

1966

The Gyre, Volume I Number 2, 1966

Longwood University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs

Recommended Citation

Longwood University, "The Gyre, Volume I Number 2, 1966" (1966). *Student Publications*. 208.
http://digitalcommons.longwood.edu/special_studentpubs/208

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Library, Special Collections, and Archives at Digital Commons @ Longwood University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Student Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Longwood University. For more information, please contact hinestm@longwood.edu.

gyre

ENTVS

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2, 1966



**you old bell
so high and mighty you think you are
up there
above all others
free to do as you please
I curse you and your freedom
too bad you're unfeeling
you damn piece of bronze**

Dabney Lancaster Library
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

GYRE

STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF	Freda Richards
Feature editor	Linda New
Poetry editor	Donna Barnes
staff	Julia Horner, Karen Diehl
Essay editor	Phyllis Myers
staff	Joan Emerson, Barbara Garrison
Short-story editor	Mary Gompf
staff	Frances Wynn
Art Editor	Betsy Paige Taylor
staff	Phyllis Boykin, Linda Dyer
Literary Board	Pat Hutchenson, Carol Mann, Joan Faulkner, Jerry Daniel, Vivian Gale, Barbara Powers, Nan Kelly
Business manager	Susan Besley
Circulation Manager	Marilyn Green
staff	Ann Bowles, Mary Edgerton, Judy Forrester, Beverly Jenkins, Norma Johnson, Terry Lanahan, Alice Rennie, Sandra Rhodes, Nancy Spain, Pat Thrift, Judy Zabor-sky, Vickie Jester
Head Typist	Marshall Overby
Board of Advisors	Mr. Herbert Blackwell, Miss Barbara Bishop, Dr. Rose-mary Sprague, Mrs. Ruth Taliaferro

FROM THE EDITOR

SHOCK—Is this all the editor of this magazine is attempting? Is the shock value in a piece of work more important than the essential truth in it?

These queries may be raised by voices angered by the unconventional material in this, the current issue of the GYRE. These angry voices may be students who have thumbed through the magazine, found a questionable word, dwelt upon a sentence out of context, or misinterpreted a poem. Naturally every student cannot be expected to understand all the work included in a literary magazine, but those who bother to read it must approach the work with honesty, be willing to be moved or touched emotionally, and be drawn in by the work.

Honesty is the most important quality a student may possess—honesty about his or her standards, desires, and emotions. Before condemning a word or sentence in the magazine, a reader must ask himself, "Haven't I said that before too?"

If a publication is to be an integral part of the college, it must necessarily reflect a prevalent student attitude, even if this is an attitude which the students themselves hesitate to claim. A magazine cannot be honest in its aim to reflect collegiate life when it is hypocritically shielding the student from what he already knows.

It is then up to a literary magazine to goad sleeping minds into thought; if horror is the immediate reaction, at least a beginning is made.

Consequently the second issue of the GYRE cries for attention. Possibly, after the initial shock has worn off, at least one reader will look more carefully at bells, think more intelligently about war, and feel more deeply about love.

Sincere thanks go out to Mr. Warren Eyester, Dr. Patton Lockwood, Dr. Dorothy B. Schlegel, and Donna Weatherly, who were the kind and understanding judges for the annual Literary Contest. Without their knowledge and help, the contest could not have been such a success.

The Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Fiction:

- Ruby** 3 Vickie Jester (second place in short-story)
- Impression** 8 Barbara Melton (second place in prose impression)
- Freight of Flesh** 10 Edwina Miles (special award for part of longer work)
- The Creature** 21 Helen Pecht (first place in short story)
- No. 1** 26 Joyce Albro (second place in short-short story)
- A Needle and Thread** 29 Chris Dixon (first place in short-short story)
- Portrait** 32 Helen Pecht (first place in prose impression)
- The Clover Ring** 38 Chris Dixon
- The Train** 41 Ida Maye Simmons

Poetry:

- Not So Bourgeois—to Karl Shapiro** 7
Freda Richards (first place in poetry)
- We Three** 25 Freda Richards
- untitled poem** 28 Freda Richards
- How Dainty are the Daffodils** 35 Elizabeth Uhler (second place in poetry)
- Regrets** 36 Pat Gillette

- German saying** 36 Paige Mitchell
- poem** 37 Barbara Melton (honorable mention in poetry)
- L'amour** 40 Pat Gillette
- poem** 43 Linda Dyer
- path of sun** 44 Edwina Miles
- poem inside cover is by Linda Dyer** (honorable mention in poetry)

Articles:

- Portrait of the Student as a Young Girl** 19
Mary Gompf and Barbara Garrison
- Many Thousand Gone—a review** 31
Phyllis Myers
- Dear Rus** 42 Susan Goodes

Art Work:

- ink drawing** 5 Pat Peregoy
- print** 7 Champ Arendall
- print** 9 Champ Arendall
- ink drawing** 24 Pat Peregoy
- print** 28 Betsy Paige Taylor
- pencil drawing** 16 Linda Dyer
- print** 30 Betsy Paige Taylor
- ink drawing** 34 Pat Peregoy
- print** 35 Suzie Williams
- print** 39 Virginia Padgett
- ink drawing** 43 Pat Peregoy

RUBY

Coarse white hair framed Ruby's brown face. She was old, but nobody knew how old. Mama used to say it was hard to be sure of a Negro's age—they never look as old as they really are. I guess that would put Ruby well over 100, 'cause she looked pretty old.

There's a little house, about 10' x 10' in our backyard. Pop keeps his lawnmower, rakes, paint and other household tools there now; but, when I was small, that was Ruby's house. A small oil stove burned in one corner and she had a chair, single bed and a light. A wire ran over the door to the light and there the naked bulb hung, illuminating Ruby's "house."

All the kids in the neighborhood loved this gentle Negress, and it was a rare treat when our parents let us visit her house after the supper dishes were put away. Since I was her "angel," I always got to sit the closest and could watch her fat lips smack together while she talked.

"Ruby, what's that?" I asked one day.

"Why chile, that's my chin. It's the same as yourn."

We all began to laugh and Phil said, "All five of us together don't have that much chin!"

"Honey, I's a big woman and gotta have a pow'rful chin."

Ruby was right, she was a big woman, a mountain of chocolate flesh. She looked like a chocolate soda in a short, fat glass, and her white hair was the whipped cream topping. Her red lips became a plump cherry that had fallen off the topping. That was our Ruby and we loved every ounce of her tremendous bulk.

Ernie, Alice, Vera and Phil sat on the bed, in front of one of the two windows, and I had the

(continued on page 4)

seat of honor—on the three legged stool at Ruby's feet. She'd most always be tired, but never too tired to tell us a story. Lowering her heavy body into her chair, I'd sit and listen for her bones to crack. She'd breath heavily for a while and begin the story. It was always the same story and every time she changed a word, one of us would correct her:

"I can't fool you chillun, can I? Yous too smart for Ruby," she'd laugh. She'd begin again, sputtering and spurning words between her well-spaced yellowing teeth. Her face was no longer tired when she began telling her story. Her pupils became dilated and her speech rapid and filled with excitement. We'd sit and listen carefully to every word.

"Once upon a while thar were a little chile. A baby chile, like you," Ruby said, pointing a fat finger at Vera.

"I'm no baby child!" three year old Vera answered indignantly. "I'm a **big** girl."

"Let her go on," Alice said, as she jabbed her little sister in the ribs.

"Once upon a while thar were a little chile. An' this chile," Ruby continued, "were as black as she could be! This chile growed up wifout no mama or papa to look after her. She had to figger out de whole world all alone. She teached herself to read 'n write a little. But she war too busy to keep up wif her schoolin'. When she war only nine yars ole she had four babies at home to tend. Her mama and papa had left de babies in her care 'cause she were de oldest girl."

"Tell us about her brothers, Ruby!"

"Wall, she had two brothers, Clarence and

Henry Taylor, 'n dey had to go to work to buy bread, and taters and coal. Clarence were tirteen den and Henry Taylor, he war fifteen, 'n dey worked hard fo dere earnins."

Ernie broke in, "If they were so young, where did they work?"

"Whar? Now lemme see. I don't seem to recollect whar dey worked. My memory ain't so good as it used to be 'n I can't amember dat part. Alice, does you know whar dey worked?"

Alice yawned and stretched before she answered. "Yes. Clarence cut wood and Henry Taylor worked for the railroad." She was the oldest of the group, a bully and a tease, and we all hated her. She was outgrowing Ruby's story and was bored by every word and every question. Boy, did we hate her.

"Thas right," Ruby said. "Clarence cut wood and Henry Taylor was a railroad messenger. How could I forget dat? When de little uns was ready fo schoolin', Clarence and Henry T. dinn't have to work so hard no mo 'cause de little black girl went a lookin' for a job!"

"Did she find one, Ruby?"

"Yas, she found herself jobs: cookin', cleanin', sewin' in a big factory, but de one she liked best was mindin' babies. She worked at dat job until she met George."

"George, who's George?" It was Phil who asked the question.

"Why you know who George is, Phil! He's de man de black girl got herself married to, and den she dinn't have to look after other people's chillun 'cause she had eight of her own to mind."

"Boy, that's sure a lot of children, Ruby! What'd she do with them all?"

"Wall, she loved 'em, an' cared fo 'em, and nursed 'em when dey was ailin'. She saw dey was educated, and de next thing she knowed, dey was growed up, married and havin' babies theirselves!"

"I bet she got lonesome with all her children gone," I said. "What did she do then?"

"She took to carin' fo white folks chillun again, same as when she were a youngin. She dinn't really need to work 'til after George was hurt on de farm. Dat were de doggonedest piece of luck, how George got hurt. He had went out an' bought a hoss. Dat hoss were somethin' else. It was de wild'st critter alive. Dat hoss bucked up once and come down on ole George an' knocked him flat on de groun'. He were nevar de same after dat. He got to actin' funny. He'd wander 'round and get lost, an' she'd have to go alookin' fo him. She took care of him fo a long while, den he met his maker an' his salvation. De black girl, who was too ole fo hard farm labor anymore, sold de farm to pay fo de funeral spences. An' den she moved back to de city to find work."

