

Fall 1967

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GYRE

Volume 1, Number 1
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

FALL 1967
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



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GYRE

Picture yourself in a boat on a river
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies;
Somebody calls you; you answer quite slowly,
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Paul McCartney and John Lennon

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1
1967-1968



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FROM THE EDITOR

This is the fifth issue of the **Gyre**, the first under this editorship. Support of the literary magazine on Longwood's campus is growing as is evidenced by enthusiastic participation on the staff itself and in increasing contributions of literary and art material from the student body. This is remarkable at a time when many other colleges and universities are finding they must replace their literary magazine with some other publication of more popular appeal but perhaps less literary and artistic quality.

In this the first issue of 1967-68 we have tried to maintain the high standards set by past editors of the **Gyre**. We have also aimed to present material covering a wide

range of interests. It varies both in content and technique. The modern college student, living in a time of emphasis on individuality and freedom of expression, can hardly be unaware of the diversity that exists in literary and artistic approaches. It is understandable that no one individual can personally like everything he reads or sees; yet he should certainly be able to identify and appreciate excellence in a particular poem, story, or drawing even if he cannot possibly agree with the ideas presented therein. We believe that you can and will. With these things in mind we have tried within these pages to represent quality as well as variety.

Besides striving to attain standards that you the student would set, we follow the guidelines of two national associations of collegiate publications. In the Associated Collegiate Press the **Gyre** has received as high as First Class Honor Rating. This class is just under All-American magazine which is the highest possible rating to achieve in the organization. This year for the first time we will also be rated in comparison with other college and university magazines from all over the country by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Our participation in these national associations is part of our effort to constantly make the magazine better. With your continued enthusiasm and support through contributions and through participation both as reader and staff member the **Gyre** should certainly in the near future achieve highest honors in ACP and CSPA, and even more important Longwood College will have a literary magazine of which to be ever more proud in years to come.

P. A. M.

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OF A TREE

Barren 'gainst the sky of evening
You stand, your whitened finger reaching
like the bones of long-lost ancestors.

Sharon Collins



ALL IS CALM

Soft silent flakes shouted their way down from the dark smokey sky. Carleton Ashley drove haltingly down the glistening road that wound down the side of Mount Washington, applying the brakes of the long burgundy car, and releasing them to prevent it from gaining too much momentum on the slick hill. He glanced at the rioting Christmas lights shining from across the river, where squares of light grouped in rectangular patterns stood against the deep rusty sky.

"How peaceful!" he thought, "to see the lights and motion of the city, and yet hear only the swish of tires on the wet road and the low hum of the motor."

His wife's voice brought him back from his reverie. "I wish you would SLOW DOWN, Carleton. It is snowing. Or didn't you even notice."

"Elizabeth, I can't keep my foot on the brake all the time or we'll slip sideways." He spoke patiently but his hands tightened their grip on the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white.

"Well, your driving is probably scaring poor Marilyn to death." She turned around to the girl in the back seat. "Isn't it, dear?"

Marilyn sat relaxed against the seat, her floating blond hair framing an unusually delicate face. "Actually, Aunt Elizabeth, it's rather exciting." She smiled brightly.

Elizabeth turned back to glower sullenly at her husband. "What did I tell you, Carleton. You've frightened the child speechless." And she broke into low musical laughter.

They had come to the bridge that crossed over to downtown Pittsburgh, and the traffic increased. Swift shiny steel and glass phantoms followed behind inquisitive headlights, and swept across the wet bridge. The Ashley's car joined the excited crush, and moved along with the stream of vehicles to the other side, where the snow had ceased its flying and lay melting on the cemented earth.

Elizabeth slouched down in the seat and began to drum her long scarlet fingernails on the armrest. "Have you made reservations yet for the flight to Morocco, dear?"

Marilyn jerked up. "Morocco!?! I thought we were going to Acapulco."

Carleton looked at his wife, who was staring at him accusingly, and answered, "Yes, that's right. Acapulco."

Elizabeth raised her usually soft voice. "Well I'm not crazy you know. Acapulco is in Morocco, isn't it?"

Marilyn directed her attention to the window and kept it there, and Carleton went on in a controlled tone. "Not really. Acapulco is in Mexico. You must be thinking of some place else that's in Morocco."

Elizabeth laughed gaily, "We should take a trip to Tijuana or Mazatlan,"

Downtown, the traffic moved slower, stopping for glaring scarlet eyes that topped posts on crowded street corners, and starting again when the eyes blinked benevolent green. Elizabeth sat with her eyes closed, humming a mournful tune, and Carleton kept his gaze fixed on the heavy traffic.

"Shall I park in the Melon garage?"

Elizabeth continued her humming.

In the angular concrete garage cars crawled up and down the oil-streaked ramps where engine and tire sounds echoed weirdly from the first floor to the ninth. Shoppers paraded to and from their steaming cars and passed from the gasoline-soaked air into an elevator that bore them down to the slushy sidewalks below. The Ashley's dark Lincoln glided in between two yellow lines on the third floor and the engine died.

Walking under the eerie yellowish lights to the elevator, Carleton noticed the harshness of his wife's dark eye makeup and vicious red lipstick that she had begun to use in the past few weeks. Elizabeth stopped suddenly and turned to face him.

"Carleton, what did you come with us for anyway? We don't need you to pick out a fur coat."

He didn't catch the warning note of accusation in her voice, and smiled. "I just want to make sure you don't spare any expense when you pick out your birthday present, honey."

