

Winter 1964

# The Colonnade, Volume XXVIII Number 2, Winter 1964-65

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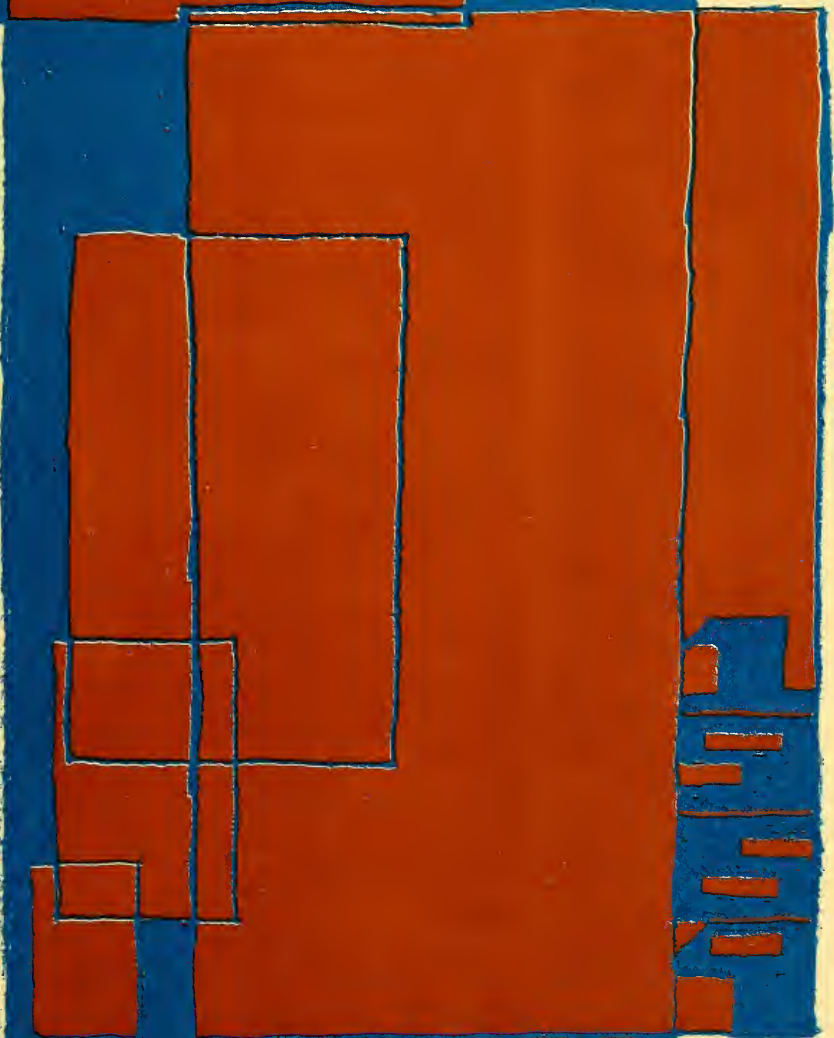
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WINTER



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# COLONNADE

LONGWOOD COLLEGE  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA  
WINTER • 1964-65



VOLUME XXVIII NO. 2

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# *Education Is Awareness*

An Open Letter From The Editor :

This letter comprises the concluding portion to the two-part letter series concerning "education is awareness." The first letter introduced the scope of education through awareness, and this one will develop the responsibilities incumbent on education through awareness.

The interchangeability of the words education and awareness was established in the first letter; thus the word awareness may hereafter be substituted for education. A phrase which appeared in the first letter can perhaps be construed as the key to the idea of the responsibility of awareness—"progressive development of the mind." This phrase should give indication of the quality of awareness which manifests itself in the development of the individual. Through awareness we are led beyond the limitations of our own narrow grasp; we learn how to expose ourselves to life. From this challenging, we come to understand and accept both ourselves and others.

Once an individual attains a sense of awareness, what responsibility ensues? The answer in part is found in the word "seeking." Awareness involves the constant search to understand and evaluate every situation and every idea to which we are exposed. Certainly it is difficult to re-evaluate established ideas in light of new discoveries, but the responsibility of awareness demands this of the individual.

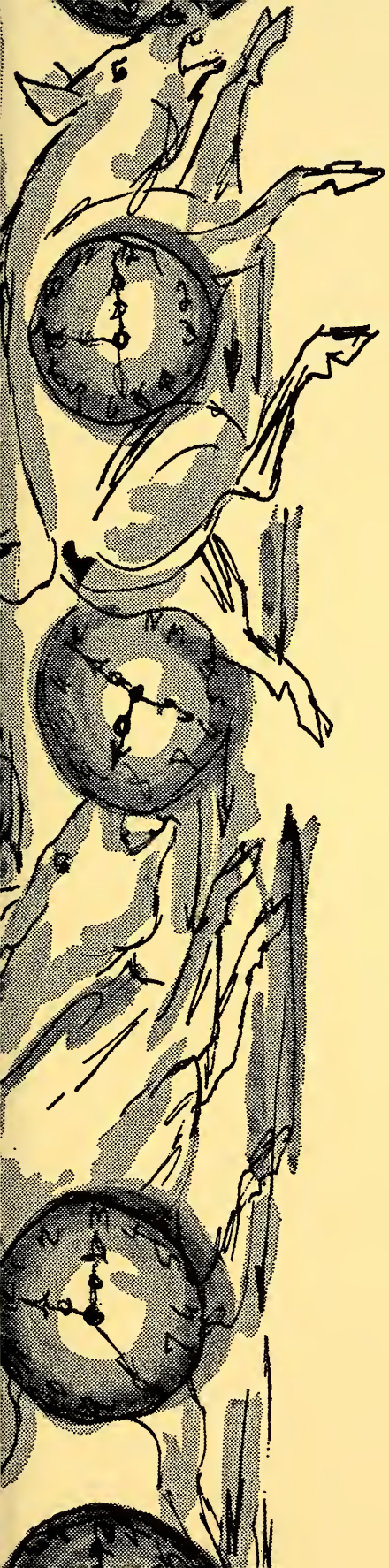
The second of these responsibilities is best expressed by the word "caring." Awareness demands involvement in life, and involvement is caring enough about ourselves and others to seek to understand. Much has been written in the past few years about the idea of involvement; for this reason many readers ignore it as no longer of any timely concern for themselves. What has failed to capture their attention is the fact that the essence of involvement is simply caring to search for understanding, for awareness.

Do we care enough to allow ourselves to become aware of the world of ideas, actions, and people existing beyond the limiting confines of our own small worlds? Have we ever felt the need to seek and to care about anything outside ourselves?

D. L. W.

.....

Regretfully, the *Colonnade* has yet to announce that it had received a First Class Honor Rating from the Associated Collegiate Press for the second consecutive year, 1963-64. Belated congratulations to last year's staff for an excellent series of magazines.



## *On Contemporary Education*

Kick the old sow,  
Struggling belly,  
Swollen and alive,  
Hurry, pig.  
Give us your brood,  
But hurry,  
Now, don't wait.  
Come out—  
Grow, shoat.  
Voodoo medicine man.  
Rainmaker.

