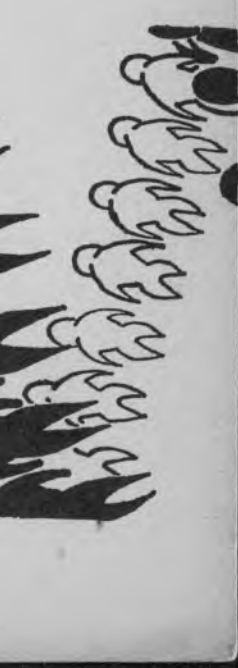




Apogée

Instructional
Materials
Center
High Point College



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Vol. 2

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Friendship Remembered

Raindrops,

shimmering translucent,
reflecting green and blue and amethyst,
holding the captured colors
of a sun
no longer there.

Falling, softly, gently,

This their never-ending journey
downward to the earth from which they rose,
drawn upward by the warmth of a remembered sun,
Only to fall again and soften the memory of a
yearning ground.

Raindrops, teardrops.

—DON HEVENER

←
FRIENDSHIP

—Betty Krimminger

1964

A Way Of Life

—JAN SAMET

He awoke that morning and regretfully removed himself from the womb-like enclosure of blankets which surrounded him. While he dressed, he thought about his comfortable bed and wished to go back to sleep. It wasn't that he was tired, but whenever he got into bed, the world and its annoyances seemed a little more petty and a lot less pressing. You know, he thought, somebody ought to change the symbol of peace from the smug little dove to a large comfortable bed. Even if the bed wouldn't do for a symbol of peace, maybe it could be used as a symbol of human fulfillment. Freud and Shakespeare had promoted beds as the means by which the zenith of all human experience is obtained.

As he sat at the breakfast table and waited for his coffee, he thought of nothing in particular. However, when the first sip of weak Maxwell House reached his stomach, it awakened the smoldering emotional embers that eight hours of sleep had smothered. Good God! he thought, it looks like it would be damn near impossible to screw up instant coffee.

He sat there a little while and debated whether to scream at his mother or to forget the watery coffee. By the time he rose to go warm up the car,

he had decided that there was no sense in pointing out his mother's miraculous inability. He knew from past experience that recognition of such talents would lead only to trouble.

The car was cold, but after a few swift kicks in the accelerator and several nonsensical remarks about the heap's dubious ancestry, he chugged out of the driveway. Traffic was slow that morning; so he had time to "driver watch." "Driver watching" was a game he played often. It consisted of observing other drivers and then psychoanalyzing them. The game's main premise was that since power corrupts and the car is a powerful instrument, when a person drove, his psychological slip would show. Unfortunately there were no mental cases on the road; so he arrived at school unamused.

The rest of his school day continued along the same unamusing line. However, when his classes were over, he did carry home one interesting bit of information. This gem of knowledge would help him in his next dispute with his father over gardening techniques. He had learned that the only way to rid a garden of bermuda grass was with dynamite. He had always maintained this theory; but now that he had official confirmation of the hypothesis, he felt better.

Later on that evening when he felt the time propitious, he told his father what he had learned. Though singularly unimpressed, his father did engage in a short, rather unscientific discussion about the garden. When he retired that evening, it was with the firm understanding that he would remove either the weeds or himself from the household.

As he crawled into bed, a comfortable sense of tranquility descended upon him and wisps of regret for the next morning faded slowly to gray.

BE STILL

Be still, little heart,
Do not be troubled
About bare trees and white meadows.

Be still, little heart,
Do not fret
About shivering birds and dead deer.

Be still and wait:
Mud puddles will soon be here.

—NANCY FALLON

THE QUEST

Small, insignificant man
Engulfed by Satan's chaotic maze
Screams out in anguish,
Cries for help.

Have roadmaps from this Godless sphere
Been discarded, thrown aside,
Fed scarlet flames of man's dire making?
Has truth been raped

By drunken fools
Whose wanton fingers ripped and crashed
Her orb of knowledge?

Listen — man cries!
See — men exist!
Dead screaming corpses
Discerning no lighthouse to restore their souls . . .

—PHYLLIS FOY

Elegy for O. M. D.

Old Man Death has passed on from a chill,
Or something else as socially right
That left him first weak, then finally nil.
The end came at 9:07 last night.
Such a shock, to be sure, such a blow to us all
That he should deteriorate so quickly,
But somehow the news has failed to appall.
After all, in his pictures he always looked sickly.
Well, no more old sickle to cut us all dead;
No deadly weapons or funeral expenses.
Now mortal eternity we'll know instead—
But . . . what were Tithon's consequences?
No more hymns or food for the condor.
That strange old Grim Reaper has left Life the reign
And, shuffling off to some paradise yonder,
Wills us to his friends, Messrs. Time and Pain.

—SANDRA WILEY

The Poet

—JERRY PROFFITT

The young man sat there staring intently at the wall. Around him people were laughing and talking and drinking cola-colas. Finally, he lifted his eyes to the ceiling and drew his lips tight in frustration and disgust. The blonde next to him turned and said something she thought was amusing. He laughed politely and returned his gaze to the ceiling. The blonde, satisfied, turned back again to hear the punch-line of a story she obviously considered hysterically funny. He stared at the ceiling a long time with a blank look of contemplation. Suddenly the look on his face changed. He looked as if he had suddenly found something he had been seeking a long time. He turned to a laughing girl sitting across the table from him and said something. She suddenly stopped laughing and looked at him with puzzlement written on her face. The young man's expression changed again. He tried to explain to the laughing girl what he meant. Slowly, one by one, the others stopped laughing to listen. One by one their faces betrayed a blank look of incomprehension. The young man rose. Suddenly he understood that they didn't comprehend—that they could never comprehend. He stopped talking, and with infinite sadness on his face, he turned and walked away. The group sat there in dumb silence for a long minute. Then suddenly someone laughed. They all started laughing, and they laughed for a long time.



Despair

The wind blows cold upon the earth
And clouds forecast the coming snow.
The trees have shed their colors bright
And now the world in shroud of gray
Creeps in its petty pace
From day to night.

Impressions of an icy world
Without the glitter, glamour, glare
Leave but a cold and lonely night
And a heart no comfort save despair.
I would I could but touch my heart
And learn the secrets hid therein.
I could thereon with true resolve cry:
"I am come to save the world."

—JERRY PROFFITT



DO YOU SEE

(To "OLE MAC")

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud that's
almost in the shape of a camel?

Polonius: By the mass, and 'tis like a
camel, indeed.

Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet: Or like a whale?

Polonius: Very like a whale.

Funny
sometimes how one
sees strange characters
in not so strange
places

like when
we stopped
(for gasoline)
next the General
Store at a lonely

r
cross
a
d
s

I awakened (I'm sure!)
on the rear
seat
as she replied,
'No, I want POWER XI'

for there in the rearview
stood ol' God:
dirty rag in pocket
grease beneath nails
pump-nozzle in hand

and ol' God said:
'Ere you two 'eading 'ith 'em skis?'
'Not sure,' (she said)
ol' God murmured
gently:

'T'd a kid
once . . .
liked to
travel, himself.'
(I saw him frown)

'Miss, ya got nuff munny
fer dis 'ere gas?'
'Nope, ol' God, (she said)
'but ah do got Mama's
credit card!'

