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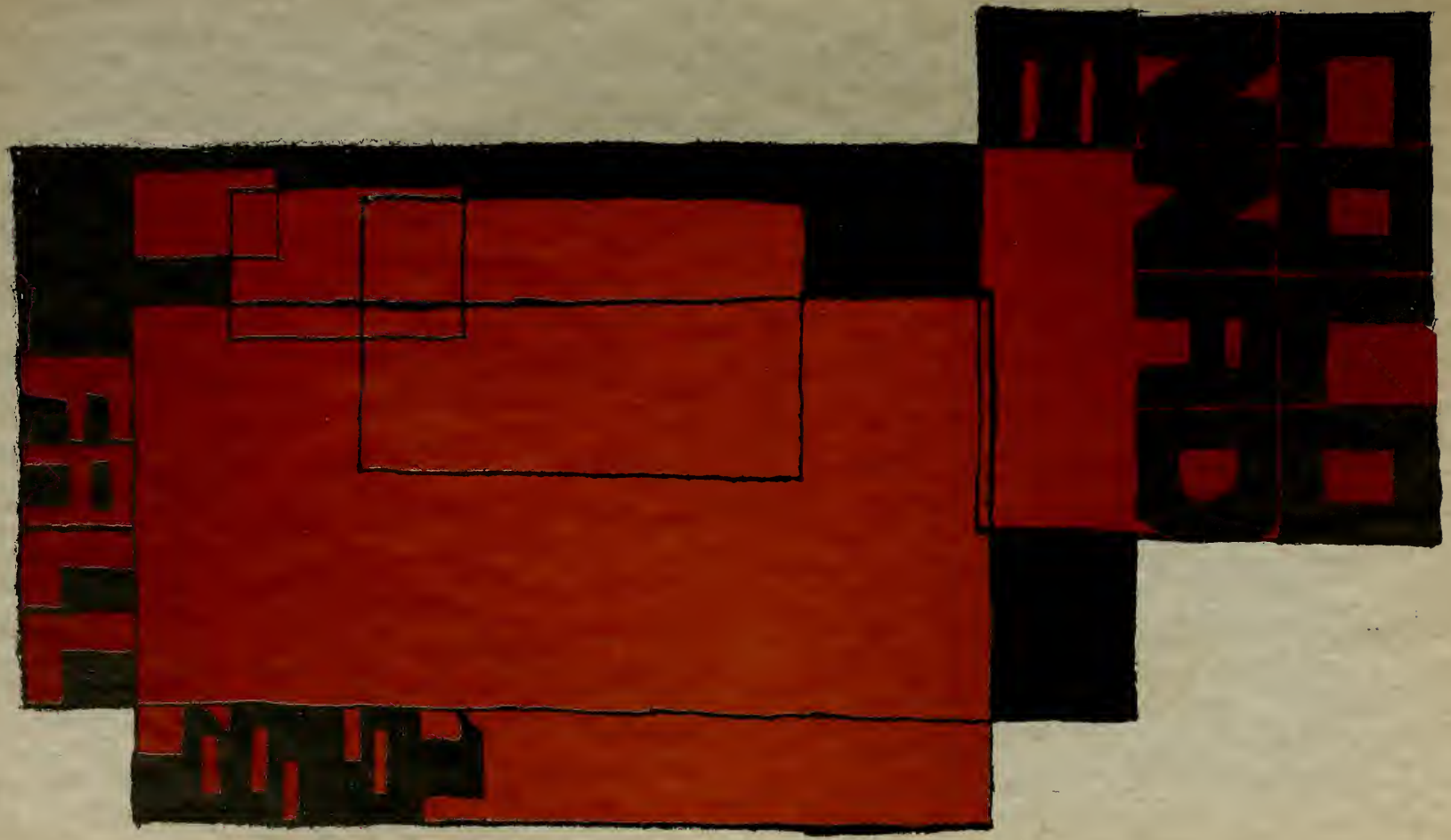
The Colonnade, Volume XXVll Number 1, Fall 1964

Longwood University



COLONNADE

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Education Is Awareness

An Open Letter From the Editor:

Many students consider education to be the process of formally attending school—sitting in classes, taking tests, receiving grades, and amassing credits. Students who interpret education as a process which terminates upon acquiring a degree are entirely misled. Their conception of the educative experience is narrowly bound, and there are many such near-sighted students on this campus. Although formal schooling is a small portion, education is not and never will be explained through one aspect.

Education is the progressive development of the mind. Education is a mammoth principle, and only an encompassing statement such as progressive development of the mind can contain its many facets. These facets, which can be thus expressed, revolve around basically one principle: Education is the process of becoming aware. Awareness begins with the willingness to expose oneself to other ideas; that is, the capacity to tear down the bloc of attitudes that inhibit the development of the mind rather than enhance it. Most college students are afraid to have their ideas challenged and close their minds to any ideas that are in conflict with those they already possess.

By exposing ourselves to new ideas, we come to know ourselves. To know ourselves is to know our motivations, capabilities, ideals, and directions. Self-knowledge involves a constant search to understand and evaluate every situation and every idea to which we are exposed.

Only when we understand ourselves can we ever attempt to understand others. Once we have realized our convictions, we can accept others on their own terms. To accept another on his terms is not compromise our convictions, but merely to enlarge our scope of awareness.

All of us should take time to examine our attitudes toward education. Do they include an awareness of ourselves and human experience? Are we endeavoring to achieve total awareness?

This open letter is the first in a series of letters concerned with education, its scope and responsibilities. The cover of this year's magazine, designed by Carol Moyer, is deliberately relating to this theme of awareness. The interplaying rectangles lead in to an inner sactum of self-knowledge and spiral outward toward total awareness.

D. L. W.

The *Alexandria Quartet:*

A Presentation

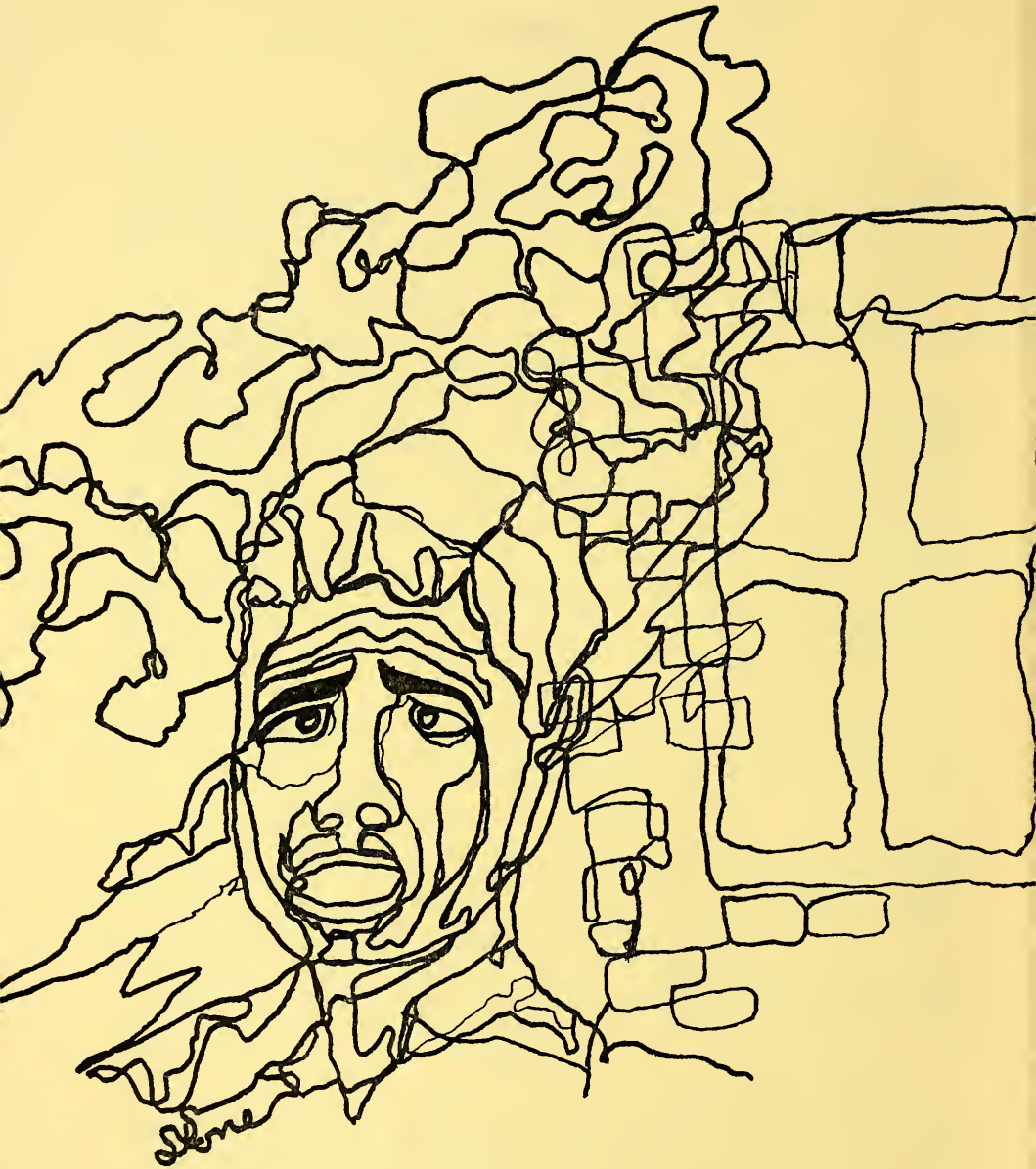
The author of the *Alexandria Quartet,* Lawrence Durrell, is a contemporary British writer who was born in India in 1912. He is a poet as well as a novelist and has written *The Black Book, Collected Poems,* and others. The four novels, the first of which was published in 1957, are *Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive,* and *Clea.*

