

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



CALL NO.



1972/1973

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED



The Student

Fall 1972





CONTENTS

White Couch	2	
Commentary	4	
Books	5	
“The Snail”		
“The Gyroscope”	6	Clint McCown
“Of Milk and Dead Honey”	7	Tom Phillips
“A Solo for Mr. Berryman”	10	Malcolm Jones
Tenure at Wake Forest	11	
“Twinkling Over the Yellow”	14	Tom Perry
“The Blues at the Terminal of St. Majesty Street”	15	John Browning
“Christ Is An Old Man With Nothing To Do”	16	Mike Benson
“Emissaries”	18	Mark Hofmann
American Civilization?	21	
“Poem”	24	Jack MacKenzie
“Have You Heard?”		
“Swimming Up Stream”	25	Mack D.
“The Last”		
“For Lady Day”		
“And There Shall Be A Second Coming”	26	J. Corlett
“The Chants of Night”	27	Malcolm Jones
“Harry The Suspender Popper”	30	Clint McCown

Editor:
Susan Nance

Associate Editor:
Dana Dye

Assistant Editors:
Malcolm Jones
Tom Phillips

General Staff:
Kathy Banks
John Gaston

Production Staff:
David Baker

Karen Bissell
Annie Boyd
Phyllis Foster
Fred Hendrix
Mark Hoffman
Melinda Inman
Lucy Lennon
Sandy Simmons
Larry Tuggle

Advisor:
Dr. Thomas Gossett

Artwork:
Nancy Castles

Neil Caudle
Malcolm Jones
Bob Kirchman

Photography:
Hobart Jones

Joel Rappoport
Neil Caudle

Distribution:
APO

The *Student* is published by the students of Wake Forest University since 1882. Contributions may be brought to our offices, Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247 Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors. The *Student* is printed by Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

The Student White Gouch Editorial

LH
L
w4
378
1972/73

Mini-Campus

There is a Wake Forest in Venice, Berlin, India, and Bogata. With the advent of Winter Term, Wake Forest villages will also spring up over most of continental Europe and part of Africa. Consistent with this trend toward academic branching-out, there is also (believe it or not) a Wake Forest in Winston-Salem. No, not the one with the steeple and the Quad, but the mini-campuses of Greenway, Reynolda, and Cloverdale apartments. The traditional campus is, after all, part of Winston-Salem only by a quirk of geography. Mentally, spiritually, culturally, consciously, it is its own world and isn't in the city at all. The off-campus students see themselves as an extension into the city proper. (Those given to heavy pronouncements will even say an extension into reality.)

We visited the Greenway Apartments last week-- Greenway distinguished as having probably the largest conclave of Wake Forest souls in the city. Note, however, that Greenway is not all students and therein lies its beauty. The environment accomodates people of all sorts: families, singles; children, old people; blacks, whites; freaks, straights; ad infinitum. In addition to the social environment, the physical surroundings are not without educational potential and, to the discerning mind, are aesthetically stimulating. The architecture is Square Box Baroque; the furniture, Early Goodwill.

The spirit is communal. We noted the ease with which natives and students blend and move freely in and out of the neighborhood apartments-- visiting, borrowing, smoking, theorizing, "dissertating," but mostly just nosing up to the front screen with "Hey, man, wha's happenin'?" The residents of "Greenway Estates" invited us for juleps on the "verandah" (a 2x3 concrete slab at the back) or for brandy and cigars in the "den" (a front room that is also parlor, study, and guest room). The Greenway and Gilmerians take the estate seriously. OG&B notwithstanding, they don't think it's unduly expensive. Much less expensive, in fact, than other programs abroad. Being "abroad" in Winston-Salem has its rewards they say. The city offers new encounters, interesting people, any number of new and different learning experiences.

There is a spirit in this new facet of the Wake Forest experience. The scope of the education offered is indeed broad and the pattern mottled. All the arts, sciences, and most crafts of significance are studied and applied. Often they are combined. (Our hostess made a point of coordinating culinary and theology at the evening meal, working a layman's version of the five-loaves- and three-fishes miracle.)

How do these self-proclaimed exiles view the old, Georgian campus of Tribble Hall, Taylor House, Bostwick Dorm, and Wait Chapel? We wondered, so we asked. The response was almost unanimous. "It's a great place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there."

"New" South

We attended the luncheon held for Hodding Carter III following his speech at Convocation. Carter did not speak until the end of the meal, and so we had plenty of time to chat with Provost Ed Wilson about his summer in Ireland.

The Wilson family went as much for an extended vacation as for Provost Wilson to attend the Yeats' Institute in Sligo. They stayed near Sligo in a tiny village named Carney, located on the west coast. It is about as far north as one can go and still stay out of Ulster.

According to Wilson, the southern portion, unaffected by the bloodshed in the north, is calm and beautiful. He told of climbing the mountain Ben Bulbin with his whole family, three small children included. The locale came off as somewhat less than romantic: the two smallest children needed to be carried.

A strange event occurred when he attended the Yeats' Institute. He saw a man in the crowd who bore an uncanny resemblance to William Butler Yeats himself. Upon enquiring he discovered the man to be Michael Yeats, the poet's son and now a rising politician in Southern Ireland.

Once our lunch was over and the dishes and introductions cleared away, master of ceremonies Brooks Hays stood to introduce Carter. Hays is the Democratic candidate for Congress from this district. An old Arkansas legislator and a friend from the Mississippi Carters, Hays was one of the generation of old style liberals that pioneered integration legislation. He spoke warmly of the tradition of crusading journalism that was begun by men like Carter's father and Ralph McGill. To Hays, the liberal South is the true South. It is characterized by an optimism based "upon sorrowful discontent with the way things were and still are."

Speaking extemporaneously, Carter praised the contributions of men like Hays. To Carter, they represent a dying breed of truly just men who were years ahead of their time in proposing the civil rights legislation that was initiated in the 50's and early 60's.

However, Carter is not nearly so optimistic about the future as is Brooks Hays. He characterized the people who fought for civil rights, then women's rights and then ecology as "headless chickens following fadism."

The problem, to Carter, is that commitments are never followed. There is a problem of how to motivate and channel the energy of those people that are obviously so well intentioned.

Carter said that he has no real faith in future saviours, nor does he put his hopes on the young generation. He is desperately afraid that no one will follow through on what has already been started.

To us, Carter himself seems to be one of that dying breed of honest and concerned southerners, disgusted and appalled by the reactionary and opportunistic political action that is eroding all the work accomplished to date.

Despite his unaffected, calm manner and conversational style, we were convinced totally by what he said. The new South is a rancid and dishonest myth. If there is indeed a "new" South, it is a heartless, valueless society committed only to the expedient and the safe.

In his quiet, level way, Hodding Carter spread the word of the new awakening in all of its awful sense, not of the new industrialization, but of the new slavery: the perpetuation of the neighborhood school and of the conservative workingman's ethic.

Nast

On the same day as the Hodding Carter III speech, but one month later, we were invited to the opening of Nast's Grocer-Mart on Coliseum Drive.

We were greeted at the door of the quaint, little shop by a small Navaho Indian, who introduced herself as Mrs. Nast. She was nattily attired in native dress, and she had just concluded a dance to the gods of Produce to give her husband a good business. We remarked that rarely, if ever, does a Winston-Salemite get to see a good native Navaho dance.

"Absolutely right," she said, taking off her bandana and lighting a cigarette. "Very few people anywhere seem to be aware that Navaho dancing is a very serious art form, a representation of the Indian unity with Nature and the Primitive. I bet you didn't know that Mata Hari was originally a Navaho?"

We said that we certainly were surprised. Just like a tricky Western culture, we said, leading us to believe that she was not Navaho but Dutch.

"Sure, that's just it." Mrs. Nast gestured widely, her dwarf hands spreading out from the diminutive red frame. "Your culture is sick. You pervert things by making them yours, when in fact they are not. How about George Washington Carver? How about LaFayette? How about some lemonade, would you like some?" Mrs. Nast gestured to a small tent display booth, situated between the pickles and the dairy products sections.

We accepted, and went over to the grey, slightly worn

Army tent, where people were milling around. A hugh, hairy man in sunglasses and a brown "Nast's Grocery" T-shirt came up to us and shook our hand.

"George Nast, glad to meet ya. Have some lemonade, fellas? How about a tour through the produce section—got some really fine asparagus on sale today, very fresh."

We accepted the lemonade and the tour, and found ourselves overlooking a cold freezer full of asparagus stalks. We asked Mr. Nast about his wife.

"Oh, the Missus. She's something, ain't she? She even thought up the Indian bit, to drum up business. Pretty little lady, huh?" We nodded. "Yes sir," Mr. Nast continued, picking up a hefty slice of beef steak from an opposite freezer, "she's done more than for this store than me. You know, she had an aunt in Sarasota who died recently, leaving her a whole stab of money, an' you know, that little lady didn't hesitate one minute before she said to me one night, 'George, why don't we use the new money and start a real good grocery store, where people can come in and get good, fresh food at reasonable prices, and good service, too!' Now ain't that a true wife, huh Mister?"

We admitted that we had never heard of such devotion. Mr. Nast heaved the beef back and forth in his hands and walked on down toward the bread section. "And she doesn't complain once. That dancing bit, why—listen, you ain't from the better business bureau or nothin' are ya? (We told him that we were reporters.) Well, that wife a' mine, she doesn't complain at all, just goes on dancing all day, there, without rest. We're very happy now."

We agreed wholeheartedly, and began moving toward the door. Mr. Nast followed us.

"Here, listen, you've been so nice, here take this beef steak. Real prime beef. Take it as a gift from George Nast—tell your friends about me, huh?"

We assured him that we would, and with that we walked outside and got in our car and drove home.

The Prize

A two paragraph release appeared recently in the *New York Times* which tersely informed us that the Nobel Peace Prize will not be awarded. Apparently the five-man Nobel committee of the Norwegian Parliament was unable to find a worthy candidate. We applaud the committee for its thoughtful evaluation of what the statesmen of the world have accomplished recently for the cause of peace. ■



WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

COMMENTARY

With the advent of "Commentary," a continuing feature of The Student, it is our hope to elicit challenging and thought-provoking ideas from persons both within and without this community. We trust that interesting letters from the public will initiate thought and reaction, be it discussion, written rebuttal, or written agreement.

The opinions of letters published herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the staff and writers of The Student, and the Editors reserve the right not to print material in the interests of decorum or taste. Submitted material must be signed, and may either be brought by our offices, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to "Commentary," The Student, Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. We seek your contributions.

by Zonnie Mozon

Face it, Black and White are now here together. No sense being unreasonably hostile. At least try getting along. But we can't get along if we can't understand who we're trying to get along with, can we?

What I hope to do is give a very small insight of a few aspects of the Black world, so that you Whites can understand Blacks a little better. Understand?

Blacks know quite a bit more and understand a lot more about Whites than Whites know about Blacks. Why? Because we've had to grow up in a White Society and have been taught White all our lives in our schools. Of course every now and then Brothers George Washington Carver, Booker T. Washington, and Fredrick Douglas were allowed to make very brief token guest appearances in some history classes, but that's not enough to understand Black. Dig my rap and try to understand, okay?

First of all, what is Black? Remember last year I told you "Black is an Art." Think of that as "Being Black is an Art." Being Black is a way of being, a way of living. It's a whole new way of walking, talking, dressing, loving, singing, dancing, eating, *et cetera*.

I guess one of the easiest ways to understand Blacks a little better (if you're the type who prefers to avoid socializing with or coming into physical contact with Black) is through reading periodicals or viewing certain movies or TV shows.

Read *Jet*, *Ebony*, *Essence*, *Black Stars*, or (if you're really brave) go out and buy a Black Panther paper. After all, we read *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, *Vogue*, and *McCalls*.

UNDERSTAND?

Black and Wake
A combination
Some can't take

They say
We'll cause destruction
Bull!
If anything is caused
It'll be
Resurrection

Go check out *Shaft*, *Sweet Sweet Back*, *Buck and the Preacher*, *Nigger Charlie*, or *Come Back, Charleston Blue*. We went to see *Love Story*, *The Last Picture Show*, *The Summer of '42*, and *What's Up, Doc?*

Watch *Sanford and Son*. We watch *All in the Family*. Dig on *Soul Train*. We look at *American Bandstand* (sometimes).

Now you may not believe this at all, or you'll just find it very hard to believe, but the "White Liberal" can be one of the greatest problems for the Black Nation. Take the psuedo-liberal hiding behind the facade of pro-Black advancement. A psuedo-liberal, as a psuedo-anything, is not going to be much of a help to anybody.

Do you know what the most frequently and most bothersome question asked of Blacks is? This simple statement—"I feel really bad about the way my people have treated your people all this time. I'd like to make it up to you. What can I do to help?"

Sound familiar? Ever wonder why the only response you often get is a strange bewildered look? Sit back a minute and think.... Now doesn't that sound a bit ridiculous?

But if you really are sincere in your question, I think you deserve a better response. If you really want to be of assistance, dig this. As Brother James Brown put it: "Don't want nobody giving me nothing. Open up the door, I'll get it myself." In other words, get out of the way, stand aside. Give us a little working and growing room. Understand?

Black means Ultra-Pride. We don't want hand outs. We don't want to be pacified. We don't want to be led by the hand to follow in your footsteps. We are not a blind man who needs a white seeing-eye dog. We are an able-bodied and able-minded people. We can do and will do.

The White liberals could be an asset if they just helped their own. Go out like a missionary doctor and cure those sick degenerate rednecks, bigots, and grits. Get rid of your Archie Bunkers before we do—our way. They are the real trouble-makers.

Often Whites have spoken of the "over-sensitivity of Blacks." It is said that Blacks are paranoid and are always

(continued on page 32)

CHIMERA

THE LITERARY LABYRINTH OF JOHN BARTH

A Review by Malcolm Jones

In the 1930's, there was a movement inaugurated by people like Joyce and Eliot that called for a return to mythology as a prime literary source. However, their idea of mythology was of a personal nature: each man should derive a natural sense of myth from a source like the unconscious, shaping it to his own personal sense of life.

But the idea of Joyce and Eliot in particular was to refine the artist himself out of the picture: the mythology would make literature open to all readers. A common ground.

The importance of myth has continued until the present. Not until John Barth, however, have writers begun using unadulterated myth as the basis for their work. In *Chimera*, Barth continues what he began in "Lost in the Funhouse" and hinted at in "Giles Goat-Boy."

That is, the use of mythic legends in their usual form but with a modern slant. Going forward by going backward, to use Barth's own phrase, he shows the aptness (with little or none of Jung's racial memory theory applied) of the old stories to modern life.

The usual definition of "Chimera" means an unrealizable dream. Barth goes back to the mythic correlative: a beast with the flame-spouting head of a lion, the body of a goat and the tale of a serpent.

The double meaning works throughout the three short novels that make up the book: there is a surface level of action of pure narrative but also an underlying level of art as dream.

The last and most complex novella is the "Bellerophoniad." Here Barth deals most directly with telling a tale and the mechanics of telling it. Barth says, in one of his numerous appearances throughout the book, that his work should "have no content except its own form, no subject but its own processes."

He uses the story of Bellerophon, the hero who tamed the winged horse, Pegasus and then slew Chimera. But he takes up with Bellerophon when his hero is a middle-aged man with a family. Pegasus has gone to fat in the pasture. The problem for Bellerophon is to find happiness once more in action. The problem the writer (sometimes Barth, sometimes Bellerophon, sometimes other characters in the story and, at one point, a mad writer impersonating Napoleon!) has is one of rejuvenating creativity, of getting on with the story.

Is this all right, so far, Mr. Barth?

"Well, so-so. You started out all wrong with that business about myths. Ended up saying I was doing exactly what all those

other guys have been doing all along."

Then let's clear that up. What did you mean? I'm confused myself now.

"To the objection that classical mythology, like the Bible, is no longer a staple of the average reader's education and that, consequently, the old agonies of Oedipus or Antigone are without effect on contemporary sensibility, I reply, hum, I forget what, something about comedy and self-explanatory context."

Right.

"The rest you seemed to have handled relatively well. But please say something about the other two parts. I wouldn't want anyone scared off right away by the "Bellerophoniad." That is, after all, the most complex section. All those diagrams



John Barth

where Bellerophon examines the classical pattern of his life as set forth by Bullfinch or Joseph Cambell and then tries to live accordingly. It's obvious that I'm making the old man something of a creator in his life, and the business about creativity is important. But please put in something about the "Persiad." That has a lot less to worry about. A bit more clear-cut, I think."

Yes. You're right. Excuse me, but any time you think I'm straying from the point, get me back on the track. I'm rather new at this game.

The "Persiad," reader, concerns Perseus, the man who went around turning people to stone with the hacked-off head of Medusa whom he had killed. But Mr. Barth has added, of course, his own touches. For instance, there are at least three narrative levels running together sometimes. Perseus tells Medusa (they make up in the end, the beginning? of the story) the whole story once they are made into constellations in the heavens. But as he does that, he tells of telling the story before to his mistress Calyxa on earth. And once in a while, he relates to some other character in the narrative what has happened to him in the past.

Plus, there's a good bit of musing on immortality as gained by writing or by being a mythic hero in the heavens now ensconced.

"Yes, you see how it all works out: Perseus tells his story to Medusa, they are thrown into the sky forever together, but any teller of tales can gain the same sort of lasting quality by retelling the tale on paper."

Or at least as long as the paper lasts.

"Hrrumph."

But we haven't even mentioned what I thought was the best tale of the lot.

"Dunyazadiad?"

Yes.

"That was probably the simplest thing in the book."

But it was also the most pure fun to read. Not that it was easy. None of the stories are really easy, until one catches on the method. "Dunyazadiad," however, was a real gas.

It is the story of Scheherazade's kid sister, Dunyazade, but written not only about them, but about the art of telling stories, or as we have sophisticatedly called it, fiction writing. And Mr. Barth puts in one of his many appearances throughout to tell Scheherazade how to get the king settled down to a story a night instead of a virgin a night.

"Say something about the ribald comedy. Quick, I can tell all those readers are losing interest."

Well, I wouldn't want to give anyone the idea that this is a dirty book, but it does have its share of sex.

"That's good. Tease them on a little bit. Make them curious about how *much* sex is in it. Actually, I must admit it does have its share of screwing. Written with plenty of redeeming social valve, though."

That seems to cover it. You think of anything I missed?

"No. I'd say you've told them enough."

I really want to say, though, that you have written probably the best book in your career. There is certainly an

abundance of everything in it: mythology (of the straightforward variety, of course), musing on the state of fiction, some good bits about immortality, and plenty of lasciviousness.

"Well, thank you."

-You told Barth all that?

Yes.

--To his face?

Umhum.

--Did he really say all those things?

I think so.

--Did you make all this up?

Now, now.

--Did you?

Well, a little. But it's what Barth would have said, I'm sure.

Some of it was taken from the book, itself. And even if you are the editor, Sue, I think I have a right (write?) to put words in the mouth of an author. After all, he gets to do it all the time.

-But don't you, as something of a modern writer, feel somewhat self-conscious in writing your review this way?

HRUMPH.

THE SNAIL

by Clint McCown

Oh snail that crawls along my path,
Your shiny shell is hard and tough.
But once you've felt my foot-fall wrath
You're just a pile of gooey stuff.



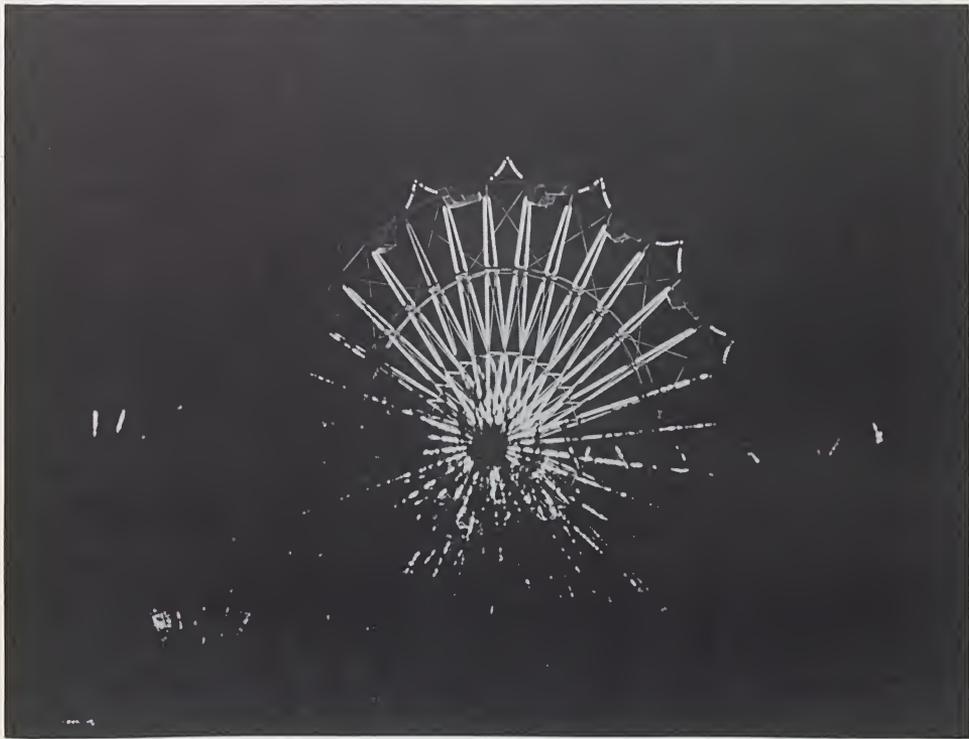
THE GYROSCOPE

by Clint McCown

The gyroscope is not a dope.
Its balance is uncanny.
But now and then it slows its spin
And falls down on its fanny.

OF MILK AND DEAD HONEY

BY TOM PHILLIPS



The small boy pushed his way through the mud of the main thoroughfare, careful to avoid the worn electrical cables and dirty, crushed candied apples. He went past the local talent tent, stopping to hear two old guitar pickers sell their scenarios for free to anyone who might stop to listen. Chris paused to hear the dilapidated red crank organ that churned away through the swirling rain, its wooden bottom melting with the puddles which filled, then ran down the path to the organ's tiny corner nook. A bent-formed man with corduroy trousers turned the side handle with wide, heavy strokes. He would grow tired and stop and the music would begin to die, like the firehouse siren did everyday a little past noon. Then the old man would wipe his hands dry and crank again, more quickly this time, until the music would return from its slow death and

once more drone away into the night.

Chris stopped in front of a side show, where a dark-haired man in a striped suit and straw hat was talking about some three-headed babies and giant men that were inside. With the announcement of each amazing act, he would turn slightly and point a cane at the large pictures on the wall behind him. The babies and the tall men and even some odd-looking ladies painted on the wooden backdrop stared out with looks of anguished pain and power, each face and each body and each jungle scene behind the face faded and colorless. But the man smiled anyway, proudly pointing to a huge lady that sat to his left on a thin-legged stool. Chris did not stay to see if her large body would ever fall and stop her from laughing all the time, although he thought it would. He had come for other things.

He started walking again when a voice called to him beyond the puddles.

"Try your luck, Sonny? Three cards for a quarter. Win your girlie a nice big doll here."

Chris raised his head and turned to see a small wooden booth, open to all sides and bearing a decrepit neon sign on the pointed roof which read "Bingomatic." Under the roof, surrounded by white light and brightly colored animals, an elderly woman looked at him, smiling a pencil-thin smile.

Chris slowly approached the booth, turning his head once each way unconsciously to gaze down the path, and finally came to the counter. He rested his arms and chin on the playing surface and focused his eyes on the old lady.

She was a heavy-set woman with red and grey hair and gem-studded glasses which hung from her neck like a yoyo on an elastic band. The bob, bob, bob of her head and the glasses which swung below fascinated the boy, took possession of his eyes so that he had to strain his neck before his head would raise itself. The woman's cheeks and forehead showed furrowed lines of age which refused to be disguised by the thick-caked pink powder on top of them. Her lips were made young-- very red lips which drew to two points on either side of her mouth and seemed grotesquely large for the rest of her face. She could not hide the worn red cracks of her off-white eyes.

"How'd you like to have this one, Sonny?" The woman reached up into the rafters and snared a black-furred dog with a red felt nose. As she did, Chris noticed the millions of ephemeral insects who drove headlong into the glaring lights. Their wings and bodies beating against the bulbs set the lifelike dolls to music.

Chris dug deep into his pockets. "I only have sixty cents left, Ma'am."

"Honey, you could play six cards on that!"

"Yes, Ma'am, I know. I'm saving it."

"Savin' it? Ya mean you come to the fair and then don't spend any money?!" Her mouth was now wide open in a sweeping, silent laugh. The uneven rows of yellow, carious teeth reminded Chris of the open mouths of the monkeys he had seen while at the zoo last year.

"It's for the ferris wheel."

Chris and the Bingomatic lady exchanged final glances, then Chris turned and trod off along side a running stream of dirty water. A sudden burst of loud music from up ahead along the walkway forced his eyes above the grey tents immediately in front of him. In the night air, a high, circling arch of color could be seen, the backbone of streaming radii going round and round, far above the grey spires which partially blocked Chris' view. The splendor of the wheel, enhanced by the darkness around it, awed the boy, and he forgot the lady with the penciled smile. He ran off through the mud toward the brightly lit sky.