Funny
sometimes how one
sees strange characters
in not so strange
places

—CRAVEN YOUNG

Vanity Fair

—SHELBY JEAN WILKES

John Bunyan, in his famous allegory *Pilgrim's Progress*, describes a town called Vanity Fair in which a frivolous fair is being held. Allegorically the town of Vanity depicted the world as a place of emptiness, futility, and folly. Thackeray, in his novel *Vanity Fair*, shows the shallowness and emptiness of English society during the early nineteenth century about the time England was engaged in attempts to defeat Napoleon. Although the story takes place at that time and in that place, the characters could as easily fit into the present time.

I do not recall having read another novel in which the majority of the characters are so abominable as the ones in Thackeray's story. I say a majority of the characters are abominable, but, thank God, there are a few exceptions, as there must be at any place if the world is to continue.

The heroine of the novel is Rebecca Sharp, and she is exactly what her name implies—sharp. She is one of the most shrewd, scheming, selfish females to be found in a book or anywhere else. If she has a heart at all, it is an iceberg. However, one must be cold-blooded to survive and succeed in Vanity Fair, and I suspect Rebecca's harsh life

as an orphan helped to mold her personality for her role.

In direct contrast to Rebecca is her friend, Amelia Sedley. Amelia is a timid, naive soul who befriends Rebecca when she has no one else to whom she can turn. Indeed, Amelia is such a sensitive, amiable person that I scarcely see how she managed to survive in such a cold, callous place as Vanity Fair except by the grace of God and the follies of her associates that sometimes worked in her favor.

George Osborne, who becomes Amelia's husband under most unfavorable circumstances and with equally unfavorable consequences, is one of those selfish, arrogant, conceited, unfaithful men to whom women like Amelia too often become attached, mistaking their vices for virtues. The only virtue that I can see George possesses is military prowess, if that may be considered a virtue. He and Rebecca are typical citizens at the Fair.

Another citizen, though not so typical, is George's trusted friend, William Dobbin, who is also a military man. He is undoubtedly a most amiable, modest, and courageous man. He is somewhat timid, but this characteristic is hardly noticed in the story.

These four characters represent some quite interesting contrasts in personality, and it is most remarkable to note how opposite personalities so often tend to attract each other.

Thackeray's purpose in this novel is to deride and ridicule the vain, pompous pride and the selfishness of the people in English society during his time. His characters clearly depict by word and actions, and often by their thoughts and the author's comments on them, the false pride, the vain desires, the selfishness and hypocrisy prevalent in their society. Whether they are active or passive in the situations which confront them, each character brings out different facets of his own personality and of the personalities of the other characters involved.

As I have said previously, the characters represent a most sorry group. They fight with one another over positions and continually hold in contempt those whom they consider to be beneath them. They lie, cheat, lay loyalty aside at the drop of a pin, and are completely lacking in true affection and sympathy. What does it all accomplish? Nothing! It is all vanity. They do manage to get a few more dollars and climb a few more rungs up the social ladder. However, when they get whatever they think they want,

they have nothing that is substantial, and being dissatisfied, they strive to obtain more nothing.

As I read this novel, the idea came to me that Thackeray was not just writing about the follies of his own age, but of all ages since the coming of man into the world. I wonder how many of us today are living in the midst of Vanity Fair. How many of us are striving for the goals which have lasting value? How many of us really know what does have lasting value? As I look about me, all I can see is that too few know and that fewer care.





ORGANIZED RELIGION TODAY

—NANCY NOBLETT

CINQUAIN

Grasping
At Time, I cry
Into the wind: Do I
Live if I do not know
Who I am?

—BARBARA SEARLE

HAIKU

The lonely breeze haunts
My tree. But alas! The leaves
have fallen, fallen.

As the stars faded,
The mist slowly climbed the trees,
Paused suspended; gone.

Shattering dull night,
Train whistle cries mournfully,
Then fades. Far cities.

Tides Of Life

Oh whirlpool
deeper and deeper
Where are you taking me?
 Into your uncomfortable womb?
Cruel tides of life,
Why are you washing me away,
Why so fast have I stopped to live
 for one moment of my life?
Please waters
 bring me up
Let the tides wash me back upon the shore
 that was so warm and real and living.

—JOAN ROOT



When Young

When young, everything was sunny
 lemon-yellow breezes
 the cool green trees calling to me
I loved that world
 so full of all things
 full of life
 and love
Sometimes it made me so happy
I cried
 Pink bubbly tears
Running through wet grass with naked feet
Life was so free then
 so eager to give itself.
I did what I wanted to do,
 loved whom I wanted to love.

It's getting dark now
 I've grown
I see the different people
 white, yellow, black
I watch and hear people hate
No more trust
 How I loved to trust people
I loved my friends
 some different
I'm not supposed to love them any more
Sometimes I can't love my lemon-yellow life
 because of the darkness of hate
It's too big for me to understand.

—JOAN ROOT

The Reason of Fools

—CATHERINE POINDEXTER

Jews, Nazis, Negroes, Caucasians, prejudice, curses, blood, death, more curses, laws, reprimand, more blood, more death. It is a vicious circle, the origin of which is a little nine-letter word—prejudice. These nine letters form a word which is the basis of the destruction of individuals, armies, and nations, and threatens the destruction of mankind. It stalks the streets searching for a target. It lurks in the shadows waiting for something, anything, at which to strike. It turns brother against brother, father against son, nation against nation.

Prejudice accompanied Christ to the cross, roared with the lions in the Roman arenas, traveled across the ocean with the pilgrims, screamed verdicts of "guilty" at the Salem witch trials, and set fire to cotton fields and southern plantations during the Civil War. It goose-stepped with the Nazi Gestapo, turned on the gas and pulled the triggers at Auschwitz and Litzmanstadt. It closed schools in Alabama and Louisiana, followed Kennedy into the White House and, several months ago, buried four little girls in Birming-

ham. It condones and even encourages lynchings in Alabama. It is the banner of the Ku Klux Klan.

It shadows man constantly. It is the power behind every shot fired, every rock thrown, every curse uttered, and every bomb exploded. It is the god of little men with little minds, little souls, and big fears. It has created as well as destroyed entire civilizations. It demoralizes as well as destroys. It is the hinge on the gossip's tongue, the motivation of mobs, the disease of humanity's mind. It hurls stones through church windows, fires shots into crowds, denies happiness to the masses, and sends innocent men to the death chamber.

It is present at empty lunch counters, empty schools, and picket lines. It publishes books, editorials and magazines. It finances movies and television shows. It dwells on fear, hatred, and destruction. It erases ideals, hopes, beliefs, and truths. It is the reason of fools, the ultimate destruction of mankind.

Three of Her

I

The day after
I watched her
 (over my coffee)
Devour pancakes
A sticky jewel
Of syrup on
Her broken watch
 band
My eyes burning
Hearing her say:
 'Love never works—'cept for instants'
 as
A sliding glob
Of butter toppled
 softly
Into a past knife's crevice

II

For at this particular
 TIME
Morning would always begin
Borne by dewy kisses
 ONLY
Morning was never day
Reality usually being more
 like eight p. m.
Though such it's never
Seemed—at least to
 me
 but of course
Never having understood
 the Eucharist?
I'm often in
 ERROR
As to how
 THINGS
 are
 not

III

Yet, I also remember
How she was—sometimes—
When I came to her
Wearied
Beaten
TO: Nibble her crooked ear
 Kiss her puffed lip
 Touch her velvet breast
 then bathe
Before her sleepy gaze
My succulent succubus lying
Warm.
Naked.
Waiting.