—FREDA RICHARDS





## *the mist*

a play in one act by donna weatherly

scene: utopia, clouds of mist are rising as the sun appears on the horizon.  
two elderly men, decidedly stooped over, approach out of the mists  
wrapped in shrouds, eyes bandaged.

first man: "i love dawn strolls."

second man: "yes (pause)—it does clear the . . . spirit."

first man: "do you leave today?"

second man: (silence)

first: "i said—is today the day you said you were leaving?" (emphatic)

second: "uh? so sorry . . . i didn't hear you . . . i . . . was . . . just . . .  
feeling something . . . just . . . now."

first: "really? do you remember it?" (interest)

second: "not clearly . . . i was feeling something . . . that happened . . .  
long ago . . . about . . ." (stops)

first: (breaks in) "about what? concentrate a little more . . . a past feeling.  
this is important. try to . . . think . . ."

second: "i just can't seem . . . to break . . . the barrier. it's like a titron wall  
before me."

first: "i knew a man who had . . . feelings . . . once . . . i'm not sure. . . ."  
(voice trails off)

second: "uh-huh. i have to . . . think . . . before i can (long pause) leave."

first: "uh. maybe you should." (vacant)

second: "wait. wait a minute, yes i do feel something . . . i can remem-  
ber . . . it's coming back to me . . . i feel a breakthrough. we are . . .  
utopians . . . living in a perfect world . . . a world we helped to  
create." (raised voice)

first: "we are . . .?"

second: "yes. we are. we are perfect men . . . don't you see? we have  
perfected all science . . . all thought . . . all knowledge . . . we know  
the secrets of life . . . itself . . . we know . . . problems do not  
exist . . . anymore. . . . (voice trails off)

first: "we really know everything?" (credulous)

second: (not hearing him) "we live in a world dedicated . . . to . . . to . . ."

first: "to what?" (disconcerted)

second: "i . . . can't . . . say it."

first: "can you . . . think . . . it?" (puzzled)

(continued on next page)

second: "a . . . yes. but . . . the thought . . . causes . . . a new sensation."  
(distracted)

first: "what?"

second: (long pause) "pain."

first: "pain? what is . . . pain?" (troubled)

second: "human."

first: "oh. (pause) was that your . . . thought?"

second: "no. only the result."

first: "oh." (anguished)

second: "you don't understand, do you?"

first: "no . . . not really." (vague)

second: "try. visualize a solid mass immeshed in titron."

first: "i see. disassociation."

second: "no—complete . . . association. commitment."

first: "commitment?" (vague)

second: "being alive."

first: "i don't . . . understand. . . ." (pained)

second: "i didn't expect you . . . to understand."

first: "oh."

second: (straightens his back up) "i must leave now. the time is . . . rapidly approaching." (removes shroud, casts it aside)

first: "what . . . what are you doing?" (anxious)

second: "leaving." (turns face away from other man)

first: "wait . . . before . . . you leave. what is our world . . . dedicated to?"

second: "Blindness." (removes bandage from his eyes and turns into the mist and disappears)

## PLACE FOR TRANSIENTS

By Freda Richards

She sits in the bus station—bored and tired. She flicks her ashes on the floor and watches a solitary ash light on her hand. (She feels momentary sympathy for the woman who cleans the floors.) The man across from her has white spots on his green argyles. How typical, she thinks, of people in a bus station. The man had looked like a fairly decent type, but then he turned out to have spots on his socks.

Gazing around at the people there, she is both revolted and filled with

## *PLACE FOR TRANSIENTS*

pity. (The pity she feels is brought on by the beer she had consumed before she came in hopes of dulling the horror of the bus station.) She hates bus stations. She can even get to hate the people in them after a while, and she has been there for almost an hour. The voice from the information booth names a place that she has heard of but never visited. She wishes she could pay her money and get on the bus and ride there, forgetting all responsibility. Dreams.

A short boy gallops by—all of a sudden the room spins and her eyes start to water from the smoke of too many cigarettes. Her stomach is reeling and lurching in protest. So to help matters she walks over to buy a candy bar.

As she sits there, the most fantastic trio she has ever seen walks in—a huge woman with tremendous curls of hair piled on her forehead, her eyebrows a thin inverted V. The two girls with her are slightly drunk, and have their hair rolled and covered with sleazy scarves. They also wear slacks. The girls rush off to have their pictures taken in a booth, while the woman stays and listens to a transistor radio. (A serviceman across the room is tuned to the same station.) Two men with definitely too-long hair come in and approach the woman. She says hello and calls them by name. Then, they leave with the girls. Two benches over sit a young couple, happily intent upon each other. They look as if they are on a honeymoon—what a shame to have to spend even one minute of a honeymoon in a bus station, she thinks.

A colored musician strolls in, his knees and ankles bending in a sort of natural beat. His hair is long, his pants tight, and he carries a large case which she assumes houses a guitar. He continues on by her, with a sidewise glance at the brown-skinned girl who sits next to her. The brown-skinned girl looks up, and smiles fleetingly at him as he passes. They seem, she muses, to have a friendship which has been born into them, even though she doesn't think they have ever met. She reflects for a moment of how seldom it is that spontaneous affection springs up between people today; the prime thought seems to be "don't get involved."

An interesting philosophical discussion before this trip had prompted her depression which weighs on her head like a stone as she sits there dissecting the people in the station. ". . . Claim your seats. . . ." How she wishes she could claim her seat, or even actually be sure she had a place to claim. She feels, as do many people her age, that she is being perpetually ousted from everywhere, that she has nowhere really solid to stay. How appropriately she sits in this station for transients and waits and waits.

# *Edward Albee: An Existential Interpretation*

By Barbara Melton

With each generation new problems are born, and the task of a philosophy is to provide a body of thoughts and ideas that can serve as a foundation on which man can build his life. The philosophy that has come to shape this latest generation is existentialism, and existential ideas permeate the works of almost all major American and European writers who have written since World War II. The writer who has done the most to promote the popularity of existentialism is Jean-Paul Sartre, but there have been others whose works are profoundly influenced by existential thought. Among these writers is Edward Albee. Although he has produced a relatively small amount of work—five plays—strains of existentialism are revealed in each of his plays.

Existentialism as its name implies, concerns itself with existence, and it attempts to answer man's most fundamental question: what does it mean to exist. As a philosophy, it contains ideas about a number of themes: 1) existence before essence, 2) alienation of an individual from society, 3) despair caused by the anguish of alienation, 4) a realization of nothingness, 5) the absurdity of life, and 6) the absolute freedom of the individual.<sup>1</sup>

These are some of the themes that are characteristic of Albee's plays, and his heroes are basically existential heroes. This perspective is especially applicable to four of his plays: *The American Dream*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Death of Bessie Smith*, and *The Zoo Story*.

In Albee's *The American Dream*, the problem involved is that of the fundamental question—what does it mean to exist. As far as the individual characters are concerned, their existence has no meaning whatsoever. In Sartre's rejection statement of the Nobel Prize for Literature, he said that in order for existence to have any meaning, one must make a total commitment of some sort.<sup>2</sup> The character of Grandma is one example of someone whose being lacks any commitment. She draws meaning for her life by doing little things for her family. The reader can tell by her attitude towards her family that there is no total commitment on her part to the family. She depends on Mommy and Daddy for financial support, but she draws no pleasure or meaning for her existence from them.

Daddy is as uncommitted as Grandma is. Throughout the play he is a typical example of the hen-pecked husband. In no way does he ever exercise his existential free will. His actions are products of Mommy's desires. He looks to her before every word he utters in a gesture to obtain her approval. According to existentialism, individual free will is the most difficult thing to

## EDWARD ALBEE: AN EXISTENTIAL INTERPRETATION

maintain because it automatically implies alienation from one's society, and the forces of society are working against the person who acts on his free will. Daddy is eager to relinquish his freedom in favor of the authority of Mommy. Freedom, or the ability for one to exist for one's freedom, is mostly determined by one's courage. This, unfortunately, is not one of Daddy's virtues.