Uncle Joseph emerged from the car and studied the expansive parking lot. Even in the moonlight he could see the grass that grew up from the cracks in the stone, the pock

marks that defaced the field of slab. The man walked the long pavement until he found a gate, found the noises and lights of past years. He paid for his ticket, waiting for the boyish man in the turnstile booth to give him his change, then went off in search of his nephew.

He walked amid the scant crowds and the puddles for twenty-minutes or so, looking all around and occasionally stopping to ask rifle gallery attendants if they'd seen Chris. As his legs began to tire, he sat down to rest on a brown, splintered bench which lay adjacent to the stripe-suited man's side show. Uncle Joseph pulled an Aiken anthology from his coat pocket and began to read in the fluorescent light of the fat lady's stage.

The brown tweed coat shrouded the silent man, holding his shoulders inward and pressing his neck down toward the book which lay casually, yet fixedly on his lap. Uncle Joseph held the features of a man much older than his forty-two years. The outset nose, its bridge thin and refined, highlighted a small, pale face. Wisps of grey-flecked hair jutted to either side of his forehead, giving the proper impression of one who learned solely through reading. The eyes, clear and yet undefined, were pushed back into the sockets by years of intentional squinting, and now could only be seen through the thick-lensed glasses which sat below their proper place. The briar pipe which hung from the side of his small mouth remained unlit.

The stooped figure didn't look up immediately when the voice sounded from across the dirt path.

"Hey, Mister! Try your luck at the Bingomatic? Win your missus a nice big Kewpie doll. Hey, Mister?"

Uncle Joseph slowly brought his eyes from the pages and stared at the old woman in the booth directly across from the bench.

"How 'bout it, Mister?"

The man got up from his seat, putting the book back in his pocket, and walked over to where the Bingomatic lady was preaching.

"I'm sorry, Miss. I just came to pick up my nephew."

"Some other time." She turned and began busying herself with straightening up the stuffed animals. Uncle Joseph stood still, looking on.

"Excuse me, Miss. Have you seen him? A young boy, about ten, brown hair and eyes, with a red jersey on?" The lady kept to her work. "Lady, have you seen him? He's my nephew."

She turned and stared into the now tense face. "No, sorry Mister. He might have been here, but I get hundreds of kids every night. I can't be expected to . . ."

"Yes, I understand. Thank you just the same." Uncle Joseph lingered momentarily, looking into and past the old woman's eyes. Then he walked from the white lights and started down toward the dark tents.

"Mister! Hey, Mister!" It was the Bingomatic lady calling to him. Her voice reached Uncle Joseph's ears and he stopped and turned, staring blankly into the booth.

"I saw him. I remember I saw him. He came by and looked at me for a time, wouldn't play or nothin'. He said he had to go to the ferris wheel. Real cute kid, Mister."

Uncle Joseph nodded, then began walking again. A moment later the shouting and commotion up ahead filled his senses, and he unknowingly quickened his step. Soon he was running, with others, in the direction of the ferris wheel.

A growing crowd of people stood at the base of the huge, unmoving wheel when Uncle Joseph got to it. His panic-stricken mind heard several voices at once, the loudest that of a balding, stocky man with a huge hairless belly that protruded from an old Hawaiian shirt. He dragged off a stubby cigar, the tip of which was soaked by continual sucking.

"Good thing there were only four kids on. The rain held down the crowds tonight. We can get those three in the lower right side seat there pretty easy-- somebody just went to get a ladder now."

"What about the fourth child?" It was Uncle Joseph, now standing right in front of the bald man and wearing a stunned face of fear. His eyes shifted from side to side, giving one the impression that he had shocked himself when he spoke.

The man looked directly at Uncle Joseph, then dragged

again off the wet tobacco and flicked it to the ground.

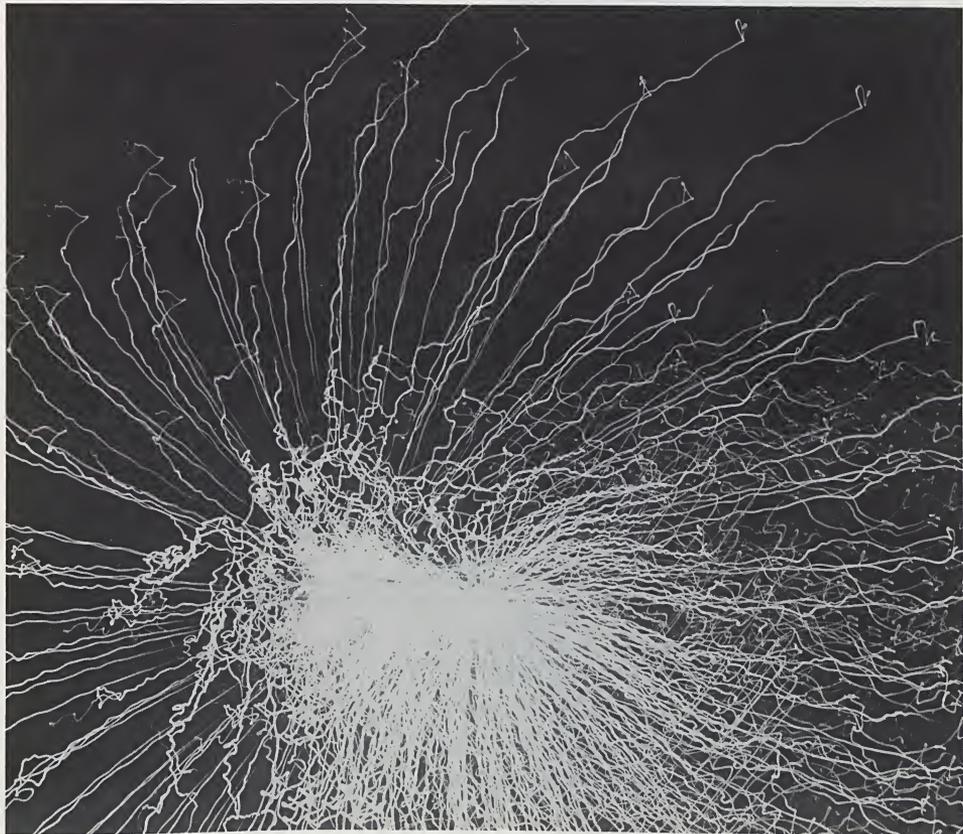
"It's a little boy, at the very top up there, good eighty feet. We can't start the damn thing again, the motor balked in this wet weather and just stopping dead, and that broke both the tie cables in two. Thing now is, that whole wheel there is being held by one big emergency stopping brake, an' that's just too old to hold it much longer. The damn thing could fling itself around real fast any minute now. We've called the fire department and they's bringing a ladder truck-- just hope to hell they get here in time."

"Are you the operator?" Uncle Joseph was becoming frantic.

"Yeh, sorry to say I am. This thing happened once before, about seven years ago I guess. There were a lot more kids on, though, and we got 'em down all right."

"Do you know who the boy is? My nephew is somewhere around here now and I can't find him."

"Jesus, Mister, I wish I knew. We called to him a coupla times, but he won't answer. The poor kid must be scared as



hell. Only thing I remember is, he's got a red shirt or somethin' on."

The last words of the big hulky man numbed Uncle Joseph instantly. His mouth lay open for several seconds before he began shouting to the little car at the top of the wheel.

High above everyone and everything, a child lay his head on the sparsely covered seat. Cold metal pressed through the cloth and chilled his temple and ear. A clear, star-filled darkness bore down on him, down on the boy's tiny box as it hovered immovable, suspended halfway between earth and sky. He cupped his hand over his other ear, hoping to drown out the cries and shouts of the people below, but he could not close his eyes.

Chris then sat straight up, holding the bar in front of him with both hands. He heard Uncle Joseph calling to him, and ducked down deeper in the seat. His face, reddened and speckled with beads of sweat, contorted severely as his mouth slowly opened, then closed. His eyes were wide and the pupils dilated.

From somewhere below, a pulsating amber flash found its way up to the car. Chris heard a voice, now above ground level, calling to him. A gleaming ladder rushed toward him, pushing up almost as high as the metal box. And as a loud mechanical groan came from the base of the ride, Chris

breathed stale air and began to laugh.

The quick rush of the wheel caught the climbing fireman off guard. He was almost thrown from his ladder by the force of air as the circle went by. The boy felt the sudden push of the tons of air into his lungs, filling everything with exhilaration and pain. The floating sensation was so beautiful, he didn't want it to stop.

The red- and grey-haired lady found it on the dry, caked ground, half obscured by the small rivulets of dirt that had been washed up against it and held there as the running of the water ceased. The afternoon sun bathed the woman in warmth as she prepared to move on. She picked up the book, its pages torn and muddy and bearing the wear of intense days, and opened to a numberless page, where she read:

"He rubbed his eyes and wound the silver horn.
Then the continuum was cracked and torn
with the tumbling imps of music being born."*

*Conrad Aiken, "Little Boy Blue" ■

A SOLO FOR MR BERRYMAN

by Malcolm Jones

You, John B., keep me awake at night
You with your funny cadence and awful thought
You'll scare me into believing you and taking the plunge
Following you on the long swim
Down the Mississippi *cum* Charon
I have downed my want-of booze
and cigarettes the lovely things
On this the so far loneliest night of the year

I did wake today scraped out of bed and dealt solemnly
With the problems of my body (last night so wicked was)
The blind red eye the burning brain
Will no one now (it's getting late) fill my mind with sweetness?
What is the use of boredom I did ask once in innocence
No answer comes there is . . .
Boredom I am dying for you
With a hot head and an empty brow



What Do These People Have In Common?

As instructors, their appointments may be held for a maximum of four years. The instructors' situation is only one aspect of the larger focus of —

Tenure at Wake Forest

For the past decade activist students (armed with the rhetoric of Rousseau and John Holt) have demanded innovative teaching and progressive education. During that same decade, the competition for university funds has grown increasingly more fierce. The upshot of these demands on the university has been a mounting concern for greater professional accountability and for greater efficiency in education.

Tenure has come under fire as an obstacle to both these goals. Its most vehement enemies regard it as a professional masquerade, granting lifetime employment to the incompetent and the irresponsible. It is noteworthy then that the trustees of Wake Forest have appointed a committee to review and revise the school's tenure system.

Tenure has never been held to be more than a means to certain ends. It has been a means of protecting teachers from the whims of a capricious society, from the political pull of the state, and from the godly fervor of religious organizations. Tenure attempts to secure academic freedom, the freedom of a man to think and to express his thoughts even if they violate the dogma of society. The problem goes as far back as Galileo and is as recent as Angela Davis. Tenure also tries to suggest enough economic security to make the profession attractive to men and women of ability. The tenure controversy boils down to one essential problem: how to provide academic freedom and job security without retaining deadwood.

A policy of withholding tenure altogether would endanger academic freedom substantially. It conjures up visions of jittery teachers in constant fear of reprisal, cowering beneath a Southern Baptist consensus. Without any form of tenure, the faculty is forced to play Uncle Tom to an administrative "massa"-- a "massa" who is not in the cold, cold ground at all but off somewhere renewing contracts. Even with a benevolent administration, the situation is an unhealthy one in which both faculty and students stand to lose.

Tenure does create an atmosphere of academic freedom. It also provides for a somewhat permanent core of long-term faculty which lends a spirit of continuity and community to the school. In addition, tenure will ideally force the school to make those hard and final but necessary choices between poor and superior teaching, between professional promise and professional threat. Unfortunately, however, the decision can be made by the power of rational choice. Departmental colleagues come hard. Yet even with this kind of problem, the question is not tenure, yes or no, but rather tenure, how and when.

Tenure means that a professor's appointment cannot be terminated except for cause-- the cause being either moral turpitude or professional incompetence, both of which for all practical purposes are impossible to prove. The professor is guaranteed a hearing, with final action taken only by the trustees. Understandably, the school will rarely open itself for the kind of negative publicity a hearing entails, although theoretically this tends to be the case.

According to the present by-laws an assistant or associate professor who is armed with a Phd. may attain tenure after anywhere from three to eight years-- although the three year tenure is seldom granted. If a man spends eight continuous years in the Wake Forest womb, tenure accrues automatically. Tenure in advance of the eight year stint requires recommendations by the chairman of the department, the dean, the Provost, and the President to the Board of Trustees. Generalizations about policy are risky and yet we may generalize that tenure is usually granted to associate professors who have Phd's and five years of service.

This is the tenure story as it is told at Wake Forest now. As the school evaluates the system it must be always aware of the pull of a two-fold moral obligation: the obligation to be just and to be sensitive in its dealings with faculty; and its obligation to provide students with high quality education. The integrity of Wake Forest as an institution is built upon the fulfillment of both. Tenure essentially is a question of principle, yet questions of principle often boil down to questions of finance.

Although stony-principled, Mother Wake Forest has some peculiar problems in the areas of program and finance. One problem involves faculty turnover. Wake Forest's student population is stabilized. It will not grow much larger. The university, therefore, has very little natural turnover (changes in faculty due to the needs of a growing student body). New blood, however, is good for students as well as for the rest of the faculty. A completely fixed faculty (even a good one) is hardly desirable. We need some room for flexibility and this

"Without any form of tenure, the faculty is forced to play Uncle Tom to an administrative 'massa'."

room must come from the ranks of the non-tenured. The fact is that the school may not wish to grant tenure to even good teachers because such a grant limits our already narrow margin for flexibility and change. A department loaded with very good teachers (all young and all tenured) will face the problem of rampant stagnation in 15-20 years. Few vacancies will be created by faculty mobility. Due to an overcrowded Ph.D. market, it is unlikely that many will leave to enter the job market again. It is true that a partial solution will be found in designing programs to keep the old faculty fresh, programs that involve sabbaticals, interdepartmental and interdisciplinary teaching, constant evaluation and retooling. But even given such programs, it is possible that the school may be forced to become more tight-fisted with tenure, even at the risk of losing some very good people.

The heavily departmental orientation of the system is also open to debate. The recommendation of the chairman of the department is the most crucial and he usually makes it only after consultation with other department members, especially other tenured members. This situation can make for heavy intradepartmental politics, in addition to placing a rather onerous task squarely on the shoulders of a man's friends and colleagues. A central faculty committee, established to deal with nothing but tenure, could ease this burden-- provided of course that it did not tend overmuch toward the "horse-swapping" techniques that have been perfected in other faculty committees. The committee would possibly be handicapped in that it would be forced to rely on empirical, demonstrable criteria such as professional reputation and publishing activities. Wake Forest still wants good teachers rather than prolific publishers and teaching is best evaluated by those in close contact with the teacher. The strength of the famous Wake Forest grapevine will be helpful perhaps but the department must still be relied upon, though spared the full task. It is safe to say that no matter what process of recommendation Wake Forest chooses, student evaluations will have an impact, especially if the findings are consistent over a period of time.

The Meager Magnolia

*Outside the education building
Of a modish urban university
Stands a meager magnolia, yielding
To twigs its upper tracery.*

*Lacking leaves, tree looks less tree.
Strolling students point to it and stop.
They call it the faculty tree.
It is dying from the top.*

JAMES McNALLY
OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Wake Forest faces a peculiar financial problem as well. When the college moved to Winston-Salem, the faculty better than doubled. A great number of men came in at nearly the same age. They now have tenure and are moving into higher salary status at the same time, so that the school's financial commitment is becoming increasingly top-heavy with less money for hiring instructors and assistant professors.

A stiffer tenure policy appears desirable, yet the university must follow some dictates of conscience. After moving a professor and family here (at no small expense), after using

"All teachers are equal, but some are more equal than others."

him for eight years, can the school in good conscience remove him? A period of longer than eight years without tenure would seem unjust. Eight years is a big piece out of a young individual's life and often involves his most productive period. Unable to find other employment so late in the game, he could well be ruined by such action.

Tenured faculty which the school fears is out-dated may be transferred to non-classroom positions, may be "booted upstairs." Yet the professor without tenure can only be booted out. The moral obligations to the tenured faculty have been fixed but what of those obligations to non-tenured faculty? If tenure guarantees academic freedom, are the non-tenured without it? The answer to these questions smacks of Animal Farm philosophy. All teachers are equal, but some are more equal than others. Teachers without tenure do have rights. They may initiate hearings to contest unrenewed contracts; but while it is impossible for a school to prove moral turpitude and academic incompetence, it is doubly impossible for an individual to prove moral excellence and professional superiority. Few such hearings take place. In addition to creating a free and benevolent atmosphere for new faculty, it would seem that the most moral action a school can take is to make as reasoned and as fair a decision as it can as quickly as possible so that when a professor leaves he still has some opportunities open to him.

Some believe that tenure violates an American competitive philosophy. Imbedded deep within the American ethic is the belief that situations in which we must continually prove ourselves are healthy. (The non-tenured professor may take comfort in knowing that while he may not be the happiest individual on campus, next to the students themselves he is certainly the healthiest.) However, the administration works to create some healthy apprehension for the tenured through salary and promotional decisions.

So the question comes. Tenure quo vadis? With few exceptions, the faculty attitude toward the tenure system is one of profound "complacency," and students, with all their righteous fervor for educational change, have not found it to be an issue. Tenure at Wake Forest appears to be marching into a peaceful future, which is probably the saddest of all possible fates. No university policy so strongly affects the quality of education at Wake Forest. No other has such a powerful effect upon the changing face of an ivory tower. It is strangely ironic that the most powerful, most potent, and most sensitive area for progressive educational change has not been probed.

Tenure, good or bad, rates more than indifference, deserves at least some critical investigation. Hopefully, the raw information contained in this article may generate a modicum of energy. Tenure, powerful and portentous as it is, cries out for examination, for criticism, for change, for ideas, for life. Perhaps none of these will come. If not, if tenure remains a dead question at Wake Forest, then dearly beloved, tired trustees, complacent faculty, apathetic students: You deserve each other.

TWINKLING OVER THE YELLOW

slowly the master seats himself
the concert is about to be born
his hands raise as all instruments obey and
music sweeps over the
night
his hair is blown as the wind sweeps by
and plays sounds of the flutes
gentle rhythm softly over rocks
and beneath the skynight
listen! to things perfect in their creation
each note earns a place in the symphony
and distant lights show the conductor - still
as the marble David -
but do not speak to me for songs are
playing
thunderchords
tominortomajortosharptoflatandfourforthsandninessixteenths
is it not beautiful? the whiteness of
his baton as it cuts in the
hand of swordsman
and old ones whisper of moonlight waltzes
andsonatasorminuetstwithelegancouplesatthebanquet
i agree with their classic examples and no
thing can express my joy in the solitude
of symphonies of the sea on distant evening
when i am content to sit alone
and worship the earth

Tom Perry



THE BLUES AT THE TERMINAL
OF ST. MAJESTY STREET

by John Browning

(Shed with tears
Shared at the falling of the rain
Said to the funeral of the rain
Impaired like shallow shalom-hellos.)

Why must one always
Have to clear the air
Before making
Poetry
Love
Or sense?

(Chanting the chaos to rest
On the verge of a dream
I sleep, I sleep, I sleep.)

But my eyes are open
To the watchdog force of a word
Made flesh to the bone
And sewn to the wind-swept mind.

I see
Things make shadows
Upon the dark face
Of earth hills
Curved to the fall
Of pattern feet.

I say
Things make shadows
Upon the deep face
Of the night so
Blown by the wind
As to ignore my trees.

(The trees, stiffening to shake their
Proud young green heads to the death call
Of many coloured evening fall.)

Soldiers, bending the wills of rivers,
Soldiers, called men,
Riveting the landscape
With a great harvest roar;

(Why is war always so well organized?)



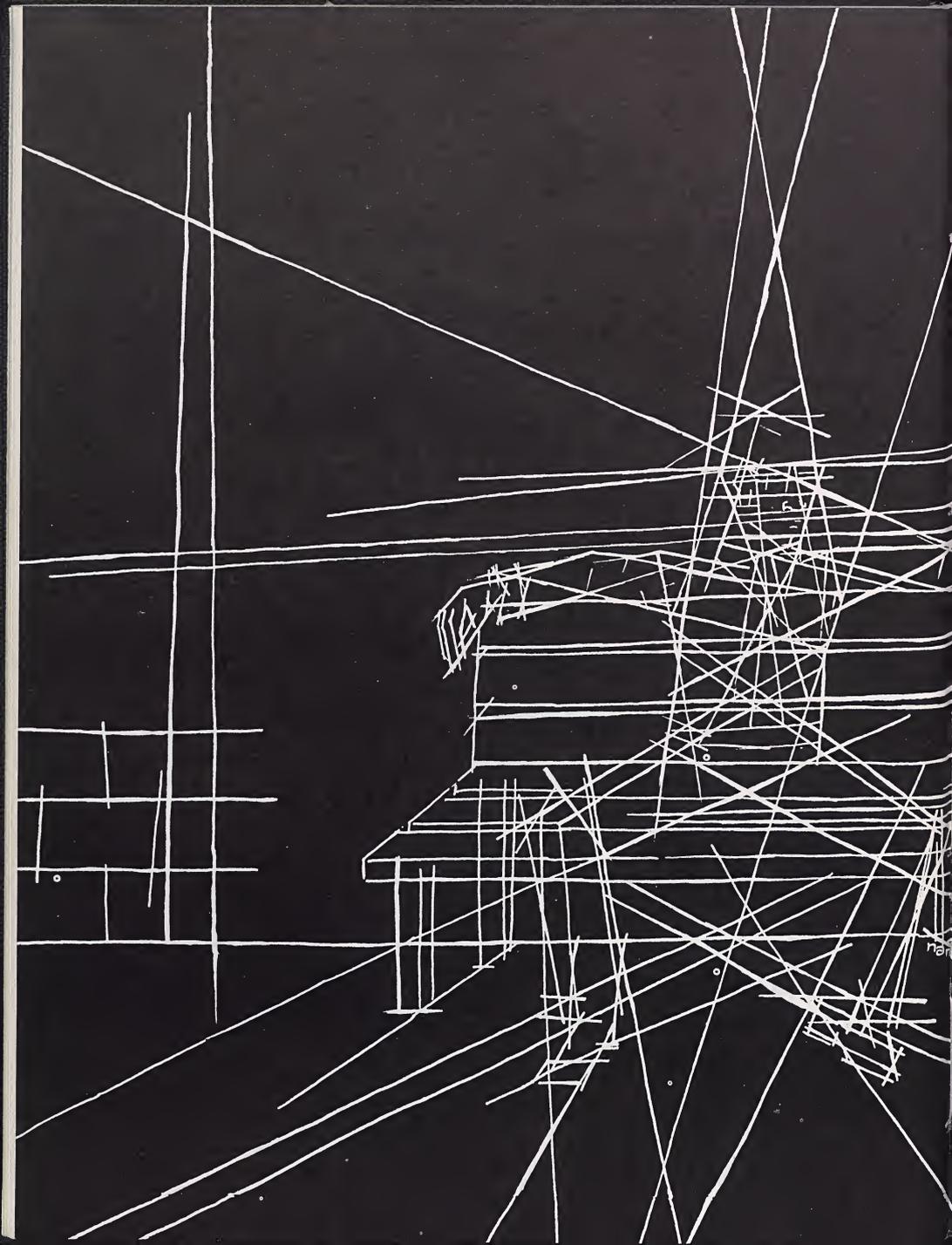
Scattered peace, but soldiers still,
Messing the sun with stained smirks,

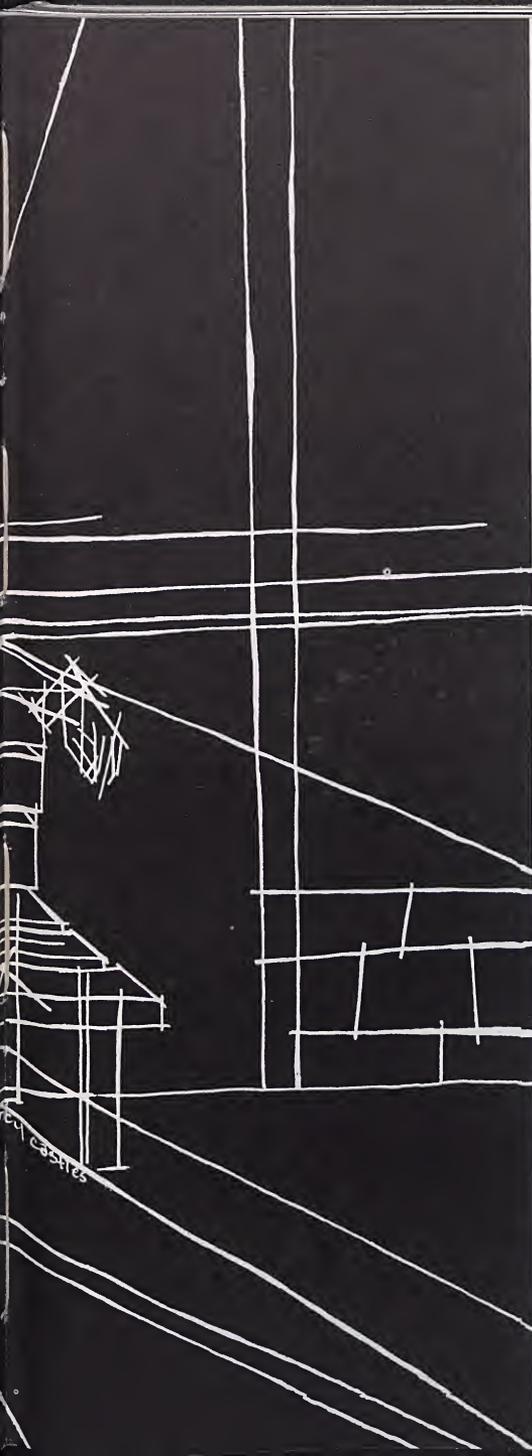
Blessing the gun, ordaining mad quirks—
Cruel poets, all of them,
Plucking a blade from the chin
Of a dead man's only field.

