they definitely are not the most romantic words. In plain, one-syllable words Jonson is saying:

On the wreath
You did breathe,
And you sent it back to me.
Now it smells, I swear, of thee.

Interpretation: Celia, dear, you have halitosis! What a romantic way to end a love poem.

THE TEST (continued from page 10)

tarily watched the front legs wave in the air. He looked around quickly, found a stick and ground it into its hard-shelled body, pushing it as far into the ground as the dry earth would allow.

Eric stood for a moment and looked down at the stick still stuck into the ground, his compressed lips pale and thin. Chris stood up, the muscles in the hollow of his stomach contracted into a hard knot. He watched as Eric knocked the stick over with his foot and pushed a mound of dirt over the hole left in the ground. He returned again to the steps and sat down, his forearms resting on his thighs. He stared straight ahead, avoiding the still form of his cousin, his face drawn and troubled.

sensed this eventually and merely pointed to a staircase. I tried again.

"A-quelle-heure-monsieur?-Le-train?"

He was pretty disgusted by now and concluded the conversation by walking away. Our "friendly" Europeans!

As it was 5:00 P.M. Luxembourg time, and our hotel reservations in *Bruxelles* started that same night, I decided the best plan of action was to move everything to the platform and wait. I rounded up everyone and everything and, while sarcastically thanking all the "gentlemen" running by for their "help," we managed to get up the stairs and to the platform where we collapsed upon the luggage and waited. As no one wanted to contribute any info, we boarded the first train through and crossed our fingers!

Evidently it was the right train because at about 10:00 P.M. we pulled into Brussels. There was one bright spot on that trip to Brussels in the form of an ancient Swiss woman who was our first friendly European. Maybe she felt sorry for us, but she kept up an endless stream of chatter in French and smiled profusely. A porter met us at the train and kidnapped our luggage. After a frantic dash through the crowds, he deposited us in a taxi and informed us that each piece of luggage cost, even my camera bag. Reluctantly, we paid and even more reluctantly gave the driver the name of our "student hotel." How could he possibly know the location, but he drove off with no questions at all. I consoled myself with the thought that lots of students probably stay there. We pulled in at the curb in front of our hotel which turned out to be the RITZ!

well blow all the dough here. Look like ya could use a celebratin' drink. Ha. Ha. Hey, Mack, bring us a couple bottles, too."

The dive was about the size of a barber shop, a small barber shop. A few tables sat in front of the high bar. There was hardly any light. The smell of beer and whiskey and the man's cigar permeated the place. A juke box played every once in a while, loudly. Some field hands and old men were playing poker and a few came in for a fast drink and then left.

Outside, the sun moved to the west and lost some of its heat.

- - - - - - - - - -

The two had sat for hours, drinking and laughing, recalling "that big brawl in Boston" (among other old times).

Once, when he lifted his glass, he caught sight of the ring, and there was Ann in the living room (on the fifteenth floor); but then Sid ordered another bottle and they howled over the car they "borrowed" back in Memphis.

"Hey, the next freight outa here's due in fifteen minutes. We better get goin'. Blew the whole damn lot here. Boy, ya look like a real celebratin' guy now. Hey, Mack, where's the freight goin' that's leavin' here?"

"I dunno. Portland I think. Somewhere up that way."

The sky was purple and red and yellow and the sun was sinking fast in the West.