Elizabeth's mouth drew back in an ugly sneer. "Oh yes, my thirty-fifth birthday. I'm an old woman. Is that why you run around with those long-limbed office bitches that have no guts! You think you can buy me a mink and send me off to Miami so you can. . ." She stopped suddenly, aware of the anguished expression in his eyes.

"Liz, please. None of that's true."

She looked down at her shoes, studying a smudge on the soft brown leather. "I know, Carl. I'm sorry." Abruptly jerking her head up, Elizabeth's face filled with fear and fury. "No! I'm not sorry! I'm not I'm not I'm not. . .!!" Her voice rose in a grating scream.

He clapped his hand over her mouth and Marilyn stood like a statue, looking angrily at the people who were staring at them.

Elizabeth relaxed as big tears streaked down her cheeks in inky rivers. Carleton took his hand away from her trembling lips, and she clutched at it with her own.

"Take me back, Carl, please. I just can't make it this weekend."

As Marilyn walked slowly back to the car, Carl stood helplessly patting Elizabeth's head and holding her shaking shoulders.

"I'll call Dr. Goldstein, honey."

Karla Myers



Fly over life, child;
Never ask why.
Only fools live,
While lovers die.
The carefree may sing,
But the wise men do not;
Diplomats babble;
Only babes plot.
Doctors don't heal;
They only repair.
People may hate;
No one will care.
The world's in an uproar,
But don't think of sin;
Never ask questions,
And don't try to win.
Critics don't criticize,
They only shout;
Children are screaming;
Mothers want a way out.
Drunkards don't give a damn,
So why should you?
You'll live a good life
If you think that you do.

If others are crying
Just pretend you don't see.
When they die the day after,
Say "God meant it to be."
Thinkers are thoughtless,
I'm sure you must know.
People have problems;
There's no place to go.
Wondering, wondering, turning about,
Your mind's in a muddle;
Your brain hears a shout.
But the earth's really quiet with all of the din;
Holy virgins of purity close their eyes to the sin.
Cities of fire mechanically dying;
Poets frustrated and constantly sighing.
But don't think of these things;
They'll just give you the blues.
Instead let's switch places;
Come stand in my shoes.
I can be you and you can be me.
I'll worry awhile, let you write poetry,
And we'll all go in circles.
And pretend that we're free.

Linda Pelikan

WORTH

Imagine loneliness and ice forever without heat.
Imagine a thousand lollipops and not one tongue
a storehouse of book covers and one Bible
a choir of beautiful mutes
an inkless pen and a million sheets of paper
a warm sheepskin coat on a corpse
electric clock and no outlets
hundreds of picture frames all the wrong size
a 10-karat diamond and hook-studded arms.
a pair of eyes with nothing to see . . .
Imagine loneliness and ice forever without heat.

Donna Barnes

WHAT THEN?

Think of me often
Or better yet, don't think of me at all.
Try to remember me
But even harder, forget all the wonderfulness.
Remember my laugh
And laugh if you hear it in someone else.
Just laugh
But don't think of laughs we've shared together.
Go to our places
But fill them with someone else, not memories.
Remember my face
But don't see it on any stranger in a crowd.
Speak of me
But speak with a shrug, not a sigh.
Fall in love with life
And then ask yourself why you loved me.

Linda Pelikan

TOO OLD FOR THAT

The sand was dry, but it felt good under my bare feet. The sun shone brightly enough to make me squint, but its dull reflection on the ocean-soaked jetty suggested the return of those nine lonely months to come. Only one summer house was still in use. I remember how its pale yellow color resembled the glow of the sun's late September rays. I was tired of pedaling my bicycle, and noticed the Dirkson's car parked behind their house. Mr. and Mrs. Dirkson had made friends with Mother, Daddy, and me this summer, so I thought I may as well stop in and say hello. I didn't know which one of them was there. The back door was open. I parked my beloved blue bike against one of the corner support beams on the house, climbed up the spiral stairs, and knocked on the screen door.

"Back so soon?"

It was Angela's voice. I was glad she was there because she was so pretty and happy and young. She and I had been friends this summer.

"You didn't even know I was coming, Angela. It's me, Sarah. May I come in?"

I heard a scooting around in the front room. Angela came to the door with a soaking wet sponge in one hand and a bucket dripping soapy water from the other.

"Why, Sarah, you're certainly up to tell the morning hello. I thought all children in school had a race to see who could sleep the latest on Saturday."

"Most of them do. But I like to get up early and use all of my freest day."

Angela smiled. She looked so fresh, and when she smiled her eyes sparkled. She reminded me of what I used to think a fairy godmother looked like.

"Sarah, I'm sorry. Please come in. It's still so early. I'll bet you haven't eaten breakfast."

"I ate an apple while I rode my bike."

"Well, you go right to the den, turn on the television, and don't budge until I've fixed you some—French Toast?"

I was hungry, and the mention of French Toast made my stomach jump with anticipation. She remembered my favorite breakfast food. I liked that. I hesitated, but she said it would take no time, so I didn't argue.

There weren't any good cartoons on, but I found the station with the Duo-Theatre Morning Movies and settled back. Shirley Temple was crying because she had just in-

herited a multi-million dollar estate from her dead mother. Some reason to cry! She thought nothing could ever make her happy now that her Daddy had left her and her Nanny. I knew I wouldn't be crying if I had even one million dollars all my own.

