Fall 1963

The Colonnade, Volume XXVl Number 1, Fall 1963

Longwood University

Colonnade

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LONGWOOD COLLEGE
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Volume XXVI Number 1

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From the Editor:

To new students:

As Editor-in-chief of the Colonnade for this year, it is my pleasure to join representatives of other campus organizations in extending a welcome to all new freshmen and transfer students. Longwood offers many advantages to the perceptive student, both in the academic world and in the world of extra-curricular activities. The student has only to look to discover.

To all students:

A college literary magazine should offer each student a special opportunity to think and express himself creatively and to share this experience with others. Such is the purpose of the *Colonnade,* now in its twenty-sixth year of existence on Longwood's campus. Throughout the years, the students have kept the magazine alive because they have been motivated to write and encouraged to permit others to profit from their motivation. They have responded well to the helpful (we hope!) hints and suggestions regarding their work that have been offered by the staff and sponsors.

This year we of the *Colonnade* staff again extend to *you* an invitation to write, and we encourage you to submit your work to the magazine for consideration. The staff, as a group, selects the best of the poetry, short stories, essays, book reviews, or plays that are submitted and these appear in the magazine. If the staff agrees that a piece of work is good and would be publishable if minor changes were made, suggestions are made to the author who may accept or reject them. A student may bring his manuscript to a meeting or send it by any staff member. *We* expect to hear from *you.*

Congratulations:

Very special congratulations to last year's *Colonnade* staff. The magazine was awarded a First Class Honor Rating by the Associated Collegiate Press. The *Colonnade* was one of seven magazines out of fifteen hundred in its division to receive this recgnition.

Congratulations are also due Judy Cooper, a member of the *Colonnade* art staff, whose cover design has been selected for the magazine this year.

—B. A. P.

Colonnade Sketches

Poetry is probably the favorite literary genre of college students. It offers the writer an opportunity to express a thought, feeling or emotion with the greatest effectiveness and economy of words.

This issue of the *Colonnade* salutes two of our student poets, Eleanor Kevan and Gayle Ray. Both girls have been writing poetry for several years and both have appeared in the magazine several times in the past.

Eleanor, a sophomore, is majoring in English here at Longwood. She is currently engaged in compiling a book of her own poetry, which she will enter in the Yale University Press annual poetry contest. If Eleanor should win the contest, her book will be published by the Yale Press. We wish her the best of luck in the project.

Although Eleanor produces more poetry than anything else, she does not limit herself to this literary type. She occasionally tries her hand at essays, book reviews, and short stories, one of which appears in this issue.

Like most writers, Eleanor is also an avid reader. She is enthusiastic about the poetry of Robert Graves, Stephen Crane, and T. S. Eliot; and she enjoys the novels of James Joyce and William Golding. Golding's *Lord of the Flies* is her favorite novel.

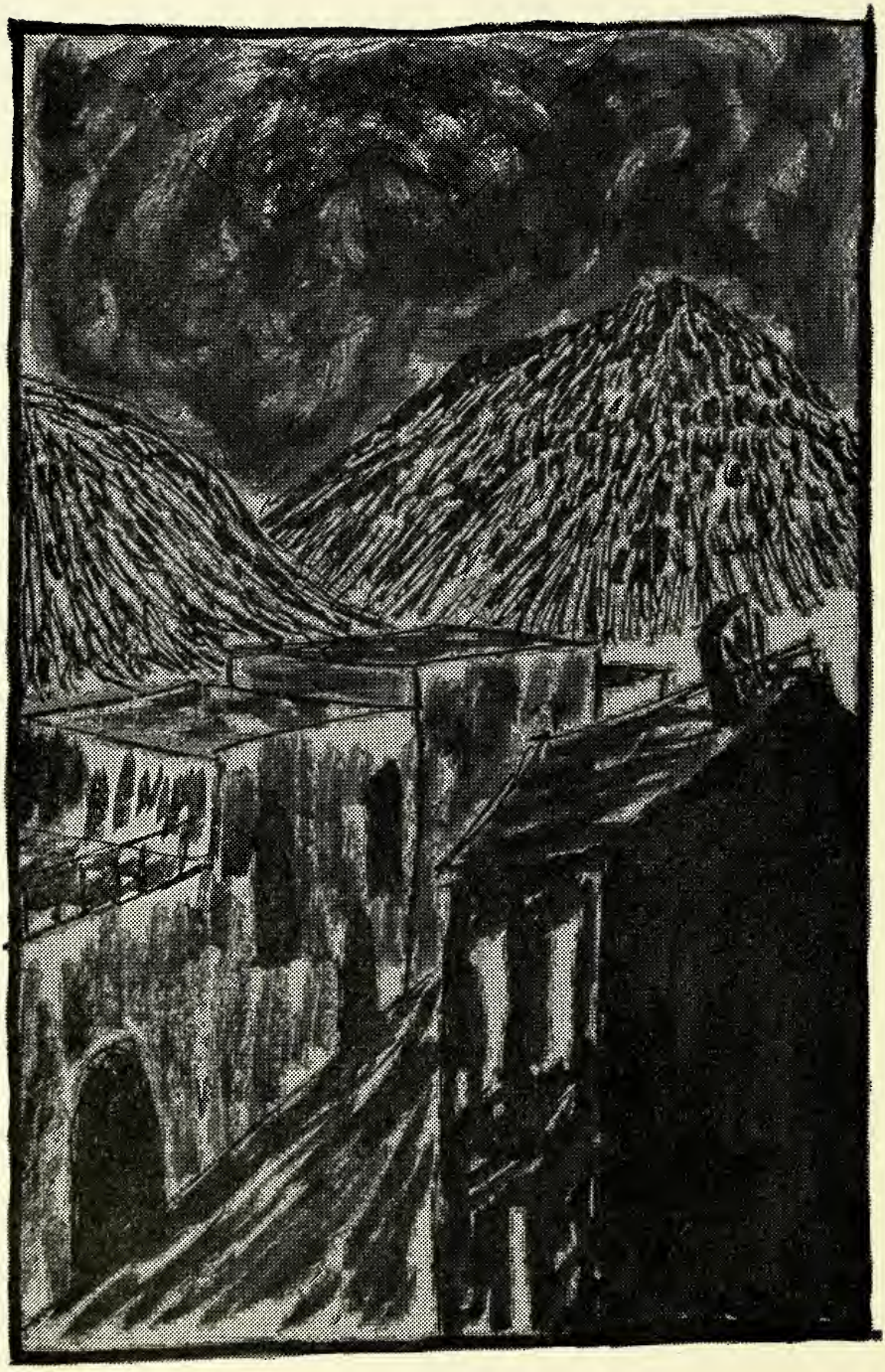
Gayle Ray, a junior biology major, writes poetry as a hobby and has been rather successful at it. She has contributed to the annual *Colonnade* contest and has been awarded both first and second prizes in the poetry division. In her sophomore year Gayle was privileged to read one of her poems at the Hollins College annual Literary Festival.

In her spare time Gayle directs her interest to learning as much as she can about photography. With the help of Dr. Brumfield, she is learning to tape photos to assist her in the study of botany.

Like Eleanor, Gayle also enjoys reading—especially the novels of William Faulkner, whom she saw on his last public appearance at the University of Virginia. She enjoys the poetry of William Merwin whom she feels "expresses an emotion but doesn't moralize".

Future plans for Gayle include the possibility of graduate school after she receives her degree from Longwood.