—CRAVEN YOUNG

Somewhere

—RHONDA KAY MAY

The fresh breeze danced lightly over the wakening earth. In the meadowland spring had come, bearing all her promises of beauty. Trees were whispering to each other of the new life surging through their branches, and they wondered at the

tiny buds which were slowly beginning to open. From the soft earth tiny blades of grass began to push upward into the warmth of light. Little creatures began stretching awkward legs and unfolding gossamer wings . . . *And somewhere in the meadow a vine, bearing a single green bud, stood all alone, charmed by the kiss of spring.*

Swiftly, as dawn is transmuted into sky, spring gave way to summer. From high above, the radiant sun poured his fullness over nature's pulchritude. The trees had spread great life-bearing limbs over much of the meadow, while a sea of greenness carpeted the earth. Strong-winged creatures rushed to the waiting white tree blossoms, their voices alive with sounds of passion . . . *And somewhere in splendid isolation stood the height of seasons' creation — a single rose, deep red velvet, betrothed to a whispering breeze and caressed by a silent raindrop.*

The breath of summer soon turns cold: warm sweetness becomes crisp chill. The sun becomes reluctant to share his kindly warmth. Autumn crept stealthily over the meadow. In the haze of evening the great trees stood all red and gold, while the browning earth became the resting place for the dying, falling leaves. Little creatures began rushing from place to place gathering food and hiding it deep in the earth . . . *And somewhere a lonely monarch bowed her head and grieved for lost love and beauty. Age was over-coming the rose.*

Living things are created to die, and there is none who can escape that awful season of non-existence. Winter has struck with all her deadly force upon the meadowland. The trees, once vital and powerful, now stand black and shameful against bleak endless sky. The earth, once warm and fertile, now lies cold and barren. No longer do the little creatures scurry about. Some are entranced by dormancy, while too many others lie lifeless with tired legs upturned . . . *And somewhere in the meadow, the wind beats upon a scrawny vine, bare, ugly and wondering if there has ever been a spring.*

ON GRAMMAR

This much permitted me, I bide the hour
When grammar folds its tents and steals away
To some unpleasant, poison-ivied bow'r
Where compound nouns and interjections play.
Doubt you a hater? I shall fling a curse
And call on Satan then to prove my vow
Or conjure imps or elves or creatures worse
To vouch me truthful as I vouch me now.

This brashness so lately brewed in me
Stiffened my verbs and got my pronouns told;
I even caught a glimmer of the great "to be,"
And confidently stepped in the rat race bold.
Alas! Those conjunctions threw curves at me,
and now that red-hot hate burns whitely cold!

—MARCIA WECHTER

FORGOTTEN

Ah! The joy that lies in
dreaming of that sweet and
beautiful tomorrow
which, when it comes
is realized only in the
dust and ashes of a
forgotten yesterday.

—RHONDA KAY MAY

JUST YESTERDAY

Just yesterday!
We were so close
we touched
we spoke
we laughed
we understood
We felt a spark.
We were so close we nearly
fell
in
love.

—RHONDA KAY MAY

THE TRUTH ABOUT HUCKLEBERRY FINN

—NANCY HILL

HUCKLEBERRY FINN is the simple story of the flight of a white boy and a run-away slave down the Mississippi River. Mark Twain originally meant it to be nothing else, but his theme was symbolic and into it he poured his soul.

The Mississippi River carries Huck and Jim down the stream of life. They pass feuds and murdered men and towns full of lackadaisical loafers. They are intermingled with the affairs of families and meet friends whom they wish to keep forever. But always the current flows right on, and they flow with it, never knowing why and

always leaving behind them the joys and sorrows of yesterday.

Twain portrays Huck Finn as the "American epic hero."¹ He is a child of nature, harmless, sincere, and crudely imaginative. He reasons with Jim about God and nature.

We had the sky up there all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made or just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened. I judged it would have took too long to make so many. Jim

said the moon could a laid them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done.²

Yet, he is full of the cunning and virtue of the savage. He thinks nothing of protecting Jim by subtly convincing two men that his father has smallpox and thus keeping them away from the raft where Jim is hiding. But even though these characteristics shine through, Huck wears a mask, as all of us do. He always travels incognito, never twice telling the same lie, and never once telling the truth. He does this to protect himself and Jim, his ever-faithful companion, from the wickedness and the weakness of the world. And did not even Twain do the same? Did he not hide his tender, dreaming, and avid spirit, his love for beauty and life under a mask of humor? Did he not dress up as a clown to pleasure those around him and meet the American demand?

And so, we come to the very essence of *Huckleberry Finn*—its truth revealed in the life of inno-

cent little towns, the Southern lawlessness, the feuds and the lynchings; its truth revealed in Huck's inner struggle between the teachings of his world on slavery and the promptings of his nature. It shows a delirium of dreams and schemes and passions, the whole of which run with the river. It portrays each of us, lost in its rhythmic flow, forever going forward and never turning back. Each of us is a soul upon the tide of the world.

Maybe Twain would have us learn from Huck. Through Huck he reveals his innermost nature, his real self, the despondency of his soul because it was forced to accept defeat and live on a lower plane where it met its ruin. Perhaps he would have us each to remember Huck's stubborn tenacity which carried him over wave after wave and through the darkness of each lonely night. And finally maybe we should remember the man Twain himself was and the giant he could have been.

¹Waldo Frank, *Mark Twain: Selected Criticism*, 1955

²Mark Twain, "Huckleberry Finn," *College English in the First Year*, p. 478

The Mind's Memory

The organ sits composedly
Upon its royal red carpet.
Shadows and spiders play with its keys,
The white ivory is dull,
And the dust sleeps on all.

Through the boarded church window
Seeps a thread of light.
It kisses lightly a lonely unburnt candle
Sitting on the organ shelf.
It lights for a moment exposing the altar.
Then flickers and dies.

—NANCY FALLON

Die Gotterdammerung: Updated

Afterwards I carelessly walked
in rain over Vienna's "Ring"
recalling her sing
in German, though she talked:

'I love you . . .', smothered by a taxi's rush
really meant little to her—I guess;
and I? I alone now
midst the whirl of traffic

at the Westbahnhof, too broke,
dirty and feared of a dark night
tearing at my jeans;

a greenclad cop—suspicious,
sad, like me wondering—
I wiped a tear

and was dwarfed under concrete mass
bestowed (I heard someone say)
by nine million blessings of the Marshall Plan

a name quite foreign to one enchanted
by mystic memories of Kunsthistorisches,
Brunnhilde, Wein, and Franz Josef

on his horse
beneath who she posed (for me?)
if that portrait she could only be
loving smile contrasting him so coarse
at least for a night or so . . .

—CRAVEN YOUNG

MISS CONCEPTION

Agony rippled
Her furrowed brow
Next fertile earth
Sweating periods of
Each past love
Seeing (now) her bloody mixture
Of dissolving life
Wet the earth
Returning our heritage
From:

MAN to GOD.

Not a personal folly!
That cocoa blend of
Fading Life
Introducing red torment
To the icy depths so
Contrary to chills
Of passed passion
No longer to be tasted
After:

DEATH.

O had she never heard
The pleading fairy Myth
Life-Blood and Death
Proved:

so STRANGE . . .

so DIFFERENT . . .

For her only
The changing differences
Of:

ETHICAL NIHILISM

And now a final
Gasp to a perverted Union
That would never know:

EXISTENCE.

—CRAVEN YOUNG

LONGING

I heard a leaf fall.
Like a distorted, dissonant chord
Plucked from an aged and crumbling harp,
Its dry, lost whisper
Panted in the darkness,
Haunting me.