My French Toast was cooking. I could smell the cinnamon. Angela used cinnamon now. I had taught her this past June to put cinnamon on the egg-soaked bread before frying it. My family and the Dirkson's had breakfast together the first morning we stayed at the beach. We did it two or three times a week for the first month—once at their cottage, once at ours; then we didn't do it any more. I think mother got tired of preparing things. We usually have cereal or boiled eggs for breakfast in the winter.

"Orange juice, Sarah?" Angela carried in a T.V. table with a place setting and a big glass of juice balanced on it.

"Uhhmm, thank you." I downed the juice and stared at dumb Shirley. She had just run away from home because she was "Oh, so sad." I felt funny. Eating breakfast away from home, so early. No reason. I got up at six, cleaned my bedroom, the den and the kitchen, and left Mother a note saying that I had gone bicycle riding. She wouldn't mind since I had done my share of cleaning before I left.

I yelled to Angela in the kitchen, "Why are you here? I thought you and Dean left the day after we did."

"We did."

"How come you're back?"

"Sarah, you certainly are a curious little girl." She was standing in the doorway between the den and the kitchen. "Your breakfast will be ready in just a minute."

Angela looked out of the window and peered down the road. I thought she must be expecting someone.

"Are you having some friends over, Angela? I didn't know you knew any other people around here except Mother, Daddy, and me."

"Sarah." She turned and stared at me as if I had said something stupid. "Just because I don't live here all year round doesn't mean I don't know any one else. But I'm not expecting any one."

I was going to say that I didn't remember she or Dean ever having any other people over except us, but she looked a little angry. Maybe I was being a pest. So I zipped my mouth, and watched Angela as she yanked the green ribbon from her hair. I wished my hair was long enough to pull back like that and tie with a ribbon. She tied the bow and went back into the kitchen. Curly Shirley (that's what we called her when we were kids) was singing one of her cute songs for all the poor kids in her adopted neighborhood. "Good Ship Lollypop" no doubt. I didn't hear the French Toast frying. I guessed it was ready.

"Angela, do you need any help?" I was standing right in the kitchen door, but she didn't hear me. She must have been daydreaming because she was just staring out the window. "Angela, are you going to eat now...?"

She jumped and dropped my juice glass on the floor. It didn't break.

"Sarah!"

She must have forgotten I was there. I do that sometimes when I daydream. "I...I've already eaten. I had a lot of work to do so I ate as soon as I got here. Let's go into the den."

I took my seat in front of the T.V. Angela sat in the wicket rocking chair by the window. I ate in silence, except for the high-pitched whines of Shirley and her gang. Nothing in the world compares with French Toast. I was through too quickly. I always eat too fast. My plate contained no sign of the three pieces I gulped down. I took the syrupy dish into the kitchen and washed it in the soapy water still in the sink—left over from Angela's breakfast, I guessed. I noticed that most of the furniture in the front room was covered with white sheets. The bucket of water and sponge which Angela had carried to the door were sitting in the doorway between the kitchen and the front room. The front wall with the bay window was a lighter shade of blue than the rest of the room, even though the sun was shining on the other three walls. I figured Angela was scrubbing the walls. Angela was still sitting at the window when I went back to the den.

"Angela, are you washing all the walls?" That was a stupid question to ask. She jumped again. She was awfully nervous, but I couldn't see why. It was only me.

"What?" She looked at me for a minute. I didn't say a word. "Oh, Sarah. Yes, I decided to get back here early

this morning and get this place clean. I should have done it before the summer was over, but the mood just never hit me. You know how lazy summers make people. Was your breakfast good?"

"It was delicious. Just the way I like it. It's better than mother's."

"You shouldn't say that. You should always respect your mother."

I didn't like her saying that. All summer I had liked to pretend that I didn't have a mother, and then I would come over here and stay all day. But I didn't want Angela to be my mother either. I wished she were my big sister. That's all I had thought about this summer. Angela never reminded me of a married woman, except that Dean looked like a married man and she was his wife. I couldn't even guess how old Angela was. She might have been thirty, because Dean looked thirty-five. Without him, I would have said she was in her early twenties. Her long blonde hair and those white slacks and green sweater made her figure look like a model's. That's what I did all summer. Pretended I had an older sister who was a glamorous model.

"Do you want me to help you clean, Angela?"

"You don't want to do that. Today is Saturday, your 'freest day'. You know you would rather go riding or play dolls with all your little friends."

Angela sure was saying a lot of things I didn't like. "Little friends", "dolls"...Who in the world plays dolls when they

are thirteen years old? And besides that, I never did like to play with dolls. I told Angela that.

"I don't like dolls, remember?"

"That's right. You used to be a tom-boy."

She did remember.

"Daddy and I used to play together all the time, that's why. I liked to fish and play football more than anything."

"You certainly don't look like a football player now, Sarah. You are such a lady that I sometimes forget you are so young."

"I'm not so terribly young, you know." She just had to say that, 'You're so young'. I guess she would have said that I was old enough to be her daughter if I hadn't broken in.

"Don't get so ruffled. I was paying you a compliment you will love to hear when you get to be my age."

I wanted to tell her how young I thought she looked, but I was afraid it wouldn't come out exactly right and she'd think I was just saying it.

"Anyway, Angela, I don't like dolls. And all my friends are camping with the Girl Scouts this weekend, so I'll help you." I stuck out my hand to shake on the deal. Angela took my hand, but it wasn't what I would call a winning handshake. She gripped my fingers and looked out the window.

"Really, Sarah, I have a lot of work to do, and I plan to get back to Newport tomorrow. Early. I know you are a whiz at cleaning, but if you're around we'll just waste time talking, and I don't have time to tell you what needs to be done."