—Barbara Poland, Diana Upshur



THE CITY WITHOUT PEOPLE

by Lani Fletcher

The painting Pietro gave me as a remembrance of my second trip to Naples hangs above an old mahogony desk in our den. It is a bad painting, and I knew it wasn't good the moment I had unwrapped its covering in my stateroom the day I left Naples that summer.

It is a lifeless picture of Pompeii and, although Pompeii has been dead for thousands of years, it seems to convey to one who sees it a feeling of what it once must have been—alive with laughter and animals and people. The painting Pietro gave me is tiring in its stillness and drab, monotonous colors.

But it hangs in its prominent place in the den because after I saw it that first time on board the ship, I wanted to run back down the gangplank and tell Pietro that the summer hadn't been wasted. But the ship was moving and I sat down and looked at my gifts, knowing that this was the only way I would have understood.

- - - - - - - - - - -

"Your Signora Johnston, she does not approve me."

"Pietro, please," I shuddered inwardly, "she is not 'my Signora Johnston,' she is the group chaperone."

We had left the coolness of the Pensione Alberta's mezzanine and started walking along Galleria Della Vittorio, the milling main thoroughfare of Naples.

"Besides," I said, "she thinks you're an imposter."

Pietro stopped abruptly and turned to me, "Ah . . . how can this be? In my country I am imposter?"

The expression of incredible disbelief on his face made me laugh. "Mrs. Johnson thinks all foreigners are imposters even when she is in their own country and she is the imposter." I took his arm again. "But she does love Italy."

"How can one love a country and dislike its people? This is no—how you say—truthful?"

"In a way, yes."

We pushed our way through the hot street. Two women carrying straw baskets of bread, cheese, and wine blocked our path and we moved to avoid them. They were talking loudly, and so quickly in the jabbered Neopolitan dialect that one could only be aware of their shrill voices.

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A small olive-skinned boy wearing only soiled short pants and open clogs ran up to me and held out his hand. "Hey, Americana, you got a cigarette for Joe?" His eyes were defiant and as he spoke I felt them slide from my shoes upwards towards my face.

When I didn't answer, he shrugged his shoulders and looked up at Pietro, "Tiene cigarette?"

Pietro handed him a full package and the boy walked away without looking back.

"Don't you think he's a little young to be smoking?" As we started walking again, I looked back and saw a pair of dirty, brown legs disappear into the street which was teeming with midget cars and horse-drawn wagons.

"He probably sell them."

"But he's only a child. What if he does smoke them?"

"Clara, he is little man, no un ragazzo."

It was disconcerting to hear the weariness in Pietro's voice. When we were children he was never sad. And when our family was transferred back to the States, one of my fondest memories was of the small Italian boy who had lived in our apartment house and who was always laughing.

The other girls who had come to Naples on the summer scholarship program had thought it romantic that the second day after we had arrived a tall, intense young Italian had come to see me. They were a little less excited when I explained that we were old friends and had written for years.

The boyness had gone from Pietro. He still laughed suddenly as though laughter was being pushed out of him but he was quieter now and more serious. This made me defensive because I was not ready to be serious yet. After one more year of college I would be ready—but not now. Life was just beginning for me then.

We had walked to the Piazza Vittoria and Pietro led me towards Via Caracciolo. Via Caracciola stretches for a mile along the waterfront of Naples, and every Sunday the Neapolitans take their weekly promenade along the curving avenue. You can see every type of Italian on Sunday afternoon there—just as, I suppose, you can see all kinds of Americans in Central Park on a sweltering summer Sunday.

Everyday squat, weather-beaten men sell fish along the walkway of Via Caracciolo. If you look interested in buying, they will promptly place a squid on your arm and its black tentacles will leach onto you. But this is on the west side of the avenue. The other side of Via Caracciolo is strewn with outdoor cafes and green park benches which sit under wide-trucked old trees. From this side you can see Mt. Vesuvio

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with its ever-present cloud-hat. The bay spreads out before your eyes and you become lost in the blueness of the Mediterranean Sea. Basking in the warm sunlight lies Capri, as though inviting you to share in her wealth of sensuousness. If you're returning from Capri on the little excursion boat which chugs daily between Naples and the tiny island, you can see the striped umbrellas which sit over the tables of the cafes along Via Caracciolo from far out in the water.

"Come, let us sit here." The particular cafe Pietro had chosen had tables with bright red tops and our umbrella was orange, green, and white striped. We sat down on well used wrought-iron legged chairs. A short, plump man was polishing a table nearby. I watched him spit on the table and then wipe it with a spattered apron. He bent down and looked at it closely, then he spit on it again. I turned back to Pietro.

He had been watching me look out across the bay and then at the man who was cleaning the tables. When I caught his eye, he looked away.

"Pietro, what's the matter? Ever since we saw that dirty little urchin who asked for cigarettes you haven't said a word!"

"How can anything be wrong? I am disappointed you leave Mercoledi—so soon."

"Me, too. But we both knew I would be leaving after my summer classes at the university ended. We will see each other again.

"Sí . . . . . pero, you leave and take nothing with you."

"How can you say that? I'll take the memories of the most wonderful summer of my life with me. And the most beautiful city in the world . . . . you have been very good to me . . . showing me Naples when you should have been working."

"This month I no need work."

Pietro had always sketched on everything he could find when we were children. While we talked about a new game to play, he would draw on the wall which surrounded the apartment house or in the dirt. Now he painted constantly, stopping only when he had to find a job to earn money to buy food and pay his rent.

"It would be wonderful to be able to live here always and paint the scenery around Naples. If I had any talent, I'd want to do it, too."

"You would fail, Ellen," he looked at me calmly and I felt strangely slighted.

"How can you be so sure that I'd fail?"

"Because you only see part of Napoli."

"I lived here as a child and I came back. I think I've seen a lot."

"Sí. Pero still you see it as una bambina."

I turned away from him, refusing to continue into an argument.

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The man who had been polishing tables came up to us.

"Ah, Pietro . . . como state? Una bella, ah?" He nodded his head at me and grinned toothlessly.

"Sí, Giovanni, una bella . . . vorrei due lagos, per piacere."

Sí, grazie," and the man walked slowly to the open cafe to get our drinks.

"Ellen, please, no be angry. I am sorry." Pietro took my hand and smiled, "You must see the question . . . my painting—you no like, eh?"

His question made me feel uneasy. The first week I was in Naples he took me to his apartment and had shown me proudly the painting he had almost finished. I felt immediate repulsion when I saw it. It was a picture of one of the Neapolitan families who lived in the caves along Via Merellina and Pietro had omitted none of the filth and vermin which infested their lives. Even the colors he used were dark and shadowy. I was shocked at its deprevation.

"When will you finish it?"

He shrugged, "No conosco. When I am satisfied."

Giovanni brought two bottles of beer and set them on our table. While he went back for glasses, I wondered vaguely if he had polished our table the way he had done the other one.

"Why you no like the painting?" Pietro persisted.

"I don't know. I guess it's because you could have painted so many other beautiful things. Naples is full of—"

"It was as life, no?" He poured the beer into my glass and I noticed how white his knuckles were.

"Life here is more beautiful than that."

"For you, sí . . . . I recall. You go swimming at clean American beach. Did you see caves up near?"

"Really, Pietro, how could I? Anyway, if you wanted me to see them so badly why didn't you take me to see them this summer?"

"It would not have pleased you . . . you would not have gone. You desire recollections of when you were child. It is not the caves alone you should see . . . you desire to see only fine things—like other tourists."