—JUDITH TATE

MAN'S GOD

Harper of Heaven, what do you speak
Of gold and angels and gods on every corner?
Of hymns and heaven and eternal peace?

Or is it from an obscure corner of your mind
That you rail and rant about you-know-not-what,
Breeding on the fear that is in all men,
Sucking reason from the souls of all
And injecting a poison still sated with sweetness
And yet containing a death just as lasting?

Walk on! Man needs you! He always will.
Sing out your songs and reap your harvest.
Bless one and all and take their slobbering souls to your breast.

Believe it. You will, for yours is the need,
Not need of self, but need to be needed.
Help one and all so you can be helped,

But never admit it, for this is undoing.
Fool one and all and finally yourself.
Sleep soundly, fool, and never awaken.

—THOMAS ELLIS HODGIN

Driver Versus Pedestrian

—RACHAEL LITTLE

Many articles have been written about the hazards of driving or riding in an automobile, but very few, if any, are concerned with the dangers of walking. Although the most dependable means of transportation, walking is certainly not the safest way to travel. The plight of the constantly harassed pedestrian is beginning to figure momentarily in the analysis of the accident rate of automobiles.

A person who seeks to reach his destination by walking has to learn to expect anything. If not attacked suddenly by a car appearing from nowhere, he can easily be trodden upon by a fellow pedestrian hurrying out of the path of a car. It takes only a few narrow escapes to convince the pedestrian that this is a world of automobiles, with no accommodation for the hardy soul who wants to walk. Pedestrianism is rapidly disappearing in the highly motorized world of super-highways and supercars. A minor reason for not walking is the convenience of riding, but the major reason is the danger of motorists seeking unjustified revenge.

Pedestrians have some rights for their protection, but motorists ignore the unenforced laws in a successful attempt to make the unfortunate pedestrian's life miserable. To understand the driver's hostility toward the pedestrian, it is necessary to understand the logic motivating his thinking. In the motorist's mind, a person who walks instead of rides is a despicable character who deserves any attempt to make the pedestrian's walk more challenging and precarious.

For example, the seemingly easy task of crossing a street is made into a hazardous feat deserving special recognition if accomplished. It gives most drivers a feeling of power and superiority to catch an unsuspecting pedestrian standing off the curb, zoom by, and flatten the ends of his shoes. The law-abiding motorist also performs his duty for the citizens by chasing a timid jay-walker across the road into the side of a trash can, and then reporting the violator to the nearest policeman.

The lot of a pedestrian is indeed a difficult one, full of trials and tribulations. Because there is very little done to improve his plight, becoming a motorist himself is the pedestrian's only means of self-protection. Being obsessed with a desire for revenge, the former pedestrian becomes a menace on the highway. The mistreated pedestrian is the worst driver of all—HE is the one to avoid.



—AT HOME BY THE SEA

—BONNIE STILWELL

RETROSPECT

There was a time when you and I
 Sped swiftly on an ecstatic wave of understanding,
 When you spoke and I knew, and by not speaking
 I also knew.
 My thoughts were yours and yours were mine,
 And like a rose-covered trellis they did entwine
 About a core of need and desire.
 Your eyes were the lanterns and mirrors of my days
 And in them I saw myself, not as I was,
 But as you saw me.
 Now the lantern is snuffed and in the mirrors I see
 An image of disgust.
 And this is as I am . . . but there was a time.
 Time is all too swift.

—THOMAS ELLIS HODGIN

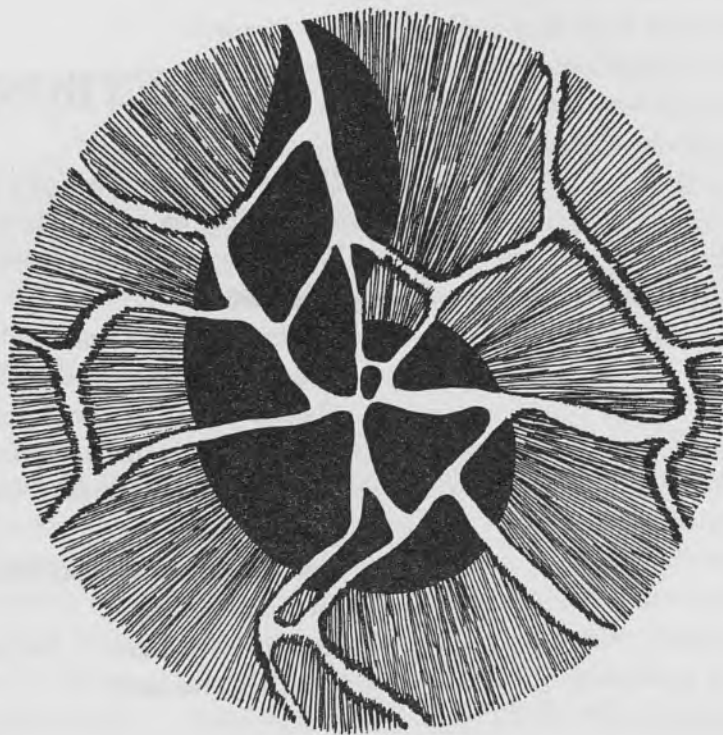
Hope

A drift of smoke rising endlessly into nothingness
drifting to the land of failure and broken dreams
becoming a forgotten thing.

A raging fire struggling to lift its flames skyward
smothering under hate, prejudice, and lost faith,
dying a slow, tortuous death.

A wisp of smoke rising from the embers
carrying man to a limbo of nothingness
becoming a forgotten thing.

—PAM HANCOX



The Hanging

—HELEN PAISLEY

The mob ran shouting through the narrow, dusty street. Even the dogs and small children were drawn by some unavoidable force from their idleness. The rage, the revenge, the sheer fury of the crowd seemed to have been absorbed by the dust under their feet and by the brown, weather-beaten buildings which lined the street.

Usually this was a sleepy little town whose only great moment had been its occupation by enemy troops during the war. Which war, you ask? There is no good war; so its significance is irrelevant. Now, the town had something more important to accomplish. There was a killer within its grasp, and he had to be punished. Of course he was a killer, the beast who had brutally mur-

dered old man Daniels and his wife. These soft-spoken, mild-mannered citizens had not considered the possibility of his innocence. He had to be the killer; he was black.

They halted before the jail which appeared to be even darker than the other establishments in the town. Perhaps these effects were a result of the tears, sweat, and blood which had been spilled within. How many innocent people had walked into that seemingly unimposing portal to be engulfed in its darkness?

A momentary hush fell upon those self-appointed jurors. Suddenly they burst forth with a torrent of abuses. The frenzy of their passions was closely akin to something from their ancestral past. A savage atmosphere, reflecting a time generations before the code of "an eye for an eye," smothered the town. Their actions were reminiscent of an era when man was barely removed from the level of the beast. But what could be more beastly than a mob venting their pent-up prejudices and dissatisfactions with their status of being only human? What could be more self-satisfying than assuming the role of God, even for a brief moment?

He was dragged from the security of his cell, and his shirt was stripped from his back by the claws of the crowd. "Look at the guilt in his eyes!" their voices roared. But could it have been their collective guilt which was reflected? "See the strength in those shoulders!" Was this only a realization of the frailty of the human race? "He has fear etched in his face!" Was it not their own fear that they saw? "The killer must die!" they shrieked. How expressive was this cry of man's awareness that he is not the master of the universe?

Again there was quiet. They stood, each alone, in the stark nakedness of despair, staring with disbelief at the black figure that was no longer ominous. He was dead.

How much worse is it to be black of mind, of spirit, of soul, than to be black of skin?