I'd be in the way? Angela and I had cleaned this place together all summer, and I know she appreciated it. When

mother left to go to the hospital for three weeks, Angela and Daddy and I pitched in with each other's cleaning and cooking. Mr. Dirkson had to go back to Newport for two weeks each month because of his job; and when mother was sick and Dean was in Newport, we had a wonderful time together.

"O.K., Angela. I know how I would feel if I had a punk kid under my feet. Susan Shipley was absent from school yesterday. She had a bad cold. Maybe I could go over her house and cheer her up or something. Do you remember Susan?"

"Of course, Sarah. She just loved to play hearts."

"You mean Tippsie. Tippsie's the one who played cards all the time."

"Oh, now I remember. Well, why don't you go see Sarah and play cards or something?"

"I'm Sarah."

I sure didn't want to go over Susan's house with all her bratty sisters. But I had to say something so Angela wouldn't feel sorry for me.

"I'm going now. I'll tell Mother that you're here. Angela, if you're going to stay overnight, why don't you spend the night with us? You'd be welcome. Daddy will be sorry he missed you. He left last night for a business trip."

"No, that's much too much trouble. I'll be up late cleaning, and will be scarcely able to crawl into my own bed by the time I finish. It was kind of you to think of it though."

"Sure, I understand." I did understand. Besides, since Daddy wasn't going to be home it wouldn't be any fun any-



way. Mother is nice, but she goes to bed by nine. "I'll tell Mother and Daddy you were here. Call us the next time you come."

"I don't imagine I'll be back until next summer, Sarah."

Angela handed me my jacket and walked me to the back door. I remember that she smelled good. Some women look and smell good even when they don't expect to see any one all day. That's the way I was going to be when I was her age. I zipped up my jacket and walked out on the porch.

"It's gotten warm. I don't think I'll need this."

Angela smiled, and looked down the road.

"Bye, Angela. I hope I'll see you next year."

It had gotten warmer while I was visiting Angela. I got my bicycle from under the house, propped it up against the stairs, unzipped my jacket, and started to tie it around my waist. I looked up and saw Angela still standing at the door. I smiled half-way, untied the arms of my jacket, folded it up and put it in my basket. Angela was still at the door when I reached the road. I waved, and pedaled toward the highway. The sand glistened from the morning sun, and I couldn't resist riding to the deserted end of the beach to watch the sea gulls pick at the sand. I turned my bike around and headed toward my favorite spot on the other side of the natural rock jetty. I rode by the Dirkson's, but Angela had shut the door.

Not many people go down there. Since there are no houses at that end it doesn't attract any one. I'm glad because I like to think that part belongs to me. It's silly that no one

else likes it because that is where the beach is perfect. I had so much fun that morning. I ran around pretending I was the girl in "Carousel." I can't dance, but the gulls don't care. Besides, it feels so good to have the entire world to run around in with nothing in the way. I had on blue and white striped slacks and a blue turtle-neck jersey, and I felt like a real star... Then I sang. I can't sing very well either, but I sang so loudly that I could barely hear the ocean throwing itself against the rocks.

I knew it was noon because the sun was directly over my head. I don't think I was really hungry, but I instinctively jumped on my bike. I thought I would go home and get a sandwich. If mother had gone to the beauty shop, I would practice playing the guitar. If she was there, I would finish reading *Catcher in the Rye*. Just before I reached the Dirkson's house I slowed down. I put the brakes on and stood in the middle of the road. Daddy's car was parked next to Angela's. At least it looked like his car. I was sure when I got close enough to recognize my Jr. High Band Booster decal on the rear window. But Daddy was in New York. I saw him leave. I kissed him good-bye at nine-thirty last night. I could scarcely walk. I pushed my bicycle up onto the sand two houses away from Daddy's car. I sat under the Kirk's house. I thought about all those times when I wasn't sure. That time I was eight. I kept trying to tell my Self some Thing, but I wouldn't listen. You're old enough to believe it, I kept telling my self. You're old enough. Believe it.

Daddy had given me my bicycle on my eighth birthday.

My same blue and black bicycle. I didn't know where he had been. It must have been a week since I had seen him last. On my birthday he called me from his car. I was playing with my dog outside. We went to the hardware store and picked out my bicycle. Daddy let me ride it home. Mother couldn't believe for two hours that I had seen Daddy and he had given me a bike. I finally convinced her. A few days after that he was staying with us again. He never went away after that. We moved here near the beach when I was ten. Daddy had a better job, and we had more money than before. The only time Daddy stayed away was when he had to go out of town on business.

What was I supposed to believe? I tried to cry, and imagined myself in Shirley Temple's neighborhood... only I didn't feel like singing "Good Ship Lollypop." I was afraid to leave because I thought Angela might be looking out the window and see me ride by. That would have embarrassed her. I was afraid. Daddy would have been sad if he knew that I found out he wasn't in New York. I drew pictures in the damp sand, but my fingernails were long and the wet grit made me feel dirty. I was getting cold. The sun was nearly gone, and the water was that reddish-green color it always gets when the sun comes down. I pulled my jacket out of the basket and put it around me. I was shivering. I stuck my arms in the sleeves and zipped the jacket all the way up. Two lights were on in Angela's house. The one upstairs in the back bedroom and the one over the kitchen sink. They must be getting ready to have dinner. The thought struck

me funny, and I nearly wet my pants laughing.