And now the great dance
In the airs made clear,
Though all alone, I see
Sparks
 from the souls of my boots
 and the heels of my life
Cricket the sidewalk
Picket the fence
And end in the middle of
St. Majesty Street.

(Take your poetry, love, or sense
To St. Majesty Street
Today, today, today.)

Tonight hear the ghost owls
Fowling up the air with
War wind stories of the fall,
Hooting their feathers to rest
To make the night bristle
With dreams from the sleep
At the heart of my woods.





CHRIST IS AN OLD MAN WITH NOTHING TO DO

I am sitting outside the Camel City Laundry. The city I am in is Winston-Salem, North Carolina, but the laundry is named after Camel City. It's in a plaza called the Golden Manor Plaza, and I'm sitting on the sidewalk of the Golden Manor Plaza leaning against one of the posts that stand like square white crayons holding up the GMP.

There is an old man, very neat in blue pants and a black hat, sitting on a green bench a first down away from me. He is what I wanted to write about when I started, him and his bench, but I found he wouldn't come into the story until I got it going. Old men have a sense for proper time and place. He is here now so I'll go on as I wanted to in the first place.

As I said, he is a neat man, especially his blue pants. His black hat sits so lightly it looks like it is trying his head on for fit. At any moment it may sprout bright red wings and be on its way. Creeping from beneath the redwing blackbird that's just resting a bit on his head is his white hair. With the white hair, his face is the face is the cleanest old man's face I have ever seen. It makes him look like Charles de Gaulle, except he is too small. If he had a pipe and bald head he would remind me of my grandfather.

He is playing with some keys that look like Chevrolet Impala keys. He taps them on his bench occasionally like he is giving it a secret message. (Message: Code M4, Green Ford Mustang, female operator parking on yellow line. Not a respector of tradition.) He fumbles a lot with his keys, but I don't think he is going anywhere.

Nobody has come up to talk to him so maybe it isn't his bench. If it were I'm sure everyone would know and they would come up and ask him things. He could sit back and spread his arms like Christ on the back of his bench and tell them how things were going in the parking lot of the Golden Manor Plaza. Unclassified things only, of course.

An old old lady is coming along walking with one of those walking things that look like a small kid trying to move a chair. She is heading, like a crab using all six legs and two arms, towards a car parked in front of the old man's bench.

She reaches the curb and starts to open the door.

Up jumps the old man right out of a Maurice Chevalier movie and says, "Can I help you madame?" He holds out his hand like a tool and slides across the sidewalk towards the six legged lady. "No thanks," she says and puts four of her legs in the back seat.

The old man, who looks like Charles de Gaulle and has the manner of Maurice Chevalier, goes back to his bench and spreads his arms like old man Christ with nothing to do.

Michael Benson

It was a region of log forts, ruined villiages, brutal winters and hungry peasants. Lord Francis had been forewarned of this when he left the University to accompany the official emissary of Hugh of Greater Mecklenburg to the savage Northmark in an attempt to make peace with the barbarians from the north. But the starkness of the landscape had caused the slender blond scholar to retreat farther into his bearskin cloak and think wistfully of the mild February of the capital and of his mistress.

EMISSARIES

The commander of the armies in the north was late for his meeting with the emissary and his entourage. Francis had heard tales of the great Lord Henry Tock, who had lost his left hand fighting in the Tennemark as a young man. From then on he had acquired an impressive catalogue of scars doing battle against Borealiens in the south, losing an eye slaying Ninglish along the coast and finally, at fifty, gaining a limp here in the Northmark.

Tock kicked the door open and viewed his guests through his one good blue eye. Francis had expected a monster of a man and found himself disappointed at the tall stooped man with silver hair and mustache. Tock smiled a crooked smile and sat down in an overstuffed chair covered with deerhide, resting his boots by the fire.

"I am Tock, Marshall of Northmark. I assume that the fat one over there is Lord Jason, younger brother of our Prince and royal emissary. Am I correct?"

Lord Jason stood and bowed. "I extend my brother's greetings to the most valorous defender of our northern frontier. With me is Lord Francis Strittmeyer, a student of imperial history. He hopes to find clues to the whereabouts of the ruins of the imperial capital."

Tock stood up and walked over to Francis. Francis covered in his chair, wondering what this legendary warlord planned to do. He was taken totally by surprise when Tock extended his hand.

"I am familiar with your work, Lord Francis. I studied such imperial history as was known when I attended the University. Where do you scholars think that the imperial capital was?"

Francis could not speak for a moment. Not only was Tock a reknowned warrior, he was also a scholar. Francis finally spluttered that current theory, based on the discovery of some

ancient military installations, placed the capital far side of the river to parley. The evidence that this was the imperial capital will astound you. If it was not the capital, it was a major city five centuries ago. Can you speak the imperial tongue, Francis?"

"Yes, Lord Henry. All educated men can."

"I'm glad you can, for the business of the parley will be conducted in it; that seems to be the only thing we can agree on."

Morning came soon for Francis. After a venison dinner, he and Tock had talked far into the night on forgotten points of imperial hisitory. Tock had also demonstrated himself knowledgeable on the founding of Greater Mecklenburg some four and a half centuries earlier. He spoke of Prince Lucius the First and his death at the hand of his best friend's wife. Tock also put forth an interesting theory of the fall of the empire. He claimed that it had not fallen in a monstrous war but rather had been rotting from within for several decades before the end. Tock said that in the last years of the empire, all emphasis had been placed on the seeking out of pleasure and escape. He feared the same would happen to Greater Mecklenburg.

Francis now found himself upon a horse, surrounded by blue-clad Meeklenburgian soldiers. Tock rode point and they jangled through the snow, the cold turning the hilts of sabres and barrels of long rifles as hostile to the naked flesh as molten steel. Francis shivered and wondered what horrors lay on the way to the meeting with Zimmer.

An hour's ride brought them to a field of oddly deformed snowdrifts. At the sight of the approaching column of horsemen, several figures scattered from amid the small lumps and drifts. Tock's horse reared.

"Open fire!" screamed Tock.

The soldiers sent a volley into the fleeing people, dropping half a dozen. Tock appeared satisfied and brought his horse back to where Francis rode.

"That pack of curs was looting the bodies of our dead. The ground is too hard to allow burial."

"Were they Zimmer's men?" asked Lord Jason, who had been strangely silent all morning.

Tock shook his head and pulled his cloak tighter to his spare frame. "No, Zimmer's men have too much discipline for

by

Mark Hofmann

that . They were the natives, the dirtiest, most ignorant things I've ever seen that could be called human. I suppose it's not really their fault; war has been raging here for close to seventy-five years. They've never had a chance to rebuild."

"Are they dangerous?" asked Lord Jason.

"Not really, unless you desecrate one of their holy places. They worship a triple deity. Just how that works is one of the things I've never figured out. Otherwise they haunt battlefields and loot bodies and try to trade the loot for liquor."

Francis almost vomited at the sight of blue hands thrusting from the snow. Blood spattered crimson against white, and one body looked as if a butcher had gone to work on it.

Tock waved his stump toward it. "I forgot to mention that they are also cannibals, they don't stalk their prey. They're nothing but carrion eaters."

They rode through a pine forest and came to the bank of the river. The horses slid across the ice and more than one soldier fell from his saddle. On the far bank, Tock gathered his troops together and stated that the parley point was about five miles east, in the ruins of the old city. They were to wait for one of Zimmer's scouts to conduct them there.

Presently a horseman dressed in white and grey issued from the forest. One of Tock's outriders sauntered up to him and began a rapid exchange in some guttural language Francis could not understand. The Mecklenburgian returned to Tock's side.

"He says that Zimmer awaits us in an old stone building, sir. You are allowed to take in four people other than yourself. We are to follow this man--he's a captain, sir--to the parleying

ground."

Tock drew his sabre and raised it to the sky. Then he lowered it slowly and ordered the column to follow the enemy emissary. Francis, struck full in the face by the raw wind, huddled deeper into his cloak and began the slow journey to the meeting place.

The journey was uneventful. They rode through the enemy encampments, somewhat taken aback that Zimmer's men did not even notice their presence. Zimmer's troops were packed about the campfire, drinking apple wine and jabbering in their harsh tongue. Then the column entered the ruins of the imperial city, passing snow-covered heaps of granite and marble. Francis wondered how many people had lived in this place, certainly more than the thirty-five thousand who jammed into the Mecklenburgian capital of Orionsburg.

Outside a large granite building, the only whole structure remaining, Tock halted the column. Before the building burned watchfires surrounded by white and grey clad riflemen. The man who had brought them there exchanged a few words with a soldier in a brass breastplate and told the interpreter that Tock could enter. The Mecklenburgians dismounted and Tock, Lord Jason, Francis, the interpreter and another man skilled in the imperial tongue entered the drafty building. Out the corner of his eye Francis could see the Mecklenburgians producing packs of cards and dice with which to entertain yesterday's enemy.

The building was imposing inside. Before an immense statue of a seated man sat Zimmer. Once again Francis was disappointed by a man's appearance. Zimmer, the dreaded northern warlord, was a slender, nervous, dark-haired man. He



wore a simple grey uniform and bearskin robe and cracked his knuckles as Tock approached. Zimmer stood, withdrew his sword, and placed it on the table in front of him before extending his curiously slender hand to Tock. Francis automatically recognized this man as a scholar.

"Greetings, my brother. Yesterday we were enemies, let us hope we part friends." he said in the imperial tongue. Watching the expressions of surprise on the faces of Tock and his men, Zimmer laughed. "We have universities, too. Every man here is able to recognize his own name in print, Lord Tock. Can you say the same?" Tock smiled his crooked smile and lay his sword on the table next to Zimmer's. The rest of the party followed suit, although Lord Jason appeared uncomfortable doing so. Zimmer told Tock to begin the parley.

"High Honcho Zimmer, I cannot begin the parley for I am not acting as representative of the court. This man is Lord Jason, brother to our most illustrious prince, Hugh the Third. He shall conduct the parley in the name of Greater Mecklenburg."

Zimmer shook Jason's hand and began gesturing over a crude map of the region. When Jason's proved intransigent on several points, Zimmer threw his hands into the air and asked to speak to Tock. The two withdrew from Jason's earshot, although Francis could understand every word.

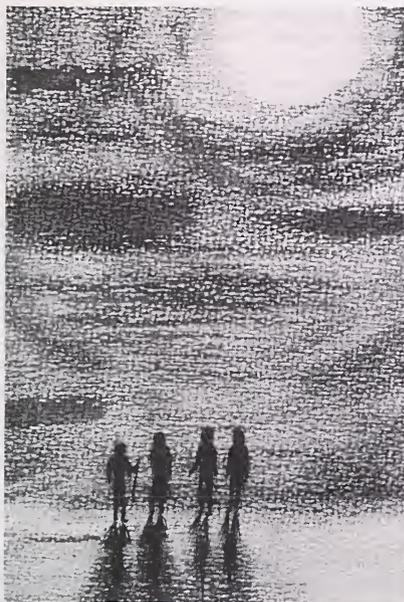
"My Lord, you realize that we sincerely wish to end this war. It started in my great-grandfather's time and neither side, I fear, has profited by it. We are willing to withdraw all troops as far north as that river out there. In fact, we are willing to accept that as the permanent boundary between our two states. But that fat man," he gestured at Jason, "Wants the border sixty miles north of here, along a river you Mecklenburgians have never seen. Perhaps you can make him see sense." Zimmer's grey eyes sparkled and he flashed a row of perfect white teeth.

Tock took Jason by the arm and whispered some pertinent facts to him, tracing various lines across the map. Jason coughed, fidgetted and finally nodded, all three of his chins juggling in the effort. Tock nodded to Zimmer and the northerner strode across the room.

"Well, gentlemen, is an agreement now possible?"

Tock spoke. "We accept this river as boundary, to be shown henceforth as the Zimmersfall. There are to be no forts within five miles of its banks on either side. In return, we offer trade and further offer our aid in your struggle against the Ningsh. Agreed?"

"Most certainly, my Lord Tock. I'll have the document drawn up at once." Zimmer clapped his hands and a cavalry officer scrawled the terms of the treaty on a piece of parchment. Signatures were affixed and a pledge of friendship



exchanged between Tock and Zimmer.

As they picked up their swords, Zimmer asked Tock who the other civilian was. Francis was introduced; he was not surprised to find Zimmer also a student of imperial history. Facts were exchanged and bits of research related while Jason waited by the door impatiently. When asked about the location of the fabled imperial capital, Zimmer grinned and swore that it lay in his homeland, two hundred fifty miles to the northeast. When Tock suggested that this city on the Zimmersfall could have been the capital, Zimmer laughed.

"Who would have built a capital in such an ungodly place? Even though the climate was supposedly much warmer five centuries ago, it would have been folly to build here. Under the ice this place is nothing but swamp."

In parting, Francis asked Zimmer if he had any idea who the stone man in the chair was. Zimmer shrugged his narrow shoulders and replied: "Possibly an athlete or an entertainer. More probably a religious figure, for we've found copper coins with his imprint around here."

Francis thought that was a good enough answer as he passed under the stone gaze of the man whose name was Lincoln and into the cold, thinking also of his mistress and warm Orionsburg Februaries. ■

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION ?

An Interview

One year and two months ago I arrived in the U. S. after living in Kenya for thirteen years. At first, I was idealistic about Kenya and forgot the faults and problems; I concentrated on the wrong in America, thus forming prejudices against the American people, ideas and goals. With time I have become more realistic in my views of both countries, and can appreciate the beauty of both and criticize both, I hope, constructively.

HARAMBEE!

Kenya, like America, was a British colony; today Kenya is in some ways like America just after independence. She is being forced by high import taxes to rely more on her own products. Certainly when American colonists were cut off from Mother Britain and began to buy their own products, they discovered that those products were in many ways inferior to those used previously. The same is true in Kenya.

People say, "Look at all the instability in Africa" Well, America had a lot of unstable situations and violent events inside the new, developing country. It's the same in Africa and there is nothing else that can really be expected.

Kenya is the most stable of all East African countries at the moment. Her main political problem concerns the rivalry between the two main tribes, Kikuyu and Luo. The Kikuyu is the larger, and the majority of government officials belong to this tribe. President Kenyatta is also a member, and he has done a tremendous job of keeping the peace between the peoples. They have a great respect for their political leaders, who are not put into cartoons, as happens here in the U. S. They do not have political cartoons of President Kenyatta, for he is a revered figure; he is the father of the country, sort of the savior of the people. He got them out of Colonialism, and he is not made fun of.

These people have quite a sense of nationalism because they have a relatively new country; they received their independence from Britain in 1963. Their motto is Harambée, which means "pull together" or "let us work together." I believe that the Kenyan, even though he may be isolated and not know much apart from where he lives, loves his country.



Stephen Harrell is a sophomore French major working towards a teacher's certificate. He is the son of Southern Baptist missionaries to Kenya and lived some thirteen years in that country before returning to the States last year to enter Wake Forest.

The present day East African's first contact with a white man was under colonial conditions, and thus most whites are considered to be imperialists. Uganda is anti-American, as well as Tanzania which is under Communist influence at the present. Kenya, though pro-western and mainly favorable towards America, is against America's involvement in the Vietnam conflict.

AMERICAN SHORTSIGHTEDNESS

In Nairobi, the modern capital city of 500,000, one finds everything from a Hilton hotel to ugly slums. In the country in general, however, people take care of the land. After all, Kenya is mainly an agricultural country, and conservation is a common goal.

Animals are not thoughtlessly wiped out. Much of the land in Kenya is set apart for game reserves and parks where tourists and residents can go see the animals-- they are not allowed to disturb them in any way. There are also hunting areas where there are different blocks consisting of acres and acres of land which are rented. It is expensive to hunt in Kenya. One must buy a license to own a gun. Arms control is quite strict when compared to the States.

I went to Nag's Head, N. C. this summer. It was sickening and depressing to look at the houses, all the buildings and filling stations cluttering the coastline almost to the water, and ruining what could have been a beautiful beach.

Fortunately the beaches on the East African coast aren't like that. The houses are built back into the trees; from the shore most of the houses are hidden -- just palm trees and white sand can be seen. So different. It really depresses me to see that people just don't care about how things look in this country. They are only thinking of their immediate needs, and are suffering the consequences.

INCONSISTANCY OF AMERICAN MIND

American organizations in Africa include foreign service, missions, and businesses, a canning company, for example. There is not a great deal of American industry, necessarily, but there are American businessmen working with different firms.

When the Kenyans hear of racial trouble in the States, or a Black leader like Martin Luther King, Jr. being assassinated or discrimination toward the Black people, they can't help but think of South Africa and the white supremacist governments and the hatred there. They draw the conclusion that all Americans are racist. It's very hard to create a good image of the American government, or of the different religions or denominations of Christianity. How can an American be standing there talking about the love of Christ for all men when the people in the States are rioting because of race, and the Blacks and American Indians are being discriminated against? What happens in the U. S. does affect the work of Americans in Kenya. The average African is confused, for how can he understand why the American people are so inconsistent?

Africans don't think of America with fear like a lot of Americans believe. Many of the Americans which Kenyans see are tourists; unfortunately this is sometimes the only way he knows what Americans are like. These Americans that tour other countries do not create such a good image. American tourists are generally loud, critical, rich, and rude. They are seen loaded down with cameras and wearing ridiculous-looking safari suits tailor-made in Nairobi's most expensive shops. This limited contact with Americans gives the Black man the impression that all those from the U. S. are rich and that most are flabby and over forty.

This is not only in Kenya; this is in many parts of Africa and Europe. Everybody knows what an American tourist is like. They laugh about it -- it's a joke. On a bus in Holland we had to suppress our laughter when some tourists commented, "OH, this is really just like in Boston," or, "OH, I don't think they're half as good as what we have back in the States." It's not supposed to be like the States! It's an individual country with its own uniqueness.

It would be a good lesson for an American to live in Kenya where he is in the minority. He would become more aware of the feelings of Blacks and American Indians concerning discriminatory measures to which his people have so long made non-whites subject.

AMERICAN CLOSE-MINDEDNESS A DEFINITE DETRIMENT

One prevalent attitude among Americans today is the belief that they themselves, their ideas, needs and goals are superior to the rest of the world. In Europe, Asia and Africa, Americans are a tiny minority and are rarely thought of with respect and awe. In Black Africa, with the exception of Rhodesia and South Africa, the whites are the ones who pay more taxes and are many times subject to injustice.

Americans think that theirs is the best and only way, and they find it hard to consider structures and attitudes, values and ideals of other cultures as valid. They cannot accept things that are not like their own.

Most Americans don't even want to take the trouble to learn a foreign language, which is asinine. Most of the people in other countries can speak two or three languages. With the world becoming smaller and cultures closer together, communication is vital. The close-mindedness and isolation of Americans in this way is going to be a definite detriment.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE LONELY INDIVIDUALS

The pace of life in America is frantic. People do not take time to be themselves and enjoy life to its fullest. Africa has modern western-style cities complete with factories, offices, rush hour traffic jams and other problems of the West, yet people do not push as much; they can usually keep on an even keel while hurrying. Here in the U. S. one takes a tranquilizer or a drink, and ends up a nervous wreck with an ulcer.

Americans seem to be obsessed with the methods of entertainment and cannot enjoy being themselves, exploring each other's personalities, gifts, and attributes. I have heard many people say of a small town, "There is just nothing to do there. It's just the most boring town." What they mean is that there aren't many good movies, great places to go get drunk, or anything else to stimulate unoriginal minds.

Americans have to be entertained; they must have a stimulant, an outside force or gimmick. All this outside entertainment prevents development of a personality to its fullest extent. The personality becomes shallow, superficial, and veneered; there is only a thin sheet of friendliness on top.

The American people are lonely individuals . . .

One of the tragedies of America is the competition to get ahead. When your life is centered on being better than the next guy, there is no development of the inner self. Self identities are cut off and there is no communication.

One of the biggest adjustments to the States was trying to fit into an extremely materialistic society. Goods are mass-produced and they just don't last. Western people put much more emphasis on possessions. They buy and buy and are never satisfied. Africans get so much more out of the little things in life, and people matter so much more.

The African culture is not necessarily moral, but there is a more healthy attitude toward sex. It is not publicly displayed, nor is it always present in conversations. They have a conscience, but they are not all frustrated about it.

I was in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, when Tom Mboya, one of Africa's foremost leaders, was assassinated. I had come into town to perform in a Music Festival Concert at the University of Nairobi. Against a stone pillar on the campus there was a blackboard bearing the words: "Due to the tragic death of the Honorable Tom Mboya, the Kenya Music Festival has been cancelled." Others had gathered around by this time and were registering shock in their distinctively African way — the shaking of heads, the blank faces, and the silence. We entered into the concert auditorium, where five or six hundred people were already seated, and waited a few moments. The government Minister of Music walked out onto the stage and suggested our having a moment of reverent silence for the late official, and then dispersing. With a bowed head and a blank expression, he said, "I'm sorry, there's nothing more I can do."

Already, only a mile away riots had begun and tear gas filled the air.

THE MAIN GOAL: EDUCATION

Education is one of the most important things in the life of a Kenyan. The main goal of the everyday people is to earn enough money to send their children to school. They want their children to be educated so that they won't have to lead a life of ignorance and poverty. It is a privilege to go to school. I only found out this past year that you go to school in America free. I was really shocked because everyone pays fees for an education in Kenya. It's not illegal for a child not to go to school there. Only a small percentage go because there aren't enough schools. Most of the people are illiterate.

I attended Kenyan schools until the 8th grade except for a few interruptions when we came to the States. In what is equivalent to High School under the Kenyan system, there are few, if any, electives. Upon completion of Form 5 (12th grade) the student has had courses in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, General Science, French, Latin, English Grammar, English Composition, Music, History, Geography, and other areas. High School seniors in America don't have that broad knowledge in practically all areas of study. Form 6 is spent almost entirely in preparing for the A level exam, which is the college entrance exam. After its completion -- it takes days and days to write -- the student can enter the university. He's usually 19 or 20 by then. There is really no correlation to the States. This is the British system, and it is only for those who are wealthy enough and lucky enough to be able to go to that kind of school. (I attended a school with an American system during high school. It had a high academic standard and furnished a good preparation for college.)

Incidentally, the schools are totally integrated; the Asians, Americans, Europeans and Africans all go together.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE

Churches, too, are multi-racial and often bi-lingual. The first experience I had with the American protestant church created an unfavorable impression. Segregated churches --! There is so much prejudice and hypocrisy. There are so many of those who don't even want Blacks to worship with them.

Religious gatherings in Kenya are not the social events they are here. People there go to worship. They don't go to Chapel to show off their clothes, to the Cathedral to see the guys and girls, to Mosque to impress business partners, to the Temple to brag on their children, to the Synagogue to gossip with relatives. Worship is worship; not a tea party or a country club.

And the rather rigid separation between the denominations of the Christian faith in America is disturbing. I'm sure that this competitive aspect of religion discourages many non-Christians from getting involved.

America is a great country and worthy of being thought of with pride; during the past year I have come to appreciate her land and people more than I can express. Yet, just as I have looked at America critically, Americans perhaps need to look at themselves through the eyes of the rest of the world, Kenya included. The view could be devastating, but it could also be useful. ■

The hurricane rages on and on
Don't be surprised
when you wake up some dawn
And find him gone . . .
This man
is a strange, dark light
Burning quietly, fire bright
Actually a coward
of a kind
With the thinnest life line
Living alone, still
His hurricane rages on and on
Don't be surprised
when you wake up
at some dawn
And find him gone.

Jack MacKenzie

"HAVE YOU HEARD . . .?"

Everyone's going
Everywhere,
 And everybody's
 Doing everything,
And I think I'm
Living
 But everyone's lying,
And dying, and
 Crying about life,
 When life
Is but a game.
 (All in fun).
Problems are a
 Joke,
And the punchline
 Marks your death,
 While the laughter
Thereof
 Is God's choice.
(Right?)

by Mack D



SWIMMING UP STREAM

by Mack D.

So long country, goodbye blue sky,
I won't be back until I die.
Northbound greyhound, bright lights, motel,
Pimps, whores, bars-----ginger ale,
Lonely, innocent, ain't got a friend,
Too respectable to commit a sin.
Worked hard, shuffled, washed picture frame glass,
Two cars split level, green grass ----- high class.
Goodbye ghetto, so long cussin,
Suburban Baltimo, can't tell him nothin.
Family, wealth, status for him,
Gossiping neighbors, to hell with them.
Middle, old, declining age,
Lived good, happy, and made a good wage.
Peace rest in the Spring of May,
I've known life, I've seen my day.
Hello country, hello blue sky,
I came back, I told no lie.



POEMS

by J. Corlett

THE LAST

This last portrait shows
Trees drooping with Spanish moss,
A sky full of clouds and mist
That somehow re-blued,
An Orthodox priest chanting invocations:
Remember Thy servant Rozitta
Who now has gone to sleep . . .
The Armenian count, Jack, Tony, me,
Dropping rose petals, dust, daisies,
Remember Thy servant Rozitta:
You and I are off to a movie
Maybe Blowup for the fifth time,
We are shopping around for the real goat cheese,
We are riding down some Illinois highway
Spinning on the ice
Turning around and around on the shoulder,
We are safe, safe and laughing.
How does one say *margarite*?
Are you sure it's *eye-of-the-day*?
Hello, operator, I was just talking
To my friend, something seems to have happened,
Hello. *alo*, my friend, we were just talking:
Remember Thy servant Rozitta
Who now has gone to sleep.