"Pietro, stop talking in circles. I am not a child and don't feel like a tour—"

"Cara, Ellen, the caves are there still. I paint them. The same people there still . . ." He nodded toward two men selling fish on the seaside of Via Caracciolo, "people seem there still. Do you know? Dead fish in sea and sewers dispose there . . . . there where they have the fish?"

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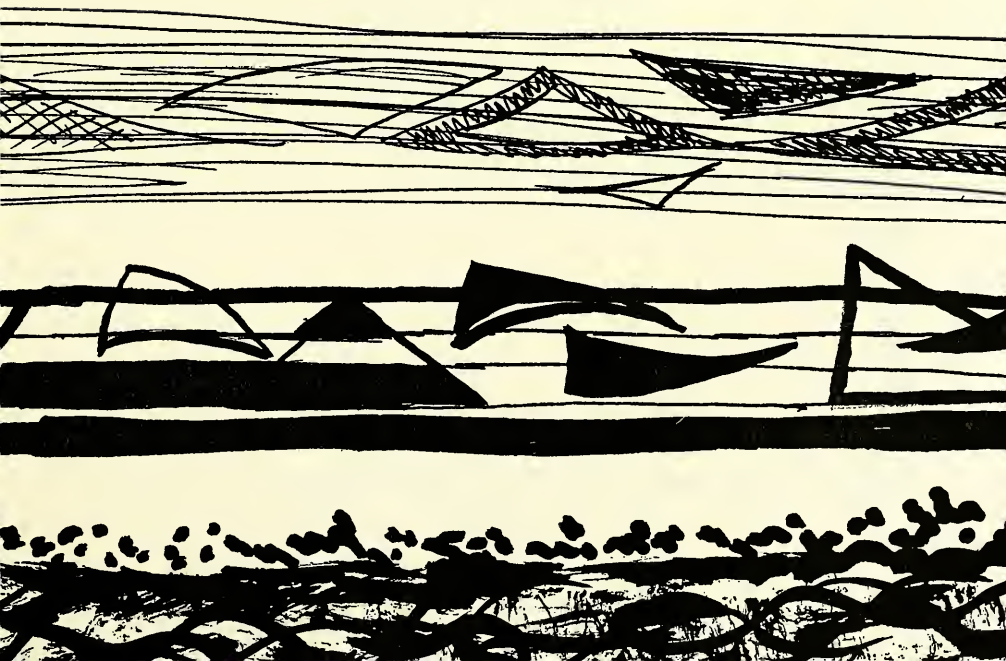
Configuration

Abreast a wave of blackness moves the mass,
Enveloping the surface of plan's plane,
As a dragon-dance, but horizontally;
Heads and bodies set in peristyle
When stilled by induration of event,
The congeries supports a tier of time.

Flame trajected
To an immediate apex,
Singular strike of mind subsists,
While from its fountainhead, event flows down,
Describing a triangle, as of fluid fire in space,
Which, infinity made mobile, is based by parallel
To time.

Eleanor Kevan



SCHMERZ ★

(*German—"pain" or "sickness")
Damn the vise!
The children of joy
are slow and heavy-mouthed,
suckling black bile.
Neolithic Edens
fructify,
and Lethe swells.
Thick Greeks come hawking,
but remain enslaved,
two by two.
Bartered mentalities,
invalid,
grape and sputter;
Wrenched music
stings archedly,
only questioning.
And promiscuous Grief
swings through our arms
with eternal promise.

Eleanor Kevan

The Leucadian Rock ★

(* From which the poet Sappho, according
to legend, leapt to her death).

Women,
Celebrate my death
in a cry of birds
falling to rise;
Blood
you shall not know.
Love,
immemorially;
the tutorial fires
of my cloak
subsist . . .
Intricate, intricate
duality.
Beauty
be your shield;
preserve, preserve . . .
Hail queens of darkness!

Eleanor Kevan

A Study of the Relationship Between Marlow and Kurtz in Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness

by Barbara Poland

A first reading of Conrad's story-account of his journey up the Congo River through that blackest of all continents left me puzzled but eager to find answers to the many questions that had entered my mind. All paths of analysis led back to Marlow—What was he really like at the start of his journey? Did he change as a result of his journey? How does he differ from the other characters in the story? What is his attraction to Kurtz?

Much can be learned about Marlow from the description that introduces the story. We know that physically "he had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an "ascetic aspect," and that the way he was sitting on the ship he "resembled an idol," "had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes." This analogy with the Buddha is made primarily because of the sitting position—legs folded before him—that Marlow has assumed, but surely he has prepared himself to deliver a "sermon" to those in his audience.

Marlow was the only man in the group who still "followed the sea." The narrator continues, "The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman, but he was a wanderer, too . . ." Surely this is a rarity. Seldom does one find a person who professes an equal love for both land and sea. Usually the wanderer will not go near the water and the good seaman is married to it—but not Marlow. But the most interesting phrase in the above quotation is "the *worst* (thing)." The way the narrator uses the phrase suggests that it could be replaced by the words "the only *bad* (thing)." If the remainder of the quote reveals to us the *worst* thing or the *only bad* thing that could be said of Marlow, he must have been an awfully good person.

We soon get a glimpse into the thoughts of Marlow with his opening words: "And this also has been one of the dark places on the earth." The narrator tells us that Marlow and his shipmates have been meditating for several minutes as they watch darkness fall over the Thames. The reader is led to believe that the picture painted by this coming darkness is the subject of their meditations. Probably he is right at first, but usually when people meditate for a while, *self* soon becomes the subject of their thoughts. Therefore, I suggest that when Marlow uttered those

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words, he probably had been drawing a comparison in his mind between the darkness of the Thames and the darkness that had at one time existed in his own soul and heart. The rest of his tale is a story of darkness—of the darkness of a continent, of a people, and of Kurtz—but it is also a story of the darkness that existed in Marlow.

After his first remark, Marlow does not speak for several minutes. Then, speaking very slowly, he introduces his story by telling what it must have been like when the Romans first came up the Thames to England many years before. He says, "I was thinking of the very old times when the Romans first came here . . . . Light came out of this river since . . . . like a flash of lightning in the clouds . . . . But the darkness was here yesterday . . . . Imagine the feelings of the commander of a fine . . . . trireme in the Mediterranean, suddenly ordered to the North. . . . Imagine him here, the very end of the world, the sea the color of lead, a sky the color of smoke . . . . marshes, forests, savages . . . . precious little to eat . . . . nothing but Thames water to drink. . . . Here and there a military camp lost in the wilderness . . . . death sulking in the air . . . . dying like flies . . . . perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion . . . . if he had good friends in Rome and survived the awful climate . . . . Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga . . . . coming out here in the train of some prefect . . . .Land in a swamp, march through the woods, and in some inland post feel the savagery . . . . had closed around him . . . . There's no initiation into such mysteries . . . . He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible . . . . The fascination of the abomination—you know, imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate." From these words we can gather that Marlow sees a clear comparison between this conquest of the Romans' and Kurtz's and his own conquest of the Congo. He sees the darkness as the same, the living conditions as the same, Kurtz as the commander hoping for a promotion, and himself as the "decent young citizen in a toga." Perhaps the toga is another suggestion of the whiteness or goodness of Marlow's character.

Probably, then, it is safe to conclude that Marlow was a "good" person, both from the point of view of the narrator and from the point of view of Marlow!