The Maid's

A quiet little man stood in his bedroom and adjusted his black tie securely about his throat. He glanced down at his wrist watch. It was exactly 7:15 Thursday morning. Every morning for the past ten years at 7:15 this quiet little man had opened the door of his bedroom, walked through his modestly furnished apartment, and entered the kitchen to eat breakfast. This morning was no different. He opened his bedroom door and headed for the kitchen and his morning meal.

"Good morning, Mr. Feeps," said Agnes, the housekeeper, cheerfully as he entered the room. "How do you want your eggs this morning?"

"Fried," answered Mr. Feeps politely as he slipped into his chair and adjusted his napkin carefully on his lap.

"Yes, sir, fried," said Agnes as she turned to the stove.

Mr. Feeps picked up the morning paper which Agnes had placed beside his plate and began to read.

"Humph," she thought, "that little man! I've been working here for him for the past five years, and he's never had his eggs any way but fried ever since I've been here. Looks to me like he'd get sick of 'em that way all the time. Don't see why I even bother to ask." She mumbled audibly. Mr. Feeps lowered his paper and peered questioningly over the top of it at Agnes.

"Nice day out, ain't it?" said Agnes quickly.

"Yes . . . yes, it is," said Mr. Feeps quietly, retiring once again behind his paper.

Agnes flounced around in the kitchen as she put the rest of Mr. Feeps' breakfast on the table. Sometimes he made her so mad! He never talked, just read. If it wasn't the newspaper, it was those old books he'd bring home from the library. She would have liked to work for somebody who

would gossip with her, but she knew better than to give up the good job she had with Mr. Feeps just for the pleasure of talking. Why, she had it a lot easier than most of the housekeepers she knew. All she had to do was cook and clean and do Mr. Feeps' laundry. She got to leave every night at seven, and she had every Thursday afternoon off. Mr. Feeps always prepared his own dinner on Thursday night. He was a queer little man. He never ate out. She was on easy street having just one little man to take care of, and she knew it. She wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize that, even if he didn't talk to her.

At exactly ten minutes before eight o'clock, Christopher Feeps pushed his chair back from the table, laid his napkin beside his plate, and walked out of the kitchen. He stopped at the closet in the living room, took out his hat and overcoat, and mechanically put them on. He then left the apartment and walked to his job in the Trenton City Public Library.

All day long he checked out books and reshelfed books. He wandered among the stacks with a quiet tread and an almost reverent air. He handled the books carefully and lovingly and seemed almost reluctant to let some of them be checked out. There were two books in particular which Christopher cherished above all the others. Each of them had been checked out three times since Christopher had been at the library, and he had become ill each time the two books had left. These two books were very important to him, but no one knew that except himself. No one cared about Christopher but himself, not even Agnes.

Christopher Feeps left the library at five o'clock on this particular Thursday afternoon with his two precious books tucked under his arm. He didn't go directly home, but rather, he went the long way through the park.

As he walked nervously along, he saw a

Day Off

—LINDA BREWER

dirty, ragged-looking bum sitting on one of the benches with his hands in his pockets and his legs thrust out in front of him. Mr. Feeps smiled timidly as he approached the man and asked if he might sit with him.

"Sure," said the vagrant. "It's a public bench."

Christopher sat down gently and crossed his legs. He hugged his two books tightly to his chest. "Where are you from?" ventured Christopher timidly.

"Oh, I'm from everywhere," the bum chuckled bitterly. "This whole world's my home."

After a short pause Christopher cleared his throat and asked, "Do you have any relatives or friends here in Trenton?"

"Nope," the bum answered matter-of-factly. "I'm just passing through. I'm on my way to California. Never been there yet. Thought I ought to see the Golden Gate Bridge and Hollywood before I die." He winked slyly at the quiet little man, and Christopher shifted uneasily. He gazed timidly into the face of the wanderer, hesitated, and then burst out, "You wouldn't happen to be hungry, would you?"

The bum's face lit up, and he said, "Well, now that you mention it, I ain't et in two days."

Christopher's small white face broke into a smile, and he beamed at his new "friend." "Well, would you like to come to my apartment with me for dinner? This is my maid's night off, and there won't be anyone there but just you and me. I would be pleased to have you come. I get lonesome sometimes," he added softly.

The bum smiled warmly at the little old man and stood up. "Just lead me on, little man, just lead me on," the bum chuckled deep in his throat.

Christopher stood up quickly. "It's this way, sir. Just follow me."

Christopher and the bum walked rather hurriedly to Mr. Feeps' apartment. Mr. Feeps kept looking nervously around him until they were safe in his own living room; then he seemed to relax. He motioned for the bum to go on in while he pulled off his coat and his hat and hung them in the closet. He still clutched his two precious books close to him as he walked into the middle of the living room where the bum stood inspecting the place.

"Mighty nice place if ye like this sort of thing," the bum laughed uneasily.

"Yes, it is," Mr. Feeps answered timidly. "Sir . . ." he began, "I don't know quite how to say this but, well . . ." Mr. Feeps looked at the bum helplessly, and he smiled back encouragingly.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Well," Mr. Feeps continued, "would you mind . . . would you mind taking a bath before we eat supper?" he finished lamely.

The bum threw back his head and laughed loudly at the quiet little man. "Sure, why not!" he bellowed. "I ain't had a bath in a shiny white bathtub since as far back as I can remember. Lead me to it, little man, lead me to it."

He followed Mr. Feeps happily as he showed him the bathroom. The bum went in and closed the door. Mr. Feeps walked back into the living room and carefully laid his two precious books on a table. He walked over to his desk, took out a small black gun which was equipped with a silencer, and carefully loaded it. He walked back over to the bathroom door and waited for the bum to get into the tub.

As he waited he glanced lovingly at his two wonderful books, *Cannibal Tribes on the African Continent* and *How To Prepare Exotic Foods*.

Wino

"Help me when I'm down," he said.
"Stretch out your hand and lift me up.
Give me your hand, good friend, and help me
As you would a starving pup.
The evils of drink have befallen me,
And now I pay the cost.
The demon again has seized me
And I fear that I am lost.
But I know that you will help me
And see me through the day,
For you are one of the kindlier wolves,
A round-collar who likes to pray.
I know you want to save me
And perhaps take me home to sup,
But before you go, could you possibly
Spare a coin to fill my cup?

BARTENDER!!"

—THOMAS ELLIS HODGIN



A Tribute to John Fitzgerald Kennedy

November 25, 1963

Tonight the solemn drums are silent,
But their dull cadence pounds in the heart of every American.

When John F. Kennedy fell, a piece of every American cried out
in anguish,

For this man was America—young, alert, intelligent, eager,
and friendly.

He did not belong to his family, his wife, or his children.
He belonged to his country, which demanded his life . . . his soul.

His life was full of trials.

God spared him in the war only to claim him at the height of
his career.

Perhaps he will serve better in death.
The eyes that strain to see justice are dimmed with tears.
Americans are marching, marching,

Searching, seeking their lost leader, their brother and son,
their country.

The final salute has been fired,

The flag folded.

The last note of taps has faded away.

Dusk creeps over the acres of sad white crosses.

But the flame on his grave will burn on,

The sole illumination in the vast darkness.

—BARBARA SEARLE

New Year's Resolution

A challenge delivered to the soul . . .

A tear of recognition and regret . . .

A churning of the mind's stomach . . .

A rationalization—not enough.

To fail the id is sure folly for the ego.

Yet to know you don't know

And not accept the challenge is death.