FOR LADY DAY

It would be complete to have
The love of a friend or two--
This is a statement that gets echoes
Well done they are the *blues*

AND THERE SHALL BE A SECOND COMING

There seems to be any number of Penelopes these days:
Waiting for astronauts, captured air force sergeants,
Husbands to get home from renouncing the Presidency,
Husbands dead of self-immolation at the Pentagon,
Men killed at My Lai, Saigon, Boston at midnight:
Mrs. Paul Reveres anxiously listening for hoof-beats,
Marthas sitting watching a rock,
Marys waiting, before an inn,
The Peace Pilgrim walking, for no one man,
And Mrs. King, Mrs. King, waiting, waiting.

The Chants of Night

by
Malcolm
Jones



The night knows nothing of the chants of night.

--Wallace Stevens

'So here is the sea-- and there is the damn current Life magazine lying on the table-- everything replete with everything--why must the world be forced into words? Damn it, are they really so functional? For you? Or are you just too lazy to learn them? No one ever knows the answer to that question, it can be supposed...Once again the trail of thought has vanished, evading first attempts to remember after the moment forgetfulness is registered.'

The writer stared at what he had written and then ripped it out of the typewriter and tore it up. Standing from his chair, he walked to the window and stared into the distance.

He lived on the gulf and had a splendid view of the beach that stretched for several miles either way, undisturbed by high rises or motels. He watched the clumsy black pelicans struggle out of the water into the pale light of dusk and then soar grandly swooping over the water, diving repeatedly at fish, and then struggling out again to soar higher into the darkening sky of dusk.

He turned back into the room and went to the liquor cabinet. He poured himself a large glass of scotch, drinking most of it down quickly. His feet were cold. A chill started at the bottom of his spine and climbed up to tickle the base of his neck. He wore no socks and the sweater he had on was threadbare, no defense against the wind that crept through the house.

He drank some more and the chill went away. He finished the scotch and sat down on the sofa that faced the long window over the beach. The pelicans were still at it. He reached for his pipe and saw that it was half full. He lit it and puffed nervously for several minutes. He could not account for his nervousness. It was as if there was something about to happen and he could not know what, and that no matter what he did, it would happen and it would destroy him so thoroughly

that he would not survive. The funniest thing, no, the only funny thing was, that for the first time in months, he wanted to survive, desperately to survive, even if it was only going on waiting for something to happen.

The writer's name was Geoffrey Lowry. He had lived on the beach for two years, one of them with his wife who had left him and gone back to North Carolina to live with her parents while she recovered from a nervous breakdown.

-So you're leaving me with the pelicans?

-Yes, I suppose I am. You're a wretched alcoholic and I'm going nuts and... that's all there is to sav. Yes, I'm leaving you to the pelicans. Maybe they'll look after you now.

The writer had gone out after she had left and had stayed drunk for a month that nearly killed him.

To release some of the energy that wanted out, he decided to walk on the beach. He yanked on an old windbreaker and went out into the dying day. The wind was coming up. Low tide.

So here he was and here were the pelicans. Nothing changed. Day after day, no matter how he might wish it, nothing changed and he was alone on the beach with these clumsy black birds. He walked down the shore for about half a mile and then veered down to the water where he pulled off his shoes and waded into the surf. It was icy cold but it made him alert. For some reason, he wanted to be alert.

Gulls flew overhead and out to sea and he realized how beautiful they were. At least he noticed. Whenever his wife had been with him and they had both remarked on some place or man that they had seen, he would later have to get her to describe it to him. And she would always alibi for him, trying to make him feel good by saying, "but writing is easy for you, and not for me; I don't like to write, it's very hard. I just like to look at things and read." And he could never answer her.

Only he would always think to himself that writing was the hardest thing he did. It was pure hell but it was the only means of somehow keeping up contact with the rest of the world. His umbilical cord. He thought himself a terrible writer, no matter what he wrote - letter, story, poem - because he felt at every word limitations as to how much he knew of his world and his life. Sometimes he felt that it was not worth it. But the desire to create, flesh out, organize, transcend his being was so strong that paradoxically the only way he could do it was by writing and parading about himself, going over every wart and warp.

He turned back and started for his house, but between himself and his home, he saw the figure of a man staring out towards the sea. For some reason, he wanted to get back to the house without being seen but the figure turned and saw him almost immediately. As he walked toward the figure, he realized that it wanted to say something.

"Hello, Do you live along here?"

"Yes, in that house up there on the ridge," answered the writer, trying not to sound unpleasant but distant enough to discourage conversation.

"Well, could you tell me where I might find a hotel on this key or just someplace to crash and get some food? I don't know my way around and since it's getting dark I thought I ought to try pretty soon to find something," the figure said. Lowry had gotten up close enough to find that it was a young man.

"I don't think I know of anything off hand..."

"I'm sorry to bother you. You must think I've got a nerve coming up to strangers on a private beach. I saw your light from the road and came down here looking for anybody. I wouldn't trouble you except that it is getting dark and I'll probably get picked up by the cops if I just keep wandering around."

Neither man said anything and the stillness became uncomfortable. Finally the writer broke the silence (he never knew why except that perhaps even in front of a total stranger he wanted to keep everything right).

"I guess I can give you something to eat. There's some sandwich stuff in the cottage that you could have."

"Well, if you don't mind. I can find someplace else that might be open."

"No, there's no place on this key, just private homes. And you're right about the police, this area's pretty heavily patrolled. Come on." They turned together and walked up the dunes.

"You just passing through?"

"Well, I've been hitching around now for about six months. Seeing the country and doing a little work as it came to hand."

"Sounds all right."

"It is," said the boy, "It's gotten kind of lonely in the past few weeks." They were into the house by now and the writer led the way through the living room to the kitchen.

"Excuse the room. Since my wife left, there hasn't been much cleaning up done."

In truth the room was a wreck. The coffee table was loaded with books and magazines and two full-to-the-brim ashtrays. Finger-smearred glasses, some a little filled, sat on several ledges and table tops. The light had gotten worse since Lowry had gone out and he turned a couple of lamps on. By the light, more dust and dirt came to view. In the rug were haphazard designs where someone had been sick more than once. The

whole room gave the impression that someone was trying desperately to clean up a memory by obliterating what the room could look like normally, what it had looked like.

But it was Lowry that this came through to the most clearly, as if in the company of another human being he was seeing the room normally for the first time since his wife had left. The boy still seemed to be preoccupied with the idea of getting something to eat.

"Let's see about getting you some food. I'll show you where it is and you can make what you want. I'll try to clean up this place a bit."

"Don't clean up because of me. I don't mind."

"No," said Lowry, "I don't let it be said that I let guests come into this place and not make it approachable."

They went into the kitchen. When Lowry had shown the boy where the food and utensils were, he went back into the living room. He stood motionless for several seconds and then began picking up glasses and ash trays and carrying them back out to the kitchen sink. After this he straightened up the magazines and put the books back on their shelves. Somewhere he found a rag and wiped up some of the three months dust. When he was finished he went back to his guest.

"You want something to drink? I'm going to make some coffee but you can have whatever else there is. Coke, beer, there's some milk I think."

"Coffee's fine."

"Good. I make a pretty decent cup." He paused and laughed. "One of the few things that I still do well."

Lowry got out the pot, filled it and plugged it in. Neither man spoke as the pot boiled and then perked. Lowry ceremoniously pulled the plug and let the liquid steep.

"The Japanese have a tea ceremony, well, they have a ceremony for a lot of things, from watching a flower bloom to observing the new moon come up; but the tea ceremony is very special. Every action has a meaning and there are women who give lessons in how to perform it. A fascinating thing. Something we have little conception of and less use for, I'm afraid."

He poured the coffee and they went back into the living room.

"Have a seat," said the writer. They sat facing each other and Lowry turned off one of the lights. Immediately the room grew soft and comfortable.

"Well, what are you doing way out here on the keys?"

"I took a wrong turn. I'm not going anywhere special but I didn't set out to end up on this place."

"What are you doing. If you don't mind my asking."

"No, not at all, I'm pretty used to it. People are always wanting to know what a nice clean-cut kid is doing wandering around with no sense of direction."

"Sounds like you're a little tired of telling it," said the writer.

"No, it's one of the few things I do well."

The writer laughed, long and hard, a little too long and he seemed to realize it in mid-laugh and the last part came out choked. Neither spoke for a minute and the boy took a gulp of coffee and spoke.

"Well, I was in college, freshman year, and all of a sudden, I just couldn't see any point in it. So I took off. Just cashed in my checking account and put some things together and took

off. Been in 17 states now, all up and down the coast."

"Enjoy it?" Lowry asked.

"I guess so, I mean, there've been times when I would have liked to be back in school. School is a good security blanket." He took a bite of his sandwich and swallowed some more coffee. "But I suppose I've enjoyed it. I sure as hell have gotten a worm's eye view of this country. Nothing makes you more cynical about the cops than if you deal with them as a hitchhiker."

The boy stared out the window. The sun was just a glow against the horizon. Finished with his sandwich, he fished into his denim jacket and pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes.

"Those the only cigarettes you got, boy?" asked the writer.

"Yeah. Kinda been through it, huh?"

"Have one of these. No sense you smoking that ripped up thing if I've got some."

"No, don't bother, I'm used to it. Smoked worse. Even began rolling my own there for awhile. You get used to anything."

"Look, kid, take the damn thing. Stop trying to impress me with what a traveler you are. Every Tom, Dick and Harry hitchhikes around this country now and we both know it. What you ought to be doing, instead of playing like some third rate Okie, is writing all this down to sell to a publisher who'd just love to get his hands on something that he could peddle as the real thing from the Pepsi generation."

When he'd finished, both men looked surprised, the boy at what he had heard and Lowry that he had said it.

"Excuse me for shooting my mouth off. . . First company I've had in days and the first thing I do is get rude. I..."

"No, that's all right. You don't have to apologize. I hear it all the time. I shouldn't even bother trying to explain. I'm not just out to discover America and blow dope. It's like being in a trap that you can't get out of but you keep trying."

The writer lit a cigarette.

"All right, before we both start acting like stuffy English gentlemen that just missed each other in a duel and don't know what to do, why don't you start over and tell me your history or whatever and this time I'll try to keep a clamp on my mouth." The writer sat back and drew hard on the cigarette. He would make the effort, he would be interested. If the boy had been the most despicable person he'd ever see, he would make the effort to hear out another human being. This time he hoped to God he could.

The wind stirred through the house, rustling the papers on the table. Creaking sounds came from the darkness.

"Well," said Ben, "in my first year at college, I didn't make friends with too many people. I had a lot of time to myself to think. I didn't have too much trouble with work but nothing seemed very important to me. I just thought maybe if I got away and had space and time to think about why I was there, then I could figure it out.

"But my parents, especially my father, just got furious about it and wouldn't even talk about it. They never went to college and they can't stand the thought of my not being successful. In their eyes, going to college is synonymous with success. But I just couldn't keep on doing things to make them happy. I'd done that all through high school and I kind of figured it was time to make my own decisions.

"The really ironic thing is that I pay half my college



expenses but my father never seems to remember this when he is telling me what to do."

The writer was sitting with his head pressed against the sofa. The cigarette in his hand had almost burned down to his fingers. Fallen ash lay patterned upon his trouser leg. He closely watched his guest. The hair that had probably been cut in a bathroom of a bus station with a dull knife hung over a young, tired face that was still a rondure of innocence.

"But after a while, I decided to leave. I went home and told my folks. They weren't happy, well, they were mad as hell, but there wasn't much that they could do. So then I left.

"I've been traveling around all over, doing odd jobs and seeing the country. I don't think I can be accused of doing the romanticism thing or the sensitive poet seeing America. I think it's a pretty wrung-out country. Maybe it used to be purple mountains majesties but not now. And the worst thing is, I've gone through the last alternative. I seem to have run out of places to discover the grail."

The writer's eyes were closed. He was tired of the boy and his discoveries because he had heard it all before and it was only like having his death sentence read over and over. The room had suddenly become smaller. There was no way he could get away from this kid. This living breathing human was demanding what he couldn't give. He didn't even want to see the milkman.

"Want a beer?" asked the writer.

"Sure." When Lowry stood up, the boy stood too.

"No, keep your seat, I'll only be a second," Lowry said and walked out to the kitchen. He stood in front of the ice box and pressed his head against the dry white surface. What was

going on? Some drifter comes to the house and he practically wants to kill the guy. He reached up for the scotch and took a long pull. The liquor, instead of calming him, only made him hot and even more constricted. He got two beers and went back out to the living room.

"Thanks."

"Sure." They sat across the coffee table in silence. Lowry took his beer down in long, slow swallows. When he saw that the boy had almost finished, he said, "Let's go down by the water. It's nice when the wind is up. You want to?"

"Sure. Let's go." They went outside.

The writer was glad the wind was too loud for talk. He pointed down at the path through the beach grass and the two men threaded their way down to the black water.

The unreal, oppressive atmosphere of the cottage was gone, Lowry thankfully observed. Out here, the real elements were in control and no matter how desperate they got, they could be counted on. There was beauty to be bought from the sea and sky here. Those insisting that the sea was cruel were fools. It was only indifferent.

They walked a small ways up to the beach side by side. Under different circumstances, the encounter would have been good perhaps. They could have talked about travel (the writer was one of the least travelled of men. He had always been deathly afraid of hitching and refused outright to go on trips with his family as a child) or college now as opposed to the college of twenty years ago when Lowry had been a student. But the conversation was past and its unfortunate turns could not be retraced. Or if they could, it would be too painful to attempt.

Suddenly the boy left his side and began to run toward the water. Lowry called out to him not to go into the water. It was dangerous in the day because there was a vicious undertow, but at night, with the strong black wind, it was madness to venture near.

He began running after the boy who was already slowly wading out into the water, doing a slow dance in the swirling foam that licked around his ankles and then his knees as he moved out into it.

The writer rushed into the water, not even shucking off his shoes, just in time to see the boy topple and disappear into the surf. A hand shot up right after he went down and Lowry headed for it. Even with the spray in his eyes, he knew he was sweating.

He fell heavily into the water where he thought the boy had gone down. Ordinarily, he would only have been up to his chest and could have managed to get about fairly well. But at night, and fully clothed in a rough sea, it was almost impossible to move. His back and shoulders strained, and he felt as if his lungs would crack.

Thrusting up to the surface he gulped air and let the current drag him back into the darkness. He could not tell how long he had been down before he bumped into a form being torn at by the current. He grabbed hold of an arm and lugged up to the air once more. He felt as if he were carrying a large tree behind him.

Once up, he found his footing and then brought the boy's head up brutally by the neck. There was only a tired and surprised expression on the face. Slowly he pulled the body to the beach.

Laying the body down he rolled it on its back. Leaning

HARRY THE SUSPENDER POPPER

by Clint McCon

Harry the Suspender Popper
ran amuck through the side streets
Snip-nip.
Here and there the perforated
sunlight splashed his hairy, airy knees
Snip-nip.

There goes another one down around
a bare-foot fat man's feet.

What's the count today?

Snip-nip is all I know.

He's not been by

A day or so

At least.

The beast.

He's caught us all except the preist

Because Harry is religious

And the Father wears a belt.



down, he fell onto the mouth, sucking out water and blowing in air. Once he turned it over and pushed on the back to get air out. It seemed ages that he lay there, pushing life back into the other body. At last a feeble breath came back. He checked the pulse and felt it move.

After a few more minutes, the boy was breathing. For the first time since he had begun chasing the boy into the ocean, he registered a thought. He was tempted to leave the boy there to take care of himself.

But he had done too much, more than he thought possible. He could not, saw no reason, to turn back now. Reaching under the shoulders, he pulled the boy up and began walking back to the cottage. He was pushing. Pushing hard to get out. The place that had been his refuge had been somehow captured by the boy and he wanted away from it.

The boy lay on the sofa under a blanket. He was naked. His clothes were outside drying on the porch.

The writer got up from his chair and went to the kitchen where he mixed himself a drink. He drank it straight off and made another one.

Why had he let the boy in? It would have been so simple to give him directions on how to leave the key and none of it would have happened. And why had the stupid son of a bitch run into the surf?

But it was done and he was left with the boy to care for.

He wanted to kill him. The thought with all its horror intact hit him like a fist. Damn. Kill him? Yes, throw him back in the water and no one would ever know he had been in the house. Just some drifter lost in the storm.

No. He was here and that was it. He drank some of the

drink and watched the boy. The color had begun seeping back into the face. He was slowly coming back to life.

For a moment, the writer felt a shiver of exultation. Despite his thoughts, nay, flying in the very face of his thoughts was the single action, the unthinking action of going in after the boy. But that was instinctual. It could not really help him.

But the idea of murder he drove from him with everything that was left in him.

Had he not sent his wife away rather than kill her? Wasn't that the real choice? Make her hate him so that she would leave. Else she would still be there, trying to save him from himself or some such inane idea.

The boy showed signs of waking. He was glad to have his thoughts interrupted.

"How do you feel?" asked Lowry.

"Cold. What happened?"

"You remember running into the ocean?" The boy nodded.

"Well, you nearly drowned. I just managed to find you and pull you out."

"Thanks."

"Sure. Do you want any food? Something to drink?"

The boy was quiet for a minute and the writer began to think he had not heard or had passed out again when the boy said, "I'll take some whiskey if you've got any."

The writer got up and came back soon with a glass of neat bourbon. The boy took it in slow, small swallows.

"How long was I out?" he asked after a while.

"Oh, maybe three, four hours."

The boy turned over and went back to sleep. Later on he awoke and drank some coffee.

"I had this dream about birds. All these birds were flying over me. I was lying on my back in a field. They were so small but they were flying in a very precise formation. Finally, after a very long time, they came down and hovered around me. Somehow, they picked me up and flew me into the sky, all around with a piece of my clothing in each beak. Then they let go. But I didn't fall. It was black all around and I just kept floating in the blackness by myself. As if by magic." He stopped and looked at the man. Lowry glanced down at his shoes and fiddled with a lace.

"Some dream, unh?" Lowry said. He kept staring at the floor. Then he said, "You can stay as long as you want. You're probably pretty worn out from that soaking and you shouldn't be around outside. So stay here as long as you like to recover."

The boy looked at him for several seconds without saying anything.

"That's mighty kind of you. Thank you a lot."

"Screw it, You're sick. You have to stay someplace."

"Well, thanks anyway."

"Really, though, it'd be nice to have you stick around for awhile. There hasn't been any company in this house for a long time. You could fix the place up some and I'd give you food and a place to stay in return."

"Well, I don't know."

"I'm not such a bad guy," Lowry said. "Tonight was a little strained I admit. When you haven't seen anybody for a long time it's like trying to learn to talk all over again."

The boy turned his face to the wall for what seemed like forever to the writer. Finally he turned back.

"Don't worry about it man. I don't hate you or anything. You saved my life out there. I'm not sure I wanted you to but I'm not sure about that either. Matter of fact, that's the whole problem. I'm not sure about anything anymore."

Lowry stood up quickly, walked over to the window and back, saying,

"But just think, that's all the more reason for you to stay. There'd be no one here to bother you and you could stay as long as you liked. Sort things out."

The boy sipped some of his drink slowly, stalling for time.

"Look, let me think it over. I'm not sure. I'll think about it and tell you tomorrow morning. Okay?"

"Sure," Lowry said. "But I think we could have some fine times. Like tonight was a ripped up thing, I know. I'm not in such great shape to be receiving guests. But if you stick around, I think I might even out. You'd be doing me a favor, too."

"Well, I'll think about it," the boy said.

That night, Lowry stayed up very late, reading and drinking. It will be nice to have someone in the house, he thought. To hear the sound of breathing. He walked to the window and looked out but he could not see the pelicans. He wondered if they did their precarious magical ascensions in the dark.

He was amazed at how frank and honest he had been. Was it taking him this long in life to learn to level with people? If only he hadn't hidden so much from his wife.

But maybe now the loneliness was over. At least for a while. But that would be enough time for him to get back on his feet. He had always written better when his wife was in the house. Company always made things go easier.

After a long time, he fell asleep in the chair, his book open beside him.

When he awoke, it was mid-morning. He got up and went into the bathroom to shave and shower. When he was dressed, he made a big breakfast. He remembered breakfasts like these when he was a boy. On Sunday, his father would always cook. He made fried eggs in the muffin tin with strips of bacon interlaced in the egg. Sometimes Lowry had done the same for his wife.

But it had been long ago and he ended up burning some of the bacon before he finished.

He called to the boy when he had it all on a platter and the coffee was made. There was no answer. He went to the back bedroom where he had put him the night before. There was no one there. And all the traveling gear was gone.

The big platter of breakfast grew greasy and cold untouched. Lowry made himself a gin and tonic and sat facing the water. Later he got hungry and picked at the eggs, washing down the grease with the gin.

After washing up the dishes and throwing most of the food away, he went down to the beach. The storm had thrown up driftwood and shells but no garbage this time. The beach was almost unrecognizable. He walked along for some time, letting the water spatter his shoes and the bottoms of his trousers.

Finally he sank down in the sand, back from where the water reached. He stared out across the water in the mainland. It was just a solid, dark blue mass from where he was, showing none of the complexities it held up close.

Walking back to the house, he saw a pelican. Only one, soaring black and wet against the sky. ■

COMMENTARY

(Continued from page 4)

trying to find prejudice, bigotry, or racism in every Black-White incident which has a negative effect on the Blacks. We don't have to find or look for it. Ninety percent of the time it's lying right there on top. Pure Racism. And it happens right here on this campus. Sure, there are some exceptions. But we cannot afford to take the chance of letting anything slide by. Too often in the past, and in the present, racist actions have been allowed to slip by, and Blacks have been seriously hurt.

Blacks are not over-sensitive. We are not sensitive enough, but we're getting there. Black militancy is on the rise. Black militancy is needed to protect us from White racism. Do you realize that if not for white racism there would be no need for Black militancy. For every action, there is a reaction. White racism is the action, Black militancy the reaction. White racism breeds Black militancy. White racism is the offensive, Black militancy the defensive.

Understand? I hope so. ■

by Wally Boyd

We have been taught not to think about life. Instead, we become educated and get a good job, and become ambitious, and make money, and die. And all that time we never realize that we are slaves to this absurd formula for happiness that leads nowhere.

Life is found in seeking God and obeying Him.

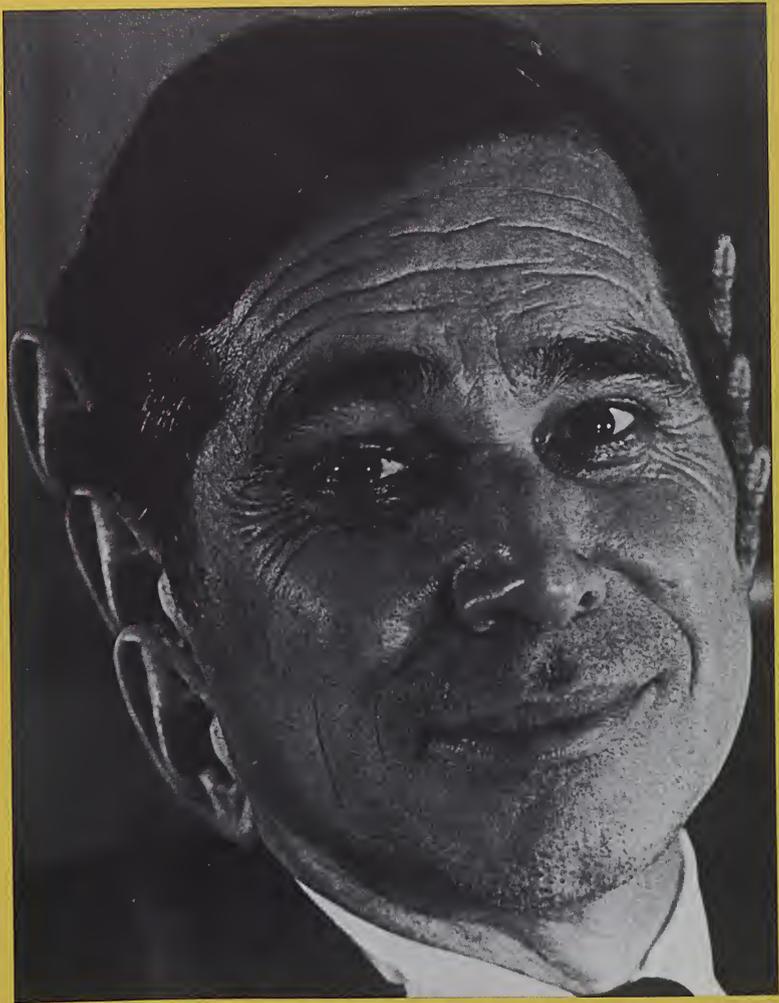
That is the only possible meaning to life. ■



ONCE AGAIN THE STUDENT WILL SPONSOR A LITERARY CONTEST FOR THE WAKE FOREST COMMUNITY. WE SEEK WORK FROM ANYONE AND EVERYONE WHO WRITES, BE IT THE SERIOUS POET OR THE CREATIVELY STIFLED PROSE WRITER. THE FOUR CONTEST CATEGORIES INCLUDE: POETRY, SHORT STORY (5000 WORDS MAXIMUM), ESSAY (2000 WORDS MAXIMUM), AND PHOTOGRAPHY. OVER \$100 IN PRIZE MONEY WILL BE AWARDED, AND EXCEPTIONAL WORKS WILL BE PRINTED IN THE WINTER ISSUE OF THE STUDENT. THE DEADLINE FOR THE CONTEST IS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1972. WE INVITE YOU TO BRING ENTRIES BY OUR OFFICE, 224 REYNOLDA HALL, OR MAIL THEM TO BOX 7247, REYNOLDA STATION.