In the *Alexandria Quartet,* Lawrence Durrell has cited two concepts which make the tetralogy unique. First, the four books do not constitute a serial, even though the same characters are found in each of the books of the tetralogy. Rather, the *Quartet* is a continuum; that is, no distinction of content can be discerned except as a reference to something else. The common illusion of time (one thing following after another in logical sequence) is replaced by a literary Space-Time theory or relativity. That is, events, intertwine and interweave in a purely spatial relation. The momentum of events throughout the tetralogy is counter-sprung by references backward in time, giving the impression of a book not traveling from A to B, but standing above time and turning on its own axis to comprehend the whole pattern. Experiences are recorded not in the order in which they took place, but in the order in which they become significant to the characters.

Secondly, the *Quartet* is unique because Durrell develops a new concept of the prismatic view of character. Normally in literature, a character's varied sides are "mirrored" by another character who expresses *one* emotion toward the other character. However, in the *Alexandria Quartet* Lawrence Durrell has added a new dimension to the prismatic view. A character's varying sides although still "mirrored" by some other character, become apparent through more than one emotional reaction to the character being revealed. Thus, the mirror sees the man as beautiful, the mirror loves the man; another mirror sees the man as frightful and hates him; and it is always the same being who produces the impression. Therefore, a character while revealing someone else, reflects a new dimension about himself as well as the character he is "mirroring".

The books grouped as the *Alexandria Quartet* can be read separately because each is an entity within itself; but only when the entire tetralogy is read in order (*Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive,* and *Clea*) can the reader reader grasp the full perspective of Lawrence Durrell's paramount achievement in literary technique.

— Gayle Ray



UPON THE STYGIAN SHORE

By Pat Peregoy

The Stygian Warehouse stood on the corner of Thirty-third and Jordan Streets, with its seven stories barely making an impression in the skyline of the massive city. Passers-by took little notice of the grim, boxlike brick structure, just as they took little notice of anything else in their frenzied scurrying to and fro. They merely held their hats to their heads or grabbed the fullnesses of their skirts and rushed out into the brisk spring breeze.

This same cool breeze rumpled Eric's coarse brown hair and pressed his loose pants legs and the unbuttoned cuffs of his shirt against the outer wall of the warehouse. The boy relaxed as he leaned against the building, his glassy, hazel eyes penetrating the seemingly endless sky above him.

"Well, here I am," he mumbled to himself in a tone just loud enough for his words to become reality rather than mere thought. "I wasn't even sure I'd go through with it—but I did." He gave a great sigh of exhaustion. "And here I am. Everything is all tied up in knots. Things that don't even have anything to do with each other are all balled up together like a pile of string. When I decided this was what I was gonna do . . . . . I mean really decided to . . . to do this—I had been thinking about it off and on for a long time now—but when I really made up my mind, I was afraid I'd change it before I did it. But not now I won't. I've come this far and I know this is what I wanna do."

"Boy, if only Freddy an' Gene an' some of those other guys could just see me now. They used to think I was afraid—scaredy-cat they called me—just 'cause I didn't always wanna do all the dumb junk they did. If they could just see me now. 'Look wise guys!' I'd say. 'Look at me—seven stories up and I'm not even scared—not even a little bit! I'd like to see one of you guys stand on this ledge and not be scared. Bet you'd be scared to death—every single one of you big mouths!' "

Leaning slightly forward, Eric peered over the ledge on which he stood, down at the bustling crowd below. "Look at 'um pushing an' shovin'. Always pushing and shoving—shoving and pushing. They're all bunched together like flies on sticky paper. Always crowding in—crowding in 'til you can't even breathe down there. They just keep coming at you from all directions. That's why I had to get up here. With all that crowding I can't breathe—I can't think! I'm thinking, but I don't know what I'm thinking. Everything's going around in circles, sorta."

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Returning to his relaxed position against the wall, he burst into soft, yet hysteric, laughter. "Those crazy little people—just like a cartoon Ralph took me to see one time when I was a little kid. It was that one about the man going in an airplane for the first time and looking out the window and talking about the crowds of people an' how they looked like colonies of ants. Then the guy found out he hadn't gone anywhere and that they really were ants. I remember that cartoon just like it was only yesterday when ol' Ralph took me. He was so proud 'cause he was taking his little brother—he's always done stuff like that for me. We watched the cartoon together, but the real show was about some big dog that got killed. I cried like crazy 'cause I liked the dog an' didn't want to see him get hurt. Ralph never said anything, but I knew he was disappointed 'cause I didn't like the show after he'd gone to all that trouble."

"That's the way it always ends up—somebody else going to the trouble an' me fouling it up by disappointing them. All anybody's gotta do is have a little faith in me and I'll really bawl 'um up—I always let 'um down no matter how hard I try. It's like the more I think of 'um and the harder I try to make 'um proud of me, the more I hurt 'um. That's another reason why I'm up here. I gotta think. Everything's been closing in to where I don't even understand what's going on in my own head. I'm going to do what I came up here for, but first I have to do some thinking. I wanna think things out—untangle all those mixed-up little pieces an' figure out just where I stand. Then I can do it—but first I gotta think."

"Sometimes I don't even know about God anymore. I talk to Him, but I'm not too sure I get through to Him—like maybe He's not there at all. I don't know—He's gotta be there or else things just couldn't be—that sky just couldn't keep going on and on out there an' people couldn't be different but still all be people. He's bound to be there."

"There's a fire engine down there. I remember how, when I first started school, I used to watch for the fire engines to go by. I wanted to be a fireman so bad I thought about it all the time. Now that's not enough—I wanna do something—I mean really do something big. It can't be any of that routine stuff. It has to be something good—something that'll make people feel good. But every time I try something I always end up making a clumsy mess of it an' disappointing everybody. I'll never be able to do anything—it's all just a big, stupid dream. Maybe . . . maybe, if I really put my mind to it—really concentrated on doing things right—I could make 'um proud of me. I bet I could be just as big a success as anybody—but I'm up here now.

I'm going to do it now that I've come this far—an' it's what I wanna do, anyway. Gash, this building's sure dirty! My good white shirt is really getting filthy.

"My folks gave me this shirt for my birthday. They're sure great people. They're always doing good stuff for me and sacrificing for me. It's really going to hurt them when they find out about this. They'll probably think it's all their fault when it really isn't. Everybody'll think I'm crazy an' tell 'um their kid was nutty as a fruit cake. That would really hurt 'um 'an they'd blame it all on themselves. They never did anything to hurt me, but when they find out, it'll probably kill 'um. I can't do that to 'um. Maybe I oughta get down from here and give it another try. Maybe I could really make everybody proud of me—then maybe they'd stop pushing and shoving and crowding me, too. I really did want to do it when I came up here, but now I don't want to do it—not right now. I'll just slide back around to that window and go in like I came out. No one'll ever know."