The reader first hears of Kurtz near the beginning of the long story; Marlow refers to him simply as "the poor chap." At the same time he tells us that this meeting with Kurtz was "the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me—and into my thoughts." Thus, the reader knows from the very beginning that Kurtz possesses some characteristic, some knowledge, some power that will enable Marlow to see into

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himself as a result of his association with Kurtz. He is more than a "poor chap."

At this point in the story, Marlow goes into a description of the Congo River—"a mighty big river, that you could see on the map, resembling an immense snake uncoiled . . . ." This snakelike river against the dark green of the Congo jungles with all its growth, brings to the mind of the reader the Garden of Eden with all of its symbolical implications. Marlow says, "The snake had charmed me," and with those words he launches into a tale of darkness, a journey of evil where he found Kurtz—and himself.

Even before he meets Kurtz, Marlow learns many things about him from other people he encounters at the stations along the Congo River. The Company's chief accountant tells him that "he is a very remarkable person" who will "be somebody in the Administration before long" because the "Council in Europe means him to be." He also learns that Kurtz is the best agent the Company has ever had—he is a man of exceptional importance to the Company. One of the agents says of him, "He is a prodigy. He is an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else." Several people mention to Marlow Kurtz's great ability to speak—the gift of expression is his. Indeed, later when Marlow has an opportunity to read a section of Kurtz's paper for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, he says, "It was a beautiful piece of writing . . . . It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence . . . . The peroration was magificent . . . . It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence." Marlow sums up these various opinions of Kurtz by referring to him as a "universal genius."

When Marlow finally reaches the place where Kurtz is located, he talks with the little German who is, from all indications, completely devoted to Kurtz—a devotion which Marlow says "he accepted with a sort of eager fatalism." He has stuck by Kurtz and nursed him through many illnesses, even though Kurtz at one time threatened to kill him.

Marlow's actual meeting with Kurtz bears out all the things he has previously heard about this remarkable man. Even in his illness, he is a tower of strength, a man who is going through a great internal struggle; his soul knows "no restraint, no faith, and no fear, yet is struggling blindly with itself."

All of these things that he learns, simultaneously puzzle Marlow and make a deep impression on him. Here, in the midst of darkness and evil, he has found a man toward whom he is drawn by some force that he can neither comprehend nor fight. He has even allowed him-

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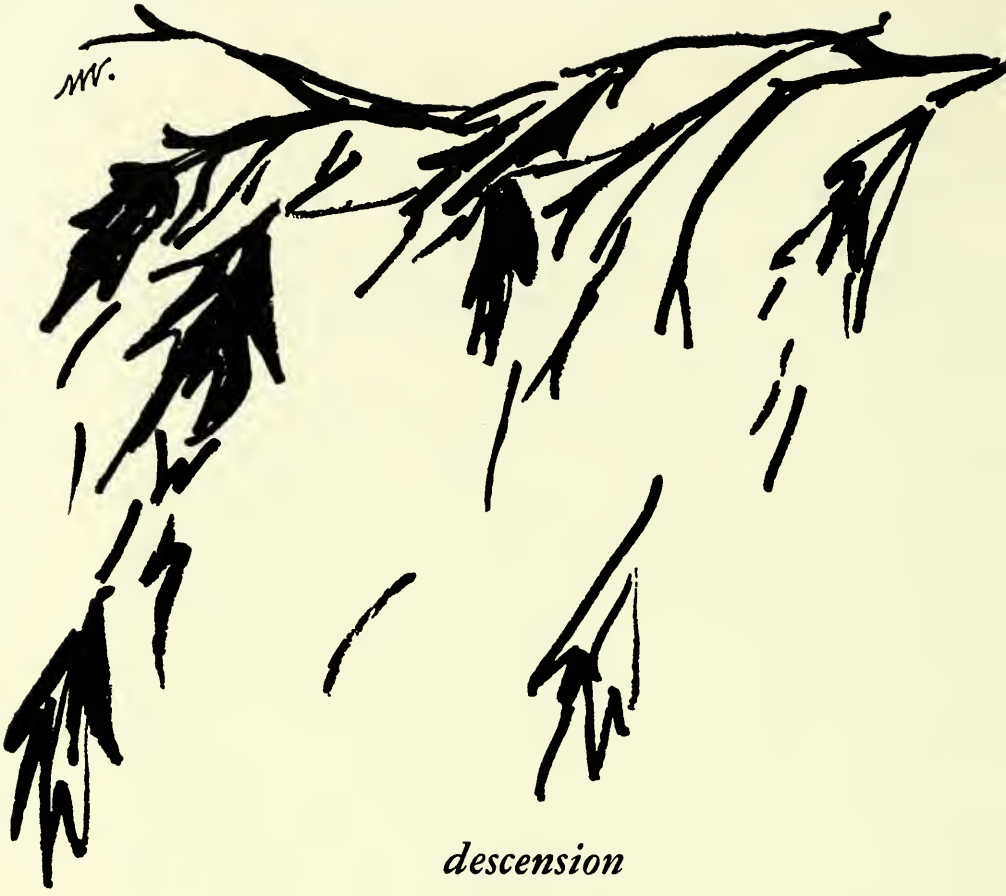
self to be lumped with Kurtz by becoming a man of "unsound method," by referring to himself as "Mr. Kurtz's friend."

Upon relating Kurtz's death, Marlow says several times, "He was a remarkable man." This is a "remarkable" statement to make about a man who has lived such a life as Kurtz has led. But the reader feels that there is great sincerity in Marlow's words—that he really feels the Kurtz *is* a remarkable man. Why?

I believe there are two answers to this question. Kurtz was a man who went after what he wanted with every ounce of his being. He began by entering a "no-man's land" which, in this case, was a monstrous obstacle. He fought nature (in the form of climate) and man (in the form of the savage tribes of natives) and overcame both. Then he set to work and amassed a great fortune for his Company and himself. But in order to amass this fortune he dared to ignore the restraints of his society (through his associations with his native mistress) and of God (through his acts of killing and stealing from the natives). He even allowed himself to be looked upon as a god by the natives who did "midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites which were offered up to him— to Mr. Kurtz himself." He lived such a life successfully right up to the very end. Surely this was a remarkable feat.

Secondly, I believe that Kurtz was unquestionably a counterpart to Marlow. In most humans there exist the forces of both good and evil. The two forces battle constantly for the individual but generally they are equally strong and thus manage to acquire a balance. The force of evil does not appear to exist in Marlow, who hates to tell a lie even to allow a woman to preserve an image; nor does the force of good appear to be a part of Kurtz's make-up. Thus, they possess completely opposing characteristics—the evil of Kurtz against the whiteness of Marlow. I think that Marlow sees in this man the missing part of himself, and he looks upon him perhaps not as a "remarkable man" but just as "remarkable." After all, he has managed to go a lot further with his completely evil personality than Marlow has gone with his completely good one!