As far as Mrs. Barker is concerned, she is the type of individual T. S. Eliot may have had in mind when he wrote in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons."<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Barker is one of Albee's best examples of the uncommitted modern woman. In her own words she describes herself: "I've got my fingers in so many little pies, you know."<sup>4</sup> She belongs to five womens' clubs that are directionless in themselves. Mrs. Barker is going in every direction and no direction. She is not involved in any total commitment; therefore, in terms of existentialism, her existence is meaningless.

*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* deals with the problem of the illusions one creates to sustain his existence in the modern world and the alienation one knows when these illusions are shattered. In an article in *The English Journal*, John Killinger wrote: "Man becomes aware of the insane character of daily living; and in the instant that he is divested of his illusions he realizes that he is an alien in the world."<sup>5</sup> In *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* the principal characters involved are Martha and George, who can make no attempt to communicate with each other except through illusions. Both of these characters are aware of a deep sense of alienation from each other, and in an effort to overcome this, they try to create a correlative for their inner selves, a mythological son through whom they hope to attain some level of communication between their spiritual beings. However, this fails because when their greatest illusion is gone, their communication is also gone. As Killinger says: "With a virtuous display of cruelty, Martha and George slash at each other's secrets, stripping illusions away like layers of skin."<sup>6</sup> In the final moments of the play Albee reveals the anguish of the characters when George asks Martha, "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Martha, at this point accepts herself and answers, "I . . . am . . . George . . . I . . . am . . ."<sup>7</sup>

*The Death of Bessie Smith* concerns the existential concept of existence before essence. Sartre explained existence before essence when he wrote that an individual first exists, grows up in the world, and defines himself afterward.<sup>8</sup> Within the play, Albee creates a situation that coincides perfectly with the existential idea of the absurdity of life. The setting is a great white hospital wherein a white nurse and white intern are arguing about a ridiculous

(continued on next page)

EDWARD ALBEE: AN EXISTENTIAL INTERPRETATION

(continued from page 11)

subject while without, a Negro woman is bleeding to death. The argument between the nurse and the intern involves the fact that a Negro man wants to get Bessie Smith into the white hospital for emergency treatment. The nurse and intern are concerned with the essence of Bessie Smith rather than her existence as an individual. That is, they discriminate against her on the basis of her cover-symbol as a Negro rather than her existence as a human being. Prejudices such as these lead only to a waste of human life and contribute to the absurdity of existence, as Albee indicates by having Bessie Smith die a needless death.

With *The Zoo Story* Albee creates his greatest existential hero — Jerry. The play unfolds in the tradition of absurdist drama. Peter, who is quietly reading a book on a Sunday afternoon, is strangely interrupted by Jerry, who literally screams that he has just been to the zoo. Their whole conversation is nothing but a series of personal, senseless, and disconnected questions. At every point Jerry attempts to fling accusations at Peter and imply things about him that are not true.

In existential terms, Jerry has come to realize the absurdity of his world. He is totally disgusted with his environment and everything in it: "The room beyond my beaverboard wall is occupied by a colored queen who always keeps his door open . . . he has a Japanese kimono . . . all he does is pluck his eyebrows, wear his kimono . . . the two front rooms on my floor are a little larger . . . there's a Puerto Rican family in one of them . . . there's a lady living on the third floor, in the front. I know because she cries all the time, muffled, but very determined . . . the landlady is a fat, ugly mean, stupid, unwashed, misanthropic, cheap, drunken bag of garbage. . . ."9

Jerry is living in an atmosphere of squalor and moral decadence. The other tenants are in complete despair with the hopelessness of their condition. It is this awareness of hopelessness or, as Sartre would say, nothingness, that throws Jerry into despair and causes him to act as he does. His realization of the absurdity of his existence is revealed in his one question: "What are you trying to do? Make sense out of things? Bring order?"10

Once an existential hero has become aware of nothingness, he becomes alienated from his world. Jerry feels that he is an alien in his house and makes two attempts to overcome this. He first tries with the ferocious dog that the landlady owns: "It's just that if you can't deal with people, you have to make a start somewhere. WITH ANIMALS! Don't you see: A person has to have some way of dealing with SOMETHING."11 Conse-

## EDWARD ALBEE: AN EXISTENTIAL INTERPRETATION

quently, he makes numerous attempts to become friends with the dog that wants to tear Jerry to pieces. The two come to some sort of understanding when they stare into each other's faces, and momentarily Jerry has overcome his alienation.

The title of the play, *The Zoo Story*, has implications in terms of existential alienation. Jerry explains his reason for going to the zoo: "I went to the zoo to find out more about the way animals exist with each other, and with people too. It probably wasn't a fair test, what with everyone separated by bars from everyone else. . . ." <sup>12</sup> People are really like animals — they are forever separated by invisible bars within their being. A realization of this is what causes Jerry's anguish and why he went to the zoo. Looking at an animal in a cage, perhaps he saw the image of his own self—a prisoner within the cage of his own being.

Albert Camus believed that life is totally absurd, yet one must fight against this absurdity. Man must accept this absurdity only in that he maintains an awareness of it. Then he must defy it by "loving existence and clinging to life in spite of it." <sup>13</sup>