The Student



FOUR MORE EARS



The Student

Winter 1972

CONTENTS

- 2 Editorials
- 3 Book Reviews
- 7 The Loser Heritage at Wake Forest
- A Loser Fantasy *by Tom Phillips*
- A Loser Essay *by Neil Caudle*
- 18 The Year Darwinism Came To North Carolina
by Paul Marth
- 23 The *Student* Poetry Contest
- 30 Matriculation Card of a Non-Student
by Helen Tyree
- 32 Germaine Bree and "Camus and Sartre"
by Malcolm Jones
- 34 An Interview with Duke Ellington
by Tom Phillips

Editor:

Susan Nance

Associate Editor:

Dana Dye

Assistant Editors:

Malcolm Jones

Tom Phillips

Staff Assistant:

Kathy Banks

Photography:

Michael Hiester

Hobart Jones

Jim Westbrook

Artwork:

Darian Smith

Advisor:

Dr. Thomas Gossett

Distribution:

APO

The *Student* is published by the students of Wake Forest University since 1882. Contributions may be brought to our offices, Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247 Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors. The *Student* is printed by Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

EDITORIALS

LIGHTS OUT!

On a suprisingly balmy evening in early November, we were invited by some friends of ours from the Law School to play a game of bridge.

The battle of wits took place on the third floor of Huffman dormitory, and we had been engaged in the life-or-death struggle (replete with delicious, conciliatory strawberry muffins) for something like four hours when the lights suddenly went off. Indeed, the hawk-like eyes of one of the participants quickly discerned that the power had gone off all over campus.

Finding it somewhat taxing to continue our efforts with the aid of an over-heated cigarette lighter, we graciously took our leave and slinked down the back stairs of Huffman and out on to the quad. By then, the magic of the darkness had overtaken the male dormitories, and one hundred or so previously silent and studious fellows were out on the quad, twirling imaginary frizbees or setting off firecrackers or showing signs of life in general. Bravo! we said, grateful for the fact that spirituous souls still existed at Baptist Hollow.

We walked on, by cigarette light, towards the area of the women's dormitories. A constant stream of eager couples, giggling and laughing, some even carrying candles, were making their ways back to the male dormitories, for obvious reasons which, simultaneously, seemed both deplorable and wholesome. Bravo!, we said again, and headed off towards the New Dorm.

We were greeted, upon reaching the hall to our room, by figures laughing and bumping in the night. Cries of "Man on the hall, man on the hall!" could be heard, in a distinct male voice, emanating from the female housing above us. People on the halls had their doors open. The feeling was one of life, youthfulness, and spontaneity. A softer, gentler Bravo! came from our lips.

Perhaps the higher-ups had purposely cut off the power, we thought, to give their kids a breather. Perhaps they had little men in trenchcoats out with flash cameras, looking for evidence in preparation for the next round of administration-student debates. We even envisioned Trustee Davis standing up, with gleam in eye, to point to a screen with photos on it and shout, "Aha! I told you so!" But that image soon vanished. We were aware only of young men and women, their shams and countenances happily removed by a faulty switch or fallen power line, who need not, for now, support the notion that they must be grown up. Society says it's time to grow up, even parts within us tell us to grow up--and yet a very real part of us is still the child. Let us revel in our few hours of happiness, we thought, before we must once and for all don a life-long cloak of falsity.

The screeches and happy, primitive squeals of men and women were all around us. We laughed long and hard, and picked up the telephone receiver. A friend of ours, we thought, might enjoy some blood-curdling Poe stories as a nightcap.

THE REAL WHITE COUCH -

Buried under the clutter of *The Student* office inner sanctum is the White Couch, an oasis of comfort in a not so comfortable world. Wads of crumpled paper scattered on the floor reveal that once again someone has tried to wring an ounce of genius out of Erasable Bond and again has failed. The jars of hardened rubber cement wait in formation on a nearby table for the next deadline. (God help us!) The tiny little singed o's on the white plastic upholstery speak of late night editors smoking their way into the dawn. The patterned stains tell of a world where lives are indeed measured out with coffee spoons. (Prufrock was right.)

Every day the White Couch is overrun by leagues of visitors, is bombarded by a battery of verbiage. The topics are legion. Extracurricular existentialism. Reality 112. Art as a matter of Life. (Life as a matter of Artfulness.) Bach and Bacardi. Kafka and the *Kama-Sutra*. Dear old Wake Forest, *Oedipus Rex*, and mother so dear. No subject is too frivolous, no notion too deep for White Couch contemplation.

They come and go--the talkers, the complainers, the erstwhile thinkers. But the White Couch remains, in midst of other woe than ours, a friend to man, saying nothing at all about what Trust and Beauty are but existing in full knowledge of what Wake Forest is and might be.

IF AT FIRST . . .

Faithful readers of this magazine will notice, in this issue, the absence of our "continuing feature" entitled "Commentary," which first appeared in our Fall, 1972 issue. The on-going section was to have been devoted to you, our readership, for any and every comment, in letter or essay form, which you felt deserved to be aired for public consumption, edification, or enticement. The lack of response, either in rebuttal to those letters printed in the first issue, or in exposition of someone's new opinion or peeve, leads us to conclude, and quite wistfully at that, that none of you, dear readers, have anything to say. We wonder at whether or not Wake Forest's "silent majority" marches to the beat of a drummer entirely unknown to us, or perhaps marches to no drummer at all. In either case, it speaks less of you than of us.

Care to comment on *that*? ■

BOOKS

REVIEWS BY
MALCOLM JONES AND TOM PHILLIPS

DOWN ZION'S ALLEY

By Emily Wilson

The Drummer Press. \$1.95. 65 pages

While reading this book, I sometimes got the feeling that if the "Woman at the Washington Zoo" were to write a collection of poetry, it would be called "Down Zion's Alley." I do not mean for that to be an insult and it is not even true of the whole book. But the despair over so much of the humdrumness of life that finds its way into these poems is much the same as the emotion found in the Jarrell poem.

But Mrs. Wilson is more than just a frustrated housewife. She is a dealer in dreams, a realtor of the past, an explorer of uncharted emotional territory. And sometimes, I wished that she had been a bit less expert at her explorations. There are poems in this book that make me shiver. I do not know if that is a good test of a good poem, but these poems definitely induce a gut-level reaction on a first reading.

The poems are not barbarous, however. They are models of construction. They have all the right similes, all the correct personae in place. But try reading several at a time and watch your life come unhinged before you.

This is not to say that there are not some clinkers in the bunch or that the good ones work totally well. It is just that what is there that is good is very good. Good enough to make you want to ignore the bad.

She is like several poets. There is a bit of Williams here, something of Frost, of Jarrell and, while I can't be precise about it, lots of Marianne Moore.

She shares with Marianne Moore the ability to take the commonplace, turn it inside out, and show her reader a whole new world. In the poem called, "The Jump Rope," she writes,

The sound of their rope hangs
in the leftover light.
The night pauses on the edge,
sucks in its breath.

And then, at the end of the poem, after night has come on and parents are left in the yard, "stiff-legged and cold,"

Tomorrow the children return,
take up their game
until the game is done.

And we shall sit at evening,
idle, and old, old.

Many of the poems are done in this manner, taking a common place event and exploring all the things that are felt under it.



Emily Wilson

By this examination of reality that takes a postage-stamp area for its territory, Mrs. Wilson is able to get quite a degree of concentration on her subject. Her method is the reverse of taking day to day events and comparing them to exterior problems. Only in a couple of poems does she do this. The poem, "All Down the Highway" is much weakened at its end by a comparison of digging for roots and flowers on a mountainside and

from digging long into the insides
of wet mysteries, bringing them piece
by piece to diminish in another place.

While this is a good parallel, the rest of her method makes it look shoddy. It almost comes out as a cheap intellectual trick.

The best of her work is that which deals straightforwardly with the material. In one of the best poems in the book, "Randall Jarrell: 1914-1965," she closes with a simple but most shattering ending,

Tonight you would have been
the widow's son in Coos, your favorite Frost.
Innocent, a baby,
not knowing where you were.

Your readers, students,
your lovely widow in your woods home,
gathered round.

you are not lost.
You are dead.

Mrs. Wilson's poetry is the poetry of understatement, of condensation. The situation is taken, clamped in a vise, split, and a diamond is made. And the delightful thing about her

work is that she almost never moves away from her subject to other meanings. The universals are caught in the particular. It is enjoyable to watch her mind move through to an understanding of her child with his toy soldiers or to come to grips with the memory of her dead grandmother.

Let it be said that Mrs. Emily Wilson, poet, has a cool sense of humor, with which she devastates any target around. But let it also be said that she is a bit different from you and me. And she should be treated thusly. In one of the many good poems, she says,

Emily Wilson, the poet, wants everyone to know it, but doesn't want to tell them herself.

When last interviewed, she was both coy and shrewd.

Well, now I suppose everyone will know it.

M. W. J.

NEW DIRECTIONS 25

An International Anthology of Prose and Poetry
(ed. by J. Laughlin) New Directions Publishing, \$3.75, 179 pages

For more than three and a half decades, the New Directions Press has dedicated itself to publishing works of the avant-garde writers and poets of the Western world. In the now twenty-five *New Directions* anthologies published during its lifetime, the New Directions Press has distinguished itself by taking the best in contemporary writing and bringing it before the American public. Those anthologies have come to be known for their general high quality, occasional brilliance, and continuing emphasis on things international.

New Directions 25 continues that emphasis, and includes writers from England (Edward Brock), Nicaragua (Ernesto Cardenal), Brazil (Osman Lins, Clarice Lispector), Italy (Andrea Zanzotto), France (J-F. Bory), Austria (Peter Handke), Estonia (Aleksis Rannit), and the United States (Gary Snyder, Walter Abish, Barent Gjelsness, Sonya Dorman, Anne De Saint Phalle, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Toby Olson, E. W. Johnson, Mia Raffel, James Purdy, and Carl Rakosi). All the works of the above seem to tackle the prevalent, contemporary "stream of consciousness" technique in some ways synonymous with modern writing, and attempt either to place themselves firmly within or decidedly without that writing style. Most successful, and hence the most interesting, in the former sense are Mia Raffel, with her prose-poem, "Brokennosejob," and Ernesto Cardenal, with his long commemorative on the death of Thomas Merton, "Coplas on the Death of Merton." Most successful and interesting in the latter sense are E. W. Johnson, with "Six Poems," J-F. Bory, with a prose and picture witticism on the New Literature, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, with his commemorative to Kenneth Patchen, and Aleksis Rannit, with his brilliant selection of poems from a series entitled, "Dry Radiance."

The young, American-Canadian writer Mia Raffel has written a sensitive, explorative piece, comprised of fifty short impressions which allude to experiences and the reactions the

author has to same. She titles it "Brokennosejob," because (we assume) of an actual or envisioned accident which left her laid up in a hospital, and left her laid up, so to speak, within the world of her mind. Some of the pieces are witty:

"After a late breakfast, my mynah bird vomited a plate of bubble and a pickle fork. He lay down; I stroked his head. Licking a little blue scruff off his wing, 'What the hell kind of a morning is this for singing?' he said. I smiled, but he turned his face to the wall. 'They're rough,' he said, '-mornings.'"

Some are witty/poignant:

"The armadillo is not a friendly creature. When I put out my scaly hand it spat on me. I gave it my dinner and it danced in the gravy. It searched for an exit, shivering. The sound of its shivering was conclusive. But left without even an armadillo I cried; and before it went the armadillo ate my tears."

Still others, later in the progression of sections, seemingly reflect the isolation and melancholy to which the author has now become prisoner:

"The fish that eat me eat the moon, the fish that eat the moon eat grass eat glass. The eaten candel the eaten cathedrals. The eaten speech of animals I loved."

It is, in short, a collection of highly polished, yet highly spontaneous "streams" which unite to form one all-encompassing "stream," the flow from sanity to insanity and back again. It is fascinating and extremely well-written.

Ernesto Cardenal's poem in commemoration of his former teacher, Thomas Merton, is a forceful statement on Life and Death, and, particularly, the South American's view of the abstractness and idiocy of the American way of Life. More than a simple eulogy, it tells us about ourselves in words clouded with their own irony. The seemingly disparate ends of Life and Death are made clear before our eyes, so that the poem's early statement ("We live waiting for/an infinite rendezvous. Or/a telephone call from/the Ineffable.") of frenzied life is very plausibly reduced to the poem's conclusion ("We only love or exist in dying. The great final act of giving one's whole being./O.K."). Cardenal's "stream" follows the American scene from one physical and mental eyesore to another, yet finally and ultimately captures a universal importance. His sensitivity, and ability to translate that sensitivity into words, is both enjoyable and obvious.

American poet E. W. Johnson best epitomizes those few writers who, while not consciously seeking to disassociate themselves with current literary moods and forms, nonetheless achieve a rare earthiness and directness which removes them entirely from form considerations. His poems are words strung together purely for their total meaning, and the result is refreshing. His short poem, "Education," is a most direct and moving interpretation of the problems of communication between parent and child:

"I would like to explain to my children
 What to expect
 From an indifferent
 Perhaps even hostile
 World
 So that they might know
 As little pain
 As possible
 By avoiding the traps
 Their father
 Unwisely
 Fell victim to
 But if I do this
 I must also explain
 That those traps
 Were the most vital moments
 Of their father's life."

Johnson's succinct and emphatic approach make his poems, if not the best, certainly the most lasting in the entire anthology.

French concrete poet J-F. Bory presents an ingenious opinion, including pictures of sculpture crafted by the author, concerning the castration of modern literature in its search for "total reality" and finality. The problem, for Bory, is that the unwritten purpose to modern writing seems to be thus: "... that there be an end to books." He explores the reasons and manifestations of this theory, and its apparent prevalency, and uses his sculpture to drive home the point that writing has tending to be an "end-all" experience. The author seeks to write for finality, for all Humanity. What Bory seems to propose is the reunion of books with Life, with actuality, of "being caught up in the very text and texture of the everyday world." With this in view, the author will experience, and in doing so travel "on the shipbook that gives its pilot-author nausea and nightmares." But this ship of totality of real life, and not abstract "total reality" of former literature, will once again give books that highest, intended, classic literary effect—meaning for the reader. For Bory points out, in fitting climax to his clever, interesting study: "Beyond (the nightmare) one finds the book!"

J-F. Bory's "Portrait of the Author on a Horse"



The entire *New Directions* issue is dedicated to the twentieth-century American poet, Kenneth Patchen, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Elegy" to Patchen is moving, sensual, and final.

"A poet is born / a poet dies / and all that lies between / is us / and the world"

Those opening lines tell us Ferlinghetti's message: Patchen played out his rare talent for finding expressionist forms in the outer world and giving them back to us, his reader. At the same time, Ferlinghetti echoes the emptiness felt when the words of one like Patchen are now stung with death:

"And we still hear him asking
 'Do the dead know what time it is?'
 He is gone under
 He is scattered
 under the sea
 and knows what time
 but won't be back to tell it
 He would be too proud
 to call back anyway
 And too full of strange laughter
 to speak to us anymore anyway"

The "Elegy" is truly commemorative because it captures the spirit of the man and the sense of loss at his departure. It is, to quote *New Directions*, a very "moving" poem.

The most difficult and exacting, and in *that* sense interesting poems are those of Aleksis Rannit, the Estonian poet long associated with exquisite use of form to make known a subtle, sensual, even metaphysical import. A first reading of the poems including, ones selected from the "Dry Radiance" series, tends to give an impression of dryness and austerity. The cursory reading tends to render indistinguishable our critical senses, and we are left wondering just how good this poetry is. But a second, third, and even fourth reading reveals more and more of the quality of line, the metrical and assonantal beauty of Rannit's writing.

The poems might best fall into three categories of topic: verses written to Rannit's friend Eduard Wiiralt, the Estonian engraver; verses, called "Signets," in which Rannit writes about various ancient and modern artists; and verses of "Form and Freedom," which enshroud the artistic freedom of expression within the artistic forms which Rannit conceives.

The verses to Wiiralt are steeped in sentiment, melancholy, and respect. Rannit saw, in Wiiralt, someone who had mastered form, just as Rannit himself attempts the mastery of a form:

"And above it all, the master's hand,
 as though it brushed aside the time,
 out of the wintry flame of form, beyond
 all thought and feeling, draws the line."

And in the "Form and Freedom" verses, Rannit commits himself quite gracefully to his quest for the Form— for a sense of completion, of successfully putting a complete emotion or thought into a completely appropriate and satisfactory form.

His poem, "Small Beginning," expresses the idea in its essence:

"The name of time is
namelessness,
rivers,
eyeless,
forlorn.
Beauty is
ugliness
cast into purity of form."

The attempt at this "purity," and Rannit's success, makes his works the most pleasing in the anthology.

So what we have, from New Directions, is continued success. The content is not a slip into banal eclecticism for the sake of the word "International" on the cover. Rather, the many writers from many countries are very tastefully brought together. There is a decent difference among the works, which might cause alternate joy or sorrow among the readership, but it is a difference mapped out within the spectrum of New Direction's continuing good taste.

T. O. P.

TRANSPARENT THINGS
by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill. \$5.95. 106 pages.

Vladimir Nabokov has been one of the most controversial authors writing in English for the past decade. In the early 60s, he published *Lolita*, the book which made him famous for the wrong reasons. After the scandal had worn off, most people realized that the book was one of the funniest pieces of literature to be written with any style in this century. His next few books were noted closely and the previous ones were dug up and read with more care.

Nabokov is now a solid literary figure. No one talks of him as the man who wrote a scandalous book. They talk of him as a man keeping the novel alive and well in the 20th Century.

His last major work was the awesome *Ada*. It generated much discussion and was well received in nearly every critical corner.

Now *Transparent Things* has been published. It is not a fourth as long as *Ada*. A slim book, it might be the literary equivalent of a Chopin etude: brief, but intricate as hell.

It has been said of Nabokov that he uses characters like chess pieces (a game he loves). Characters stumble through his books blind as bats to the facts of life around them. Grandmaster Nabokov does not play with his characters; instead, using them as pieces, he plays games with his reader.

Nabokov once said that the apex of art was to be perfectly insincere. In many of his books, this dictum is displayed with faultless brilliance. One can either reject or accept his aesthetic and go from there. He is nothing if not a theoretical author.

However, once in a great while, his books grow larger than he likes. Like the chessmen in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, they suddenly walk backwards on their rules and do things unexpected. *The Defense* works just so, with the conclusion full of vitality and unexpected involvement on the

reader's part. This is again true in parts of *Lolita* and in *Ada*. Gamesmanship blows up in the face of the author as well as his reader. The result is nearly always more enchanting, for Nabokov can be almost too cold, more clever than profound in the larger body of his work.

Transparent Things explodes thusly. With this newest novel, the author has achieved a simplicity unweighed by his usual baroque style and has also found himself with a fascinating and vibrating character that jumps right off the board and into life.

In the first chapter, Nabokov explains that without a history, no matter how sketchy, a person or place or thing would be quite transparent and that it is quite necessary for anyone wishing to live successfully day by day that they stay on the surface, believing in the facades, else, Simon-Peter like, they sink into the sea of history.

The rest of the book is spent showing how illusory can be impression when we do not know all there is to know about the life around us.

For illustration, we are presented with a carefully skewered specimen, Hugh Person, as blind and dumb as the usual Nabokovian character. However, Person soon begins to take on form, shedding his pawn's uniform for something with a little more bargaining power. He lives.

However, and this may be an intentional irony, as Person come to life with warts intact (if he is the genius we are told he is, then why so obtuse?), those around him are dying by the chapter. First his father, then his mother-in-law, then his wife die, and finally, he is swept off the page in a swirl of fire.

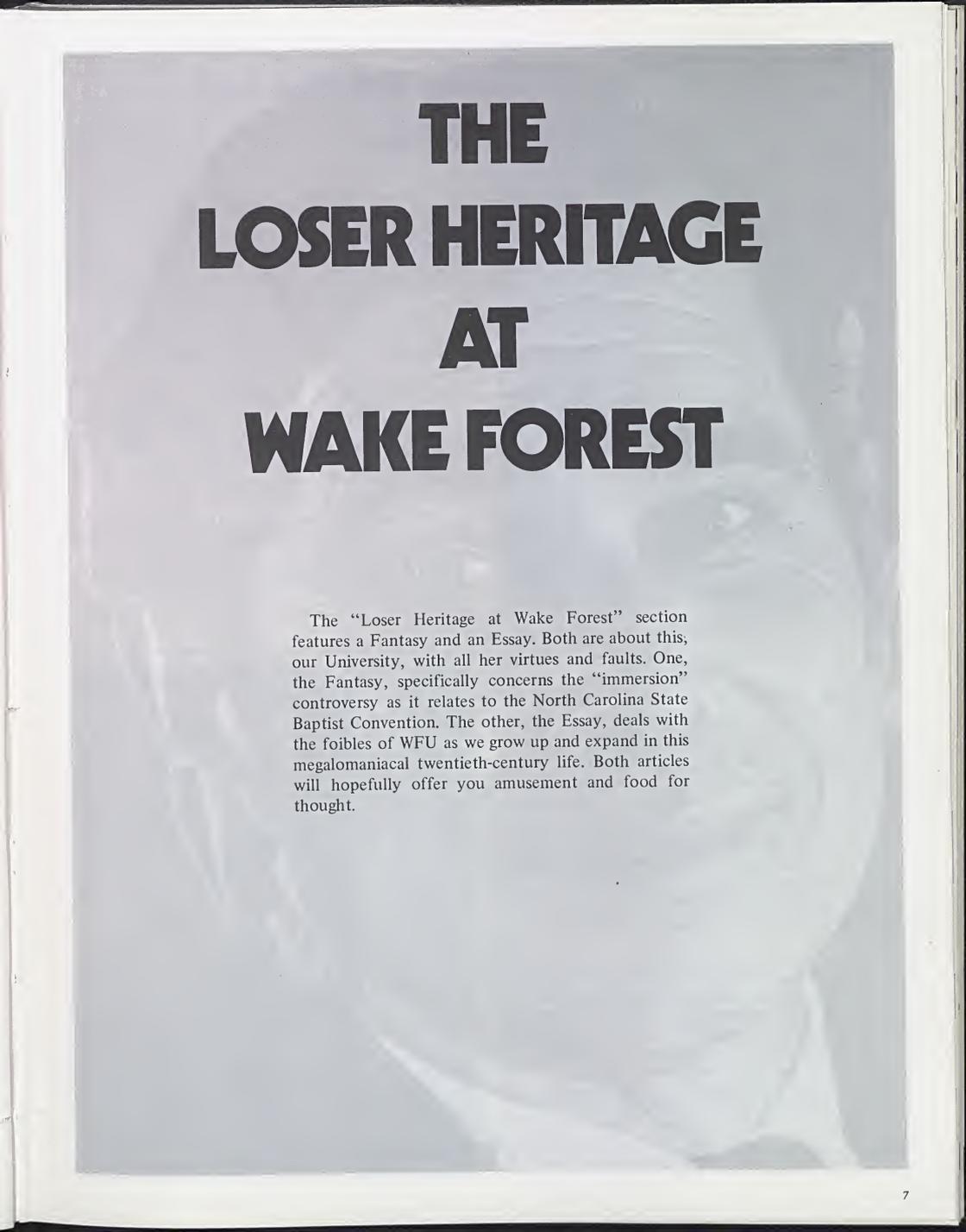
But in between his first carefully staged entrance until his vanishing in a cloud of smoke, quite transparent, we are confronted with a character that we care about. He may find his existence only within the boundaries of the book, but live he does.

When he falls in love, he may love a cardboard lover, but he loves and we follow his genesis with more than indifferent interest.

Person's vitality in the end breaks up his creator's game because he is too big for it. When he is swept off at the end, it is the right ending to the book Nabokov thought he was writing, but we are dissatisfied. Person was too much for such a niggardly demise. It is as if we watched a real human burn in the fan-blown red crepe paper of a cardboard fireplace.

It is probably true that art should not be used to convince or proselytize, but it should more than a clever construct. As a painting should be more than its design, a novel—made solely of words—should somehow add to reality, should extend reality with a world of its own. Mr. Nabokov has never learned the trick of making his phoenix-like books produce after the conflagration. He is a magician who can make metaphors disappear but not reappear. More accurately, he is like the shill adept at the pea game, shuffling his cups around with consummate speed, absconding finally with the pea so obvious to us seemingly. With *Transparent Things*, he pulls a trick on himself and turns up the cup with the pea of reality under it. If his characters are, as he says, transparent until he fills them in slowly, then he breathes a bit too heavily into Hugh Person, blowing him up to life-size, transparent no longer, but successful all the same.