The darkness of Marlow might be called a lack of self-knowledge. Through his experience in the Congo and his associations with Kurtz, he came to know himself. Paradoxically, for Marlow it took a nightmarish journey through darkness and evil to "throw a kind of light on everything about him—and into his thoughts."



descension

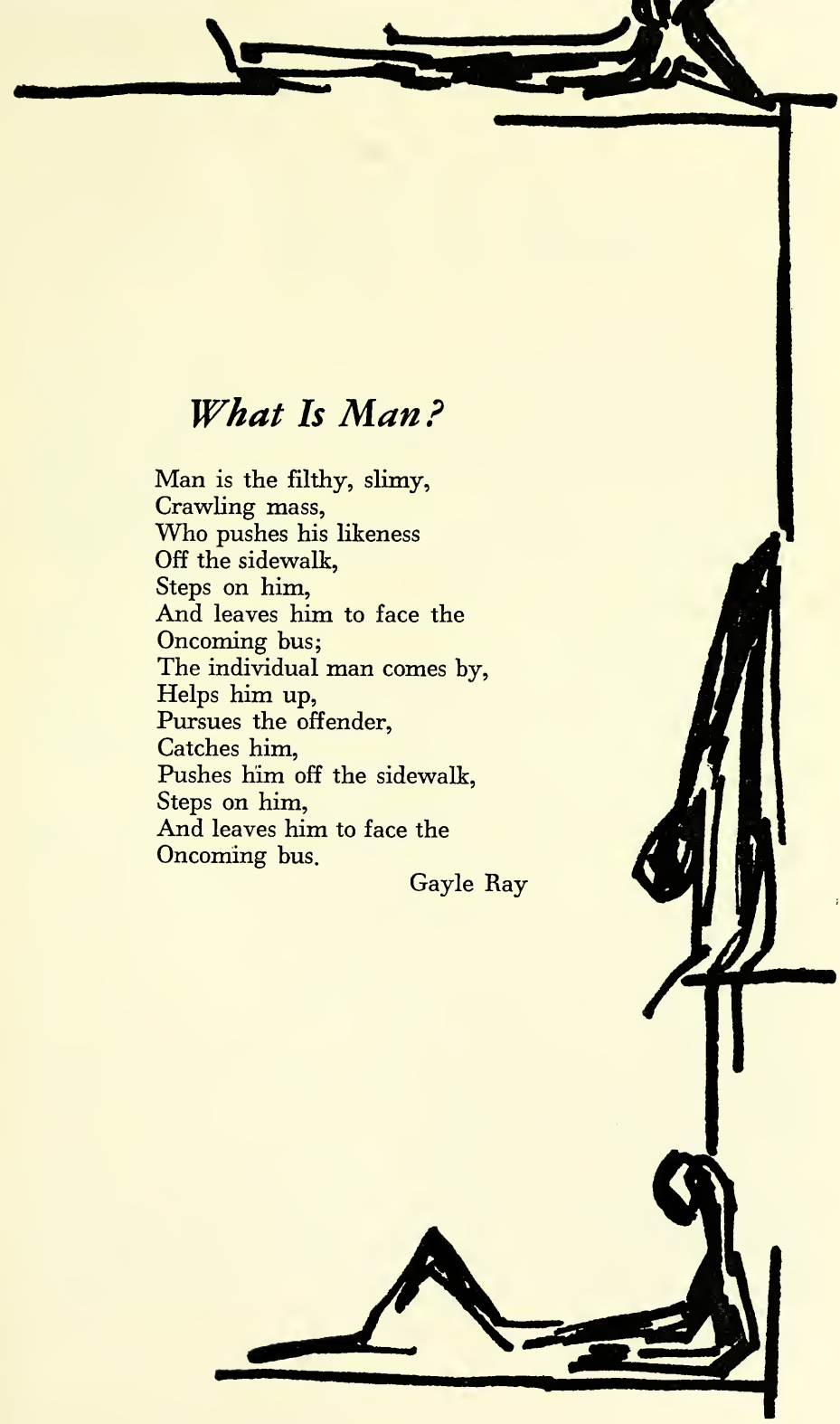
blue sky
fall air
floating leaves
fall

red leaf
gold leaf
whirling leaves
float

whirling red leaf floats on fall air
floating gold leaf whirls in blue sky

whirling red-gold leaves floating
on air in fall blue sky.

Gayle Ray



What Is Man?

Man is the filthy, slimy,
Crawling mass,
Who pushes his likeness
Off the sidewalk,
Steps on him,
And leaves him to face the
Oncoming bus;
The individual man comes by,
Helps him up,
Pursues the offender,
Catches him,
Pushes him off the sidewalk,
Steps on him,
And leaves him to face the
Oncoming bus.

Gayle Ray

THREE O'CLOCK TEA

by Eleanor R. Kevan

It was a quarter to three. Grace's hands were stiff as she arranged the porcelain and silverware on her small dinette table; it seemed an unnecessarily loud operation. She noted rapidly the perfect setting; but even its niceity did not put her at ease. Strange that an appointment for three o'clock tea with an old acquaintance should unsettle her so, when she had faced countless more sophisticated gatherings irreproachably. Undeniably, it was the identity of this particular acquaintance, and a painful knot in the history of their relationship, which caused her to dread this meeting; but one would think that such a feeling could be overcome.

A sudden realization cut through her thoughts like a fortunate goad.

"I'm really in the more advantageous position. After all, she will have to make her return to this town, and down Main Street—and that won't be easy, people thinking as they do of her. Now I can be kind."

Her composure once more adequate, she waited the remaining five minutes for Beth's punctual ringing of her front doorbell.

The woman standing at Grace's doorstep was startling in her familiarity; there was the same dazzling height, and symmetry of line, the same drowsy ease, and the same perfection of feature that she had known and admired in Beth ten years earlier. Grace was acutely aware of her own dwindling lustre, and of the precise mathematics which those years had scored on her face.

"Beth, it's so good to see you. Please come in," said Grace, her hand on Beth's wrist, drawing her into the hall.

"Do you know," exclaimed Beth, "that seeing you is proof of your existence for me? I've known for years that, somewhere in a forgotten town, there was the shadow of someone I once knew—a small shadow, but with a terribly large name. 'Grace.' Now lo and behold, she lives." Beth laughed euphoniously.

"Yes, I'm sure there is much we've both forgotten—and should renew," said Grace, feeling a tension of her facial muscles.

As they regressed to the dinette, Grace self-conciously watched for the expert appraisal of her house which she had always expected of Beth. She did not see it. Instead, Beth seemed totally oblivious to anything but her pleasure at being with her.

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"Sit here, dear. You know my teas, nothing much, but we can have a nice, long visit, with no interruptions. The water has come to a boil." Grace spoke rather as though ticking off a list, and belatedly realized this.

Beth was sitting easily in the hardbacked chair, holding an unlit cigarette between her fingers.

"You've really changed very little, Grace. One can tell a great deal from small things, as the way a person makes tea, or fusses with her hair,"—

She chuckled slightly as Grace started.—"and you're still set in the mold that those sisters of yours fashioned when you were in pigtails. Oh, I like that—constancy. I'm worlds different; I've changed in ways that would amaze you."

"I can't believe that. You seem as remarkable as ever. But, then, I suppose fluidity is your constancy. You take sugar, don't you?"

"Yes—that still stands."

Grace placed the cup and saucer before Beth, and took a seat opposite her.

"Now, we must start at the beginning," said Grace, settling tentatively. "Tell me all about yourself, and about those ten years you've been out of our lives; and I promise to add some uninteresting postscripts of my own."

"Goodness, you're asking for more than you know. I've had more ups, downs, ins and outs than Flannegan. But I guess the time of my reckoning has come. I'll start with my job. You knew, I suppose, that Sam Ransom gave me a job on his paper. Well, I didn't know what I was getting myself into, I tell you"—

Beth talked on and on, with dazzling rapidity, changing the subject often. It should have been captivating, but was not—for Grace's attention was directed elsewhere, at an expectation or dread of something in Beth's face or speech. Grace sat tightly-drawn, her handkerchief balled and crushed under the table, listening and watching.