It was dark enough for me to leave. I pushed my bike down the sandy back yard of the Kirk's and onto the road. I ran with my blue and black bike, jumped on the seat, and didn't stop pedaling until I got home. Mother didn't say anything about my being late because she hadn't fixed supper yet. We usually have hamburgers or sandwiches when Daddy is away on business trips. I ate, cleaned the kitchen, and watched T.V. with Mother until she went to bed. I stayed up with the T.V. on until I thought she had gone to sleep. I went upstairs at ten, took a bath and got into bed. I remember the clock downstairs on the mantel striking four times. The next noise I heard was mother getting ready to go to Sunday school.

Daddy was at the breakfast table Monday morning, and he took me to school as usual.

"I went to the beach Saturday, and I saw Angela. She was cleaning."

"Was Dean there?"

"No. I asked her to come over to our house, but she said she wouldn't finish until late."

"That's a shame. I'm sorry I missed her."

I haven't seen Angela since that Saturday. It's been seven years since I saw Daddy's car. I never said anything because I know it could have hurt a lot of feelings. Everything is the same as it always was, except that I never rode my bicycle again. I guess I had gotten too old for that.

Donna Barnes

WAR WITH A BEAT

And now we go off to war,
And now we go off to war;
The demon Peace
Is trying at least,
So now we go off to war.
We each of us lose someone,
We each of us lose someone;
We hide our fears
And shed our tears
When each of us Loses Someone.
Some ask for a reason Why,
Some ask for a Reason Why;
They sit and cry
And watch men die,
And ask for a Reason why.
We people begin to love,
We people begin to Love;
When it's Time to kill
Our hearts will fill,
And we will Begin to Love.

Donna Barnes



AFTERMATH

Nothing . . . darkness . . . silence. I have no perceptions. I am . . . an embryo, incomplete, isolated. They call it mercy to keep me thus . . . alive. No feeling—for the pain would be agony. No light—for a look at my mutilated body would be shattering. But yet—alive.

They hold on to my life. They eagerly look for any improvement. Any sign that I can communicate with them. That I can share my knowledge with them. My unique genius and research, they think, could send them through space . . . perhaps time. And I was an expert . . . on the waves, energies in the voids between stars.

They want the stars so badly. They want . . . to be unhampered by earth. They want to find new worlds—pure, clean, safe. Earth is so . . . contaminated. The bombs—which destroyed my body—which left me cut off from all other survivors . . . even those caring for me—which allowed only my mind and soul unharmed—they destroyed earth also.

So now they hide underground . . . dreaming of the stars . . . waiting for me—to tell them.

I think . . . I am alive . . . but how much longer this existence? I am not a growing embryo at all . . . I am a rotting vegetable.

Have mercy—I am dying.
Shall I?

June Lancaster

VIET

Muck, oozing mud and mire;
Suck, sink in, and never tire.
Heavy. Heavy. Lift the leaden feet—and hush.
Hush and lift to the quiet lap of the jungle mush.
Plod. Plod through the watery sod and
Halt.

Gently purrs the rain, down on the shades of green,
And silently sieves the light—in faery shafts—
Through the foliage screen.
Peace, pause, stillness is here,
Here in the midst of the sleepy steam;
And God feels near, and one can dream, and
Cock—killing the thought—and crack!
The red runs magnificently
Like scarlet rivulets in the mire,
Commingling currents 'til others churn it,
Bury it with feet that never tire.

Linda Long

CHANT RELIGIUM

Mighty is—the cathedral—
Echo chamber—laud and praise;
Resonant, ringing, reverberant,
Voices of the choir raise.
Hallelujah—marble arches—
Glorytoyoudum—'til all ages pass;
Praisebedum—to whodum,
Ceremonium to the last.
Mighty is—the cathedral—
Even Babel—had its hour;
Hocus pocus de dominocus,
Whitegloved popedum without power.
Ornatium—true religion—
Wealthius gaudijs—or not at all;
Velvet kneelers not in prison
Means we pity poor Saint Paul.

Linda Long

All The Little Live Things. By Wallace Stegner. 345 pp. New York: The Viking Press. \$5.75

Although it sounds like a child's biology text, **All the Little Live Things** is a deeply moving novel that probes into some real problems of our contemporary world. Wallace Stegner, who seems to take an ambiguous stand on many moral issues of the day in his book, nonetheless, succeeds in showing us an affirmative view about life. He implies that no matter what pandemonium we visualize in the world, we must not withdraw from life. Stegner implies that we can try to hide from life but ultimately its forces will invade our privacy and bring us back into the cult of humanity.