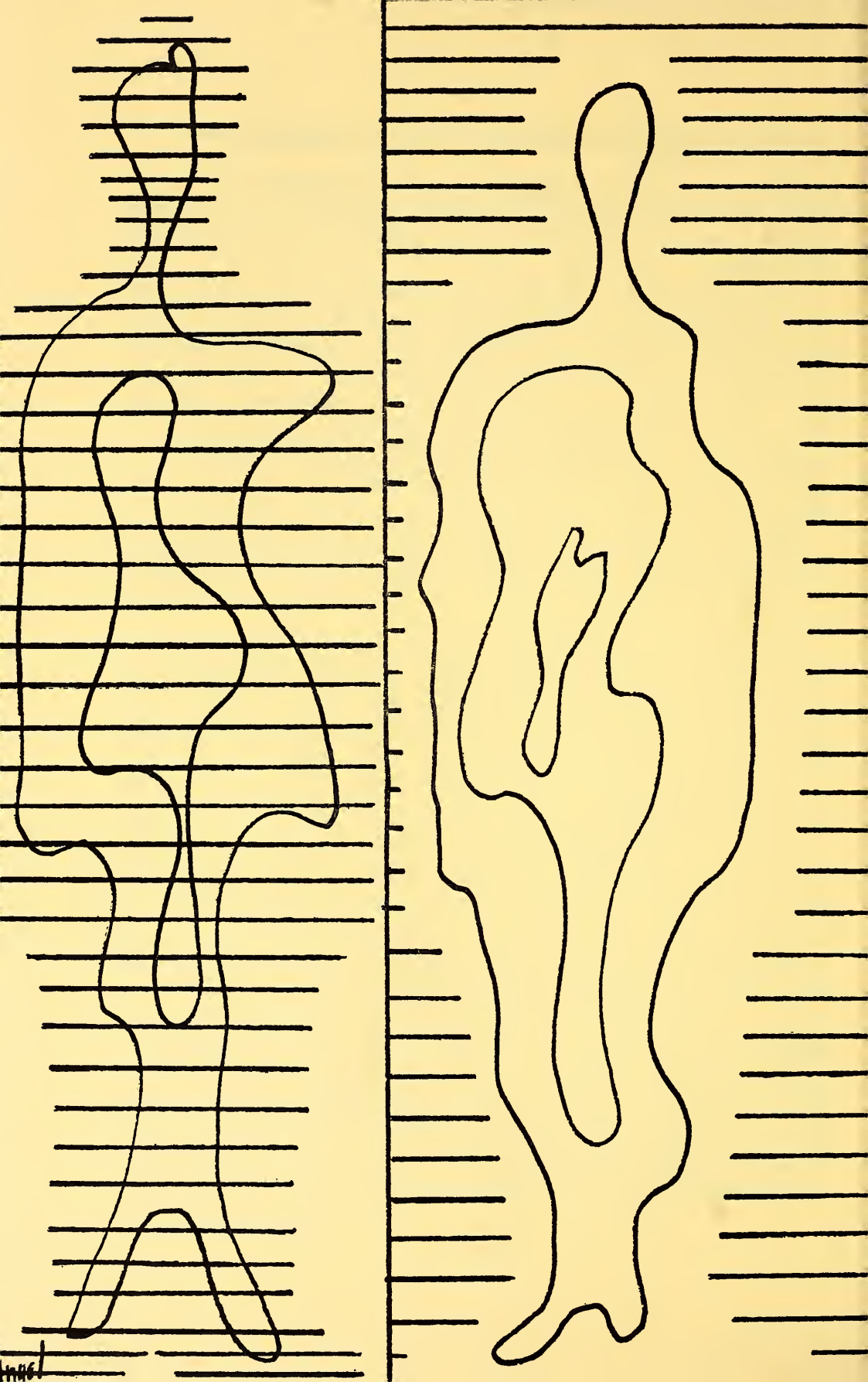
This rebellion against the absurdity of life is why Jerry deliberately provokes Peter into a fight over the park bench. Seemingly for no reason, Jerry demands to have the whole bench for himself, and in doing this Jerry creates another absurd situation. Peter finally becomes angry enough to scream back at Jerry that he cannot have the bench, but in the middle of his screaming he suddenly becomes aware of the ridiculousness of the situation: "POLICE! I warn you, I'll have you arrested. POLICE! I said POLICE! I feel ridiculous . . . I don't care if it makes any sense or not. I want this bench to myself; I want you OFF IT!" <sup>14</sup> Jerry comes back with a superb statement of the absurdity of the situation: "Are these the things men fight for? Is this your honor? Can you think of anything more absurd?" <sup>15</sup>

Another basic precept of existentialism concerns the individual and his free will. That is, "man must accept individual responsibility for his own becoming . . . a man is the sum total of the acts that make up his life. . . ." <sup>16</sup> Right up to the final moment of the play, Jerry remains a product of his individual free will. His final act is one of suicide, but even this is an existential death. Camus wrote that a voluntary death (except in the case of madmen) implies that one has come to realize that all is ridiculous and that there is no profound reason for living. <sup>17</sup>

Undoubtedly this awareness is what motivates Jerry to provoke an argu-

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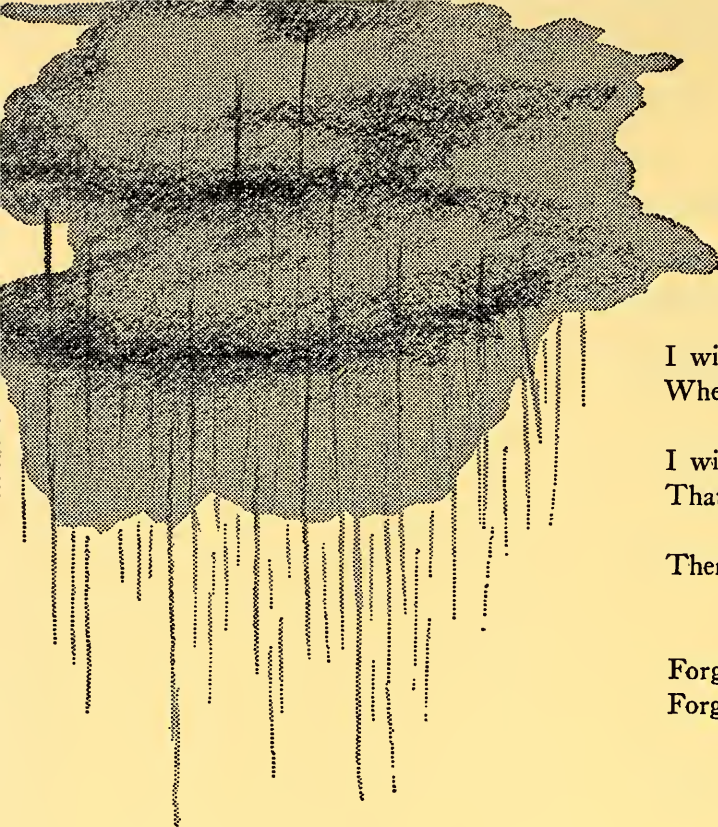




## *The Agitator*

Living in wonder circles,  
Torn by far flung thoughts,  
Pushed long beyond strength,  
Knowing of strange meanings,  
He moves,  
In a shadow world of people,  
Seeking ever the infinite,  
Stirring others to think,  
Grading dimensions of work,  
Feels out,  
Looks beyond,  
Is cursed,  
Misunderstood ;  
And why?

—GAYLE RAY



## *Forget*

I wish I could stop caring  
Whether your love is mine  
or not.

I wish I could stop hoping  
That some day mine would be  
yours.

Then I could forget all the  
memories stored,  
inside,

Forget the way you are,  
Forget your eyes looking in  
mine, and your  
voice, and your  
hand on mine.

I wish I could throw away  
All remembrances of the past.  
I wish I could cry  
And catch the tears, then  
Throw them aside with all  
that is you of my  
thoughts.

Then I could forget you,  
Forget that we ever met,  
Forget that my heart once was  
free.

Forget all the years gone  
by.

But I cannot forget, and  
I  
cry.

—MARIA GRANT

[ 16 ]



## *Divestment*

No longer can I be alone,  
    (grey and black slanting rooftops.)  
I need you to be whole.  
    (straight planks,  
    Hewn of pine and oak.  
    Green and mossy banks,  
    Stagnant, murky liquid,  
    Choking with parasites,  
    Water flowers.  
    Rotting timbers, grown over with fungus,  
    Muddy and rust,  
    Obscured by wild weeds,  
    White blossoms  
    Dropping petals on the  
    Dank water.)

—FREDA RICHARDS



## THE EXHIBITION

By Amanda Ruff

I had not been living in town long before I found occasion one morning to call on my neighbor next door. I went there to get her recommendation of a dentist. Mrs. Stewart was very friendly. She had called on me when I first moved into the neighborhood and had invited me to come over to see her anytime I felt the need of company. Therefore, when the mission of my visit had been accomplished, I was not surprised when she insisted that I stay and have coffee and conversation with her.

The coffee was hot and delicious, and I found my neighbor to be an easy conversationalist. We talked of many things, comparing the similar facets of our lives. She was a bridge player, and I a private art collector; but we found that these two activities gave us the same self-satisfaction and happiness. We had discussed my hometown and were beginning to talk of this, her hometown, when we heard the postman outside.