"This building feels like it's beginning to sway. I better hold on tight. That street's an awful long way down. I never realized how high up I was. I wish I were back in that window. I can't look down—the street's starting to spin around and around. I wasn't afraid when I wanted to die. Why've I got to be scared now? I'm not gonna jump—I don't wanna die. Stop spinning! Stop going around and around I tell you—I don't want to die."

The Stygian Warehouse stood on the corner of Thirty-third and Jordan streets, with its seven stories barely making an impression in the skyline of the massive city. Passers-by took slight notice of the grim, box-like, brick structure for the first time as they heard the scream and gasped at the mangled remains of the body which lay on the pavement. Stunned, they called the proper authorities. Then they merely held their hats to their heads or grabbed the fullnesses of their skirts and rushed out into the brisk, spring breeze.

Monkey

Monkey on a curtain rod,
Swinging free and over knowing,
Smiling bug-eyed —
Slurpy-mouthed whole;

I look at you.

Eyes straining through social maze,
Horn-rimmed pride,
Deferent —
Succorant,
Swamp;

I am behind myself.

Damn you!
Excuse me while I laugh.

— Gayle Ray

Anabasis, An Adventure In Imagery

By Margaret W. Irby

In Anabasis, St. John Perse has created a prose poem of such universality, of such depth, and of such originality that he will be remembered as one of the great poets of the twentieth century. He has chosen as his topic two universal themes, man's journey through life and the paralleling progress of civilization that is the result of man's actions along this journey. The breadth and depth of such a topic is in itself great, but the originality of Perse's imagery and his mastery of the French language add greatly to the effect of the poem. These images are so closely superimposed one upon the other, they are so tightly woven together to create a unified picture of life of man, that an effort to take one of these images out of context and study it as a separate phrase leaves one perplexed and confused.

These images are the basis for the symbolism of the poem. Symbolism, at best, is not always simple to understand, and the French Symbolism especially has the reputation for difficulty and obscurity. The French differ from the Traditional Symbolists who use as a basis for their works widely-known universal symbols, often those of the Church or of Christianity. The French use their own "private exaltations. . . . there is much in the human consciousness for which plain statement is not inadequate, but impossible . . . fleeting, indefinite states of mind." [1] These private visions cut him off from the unlettered common man and make him difficult to understand. Marcel Raymond feels that these private visions of Perse have manifested themselves in an original usage of the French language in which new meanings have been created for worn-out words. The result is the type of symbolism that Raymond describes as being "alchemy" and a way of experiencing an adventure, never of philosophizing.[2]

This adventure into life is viewed by Perse, who is looking back on his life and at the same time looking out at mankind. He is speaking as the youth, full of dreams and high hopes for his future, as the conqueror, realizing his ambitions and yet vaguely dissatisfied, and as the man, who has in his awareness turned from the false promises of earthly pursunts and found contentment in the simple things, the friendliness of a smile, the delight of the sunset, the beauties of nature, "living leaves in the morning fashioned in glory." [3] Perse is the Stranger in this poem; in his youth, he was unintentionally a stranger to himself; in his conquering years, he deliberately

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turned away from himself and refused to listen to his vague inner questionings, "in my thoughts I will protest against the activity of the dream;" [4] and in his years of maturity when he has come to know himself and is no longer a stranger to himself, he is still a stranger and in exile in the world of his fellow man.

Perse's talent in his choice of words intensifies the imagery used to portray this adventure of life. This talent is clearly evident in his choice of a title. "Anabasis" is a Greek word meaning to go up, a journey upward. Man's desire to rise above himself is conveyed by this meaning. It is also indicative of the more earthly ambitions of man to rise above other men. This ambition can cause man to lose sight of his goal, to commit hybris. The medical meaning of the word, the first period or increase of a disease, could very well lend itself to this weakness of man.

Perse has used the experiences and observations of his sojourn in the vicinity of the Gobi Desert in China to enhance the images with an exotic and foreign flavor. Descriptive passages such as "thorn fires at dawn . . . the white peacock of heaven . . . water presented in skins . . . princes paid in currency of fish" [5] are used to paint vivid pictures of sensory impressions. There are several aspects of these poetic descriptions that remind one of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land.* Both Perse and Eliot choose single words that have a striking impact upon the reader because of the way in which they are used. Eliot used such words as "stone" and "rock" to convey sterility. Perse has described this barrenness with such phrases as "seedless earth," desert and "incorruptible sky" (cloudless).[6] Eliot used the word "water" throughout his poem as a key word, as a purifying agent, a life-giving substance. Perse takes the word "salt" and uses salt in a different way.[7] Salt is a powdery, shifting substance, a form of seasoning which adds flavor and zest to foods but which also causes thirst. Perse uses this word over and over again with the connotation that the earthly promises of pleasure are as salt, strong, flavorsome, adding spice to life, but yet offering no slake to man's inner thirst.

Perse has divided this adventure of life into three phases, the "three great seasons." [8] At the same time he has also painted a realistic and even cynical view of the progress of civilization. Perse opens his poem by looking backward to the first great season, the time of his youth. In this perspective, he views both mankind and civilization in their youth. It was a time when a "great principle of violence dictated our fashions." [9] "And the Sun is unmentioned, but his power is amongst us." [10] This imagery suggests the primacy of Freud's libido which gives youth the strength and energy to meet

life head-on. "At the pure ides of day what know we of our dream, older than ourselves?" [11] When one is young and full of zest for life, what does he understand of the age-old dream of man—the dream of harmony within one's soul? The earth sings of power; pleasures and promises abound. The earth is the "Master of the Salt . . . the Master of the Grain." [12] These promises are "high slopes, clothed in balm." [13] The pinnacles of success are deceitfully clothed with promises of happiness. These promises become the false promises, the "desolate markets" of the earth in which youth established the "pure commerce of soul," [14] forsaking inner growth for material pleasures.

"In the delight of salt the mind shakes its tumult of spears," [15] the questionings of conscience, the uncertainties and misgivings concerning decisions in life. The power of the salt conquers. Youth begins his journey upward in ignorance, with no understanding of the world about him. Perse superbly pictures this aspect of youth, the overconfidence stemming from this ignorance, and such impatience to live that there is no time to be wasted in trying to understand. As a result, he looks on life just as one looks at the following image that Perse seems to have deliberately placed in this section of the poem to create an effect of complete helplessness from lack of understanding. "(A child sorrowful as the death of apes—one that had an elder sister of great beauty—offered us a quail in a slipper of rose-colored satin.)" [16] This sentence is completely foreign to the reader, a picture of an entirely alien culture. And yet, there are many such events in life that are just as out of context and as foreign to the person who experiences the event as this sentence is. This is just one of the instances in the poem in which a sentence or image out of context is meaningless and this is Perse's genius. Life *is* meaningless when it is out of context. And this is what he has been saying in many different ways throughout the poem.