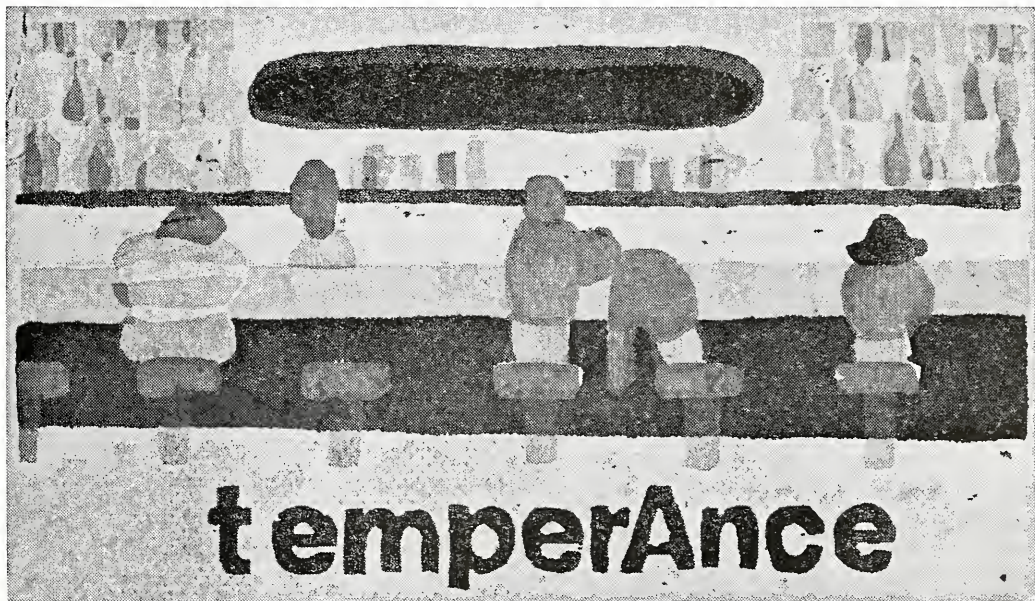
The story is essentially a series of contrasts between three characters — Joe Allston, the crabby salt-witted narrator; Marian Catlin, and Jim Peck. Allston, who has retired from work and life, is suddenly jolted out of his Californian pseudo-paradise when Jim Peck, a bearded hippie, asks permission to put up a tent on his property and create a pad. Peck experiments with yoga, free-love, pot, and "back to primitivism," while Allston fumes about his giving in to Peck's insolent request. But his privacy is even more lastingly damaged by Marian Catlin. Marian's specialty is simply life. It is not so unusual that this young woman believes everything that lives is sacred, or that she attacks Allston for shooting a gopher, or that he cannot convince her that life is mainly a battle for survival. What is unusual is that Marian is dying of cancer and is also pregnant; she carries within her frail body seeds of both life and death, and she

determines to bring forth life before she succumbs to death. Stegner plays on the bitter, bitter irony that this woman who so glorifies life must give it up, and that she who has every reason to scoff at the world around her continues to give and to love and to live.

With these three Stegner presents a constant contrast between two generations—the staid and hippie, and Marian, who can understand both. Because Allston tells the story, we see the other two only through his perceptions; so we see Peck as a cheap, false, pot-tasting leech who corrupts all of the innocent teeny-boppers around him. But Allston's sharp quips plus Marian's determined understanding help us glimpse a lonely, intelligent, searching side of Peck. In fact, Peck is more believable than Marian. It is hard to imagine someone so enthused with life that she lifts a wasp out of a jar of jam, hoses him off, and sets him out to dry and to "live."

While Stegner does go overboard in making Marian such a feminine "savior" figure, still his novel contains much worthwhile thought and sympathetic understanding about the world we live in today. Allston and Peck are forced to come face to face with the world and its people. And Marian has moved them both, though she has not convinced them of her philosophy. True, the hippie has not moved Allston and each still refuses to understand the other. Stegner does not give a simple solution to the problem of how our generations are to accept each other. But we sense that Allston can never go back into his twilight life again, nor can Peck still defy all humanity except Self and the Free Mind.

Vivian Gale



REPLACED

A week before the Festival, tension grew within the orchestra. The violinists quarrelled violently over who was to turn pages; the clarinets, each so good that they could switch back and forth, argued as to who would play first chair in the Festival; and the first flute, an arrogant, confident fellow, had so thoroughly demoralized the third-flute-and-piccolo player that the poor man cringed whenever anyone looked crossways at him.

"It's all Piutrowski's fault," muttered the piccolo player to the first oboe, a sympathetic, middle-aged gentleman. "If he hadn't. . . ."

"Shhh! Here he comes!" interrupted the second flute.

They sprang immediately to their feet, standing rigidly beside their chairs. Piutrowski insisted upon that honor every day; he had made that quite clear when he first took over that he expected them to stand on his entrance.

"Good evening, Maestro," the concert master greeted stiffly.

Piutrowski, a scowl upon his normally moody face, ducked his head condescendingly. Then, scrutinizing the orchestra, he thundered, "Where is Parelli?"

"He had to take his wife to the hospital; she was going to have a baby."

"A baby! A baby is more important than the Festival? Preposterous!" Piutrowski stomped a foot and screwed up his face. "Aaiii! This is an orchestra? Replace him. And you—why did you let him go? Do you not know it is vitally important that all members be here every day the two weeks preceding the Festival? Idiot! Fool!"

The concert master sputtered indignantly. "Enough! he finally screamed. "What you call me—I have been concert master for years! You dare to call me. . . ."

"You dare to talk back to me?" Piutrowski's voice rose to a high C. Leaping off the podium, he stomped up and down the stage tearing his hair.

Just then the missing Parelli crept in, glancing wild-eyed at Piutrowski, who at once spotted him.

"Ah, you! What are you coming here for? You're replaced!"

Parelli froze and stared. The poor man was already disturbed about the baby, and now to have Piutrowski's wrath descending upon him was too much. He crumpled into a blubbing heap on the floor.

"Please, Maestro! I . . ."

"Out! Out!" Piutrowski made shooin' motions with his hands. "I told you, no excuses! You are late by five minutes!" When Parelli failed to move, Piutrowski took a step toward him and stomped. "Go! And take your violin with you!" Parelli yelped and fled, strewing sheet music as he went. The walls of the great black concert hall caught his cries and tossed them back and forth for fully a minute, prolonging their agony before releasing their souls to the heavens. Not one of the orchestra breathed except Piutrowski.