"Why didn't she move in with her children? That's what my grandma did," Ernie said.

"Move in wif her chillun! Why dey was leadin' dere own lives. Dey dinn't want no ole lady 'round! An' she dinn't want no charity. She wanted to earn her own keep."

"Did she find another job?" Vera asked.

"Why, corse chile. She found herself a job cookin', cleanin', an' watchin' over five of de nicess, sweetest little chillun . . . just like you!"

"Is she still there?"

"She shore is! An' she'll stay dere 'til dey

(continued on page 6)



don't need her no more, or until she goes off to see George. She sorta misses her husbin. Dey bin apart fo a long time now."

"You mean she wants to leave those nice children, Ruby?"

"No chile, she don't **want** to leave, but someday, someday soon she'll **have to**." There would be a tear in Ruby's eye as she ended. She'd rock back and forth in her big chair, then break the silence: "Lands, chillun, it's time you was in bed. Scat, now, scat!"

We'd giggle and squeal as we ran out of Ruby's house, leaving her alone, rocking under the naked light bulb. Rocking slowly, pensively, silently.

Each of us felt a sense of importance just being in Ruby's house. In the summer, Vera was in charge of opening the west-window, and in the winter it was her duty to see that the little oil stove was burning. Ruby never let her light it because "oil and matches is dangerous!" She was just in charge of checking. It was Alice's job to straighten the bedspread and check to see that everyone had clean feet before climbing onto Ruby's bed. Phil and Ernie had the hardest job of all and they were proud of it. They had the task of getting Ruby out of her chair! I'd stand back while Ernie and Phil each grabbed a fleshy wrist and pulled the massive form from the comfort of her chair! A block and tackle would have been of more help, but somehow the two small boys always managed to get her back on her feet.

At night it was always my job to open the door first and turn on the light. She always said I was her little doorman and that my job was the

most important. Of course, she never told me that in front of the others. I guess she didn't want them to feel bad. I thought it was important though, and pretty spooky too. No one liked being the first to enter the dark little house.

Often, Ruby would be late and we'd all sit quietly waiting for her heavy footsteps on the soft earth outside. The light above us would always swing to and fro, even when there was no breeze. It seemed to hypnotize us and hold us there until she came. A little black spider lived above the light. He must have had a home there beyond the socket someplace. He lived all alone too and would swing down to entertain us while we waited for Ruby. He never came when she was there, only when we were alone, waiting. The spider would be suspended from a thin silver thread that looked like the cord of the light, but this light had no cord, only a switch. We'd try to pull it to see if it would extinguish the light, but the spider always scurried upwards taking the silver thread with him. Then, one night, he didn't come. We waited and waited, but the black spider was gone—forever.

Vickie Jester



Not So Bourgeois—to Karl Shapiro

Shapiro, you speak to me
In words so liquid and revered
Your circumcised phallus waves triumphantly
Scattering your words so valuable upon moist
ground.

I read you and understand;
I cannot empathize but only know.
Those references to Baudelaire and your liking for
Randall

I understand.

I have never turned back the sheets to
See erotic dreams darkly manifest on them,
But then you have not known my secret thoughts,
The moth that soft flies through my mind,
The pulse beneath my breastbone promising new
life.

I have not seen the Parthenon but I know of
desecration.

You have never sat in my room and
I never in yours

Except in the nautilus of the words you write
O Israel.

Freda Richards

Somehow as I look about this cluttered and dirty room, I sense that I am on the edge of a cliff, about to tumble into the dark abyss of truth. The hour is late and in the disturbance of this silent world, everything in this room seems to tremble with its own special consciousness as if ready to stab my brain with such a confused mass of thoughts that I think I'll scream if I don't spill them out.

Everything is so disorderly and ungodly filthy that I can hardly bear to be in this room. But everytime I leave it, my mind creeps back to it. I am helplessly drawn into this hole of stagnation because I feel that everything is more real in here than the place beyond my window. I've

How simple it would be to press the edge to my wrist and see if there really is anything beyond all the bleeding.

My eyes are rejected by the blinding light in the bathroom. That, too, is dirty like all the rest. The fixtures are icy to touch and the room always feels damp somehow, but the light won't let me idle there.

An empty Budweiser beer can beckons from the window sill. It seems to be inviting me into its world, but dullness is no answer. There is a puddle of coke dried on the desk top, but that only reminds me of the metallic aftertaste the coke left in my mouth as it tricked into my body. I always hope that cokes will dissolve the knots,

IMPRESSION

let it ferment like this. Something inside me would not let it stop. I feel a peculiar stagnation within the depths of my very being and for a time I am driven to live in a place that reflects the living squalor in my mind.

It is now close to 2 a.m. and the usual feeling of sickness is beginning to worm its way into me. Something is starting to turn those dead knots in my stomach, my mouth feels dry, my skin is cold stretched over my slender bones. In an instant I am suddenly aware of every object in this room. Everything is talking back to me.

The trash can is overflowing litter that began to spill onto the floor three days ago. Most of the trash is only old papers, crushed paper cups, stale cigarette butts, and empty tin cans. The tin cans with the jagged edges stick to my brain.

but the sickness lingers in the pit of my stomach.

There are some 250 books scattered around this room, all of them screaming at me in 250 different voices their messages. Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Hemingway, Wolfe, Sotelo, Calderon, Green, Barnes, Hughes, Cocteau, Verlaine, Mallarme, Valery, de Beauvoir, Camus, Sartre, Genet. All of them with their stories of anguish, despair, suffering, struggling, loving, and finally understanding are living inside of me. I feel them moving and hear them talking, and I want to be with them again. I want to walk the nightwood streets; I want to live in the Paris underworld and come to know the truths of thieves; I want to feel the blades of dazzling sunlight scar my brain; I want to know what it is like to be a whole woman with a whole man; most of all I want to

know the comfort of a rising sun. . . .

BUT just then my eyes wander to a painting that clings desperately to the wall. In it is the round head of a young man. His face is made of square-like and triangular fragments of yellows, pinks, and reds. Posing the question mark are his two red eyes which are on different levels. And as I look with trembling eyes into his, I fear that I see the reflection of myself.

Barbara Melton



FREIGHT OF FLESH

The freight groaned to a halt with its cargo of flesh for the furnaces. As the heavy wooden door slid open, my lungs gasped for air, an air which didn't reek of human sweat, elimination, life. A deep voice rumbled, "Get off, you dirty Jews. Get off."

The cattle lurched toward the little opening. A big cow of a grandmother squeezed a baby to her bosom and moved toward the door, all the while looking skyward and uttering a silent prayer. The herd moved me to the precipice. Two German soldiers stood glaring up at me. Bayonets moved toward my body, seeming to probe deep for my soul. "Off, woman. Over there. Keep moving, swine."

We moved through slush, ice, crisp snow. A boy in the mob called out for water, and a guard shoved him into the mud. "Drink that. That's all you're going to get."

The cold wind stabbed through my silk blouse and worn slip. I crossed my arms trying to keep my own body warmth to myself. The man beside me stumbled and faltered in my direction. A child behind me cried out from hunger and wet, but was silenced quickly as though she had been gagged. I looked up, unconsciously, wondering if God saw the horrors that had befallen our people. The thin rim of the new moon looked back just as coldly as the steel of the German guns. A row of gray frame houses appeared out of the smoky air; the mud path led up to a field that sat in the middle of the settlement of houses. We were herded in that direction. We were shoved into make-shift lines. An officer strode over to us from his car. He handed papers to the man who had been standing by the boxcar

when we were unloaded. Silence fell over the crowd in anticipation of the announcement. The German's voice rang clear in a halting French. He called out the names of people who were sent in the direction of the open fields and of those of us who were sent to the shacks on the right and those sent to the shacks on the left.

The building was one big room with no furniture. The windows gaped at us like an old woman who had lost half her teeth. We were housed up again like cattle; only this time we did have air, if not much space. The hum of the mob was that of confused animals disturbed in their corral. The man who had stumbled beside me now lay against the wall under a broken window. As the human cattle ebbed to and fro, I was forced in his direction. Weary, I sank to the splintery floor, wishing that I could blot this part out of my life. The room slowly grew quieter as sleep descended on those who hadn't slept for days. I closed my heavy eyes and let my head lean back against the wall. My body became suspended in an unreal world of sounds which had no place, no sense, no feeling. My limbs floated in a sea of emptiness and then became weights which sank to the bottom of this sea pulling my mind with them. I slept, adrift among images of the past—people and places long since forgotten to be remembered by a mind that was trying to forget.

I woke to find myself in a ball like a kitten. The pink rays of dawn filtered in through the dirt on the broken window panes. The man against the wall had crawled toward me during the night. I noticed that he was actually near my age even though the temples of his hair were gray and his

face was creased with deep lines. He shivered in his sleep. I edged over to him and pulled him into my arms in an attempt to warm us both. His whole body trembled and he moaned softly in his dreams.

The room had begun to stink just as the railroad car. A young cow in gestation retched violently but nothing could be forced up. My stomach heaved then quieted itself. The low wheezing of tired lungs had a hypnotic effect on my sluggish senses. My eyes blurred; everything had a vibrating shadow which gradually blended into a picture of contour lines. My mind stayed in this state of nonexistence until the door squalled as it was opened.

The two guards, whom we had seen the day before, swaggered into the room. They laughed and dragged hard on their smelly cigarettes. The taller of the two came in my direction. I tried to think of something besides my hatred of the Germans so as not to cause my deportation to the gas chambers. The German stopped by me and called to his companion, "Come here. Look. How romantic. Love amid filth. More little Jews in the making. Wake your lover up, woman. Wake him up!"

I had forgotten about the man whom I had taken in my arms. I shook him gently, but he only moaned.

"Bastard, get up." The two men pulled him to his feet and leaned him against the wall. "Now look close, you. See this knife; well, what I'm getting ready to do will happen to any of the rest of you if we catch you getting any sex."

I turned over back to the scene and shoved my fist into my mouth to keep from cursing and

crying. The zipper on his pants came down and then there was a scream which resembled that which I heard many times after that. I raised my head and stared with unseeing eyes into unfeeling faces. The man behind me made a scraping noise as his body slid down the plaster wall. The Germans turned and walked out just as they had entered, laughing.