## THE EXHIBITION

Telling me that she was expecting a letter from her sister in Nebraska, Mrs. Stewart excused herself to go to the door and bring in the mail. I sat, sipping my second cup of coffee while she opened and read her mail. An odd expression came over her face while she read a formal-looking engraved invitation. She appeared to be both excited and anxious as she looked at it with absorption. Finally she finished going through the mail and turned back to me. "Did you hear from your sister?" I asked.

"No", she murmured absently. Then she handed the engraved invitation to me, telling me to read it. I read: "You are cordially invited to attend an exhibition of paintings by Miss Patricia Forrester at the Forrester Estate on Willow Drive, at two o'clock in the afternoon on Tuesday, the twentieth of October, nineteen hundred and sixty-four."

I looked at her, waiting for some further comment or explanation. She sat, deep in thought, looking into space. After several moments she slowly turned to me and began her story.

"From the time I was brought home from the hospital as a baby until the day I got married, I lived on Willow Drive about a mile from the Forrester Estate. The huge white house with the stately pillars on Willow Drive has always fascinated me. Not that I have ever seen it up close, of course. The house sits away from the road—I don't know exactly how far—but it's close enough for anyone to see that it's a magnificent house. Even when I was a little girl, I had longed to walk up that long, straight driveway, covered with white pebbles and bordered with dark green boxwoods, and knock loudly on the door with the big brass knocker. But my mother had always forbidden this to me, and so I had only paused at the entrance of the driveway to gaze longingly at the big house. On those occasions as a girl, I had often seen the gardener neatly trimming the boxwoods. The Forresters had always been extremely wealthy, and everyone had always marveled at their well-kept estate.

"I attended high school with Patricia Forrester. She had gone to a private school until the ninth grade, but her parents finally allowed her to attend public schools after she had begged and pleaded with them all during the eighth grade. She often told us in high school how she had watched us other kids passing by her driveway in the old yellow school bus in the afternoons and had heard us singing and laughing noisily and how she had always longed to be a part of the fun we knew.

"I liked Patricia, but I didn't know her very well. None of us did. We could tell she wanted to be one of us, but somehow she never did fit in. She was different—sort of aloof. She didn't have any brothers or sisters, so she

(continued on next page)

never felt completely at ease around other kids. All through high school she tried so hard to please us, to make us proud of her. But for some reason she was never able to become one of us.

"When we were seniors, Patricia started dating Bill Hutchins. That surprised all of us tremendously. Patricia had never dated anyone else as far as we knew. And Bill Hutchins—well, he just wasn't her type. But she quickly fell in love with him, or so she thought.

"We never could figure out why Bill was dating Patricia. It was the lure of the Forrester money, I suppose. Bill was awfully good-looking, but he didn't have a very good reputation. He was a real Don Juan. He was known for dating girls to get what he wanted and then leaving them stranded suddenly. He had never dated a girl more than five or six times. But Patricia was different—he didn't stop dating her after five or six dates.

"Patricia and Bill had been dating for about six months when I heard that they were thinking of getting married. I stopped Patricia in the hall one day and asked her about this. She seemed a little surprised that I knew, but she was very happy as she told me that it was true. She told me that her parents didn't completely approve of Bill and that they wouldn't want her to marry him. Therefore, she had not told them. She confided that they planned to elope following graduation and asked me not to tell anyone. She was so happily in love with Bill that I could not help feeling happy for her. At last she had found a place where she felt accepted.

"Since Mr. and Mrs. Forrester never had too much to do with the rest of the community, they never heard the rumors that Patricia and Bill were going to be married. And so, on the Saturday following graduation, Patricia and Bill eloped. When the Forresters did find out, they were very upset and they tried to get the marriage annulled. Determined that they weren't going to be torn apart, Patricia and Bill rented an apartment over on the other side of town.

"After they moved, we didn't hear anything of them for several years. We were all busy with our own goals and ambitions and our own families. And besides, we'd never gotten to know Patricia very well. We soon forgot about her except when we drove past the Forrester Estate.

"Then suddenly, about four years later, we heard that Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had been killed in a plane crash. They had been to Paris to buy a painting—I've forgotten what it was now, but I believe it was by Rembrandt. And on the way back, their plane had crashed, killing all thirty-nine passengers aboard and the four crew members. We thought of visiting Patricia to console

## THE EXHIBITION

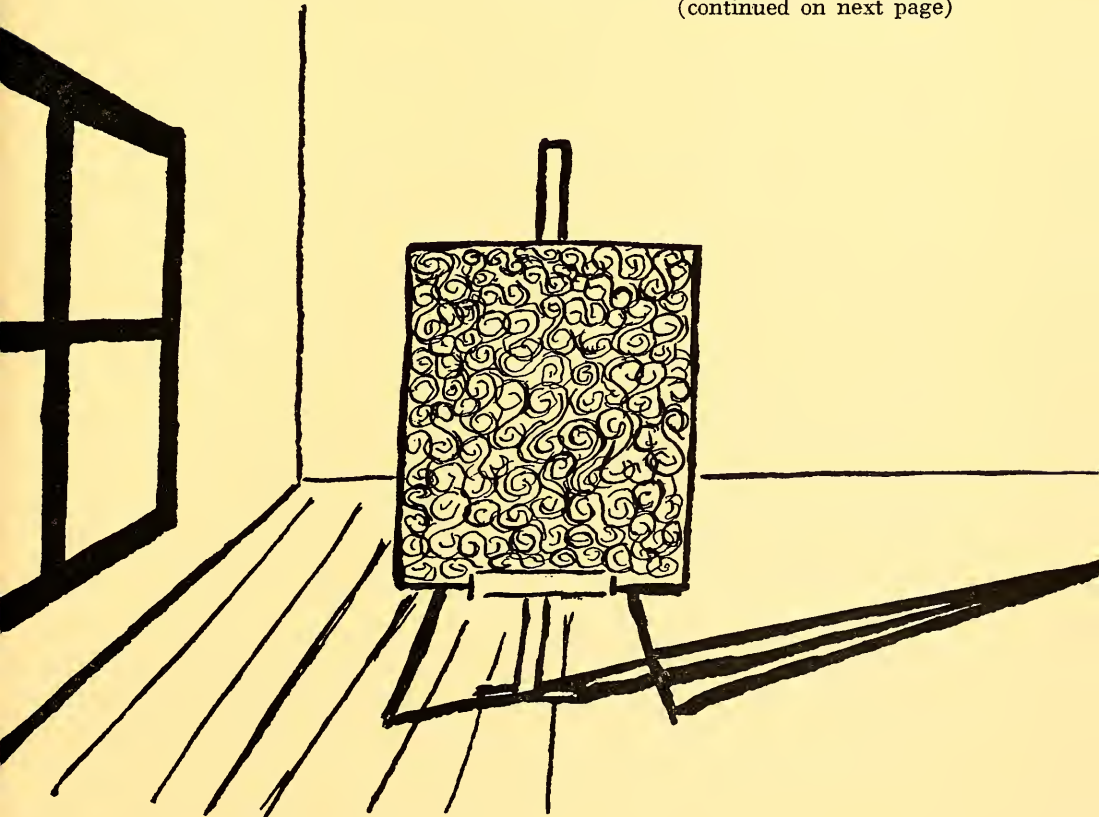
her in what must have been a period of great sorrow for her, but she and Bill had moved again, and none of us knew where they were living.

“The big house continued to stand as proud and majestic as it always did. In the mornings the gardener could still be seen trimming the boxwoods along the pebbly driveway. Everything looked as it always had—but I knew there was no one living in the big house.