"Sit down, sit down," he snapped. "We will begin with the Tchaikovsky." He waited a few moments, then brought down the baton to begin Tchaikovsky's First Symphony.

The piece started well—at least, the concert master thought so. Piutrowski did not.

"You're sharp!" he screamed, rapping his baton on the

rim of the music stand. "Violins, you're sharp as the end of my baton."

"Which end?" muttered the concert master.

They continued, stopping every other measure to correct some insignificant tuning problem, wrong note, or sloppy execution of a phrase. Piutrowski's face grew pink, crimson, then purple; his cheeks puffed in and out like a bellows. They switched to a suite, but it went no better.

"Tympani! You're too loud!" he burst out once.

"But I wasn't even playing!" returned the astonished young American.

"I don't care! Keep it down!"

The American glanced at the bass drum player, who shrugged his shoulders and tapped his head. "He's always this way—tears us down every chance he can get. We won't take much more of this—Oooops!"

Hastily the bass drummer smacked the drumstick against the drum, but he was a half-beat too late—he had invaded the dead silence of the Grand Pause. For a moment even Piutrowski was speechless; fuming, he pointed to the wings of the stage. The bass drummer was quicker than Parelli.

They took up their instruments again; Piutrowski was too furious to do anything else. He took his anger out on them by the precise punching strokes of his baton. Twenty measures later, the piccolo player, troubled by water in his keys, played a prominent section in which his E-flats sounded like D's. Piutrowski roared, and once again the orchestra hushed,

then gasped audibly as Piutrowski drew back his arm. They knew what was coming; it happened every night. Piutrowski let the baton fly at the cringing piccolo player. The little man ducked, instinctively shielding his piccolo. The baton missed him by the thickness of a sheet of music and ended its flight with a clink against the music stand of the first clarinet.

"And they call **this** an orchestra!" Piutrowski screeched. "Bah! Such sounds I have heard coming from a dog fight! How did you ever get awarded 'Best Orchestra in Europe'?"

"It wasn't while you were conducting," remarked the concert master acidly. "I have seen better conducting from a cow's tail!"

Piutrowski drew himself up to his full height. "I heard that," he breathed. "I heard that! You—you. . . ." He picked up another baton and hurled it. The entire file of violins flattened themselves behind their music stands, but as soon as the flying baton had lodged itself in the curtains, the concert master sprang.

"I have taken all your brutality I can stand! For months you have insulted us, thrown things at us, kept us from all outside activities, including having babies! Good evening, **Maestro.**" He turned to the gaping second violin. "You are now concert master. Enjoy your life while you can."

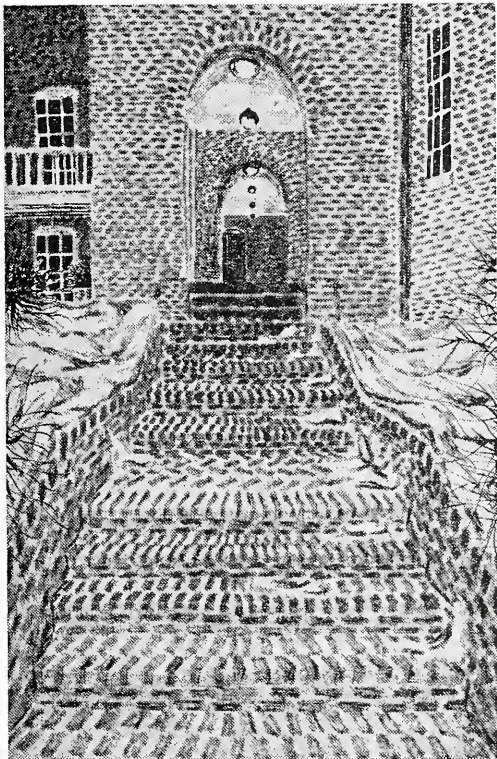
He stalked off the stage.

The last note of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" faded into nothingness, to be replaced by the thunderous applause of the audience which sat or lay on the ground listening to the orchestra. The short green mall in front of the Festival stage was interrupted by three large, bubbling fountains.

Piutrowski thought the Festival had gone quite well, considering the impertinent, lazy musicians he had to work with. And here they were, crowding around him, cheering and trying to show their appreciation of such a distinguished conductor. It was about time they recognized his value. Why, they were even lifting him to their shoulders, carrying him across the mall in a triumphant parade. The audience scattered before them, and Piutrowski beamed down on all beneath him. Suddenly the hair on the back of his neck began to prickle. . . . He tried to get down, but found himself firmly held up by the sea of musicians, suddenly leering instead of cheering. Closer and closer to the fountain they moved. Piutrowski struggled wildly, but the procession pushed inexorably forward. Then in one swift motion he was tossed up, over, down. . . .

The audience never did understand why the orchestra threw their conductor into the fountain and left him weeping in the water; they only knew that at the next Festival, the orchestra had a new conductor.

Jennifer Young



THE BABYSITTER'S PLIGHT

or

Ode to Sominex

It's late and they're still not home,
And I'm stuck here all alone—
all night.

The clock struck twelve an hour ago,
And the electric clock is 20 minutes slow—
And I'm stuck here all alone.
I've counted the cracks in the ceiling all twice,
And I could tell you the number as quick as a mice
But that wouldn't be right—
And I'm stuck here all alone.

I've read every book at least one time,
I could write their plots on the side of a dime,
And I'm still stuck here all alone!
There're 23 slats of wood to a bamboo blind,
And even a window is hiding behind.
The lamp needs to be turned on twice,
And I think I'd like to see trained lice—
purr-form for me.