In the second great season, youth becomes the conqueror, successful and powerful. He finds himself at this height and finds only a vague unrest. He finds that power, money, and fame do not change man's nature that primitive man is only lightly clothed in civilization. And still the "traveller in the yellow wind, lust of the soul," [17] goes on to even greater heights, still he searches for something and does not understand that it is not to be found in the yellow desert of power, lust, and ritual. Yet he prefers to walk in unawareness and cling to these false dreams and hopes. If seeds of doubt appear and the urge for solitude wells up within him, the conqueror pays no heed. The "leaf shadows and water more pure" [18] are no dream;

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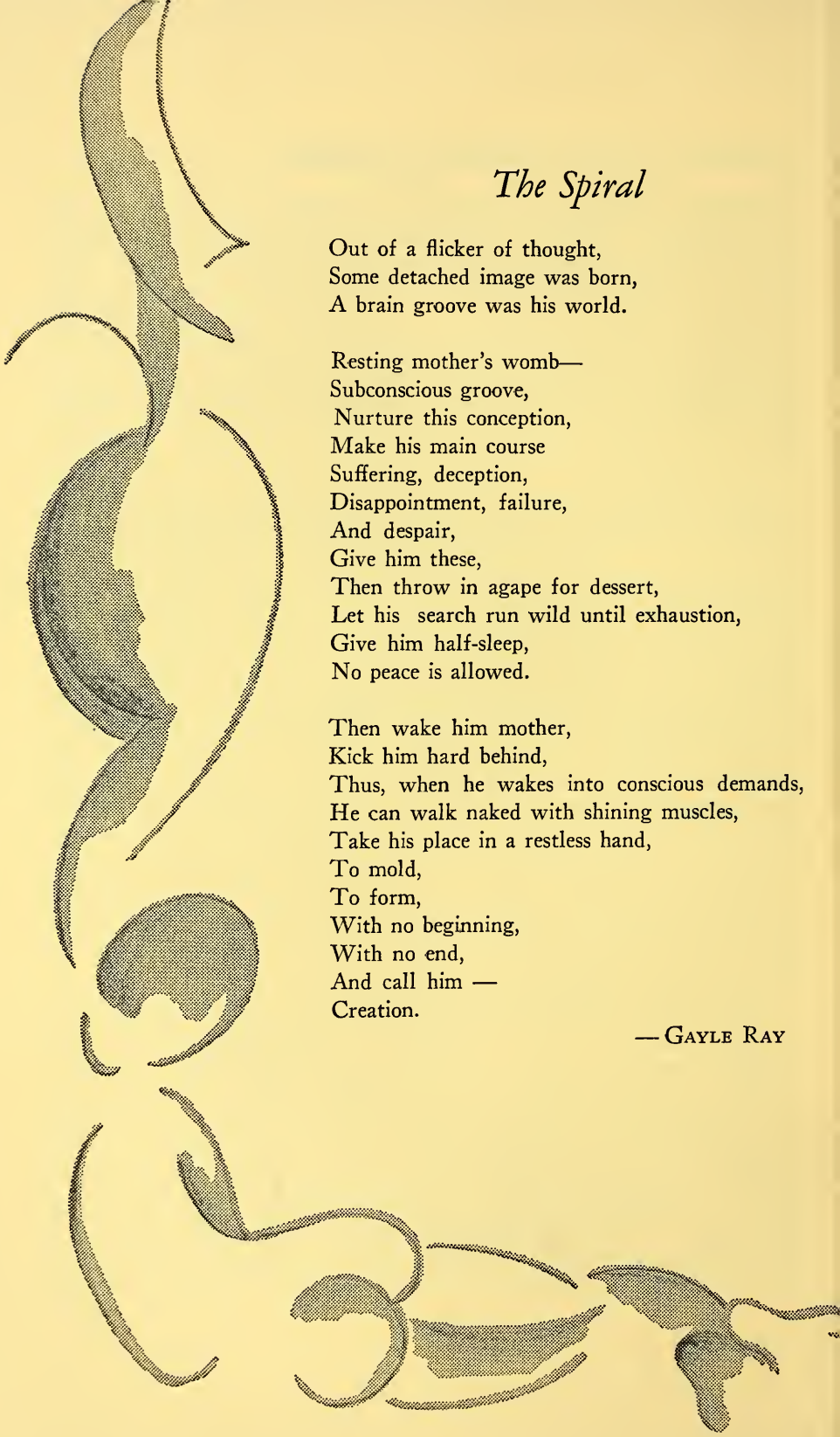


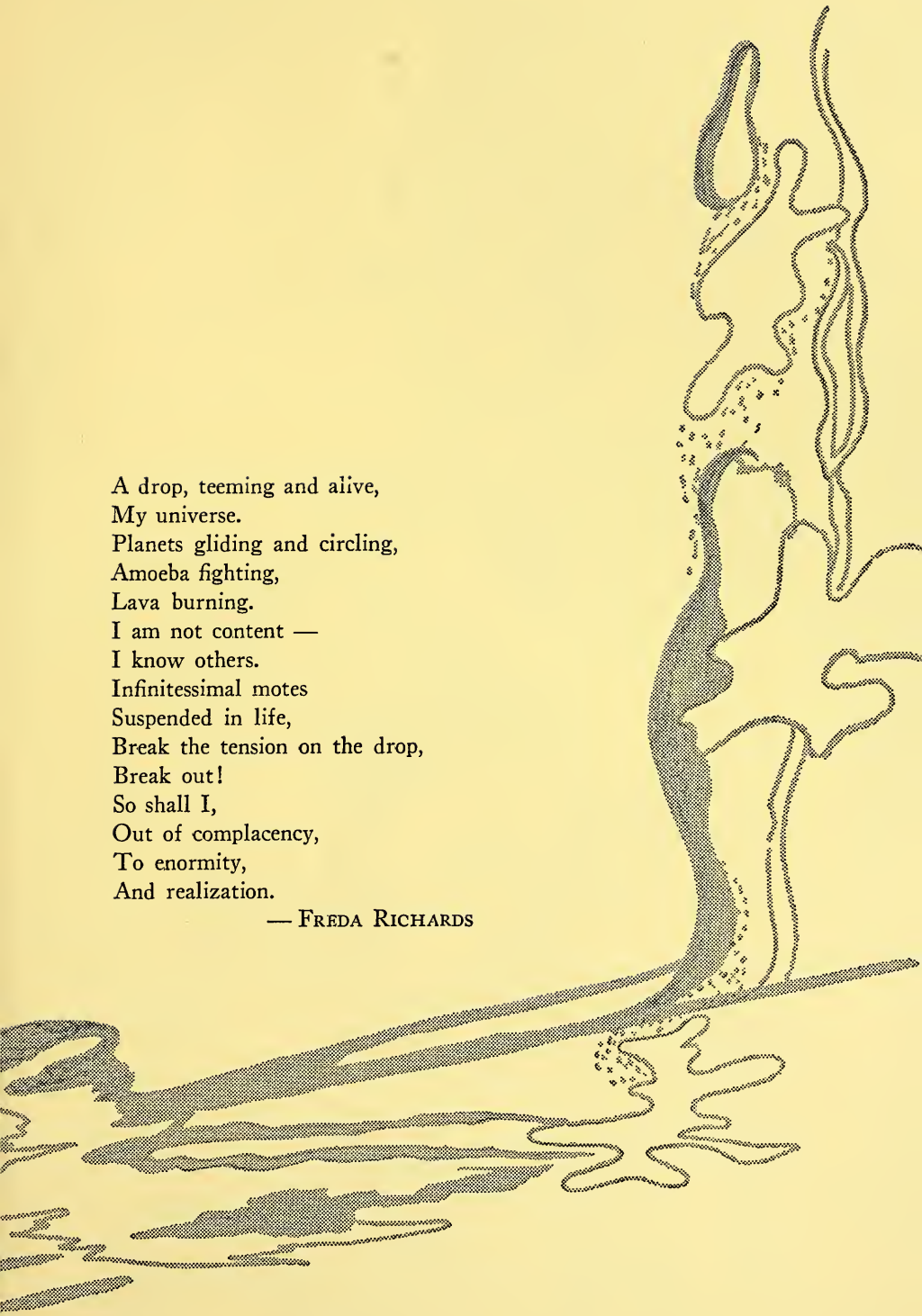
The Spiral

Out of a flicker of thought,
Some detached image was born,
A brain groove was his world.

Resting mother's womb—
Subconscious groove,
Nurture this conception,
Make his main course
Suffering, deception,
Disappointment, failure,
And despair,
Give him these,
Then throw in agape for dessert,
Let his search run wild until exhaustion,
Give him half-sleep,
No peace is allowed.

Then wake him mother,
Kick him hard behind,
Thus, when he wakes into conscious demands,
He can walk naked with shining muscles,
Take his place in a restless hand,
To mold,
To form,
With no beginning,
With no end,
And call him —
Creation.

— Gayle Ray



A drop, teeming and alive,
My universe.
Planets gliding and circling,
Amoeba fighting,
Lava burning.
I am not content —
I know others.
Infinitessimal motes
Suspended in life,
Break the tension on the drop,
Break out!
So shall I,
Out of complacency,
To enormity,
And realization.