M. W. J.



THE LOSER HERITAGE AT WAKE FOREST

The "Loser Heritage at Wake Forest" section features a Fantasy and an Essay. Both are about this, our University, with all her virtues and faults. One, the Fantasy, specifically concerns the "immersion" controversy as it relates to the North Carolina State Baptist Convention. The other, the Essay, deals with the foibles of WFU as we grow up and expand in this megalomaniacal twentieth-century life. Both articles will hopefully offer you amusement and food for thought.

The Day Ralph Scales Got The Axe

by Tom Phillips

**(In which the enlightened forces of Pro Humanitatae battle with the Corpus Religioso for control of our dear Wake Forest)*

Partus Intermedius: The Plot

(Before throwing you, the reader, into this thickening slumgullion, a word or two in description of the hair-raising scenario that has lately come before my eyes. The time is close at hand—not the watch, the calendar— feast your eyes upon the month of November, somewhere in the next four years. The State Baptist Convention, only seconds adjourned, has sent word to the official Board of Trustees of Wake Forest University that their Church and institution of Learning has been deemed heretical for not requiring full Baptismal immersion as prerequisite for membership in the Church. The University is now given the option of a) removing, from the Church body, all members who have not been baptized into that particular Church (those who have come by “admission of faith,” “letter of transfer,” etc.); or b) of severing the University and Church affiliations with the State Convention and their Truth (thereby losing out on funds and admitting to final and irrevocable damnation). If “a” be chosen, then the University would have to insist upon the resignations of at least a few notables, including the Wake Forest Baptist Church and Campus Ministries, many of the Board of Trustees, and many of the administration, including President Scales. But, I labor too long— on with this show of shows.)

Tom Phillips is a junior mystic from Narwhale, Utah. He is majoring in counter-culture snobbery and is active in the Winston-Salem Chapter of FLESP (Future Laymen for an Extra Sensory Perception). Mr. Phillips lists his favorite hobby as chewing up crystal balls and then spitting the glass out at parties. He is an occasional contributor to National Enquirer, and his favorite movie is “One Million Years, B.C.”

Part the First: The Invocation of Amuse

Listen, my peers, and you shall hear
an old tale that I tell at least once a year.
A story of virtue, sin, and corruption;
told with a fire deemed holy unction.
I insist, quite plainly, that all may come true;
we are in a pickle and we know not what to do.
So gather round, ye brave and ye Hoosiers;
me thinks it foretells of our lives as big Losers.
A fantasy it be, to be sure and be true;
but me thinks I go on, before I get blue
in the face.

Dr. Scales moments before getting word of his ouster.



Part the Second: The Strophe

(Descending as from the Heavens, a veritable bevy of chorinymphs find their way to second floor Reynolda Hall. It is early evening. A light burns bright at one end of the hall.)

Chorus:

Oh, mystic heathens, enraptured virgins,
sing of health and sickness, too;
pause then on the lonely island,
stopping for a Moon Pie.

Oh, we are the strophe, the mighty, mighty strophe,
on whom the words ring dead and true;
inward toils a man of sorrow,
laughs he now so as not to cry.



Part the Third: Dr. Scales' Office

(The President is sitting at his desk, head in hands. He is slowly humming the "Oedipus Blues" while tapping out a methodical rhythm on his skull. He is alone.)

Scales (raising up): Hooey! What was that?! (the song of the strophe filters down from the hall.)

Oh, sorry day, this seems to be,
in thine, Wake Forest's, history;
hear I now the rain's sweet patter,
brutal be this immersed water.
A message today did I receive,
unless the mail room doth again deceive;
I and my ministers must be gone,
'ere comes up the rosy dawn.
Fickle fate, thou be so cruel,
that thou ignore the golden rule;
yet, who, these 12-D shoes shall fill,
and how shall I now pay the bill?
(pause)

Yet, now I must put up the fight,
for in my heart I know I'm right;
I'll not accept a Devil's sorrow,
but prove I to Christendom on the morrow.
Sabre, Deacon, Bible in hand,
I'll trek across this Baptist land;
it seemeth to me a silly thing,
that one must wear the bathtub ring
in order to get to Heaven.



Mysterious nymphs as seen while dancing in Reynolda Hall.

(Enter Vice-President for Financial Affairs Lucas, carrying an olive bush.)

Lucas:

Pardon to intrude on such sweet sorrow,
but sir thee must know before the morrow:
the Convention just told me thus also,
that the Board of Trustees must outward go.

But, sir, they bade me to further tell,
to the only way to avoid our hell;
they claim one board man proven sod,
since he belongeth not to the church on the quad.

This man must be made President at once,
in order to appease this royal bounce;
and, oh, such fate and irony, it be,
the token student, Phil Tate, it is he!

Scales (groaning):

Yea Lucas, loyal Lucas, what words are these,
can it be what ye say of this appease?
I fain would slit my throat in a minute,
than mine ear to hear the words thou put in it.

Mr. Lucas rushing to Dr. Scales' aid (note olive bush).



It might be true that too long we did wait,
but I cannot accept this pup named Tate;
the Convention must know that we mean to fight,
I'll not watch TV every blessed night!

From this moment onward I'll make not a pause;
they claim God's side, but I know my cause;
and now drop that bush and pour me a quaff--
Neither Baptists nor students shall have the last laugh!

(exunt Scales and Lucas. Scene fades out.)



Part the Fourth: The Strophe

(It is late that same evening. The scene is Wingate Hall. A single light appears from the office of the Reverend Carr.)

Strophe (breezing through hall):

Oh, magic mountain, Baptist noses,
Romantic conventions thus sit on the knee;
stop ye again, thought minus Antigone,
the poor lass caughteth the flu.
Oh, we are the strophe, the mighty, mighty strophe,
harping thither and yon for a heavenly fee;
within find thus thfee men of religion,
but they don't know what to do.



Part the Fifth: The Office of the Reverend Carr

(A single light shines on Mr. Carr, Chaplain Christman, and Mr. McBride. They are huddled together around a desk, pouring over papers.)

Carr:

Egad!! Did you hear voices? (The others nod)
Oh, woe betide this evening whisper,
something's awry by the feel of my blister;
surely the Baptists must be out of season,
in this act of (God?) I see no true reason.

McBride:

Your words, Carr, are verities, pure as the snow,
but they help us not when we're now forced to go;
I would propose we stand up to their guns,
else us three end up at Homes for Nuns.

Christman:

Young McBride, you are quite right in your notion,
I propose thus a plan, this eve to put in motion;
the Baptists shall come to remove us, by God,
what say that we three stand in waiting on the Quad.

Carr:

Gentlemen, please, lest you be so inclined,
remember others' fates that be with us entwined;
'ere the battle at dawn, now give me the phone,
James Ralph I shall call to let his plans be known.

(Carr picks up phone, talks briefly, hangs up.)

Ye should thank the stars that I chose to heed,
the voice within that struck out against greed;
yet to co-ordinate this plan little more need we wait,
we shall put up our dukes on the morrow at eight.

(All three exeunt; scene fades.)



Part the Sixth: The Strophe

(It is still later than night, in the Taylor House suite numbered 108. A single room still emits light—that of student Board of Trustees representative Phil Tate. Our flaming cherubs are once again to be seen, dancing in the hall.)

Strophe:

Oh, Holy Roller Gospel, bringer of Light,
shaker of candles and Reynolds cigarettes;
we stop, still again, without looking forlorn,
does anyone have a beer?

Oh, we are the strophe, the mighty, mighty strophe,
happy are we who can do pirouettes;
Inside see a young man unable to sleep,
strange sounds now enter his ear.



Part the Seventh: The Dorm Room of Phil Tate

(One dim light, yet the light is very bright,
heightens the tender brow of a man deep in thought.
It is the same evening.)



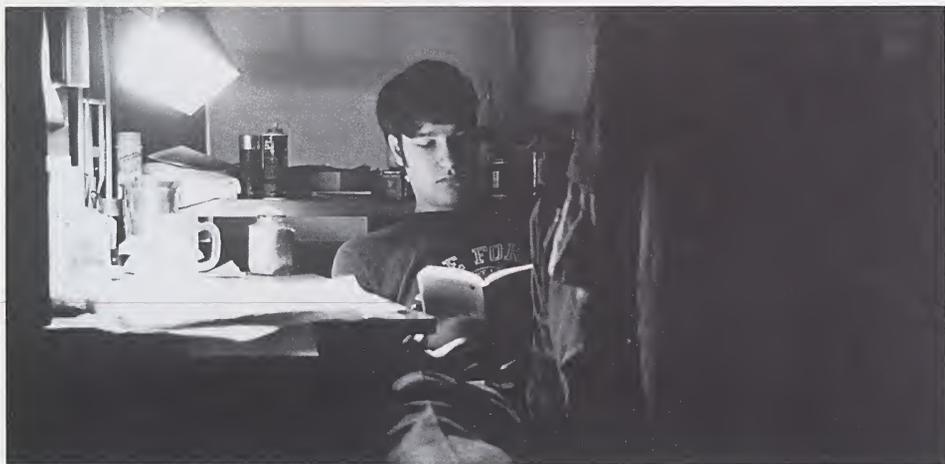
The Reverend Carr ponders this weighty situation.

Tate:

Since I am the student I play the bit,
though methinks this whispering nymph is a twit;
go away, then, you heaven-sent bird,
I refuse to hear your word.
But false it can't be, what it says to me,
this thing about the President to be;
not long has it been since the Conventioneers came,
and told me "prepareth to meet thy fame."
But shall my dear peers express bad opinion,
and get ticked off at my new-found dominion?
and what shall Scales do in this matter, this muck;
can he kick me out of school while just a lame duck?

(The phone rings. He talks a few seconds, hangs up.)

Ah, glory to God for Alex Graham Bell,
his invention may save them from going to hell;
the Ministers three that be, a second ago,
they've convinced me to forego my ego.
So now I shall join all, tomorrow at eight,
a good chance for me to get out of this fate;
yet perchance if this effort be much too late,
as my first Kingly act, t'will be legal to intervisitate.
(Tate's dog plops upon his lap.)
Out, damn Spot! I've better fish to fry!
(light slowly, and groaningly, dies; scene fades out.)



Student Board of Trustees representative Tate mulls things over.

Part the Eighth: The Quad, at Eight the Next Morning

(Scales, Lucas, McBride, Christman, Carr, the entire Board of Trustees, and Tate are all standing, in single file, Indian style, facing Reynolda Road all the while. They are all attired in battle dress. Carr carries a cross; Scales carries the Mace; Lucas carries the budget books; Tate carries a left-over ham and cheese sandwich. As the sun fully brightens the scene, low rumblings can be heard, until finally a large Sherman tank can be seen, making its way down, then up Wake Forest drive, and finally stopping at the edge of the Quad— a mere pittance from the Wake Forestians.)

Scales (shouting at the tank):

Come out, come out, ye quivering Baptismal,
methinks you feel guilt, and all this is dismal;
see us now stand, amongst us no fears,
if I be a sinner let me grow four more ears!

Christman:

Yes, come out, oh ye staid ones, stupid fools,
our budgets and books say we've broken no rules;
the cross that we bear is but our way of saying,
that we are legit in our manner of praying.
And lest you think lightly of "Acceptance by Letter,"
I'll speak this aloud and go you one better;
if four more ears appear on Scales anon,
I'll eat them one by one!

(All the Wake Forestians now brandish their arms. A loud, falsetto voice is heard from within the tank.)

The Voice:

Oh hear me Wake Forestians, I, a messenger from God,
who readeth the Word, and know where ye trod;
my duty and privilege, it be ye to tell,
you all, even Tate, shall now go to Hell!
You spit out the milk and seek only the cream,
you think you are safe in this cozy academe;
though some at Convention heed your thoughts absurd,
it is God who acts thusly, for failure at His word!
But thick books and learning do not turn my head,
I heed only what the good Book has said;
your attempts to dissuade us we fail to note,
can I help it that I've learned all by rote?
We choose that which in the Bible we find,
for water-logged Christians are the only true kind;
in order to belong to Church and school today,
you must be immersed in a natural way!!! Or else!!!

(Suddenly a dark cloud rushes over the area, seemingly coming from the direction of Pilot Mountain. The entire quad is suddenly soaked with rain. A flood of water gushes from the Post Office and completely engulfs the Wake Forestians. It then recedes quickly, and a brilliant, smiling sun beams down upon the campus.)

Carr (to his peers and to tank):
Oh, heaven be praised if we aren't the winners,
for God has thus blubbed us, we're no longer sinners;
though we be now soaked, ye through and through,
I baptize ye all in this Christian zoo!

Trustees:
He Baptizes us all in this Christian zoo! Whooley!!

Scales:
Now you, student Tate, you can thank all the stars,
you weren't plunked in Reynolda, behind psychic bars;
besides, a young President is something of a stallion,
and you don't even have a large, gold medallion!

Now are we all, from guilt all absolved,
the riddle that plagued us has now been solved;
the Heavens have opened the thundering skies,
and everyone is right, and no one lies!
To the chapel let's go, for communion supper,
it will make our minds light, our bodies tougher;
And you in the tank, if you accept this Heaven sign,
Go to the Seven-Eleven for Wonder-bread and wine!!

(The tank beeps its horn and moves off towards the Seven-Eleven. The entire group moves slowly towards the Chapel, up the steps, and into the *Corpus Religioso*, where they sit down to listen to the Vatican City Symphony.)

Part the Ninth (Evolutionary Wave): The Lowering of Amuse

Oh, fates that you are in this piebald sky,
to you we must look for the reason why:
the forces of good, as to us they seemed to be,
triumphed once and for all, and for all to see.
The clouds opened up, that it was plain,
the campus was filled with a jubilant rain;
yet still we must decide, and plainly choose,
who stands to win, and who stands to lose.
So think, now, my peers, of the story thus told,
and 'ere I split the scene, if I might be so bold;
I believe our dear U. more than Hoosiers or boozers,
is a long and sweet saga of winners who are Losers.
And I would only add, what I think I saw,
last night as I traipsed through Reynolda Hall;
I hasten to add, as it sticks in my craw,
that it was only a shadow upon the wall.
Yet that shadow, before the President's door,
bore a striking resemblance to this and no more:
a man with six ears, and he all in a fright,
while someone, close at hand, nibbled with all his might.

THE END OF THE FANTASY



A would-be Quad roller is wiped out.

Losing At Wake Forest

by

Neil Caudle

Chances are that you are a loser. Why? Because in some way you belong to Wake Forest. Whether you realize it or not, defeat is as impossible to avoid here as Tribble Hall. Losing at Wake Forest is a way of life, a heritage enriched by many seasons of unabashed losing—losing coaches, losing teams, losing face . . .

You began as a small farm in Wake Forest, North Carolina. You grew tobacco and hard-headed Baptist scholars. Some of you remember those times and those people. You must have thought about it, the way it began to happen—the paltry few of you passing up the thriving state schools and the city schools, coming and combining into that bizarre clash of criminals, geniuses and saints that you were. It is the same bunch of you today, only somewhere along the

line you lost your home. Maybe of all that you have lost, losing Wake Forest was the most crushing. You are a school without a town and without a community. Winston-Salem? You have to borrow a car to get there. Besides, you two never got along. Winston-Salem pulls for Carolina. Winston-Salem doesn't raise tobacco, it rolls it up in paper.

Look at the record. Losing finds its way into every part of your life. Remember the great wave of radicalism that we saw on T.V. in the sixties? Students were marching and seizing buildings and actually fornicating. Students were big winners. Wake Forest people tried it once. A few years ago, you all got together and worked yourselves up good and hot and tramped up to the President's house and shouted until he came out on the porch and said no you can't do this, go home. That hurt. Remember last Spring when you had your anti-war rally ten years late? You sat and listened while the only damned thing that made sense turned out to be a speech for the war and for Richard Nixon. When you can't even muster a good Richard Nixon hate rally and make it stick, you are losers.

The list is a long one. For example, let's talk about sex. Statistics show that Wake Forest men buy more movie tickets and spend more dating hours per actual lay than any other group of grown men in these Collegiate United States. From the other point of view, Wake Forest women, though some certainly

Neil Caudle is a full-grown guitar picker from Tropical City, Alaska. He is majoring in pedanticism and is affiliated with ACNUP (American Pickers from Non-Union Picking). At the present, he is working on a future novel, to be entitled, "Past the Point of No Return." Mr. Caudle says his favorite hobbies are duck hunting and taxidermy. His favorite book is "101 Ways to Pick the Blues," while his favorite movie is "The Owl and the Pussycat." His future plans are as yet unknown to anyone.



Let's win this one for the Gipper.

seem quite ready to lose their various virginites here, rarely are known afterwards to have been rewarded with that much sought after sense of having conquered a winner. So sexually speaking, there are two kinds of losers at Wake Forest: men and women.

All this is of course enough to drive a Wake Forest Person towards migraines and zero self-esteem. You think you are on top of things, and then, before you can say Lu Leake, things are on top of you. The Psychological Services people say that there are more severe emotional problems at Wake Forest than ever before. In short, more and more of you lose your minds every year. You lose faith in yourselves, or maybe you remember that God, the old Baptist one, is dead. Maybe you run out of time, or money, or toilet paper.

But this is not the whole picture. You, as Wake Forest students, have known and will know certain victories. There are those times when your auditorium resounds with fine art, when your teachers are brilliant or your showers are hot. There are those times when you win football games. How do you respond? You wrap your tall trees in toilet paper. Now think. Remember those trees you grew at Wake Forest Farm? Maybe, maybe you are--this is almost Winston-Salem now. Home.

Now let's ask another kind of question. Wake Forest, who are you? What kinds of people are you made of? This is the hard part. A few things are clear: you are not made of an elite of today's young scholars; in other words, you are a far cry from Ivy League. You are not made of swingers, the social set; those people are all landed in some place with ample vices and slack requirements. On the other hand, you are not made of Christians since they are all in divinity schools somewhere, nor artists, since they are in art schools. So, who comes to Wake Forest? Everyone else. The semi-religious. The semi-social, semi-scholarly, semi-ambitious, and the semi-sexual. The Wake Forest Person is the kind of person who pays two grand a year to come to a place like Wake Forest.

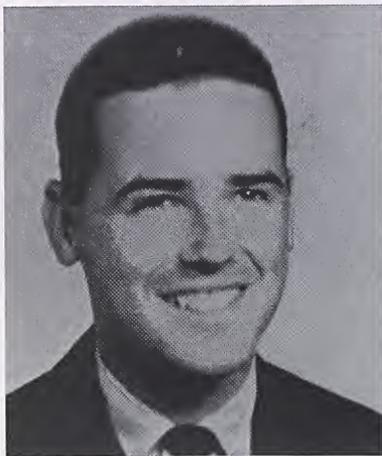
But there is something peculiarly lovely about losers. Perhaps it is a kind of empathy, shared one for another. There is something endearing in the way you survive one season after another, like stubborn birds, enjoying your rare chances to decorate the trees, returning year after year, and then willing your money, too, when you die. Losing at Wake Forest is reassuring; it is something that gets into your blood. Besides, what would you be if you were winners? All alike. Your blue-jeans would all fade the same. Your football team would never upset anyone. There would never be another panty-raid. Everyone would buy the right music and write poetry and become

sensitive and give up their fraternity jackets. Then you would look each other in your hair-smeared faces and know deep down that winners are nowhere without losers.

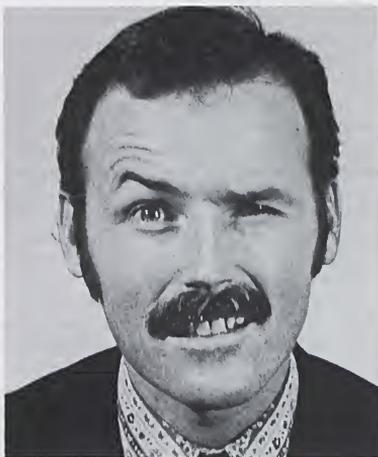
Most of all, Wake Forest, you are a college. Other places are not colleges, they are The World. They are relevant, cosmopolitan institutions; they are cross-sectioned, homogenized, socio-programmed concentrations of modern living. But Wake Forest, you stand alone. Here, the recipe failed. You are not The World, you are not the comely bunch of winners America wants you to be. You are a tiny island of misfit souls. You are losers partly because you are all different, living in a time that cannot tell the difference.

But in a special way, you are more American than

America. You are that same awkward, invisible spirit that has been around since the Mayflower, but you consistently astound us. We sense you when "Love Story" is the nation's best loved movie. We recognize you when Archie Bunker, the world's greatest loser, is the national hero. Maybe, like Archie Bunker, you are that nearly-extinct breed of non-conformist that still believes he can make The World to suit him. It is that kind of innocence. It is your innocence of all the things that it takes to make a winner. Look at your faces, it's there. Where is your ambition, your sophistication, your arrogance? You are shy. You can't stand competition and you don't even kiss very well. You are the only school in the world with a yearbook that reads backwards. But keep at it, we are all for you. What have you got to lose?



Donald Owen Schoonmaker, B.A. - Debate Team 2, 3, 4; Pi Kappa Delta; Intramurals 2, 3, 4; Euzelian Literary Society 2, 3, 4; International Relations Club 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 4; Omicron Delta Kappa, Secretary-Treasurer; Men's Honor Council 3; Student Body President 4; "Old Gold and Black" Staff 2, 3, 4; "Student" 3, 4; "Who's Who."



Donald Owen Schoonmaker, Ph.D.-



INHERIT THE HOT AIR

THE EVOLUTION CONTROVERSY IN NORTH CAROLINA

by Paul Marth

When Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species* in 1859 and *The Descent of Man* about ten years later, he undoubtedly had little idea that his work would stir such controversy. In England, the Anglican church led the fight against the teaching of evolution and began opposing biologists who believed the words of Darwin. The opposition in the United States took longer to form, but by the 1920's the South had become a battleground of religious fundamentalists and natural scientists. The year 1925 brought David Scott Poole to the North Carolina legislature. Poole was a newspaper man from Raeford in Hoke County who went to Raleigh to save the youth from Hell. After arriving at the legislature, Poole wasted little time in carrying out his plan to stop the teaching of evolution. On the second day of the legislative session, January 8, 1925, Poole submitted a joint resolution prohibiting the teaching of Darwinism in the public schools of North Carolina. The clerk read the bill (House Resolution No. 10) and the speaker referred it to the committee on education.

It read:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring

1. That it is the sense of the General Assembly of North Carolina that it is injurious to the Welfare of the people of the State of North Carolina for any official or teacher in the state, paid wholly or in part by taxation, to teach or permit to be taught, as a fact, either Darwinism or any other evolutionary hypotheses that, links man in blood relationship with any lower form of life.

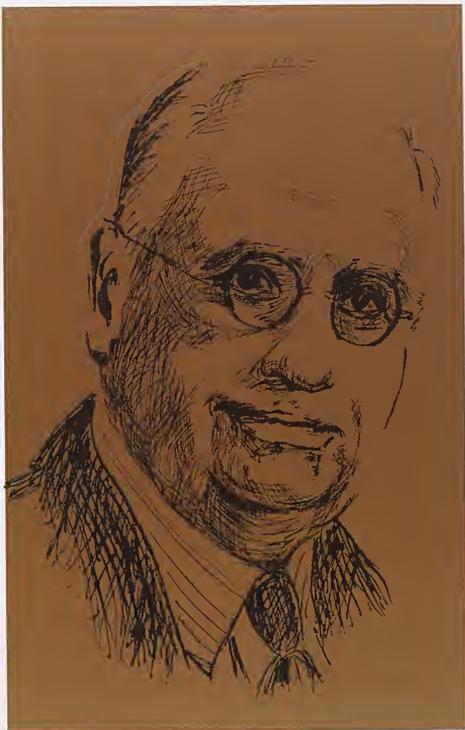
2. That this resolution be in effect from and after its ratification."

With the submission of this bill, North Carolina became embroiled in a controversy that according to Neil Battle Lewis, a North Carolina newspaperman, drew bigger crowds to the capital than any event since the passing of the Secession Act in 1861. The hearings, debate, and subsequent defeat of this legislation had momentous implications for North Carolina and for academic freedom elsewhere.

Poole introduced the bill with a bare ripple of comment. Many considered it a joke with no chance of passage. Until early February, no action transpired on the measure. Henry Groves Connor, chairman of the committee on education, expressed a fear that the educated took the Poole bill too lightly. He sensed that throughout North Carolina there was a very strong undercurrent of feeling that the doctrine of evolution was an invention of the Devil. Uncertain about what action should be taken by the universities, Connor nevertheless suggested that the universities' representatives be "tactful and not antagonistically inclined."

Connor scheduled hearings on the Poole resolution for February 10, 1925. Connor invited Dr. William Louis Poteat of Wake Forest College, Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase of the University of North Carolina, and Dr. Eugene Clyde Brooks of North Carolina State to attend. The hearing started thirty minutes late due to the overflow audience. Other legislative committees met and adjourned in fifteen minutes so they could attend.

Connor opened the hearing and suggested a division of time. The legislature decided to give an hour to each opposing camp. Poole began by telling the audience that the religion of Jesus was on trial. He argued that state owned and controlled institutions should not be permitted to teach the Bible as myth. Poole could produce affidavits, he declared, proving that a young man who entered the North Carolina A. and E. College in 1924 did not return in 1925 because a professor taught the Bible as myth and the Christian religion as a



Dr. William Poteat: "... the respect of thousands."

superstition accepted just like Santa Claus. After Poole's opening statement, the floor opened for discussion. President Chase of the University of North Carolina addressed the hearing asking if any church forbade its ministers from preaching evolution. Hearing no response, Chase then asked, "Why should teachers be denied the right to teach on weekdays what is lawful for preachers to do on Sunday?" Chase pictured Galileo as he undertook a new theory of the universe and Chase verified how the truth eventually prevailed. Chase next discussed human liberty. "The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of the press," he said, "and denies that it should be abridged. Shall we write into this article except for school teachers?"