There was a numbing silence until the chatter of the departing soldiers could be heard no longer. I stood up slowly and then turned, half scared of what I would see. He lay there in a heap like a partially filled bag of meal. Blood was quickly covering the front of his pants. The people began to talk in a fearful buzz; women cried; men hollered; babies whined. A white haired man came over and knelt down beside the victim. I squatted beside him; this time my stomach heaved and I had to quiet it with will-power.

"Somebody go get some water. One of you women give me your slip or a scarf to use as a bandage." Nobody moved. The man stood up and looked from one face to another. "Where is the Star of David now? Are you just as inhuman as the Germans? You there, little boy, go get some of that snow; and you, who had him in your arms, give me that scarf from around your neck."

I quietly untied the scarf and handed it to this self-styled leader that this herd so badly needed. I felt as though I had to do something for this stranger whom I had hurt in such as accidental way. It seemed like it took hours for the white-haired man to administer his assistance. He looked at me for a long moment with penetrating gray eyes and finally spoke, "He needs someone

(continued on page 12)

to take care of him. The bastards chopped him up good."

"I'll take care of him. I owe him this much," I said as I sat him up against the wall. His face was flushed with a fever and his body still trembled. Some unknown force bound me to this mutilated human, bound me to him until the destruction of one or both of us.

A loud-speaker barked in the field outside of the house. Everyone strained to hear what was being garbled. "Come out. Get your daily rations."

"Can you stand up if I help by shouldering your weight?" I lifted his left arm over my shoulder.

"No, stop. I can't move my legs. Leave me alone. I'm not worth messing with now, anyway. Get out there with 'em." He said this in a clear, soft, deep voice while he stared ahead with a twitch of a grin around his mouth.

I let his arm slide from my shoulder as I rose and followed the herd of lowing, hungry cattle out of the barn door. The bright sun reflecting off the remaining snow caused me to blink several times and to lower my head. I noticed cattle, in all conditions of starvation, come pouring out of the surrounding shacks. The field toward which some of us had walked last night was an open expanse of trenches and mounds of freshly dug dirt. The same German officer stood by the same car that had been there last night. He handed orders to the same soldier who walked over to the same spot to make the announcement. This time a group of about twenty were sent to the decontamination chamber; thirty out to the field; the twenty-five from our boxcar

to the inspection station; and the rest to the trucks which were going out on work details.

The herd of impatient cattle again shoved me toward an unwanted destination. I strained to hear if the man would cry in pain when the soldiers moved him. There was silence except for the sloshing of our feet through the mire and the heavy breathing of the cattle which should be out to pasture. We filed into a building a little larger than the one we were staying in. Four Nazi soldiers waited with clipboards in hand. Four naked light bulbs hung from the ceiling casting freakish shadows into the four corners. The windows were painted black on the inside and when the doors were closed the room seemed to be a death house to all of us. Four empty wheelbarrows sat near the center of the shed waiting silently hunched for their cargo. The officer motioned for us to line up along the wall. As we were doing so, I saw the two soldiers dragging the man between us. His face was white, yet his jaw was set and his eyes flamed with a ruthless fire. The soldiers came over to us as a group, and each had a twisted grin of anticipation.

The German officer's voice echoed off the rafters, "Strip. Everything—jewelry, watches, rings, gold teeth, everything. You have one minute. If you haven't stripped by then, we'll tear it off of you."

Everyone glanced at one another, searching for a leader and an answer to the unasked question. The white-haired man shed his coat first, then went to his shirt and pants. All modesty and decency was forgotten as each man, woman, and child shed to his skin. I looked toward the

man who had been the object of Nazi hatred that morning. He stood there naked with that same set face which showed no pain, no feeling, just a slow burning fire.

The Germans advanced down the line checking each pile of clothing for valuables and then the person's anatomy to see if anything had been left of their pride. The men were kicked and shoved; the children, hit and pinched; the women, insulted by probing hands and fingers. My turn was coming and I could feel the blood rush to the two most sensitive areas of my anatomy; my neck burned and my legs trembled. The commanding officer knelt down to my few possessions. He picked out a birthstone ring and the pin that my fiance had given me. Then he let his steady gaze start at my feet and leisurely meandered up my body stopping at the points of interest to him and his followers. When our eyes met, there was a flow of electricity through the depth of my body; the muscles of my face twisted in an uncontrollable grin; and sweat broke out all over me. The men moved on down the line; but this one kept looking back, not at my face but my body. When they reached the end of the line, the two soldiers saluted.

"What is his problem?"

"We caught him with this woman this morning. Henrick decided to use him as an example for those damn Jews not to have any brats running around here."

"Which one of the bitches was it?"

"The sixth from the head of the line, sir."

The leader's gaze fell on me. The muscles of my body tensed then relaxed, causing my knees to almost shake. His eyes were again trying to

look through me. I tried to return his gaze; then my eyes were drawn to those of the man I had accidentally wronged. That flame which flickered there seemed to scorch my sight. There was a bond I could not break with this helpless half-man.

"What's your name, woman?" barked the leader of the pack of hungry wolves.

"Jeanette Monnier."

He wrote it down on the clipboard and then in the same echoing voice ordered us to put our clothes on and to file back to our confinements. There was a silence of relief yet puzzlement over what would happen next. We moved back to the shack wondering when our first meal would be served to us. The sun was melting the remaining snow, making it almost impossible to walk on our weak legs. The muck oozed up over the shoe tops and then slithered down between the wet leather and the bare foot. The squishing sound was that of a suction which was pulling us toward our fate without a leader or a faith to keep us from it.

After the Germans had fastened the door to our shack, the cattle broke their silence and started lowing softly without any purpose to the utterings. I looked around for the man that I had befriended. He was leaning against the wall just inside the door, staring at me with those burning eyes. I turned and walked over to him not knowing what I was going to say yet feeling the words being drawn out of my throat.

"Why are you going to do it?" he asked in a low voice as he slid down the wall with that same scraping noise that he had made when he fell from pain.

(continued on page 14)

"Do what?"

"Sleep with those dirty Nazis. Don't pretend that you don't know what I'm talking about. I could see the way you looked at him. What kind of friend are you? What were you doing this morning that has caused this?" He was staring straight into my eyes and everytime I tried to avoid his gaze his eyes followed mine. He couldn't look into me, but he forced my thoughts into words and actions.

"I was trying to keep you warm. I had you in my arms because you were trembling in your sleep. The soldiers just took the situation as a chance to throw a scare into us. I feel like I owe you something, yet there is nothing that can compare to what you have lost. It is odd that we should seem to know each other so well yet not even know each other's names." I sat down beside him on the cold floor. His hand came out and touched mine with a light caress.

"Just call me Paul. There is no need to tell you more. We won't be seeing much more of one another. In my shape they'll soon gas me. I'll tell you why you'll sleep with that German and any of the others that you have to, because you have a sense of survival. You know that if you're the captain's mistress, he won't make you walk the plank. I wish I had the same thing in me. I try to have it but my body isn't strong enough to bear that kind of character. I don't feel hard towards you. All that I ever loved or cared to love was destroyed in an apartment back in Paris by animals dressed as Gestapo. This cut is just an anticlimax to a scene that burns before my eyes, waking or sleeping." He held his head in his hands and rested his elbows on

his drawn up knees.

"Paul, this sounds awkward, but in just this short time I've grown to have a strong affection . . ." a woman's scream drowned out the rest of my sentence. The cow in gestation was now in the midst of labor.

The white-haired man quickly crossed the room to her side. He bent over her examining her. They exchanged soft words. He looked around for help. I rose and was drawn toward the man who had ordered me before.

"You know anything about mid-wifery? This woman is having a miscarriage and I need help. Get me some water and rags to mop up the blood. Move, you women."

The woman grabbed for my hand and squeezed it tight as the muscles of her throat constricted for a cry that was never uttered. As she relaxed, I could hear a prayer escape her lips, "Please, God, take me from this torture. I am of no more good to your service. Make me one less for the Nazis to enjoy."

Some remaining dirty snow was collected and a few women contributed their slips to the cause. The white-haired man bent over her and asked, "How often are the pains?"

"Too often," she gritted as she grasped my hand again. This time her body twisted as if she were trying to free herself from an unwanted hand. All of the muscles of her body struggled against one another in a last effort to free herself of this burden. Her hips rose and flung themselves to the floor without having any control over their action. Then there before me lay a heap of blood, tissue, fluid, life itself in the unborn state. I looked away to keep from adding to the

sight with the heavings of an unsettled stomach. My eyes met Paul's. His were no longer burning; they were just staring as if the scene were just a reenactment of an old play. He wasn't even in the room; he was back in that Paris apartment living his own personal hell.

The cattle were lowing to themselves in an attempt not to see the scene that had just taken place. The white-haired man tried to stop the flow of blood but a dam seemed to have broken. The girl moaned in her unconscious state. Her head rolled from side to side; then her body tensed in one last effort to escape her pain. Her breathing ceased as her muscles relaxed. I looked up to the white-haired man and he nodded his head. He motioned for two men to come over and help him move the body over to a corner.

I turned and walked slowly back over to where Paul was sitting. He didn't look up, just kept staring in the direction of the girl's body. In that moment of looking at a crushed man, a giant hand seemed to grab my insides and squeeze them. I squatted down beside. "Would it help if you talked about it?"

"Do people come to life or rapes come undone by talking about them?" As he lifted his head to look at me, I saw that his lips were trembling. An impulse caused me to take his face into my hands and to kiss those quivering, parting lips. There was no resistance nor response, just unfeeling life breathing rhythmically.

The door rattled and then opened. The two soldiers came in again. This time they had a pan of bread and a bucket of water. They set it down in the middle of the room and left without

saying a word. The cattle rushed to the trough and grabbed like a starved herd. The bread was hard and dry and the water was laced with salt. A dream world seemed to settle on the herd. The gnawing ache that had been below my ribs was gone now for awhile. A heaviness floated down and pushed me to the floor; my eyes refused to focus on any object; all feeling was leaving me; I was numb to the existing world. I stayed in this void for what seemed to be moments of eternity. I woke with a sharp pain in my left side; my mouth stuck together; and my bladder cried for relief. As I squatted in a corner, the door was forced open.