— Freda Richards

Guitars and Coffee—The "Beaux Arts"

AN IMPRESSION

By Freda Richards

"Walk me out in the morning dew, darling, and there'll never be no morning dew again." These are the words of a strong protest sung by a sunken-eyed flamenco guitarist, seated on a 10′ x 10′ stage, pink spotlight shining out of a tin can onto him and his Spanish guitar. Harley is a member of the older element at the Beaux Arts; he is married, has a child, and a job. His intensity is characteristic of everyone at the coffeehouse, however, and his song is a theme running through the minds and songs of the other singers.

David is primarily an artist who sets up his easel at the entrance to the small dim room and sketches the singers as they perform their set for the evening, which is the singers admission to the house, since they are not paid. On occasion David sings in a clear tenor, oddly suited to the dark confines of the "place".

Moose, a student at a local university (to avoid the draft), is a Woody Guthrie fan, and sings harsh songs of migrant workers and railroad men. He is huge, and envelops his banjo with tremedous hands that astound those who see the fingers fly across the strings in a Scruggs pick. He adapts Joan Baez to his deep shouting voice, and comments obscenely to the regulars on the front row.

Fred is the cook, and stays in the small kitchen preparing sandwiches and gallons of coffee, except for special occasions like the birthday of one of the singers, for which he bakes a cake, and all—audience and singers alike—sing happy birthday and eat cake.

In addition to the kitchen and the main room, there is a large room devoted to movies which are shown on Friday and Saturday nights, and stacked full of paintings at other times. The movies shown range from Kafka's "The Trial" to obscure Cannes film festival winners. There is also a smaller room used as a practice room by the performers before they do their set; a room designated as the chess room is sometimes used as a practice room, but more often from ten to twelve people are gathered in it, playing six or eight guitars, and bellowing songs like "Rock Island Line." A TV room, and a back porch complete the portion of the house, which was built in the 1800's and used for business.

There are of course several girl singers — Nano, Laura, Freda, and Brooksie — who all have different and distinct styles, and who take turns

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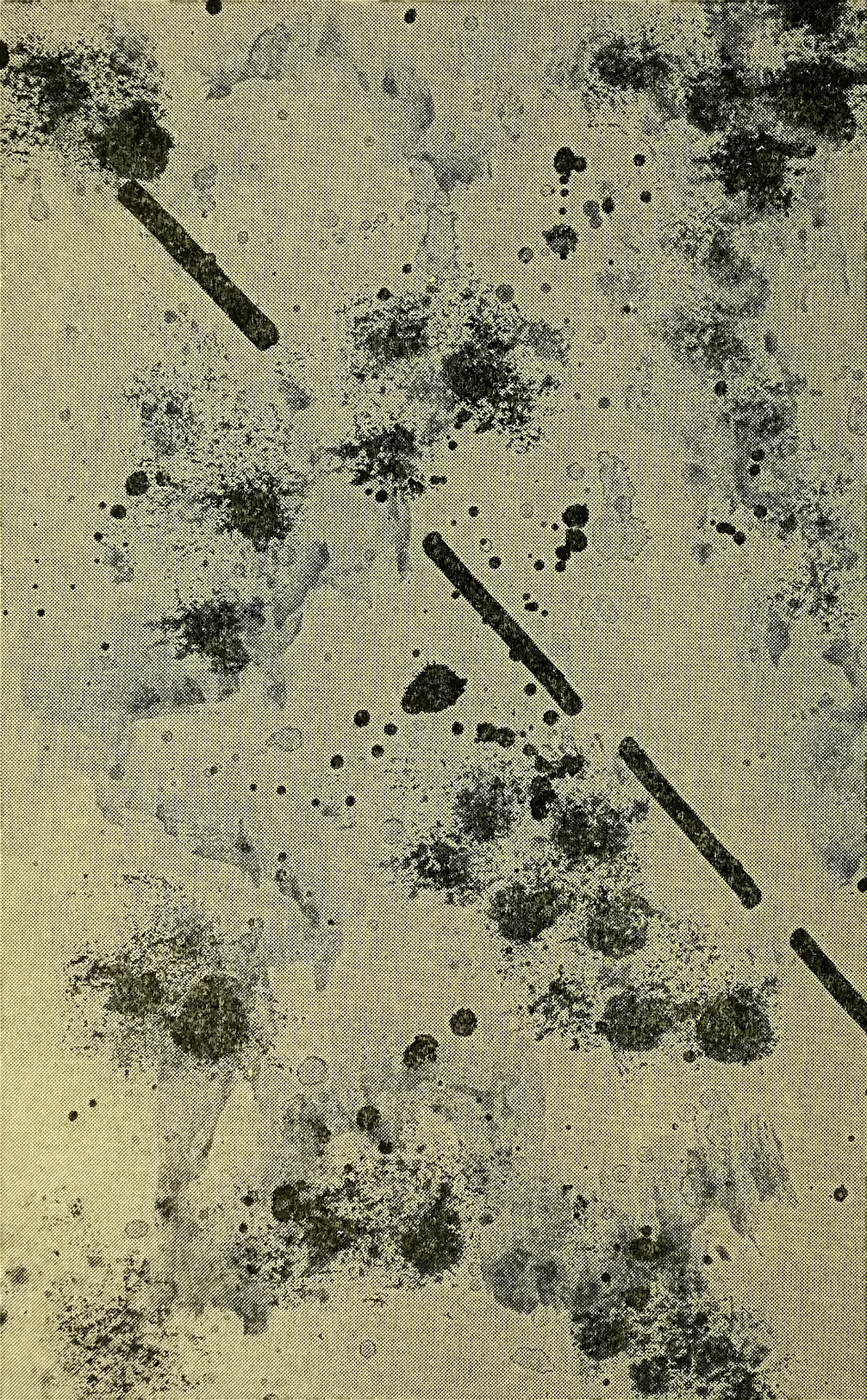

FUTILITY

By Amanda Ruff

The late-model blue convertible raced around a curve, the tires screeching. The driver was a young lady, striking in appearance, her long black hair streaming behind her in the breeze. The car sped along the highway, quickly overtaking and leaving behind each segment of the broken line that marked the center of the road. The line meant only one thing to the driver—each yard she saw disappear under the car put her another yard closer to George. As the car approached the crest of a hill, the broken line was joined by a solid line to its right. Over the hill and down, the broken line was soon alone again. The car ran along the road smoothly and swiftly now, putting mile after mile behind the driver. Now the convertible came into a curve; the broken line disappeared and was replaced by two solid lines side by side. The young lady, rounding the curve, realized she was late and wondered if George would wait for her.

Suddenly she saw the other car just a few feet ahead of her, coming directly toward her. She saw the horrified look of the other driver. Quickly she turned the steering wheel to the right and jammed on the brakes with all the strength she could muster. Then she lost all concept of time, so much was happening so fast. She heard glass against metal, metal against metal, and sounds which found no meaning in her past experiences. The windshield seemed to be breaking and little pieces of glass flying everywhere. Was time standing still, or was time rushing on madly as the car? Finally the car swerved to the right and came to a stop on the shoulder of the road. Two feet from where the right front wheel of the convertible had stopped, the shoulder dropped suddenly into nothing.

The young woman, knowing at last that the car had stopped, put on the emergency brake and released her foot from the brake pedal which she had held tautly pressed to the floor for so long. It was not until she felt the cold ignition key in her trembling hand that she came to her senses.

Looking up, she saw the other driver, an older woman, getting out of her car. Shaking, the girl turned the handle on her door and the door opened. She stepped out and faced the woman, who immediately asked, "Are you hurt?"

The girl replied, "No, I'm all right; maybe a scratch or two, but nothing serious." She looked at the convertible as she spoke. The left front fender was torn up, and the headlight was smashed in with a million small pieces of glass littering the road. Then she looked up at the windshield and saw that it was unbroken. She turned around and looked at the other car, but

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that windshield was intact, too. Then she noticed that the left front fender of the other car was torn up, too, and that headlight broken. It must have been the glass from the two headlights which she had seen flying through the air and had thought was her windshield.

She wondered if the car would run. She had to meet George. She was almost calm now; that interminable moment was gone now—just one of the fleeting moments that make up time. She was okay, and the car might make it to the apartment where she was to meet George. What did she mean: the car might make it? It would; it had to. George was waiting for her. She turned to the car and started to open the door. Then the older woman, who had been surveying the damage, spoke.