Her mind was imprinted and throbbing with the memory, and she wondered at the possibility of Beth's bobbing chatter.

"She must know. She must remember. She must have thought of it as soon as she entered my house. Why does she avoid it so consistently?" The question churned in her head.

Grace sought in panic for a suitable break into the onrush of palaver about newspaper work, friends, parties, and the rest of that world which was so foreign and unvital to her. She seized upon a question.

"Beth," she said, her voice a trifle high, "do you ever see any of

(continued on next page)

the old crowd in the city? Any of our classmates—or the young men? Dear me, I mean those who *were* young, once upon a time!"

"Why, yes, occasionally," answered Beth. "I saw Marilynn Barker—she's Thomasson now—just the other day. And—let's see—Frank di Angelo is working for Brown and Brothers. He's married now. and his wife"—

Grace's face signalled sudden warning to Beth.

"Why, Grace, what on earth is wrong?" she asked.

Incongruously, Grace felt a sudden impulse to take Beth in her arms and end the long struggle which had been waged within her between hatred and forgiveness. Her lip curled at her own weakness, and she strangled the feeling.

"Nothing, dear. I have a little headache, that's all," said Grace disparagingly.

"Are you sure? Nothing I've said has upset you, has it?"

"No, of course not. You go on, I'm very anxious to hear the rest," Grace assured her with a forced smile.

She heard none of what ensued. She noticed that Beth laughed once or twice, and asked an occasional question, which she answered noncommitally. It was torture to wait for a concession which was never made, a plea which was never uttered—for forgiveness which would have been so kindly granted if sought.

When finally Beth got up to leave, Grace thought it must be evening. She was amazed to see that it was only four o'clock.

She walked to the door with her.

"This has been wonderful—really like old times. And I think your house is lovely. You're a much better housekeeper than I'll ever be."

In the final moment, Grace could stand it no longer. Her face stripped naked, desperate with concern, she seized Beth by her shoulders.

"Beth, Beth, don't you know that I forgave you long ago? You don't think I could carry a grudge for so many years, not against such a dear friend, do you?" she cried hoarsely.

Beth's face was clouded by a look of utter bewilderment. She stared incredulously at Grace, trying to remember the incident to which she referred.

After many moments, an unclear remembrance came to her mind.

"Why, Grace, I never supposed you harbored a grudge against me for *that*. I knew you forgave me, the very day it was over. You're a love."

Antigone

I. I must shout no to the hell of reality
And to the polity and policy;
I must shout no to the clothes that restrict me
And hold me from the touch of air;
I must shout no as they paste my eyes
To prevent me from seeing the child
With his fading visions of youth;
And I must shout no to contradict their shallow untruth
As they condemn the suicide
Or defend the irrationality of man.
When the king looks me in the eye and degrades the ones I love—
I must shout no, for the emotions of yes may creep in;
And I must shout no loudest to defend
Freedom without responsibility in the cave of death.
I must shout no—I am everyone's seeping youth.

II. From the first day we stand to take the pilot's wheel in hand
We must live yes to cover reality when faced
With polity and policy;
We must live yes when the clothes that restrict us
Hold us from the touch of air;
And we must live yes
As they paste our eyes to prevent us from seeing
The child with his fading visions of youth.
We must live yes to quietly contradict their shallow untruth
As they condemn the suicide
Or defend the irrationality of man.
When the king looks us in the eye
And degrades the ones we love—
We must live yes, for the emotions
Of no may creep in,
And we must live yes to defend
Freedom in responsibility when thrown into
The cave of death.
We must live yes—We are everyone's role of the adult.

Gayle Ray

THE SIMPLETON

The natural child stood, his hair swaying,
And beheld his mother's body gently moving
With the random wind which cooled his brow.
For long minutes, she did not call to him,
And the black men had turned to grass,
Scraggled and long and brown and wild;
It was quiet in the trees and in his eyes—
The dead and the stillborn.

There appeared to him a dream of bread,
And his thin want followed on calf's legs
To where the white bones of home lay unshrouded.
The mists came, sealing loss in the stone wall of sky,
And his bread was flat, unsalted dust.
He listened to the wakeful shadow-birds,
And blindly watched the flames of hunger rise.

White sunshine-ladies came at dawn,
Ladies with violet fingertips and koala eyes;
They fed the child forgetful food
Which slipped by his tongue like whistle-slides.
They sang flute songs of angel-mothers,
But he saw only the shy worm and ragged moth;
So they drifted to day's eye . . . and he was alone.

The natural child aged with oak-ringed wisdom,
Knowing that storms come and snow is cruel;
He wore his god like a humming feather,
And loved the lovely patterns of his feet.

Green death came, a fellow-child, to play,
And caught his shieldless shoulder in a fall.
The children looked long on sweet-honey Nothing,
Until their singing feathers flew away.

Eleanor Kevan

Life Is a Damned Queer Thing

Life is a damned queer thing.
It's really made up of gas and juice,
With insubstantial mineral supplement
(Not enough to absorb the shocks).
But aside from these respectables,
The intangibles, those symbols
Derived from everything else,
Are mostly petty "things"—
Monies and exchanges and of course
Tomorrow's mashed potatoes,
Not yet reality.
It's a sniveling and real shame
To spend all this life
Loving cardboard and hating shadows;
The commercial icons and newsprint ogres,
Cheap idiology of love and hate,
Having not even skin's dignity,
Being neither love nor hate.
So pardon me if I don't extol it,
Or proclaim goodness of various deals.
O America, be not flabbergasted
That I do not hear you singing.

Eleanor Kevan

CROWD

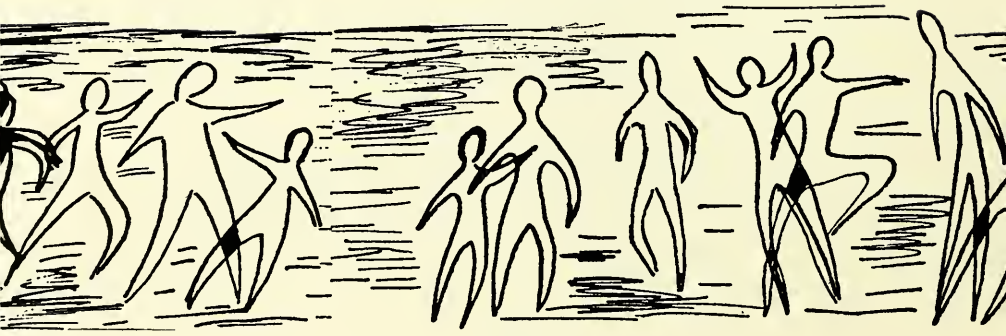
Crossed syllables cut into random blocks,
falling discordantly onto floor-bones,
or to angry shoulders;
syllables of flesh spelling nothing;
a spatter-board of feet,
some bare and bleeding,
despairing of towels:
they are met.

Battered horns compete
with novel silver birds,
the music persuading deafness,
(a voluntary), of the strong.

The eye decapitates or blurs
as souls and faces disembark,
leaving only coarse textures,
tactile, califerous,
like a misplanned forest—
and turns inward upon unquiet dark.

At the hall's lonely end, a light,
pale and disassociate,
holds half-promise for dreaming eyes.
The Direction seems upward,
And beyond . . . Which will stumble?
Which will enter the quiet?
The crowd tangles and breaks,
Straightens and bends. It waits.