"The Captain wants her in his office, that is all I know." The two soldiers entered and flashed a blinding floodlight around the room. The taller one called out, "Jeanette Monnier, the Captain wants to see you."

I stood up and tried to gather my few remnants of poise about me. Paul cleared his throat; I looked down at him to see that same twisted grin that I'd seen earlier. His prophecy was about to come true—I could feel it.

"Come on, you bitch," growled the Nazi soldier.

I walked after him holding my head high with my chin quivering all the while. Outside, the light from the floodlights blinded me. The mire of the day had turned to brown-gray rock at night. We crossed the field to a little frame building. The door opened and there stood the leading officer of the inspection team. The soldier shoved me through the door, clicked his heels, and then left. I glanced around the room quickly. There was a desk, a leather chair, a

(continued on page 16)



FREIGHT OF FLESH (continued from page 15)

cabinet, and a cot. What hell I was entering I did not know, but I could sense the unnaturalness of this hulk of a German officer.

He motioned for me to sit down on the cot. He licked his thin lips as he spoke, "Who is your lover this evening? The fellow back in the shack can't give you anything anymore. Do you ache for it? Or do you have it so seldom that you hardly miss it?"

I watched him move with the grace of a giant cat over to the cabinet. He fixed himself a drink and then turned and contemplated my body. I could feel every piece of clothing falling away under his steady gaze. He swung a leather strap that hung at his side and grinned at his mouth but his eyes glared with hatred. I tried to return that evil stare. My chest tightened as though I might scream but then relaxed.

"Excuse me, please, but nature calls," he purred as he moved toward a little room to the back of the building. Behind the closed door I could hear the water running. My tongue swelled in my mouth; I had forgotten how thirsty I was. When he came out, he left the door partially open and I could hear the drip of a faucet. I knew now the hell that was awaiting me.

"Take off your clothes, Jew."

I glared back in defiance. If he wanted me, he would have to take me. I knew I could withstand that torture. He advanced across the room, licking his lips and grinning. His body was upon me and his hands pinned my shoulders to the cot. I saw no use in trying to reason. I kicked but his moist lips were upon mine forcing and teasing my parched tongue. He sat up beside

me. I rolled to my side with my back to him.

"Think you can put the freeze on me. What will you do it for? Would you like a drink of water? Well, you can have it after I get through with you. Come here, woman, I want you."

He rolled me over and into his arms. His lips and tongue wandered lightly over my lips, cheeks, and neck; his hands eased down my side to my hips with his fingers dancing along hitting every sensitive spot. I struggled to get out of his grip. He grabbed my legs between his in a locker grip. With my arms pinned to my side, I was helpless to his flaming kisses. My mind was repulsed with his very presence, but my body was beginning to ache with its need. He released me and left me lying there on the cot while he got himself another drink. My breasts heaved under my blouse. I prayed that I would have the strength to stay impersonal during this whole orgy.

As he bent over me again, I drew my legs up and shoved him away. His eyes flared as he lunged at me pinning my body flat to the cot. He tore at my blouse and slip. His teeth were sharp and dug deep. I clawed his back, feeling the skin and blood under my fingernails. I heard the click of the catch that fastened the leather strap to his belt. I tried to turn under his weight, but all I did was twist my skirt. He suddenly stood up and brought the strap down hard across my chest catching one of my breasts. The sting went through to my back. He laughed a deep, rolling laugh. I watched him take another drink.

He lifted the strap again; I closed my eyes as it struck across my stomach leaving a thin cut.

I clawed at the sting trying to cut it out of the depths of my body. I looked up just as he ripped my skirt. I jumped up and got out of his reach. He stalked me with his right hand half raised, ready to strike with the strap. It was the savage hunter chasing his naked animal through a jungle of torture. I reached for the wine bottle and broke it on the edge of the cabinet. We moved in a circle around that tiny prison; the distance between us narrowed. When we were in striking distance of each other, he whipped the strap at the bottle in my hand. He missed and as he recovered I lunged at him. The glass cut clean and deep into his upper arm.

"Damn, whore," he growled at the back of his hand slammed across my face. He knocked me down on the cot and went for my throat. My body trembled with the white heat of my defiance. I was too weak to even fight or respond. My body just lay there a tool of his fury. His probing hands, the stinging whip—both were just sensations which dissected my nerves. A bell rang in the distance of my mind, cold sweat oozed out of my pores, my heart pumped blood to my head until I thought it would burst, the whole world retreated to a distance; the only thing I knew was the drip of the water.

My whole being ached when I woke. My body was bloated and burning with an unextinguishable fire. I raised by hands to my puffed lips and found cuts where teeth had eaten; I felt around and found a gash across my nose and both cheeks. I felt further and found that my clothes had been returned to me to cover the hideous remains of a woman's body. I tried to speak but my mouth was dry and my tongue

(continued on page 18)

stuck to the roof of my mouth. I looked up to find Paul leaning over me. The fire in his eyes still burned into me.

"Don't try to talk because they'll be wasted words. The Nazis make love, the same way they rape. Here's some water I found in a canteen on the floor." The water splashed over my face, washing away the cobwebs from my mind. I gulped air with the water causing lumps to descend to my stomach. I gradually became aware of the motion of the train that we were on. I looked up into those searching eyes of Paul.

"We're on a train bound for the gas chambers and furnances. All of us broken and used up folk are on here. You've been out of it for several hours. What keeps you going? How do you live through one hell to go on to the next?" He stroked my wet hair out of my face and then lowered his lips so that they just brushed mine.

"I guess it's just that sense of survival that you said I had. Life is more than just the everyday experiences; it is all that can be endured by the body and then that one degree more that faith gives strength for." I reached my arms up to his neck and pulled his head down to my aching breasts. His lips soothed the cuts in my body and my soul.

Suddenly the boxcar swayed and we were being tossed about like dice in a cup. Someone hollered that we were derailling and a new spring of hope caused me to sit up. This time Paul was moving for the door along with me.

Edwina Miles

PORTRAIT OF THE STUDENT AS A YOUNG GIRL

Hi! Isn't this a riot—me being interviewed for the GYRE? I mean I don't read it myself usually. Since I skip all the obscure poetry and essays, it just takes too much effort to find the short stories. None of my friends read it very closely either—they just look at the pictures of the trash cans and then throw it away. After all, you can't talk to a boy about POETRY, now can you?

This is quite an honor, so I guess I should thank you all for voting me "Miss Typical Longwood." I just NEVER thought I'd win. I'm so excited I think I'll cut my I o'clock so I can tell you about myself. I mean, tell you how I came to win and all. I owe everything to my interests, actually, so I'll tell you about a few of those if you don't mind. (You can skip on to the trash cans now, if you'd rather.)

Well, I have the normal amount of interest in music. I listen to radio about 5 hours a week when I'm at Longwood. I listen to records for about the same amount of time. Mostly I like popular music, but movie soundtracks and folk music are nice, too. Now don't get the wrong idea, but once in a while I listen to classical music, too. You know, like when I'm studying and not paying too much attention to what's playing.

I really don't watch T. V. much at Longwood—I just don't have time what with classes and dating and all. Three to four hours a week is about the limit for me. When I do succumb (that means to give in—I learned that in freshman composition) I watch "Man from U. N. C. L. E." If I'm stranded at LC for the weekend with no date I watch "Saturday Night at the Movies." They have some of the most ro-MAN-tic stories with the best looking bodies playing the leads. Con-

trary to popular opinion I do NOT watch "Batman" and "Peyton Place" very much (but that Rodney, he's something else). I do wish they'd put some better comedies on T. V. and maybe have a good play now and then. I'd even sit down and watch an interview with a prominent government official occasionally—that is, if I didn't have to go to the lib or something.

Like a lot of my classmates, I go to the movies once or twice a month. I just LOVED **The Sound of Music** and **My Fair Lady**. For a change of pace, I saw three of the James Bond movies. (A few of my friends claim they've seen five.) If we get the chance, my friends and I would all like to see **Lord of the Flies** and **Ship of Fools**. We're not so sure about **Othello**—that's a borderline case. Course if nothing else was playing. . . .

I really do a lot of reading for my age, mostly in newspapers and magazines. I usually begin with the front page, though sometimes I just have to skip over to the comics to see what's happened overnight. If it suits my mood I read the editorials and the letters to the editor, but I just don't understand the business page, so I skip that.

When I get a chance, I read novels. Why just lately I've read **Up the Down Staircase**, **Candy**, **The Group**, and **Gone With the Wind**. One of my friends has just read **Shakespeare of London**—for pleasure! That's going a little too far, I think. A few of my freshmen buddies supplement their classwork by perusing (freshman comp. again) **Modern Sex Techniques**, **Sex and Marriage**, and **Sex and the Teenager**. Isn't that cute?! I guess if I had to pick my favorite authors, Salinger and Steinbeck would win. I wonder if

[continued on page 20]

my English major friends **really** mean it when they insist they prefer Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot. A few people I know say they like Buck Pearl, Carl Sand Burg, and Thomas Harding. Everyone to his own choice, I always say. I don't want in influence you, 'cause I think we should all be individuals, but have you ever read anything by that guy who got famous writing short stories? His name is Robert Frost and he's really good!

One of the reasons I won the "Miss Typical Longwood" title was because of my feelings on the Artists Series. Of my own free will I went to see **The Subject Was Roses** (wasn't it terrible the way the audience acted?) and I really liked it. If anybody ever deserved a standing ovation it was them! I didn't make it to hear Gerard Souza—you know how things come up sometimes. I hear from the freshmen and sophomores that he was really quite good; maybe opera isn't so boring after all. I do wish they would have more plays in the future Artists Series and a few musicals, too. Some of my more swingin' friends think Johnny Mathias or Peter, Paul and Mary would liven up the Artists Series a bit. And then there's the quiet kid down the hall who wants traditional ballet, yet! Can you imagine?