"Well, I suppose we are both very lucky to be alive. And the damage could have been much worse. Your fender is torn up pretty bad, and I see your tire's flat, but that's about all the damage."

The girl spun around, "My tire?!!"

"Yes, it must have been blown out during the impact."

"Oh, Lord, no! It can't be! I have to meet George; I'm late already!"

"Well, you won't be going anywhere in that car today, I'm afraid. George will just have to wait."

The girl furiously shook her head and stamped her foot. Then she quickly turned around, and her eyes searched vainly for a car she might be able to borrow. She had to find a car. George was waiting for her. But she saw no car, other than the two disabled ones, anywhere around.

The older woman was speaking again. "One of us had better go call the state police. I passed a house just a little ways back. If you'll stay here with the cars, I'll go back and see if they have a phone."

"No, wait. You stay here with the cars and I'll go phone. Where did you say that house was?"

"Just around the road a ways, around a couple of bends. I really don't mind going, if you want to wait here."

"No, I'll go. I want to. I'll phone George and tell him I'll be there as soon as possible."

With that the young woman left the older woman and started along the road. She walked fast, as she weighed the possibilities of finding a car at the house.

This road was not heavily travelled; it was out in the country, six miles from the town where the young woman was to meet George. Along the road there were sprawling farms with fields of hay which would soon be ripe for harvesting, and, now and then, a house enclosed by a trim white

fence was nestled into the rolling landscape at the foot of a hill. Occasionally there was a patch of forest rising high above one side of the road, as at the scene of the wreck.

Although the road was without traffic, she walked along the pebbly edge. The blind curves were many, and if a car happened to be coming around one of them, she didn't want to be in the middle of the road. The middle of the road—she looked; yes, those broken line segments were still there. They seemed to be mocking her now; they appeared to be longer, and passing each one was drudgery now; they passed so slowly. They were laughing at her because she was going to be late in meeting George; they were laughing because she had thought them her friends, taking her closer to George. She broke into an awkward run in her slim sheath. She must hurry. George was waiting for her. But now those horrid lines were chasing her.

Around the next curve she arrived, panting, at a small white frame house. Much to her disappointment, she saw no car outside. However, she went to the front door and knocked loudly. No one answered. She knocked again; still, there was no answer. She tried the door; it was unlocked. She opened it widely and called, "Anybody home?" There was no sound of movement within the house. She might be arrested for illegal entry, but she had to call George and let him know she'd be there. She went quietly into the house and searched from room to room for a telephone. The little house—she wondered who it belonged to—probably to some poor family working their fingers to the bone trying to keep up the mortgage payments. They probably couldn't even afford a phone. At last she found it in the kitchen and quickly dialed the number of the apartment. The phone rang once, twice, three times, four times. She stopped counting and let the phone ring, just waiting. Why didn't George answer? She had probably dialed the wrong number. She dialed again, this time concentrating on each number as she dialed it—5-8-6-2-3-1-6. She counted the phone ring fifteen times and put the receiver down. That was odd that George didn't answer. Oh well, maybe he'd gone out for a pack of cigarettes. She'd call the police, and then try again.

She dialed the office of the state police, and a man answered. The girl gave him the information and asked him to send a trooper to the scene immediately. She tried George again now; but still, there was no answer. Well, she'd better get back to the wreck; maybe she'd find a ride into town once she got back on the road.

When the young woman was again within sight of the two cars, she saw that they had been joined by another. The woman was talking to two

(continued on next page)

men, but the girl couldn't hear what they were saying. By the time she reached the cars, the two men had driven away in the other direction.

"Who were they?" the girl demanded of the woman.

"Friends of my husband. They're going to find him and bring him here. Did you get the police?"

"Yes. But George didn't answer when I called him. I don't know where he is. I hope he didn't get tired of waiting and leave. I wish I could get in touch with him."

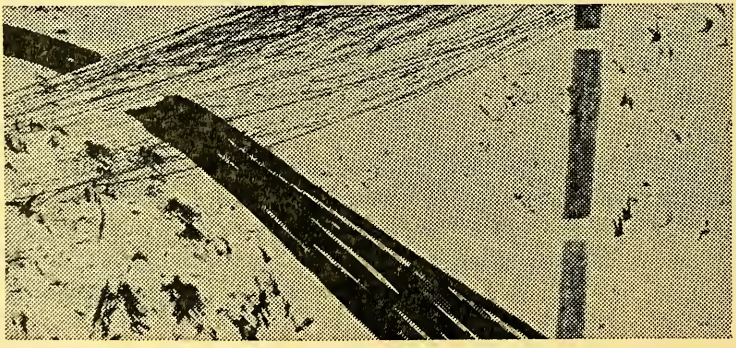
A sudden surge of anger seemed to rise within the woman as she looked intensely into the eyes of the girl. "Well, who is George?" she asked caustically.

The girl returned the look and replied in like tone, "George is a friend —a very good friend!"

The woman looked briefly into the eyes of the girl. Then slowly, as with the subsidence of anger, her body lost its tenseness. She looked pityingly at the girl and said, "Well, if George really cares I suppose he'll be waiting for you." She then went to her car and sat inside.

The girl walked around the two cars, looking at them. She became impatient as she waited. That stupid woman—why didn't she mind her own business? She slipped behind the steering wheel of the convertible and began to turn various knobs. The windshield wipers worked; the cigarette lighter worked; the radio worked. She opened her purse and pulled out a cigarette. She lit it and slid across the seat to the other side. She looked out and down at the shoulder, the edge of which sloped steeply down to a rocky field fifty feet below. She leaned back against the seat and listened to the radio announcer: "No need for you to leave your house now for entertainment; the new G. E. television brings the best in entertainment right to you!"

She crushed out her cigarette in the ash tray and climbed out of the car. Why didn't those cops come on? They were always hiding, waiting for you; but when you needed them, where were they?



She walked over to the other car. The woman smiled and said, "Sit down in my car if you'd like; I have a magazine if you'd like to look at it. It might take your mind off George for a minute."

"No thanks. What were you doing on this road anyway? Where do you live?"

"Down the road a couple of miles. I had been into town to buy groceries."

"Do you have anything I can eat? I wish those cops would come on; I'm already late." The girl turned her head quickly as she heard a car approaching.

The two men she had seen talking to the woman stepped out of their car with a third man. He ran to the woman. "Honey, are you all right? I came as soon as I heard. I was out in the field checking the hay."

The girl stepped over to the third car where the two men still stood. "Would you mind if I borrowed your car to run into town for a few minutes? I'm supposed to meet George, and I'm already late."

The men looked at her, aghast. "Who's George?" one of them demanded.

The woman's husband turned around and faced her. "Young lady, I'm afraid you're going to have to wait here until the police come. They'll want to talk to you. Are you hurt?"

The girl tossed her head insolently, her long black hair swinging as she angrily turned her back on the man who spoke. "No!" She walked over to the convertible and sat down inside, slamming the door.

The man turned back to his wife and resumed talking to her. The girl couldn't hear everything they said. She caught occasional snatches of the dialogue and, unenthusiastically, tried to piece the conversation together.

The man was looking at his wife's elbow. Apparently, she had chipped a bone or something. There was a big bruised knot. A few moments later she heard him say, "Well, honey, it's going to cost a lot to fix it up. That fender doesn't look good at all. And the door's sprung. We're lucky you weren't killed."