When the flesh dies,

Beauty and learning, with love, survive.

Can the soul survive when the mind

Has an empty stomach?

—NANCY FALLON

The Broken Spirit

The world is so far away,

The once-green trees stand barren—

The blue sky is now gray,

And the sun but a hazy bulb,

Lost and ever trying to reach the world.

There he sits, head bowed, hands folded.

His eyelids lift occasionally,

But his lips never smile.

—NANCY FALLON

A PLEA

Come, O Age, and tell me thy wisdom.
Impart all there is to know,
For I am young and weak and foolish,
And my mind doth hunger so.

Come, O Love, and show me thy pleasure.
Give me thy kiss of truth,
For I am hurt and deceived by passion
And my heart is the heart of youth.

Come, O Life, and show me thy fullness.
Give me thy naked truth,
For I am clothed with shallow illusion
And my soul desireth much.

Come, O God, and show me thy purpose.
Reveal to me thy great plan,
For I am young and mad with anxiety,
And I cry to become a man.

—RHONDA KAY MAY



Iago Versus Satan

—KENT RIPLEY

The concept of a villain conniving for his own ends, at the expense of others, and deriving satisfaction from doing so has been developed in the characteristics of Iago in William Shakespeare's *Othello* and Satan in John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The characters of Iago and Satan embody deep emotions of hate, envy, jealousy, lust, and fear. These emotions are produced by the fact that the character's demands and ambitious have been thwarted.

Motivated by the need for revengeful triumph over those who achieve more, wield more power, or in any way question their superiority, Iago and Satan scheme for an ultimate, triumphant mastery over life.

When Iago is with Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona—to whom he must outwardly exhibit a pleasant sociable personality—he becomes intolerant of them for their real or imagined superiority, and he needs to conquer them in his mind. When the thought of their decent or noble qualities forces itself into his awareness, Iago automatically responds with a counter-thought of hostility: Othello must be deceived, Desdemona's

virtue must be dragged through the dirt, and Cassio, a proper man, must be overthrown.

The contempt which Iago shows for those around him is vicious and constant, but behind it is a gnawing contempt for his own self. The beauty in the lives of others makes him aware of a certain ugliness in his own life.

Trying to defend himself, Iago invents fantasies of his great power by believing in the omnipotence of the will, of intelligence, and of reason, while denying the power of emotional forces and showing contempt for them. Essentially disrespectful for others, their dignity, and their feelings, he is only concerned with subordinating them. Iago looks upon others as people to be exploited, and he is proud of his ability to exploit them.

Outwardly, Iago seems to be a controlled villain, master of his feelings, who depicts the characterization of the passionless designer of tragedy in real life; or that of the "gamester" villain whose only passion is a desire for amusement; or even that of a devil who needs no passion.¹

Iago's source of torment and motivation is founded in his own nature, and not in outside mistreatment. His emotions are diverted into aggression by his denial of positive feelings, and the aggression escapes in fantasy and scheming. In reality Iago has passion, and it is made intense because so much feeling is smothered when he is with people. Even if his needs are satisfied, his desires are not. Within him is an infinite, devouring passion that feeds on all life around him. Shakespeare personified in Iago the kind of human being who makes tragedy, in life or in the drama, when he is driven to change the form of reality to fit his immature vision of omnipotence.

Just as Iago is responsible for the intense interest in *Othello*, Satan's daring ambition and fierce passions give rise to the interest of *Paradise Lost*. Endeavoring to be equal with the highest, and to divide the empire of heaven with the Almighty, Satan's aim was no less than the throne of the universe. Driven by the greatest of ambitions, and suffering from the greatest of punishments, his despair was of little hindrance, because his fortitude was as great as his sufferings. Satan's strength of mind and firm, inflexible determination were not surpassed by the vastness of his ambition for supremacy with which he submitted to his irreversible doom and final loss of all good. His powers of action and of suffering were equal. Satan's mind encompassed the greatest power that was ever overthrown, with the strongest will left to resist or to endure.

All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study for revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what else is not to be overcome,²

are the means which Satan still has to forward his battle against God. The loss of infinite happiness to himself is compensated in thought by the power of inflicting infinite misery on others.

Contrary to what is usually concluded, Satan is not the principle of malignity, or of the abstract love of evil the same as Iago is not the spirit of

evil or one without motive. There is something of the human factor in both Iago and Satan.

Does not Satan exhibit something similar to human emotion when he views his fallen legions in hell and feels the impact of his punishment? Iago must have had something of a human quality at one time, or else his wife, Emilia, who had profound common sense, would not have loved him as she certainly must have. Furthermore, an audience viewing the performance of *Othello* would not spare much pity for the troubles of a devil, but the audience is strangely stirred by what it hears and sees of the familiar, passionate human malice in Iago.³

Satan personifies the human love of power, of pride, and especially the principle of self-will, to which all other good and evil, including his own, are subordinate. The power of thought holds dominion in his mind over every other consideration.

Images and symbols identifying Iago with the spirit of evil, infinite villainy, and as inhuman and without definition fail to do his qualities justice. Iago clearly expressed passions and frustrations which are common to humanity. "Shakespeare searched the depths of human wickedness to find—and to show in the theater—how a man really could smile and smile and smile and be a villain."⁴

Shakespeare and Milton both had a profound power over the human mind. This was the result of having had a deep sense of what was awe-inspiring in the objects of nature or affecting in events of human nature. With this in mind, one can understand how Iago and Satan are the depiction of a human person and the personification of the human spirit in which an important facet of human life, that of deciding between good and evil as the means of satisfying human needs and desires, is epitomized.

¹Marvin Rosenberg, *The Masks of Othello*, p. 174.

²John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 11. 106-109.

³Rosenberg, p. 170.

⁴*Ibid.*

To A Mocking Bird

What are You doing there, You Despicable
Devilkin?

You Uncouth Filcher of Songs,
You Mocker of Others?

With your vivacious voice
Why don't You compose a song of your own,
A song which would waken the wishes of
Humanity?

With your knowledge of the world,
You could be revered as a Leader of Leaders.

With your wit you could
Become a jester of Comics.
But not You, You Pious Parasite of society,
But not You,

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—RALPH HOAR



ALIKE

Snow coming
 dark clouds
 smelling frost
Snowflakes come, then
 go
We come, then
 go
like snow
 one speck of infinity.
Grasp onto every moment
 all so precious
 all so fast
one life
all snowflakes alike
 yet none identical
All snowflakes lovely in our eyes . . .
I wonder if God understands?

—JOAN ROOT



Round the Prickly Pear

—RALPH HOAR

Rhythmically the rain splashed upon the leaves of the majestic elm trees which overhung Jefferson Avenue. Minute streams of water accented the veins of the leaves and dropped unpretentiously to the sidewalks and streets. The thunderstorm, practically a ritual for a May evening, had cleared the air of dust and left the evening with an atmosphere of newness and serenity that was witnessed by every inhabitant of Clarenceville, Maryland. Small frame houses lined the streets, their front lawns spotted with onion clusters, each cluster grouped together as if in fear of annihilation, and crocus blooms which seemed to spring up without pattern, adding a certain freshness to the world.

Mrs. Thomas occupied her habitual spot by the telephone, relating the day's events to a lady across town and to anyone else on their respective party lines who cared to listen. She spoke briefly of the church, the weather, and Frank Howard, then quickly moved on to more important matters. The large sliding doors of the fire house were thrown open, and the usual settlement of world affairs was being conducted. A majority of clocks in town had past nine o'clock, and the prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church was beginning to break up.