I really don't think the Artists Series should be required, though some people disagree with me. I guess scanty attendance would be a problem (remember me and that opera guy!) Anyway, a junior I know has a good idea. She thinks we ought to have a number of Artists Series—say six or seven—and then require the students to attend at least three or four of them. Each student could choose which ones she wanted to

attend. It's a nice idea, but then I'll be graduating soon, so I don't care what they do.

When I have time, I do try to go to the plays in Jarman. I wish they'd have more contemporary plays, though (with boys in them, adds my suitemate!) I didn't make it to the symposiums on Lorca and Shaw. The word "symposium" just sounded too stuffy. I PROMISE to do better in the future. I already supplement my intellectual growth by going to hear unrequired lectures. I never miss a talk on the Masculine or is it Feminine—oops! Feminine—Mysticue (?).

It's almost time for my 2:00 class so I'll have to hurry over the rest of my winning traits. I don't go to the Institute of Southern Culture lectures of my own free unrequired will, but I do go to the Art Exhibits in West Wing and the library. (A senior friend of mine doesn't go to the exhibits in West Wing 'cause she doesn't have classes over there anymore.) Well, I guess that's about all, except can anyone tell me what a forum is? Thanks again for helping me to win my title—I'll try to do it justice. With just a little bit of effort, you might have at least placed in the contest. You know the sun is shining so bright—why don't we cut our 2 o'clock classes and go up on the roof?!

Mary Gompf & Barbara Garrison

THE CREATURE

The Man cowered in his tree, surrounded by the blackness of night. His limbs were stiff from keeping still so long, but he wouldn't come down. All through the long hours of darkness, he had heard the tread of large animals moving about in the foliage below. Once, he had been startled by the swish of large wings as a bird of prey had swooped by his tree; seconds later, he'd heard the yelp of its small victim. Twice, the Man had heard the cries of other men, men who had chosen to sleep on the softer ground, instead of in the trees or among the rocks, men who did not sleep with their nerves a-quiver and their senses alert. During the middle hours of the night, the other sounds had ceased, as the thudding and rending of two great beasts grappling in a battle to the death had resounded throughout the forest.

About the time the Man had decided that this night would never end, the sun began its slow, painshot birth, and the hush of dawn began to settle over the life-throbbing forest.

The Man greeted the new day as a miracle, a reprieve from the night's death sentence. With long arms and agile toes, he easily climbed down from his perch and, wooden club in hand, set out to find the small animal that would quell the gnawing pains in his stomach.

He crept through the forest to a sheltered grove where tall, sweet grasses grew, found a hiding place in the brush and settled down to wait for his prey. As he waited, the sun rose higher in the sky and the sounds of the living creatures of the forest grew louder and more varied. The Man heard the songs of the birds, the chirping and buzzing of the insects, the scamper of small

animals and, occasionally, the heavy footfalls of a huge, furry monster. The most dangerous animals, the great-toothed cats, made no sound at all.

At last, the Man heard what he'd been straining for,—the rustling of the small, sweet-tasting animal who ate the grass of this place. It came into the grove and looked about with bright eyes and quivering nostrils, seeking signs of danger before it would settle down to its meal. The Man kept still, terribly still, until the animal, satisfied at last, began to nibble at the grasses. Then the Man leaped—with swift, deadly accuracy.

He carried his catch back to his hiding place, ripped off the fur and hide with his sharp teeth and devoured it eagerly. When his hunger was satiated, he tossed aside what was left and lay back in the soft foliage, gazing at the blue of the sky, high, high above the thick leaves. The warmth of the sun and the fullness of the meal in his stomach were soothing after the chill and hunger of the night.

When he had rested, he got to his feet and began to make his way to a spot where he often found himself drawn, a place by the water where there were many stones. When he had first begun to go there, it had been to shape his wooden clubs, more carefully fashioned than those of other men, on the jagged stones. Later on he had begun playing with the stones, hitting or rubbing them together, or scraping them with a hard piece of bone. He had spent many long hours simply sitting and staring at them, as if trying to fathom some secret they held.

One day, as he was vigorously rubbing two

(continued on page 22)

stones together, a bright thing, like a star, had flown out from between them and had fallen to the rocks. After that, he had tried many times to summon the little star. The more often he tried, the easier it became to make it fly out. One day, the little star had fallen into a pile of dry leaves among the stones. A strange little creature with orange claws had leapt up. The Man had been afraid, but intrigued as well. He had decided not to run away but, instead, to touch it. It had bitten him. He'd drawn back. He had discovered that when he was near it, he felt warm the way he did when the sun was shining. It's smell, like no other creature's, prickled his nose and his throat. After the creature had eaten all of the leaves and twigs that lay among the stones, it had disappeared. The Man had looked all over for it, but all he had been able to find where the creature had been were the strange, black remains of the twigs and a hot gray dust.

Again and again, the Man had gone to the place of the stones to seek the orange-clawed creature. He had learned that it would never leap up unless there were twigs and dry leaves for it to eat and that when they were gone, it would always disappear. Once, when the leaves and twigs had lain on dry grass, instead of among the rocks, the creature had grown alarmingly large, and had begun to run away. Frightened, the Man had beaten it to death with his club. After that, he had always built a fence of stones around it, so that it couldn't escape.

That day, when the Man reached the place of the stones, he eagerly began to pile up leaves and twigs for the little creature to eat. By now, he had played with it so much that he had be-

come attached to it, and missed it sometimes when it wasn't with him. He was careful not to show it to other men, but hid it, like a choice piece of meat.

After he had built the fence, he summoned the little creature with a pair of smooth stones and sprawled on his side to watch it devour its meal. It did not eat as a man does, quickly at first, then slower and slower as his appetite is appeased. Instead, it began to eat slowly, hesitantly, then went faster and faster until, having consumed most of its meal, it would gradually shrink away, leaving warmth, a smell and a thin, gray stream that curled upward. He had looked through the surrounding bushes many times to discover where it went so fast, but he could never find a trace. Today he lay and stared at the creature much as he had stared at the stones. There was a mystery there, but he couldn't unravel it.

The Man began to feel sleepy. When the creature finished its meal and disappeared, he covered its traces with dirt and found a place among the rocks where he could safely take a nap.

He slept most of the afternoon, and when he woke up, he was hungry again. By the time he had stalked his game, caught it and devoured it, the sun was beginning its slow descent.

The Man knew that darkness soon would come, but he couldn't resist returning to the place of the stones. By the time he was able to summon the little creature, the forest was full of gray shadows, but the Man was amazed to discover that the area around the little creature was not growing dark. Nor did the chill that always came with

the setting of the sun penetrate the air about it. The creature began to flicker and the Man ran quickly to get more leaves to feed it. He couldn't understand it. Here was the dreaded time of night-death; a starless, moonless night, at that,—and all about him, the forest was black, and alive with prowling night hunters; yet his little circle held the light and warmth of sun-time and, although he was alert for the signs of approaching danger, none came.

Meanwhile, others in the forest were aware of this strange presence in their midst—they could smell it, and see flashes of its light. Most of the forest creatures, frightened, stayed in their lairs, or slipped further away into the woods.

But one man who smelled its smell and saw its traces took up his club and set out to stalk it. This Other Man was big and bloodthirsty, brave and virile. The smell frightened him, with a deep, half-remembered fear, but it tantalized him, too, and stirred him to a strange, ferocious anger.

The Other Man had not always roamed in this part of the forest, but had come from beyond the river. One hot afternoon, a monster had risen from a leaf-piled thicket, deep in the middle of his forest. This monster had been like no animal he had ever seen. It had had bright orange claws and a throat-clutching smell. It had grown to immense proportions, consuming, as it grew, the leaves and bark and branches of the trees, and all the green, growing things, as well as most of the animals and birds and men. When it had finished, it had gone away, leaving black, smelly clouds and little hot red balls. After these had faded away, the forest was a nightmare of black hulks and that had been trees and a strange,

sticky black dust.

When it was over, the Other Man, blackened and burned, but still stubbornly alive, had begun dragging himself through the forest, searching for something to eat. He'd clawed roots and dead insects and crawling things out of the devastated ground and, sometimes, he'd found a weakened animal that he'd been able to kill. He'd always had to be on his guard for the large animals, who were weakened too, but frantic with hunger. Sometimes, he'd felt so weak that he'd wanted to drop in his tracks, but, doggedly, he had forced himself to push on until he'd found a safe hiding place.

One day, he had come to a wide river. He'd stopped, unbelieving at first, then filled with a wild exultation for at the edge of the water, the black nightmare had ended!

On the other side were trees, not blackened hulks, but green, leafy trees and lush ferns and foliage. With hearing made sensitive by the silence of the black nightmare, the Other Man could detect, from across the water, the songs of birds and the whisper of insects and the rustle and tramp and cry of other living things. At once, the Other Man crossed the river and hurled himself into the old life—hunting ferociously, eating voraciously, mating vigorously. The black nightmare had faded in his mind until it was as if it had never been. Even when he first smelled the strange, yet familiar, scent and set out to find its source, he did not exactly remember.

Meanwhile, the Man sat nodding by his warm friend. He did not hear the Other Man, who crept from tree to tree, picking his steps carefully on the dark floor of the forest.

(continued on page 24)

When the Other Man saw the flicker of light through the trees, he felt a sudden tautening of his nerves and a fierce pounding in his chest. As soon as he saw the orange claws, he recognized the monster of the black nightmare!

With a scream of rage, he fell upon the Man and his creature, pounding them both with his heavy wooden club in a frenzy of maniacal fury. The Man, caught by surprise, grappled frantically to save himself and his creature, but the Other Man was stronger and wilder. Long after the Man and his creature both were dead, the dreadful sounds resounded through the hushed forest. At last, trembling violently, the Other Man stopped, and bent to examine what was left of the Man and his monster. Where the creature had been, he found no dead, meat bearing animal, but only the strange dust of the black nightmare. With a shudder, he jumped up and darted away among the trees, leaving the devastated body of the Man curled protectively about the remains of his little friend.

The forest was silent—and utterly black.