The young woman stopped listening to the conversation. Why did they have to gripe about the car? It wasn't going to cost a fortune to have it fixed. Poor farm family—why would anybody want to live on a farm? They'd work themselves to death twenty-four hours a day, and they'd have nothing worthwhile to show for it in the end. And what was the big deal about her arm? The woman was okay; it wasn't like she was dying. She probably wouldn't even have to go to the hospital.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of another car. This

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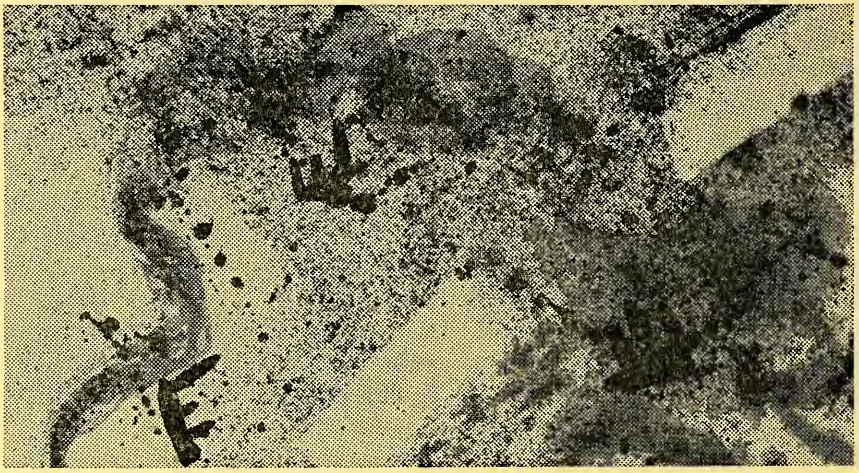
time it was the state trooper. He stepped out of his car and surveyed the damage; then he called two wreckers. He took out a steel tape measure and began to take measurements of the road, the cars, the skid marks. She watched him; he was pretending to be so efficient; why didn't he just hurry up and get things over with?

Finally, he approached the two women and asked for their permits and car registrations; then he asked a few routine questions and got a statement from each of them.

A wrecker arrived and towed the other car away. The trooper turned to the two women again and addressed the younger one. "I'm afraid I'm



going to have to charge you with reckless driving. As you can see, you were well over the double line, and from the looks of your skid marks—I'd say you were speeding. You'll have to come to court on the sixth of October. Please sign this." And he handed her the ticket.

Then to the older woman he said, "You'll have to come too, as a witness. You can agree to come or I can issue you a summons."

The woman agreed readily to be there. Then she left with her husband and the two men.

The other wrecker arrived and towed away the convertible. The trooper turned to the young woman and asked her where she'd like to go.

"Into the town, to the Palace Apartments. I have to meet someone there. I hope he's waited this long. I'm so late."

The trip into the town was a short and silent one. Once more, the lines flashed by quickly, taking her to George.

FUTILITY

The attractive young woman climbed out of the trooper's car at the Palace Apartments and thanked him courteously. Then she ran into the building and up the steps to the second floor. She opened the door of apartment 201 and stepped into a dark room.

"George!" she called. Then she turned on the lights and looked around the room. On a table near the door she saw a note addressed to her.

She opened it and read: "Sorry I couldn't make it today, honey, something turned up. —George."

For a moment the girl stood stunned, clutching the note in her hand. Then she walked suddenly out of the room, slamming the door loudly behind her. "Damn George!" she shouted in the corridor.

Outside, the last rays of the sun struck against the dull, weathered bricks of the apartment building. A neon light was suddenly turned on above the entrance to the building. Passing townspeople turned and looked at the young woman, as she walked slowly into the oncoming night.

GUITARS AND COFFEE—THE "BEAUX ARTS"

(continued from page 16)

singing with various males on off nights when nobody feels like singing alone. Brooksie sings "Codiene Blues" and is the girl most often recorded when the funny baldheaded man brings his tapes.

During most weekends there is a influx and outflux of about 70 people, from the hours of eight to three or four, depending on how good the singers are, which ones came, and the reactions of the customers.

The singers are friendly, but intense, with a fierce realization of the problems of today's world, a world which they reflect in their songs. Songs like "What Have They Done to the Rain," "Little Boxes," and of course, "We Shall Overcome," are in ascendance at the Beaux Arts; they are sung by everyone, audience included.

Beaux Arts is an institution for the singers and regulars, a novelty for the pseudo-intellectual who comes on the weekends; but Harley's song means something to all of the people at the coffeehouse; the byword is not fatalism, or blind acceptance, but hope, and frank realization.

. . . Strains of song float out the door as it closes . . . "walk me out in the morning dew darlin', for there'll never be no mornin' dew again . . ."

High walls,
Up to the clouds,
Like tattered sheets.
On the other side
Briars,
Or roses?

— Freda Richards

Lost in Life

Lost in the night of life—
Black, cold, lonely;
I reach out to flashes,
Nothingness, dreams, and hopes.

Reality and fancy laugh at me—
Alone, bewildered, afraid;
I run and run,
Sometimes escaping—
Yet always returning to the night.

— Millie Walker

I Think I'll Turn My Head

By Frances Jane Lansing

Henry James is often criticized for his "unrealistic" approach to the game of daily life and to its participants. Although his plots seldom involve disease, alcoholism or poverty, there is no reason to assume that they avoid contact with the unfortunate side of human existence. The tragedy Henry James writes about is built around the everyday life of people who struggle internally, yet who, at first glance, might seem, like Richard Cory, to be without a worry in the world. These commonplace heroes and heroines are the ones few people worry about.

In many of his stories, James seems to be asking us what a person should do when he meets these hapless individuals. There are many people in life as well as in literature, who, paralyzed by their innocence, are unable to remove themselves from any undesirable position. Do we try to help them, do we gape at them with curiosity and awe, or do we do what so many men and women do; do we simply turn our heads?

Do we look the other way when we meet people like Mme. de Cintre in *The American*? It is difficult not to become emotionally involved with the lady who has, by a decision she has made, fated herself to lead a cold and lonely life by obeying the unjust whims of her cruel aristocratic mother and brother. While we cannot help becoming frustrated and distressed with Claire de Cintre's helpessness in attempting to change her destiny, we begin to realize why she cannot be helped to do so. As the author and as a man who possessed keen psychological insight, Henry James knew that it would be inconsistent for the woman Christopher Newman loves to ignore tradition and her elders in order to marry him. Her incapacity to do anything but the thing she considers most virtuous is the quality that shows us what will happen to Claire eventually. What they will be and what they will do is logically the result of what Henry James' characters are now. He would have agreed with Ferdinand in *The Duchess of Malfi,* who before his death said hopelessly:

> Whether we fall by ambition, blood or lust
> Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust.[1]

Since Claire's ambition is to live morally, with obedience to her elders and respect for the past, it is difficult for anyone to sway her. Even Newman, who loves and wishes to marry the good lady, finds it impossible to aid her. Obviously, although the reader becomes involved, he is helpless. All he can say is "If only . . ." and all he can feel for Christopher Newman and Mme. de Cintre is pity.

In *Portrait of a Lady,* Isabel Archer is another woman in distress. She is a wealthy, pretty, and clever American. Turning down the marriage proposals of the men who love her, she marries a cruel tyrant, to whom she is attracted because of his intellect, cleverness, and seeming humility. Isabel finally leaves him, realizing he cares only for her money; she admits her love for another man. But, out of an iron sense of duty and morality, she returns to a hellish life with Osmond.

Isabel Archer is an overpowering person who demands awe from every reader. She is also a person who provokes the reader to wonder and to ask "Why won't she help herself?" She cannot and will not request a divorce from Osmond because her sense of right restrains her from backing away from a decision which she herself once made.