Frank Howard, the church organist and town drunk, offered to escort Miss Rachel and Mrs. Gregory home. The conversation of the trio wasn't at all unusual or out of the way. The ladies spoke of how well Mrs. Walker, the pastor's wife, looked after that dreadful fall and how they simply couldn't understand why those people in the Christian church took communion every Sunday. The conversation continued. At Mrs. Gregory's home, there were the usual "good nights," and Mrs. Gregory disappeared behind the screen

door. Around the corner to Miss Rachel's house they walked; Frank saw her to the door, turned and walked slowly, quite alone toward his house at the end of the street. Frank had been a handsome young man by small-town standards. Disappointed in a courtship with Mayor Connally's daughter, Frank had dismissed any idea of seeking further feminine affection. There had been something about him in the past two years that had made him stooped and appear more aged than he actually was. Although only in his early fifties, his once dark hair had taken on streaks of whiteness. His eyes, piercingly bright at one time, had been overshadowed with a hazel dullness. His hands had once been able to handle the organ keys with agility, but recently the congregation had noticed several awkwardly-placed notes in their favorite hymns. Frank reached his house, climbed the front porch steps, opened the door and disappeared into the house.

The next dawn was met by an exhilarating freshness. Rays of early morning sunlight filtered through the leafy awnings to the streets below. The day was new.

The Reverend Mr. Walker sat troubled at his desk. The Board was to hold a meeting that morning in his study to formulate a budget and discuss matters which were to be presented to the congregation. Sure to arise were the questions of remodeling the church and what should be done with Frank Howard. The matter of remodeling was relatively simple to handle; it would be conveniently referred to a committee. But Frank's was a problem that could not be discarded so lightly.

The members began to arrive: Mr. Case, town banker; Mr. Hardy, grocer; Tom Hunt, electrician; and Mr. Tomlin, retired railroad engineer. Each took his usual chair. Mr. Walker opened the meeting with a prayer, the minutes were read, and regular business commenced. Without hesitation, the predicted matters were presented, but not in the predicted order. Mr. Case was the first to have his feelings known about Frank Howard. "Gentlemen," he began hesitantly, "I think we are all aware of the situation which confronts us."

Everyone listened attentively. His mind about to be relieved, Mr. Case continued, "Frank has been our organist for close to fifteen years." The men nodded. "And one of our most loyal members, but recently his drinking has become a little in excess of what a good church member's should be." There was a moment's silence and several reluctant glances were cast from face to face. The discussion continued. Mr. Hardy dropped a reminder from time to time that Frank had been delinquent in his grocery bill for nearly six months. Mr. Tomlin rose, "Frank has been a member of the church for as long as I can recall, and he hasn't missed a service or meeting yet, as well as I can remember. Of course, he drinks; we all do occasionally. Frank just has more of a problem than most of us." Every eye in the room was fixed upon Mr. Tomlin, each man contemplating his next sentence and silently asking him to be silent.

It was decided to ask Frank for his resignation. The committee would consist of the board members with the abstention of Mr. Tomlin and Reverend Walker. The remaining three members, Mr. Case, Tom Hunt, and Mr. Hardy, were to call on Frank that afternoon following a brief meeting at the bank.



The three men met for a short while in front of the bank, then began to walk solemnly toward Frank's house, two blocks away. The day had become a bit overcast, and as a clif of cumulus clouds passed overhead, the streets darkened momentarily and then bloomed again into daylight. The trio neared the front porch of Frank's house; they silently reassured themselves and mounted the steps. Banker Case rapped on the door. They waited.

There was no answer. He knocked again. No answer. They listened carefully; the radio was playing. Frank must be home. Mr. Hardy opened the door slightly. "Is anyone in?" he called. Still no answer. Glances were thrown among the three as they advanced into the hallway. From where they were standing they could see partially into the living room on the right. "Frank, are you there?" No answer. The room appeared unkempt. On the desk an arrangement of artificial flowers seemed to be smothering from inhalation of dust. In the front window the drapes were ripped and hanging there only by some act of God.

"Frank, are you home?" No answer. "Frank?" No answer. The house grew quiet except for the radio playing. The men proceeded into the living room. "Frank, are you ther . . ." The sentence was cut short. There was a silent reply from a chair which until that time had been concealed by the doorway. The reply came from Frank, slumped over in the chair, his face white, his body still, and his eyes closed in resignation.

The news spread rapidly. Regrets were expressed at every corner meeting and in each telephone conversation. "Too bad, such a fine man, too." "Ain't it a shame? Frank was such a good man." The funeral date was set for that Friday. Mr. Case closed his bank and Mr. Hardy closed his grocery store that afternoon. The organ remained silent during the funeral service, out of respect for Frank. The church was deluged with flowers; every family and business in town was represented by a spray or wreath. As the service closed the congregation filed out of the church, each one verbally expressing his regrets.

The next evening Mrs. Thomas occupied her habitual spot by the telephone, relating the day's events to a lady across town and to anyone else on their respective party lines who cared to listen. She spoke briefly on the church and the weather and then quickly moved on to more important matters.

The Rock

The Rock stands alone,
Unconquered by the endless battalion of nature;
Never heeding the constant beckoning of the wind
And the persistent coaxing of the rain.

The Rock stands alone,
As a shelter and comfort for the weary,
An unknown hope for the faithless,
The last landmark of the sinner.

The Rock stands alone,
Tempted by the merciless sun,
Ridiculed by time,
Blasphemed by the spittle of man.

The Rock stands alone,
Its barren and cold appearance—a disguise;
Its harsh and bitter resistance—a farce;
Its serenity and peacefulness—immortal.

—CATHERINE POINDEXTER

My Love

As I walked down the snow-filled lane,
The bare, black trees
Looked shyly down at the ground.

A chickadee shivered, sprinkling
The soft evening snow off the branch;
It twinkled as it fell
Through the last ray of the dying sun
To the ground.

I stopped for a moment
And listened to the stillness of the night
Creep down the lane.

The rose I held began to freeze.
I touched its once-soft petals,
Breathed into my soul
Its last bit of fragrance
Kissed it, and gently laid it
In a soft bed of snow—to die.

—NANCY FALLON



FIDELITY

I once knew a man who loved a woman,
And she had golden hair,
And each day he'd comb and smooth her
Tresses with tender loving care.
She, in moments of greatness, would
Bestow upon the man
A semi-smile, an uprooted word,
Or the touch of a passing hand.
Each day he knelt at her shrine
And told her of his love,
And each day she spurned his affection,
Using it as a sparring glove.
She broke the man, and he killed her
In a rage of passion and wrath,
And now as I sit in my lonely cell,
I laugh and laugh and laugh.