Helen Pecht



Deserted

Porico

We Three

I am sitting here dearest,
and you don't know what I am thinking of
even though you are a part of it.
You are in your world today, and
I am in mine.
Together we may have made a life
Stirring deep in me;
I am thinking of this life and of ours,
and of thick tears that I will cry.
A radio plays here, and the same song plays
for you, in your world today.
The same sun is over you on this deep day for me,
and tonight the same night will surround you
That surrounds me and the life we have
created.
But you know not my pain, and, on the other hand,
I cannot know your joy.

Freda Richards

NO. 1

All of these stupid, stupid roads are all alike. You would go anywhere in the United States and you'd see the same houses, trees, and cars. Oh well, that's life. . . . What's life? Life is a cereal and a magazine. ha, ha. Big joke. Columbus—15 more miles. Almost there. I never thought I'd make it. I can't believe that I am actually doing something that I want to do without stopping and thinking for so long that I rationalize myself out of it. This whole thing is irrational, but what the hell. Just because I quit college and got a job and bought a car and settled down to a routine. I swear I'm staying away from routines for a **long** time. I'll stay here a week or a year, makes no difference. Just as long as I stay happy. Damn it man, why don't you shut your trap and play a record once in a while.

* * * * *

Well, I know one thing. I'm not going to be eating in this place every meal. It's O.K. when I feel like a cheap but good meal, like tonight. But every meal—forget it. Now, what am I going to do when I leave? No. 1—go buy some gin and orange juice and ice. No. 2—buy a newspaper. No. 3—unpack, take a shower and wash my hair.

* * * * *

"And now you're gone—Baby thanks alot." Belted out the singer on the radio. ShirI stopped rolling her hair.

"Amen," she said, out loud. Amen, amen, amen. But do I mean it's true and sad or true and happy? Hell, what's the difference, what's the sweat? Stop being so analytical, Elliot. Oh man this bed feels good. I've got to get right to sleep and get up early and go see Mr. Somebody at the May Co. on Fayette St., or was it Lafayette. . . .

* * * * *

ShirI Elliot got up at 7 o'clock and was getting into her Chevy at 8 to go somewhere nearby for a good breakfast. She had eaten, parked her car, and was walking into the May Co. a little after 9 o'clock. It was a clear, cool Friday morning in late winter.

"Could you tell me where the employment office is?"

"Right down there and to your right," answered the salesgirl, yawning. It was too early yet for many customers.

This place looks like a decent store. I hope I get the damn job. I need to meet some people in this lousy city.

* * * * *

"Won't you sit down," said Mr. Owen.

"Thank you," said ShirI.

"Well, I've got your application here and all that I can say is that we'd certainly like to have you working for us. But I would like to know why

you quit your job in New York and what brings you to Columbus to apply for a job as a salesgirl."

"Truthfully, I was tired of the rush-rush in the city. I wanted to get away, go someplace different, and catch my breath. I want to stay here for awhile and I figure that working as a salesgirl I'll have time to take some courses at the University."

Don't sweat lying. If you were him, you wouldn't hire a girl if you knew she planned on moving on as soon as things get settled and routine. I need the money and I've got a purpose but one that's not important to an employer. What I said isn't that far from the truth.

"Well, I'll be truthful, too. We need help badly, and I'm happy to give you a job. Report to me at 9 Monday and I'll show you some things you have to know before you can go out on the floor. Oh, and we'll pay you \$50 a week."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Owen. I'll see you Monday morning."

I swear sometimes I think I'm crazy. Half of what I made before! Half! I feel like moving on already. Crap—make some sense. You've got to stay here for awhile.

How does that song go? Saturday night and I ain't got nobody. . . . Yeah. Except it's Friday night.

Shirl leafed through the paper she'd just gotten from the motel office and called a moviehouse. Finding out that it wasn't too far away, she pulled on a skirt, combed her hair, grabbed her coat and purse and headed for her car.

Traffic was heavy.

The whole damn city's out driving around tonight. All these dates—wonder how many girls'll lose it tonight. Ugly, ugly Busstation. I hate 'em. Full of ugly, ugly people.

* * * * *

Shirl Elliot fell and hit her head on the dresser as she tried to make her way to the bathroom. The glass now lay on the floor, the drink making a puddle on the rug.

"Damn that guy was good-looking, damn, damn, damn. I should da followed him when he went for popcorn. That dumb broad is lucky what am I huh—nothing. Everybody else in this assed backward world is lucky. Shut up, just shut up. You can't do that—you've decided again and again. You're not hurting anybody but yourself, yourself. . . ."

* * * * *

When they discovered her body they could see her half-packed suitcase. The place reaked of liquor but she had slept most of it off as she left a note.

"To whom it may concern (no one)

I thought maybe I could find it someday but I was just fooling myself. I thought I'd leave here and go on looking but what's the use. It's my fault—I just couldn't take it. But of course if a few things would've been different, I could've made it. Everybody's just thinking about themselves—ready to let the world go slipping on by. I just decided I'd throw my world away instead of letting it gradually slip away."

Joyce Albro



At this point
Sweet,
I hope you know it's over.
Last night was good and
You were your usual self,
Which I have learned to hate.
You taught me well,
Thanks to you I will be able to
Make expert love with a
Minimum of emotion.
But come now, let's not drag
The corpse to the dance.
I will remember you
Sweet,
And you can't forget me either,
For I was love and un-love
And early mornings in the drowsy sun
And nights in a cool bed,
And I was silk and steel to you,
And what in the hell did you ever do for me?

Freda Richards

A NEEDLE AND THREAD

The creak of the rocker across the worn planks of Mr. Whitier's porch curdled through the afternoon heat. A spat of tobacco stench ed the air.

Mr. Whitier haunched forward, squinted one eye, and made a determined thrust of grey thread towards a slender needle.

"Drats!" he muttered, "missed the dad-burn hole agin'."

"Mr. Whitier," a shy voice called from the bottom of the steps.

"Eh?"

"What are you doing?" Emily cautiously climbed the steps.

"Trying to sew, that's what." Mr. Whitier spat another wad of tobacco juice over the railing.

"Why?" She peered over his shoulder.

"Little girl, don't you have things to tend to at home?"

"No."

Silence followed as Mr. Whitier stabbed at the needle.

"Drats!"

"I can do that."

"Eh? You think so, huh. What makes you so sure?"

"I've done it for granny."

"Bah—sick, feeble, old she-goats, can't do anything for theirselves."

"Let me try. I'll show you I can do it."

"Well now, it's got to be done just right. No

use doing things just for the sake of showing off. Here, let me learn you how."

"I can do it. I've done it lots of times for granny."

"Old women don't care how you do it, always in such a rush and hurry. Now watch."

The old man slowly aimed his frayed thread towards the needle. It slid past the eye.

"See, that's what comes from being bothered— Stand away, you're in my light. Never could stand women hanging all around."

"Let me try."

"Eh? Well, all right, but do it like I showed you."

"Ok."

Simply and swiftly her pink, firm fingers threaded the defiant needle.

"There." She beamed eagerly.

"Hump," he grumbled as he jerked the thread out of the needle.

"You didn't listen, huh? How can I sew with a needle all tangled up with thread like that? No use trying to show you anything. Think you know it all, eh?"

Emily blinked back a drooping tear.

"Go on, get home. Got no use for crying here."

She turned and ran down the steps.

"Bah, women!" the old man barked as he made another useless lunge at the needle.

Chris Dixon



Many Thousand Gone ~ a review

Many Thousand Gone. By Ronald L. Fair. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1965. 114 pp. \$3.50.

Many Thousand Gone is a modern American fable, the first published book of Ronald L. Fair, a Negro writer who has spent most of his years in Chicago. The book takes its title from a moving Negro spiritual that expresses, as do most of our American spirituals, a hope for better days—days without the "auction block" and "driver's lash." In a manner, perhaps abruptly, yet unabashedly honest, this little book is the author's expression of concern over a parallel plight of his people today, more than a hundred years later.

He does so in a highly imaginary tale set in the imaginary county of Jacobs, Mississippi. Somehow the white oppressors of this county have managed to maintain continual slavery even to modern days by totally and utterly isolating their Negroes from the outside world. The question posed is what will happen when the submerged hope, pride, and dignity of the dark-skinned slaves is aroused by the inevitable breakdown of total isolation. It does happen, and the reaction of the warmly drawn individuals such as Granny Jacobs, Preacher Harris, and Jesse Black is graphic and frankly appalling.

The tale is related by use of an almost stark simplicity of language. The approach to the climax is totally staid on the surface, the intent of the author evidently being to thus make the conclusion wholly devastating. The situation is clearly and simply established at the very beginning of the work, and without much further ado Fair acquaints us with the Negroes of the Jacobs-

ville community. They are portrayed warmly, humanly. Old Granny Jacobs, he says, had the "the best baby-bouncing lap in Jacobsville." Yet the thing immediately notable about his character portrayals is the uncompromising line between the utter goodness of the Negroes in the story and the unspeakable evil of their white oppressors. This could almost be considered a fault; yet, in light of the author's relative inexperience in the publishing world and also his personal intensity of feeling on the subject, this extreme character coloring is somewhat understandable. The story, on the whole, effectively makes its point even if slightly overdramatized, and Fair is to be commended for a taut, structurally logical development of events.

Mr. Fair's concern is real and valid for the problem does exist, if not as simply or sharply defined as in this fable, in our own United States. For such a small book **Many Thousand Gone** provokes much thought on the subject. What is the natural reaction of the human being when his basic dignity, pride, and faith is suppressed? The author's supposition is interesting and cannot be ignored, despite some literary faults.

Phyllis Myres

PORTRAIT

I. Bart Hamilton

"I'd rather have a good nigger than a sorry white," was one of Bart Hamilton's oft-repeated remarks; and James Hawkins was his ideal of a "good nigger." In fact he couldn't think of many white men he thought more of than old James. He found nothing more relaxing than spending an hour or two of a Sunday evening on the front porch of the good, but modest house James had built on the land Bart's father had left him, discussing crops, common acquaintances and the like. James would politely disagree with Bart at times, and offer him advice which he occasionally found worthwhile. James had dignity, the quiet sort of dignity you liked to see in a colored man. Yet there was always, in the way he walked, in the slight stoop to his shoulders, a touch of servility, although the frequent flashes of white teeth, the relaxed chuckle, indicated such a willing servility that no one could possibly feel guilty about it.