“Then one day, having lunch with some of my friends, I heard that Patricia and Bill were coming back to live in the big house. We were all very excited. We wondered how five years of marriage had changed Patricia—and how it had changed Bill. We were sure that both of them must have had to change quite a bit to make their marriage a success. We could hardly wait to see them.

“Soon after that we saw Patricia moving into the big house, but we didn’t see Bill at all. We decided to pay her a visit the next week, but then we heard that Bill had not come back with Patricia. The rumors had it that he had left her, and that they were in the process of getting a divorce. This new information set us back a bit, and we decided not to visit her after all, for

(continued on next page)





we were afraid we wouldn't know what to say to her under the embarrassing circumstances.

"Soon, however, my curiosity to see Patricia again overwhelmed my embarrassment at perhaps not knowing what to say when I talked to her. So, in the months following her return to Willow Drive, I tried several times to call on her. Each time before I planned to visit her, I called her on the phone to ask if it would be convenient for me to come over. And each time the butler answered, telling me politely that Patricia did not feel like receiving any callers that day. Eventually others found their curiosity urging them on too, and many of them did not even bother to call before they went to the big house. But all were turned away in the same manner by the butler. Finally I stopped trying to see her. It seemed evident that she didn't want to see any of us.

"Still I was very much interested in the mystery concerning Patricia and Bill, but the big house remained impenetrable to everyone. A year later I heard that the divorce was final. No one was ever seen going into or coming from the big house. The only sign of life about the estate was the gardener trimming the boxwoods along the driveway. The house was as it had ever been—big, majestic, proud. But within the house Patricia lived secluded, like a hermit. Patricia and Bill eloped ten years ago, and none of us have seen them since then."

Mrs. Stewart stopped talking and looked at me. I knew her story was over, but I also knew that the real ending of the story in which I had become so enthralled was yet to occur. I could not let that story be told to me without the ending.

"Mrs. Stewart," I suddenly said, "As I told you earlier, I'm a private art collector. Do you think you could manage to get an invitation for me to attend the exhibition with you? I'm very interested in seeing Miss Forrester's paintings."

"I don't think Patricia would mind. Why don't we find out right now?" My neighbor said as she went to the phone. She placed the call and this time the butler allowed her to speak to Miss Forrester. When she put down the receiver, she turned back to me and nodded her head in assent. "Yes," she said. "She seemed very glad to know that I was coming, and she said I was welcome to bring any friend with me."

During the week that lay between the arrival of the invitation and the exhibition, I often thought of the story of Patricia Forrester. I wondered if it could be possible that Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had protected their

## THE EXHIBITION

daughter so much that they had destroyed her—so much that, when she was finally able to break through to reality, she was unable to exist there? And regardless of Bill Hutchin's past reputation, I felt rather sorry for him—for trying to help Patricia learn to live in reality, after she had been failed by her parents, must have been a great task.

The day of the exhibition finally arrived and my neighbor and I left for Willow Drive together. When we turned into the driveway of the Forrester Estate, I found it to be just as my neighbor had described it. The estate had obviously been kept up very well. When we reached the door of the big house it was exactly two o'clock, and I could see that my companion had become very excited. The butler received us, took our wraps, and led us into a big living room which was exquisitely furnished in the finest Chippendale style. But it wasn't the furniture that so completely captured my attention. The walls were adorned with two paintings. One was a portrait of Frederic Chopin, done by the great French painter Eugene Delacroix, a contemporary of Chopin's. The other was the only landscape ever painted by Jacques Louis David, "View of the Luxembourg Gardens", painted from his cell window while David was imprisoned for some months in the Luxembourg Palace after the fall of Robespierre. In my studies of art history these two paintings had always interested me immensely. I had often seen reproductions of them, but I had never thought that I would have the opportunity to see the originals.

I had been studying the two paintings and was then wondering what other treasures this magnificent house might hold when I realized that our arrival was being announced to Miss Forrester, who had just joined us. Miss Forrester was a small, rather attractive woman with deeply expressive eyes. These eyes seemed to be pleading silently for her acceptance. She was very quiet and obviously ill at ease in a crowd although she appeared to be trying very hard to fulfill her duties as a hostess. By 2:30 the twenty former classmates who were present had been served punch and were conversing in the living room. During a lull in the conversation Miss Forrester spoke to the butler, and we were led into a small gallery lined with paintings. While the other guests walked around the gallery, looking at the paintings, I lingered in the doorway and watched their reactions. They were going through a routine sort of admiration of the paintings as they looked at each one, but it seemed to me that they didn't understand them. However, Miss Forrester stood by, pleased and smiling happily. She had wanted so much to make them proud of her; and this time, as she listened to their words of praise, I knew she felt that she had succeeded.

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When the throngs around the paintings had spread out some, I walked into the gallery and began to study each of the paintings. What I saw amazed me. The composition of each of the paintings was executed in perfect detail; the lines were sharp and clear in the extremely realistic paintings which showed perfect balance. The colors and subject matter, however, were gloomy and depressing. In each of the paintings was portrayed a woman destroyed by forces over which she had had no control.

Then I turned and saw at my side Mrs. Stewart, who seemed to be ready to leave. "Have you seen all of the paintings?" she asked. We saw that no one was with Miss Forrester at the moment, and so we took the opportunity to thank her for allowing us to see her paintings.

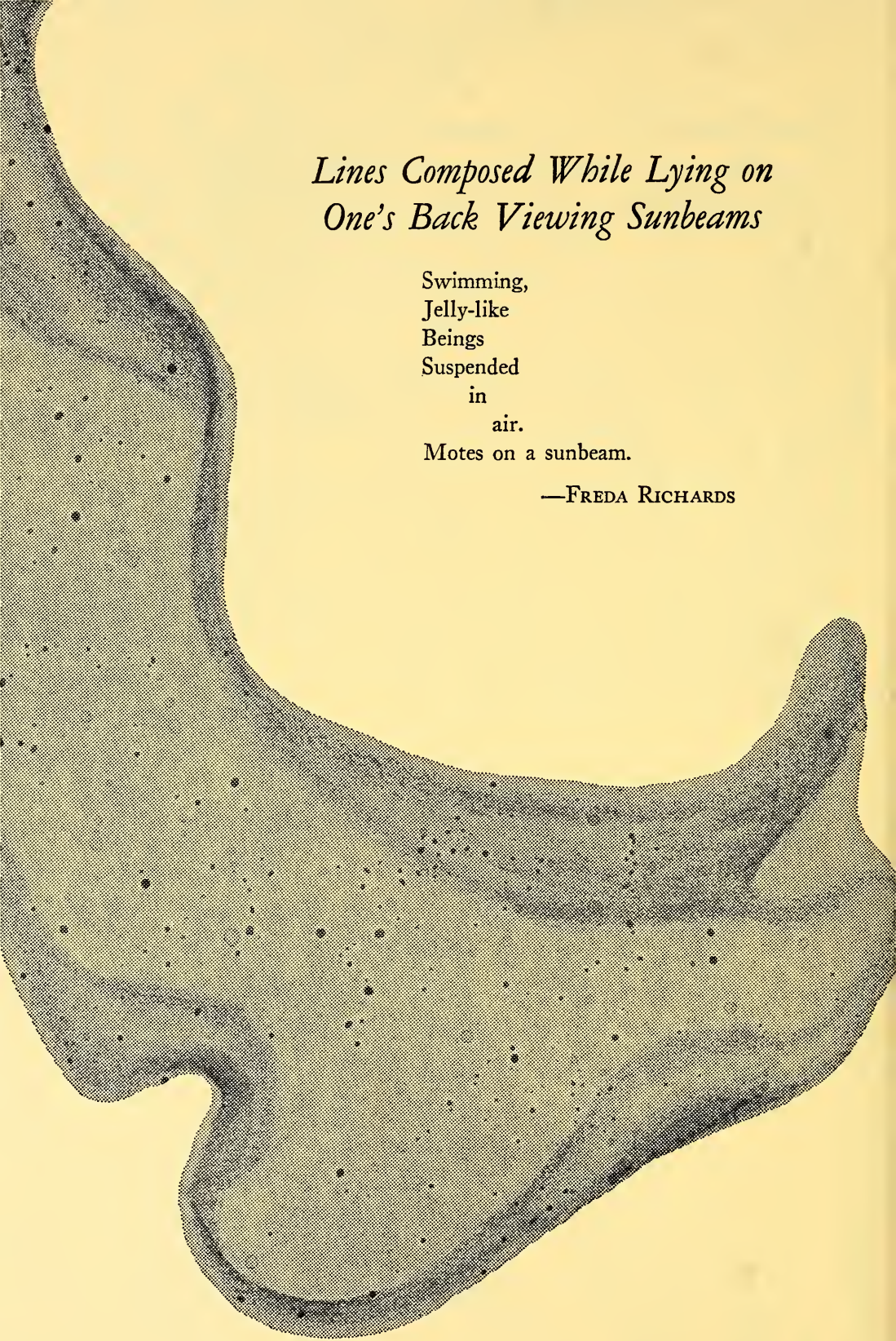
As we turned out of the driveway and left the big house behind, Mrs. Stewart said, "I wonder why in the world she chose such gloomy subjects!" I made no reply, but thought of the woman whose life those paintings depicted.