—THOMAS ELLIS HODGIN

William Shakespeare: A Biography

by A. L. ROWSE, 1963

(Reviewed by SANDRA WILEY)

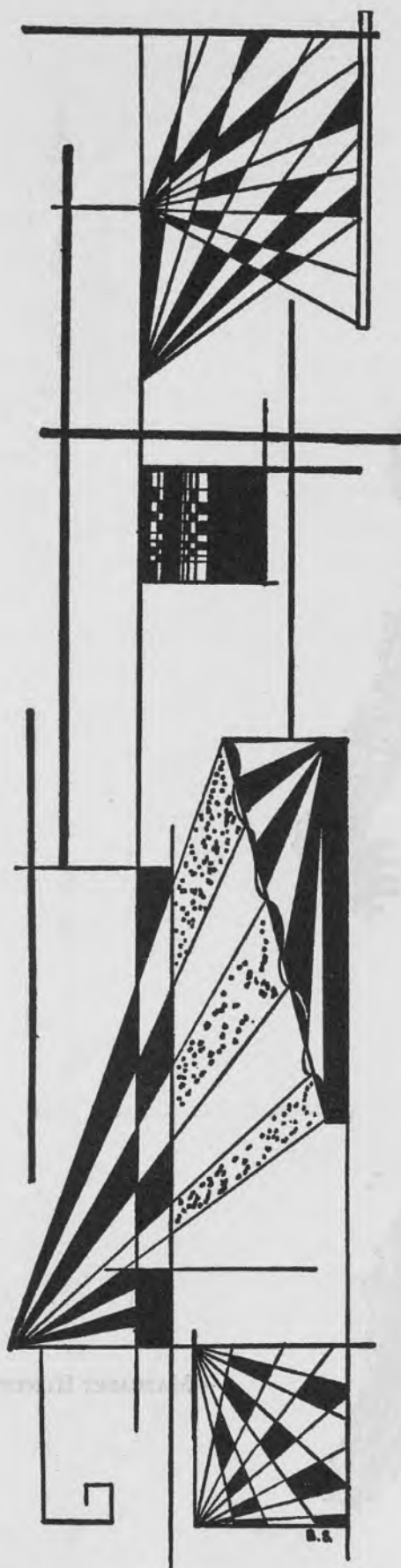
Many volumes have been written in an effort to explain William Shakespeare through his writing in combination with the history of the general stages of his life. But in all too many cases, the resulting works have been, to be blunt, stuffy with scholarly conjecture applied too thickly, making it difficult for the non-scholar either to enjoy the study itself or, and which is more important, to appreciate Shakespeare on a personal level, enjoying what he had to say. As it is, almost everyone is willing to give Shakespeare credit for being a great playwright because scholars say that he is but to avoid him because they don't really understand.

A. L. Rowse is acknowledged to be one of the greatest living historians in the world. In writing this biography of Shakespeare, he has used not only facts of Shakespeare's life but also knowledge of the regions in which he lived and worked. Literary scholars added much to the venture by contributing data about Shakespeare's works which could be combined with the historical data. This unity of the literary and historical facts in a style of writing which may be called comfortable replaces the enigma with Shakespeare the man.

Especially notable are the chapters entitled respectively "The Story of the Sonnets" and "The Great Tragedies." Shakespeare's sonnets have been a puzzle for a long time. To whom and about whom were they written and why? Backed up by long research, this book shows the probable reasons for each and solves all the problems except that of the identity of Shakespeare's mistress. Much of the content of the sonnets is autobiographical, and the thorough study behind this book has cleared up many facets about Shakespeare's height of production.

Clarity is the keyword in Rowse's book, and pure enjoyment comes next in importance.

Apogée



The Feminine Mystique

by BETTY FRIEDAN, 1963

(Reviewed by BARBARA SEARLE)

Magazines, television programs, and movies have created a mysterious image called "the happy housewife—quintessence of femininity." From the first *Tiny Tears* to the wedding sixteen or eighteen years later, it is the aspiration of every red-blooded American girl. A loving husband, a house in the suburbs, three darling, well-behaved children, the electric range, the automatic washer and dryer, the extra-quiet garbage disposal, and two cars in the garage: the best of all possible worlds. But all is not well. Somehow, the happy housewife image, achieved, does not bring perpetual happiness. Housewives interviewed by Mrs. Friedan reported feelings of boredom, worthlessness, fatigue, discontentment and depression even though their marital relations were satisfactory and every minute of their day was consumed by community service projects, PTA, club meetings, and chauffeuring the children. They were surprised and relieved to find that other women besides themselves suffered from "the problem that has no name."

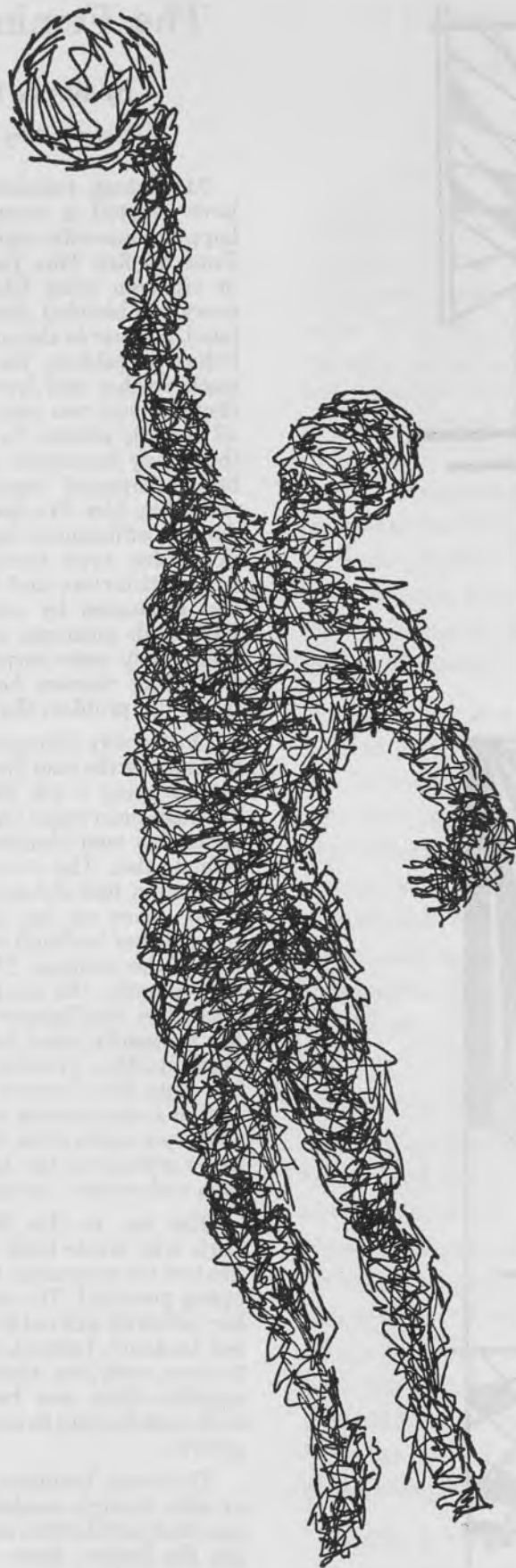
Our society places much emphasis on the importance of the man finding his place in the world and securing a job that will bring satisfaction. The man must stand on his own two feet; he must create his own identity. The woman is an individual, also. The woman, however, because of the notion that she must "be one" with her husband, gives up her identity and tries to live through her husband and children. Here lies the root of the problem. The woman must create her own identity; she must develop her own personality. Her intelligence and talents, like those of her husband's, must be developed to their maximum. As Mrs. Friedan says, "There is something less than fully human in those who have never known a commitment to an idea, who have never risked an exploration of the unknown, who have never attempted the kind of creativity of which men and women are potentially capable."

The key to this development is education. Girls who waste their college years will later in life feel the emptiness that comes from not developing potential. The woman who has developed her potential will not feel the need to live through her husband. Instead, she will live and continue to grow, with him. Man and wife are not one personality—they are two separate personalities, each contributing to and gaining from, the other's growth.

The sweet, feminine, child-like wife and mother who lovingly washes each diaper with Ivory and finds satisfaction and fulfillment from polishing the kitchen floor—the feminine mystique—does not exist.

TIP OFF

—MARGARET HUNTER



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