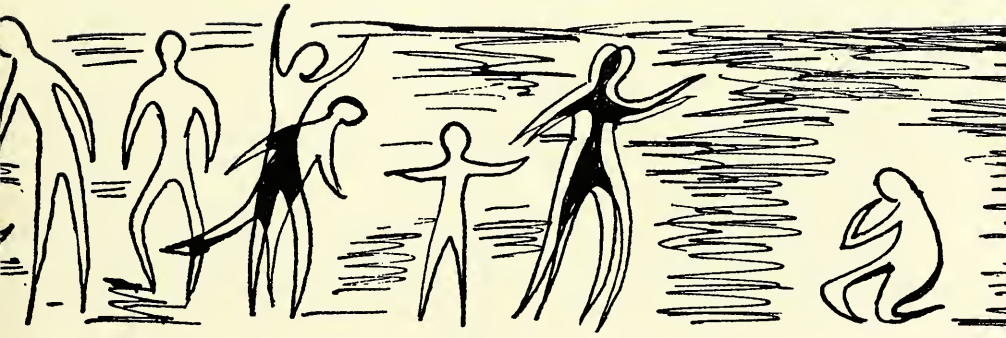
Eleanor Kevan



ONE

Raw wind cuts the custard clouds
of lower thought,
and carries it beyond its element;
the clustered bodies disperse
to seek real patterns.
Each in each, the triangular,
(most beautiful),
and assorted shapes conglomerate,
but clearly.
Pain comes—a whining rivulet—
haïr's-breadth through consciousness,
and with it, countersong.
Toward unity the bending lives,
(most fluid),
more unboundaried.
From the ascending spiral,
steps resound, then cease:
One—one light, one shape,
one sound, finds each in each.

Eleanor Kevan



A Song of the World

I am the World.
I am never one,
but given two, I regenerate
rapidly.
I am steel and flesh
and sound—such sound!
(A man once said it:
"Signifying nothing").
I am wheels and concrete
and confusion.
Frenzied confusion am I,
and cruelty;
crazy good luck to many,
destruction of more;
a ticket for sustenance,
souls for recompense.
Grab and push and fall;
see all;
darkness, pain, and ridicule;
Neon havens.
Light—Screaming light:
see all, hear all,
know nothing.
I am the World.

Eleanor Kevan

WORDSWORTH'S CONCEPT OF THE THREE STAGES OF MAN AS SEEN IN HIS POETRY

by Judy Simmons

A man's life seems to lend itself naturally to a sequence of growth and development which we refer to as childhood, youth, and maturity. Much has been written in psychology books on this subject and psychologists continue even today to probe the mind with their psychological analysis in an attempt to relate man's three stages to the "total man." We must dwell for a moment on Wordsworth's own concept of the three stages and what he had in mind when formulating them.

Wordsworth is indeed a believer in Nature as man's best moral teacher, and his concept of man's three stages is intimately linked with this idea. He believes that at each stage of development one has a different relationship with Nature, and that one has merely to observe the man-Nature relationship to discover the stage. Nature, then, is the key word in understanding the stages; Nature, that abides unconsciously in the child and secretly teaches him to imbibe the wonders around him; Nature, that arouses a passionate ecstasy in the youth and teaches him to love her for her very colors and form; Nature, that speaks to the mature man and teaches him the deepest wisdom.

Why, we might ask, was Wordsworth so close to Nature, and what led him to a discovery of the stages? For these answers, I think it is necessary to reflect on his early life and the natural surroundings of his home in the Lake District of England. Here, Nature was lavish in her gifts of lakes, streams, mountains, trees, and flowers; indeed, it provided an ideal atmosphere for Wordsworth to develop the binding tie with Nature which he was never to lose. As a child, he was very sensitive to his surroundings; and at a very early age he began to use his own imagination to idealize his experiences with Nature. As he passed through youth and became a mature man, he began to take a deeper and more profound look at Nature. It was at this stage of thought that Wordsworth reflected upon his life and saw the whole pattern of his intimate relationship with Nature. His inquisitive mind, which had always wrestled with the problem of unity, began to contemplate a theory for the development of a man's mind. He sought the answer, found it, and formulated it into a theory which became the basic idea for many of his poems. This theory gave man a "tri-

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partite mind,"[1] divided in time according to his relationship to Nature. These three stages were referred to as childhood, youth, and maturity, and constituted what was known as Wordsworth's Three Stages of Man. Much of his poetry contains references to these stages, perhaps the most obvious ones being "Lines", "My Heart Leaps Up", "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" and Books I, II, and VIII of "The Prelude." In discussing the stages as seen through the actual poetry, I shall begin with stage one, or childhood, as each stage is essential to the understanding of the next.

Wordsworth's chief desire was to understand Man, the human heart and human life itself. He believed that this was not just a goal which only a few could reach, but that every man could at least understand himself if he believed that "the child is father of the man," the paradox which expressed the continuity of personal identity. In other words, as the child was, so the man is. This places a tremendous amount of importance on man's first stage when one believes that whatever man becomes is derived from his childhood experiences.

In the "Ode", Wordsworth tells us about his own childhood, using the Doctrine of Pre-existence, not to advocate this idea, but rather to "make the reader realize the vividness and visionary quality of the child's life." [2] In this poem, he brings out the dream-like splendor of youthful sensations that the child possesses until he, like the little Actor, "cons another part" [3], and thus passes on to another stage of development. But does he ever lose this spark of childhood? No, not completely, for although the fire is dead, Wordsworth goes on to say

> "O joy! that in our embers
> Is something that doth live,
> That Nature yet remembers
> What was so fugitive!"

that he is not sorry for the passing of childhood, that the childhood memories but serve as a guide for future years. Thus, I think we can see here the obvious unity of the stages; one is never lost completely, but rather it is compensated for by a richer experience on a higher level.

> "Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
> We will grieve not, rather find strength in what remains behind."

There are certain characteristics of childhood that we want to be particularly aware of when examining those lines pertaining to this period. Certainly, the "oneness" of the child and Nature can be seen when he has no conscious reactions but has instead mere sense percep-

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tions. The child does not feel or think in this stage; he is satisfied with the sensations of Nature. The world of the child is "an unsubstantial, faery place" [4], filled with fresh flowers, babbling brooks, and a hundred things to bring bliss to the young heart. Wordsworth brings these ideas out especially well in such lines as:

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

"Dear child!
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou best in Abram's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st as the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

"Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast."

"Children are blest, and powerful;
their wared lies
More justly balanced; partly as their feet,
And part far from them."

The first and second books of "The Prelude" deal particularly with childhood, although here it is correlated with the other ages, for Wordsworth believed that "by connecting childhood with his manhood he might better understand himself and how his heart was framed." [5] In the first book he recalls the childhood world of sensations, where pure experiences are being impressed on the child's mind; the time of "vulgar joy" and "giddy bliss." [6] Here Wordsworth describes his early childhood in a series of descriptive boyhood incidents including ice-skating, boating, fishing, and trapping. In all these descriptive passages we can see that Nature

"By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things."

The key passages, however, describe the way a small child feels about Nature—so different from the youth who is conscious of it and the mature man who thinks about it.

(continued on next page)

"Yet have I stood,
Even while mine eye both moved o'er many a league
Of shining water, gathering as it seemed,
Through every hair-breadth in that field of light,
New-pleasure like a bee among the flowers."