Still, I thought, her paintings were really good. The subject matter was indeed grisly and bizarre, but the composition was excellent and the paintings were deeply meaningful to the woman who had painted them. Then I thought of Toulouse-Lautrec—and then, Gauguin. And, suddenly, I wondered how many great artists there have been who have lived at variance with society.

*Lines Composed While Lying on  
One's Back Viewing Sunbeams*

Swimming,  
Jelly-like  
Beings  
Suspended  
in  
air.  
Motes on a sunbeam.

—FREDA RICHARDS



# *Making The Swing Go*

By Betty Hodnett

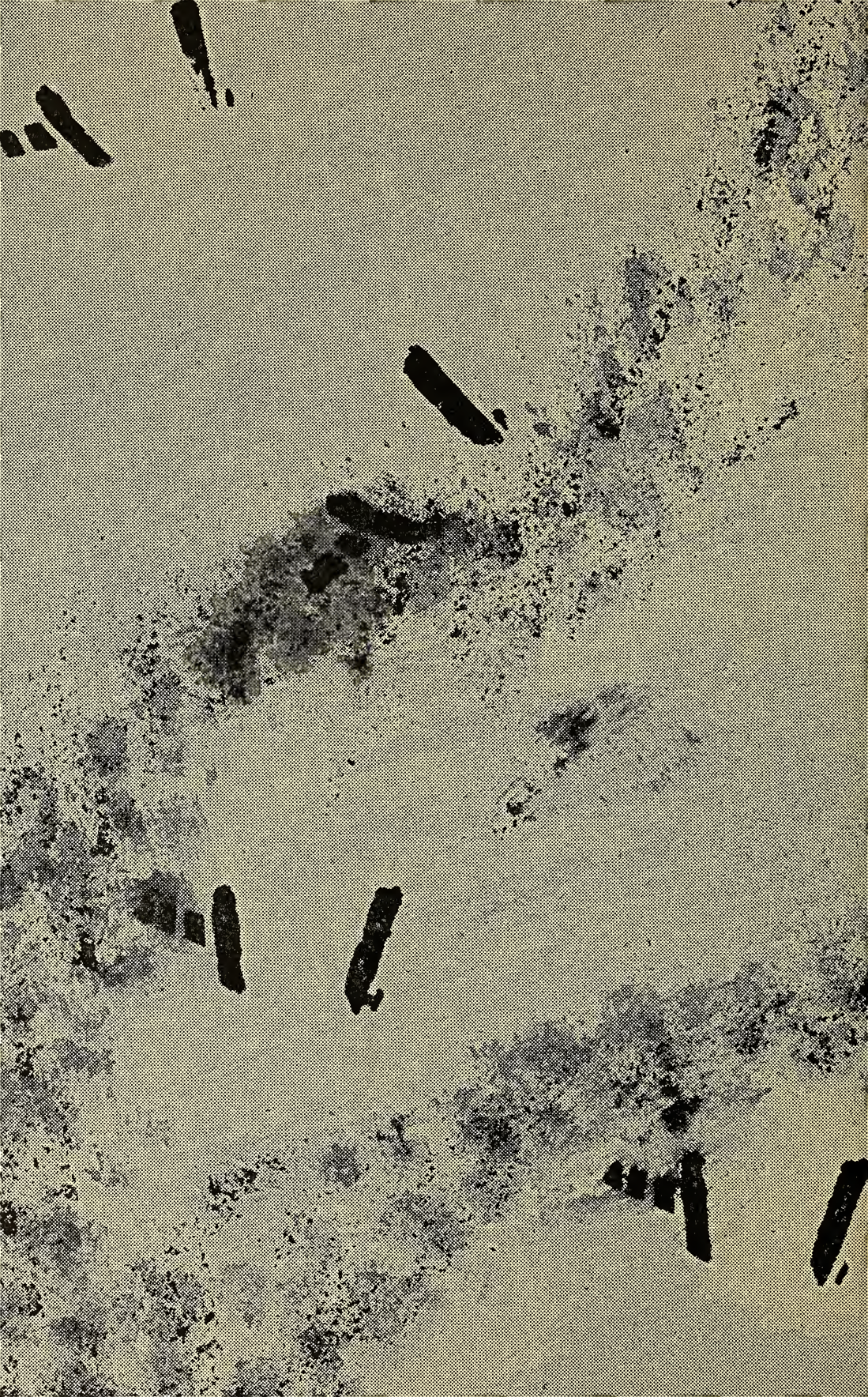
The experience of teaching another person something comes to all of us whether we become professional teachers or not. Even little preschoolers can be seen teaching each other things occasionally with the skill of a professional educator. If you stand near a set of swings in a playground area on a summer day, you will eventually witness at least one small teacher explaining to a smaller student the finer points of making the swing go. The teacher will first situate her pupil in one swing and herself in another, all the while admonishing him to watch her and do what she does. When the pupil's efforts at imitating her result in nothing more than a jiggling of the seemingly immobile swing, she will carefully explain the steps to be taken as she demonstrates them. A whimpering, "I can't do that," will be met with a reassuring, "Yes, you can; it just takes practice." If this is not enough encouragement, the small teacher might even offer a ride on her new tricycle as a reward for just a few more minutes of trying. When the exhausted pupil is finally encouraged to success, however mediocre, both pupil and teacher go running to mommy to tell her all about it. In instances such as this the world over, the methods of teaching are employed daily.