Bart always checked with James to see if things were going well with the job he'd gotten for him tending bar Saturday nights at the Country Club. If he had any problems, Bart always intervened to smooth them out for him.

James was born on the Hamilton family's farm, as were two or three generations of his ancestors. He'd stayed on until Bart's father had died and Bart had, regrettably, put the place up for sale. When Bart was growing up, he'd tied tobacco leaves with James and his brood, gone fishing and hunting with them, and eaten as many meals in the kitchen of James' rather dour wife, Lucy, as he had in the big house.

In point of fact, James, a coffee-colored edition of old Uncle Samuel Hamilton, was Bart's second cousin. It was a relationship one certainly didn't discuss or, for that matter, even think about, except to take it as a point of honor to always look out for James and his family.

Bart had about summed the whole thing up in a conversation with some of the country club members who favored hiring a younger, more efficient bartender.

"James is a little bit slower than some of these young bucks, and he might not always wash the glasses clean, but dammit, he knows his place."

II. Isabel

Isabel had been back home for five years now, ever since Mama's funeral. Papa hadn't exactly asked her to do it, but he'd hinted mighty hard, and she knew how he loved a good meal and a clean shirt, so she'd quit her job in Baltimore and come back to the farm. Since Joe had died, she had only Howard to look after, so she was really the only one of the six children who was free to do it. Not that any of the others would have anyway. They were like Mama, pushy and ambitious, contemptuous of the country life.

Isabel was like her Papa. She'd loved growing up on the Hamilton farm. On a summer's evening, you could sit out in front of the little tenant house and smell the honeysuckle and almost feel the green tobacco leaves growing in their straight, green rows. Across the field, you could see the Hamilton house, white and solid, in the gathering darkness. Mama had never been happy there. She'd always been after Papa to try to get a job in town, or move to the city.

Papa never paid her a bit of attention. He was doing what he wanted to do, and that was that. The other children said (although not to his face) that Papa was narrow-minded and selfish, and Isabel knew that it was partly true. He always put his own desires first and he didn't see but one way of doing things.

Papa didn't even try to understand Howard, seventeen years old now, and still resentful because he'd had to leave his beloved Baltimore for "the sticks." Papa had no understanding of the advantages Howard had been deprived of so that she could come back and take care of him. Not that she could blame that on Papa. He hadn't made her come back. She had been plain tired of the city, and had taken the first chance to come home, Howard or no Howard, and she might as well admit it.

Isabel reckoned she was more like Papa than just a little.

III. Howard

Howard hated Big Papa. He was sanctimonious, hypocritical, obsequious, proud of scraps from the family whose name he should have borne—an Uncle Tom of the worst kind.

But the thing Howard held against him most was that he was the instrument of his leaving the city he loved. The kids here were a bunch of hayseeds, the teachers were hopelessly behind the times, and the school was a rathole. Nobody was going anyplace and, worse than that, most of them didn't even know there was anyplace to go. Howard felt as if he were in a cage and Big Papa was the keeper, and sometimes he woke up in the night, sweating, for fear he'd never get out.

He'd have run away a year ago, but Mama'd promised that if he'd hold on until he finished high school, she'd help him pay for college in Washington. Big Papa was semi-literate, so Howard wanted all the education he could get. Big Papa shuffled along, a little stooped over, so Howard took long, slow strides with shoulders held back. Big Papa dropped his bossy ways when he got around white people and was all smiles and "yassuhs." Howard assumed an aloof manner, just short of a sneer.

Big Papa was always picking at Howard about something. He didn't like Howard's friends, or the way he drove the car or the hours he kept. He seemed to be the very opposite of what Big Papa thought a young man should be. It would have been better if Big Papa had taken after him openly. But no, he had to needle him with snide remarks, a constant hostility beneath a veneer of politeness, so that Howard could never find any way to strike back. Even here, Big Papa couldn't act like a man.

To Howard, Big Papa was the symbol of the emasculation of his race. No wonder he hated him.

IV. James, Himself

It was the last night of revival, and Reverend Jones was giving the windup all he had.

"And I'm tellin' you one thing, if you don't turn from your sinful ways right here tonight, tomorrow might be too late. Tomorrow, the Lord might close that book and if your name ain't in it, it ain't a-goin' in."

Eyeballs shone white, faces dripped with perspiration, and it was more than just the clammy, canvas-enclosed heat. But James Hawkins just

(continued on page 34)

couldn't find it in his heart to be fearful. Oh, he hadn't led a perfect life, it was true. He took a nip of whiskey now and then and, years ago, he'd visited Annie Racey a few times when Lucy'd take on a cantankerous spell, but when all was said and done, he didn't reckon there was a man in the community who'd done any better.

He'd always worked hard, and never stolen or gotten into brawls. He'd raised his children the best way he knew how, and tried not to think too hard of them for leaving him to tend the farm all alone in his old age. He'd taken in his widowed daughter and her son and, although Isabel was a fine woman, the Lord knew that son of hers was a trial.

He'd stayed on with old Mr. Hamilton and Bart when Lucy'd done her best to make him leave, because he'd known they'd take care of him, and they had.

He'd been a deacon in the church for fifteen years and gave a good offering every Sunday morning and always paid a call when anybody was sick or had passed away. He had the respect of the colored people and the approval of the whites.

The congregation began to sing the invitation hymn. Proudly and confidently, James went forward to receive the blessings of the preacher.

Helen Pecht



How Dainty Are The Daffodills

"How dainty are the daffodills
That dot the verdant dingle,
While daisies dance in ivory frills."
"With shadows do they mingle."
"How cheery sounds the chickadee
Who creeps down in the haven.
Why, Gordon, growing gray are ye."
" 'Tis the cackle of a raven."
"How blue and blithe the salty sea,
How white the crashing billows.
Oh sallow Gordon, speak to me."
"How wan the weeping willows."
"The made land's warbling seabound gull
Smirks 'or the swelling surges.
How comes it that your brow turns dull?"
"He moans the morbid dirges."

Elizabeth Uhler



Suzie Williams

Regrets

Seule, je pense de ma jeunesse,
Quand la vie était gaie
Et l'amour m'a cherché.
D'ici la dans ma vieillesse,
Mes vides jours s'en vont vite
Et mon coeur est fende.

Pat Gillette

**Um sagen zu können: ich habe
gelebt, muss ein Mensch das höchste
Glück und den tiefsten Schmerz ken-
nen-gelernt haben.**

Paige Mitchell

Facing the crowd of black forbidding
faces
I saw myself laid out upon the table
Etherized and stupified
As my Being was slowly dissected
Cut into fragmentary particles
That apart equalled Nothingness
I was scrutinized by microscopic
eyes
That as they stared into the darkness
Could not resist being drawn in
But I squirmed and flinched under
their gaze
Jerked to avoid their cuts
And when they were finished
Not understanding what they found
What they really didn't want to know
They thought they could make me
better than whole again
But their questioning knives
Left a cobweb of scars over my Soul.

Barbara Melton

THE CLOVER RING

Emily kicked the ground into billows of dust as she skipped down the path leading from her house to Mr. Whitier's. It was a hot, sticky July afternoon and the hairs along her neck were wet with perspiration. Her short brown pigtails hung lop-sided about her round, freckled face. She squinted up at the sun. "Mama says he's a nasty old man. I wonder if he **really** never takes a bath?" A clump of purple clover stole her attention. She squatted over the patch, picking only the thick stemmed flowers. Her short, neatly-clipped thumb nail slit each stem. She laced the flowers into a chain. "He'll like this. He doesn't have any flowers in his yard." She scratched her knee. It didn't hurt anymore. Her bare, dusty feet walked through the high grass, across the vacant lot. Splashes of red glistened through the green blades. The bright red nail polish was almost gone. Streaked dashes were all that remained of Emily's painted toe nails. "Mama said she would paint them again if I don't cry when she washes my hair." She dropped the loop of clover over her head. A bee buzzed around her sun-burnt neck. She shook her head and ran. The bee hovered around her faded red-checked smock. A sugary scent choked the air. The bee buzzed away towards a fence camouflaged by yellow honey suckle.

Mr. Whitier's house came into view. It stood isolated from the community, imposing a unique old-fashioned stillness. Emily scampered across the cobble stones overgrown with brown, withered crab grass. Her feet threaded over the splintered steps, weather worn of their green paint. In the shadows of the porch roof, Emily could see his rocking chair. The sagging purple cushion had

not been disturbed. She peered through the screened door between the balls of dirty cotton sticking through the punched out screen.

"Mr. Whitier?" Her nose and palms pressed against the rusty wires.

"Mr. Whitier?" She couldn't see anything moving. It was dark inside. She turned and scanned the wide, empty yard. Funneling her hands around her mouth she called out,

"Mr. Whitier!" A tone of impatience and worry entered her voice.

"Eh?" A gruff answer from beyond the dusty darkness brought a secret smile to Emily's face. Mr. Whitier in his frayed, yellowed undershirt and grey baggy pants spotted with years of grease, paint, and dirt, stood in the doorway.

"Hi," Emily shyly stood twitching in front of his wiry form, "I brought you a present."

"Eh? Got no use for presents. What do you want? Folks only come bringing gifts when they want something. Man can't do his chores without someone bothering him."

Emily stood still and silent.

"Well, speak up child. What's that behind your back?"

Emily held the purple flower chain up to Mr. Whitier. Her sad, hopeful voice pushed out the words,

"I made it for you."

A faint twinkle came into Mr. Whitier's small brown eyes. An uncomfortable urge to smile tugged around his mouth. But habit had chiseled a determined frown around his jaws.

"Eh? Well now, I don't rightly know what to do with it."

"You can wear it. Like the Ha...Hawo..."



Hawaaa..." she stammered and blushed to a stop.

"Like them grass-skirted belly-dancers? Eh?"

Emily put her hand up to her mouth, stifling a giggle. She liked Mr. Whittier.