"Thus off amid those fits of vulgar joy
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss
Which, like a tempest, works along the blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Remembered things . . ."

Youth, as seen in Wordsworth's poetry, is pictured as that time when the adolescent is no longer satisfied with the mere sensations of Nature, but is more concerned with a deep love of Nature for its own sake.

"Thy own pursuits
And animal activities, and all their
Trivial pleasures . . . drooped and
Gradually expired, and Nature, prized
For her own sake, became my joy."

"The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their farms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

In book two of "The Prelude," the youth is shown as acquiring a vivid consciousness of the one life in all things.

"Wonder not
In high the transpart, great the joy I felt
Communing in this sort through earth and
heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
towards the uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love."

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This passion for Nature, however, is not pursued for what it can teach him, as it is the third stage, but rather it is sought for the feeling it can give to the youth, as he is at this point more interested in feeling than in thinking.

"From Nature and her overflowing soul
I had received so much, that all my
Thoughts were steeped in feeling."

In many of his poems, Wordsworth brings out the fervor and unrest which are so characteristic of this period of life. This is seen especially well in the poem "Nutting" which I am interpreting as a symbolic rape of the woods by a passionate youth. In this poem, Nature is sought after and desired for her beauty and voluptuousness. It stirs within the youth a mood of ecstasy which demands a closer observation and a more intimate knowledge of Nature. This poem is a fine example of the very spirit of youth when the childhood "Clouds of glory" are fading further and further into the past and the boy is conscious that he does feel something for Nature.

Just as the first stage merged into the second stage, so the second was followed by the third and final stage in development, Maturity. There was quite a different outlook on Nature, Man, and life itself in this period. The mature man no longer idealized Nature for its own sake; he was less interested in feeling and more concerned with thought. Into this period also entered the imagination and the philosophic mind of man.

How does Wordsworth feel about this stage? He is optimistic about it, for though he lost the visionary splendor of childhood and the "aching joy" of youth, he says that the richer experience of the philosophic mind is just compensation for the loss.

"That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
Gifts have followed; for such loss, I
would believe,
Abundant recompense."

"In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

(continued on next page)

Wordsworth is no longer able to enjoy the fullness of bliss that the child and the youth feel, but he has not lost all of his contact with Nature, for he is still able to have a vicarious enjoyment of it.

> "The heavens laugh with you in your
> jubilee;
> My heart is at your festival,
> My head hath its caronal.
> The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I
> feel it all!"

In this mature stage, Wordsworth feels that the visionary power of the child and the ecstatic feeling of the youth have aided him in reaching this last level of development. The unconscious sense perceptions impressed on the youth's mind can be recalled at any time to inform the mind with the lofty thoughts of wisdom. Now, when he looks at Nature, it is "not as in the hour of thoughtless youth" but with

> "A sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting
> suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

Thus, we have seen the three stages of man as related to the growth and development of the human mind; "the culmination of man's mental development, from its first faint beginnings in sense, through the more complex forms of consciousness, 'spiritual love' and 'intellectual love,' neither of which can act or exist without Imagination, and through which we arrive at the ultimate conception of Humanity, Eternity, and God." [7]

Just how important this concept was to Wordsworth we do not know, but we can assume that it was an essential part of his answer to the evolution of a human mind and the unity which he sought to find in all aspects of life. As a fitting close, I should like to quote the lines written by John Keats to John Hamilton which I think sum up very adequately the three ages of man developed by Wordsworth.

> "I can compare human life to a large mansion
> of many apartments . . . The first we step into

(continued on next page)

we call the thoughtless chamber, in which
we remain as long as we do not think.
We remain there a long while . . . but are at
length imperceptibly impelled by the
awakening of the thinking principle within
us—we . . . get into the Second Chamber,
which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden
Thought . . . Your third Chamber of Life
shall be a lucky and a gentle one—
stored with the wine of Love—and the
bread of Friendship." [8]

FOOTNOTES

1. Arthur Beatty, William Wordsworth, (Madison, 1952), p. 72.
2. Beatty, p. 85.
3. Stephens, Beck, Snow, "Ode. Intimations on Immortality", 1. 102 p. 64.
4. Ibid, "To the Cockoo", 1. 31, p. 54.
5. Beatty, p. 77.
6. Ibid, p. 78.
7. Beatty, p.173
8. Ibid, p. 69.

"Pietro, please, don't spoil my trip for me. Let's talk about something else." His face was sullen. "I want to remember this city as *I* see it."

"Sí, come, we walk in park."

We got back to the Pensione late in the afternoon, and everyone had started to eat the early dinner the manager always had prepared for the 'Americans'. Pietro said good-bye quickly and promised to see me before we left for home. He said he had a gift for me and would come by Tuesday, our last day in Naples.

Tuesday morning he called and we agreed to meet at the cafe on Via Caracciolo. He was waiting for me, carrying a package which I recognized immediately as having the same dimensions of his painting.

"You know gift. Come, we take carriage."

I was glad he didn't ask me how I felt about the painting as a gift because I knew my disappointment would have been apparent.

He helped me into one of those open black carriages which is drawn along leisurely by a horse. After getting in himself, Pietro told the driver to go up to Posillipo.

"We have time, no?"

"The ship doesn't leave until three."

Posillipo is a section of the city which sits high enough up on the hills so that you can see both the entire Bay of Naples from one side of the tiny hill-like peninsula, and when you turn around, the Island of Ischia and the Mostra d' Oltremare from the other.

"I'm glad you're taking me there today."

Pietro nodded silently and neither of us spoke until the carriage began to climb the steeply-graded Via Mergellina. Via Mergellina leads into Posillipo. A short stone wall runs along the street all the way up onto the hill. Pietro told the driver to stop at the top of Via Mergellina near the beginning of Via Manzioni, the main avenue of Posillipo.

The driver pulled the horse to a stop near the park bench which sat adjacent to the stone wall. Pietro and I walked over to the bench and looked beyond the wall at one of the most magnificent views of Naples.

"This you . . . you like, eh?"

He didn't wait for an answer, "Ellen, I must give this now," and he handed me the painting. It angered me that he should choose this moment to give it to me.

"You've finished it."

"It will be completed by you, solamente."

"Grazie, Pietro . . . ."

"No, you not mean grazie, now . . . wait . . . take last look. We must return."

(continued on next page)

Suddenly I felt sad at having to leave. I wanted to go home again, but the city pulled me to itself. I sat down on the bench. Pietro sat down opposite me and took my hands.

"You will return, Ellen."

"I have the feeling that this is my last time—there won't be any others. . ."

He turned my hands so the palms faced upwards and looked down at them. Then he began to speak very quietly.

"Cara . . . . Signora Johnston, she will not return to Napoli."

"No . . . it's better, I guess . . . the way she feels . . ."

"Ellen, one no can love in part. Signora Johnston, she does this. One not love half a person or half of city. What is city without people . . . people who make it city?"

"Some people are like that, Pietro. You shouldn't let it bother you so much."

"Some people, it not bother me . . . ." He continued quietly. Then he stood up, drawing me with him by my hands.

"Look at Napoli . . . es molta bella, no?"

"Yes, it is." I felt the sadness pushing against my throat again.

"One can purchase this for tres lire on picture card. Pero, only *this* on card . . . ."

I started back towards the waiting carriage.

"Ellen, do you see the question?"

I turned and looked at him and thought of the city and the painting—the sharpness of contrast was fading.

"I . . . soon, Pietro . . . we have to hurry or I'll miss the ship."