If so much pleasure can be gained by a little child teaching her little brother to swing, how much more pleasure should a professional teacher gain from teaching an entire room full of students something that she knows and finds interesting? Here, of course, there is not the closeness of the relationship with one single pupil, but there is the diversity of many personalities to take its place. And here, the joy of accomplishment is multiplied by anywhere from twenty to thirty-five smiling faces. Everything points towards teaching as a rewarding experience, but do those who are preparing to experience it really consider it so?

That the student teacher who is going out to meet her first class should be afraid or worried is hardly logical. She has not only experienced a teaching situation many times before, but she has also been educated in the methods, techniques, psychology, and philosophy of teaching. She knows where to find materials and how to use them. She knows principles of discipline and has witnessed both good teaching and bad. In short, she ought to know exactly what to do, but comments made by most student teachers-to-be show that they are not confident of this knowledge.

The question of why this is so naturally arises here. What undermines

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the confidence of a prospective teacher as she gradually approaches the final test of her knowledge? The answers are probably as numerous as the prospective teachers, but there are some things that would more than likely figure in them all.

Looking over the preparations a prospective teacher must undergo for her profession gives a first clue to this problem. The little child who teaches her small brother to swing, seems instinctively to do the right things to get him to learn. After all, she knows her little brother's personality and temperament. Through the experience of having him grow up with her, she has learned how to handle him. She knows his abilities and recognizes herself as more advanced and experienced. She is confident that she can teach him to swing. The professional teacher has a somewhat different preparation. She has been in course after course that has emphasized her lack of knowledge in the field which she has chosen. Studies of pupil individuality, classroom problems, and curriculum development give her information that she did not know existed. While actually preparing her to teach, they give her a feeling of inadequacy because she realizes that professional teaching is not something anybody can do. All of a sudden she wonders how she is going to remember all of that stuff when she stands before a real class. The result of this for many is a growing panic which culminates in a stoic determination to survive the experience.

A second clue to the problem lies in the size of classes. The thought of facing approximately twenty-five people in a formal situation has a bad enough effect on most of us in itself without the added worry of how to get a point across to that many individuals. Unfortunately, too many beginning speech courses emphasize personal appearance, characteristic mannerisms, strange pronunciations, and voice quality instead of content presentation. Whether this is a good idea or not, it does serve to make the already shy person more self-conscious and less able to concentrate on what he is saying—a problem professional teachers cannot afford to have. It takes an actual classroom experience to prove to many teachers that they can completely forget themselves and dispell this worry.

Unlike the little preschooler who had only one well-known individual to deal with, the professional teacher must cope with a room full of strangers. Convincing herself that she can learn their individual personalities as well as their names, presents another problem for many a prospective teacher. How many times the words, "I just can't keep names and faces together," are exclaimed on a college campus by those who are being repeatedly admonished to

(continued on next page)



learn every student by name as soon as possible, if not sooner. In this situation lies a third clue to the worrying done by many who are preparing to teach, especially in the field of secondary education.

Can there be a purpose for this situation, or is it just an inevitable evil—a hazard of the profession? Perhaps the best answer, and certainly the most reassuring one, lies in another question. Who is better prepared to teach the self-confidence necessary for learning to take place than someone who has taught it to herself?

## *And There Was Adam*

By Donna Weatherly

One bright spring morning it happened. Somebody got mad at somebody. Maybe an officer misread his signals. No one could explain its beginning, but it did happen. In less than ten minutes, Earth was consumed in flaming nuclear destruction. London, Paris, Moscow, Washington, Tokoyo, Beirut, Cairo, Panama City—everything went up and down filtered two and a half billion years of fallout.

No one could say how much time elapsed. Months. Years. One or two survivors found one or two more. Men began to peek outside their shelters to look for fellow survivors of the nuclear destruction. Gradually one group found another and began to send out signals of any and all types to find out how much world they had left.

Reports came back. Western and eastern Europe unrecognizable. It was centrally located to somebody's bomb sights. Anyway, it was gone. The United States was completely annihilated; Russia along with her. Islands were blown into non-existence. Portions of Australia sank beneath the sea—the rest uninhabited. It took a long time, but these survivors gradually gathered themselves together. Most of them were from tiny unnoticed islands, parts of South America and coastal Africa. Certain scientific men collected their

## *AND THERE WAS ADAM*

respective brains, and determined the safest place for humanity to begin anew. The location they chose was a chain of three small islands off the coast of Honduras in the Carribbean Sea.

Small boats set sail for the islands. Not everyone arrived. Those who did manage to complete the trip settled on the main island to await the Day of Council. On this day all the people would gather in an appointed place to set up their governing bodies, elect leaders, or whatever. Somehow rumors got started. Somebody said the scientists who had been so instrumental in locating survivors wanted the government to be under the rule of a scientific oligarchy. Others, it was rumored, were fascists or communists. Some were even alleged anarchists.

The tiny community broke out into fights. No guns or weapons of any mechanical sort were acquired because the people were too frightened to allow them on the island. But as always, man's genius at inventing destruction for his fellowmen induced clever means of sabotaging, lynching, midnight murdering, and otherwise eliminating undesirable elements among their number.

In the end, the three islands housed three camps: the Leftists, the Rightists, and the Mediators. The Leftist faction, according to the Rightists, was composed of murderous radicals; and the Rightist faction, according to the Leftists, was composed of murderous radicals. Both, however, agreed on one point—the Mediators were two-faced, therefore a common enemy. Tension between islands mounted rapidly, and within a few days a raging battle ensued. By the time the sun had set on that day, no one remained alive save for one small boy who had scaled a tall tree to escape the combatants.

At dusk, he descended from his perch and began searching for survivors. No one had known who he was or where he had been found. One of the religious leaders had said he just walked up to him one day shortly after he had landed on the island. The boy had never spoken. He had only stood among them and waited. The boy was young, yet fairly tall and strong-limbed, with a mass of golden curls.

The boy stopped suddenly in the wreckage and listened. His Father spoke. "This is Mankind," said the Father. "Yes, I know," answered the Son.

## Conformity

*What lies in my past  
Is my future.  
What I am, I always shall be.  
Dumb, blind, and stupid?  
This, then this will I stay,  
For what I am now, I shall forever be.*

*I look on the world with scorn—  
Spineless worms they be!  
Conforming to others' desires,  
Losing the will to be free.  
Sit there and rot in your pleasure;  
Sit there and stay a fool—  
Stand not for your rights as free—  
Sit there and like the rest be.*

*Cast not your look of scorn,  
Pass not your judgment on me,  
I ask not for pity or praise,  
I am what I always shall be.  
I shall stand upright though oft wrong  
And scream to the wind  
"Leave me free!"  
For what I am now, I shall forever be.*

—LYNETTE SYKES

## EDWARD ALBEE: AN EXISTENTIAL INTERPRETATION

(continued from page 13)

ment with Peter. And in his final gesture as master of his own fate, Jerry falls on Peter's knife to an existentially justifiable death.

Edward Albee, like many other contemporary writers, reveals existential themes through his heroes. They are all aware of the absurdity of life: they feel alienated from the world and despair in their condition; they attempt to exist as products of their own free will; and they rebel against the utter nothingness that they come to realize.

### FOOTNOTES

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6. Killinger, p. 310.
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8. Jean-Paul Sartre, "Existentialism is a Humanism," *Existentialism From Dostoevsky to Sartre*, (ed.) Walter Arnold Kauffman (New York, 1956), p. 269.
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11. Albee, p. 49.
12. Albee, p. 42.
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15. Albee, p. 56.
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