Dealing little or none at all with evolution *per se*, the real issue for the educators was liberty to speak one's conscience. Twice, opponents of the bill asked Dr. Poteat to speak, each request greeted by applause, but he declined. Later, he said that the responsibility for opposing the bill rested upon the gentlemen who represented the institutions involved. Poteat said he had articulated clearly his view and others should now speak up on the issue. But because Poteat refused to become verbally involved at the hearing does not mean that he had nothing to do with its ultimate defeat. One historian grants that the Poole bill would have passed had it not been for the

work of Poteat. As a professional biologist and head of a prominent Baptist institution, he had the respect of thousands in the state and his previous work in support of evolution influenced many. Those trained by Poteat voted against the bill by a decisive majority.

A. P. Metcalf and B. W. Wells of the faculty of State College both participated in the hearing as Christians, members of the church, and believers in evolution. Metcalf read a statement by the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences squarely on record in favor of evolution as established theory, and Wells read a similar resolution from the North Carolina Academy of Science. Dr. Wells declared his belief in evolution made him more of a Christian.

Julia Alexander, the only woman member of the House, attempted to interrogate Dr. Poteat. She turned and asked where Dr. Poteat sat. Poteat pointed to a gentleman behind him. Realizing the deception, Alexander asked Poteat if he really believed in evolution. He refused to answer. Alexander desired nothing taught in the schools that was not handed down by the American forefathers. She declared her belief in the Bible from cover to cover. Neal Lucas fancied Darwin the victim of imagination. Even if what Darwin wrote had a factual basis, Lucas said he still favored hiding it from the children. In an *Ad baculum* argument, an un-introduced High Point visitor professing to represent 55,000 men, told the legislators that his powerful organization could overturn in three days any election which stood for such teaching.

After three hours of discussion, Beatty of Bladenton moved a favorable report. Lucas of Johnston seconded it. The vote tied at seventeen to seventeen and Chairman Connor voted against the resolution, thus putting the measure on the unfavorable calendar.

Of all the major papers in the state, only the *Charlotte Observer* seemed to favor passage of the bill. In an editorial of February 15th, the *Observer* emphasized that the Poole Bill protected the immature minds of the public school children from compulsory submission to the atheistic teachings of professors on the payrolls of the state. Again on February 19th, in an editorial entitled "Monkey or Bible," the *Observer* indirectly supported the bill by raising questions such as whether we should lie by the Bible or stick to the monkey, and whether that state should continue taking money and paying teachers who taught unbelief to young people.

On February 13th, Poole moved to make the bill a special order for Tuesday evening, February 17th, at eight o'clock. The motion carried. On the same day, Dr. Little of the First Baptist Church in Charlotte announced a sermon for the following Sunday entitled "The Poole Bill and the Bible." President Chase sent telegrams to Professor Wells advising him to be ready to face the Senate if the House bill passed and to Murphy and Townsend of the General Assembly explaining the University position on the measure. One event on the 13th stands out above all the others. Despite being threatened with cuts in University appropriations, Chase spoke against the bill to the student body. He said there were four reasons why the University must oppose the bill. 1.) The practical situation created by passage of the bill could not be tolerated by the University. The bill put a question mark before the name of every teacher of natural science in North Carolina. It subjected

him to the possibility of humiliation, trial, and disgrace. Any discussion of evolution would be prohibited since anyone could argue the professor had taught evolution as fact. The bill set up the apparatus of inquisition and trials for heresy. The bill prohibited freedom of thought and discussion and would drive intellectually honest men from the state. 2.) The bill was antagonistic to the essential ideas of education. The University believed that a teacher in any field had a right to state the convictions to which he had come through his labor and work; that he had a right to freedom of speech and of teaching which belonged to him as they belonged to any other citizen of the United States. "The University," Chase said, "does not hold to a hot house theory of education. It does not believe that the best preparation for life is to grow men's minds under glass for four years under a condition where they are carefully protected from every influence that might come to them from the outside. The University believes in the outdoor theory of education. A man's mind, like a plant, grows best in an atmosphere of open sunshine, even of storm now and then." 3.) Such a bill infringed upon the constitutional guarantees of every citizen. Chase asserted both the United States and the North Carolina Constitutions guarantee freedom of speech and the bill absolutely violated the United States Constitution. 4.) Freedom of thought and discussion should not be contrary to

the principles of morality and religion. The very fact that no church in the country had banned the teaching of evolution from the pulpit showed that the leaders of the church did not regard the measure in terms of morality and religion, but people learned after a while, and "people are going to learn after a while about this matter of truth. There is only one truth. It is all God's truth. And I cannot believe that God is afraid of the sincere effort on the part of man to find out how he made the world." Most hearing and reporting on the speech responded very favorably to it. Howard Odum commented in a letter to Dr. Ruml of the Rockefeller Foundation that President Chase had won a very large new clientele, and had emerged as a clear cut leader in the state. *The Chapel Hill Weekly*, after praising Chase's speech, added "The Poole resolution is fit to be compared with the most violent bigotry of the middle ages." Only the *Presbyterian Standard*, which had strongly supported the bill all along and Dr. Little in his sermon on the Poole bill criticized Chase. The *Standard* attacked the idea of freedom of speech and spoke of crimes committed in the name of liberty. The magazine admitted a right to freedom of speech, but said this freedom did not include the right to express views that would destroy the very foundations of morality as well as religion. The *Presbyterian* weekly continued by asserting that when a

"Poole and his supporters bore an unholy resemblance to cheerleaders at a witch-fry."



teacher accepted a position, he agreed to give up some of his rights to freedom of speech. The *Standard* finished by saying the real question dealt with whether freedom of speech gave to teachers the right to teach views contradictory to those taught in the homes of North Carolinians. The magazine concluded that it did not.

Dr. Little told the Charlotte congregation of the necessity of legislation to protect the children from the false teaching of the unproven theory of evolution. Little asked: "Why should people of North Carolina be taxed to pay teachers whose teaching would destroy young people's faith? Why talk about constitutional rights when the country was founded on the Christian religion?"

Behind the scenes, Presidents Chase and Poteat actively enlisted opposition to the bill. A very real fear existed that the Poole bill would pass.

Most of the North Carolina press opposed the bill. A *W-S Journal* editorial spoke of how years ago organized Christianity had learned that persecution of the truth was a colossal mistake. The *Journal* asked whether we should define one and for all what is true and what is false. "Has God given any legislator a divine commission to lay the bounds of truth once and for all? If anybody shall arbitrarily define evolution the search for truth will have been invaded." The *Greensboro Daily News* added that Christ stood clear and serene above all these petty bickerings, and the very fact that followers of Him sought to bolster His position hinged close to sacrilege.

The evening of the anticipated vote approached and people poured into the capital to see, depending upon one's viewpoint, either the greatest clown show ever in North Carolina or the last stand of Christian civilization. Rumors about the meeting ran wild. Rumors circulated at Wake Forest College that William Jennings Bryan would speak. As eight o'clock approached, immense crowds stormed the legislative building. Galleries filled to the limit. Members of the House found it impossible to get into the hall. The blind doorkeeper made a futile attempt to close the door. The sergeant at arms attempted to clear the aisles, but his attempt failed. Speaker Pharr mounted the rostrum and said the House would be powerless to proceed unless the members could get inside. The crowd remained in place. Chairman Connor of the education committee then got the floor and said, "It is perfectly apparent that it will be impossible to hold a session of the House tonight with conditions as they are. Unless the speaker calls on the mayor of the city for protection, we can not proceed. As long as the people take possession of this house-as they have a right to do-there can be no session. If I had charge of the situation here tonight, I would move to adjourn until such a time as we can proceed. I hesitate to make the motion for fear that I might be misunderstood." Poole said the people had come to snatch hell-bound children from the Sodom of Perdition and one newspaperman said Poole and his supporters bore an unholy resemblance to cheerleaders at a witch-fry. But Poole, seeing that the resolution could not be discussed, agreed to postpone discussion on the bill. Poole made the motion to adjourn which carried unanimously. Ministers, Sunday School teachers, and the press made up a large percentage of the disappointed audience. This event influenced the legislators. Continuous laughing in the galleries and the ecclesiastical bullying that the legislators had taken put them

in a mood to defeat the bill. Some legislators began realizing the force that this bill made of the democratic process.

The debate continued the following day. Curtis Turlington of Iredell opened the discussion with a denial that the Poole resolution attempted to curb free speech. He made the point that the resolution did not prevent teaching of evolution as theory, but only as truth. Turlington argued that textbook publishers lobbied against the bill to sell more textbooks. He urged the legislature to put itself on record as opposing the laying of unclean hands upon the sacred book of the people of North Carolina. The Iredell representative then warned that if the bill did not pass, the people would demand a reduction in money to state schools. Attacking the argument on free speech, Turlington said that the teaching of Bolshevism would cause people to rise up and throw the teachers out. Turlington then made the statement that he had not studied science for two minutes. (This could very possibly explain his vote on the measure.) Robert Madison declared that the resolution just warned teachers and that not a single fact existed to prove man descended from lower animals. Madison then read portions from the Bible supporting the words of Turlington. Reuben Everett next spoke on separation of church and state. He said the legislature had no right to regulate the religious



views of men. Everett said the bill not only struck a blow at free thought and speech but also directly opposed the provisions of the federal and state constitutions guaranteeing to every person a right to think or speak his religious conviction. At this point, Everett moved to table the bill. Thomas Whitaker of Guilford said he did not approve of the effort to cut off debate. Everett retorted that cutting off debate was exactly what he wanted to do. He said evolution should not be discussed on the floor of the assembly. Those who wished to discuss it could rent a hall and talk all they wanted on the subject. At this juncture, young Sam J. Ervin Jr. of Burge made one of the best statements of the day when he said, "To be very frank with you, gentlemen of this house, I don't see but one good feature in this thing and that is that it will gratify the monkeys to know they are absolved from the responsibility of the human race." Ervin continued by saying that if this measure was consistent, the legislature ought to pass laws against witches. Arguing that the bill curbed free speech, Ervin pleaded for the legislature not to do a foolish thing. Anything could be proved by the Bible, he said, and it insulted the Bible and the people of North Carolina to adopt such a resolution. Ervin concluded by asserting the Christian religion's ability to stand against anything. The Christian religion would not fall if the resolution failed. The legislature then defeated the motion to table fifty-three to forty-nine.

Thursday's debate began with the submission of a substitute motion by Connor, which according to its author had been approved by many opponents and proponents of the Poole measure. Connor, speaking for compromise, said that there were people with deep religious emotions and that most in the assembly believed in Christianity as the true revealed religion. Connor added that his compromise measure would say to all religions, "You have rights and they will be respected." The substitute motion read as follows:

Sec. 1. It is in the sense of the General Assembly of North Carolina that whilst we assert for ourselves a freedom to embrace, to profess and observe the religion of our choice, each respectively, we cannot in any civil capacity deny an equal freedom to others.

Sec. 2. That we declare it as the settled policy of this State that all those who serve it in civil, military or official capacity should do no act nor utter any word tending to reflect upon or discredit or otherwise affect any one's religion, belief in matter of religion, or anyone's sacred book or book of religious authority.

Murphy immediately attacked this motion. He opposed the General Assembly of North Carolina taking notice of either of these resolutions. He said a man's religion was a matter between himself and God. His interest lay not as much in what he evolved from as to where he was going. Murphy traced the development of religious thought. He declared the Protestant church existed because those who worked out its principles dared to think for themselves in the face of persecution. Poole also opposed the Connor measure. He said that if the legislature defeated his bill, he wished it refuted on a straight vote and not by substitutes which destroyed its intention. The defeat of the substitute motion by a 41 yea to 70 nay vote followed these remarks.



Debate began on the original motion. Murphy's speech had a noticeable effect and opponents of the bill said little else. Only Whitaker and Womble spoke at any length against the bill. Whitaker asserted that he could not support any resolution which curbed freedom of thought and word. Bunyan Womble said he did not believe the Christian religion needed human legislation to protect it. The proponents of the bill became desperate. Poole admitted probable defeat but pointed out the dangers to young minds of theories promulgated through the camouflage of science. The reasoning of those in favor of the bill fell apart. Ralph Hunter argued that the founders of this

country based the Constitution on the Bible and that it followed that any attack on the Bible violated the Constitution and that therefore, evolution was unconstitutional. Julia Alexander and James Braswell argued if the House should pass this resolution the joy bells of heaven would ring, and that rather than follow the slimy serpent, the House should follow the crimson footprints of Jesus Christ and vote for the bill. With these nostalgic remarks, the debate closed and the bill defeated by a vote of 46 in favor to 76 opposed.

Various reasons may be given to explain the defeat of the measure. Data collected on the individual representatives proves to be significant, however. The area from which a legislator came and his age had no effect on the way he voted. The profession of the legislators influenced the vote among ministers and interestingly enough, those in the medical field who tended to vote for the bill. The fact that one practiced law or farming did not influence the voting pattern. Religion was a factor only if one adhered to the Baptist or Presbyterian faith. The most important factor of all was education. The higher the education level, the chances of one voting for the Poole Bill highly diminished. Those with a high school education tended much more strongly to vote for the Poole bill than those with a graduate education. One of the primary reasons for the defeat of the Poole bill was legislative reluctance to believe that the remedy for the problem could be found in legislation. Chase's plea for the academic right to think and teach also strongly influenced the legislature. Underlying causes included the work of the respected Dr. Potea. Many of those who voted against the bill had trained under Dr. Potea at Wake Forest. Legislators showed a hesitancy to support a measure that a well-known Baptist leader and biologist would oppose. Also underlying the legislator's thought was a wait and see attitude. The theory of evolution just might be true and the legislators did not want to have themselves look like fools. The work of the press also seems to have been an important force. The constant barrage of editorials from most of the press in the state was undoubtedly a factor in the final tally.

By defeating the bill, North Carolina saved much of the South from slamming the door on freedom of expression. As other states watched, North Carolina kept alive the right to search for truth.

February 19, 1925, the day North Carolina saved Darwin from execution, saved academic freedom, and resurrected the liberty to teach as one's conscience dictated. The main losers it seems were the monkeys, who were *not* (in the prophetic words of Sam Ervin) "absolved from the responsibility of the human race."

■

Paul Marth is a first-year Law student from Arlington, Virginia, and a 1972 graduate of Wake Forest. This article was taken from paper, written in the Fall of 1970, for Dr. Cyclone Covey's "Study and Research in Historical Methods" course. In preparation for the paper, Mr. Marth travelled extensively throughout North Carolina, and spent considerable amounts of time at the library of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and at the State Archives in Raleigh. The entire project took approximately four months to complete.

the student magazine poetry awards

Since 1969, the *Student* has sponsored a literary contest for the Wake Forest community. Each year the contest has met with diminishing response. The contest judges for this Fall have decided, in view of the erratic quantity and quality of submissions, to give general "Awards of Publication," in this case to seven poems. No short story or photography entries were given awards, and no essays were submitted. We would, however, like to thank all those who participated in this year's contests, and especially thank our judges for their willingness to be critical. Judging poetry were Dr. Ralph Amen, Dana Dye, Kathy Banks, and Malcolm Jones; judging short story were Debbie Griffith, Mark Hofmann, Mr. Rod Meyer, and Tom Phillips.

STRIKING WILD OVER

Strike me with your eyes,
Spill out of my flesh all that I have told you;
Pray you, spray my soul into the flaming walls of blue angry stars.
There will be no mountain horizons, nor deserts in evening red-
No blue oceans to walk alone beside, nor cry alone beside,
No city crowd to walk within alone, nor weep within alone;
There will not be finality nor beginning,
no birth nor death--
And wound me, play fresh upon my back the paint of a knife.
Slice ten thousand times until I bleed no more;
Until my silence speaks no more of mate nor passion,
To the very moment that the wind has died within us both.
To scream wild over old, brown fields,
And run breathless, suddenly stumbling and then tumbling
To where the universe descends.
To the bell's laden tones, when night comes crashing in on mad feet
And the calm stars lie clinging, fiery hand in fiery hand.
To the chasten sweat that beads upon us in our bed,
With our upheaval and damnation, our journey lust,
And our slow warm kiss at the break of cold morning.
To the forest's black freedom,
Where its leaves fold back to the gentle hands of dead children,
Where the mist makes madness of those dying and lost.
Come,
Strike me with your eyes,
Give me reason to break my every sense away,
until I bleed no more, nor my silence weeps.
Come screaming wild over
striking and delivering.
Where you stand,
I stand waiting.

by Michael Pate

BAREFOOT IN OCTOBER

they straddle the bench
facing each other
and even as he circles nearby
they play their belts alose
and she tells in husky squeals
of the warm itch inside

his neck drops from the shoulder
swaying like an adder across the
ground he stares inside wildly
from eye corners rattling
air in through flared nostrils

their darkened foothelds and toes
match strides before him
amid the stir of crimson leaves
and, it being warm for October,
he sweats beneath his wool shirt
tossing his head
to clear the hair from his face

by Carroll Watts

WEST END: AN OCTOBER EVENING

jet shadow fingers
knead their talons in the
damp whites of the streetlamps
rattling a treetop rhythm
in accompaniment to
the syncopated clack of windchimes
tuned to the timbers
of wrinkle-windowed houses
tall and tilted back
to sneer their earned privilege
of retiring early
with wispy bedsheet spirits

by Carroll Watts

TROJAN HERO

* * * *

Poem for an Unmade War Flick

I saw them first marching
To wedding bell cadence
While pipes of church organs
Sent God to the wind;
I saw them approaching—
A massing of faces—
And heard them first singing
Bright anthems of war;
I met them receiving
Warm handshakes of welcome
And found that disaster
Was not a safe word;
I met them deceiving
A priest in his garments
With traces of threats
In their double knit suits;
I heard them proclaiming
A gospel of power
Yet saw them declining
In meek hidden sorrow;
I heard them rejoicing
The ranks of militia
I heard their rejoicing
In speeches malicious
In deed almost vicious
I humoured their war;
The rumour of whores
Was the toast of the tavern
Where late in the evening
I posed as a veteran;
Tossed in a salad
The very next day
Was the stare of a waiter
Who noticed my scar;
Could the town be astir
With the news of a card
I had pulled from the sleeve
Of a sleeping captain?
Or was it all true,
What fraulein had said,
That nothing was safe
From the fear of the dead?
Packing the bag
Of a traveling self
I readied my tickets
To nowhere but down;
Down in the docketts
Where lawyers kept lynchings,
Yes deep in the pockets
Where bankers kept scrounging
Till bluest blood ran to
Incestuous red—This was the town
Which ancestored good humans

And I was the man
Who had flirted with scorn;
I was sent there on orders
To kill and/or sell,
(Resplendent in honours
From shaved head to my toes,
Decorous black ribbons
Are all I can wave;
In this moment of ends
I take to my mind
To find the poor means
Whereby to remember
Apocalypse scenes
Of Charlotte and me):
My papers were good
And their whisky was bad;
Official Ignorance,
Top Level Silence,
That was my back-up
And I was my own;
Innocent spies
Like the fraulein and me
Were hounded to hell
Over cheesecake and tea;
A place is a place
And there's no more to that
But a eulogy written
And burned in the fire
Of candles and wars—
Burned in the pyre
With a fraulein and me,
Unknown to history
But cherished in love.

Sons of men decisively torn in towns from country
to country, bound to trenches dug and loathed
beneath a goal, where down below negotiable
slaughter prevails, and men of reasons stripped
of seasons barely sprung when gazes young and randy
signal the native handies: This is love and war can wait—

I, too, am a soldier of the feel, always ready
for the deal that will imprison her only,
of course, for the momentary spur; as
above court square in a shelled hotel
the conquered curse and grind like hell:

As in her body's diary she recalls how American
bombing love would fall upon her honour
and her frock, then after a thought
I'd head for the dock while she,
engaged with some young german rage,
would watch me slough across the square.

Oh careless departure from love into war,
A mortar tucked my shirt in for me.

by John Browning

ADVENT SHADOWS

The just before dawn
News of light
Struck my eye
From inward glare,
Sheathed in flesh,
And awoke me
To the preparation.

(Darting candles mocked
The night's end with a wink)

And a nod from the east
And it was upon me,
The day of the feast
When round about me
Leaves would face their scatter.

(Ruffles in the upper ridge
Began the rhythmical fall)

Down upon the time
I stood with my dog Rex,
The king, running
At my stick also
To the twilight banquet
Set for one to
Meet the other;

(You were not there,
Unsheathed trees reminded me)

No less, I memoried
Myself over the edge
Of a pond where
Once was promised
In the lines of a face unseen.

(Sentiments dead to the seeming,
My poem comes to its friend)

And says "how long!"
And to itself at the
Only meal it knows
Sits over by the fire,
Warming up the frozen years
And begging for a birth day
Soon upon the way.

It never fell to the stranger
Given such lines
As would etch a pond—
It never left, it never was
Not always there
To call him from
The east at dawn

And send him to his walk
Out west with Rex,
One day is not so long.

by John Browning

BE LENIENT, LADY LEARNING

Am I to plunder time; lay waste my years:
Forsake men's laughter, and deny their tears;
Misplace my mind within some dusty nook,
Perhaps between the pages of a book
Press fast my face, the image of myself,
And place it on a soon forgotten shelf.

Should flesh dissolve to spirit all the time:
Embracing reason while foresaking rhyme?
Should every learned man be so confined
That he must live in towers ivy-twined?
Must Merlin always wear a scholars frown;
Or is he ever free to "paint the town?"

Be lenient, Lady Learning, man is fraile.
He needs a moment's rest, a draught of ale.
I think we are but Adam's ashes warm,
Mere embers glowing in your ancient storm.
Remember that your winds which blow about
Are ceaseless, but this ember must burn out.
Be mindful, men are mortals and not gods--
The Dauphin pees, and even Homer nods.

by Kevin O'Beirne

SUMMER POEM

The lights seem to burn brighter these nights
I sit backed in my room like stagnant water
Sitting here in a wicker chair
With a bottle of gin, the only booze
That can still make me shudder
It sounds silly to complain
Of losing a love no, not silly--insane
One that I had no right to
But the pain
How do I explain the pain?
And the gin is helping less and
I've got the sweats
My gut is heaving
At least I'm alive and wanting to sing
No, I'm past singing, my head won't resonate
But I don't know how to pray

by Jones Wheeler

THE MATRICULATION CARD OF A NON-STUDENT

BY HELEN TYREE

"education . . . synonymous with life."

-- John Holt

NAME: HELEN TYREE

CLASS: JUNIOR (That's the category between sophomore and senior. It means I'm more than halfway through and have a major and have learned a lot, but not as much as a senior. This year I will learn one fourth of all the learning I will do here, and I have promised myself that I will learn enough to convince the university that I should be rewarded for learning so much with letters that say I'm learning . . . so much.)

SEX: FEMALE (That means I live on the south side of the campus and you can walk down my hall, and since I'm a junior I can stay out as late as the boys. It means I was worried about getting into the university, particularly since I'm from Virginia and was raised a Methodist. But it also means I've lived in nice, comfortable dorms ever since I got here, so I can't gripe, really. And after all, we're not here to dicker about rules and telephones in rooms and admission policies. We're here to learn.)

ROOM NUMBER: 109-B new dorm (That's because I'm a junior girl and get to live where I want to. The new dorm is nice, with its telephones and bathroom and lounges and males and females and coed laundry room. It's almost like living in the outside world, where I'll go after I've finished learning. Not quite, though. There are still rules that say my boyfriend can visit in my room only on special occasions when there's a party in the lounge. Part of education is learning that a single 20-year-old male and a single 20-year-old female should not be in the same room when that room contains a bed . . . except, of course, when it's a special occasion when there's a party in the lounge.)



Miss Helen Tyree

ROOMMATE: MARY ALICE MERRITT (We put up with each other's sloppiness and get along great, maybe because we're seldom both in the room at the same time long enough to get on each other's nerves. She brought a T.V. to school this year, and that could be bad, because now and then we watch it when we should be learning. I guess it doesn't matter, though... if it weren't the T.V., it would be the movies or talking or going out with somebody... There's so much that diverts the attention from learning.)

MAJOR: ENGLISH (Journalism, but I can't major in that here, so English. I spend more time working on the paper than studying English; I like the paper, the work and the people there; I just like being there. I learn there... no, not there. Learning is hard work. Reading and writing papers. Hard. Not fun. Serious. So I don't learn there, but I experience there—life, people, situations, problems, psychology, philosophy, politics, sociology... but that doesn't count, so I'm an English major.)

COURSES: ENGLISH, ENGLISH, POLITICS, SPEECH (In politics I learn that Americans don't mind uniformity, and that de Tocqueville is afraid we may head toward total conformity; that we will become complacent followers of the rulemakers and THE American life. I wonder what he'd think of Wake Forest. But no, de Tocqueville, conformity's o.k. here; you have to conform to a learning environment and learning structure so you can learn. It's o.k. In English I learn how other people feel about life and how other characters cope with it, and how some make it and some don't and some die and some prevail and I am tempted to waste time thinking about problems and writing down my reflections, but I know I can't. I'll get behind. I have to finish my reading. In film I watch movies and see philosophies of other people, and see a few of my own. I experience a lot through the art form of film. But to be sure I have learned, I must study very hard tonight, so that tomorrow I can write down some facts to assure the university that I have been learning. While I've been watching movies and reading about them, I may have been goofing off. I must convince the university that I have really learned.)