The screen door slammed behind him. He shuffled in his woolen slippers to the rocking chair. He sank into its comforting confines. His boney, tanned fingers trembled as they passed over the smooth arms of the chair. Use had scrapped off all traces of its varnish.

Emily followed him across the porch, dangling the purple loop before her. She cautiously spoke, "Can I put it on you?"

"Like a dad-burn belly dancer, that you are, paddin' in your bare feet carrying flowers about."

She timidly neared the old man with her prized gift. He smelled like that brown juice. She didn't like it, especially when he spat it into the air like a worn out piece of chewing gum. She tried to stand very still, so that he wouldn't get angry with her. But her knee itched. She bent over to scratch the large brown crusty scab surrounded by traces of grey adhesive. The morning band-aid had long since fallen off her stocky knee.

As she bent the old man gazed thoughtfully over the small figure. "She smells like a babe, but yet..." Years of prejudice made him feel uncomfortable around this miniature woman. The young girl offering flowers stirred up a strange, uneasy feeling. He mustered to retain his abrupt indifference.

"Dad-burn it, put the weed on," he bent his bald head. Stray wisps of thin grey hair parted in uncombed directions.

(continued on page 40)

Emily gingerly raised the flowers over his head.
"EMILY!"

She startled, dropping the chain. It fell over one ear. Mr. Whitier sat, reflecting the picture of a ludicrous circus clown.

"EMILY! GET HOME." A short, heavy woman could be discerned in the vacant lot adjoining Mr. Whitier's yard. Emily's large, brown eyes stared at the figure. It was Mama and she was mad.

"Bye, Mr. Whitier." Emily ran down the creaking steps and across the field.

Mr. Whitier sat. He let the flowers fall about his chest. His eyes moistened.

"Dad-burn it," he muttered, "got chores to tend." He ripped the clover chain from his neck, tossing it high into the air. It fell into the yard, encircling a scavaging bee.

Chris Dixon

L'amour

Il sourit et mon coeur est gai.
Je suis sur que l'amour est vrai.
Mes amis se moquent de ma joie
Mais dans lui je mets toute ma foi.
Il me fait heureuse tous mes jours.
Je serai avec lui pour toujours.

Pat Gillette

The Train

The train jogged along at a clipped pace. The young girl and the old lady were sitting opposite each other, the older oblivious of the younger. The young girl had a contemptuous look on her face, her eyes staring at the traveller opposite her.

Old! Senile! Dead! The younger girl thought. Fingernails that no longer grow; hard, thick, yellow, dead. Hair so thin the scalp shows; dry, grey, frizzled, dead! The old woman already has one foot in the grave. Hands with fingers that cannot hold anything, only lay knotted in her lap. The girl looked away in disgust as the old lady tried to unbutton her coat.

The conductor came through announcing dinner. The old lady grabbed at his coat. "What did you say?"

"Dinner is now being served in the diner, ma'm."

"Huh? I didn't hear you!"

"DINNER is now being served!"

The girl eyed the old traveller, her face reflecting her thoughts. Deaf! Old and deaf! Ears that cannot hear—knobs on the sides of her head—DOORKNOBS!!

The old woman reached in her pocket and pulled out a timetable. She looked at it closely, held it farther away, then leaned toward the window, letting the light fall on the paper. She pointed an arthritic finger at the paper, trying

to keep her eye on one line of printing. She finally dropped her hand and gave up trying to read the paper.

She's almost blind thought the traveller opposite. Colors, forms, shapes, blurs. She can't see! She's almost in a box—unable to reach the outside, the outside can't get in to her.

The girl pulled back; the old woman was leaning close to her, poking her arm to attract her attention. "Do you know when they'll serve dinner?" Somebody should have come by and tell us."

The girl pretended to ignore the old woman. Senile! Stupid! Even when someone does reach her, she forgets. Her mind is gone, DEAD, GONE!

"I don't want anything to eat, anyway. Food just doesn't appeal to me any more."

Of course not, stupid! When you get old, you can't TASTE anything! They could give you garbage and you'd never know. You old fool. Senile, stupid, dead, why don't you just crawl in a hole somewhere? Crawl in a hole while you can still make it by yourself. You're dead anyway. The only difference between you and a corpse is you're still breathing. You're DEAD!

The train slowed. The younger girl hurried to another seat. The porter approached the old lady, explaining loudly and laborously that dinner was now being served in the diner.

Ida Maye Simmons

Dear Rus —

I read something interesting that I thought you might like. I found it in the foreword to **Babbitt**, and in it Mark Schorer says, "Truth, beauty, excellence, joy, passion and wisdom. . . . How to find them? There is only one way, and that is through the cultivation of a true individuality." I suppose the reason it interested me so much is that it seems to me to be tied up with the whole crux of man's existence—he strives to know truth and beauty and excellence and joy and passion and wisdom, and yet he searches in all the wrong places. He does not look in the one place where he is likely to find them—himself. Instead, he goes around rather than through—he copies others—those he admires and those he does not even like—thinking they will give him the key to those things for which he strives. Few people, it seems to me, ever realize that before one can acquire any of those traits which he admires in others, he must be a person—an individual—himself. Before he can value anything else, he has to value himself—and before he can value himself, there must be something in himself that he can value. He must find out who he is—what his purpose is—what his reason is for living—He must be his own kind of person—with his own set of values—he must find those principles in himself on which he is willing to stand—and once finding them, he must constantly re-evaluate himself and his beliefs—He must question and he must think.

I believe that when one has acquired his values himself through his own hard work, he is less likely to compromise—to give in. For if one fights diligently for something and wins it, he is loath to give it up easily—and when one becomes

a person—an individual with his own set of values, he will find, I think, that it is through those values and his loyalty to them that he will find truth, beauty, excellence, joy, passion and wisdom. He will find truth in himself when he lives up to the standards he has set—when he has stood against the odds and fought for his beliefs—when he has faced himself and knows that he is right. And where will man find more eloquent beauty than that with which he surrounds himself—those things which remind him constantly of the values by which he lives. Only if a man is truly an individual can he aspire to excellence—for excellence is more than a copy of someone else's achievements. An individual will find unlimited joy in seeing his own dreams realized, and he will learn passion in dreaming. Wisdom, the final thing for which man searches, will come upon him slowly when he is able to stand behind his principles without defending them—when he is able to accept another man's right to his own beliefs although he cannot agree with them himself—when he is able to make judgments between what things he can accept, and what things he cannot accept.

I don't know, Rus, it seems to me that mankind "has a long way to go"—and, yet, he is so almighty smug in his assurance that he has arrived. That, I think, is what bothers me the most about people our age—their parents and grandparents are bad enough, but, God, how are we ever going to better ourselves, create a better world, if we are sure at twenty that we are perfect—that the way it has always been done is the **right** way. How will we ever progress if we aren't willing to evaluate and question and think?

Susan



Two

Feeding

I am unveiled before you
knowingly
willingly
With laughter upon my lips
anguish in my eyes
With love in my heart
torment in my soul
A passionate being
chaotic
volcanic
I scream
not with pain
but with regret

Linda Dyer

path of sun

path of sun
i long to follow
59 chevy
laundry bag
and i
eternal search
truth, beauty illusive
devil or god
i answer my prayer
single bed
five hours sleep
still traveling
never want a home
a man to listen to
running from a past
looking for a future
path of sun
i long to follow

Edwina Miles

NOTES ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

VICKIE JESTER is a Junior from Richmond. She is in Mr. Eyester's creative writing class, and says that most of her story is true.

BARBARA MELTON is a senior from Norfolk. Barbara is past editor of the school newspaper.

EDWINA MILES is a Junior from Exmore. Freight of Flesh, which won a special award, is her first contribution to the GYRE.

HELEN PECHT, who won first place in short story and in prose impression, is in Mr. Eyester's writing class.

JOYCE ALBRO, junior from Baltimore, Maryland, is interested in writing and drama.

CHRIS DIXON, a sophomore from Richmond, is a faithful contributor to the GYRE, and a member of Mr. Eyester's writing class.

IDA MAYE SIMMONS is a freshman who is also interested in poetry.

FREDA RICHARDS is a sophomore from Tampa, Florida, and is current editor of the GYRE.

ELIZABETH UHLER is a freshman. This is her first contribution to the GYRE.

PAT GILLETTE is a senior on the GYRE staff.

PAIGE MITCHELL is a senior from McKenny.

LINDA DYER is a sophomore on the GYRE art staff.

MARY GOMPF is a senior from Portsmouth. She is currently short-story editor of the GYRE.

BARBARA GARRISON is a senior from Alexandria, and a member of the GYRE staff.

SUSAN GOODES is a junior from Richmond.

PHYLLIS MYERS is a member of the GYRE staff who contributes faithfully to each issue.

The editor thanks the student body for their help and support of the annual Literary contest.

PATRONS

The names appearing below have consented to sponsor the annual Spring Literary Contest at Longwood for this year 1965-66.

Farmville Manufacturing Company, Farmville Shopping Center
Chappell's, 212 N. Main Street

Longwood Jeweler, 216 N. Main Street

Grants, Farmville Shopping Center

Princess Beauty Salon, 105 N. Main Street

- Burger's Market, 144 N. Main Street

Weyanoke Book Store, 202 High Street

Leese's Pastry Shop, 119 N. Main Street

First National Bank, 200 N. Main Street

Gray's Drug Store, 219 N. Main Street

Carter's Flower Shop, One block from hospital

Lanscott's 408 High Street

Cedarbrook Restaurant, Rice Road

James Madison Inn, Prospect Road

Tastee-Freez, Prospect Road

WFLO Radio Studios, Cumberland Road

Farmville Herald, 114 North Street

The College Shop, 114 N. Main Street

Newman's, 111 N. Main Street

Owen-Sanford, Farmville Shopping Center

Leggett's Department Store, Main Street

Crute's Drug Store, Main Street

Collins Florist, 119 N. Main Street

Martin the Jeweler, 123 N. Main Street

Hollywood Beauty Salon, 102 N. Main Street

Mr. Walter Eyster, Faculty Longwood College

Miss Blend, Faculty Longwood College