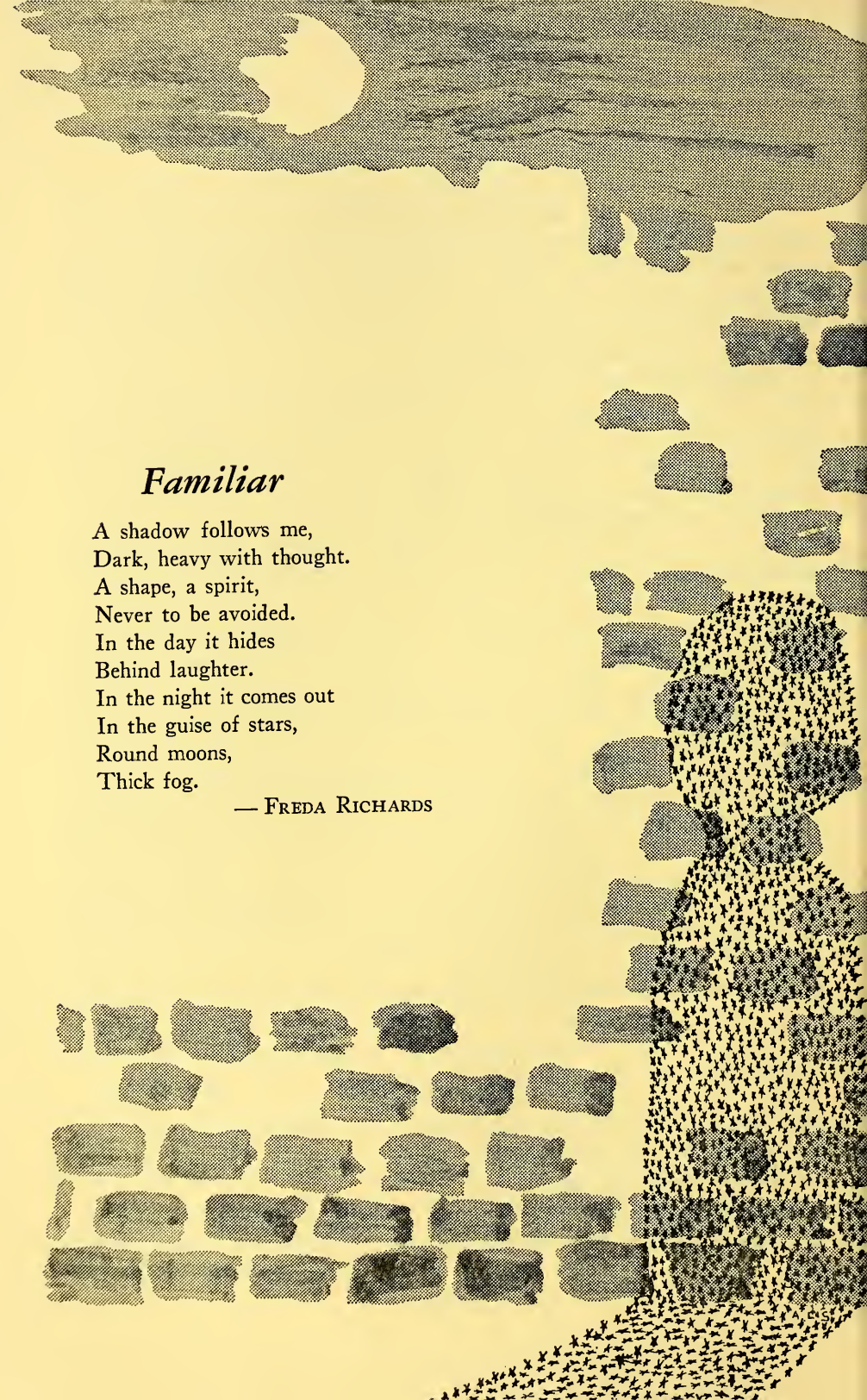
Maisie, in *What Maisie Knew,* is one of the most love-inspiring characters the author has ever created. The desire to snatch her from Ida and Beale Farange, to cuddle her and give her a normal home, is an overpowering one. Maisie, like James' other figures, is unable to rescue herself from being the toy of her jealous parents. One reason is that she hopes they really do love her. But it is basically, once again, her innocence, as well as her youth, which prevents her from realizing her predicament and doing something about it. She learns instead to remain silent. This her elders take as a symptom of stupidity. They turn their heads, using her only to punish each other. Even though Maisie rests innocent herself, we cannot help but have compassion for the little girl who knows all about everything.

Henry James once created a character who endowed his readers with insight into his own personality. He gave us a naive young lady to take to our hearts, and he was careful never to do it again. It seems as though James was telling us about the European and American-European inability to accept good and honest people for what they really are. Much of the purpose of the story is to show what could happen to a child-like and pure person living in the world of cynical sophisticates. In doing this, the author has painted a verbal masterpiece of a sincere young lady traveling in Europe.

In *Daisy Miller,* Daisy's destruction is caused by her naiveté which prevents others, such as Winterbourne, whom she loves, from taking her seriously. Her innocence is not only blinding to others, but to herself as well. It keeps her from recognizing evil, insincerity, and danger, and thus prevents her from escaping her fate. She dies of a simple fever, futile in her attempts to be successful in love.

To read Henry James is to peer beyond the lace-frilled windows facing the streets of life. It is to see that there are afflictions just as harmful as

(continued on page 32)



Familiar

A shadow follows me,
Dark, heavy with thought.
A shape, a spirit,
Never to be avoided.
In the day it hides
Behind laughter.
In the night it comes out
In the guise of stars,
Round moons,
Thick fog.

— Freda Richards

they are real. ". . . Doubt is cast on the reality of things," [19] but still the voice of the world calls foretelling a better world. The inner voice of the conqueror urges him to turn the frantic search inward; the pleadings go unheeded.

And so "on an old tree, the tailor hangs a new garment of an admirable velvet." [20] New words are placed on old ideas, new hopes are fastened on old dreams. The conqueror and the progress of civilization move onward, under new faces and guises. Greater conquests call for increased activity, a more frenzied advancement. However, "in busy lands are the greatest silences" [21]—yes, the silences of the soul brought on by a lack of thought and contemplation. To think would be to see; to see would be to destroy the dream.

But it is from the "provinces of the soul" [22] that one can see the world in its proper perspective. It is here in the recesses of the soul that the third great season begins. It is from this viewpoint that one can see "the whole feather of harvest" [23] of civilization and progress. It is from here that one can witness "all conditions of men in their ways and manners" [24] and their efforts to find happiness and contentment on the earth, this "plough-land of dream." [25] It is from here that one asks oneself how all this fruitless and vain activity began, how man became involved in a life of false promises. It is with this awareness that the stranger finds himself turning away from the frantic search for happiness in earthly pleasures.

Only a few travel this road of self-imposed isolation. The vast majority of mankind never reach the third great season of life. Some never reach the second stage. Some never attempt to find happiness either in themselves or in other aspects of life. Those who reach the second great season and look for contentment look in vain. They find a loneliness and emptiness that in reality makes them the truly isolated and exiled. Man in the third great season has not found loneliness in his isolation but has found from his self-knowledge an integrity and an inner peace that transcends all earthly pleasures and dispels all the sorrows of his isolation from his fellow man. Jean Paul Sartre, the French philosopher, might call this stage of life the "transcendence of the ego." St. John Perse, the French poet, has called it a "song of great sweetness. And some there are who have knowledge thereof." [26]

(continued on next page)

ANABASIS AN ADVENTURE IN IMAGERY (continued from page 31)

FOOTNOTES

1 C. M. Bowra, *The Heritage of Symbolism,* (London, 1959), pp. 6, 7, 10, and 12.
2 Marcel Raymond, *From Baudelaire to Surrealism,* (New York, 1950), p. 326.
3 St. John Perse, *Anabasis,* (New York), p. 91.
4 *Ibid.,* p. 49.
5 *Ibid.,* pp. 41, 43, 45, and 45, respectively.
6 *Ibid.,* p. 25.
7 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
8 *Ibid.,* p. 25.
9 *Ibid.,* p. 71.
10 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
11 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
12 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
13 *Ibid.,* p. 31.
14 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
15 *Ibid.,* p. 27.
16 *Ibid.,* p. 45.
17 *Ibid.,* p. 71.
18 *Ibid.,* p. 37.
19 *Ibid.,* p. 37.
20 *Ibid.,* p. 39.
21 *Ibid.,* p. 31.
22 *Ibid.,* p. 79.
23 *Ibid.,* p. 87.
24 *Ibid.,* p. 83.
25 *Ibid.,* p. 87.
26 *Ibid.,* p. 93.

I THINK I'LL TURN MY HEAD (continued from page 29)

disease, alcoholism, and poverty. It is to see that the misfortune befalling people who strive, above all, to do the good thing, is the most unfortunate of all tragedies. Henry James, by showing us the innocence of these pathetic people, seems to be asking us individually what we can do. Should I say, "I will try to help them?" Their innocence is often so great as to prevent them from helping themselves. Should I say, "I will look at them with awe and be inspired?" Their lives are so terribly sad. What will I do? I think I'll turn my head.

FOOTNOTES

1 Webster, John. *Duchess of Malfi.* Cincinnati: The American Publishing Company, 1959. p. 48.

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