To keep me awake
some drug I can take
and be able to fake
like I am wide awake.

But I'm not.

And it's too hot in here,
Much too warm . . .
And I'm all alone . . .

Good Glory! They're home!

DAGAN, MEALY, SPUD AND ME

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Frisk about and happily be
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Loved playful by the sea
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Full of hap and glad were we
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
We were fond to the gether a smallish bee
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Asked the buzzy "By what name, bee?"
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Meeth
Heard beesly say, "I cannot talk, I have no teeth"
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Meeth

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and who
"How can you bespoke like you do, like you do?"
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and who

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and guess who
"I talk caused you hear me, I do, I do"
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and guess who

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Were stunged by the wordless of the bee
Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me
Never no more larked by the sea
So ends the tale of Dagan, Mealy, Spud and Me

Sharon Collins

THE IMPROBABLE PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBIT by ELLIOTT EDWITT

It is no simple task for a novice to analyze the works of a craftsman, no matter what field the masterpieces encompass. This is especially true concerning photography, a facet of art with which I am totally unfamiliar. Therefore, when confronted with the assignment of reviewing the "Improbable Photographs Exhibit" by Elliott Erwitt, I realized immediately that I could not successfully complete the analysis without the help of a more knowledgeable person. The perfect opportunity arose when Philakalia asked Mr. Rouillard and Mr. Hathaway, two new members of the Art Department, to discuss informally the photographs. So with their astute comments in mind, I will proceed.

The exhibit as a whole is extremely captivating because contained within it are the elements of paradox, humor, and universality. The photographs represent a paradox in that they are ugly and beautiful for the same reason. Most of them are not pretty because they capture the inherent weaknesses of humans and the common occurrences of daily living. However, it is because these photographs make such a definite statement about life that they are worthy of admiration. Two photos which definitely show these characteristics are the ones whose subjects are the armless beggar and the racially separated drinking facilities. Both are brutal

because they demonstrate the inhumanity of man to his brothers. Yet, concurrently, the truth which is unquestionably put forth is beautifully executed.

Despite the stark and sometimes ghoulish reality of the photographs, humor is present throughout the majority. An onlooker with just a semblance of a sense of humor could see the absurd hilarity of a sad-eyed dog peeking over a booth at a startled woman with a "how could you possibly be eating THAT?" look in his eyes. Likewise, the viewer who looks at the photograph of the gracefully carved figure with her bow and arrow aimed directly at an innocent bystander wants so badly for the statue to let the arrow fly just this once!

Perhaps the most important and yet the least apparent quality of the total exhibit is its universality in scope. The photographs are timely, but they could be placed in almost any period of history without altering the effectiveness of the statements which they make. It would not be difficult for anyone, after having properly viewed the photos, to see brutality, humor, pride, baseness, unconcern, love—human nature—evolve in a subtle yet piercingly apparent manner. Elliott Erwitt deserves more than a mere passing nod of approval for capturing in a few select photographs what it has taken many men volumes to write about—PEOPLE.

Emily Gillespie



BALLAD OF ERTH

Tell me true, white-haired old brother,
What is this star they call Erth Mother?
Speak softly, my child, do honor Erth Mother,
This star they say is like no other.
But why this star so dim and so small
Do men like you reverence above all?
Our past and our origin, as I recall,
Began long ago on Erth, Mother of all.
We live in a ship, we travel through space;
Did Erth, a far planet, give rise to our race?
Laugh not, my child, for before we knew space,
Men lived on Erth in freedom and grace.
I fear I see not, long-bearded old brother,
Why men left such a place as the good Erth Mother.
Men ever strive to get more and another,
Our fathers wanted better than the Erth Mother.

And did men find a new home far superior,
Did all men leave the Erth Mother inferior?
All men set out, child, in this vast interior,
This ship's still searching for a home far superior.
When will we find a new home, end this trip;
Many generations live and die in this ship.
Never, I fear, for this vessal did us strip,
We lost men's defenses, we must live in a ship.
This ship our home—we'll know no other?
But our sons a new Erth will gain, old brother.
In all time and space there may be another,
Men always seek, child, a new Erth Mother.
In all time and space there must be another;
Our sons shall find a new Erth Mother.
We are chained, doomed in space, yet another—
New man of tomorrow—may find a new Erth Mother.

June Lancaster

SUMMER SPRITE

I am a summer sprite
dressed in blue mist.
I dart behind
strong trees
and lacy shrubs,
now a blade of grass.
And yes I cry
clear salty tears,
because my leap
exceeds your grasp.

Karla Myers



THE CLIFF

The lofty, gray cliff stood triumphantly over a robin's egg blue sea. It almost laughed at the glittering, shimmering ocean which futilely pounded its base. In a thousand years the sea had barely made the slightest change in a speck of the solid stone. Roaring and crashing waves thundered toward the granite base; they merely tickled the great stone precipice that could not be put down by the relentless antagonist at its base. The sun warmed the cliff's face with crystal-clear rays which pierced the cloudless sky. The stone sparkled. Sea gulls soared above their home and shelter, filling the air with their relentless cries. As often as they visited the ocean, they returned to the cliff. The sea, for all her changing, chameleon beauty, could not compare with the firm, solid glory of the towering cliff. The salty smell of the sea and the warmth of the sun added to its power. The great stone supported a two-legged human creature with gentle strength. It loaned this being its sense of power—a feeling of perfect security.

Bonnie Gay Andrews

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