WINTER TERM COURSE: LITERARY LONDON (A lot of faculty members would call this one a 4-fun-4 type course. They aren't sure one can learn merely by experiencing a new culture and by discussing various aspects of it. They can set their minds at rest in this case, anyway — I will be writing a paper; therefore, I will have learned. But maybe not; I

HAVE picked my own topic of study, and it's something I'll have fun doing and won't really consider work. Can something so independent and enjoyable be learning? Maybe I'll be losing out on some education by leaving the campus.)

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES: OLD GOLD AND BLACK (... and eating and sleeping and taking baths and being with my boyfriend and other things. That's why I'm not an A student here; I guess that's why I'm not learning as much as I could. It's selfish of me to waste my parents' money working on a newspaper and talking to friends when I could be earning A's. But I will do what I want to do, not what I should do, because I get tired of learning. At times I would rather discuss and/or write about the life of a university than to read its books. At times I would rather sit and think about why God allowed me to be born and to live 20 years, and what the 20 have been, and what the next 20 (?) will be, than to memorize a name and a phrase. At times I would rather experience than to "learn." I can't get credit for doing what I want, but it's o.k. I never was a Carswell scholar. I wouldn't want to be one.)

FUTURE PLANS: JOURNALISM (... and the pursuit of happiness, and the pursuit of experience. I will enter the real world, along with my fellow students, literate and knowledgeable. Thanks to college, I will know literature, some historical information, and other assorted liberal knowledge. And maybe I'll know a little about life, thanks to a few professors and some friends and my own conscious inability to be a total student in the true university tradition. What part I'll play in THE AMERICAN PUBLIC I'm not sure. I'm only sure of what I don't want to be, and what I've tried to avoid becoming. On several occasions I have done man-on-the-street interviews for WFDD. I go up to a person on the street and ask him or her what he or she thinks about something... anything... busing... elections... even Christmas. Three out of four say they have no opinion. Not that they don't want to discuss it, but that they have no opinion... that they "haven't thought about it." These people are the American public. They have been produced by the current American educational system, . . . the system of which I and the rest of this university are a part. Many of these no-opinions have college degrees. Lord, keep me from becoming one of them.)

Faulkner said, when he accepted the Pulitzer (I think) prize, that man would not just survive; he would prevail. In college classes, I am learning something, usually. But I will not allow myself to be killed by the university's learning.

GERMAINE BREE

and

CAMUS AND SARTRE

a profile by
Malcolm Jones

She arrived at Wake Forest University on October 9, the same day the contractors were pouring the cement for the foundation for her future home here.

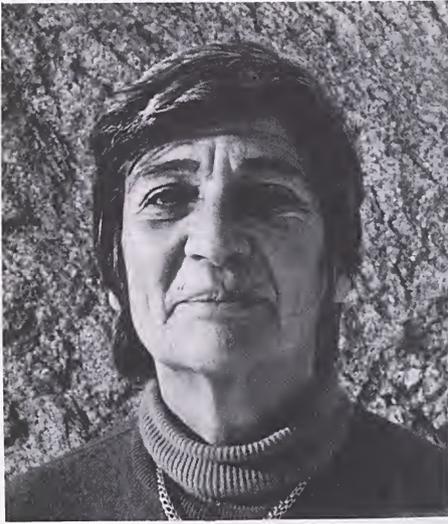
But for Germaine Bree, this was just one more short visit to the campus. She would not come to stay until 1973. Over a period of time, she has come repeatedly to lecture to the interdisciplinary honors program, usually on Albert Camus or some facet of French existentialism. The next time she comes, it will be as Professor of Humanities.

Although she is quite a reputable author, she is not coming to Wake Forest to enjoy retirement. It will be semi-retirement if anything, and, judging by her action at her last visit, it will be a very exciting time for all concerned. She is still an animated lecturer and discussion leader. She has recently published a book, *Camus and Sartre*, which is a very complete overview of the French existential movement and the direction it took as a result of the work of these two men.

She is a small woman, her hair cropped short and in almost constant disarray from her nervous hands that poke and pull at it. It is embarrassingly easy to cast her in the stereotyped role of philosophy professor: she is talkative, animated, sloppy, unaware of her appearance. Her attention is usually focused on whoever she is talking to at any moment, whether it be a room full of people or one freshman.

It is readily apparent that she never leaves off connecting what she thinks with the way she lives. And while this may seem a country-headed thing to say (you could say it about your minister, couldn't you?) it is amazing to watch. It is amazing because this woman lives the way most of us talk. The countless sessions most college students have in their rooms bantering terms like "existentialism" or an "authentic" life style are rather comic because, in the end, we laugh about the subject and get on with the matter of living.

Not Germaine Bree. She lives what she talks about. It is all there in flesh and blood. While I sat and listened to her lecture and then sat in on a discussion group where she fielded questions for over an hour, I was amazed at how thoroughly permeated her presence was with having thought things over and then tried to act. What Sartre says *means* something to



Germaine Bree

her. The writings of Camus are not just words on paper. They are viable ways of conducting one's life. To her, the truths that philosophy has to offer are just as viable as anything we learn from daily life or Sunday School or anywhere else.

And so I sat in the interdisciplinary honors room with my tongue hanging out, scared to move because I had convinced myself that the whole thing was a mirage, that no one talked about "existentialism (?)" anymore without being academic about it. But that was what was going on.

And that is what goes on in *Camus and Sartre*. Whereas most people are moving on and dismissing the 40's and 50's thinkers, Bree is asserting that at least one of them (Camus) has something to say to the world today. And, although she goes about it in a very thoughtful and scrupulous way, that is what she accuses Sartre of having failed to do. She admires Sartre for refusing to stand still, but he jumps on a few too many bandwagons to suit her. Were he to stand and defend a system against the currents of time, he would be a more convincing figure to Miss Bree.

Perhaps the most exciting thing about Germaine Bree is that she is not adamantly academic. She refuses to take philosophical matters out of daily life. They have an immediacy for her which is rarely found. She repeatedly refused to discuss questions with students that were about the "masses." She said that she could not talk about what she did not know, a thought she has taken right from Albert Camus.

She persisted in answering every question, no matter how silly, and usually answering with more import than the original question had probed for. However, she eventually stated that words and thoughts can only carry a person so far.

Like Camus, she stressed the physical aspects of existence as primary. If a man does not have enough to eat, or shelter, how can he begin to be happy. "1200 francs a month and many hours in a factory, and Tristan has nothing more to say to Iseult," she said, quoting Camus. Thus for her, the physical and mental aspects of a man go hand in hand. If the two are separated, then a man is being unfaithful to his basic nature.

But she, like Camus, is not a neo-romantic. She does not take intuitive truth for her watchword. She believes in the power of thought, of using rational means as far as they can go. Although she is careful to acknowledge the limitations of her mind, she does not take that as an excuse to stop thinking. On the contrary, she seems to work harder than ever.

The subtitle of her book is "Crisis and Commitment." This indicates some sense of what her priorities are. The crisis refers specifically to the problems Camus and Sartre had in the early 50's when each had to come to terms with what he had brought from the war years. In World War II, each was committed to the resistance. In the interim and after, however, each was to go his separate way.

Sartre chose to follow his involvement with causes and political action. He proclaimed that the only authentic man was he who was committed to improving his society and fighting the bourgeois life. For him, there was dishonesty where there was no involvement on the purely sociological level. The man who would not hand out pamphlets or man barricades was dishonest to himself and his world.

For Camus, the man who would do these things was just one more version of truth. Camus opted, rightly or wrongly, for the world of letters. He became an artist, a role that would be scorned by Sartre, a man who had deserted the role of man of letters for something more immediately direct. But Camus approaches the whole matter more subtly. To him, a life "committed" to art was just as valid as anything Sartre could do. Indeed, when working on an underground newspaper in the war, Camus is the one who would be noticed talking and associating with the very lower class men who Sartre was telling to throw off the chains. Although Camus was an artist, he was a man who would insist to his death that a man must enjoy the necessities of life -- a place to sleep, food, shoes.

This long digression into the thought of Camus and Sartre is necessary to show how "commitment" works for Miss Bree. Unlike Sartre, who sees it on only one level, as an either-or proposition, she sides with Camus and his view that an artist can be just as committed as a worker for the revolution.

Miss Bree then can be just as committed as a professor as the revolutionist in the street. Her commitment is to thought and the considered life. I am simplifying quite a bit here, but the meaning is clear. Bree is a woman of much sophistication and subtlety. She, too, sees life as commitment, but on many levels.

Thus it is not strange to watch this woman, in her sixties, talking avidly to students about mundane, elementary points that she surely has solved for herself long ago. She is a committed educator. Which does not mean that she has a PhD. and has taught at more than five colleges, (although she has). It means, that she is enamored of life and how to live it.

Our Latest
Musical Score:

DUKE 1

WAKE

FOREST 0

An
Interview
with

DUKE ELLINGTON

by
Tom Phillips

On the evening of October 14th, 1972, you may have been doing any number of things, scholastic or otherwise. You may have been drinking beer at the Tavern, or watching the NBC "Saturday Night at the Movies," or lamenting the afternoon's loss to N.C. State (what else was one to do after a football game this fall, you say). Or, you may have been studying, which immediately sets you apart as being sick, at best, and perverted, at worst. You might also have been showing your parents around campus, and feeling generally embarrassed at having to do so.

But if you weren't doing any of those more important things, you may have been sitting in the Chapel at about 8:15 that night, and if you were, and didn't sneak out by 10 p.m. to "get a soda," then you are fortunate. I feel fortunate. I experienced the Duke Ellington concert. And what a fine evening it was. The music was alternately soft and loud, humble and mighty, divine and devilish. And the Man . . .

The Man on stage so struck my psyche, by his grace, charm, personality, and talent, that I had to pursue him. With tape recorder and photographer in tow, I followed the Man's trail, from dressing room, across Quad, to Reynolda Hall, and finally to WFDD, where this interview was taken. I found out very quickly that you don't really "interview" a man like Duke Ellington. You give him a microphone and hope that he's not too tired to give you even a little sampling of his past and his present. He is at once old and young: old in features, in the saggy eyes that suggest something of a long and glorious past; young in spirit, in his vibrant music and the many thoughts concerning same. Like his music, the Man exhibits a mellowed, seasoned vigor and freshness.

One further thought must be added, to introduce the words of the Man. You might ask -- why an interview with Duke Ellington? And if I thought about that long enough, I could give you many vague and half-serious motives, anywhere from the writer's wish to experience and recreate an experience for the readership, to my own ego, and the sheer thrill of spending a few minutes in conversation with one of the greats in American jazz. I will only suggest, instead, that Duke Ellington is synonymous with jazz, that Duke Ellington has been expressing himself musically for fifty years, and that Duke Ellington might have something to say concerning that musical expression. He is a very witty, articulate, serious man, as the following may help to show.

ON RETIREMENT

Student: You've been doing a lot of gigs over a number of years. Do you ever feel as though you might want to slow down?

Ellington: Oh no, man, nobody ever slows down when they're doing something they want to do. I got into a big fight with a man in Australia about that same question. Seems that this promoter had got this idea to present it as a farewell concert, or something like that. I had to explain to him that people never really retire, because retirement is a category. People never put themselves into categories -- people are put into categories by other people who want to find them in the place they want them to be, if and when they want them.



Duke Ellington: "I live in the realm of Art."

And so that's the way it is -- retirement is a category. For instance, a guy comes along who's been business manager of a firm for years, and up walks the man who heads the firm and says to him: 'John, you know you've done a tremendous job for thirty-five years, man, and we're really gonna take care of you. Here's your watch, and now you just send in your letter of retirement.' Well, they don't care nothing about John; they got their eye on another cat they wanna get, and they wanna catch him before another company gets him, you see. And this is what happens with retirement. Nobody ever stops doing what they really want to do.

You know, I've heard people who'll complain, threaten to quit sometime, to go off on relief. But when they have to go downtown to get the money, they complain, 'you know, I gotta go all the way downtown to get the relief money.' They'll quit sometime, though, you know. Nobody who owns a real job, and is interested in their work, is going to quit. And just going to pick up a relief check is not a very interesting thing to do. There are many hazards, too, you know, in going to pick up free money. Because you're actually changing your position on the wheel. Already you're nothing, and you're enroute to something, and anybody who is enroute to something is in a hazardous position. You're changing places with somebody who might have been something. Like, you

take two people on the wheel, and one guy says, 'You're place on the wheel looks much more attractive than mine-- I want to change with you.' So he goes over, and when he does he says, 'I told you so, I knew I was right.' And he's got a million dollars on the floor, and he stoops over to pat, and when he comes back up, off with his head. You know, how did he know that the chopping block was there?

So, I don't believe in categories. I have an awful lot of trouble with categories.

ON MUSIC -- ROCK, POPULAR, AND IN GENERAL

Student: I noticed an influence of rock tonight, at least in several numbers.

Ellington: Well, again, that's a category, and I don't believe in categories. I think music either sounds good or it doesn't, you know. And what you call it doesn't help it one way or the other. I mean, you can make a clinker when you're playing anything. And music, you know, that becomes terrible popular is a result of campaigning. You know, if you can afford a campaign, like one of the cola companies, or one of the chewing gum companies, or one of the beer companies, you know, well crazy, you're in.



Student: And yet, your music has remained strong, even growing stronger now, for some fifty years.

Ellington: Well, I never look at money -- I live in the realm of Art. I claim to have no monetary interests. Besides, I never analyze my music, I enjoy it. I never take it to the clinic.

ON UPCOMING WORKS, AND THE SACRED CONCERTS

Student: You still do most of the arranging, right?

Ellington: I do it all now. Well, I'm always writing. A couple of months ago, I did a thing for the Jacksonville, Florida, Symphony; they're celebrating their sesquicentennial. And I did "The River," which is a ballet for the American Ballet Company. And of course, you know, there are the sacred concerts, which of course are the most important things we do. I'm in the midst of preparing another one right now, and I haven't decided where we're going to premier. But this is it, I mean, because there's so much to be said. And the religious vehicle is really crowded with people now, of all types of idioms, musical idioms. I have a lot of things to say now, and . . . I want to say them. But this one is *real* crowded up, and you have to clear up a lot of things, you know.

ON AFRICAN MUSIC, AND THE ESSENCE OF WRITING

Student: Are you doing more now of what you want to do, say with the African music?

Ellington: Well we've been doing the African thing for so long now, from as far back as the twenties. You do African music-- at least the reason I've been doing so much African music-- is that I've really been deep into Negro history . . . all the way back. Of course, where I went to school in Washington, D.C., they used to teach Negro history in the eighth grade. Now I hear they're discussing putting it in at the college level, you know.

Student: Do you feel a purpose in writing as much African music as you do?

Ellington: Well, I mean, there's no debate about it, one way or the other. If it presents itself, you have to get it out. If it doesn't present itself . . . ? You don't say, oh gee, soandsoundso, I gotta think of something African. Not that, no. If it presents itself, it has to be done--but it has to present itself. It comes into the mind, or it hangs up from a lamp, just out of reach, and you're never where you can reach it, you know. You just keep snatching at it. So that it all depends upon intent.

RECENT HIGHLIGHTS

Student: Do you have any recent highlights you'd care to share?

Ellington: Well, there're so many now, I mean recently, you know. The University of Wisconsin had a Duke Ellington week, where we played for five days, and they studied the Duke Ellington music, the Duke Ellington history, the Duke Ellington everything. And the people who were studying were given credits. And Yale University now has an Ellington Fellowship. And I was just made an honorary citizen of Knoxville, and given the key to the city. You know, there're so many things, you don't have to reach very far for them. They're always there.

ON HIS INFLUENCE UPON OTHERS; THE WAKE FOREST AUDIENCE, AND CONCLUDING REMARKS

Student: How much do you think your music had influenced others of the Jazz era?

Ellington: Others?! Oh, I wouldn't even dare think of that. I don't like going to court. Going to court takes too much time.

Student: How about the Wake Forest audience?

Ellington: Oh, delightful, wonderful audience--great sensitivity, and tremendous scope. They dug all extremes. And we played quite some extremes tonight.

Student: And the piece at the end?

Ellington: Oh, that's Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom."

Student: It's a very pretty piece.

Ellington: Well, that's Strayhorn.

Student: You haven't lost your touch at piano, after fifty years.

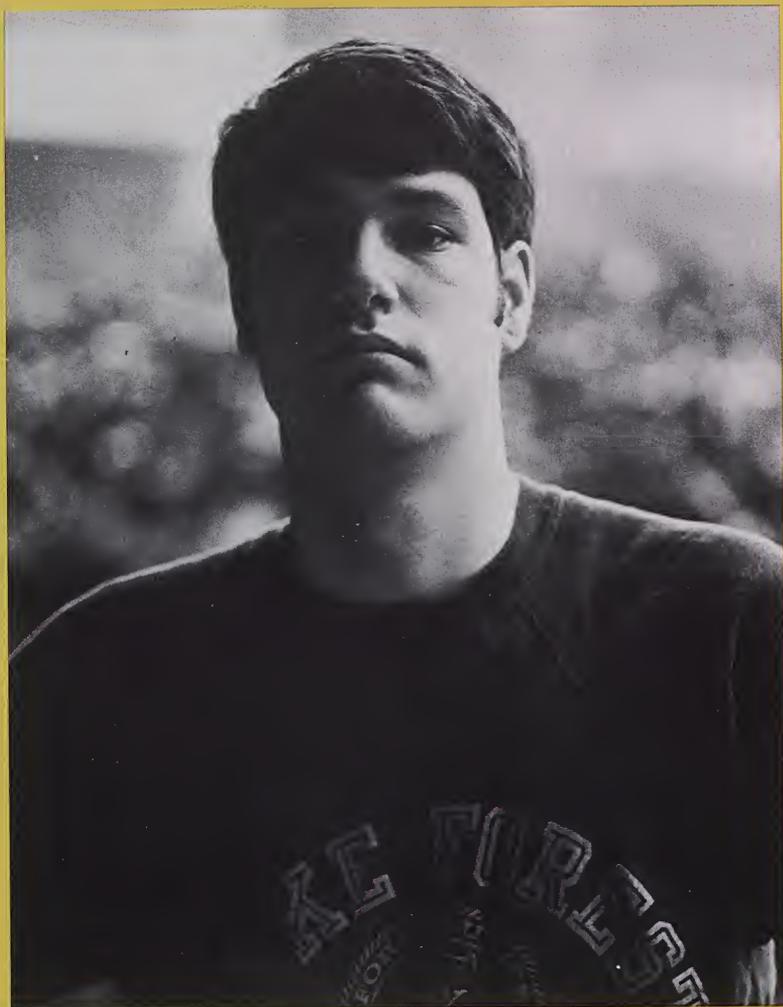
Ellington: Who me?! I haven't taken any lessons yet -- wait 'til I grow up!

Student: Thank you, Mr. Ellington.

Ellington: Okay, baby. And do tell all of your readers that we do love them madly. ■



Winter 1972



PHIL TATE



The Student

Spring 1973



ACCESS



In an age where identity is something that can change by the hour, it is important for us all to have some idea of where we have been and where we are going and what there is in that huge, amorphous blob that we call the real world that we can latch onto and claim as our own.

Access is the key word. Access to heritage, access to the present in all of its slippery emanations and access to the future, that glittering, monstrous projection of our imagination.

In this issue, we have included reviews of two books that tell a lot about this state, articles on this school as community, as business and as educating environment. This is only a start. Without seeming preachy, we hope that the reader will allow what he finds here to stir an interest in what he sees around him and what he can do with it.

The Student

Spring 1973

CONTENTS

Editor:
Susan Nance

Associate Editor:
Dana Dye

Assistant Editors:
Malcolm Jones
Tom Phillipp

Staff Assistants:
Susan Adams
David Baker
Kathy Banks
Jay Banks
Neil Caudle
Fred Hendrix
Mark Hofmann
Amy Huber
Rick Kilgore
Jack McKenzie

Photography:
Michael Hiester
Hobart Jones
Joel Rappoport

Art:
Nancy Castles
Neil Caudle
Amy Huber

Distribution:
BSU

Special Thanks:
Robert Allen

2 Editorials

Student Access:

3 Books on North Carolina

5 A Look at Student Money Availability
by Amy Huber

10 A Look at Off-Campus Housing
by Kathy Banks

14 What to Expect from CHALLENGE '73
by David Baker

20 Half-Told Tales: Four Stories of the Bizarre

38 "The Price"
by Cheryl Stenberg

42 A Profile of Jonathan Williams
by Malcolm Jones

The *Student* is published by the students of Wake Forest University since 1882. Contributions may be brought to our offices, Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247 Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors. The *Student* is printed by Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

EDITORIALS

ON WRITING . . .

Wake Forest constantly astounds us, surrounds us, suffers and entombs us. We are hard pressed to define what it is that keeps us here, for four years. Somewhere, someplace in the back of our minds there must be something beyond the simply "it's as good a place as any." A whole lot better, a whole lot worse, than some, but always a character of its own and for its own. And we fit or do not fit into that mold, but we stay for four years. We for one are puzzled, even intrigued, at dear old Wake Forest.

And we write for her. Or do we? Surely, to a great extent, we write for ourselves. Yet, if we pretend to be a magazine, and wish to create a magazine for Wake Forest and her character, as well as all who fit or do not fit into that character, then we admit to writing for more than just ourselves. More than just the name in print, or the slivers of money that give us next week's beer. So we accept the notion that Wake Forest might like a quarterly collection of who's who and what's what in circles literary, as well as things that contribute to her own well-being and entertainment. We want to make you, Wake Forest, read us, Wake Forest. And in the interests of brotherly love and devotion, we deserve to be read and you deserve something worth reading. We are here doing what we want and perhaps must do. Read us, and let us know, by word, letter, article, essay, fiction, burnings in effigy, exactly what you think. We have directions of our own, but we accept and endorse the fact that, without you, we won't be doing much that is worthy.

SIMOS

Simos is a place where the world of Wake Forest, the world of the truck driver/construction worker, and the world of the Greek meet and mingle — and occasionally collide. The truck drivers and the construction workers have an affectionate condescension for Wake Forest. One burly customer told us about guzzling draft one night with a Wake Forest English professor. "I ast him to name me the eight parts of speech. Just a simple list of all eight of 'em. An' do you know what's the truth? He couldn't do it. He tried and tried. He tried namin' ever' which a way an' he never could get 'em all." At

this point he took a long slow swallow of beer, put his mug down carefully, and said with proud authority, "He left out the interjections."

The conversation is interrupted by raised voices and laughter at the cash register. A young man has just made his third attempt to count out the right amount of change to pay his bill. Finally it is all settled, Pete calls good night, and the flustered fellow stumbles through the door. "A young friend of mine from the university," Pete explains loudly to no one in particular. Our truck driver friend, who has been laughing softly under his breath, mutters, "I could've figured that out by his arithmetic." He gives us a friendly, knowing look, finishes his beer, and strides out.

ROBERT E. LEE

What kind of man are you, Mr. Robert E. Lee, Professor of Law? You are a forthright, honest man. You are, to hear law students say it, the finest professor in the School of Law. You have convictions, and are willing to state those convictions publicly, and in the face of mounting opposition. You defend the present rights of women in the state of North Carolina, saying that passage of the recently defeated Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution would have "deprived women of the rights and advantages that they now hold under N.C. law" (as quoted by Beth Hammond, in *Old Gold and Black*, February 3rd). You are to be admired for adhering to a strict, though not unprogressive reading of the Constitution, and for refusing to bow to the winds of change. You are, at worst, a pleasant anachronism. Mr. Lee, and we salute you for giving Wake Forest one of the last visible vestiges of that "old school" honor and civility.

Why do we salute you? Because you are a quirk of fate, Mr. Lee. You represent that dying breed of classic, purist pursuers of Truth (that with a capital "T"). You don't cow-tow to the whims of these young, up-start pups, these women who don't know when they've got it so good. You, Sir, do not vacillate one nickel from where you stood, philosophically and morally, fifty years ago. You will probably insist that "some of my best friends are women."

ACCESS 1:

BOOKS

Reviews by Dana Dye and Malcolm Jones

THE FOXFIRE BOOK

Edited by Eliot Wigginton

Doubleday and Company. \$3.95. 384 pages

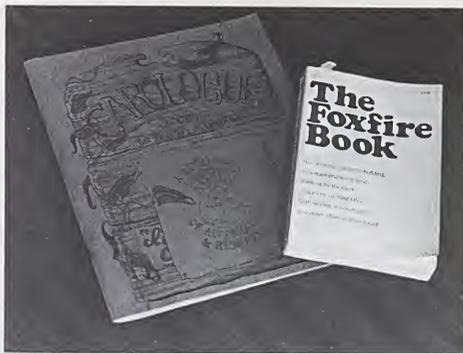
For most of the Twentieth Century, the split rail fences of the Appalachian Mountains have contained a dying culture. Industrial, technocratic, urbanistic America has had no place for either its spirit or its skills. Somewhere along the way, "hillbilly" became synonymous with stupid and in the sixties a Presidential Commission was set up to study Appalachia as a "culturally deprived" area. While Jed Clampett played Uncle Tom to millions of sophisticated suburbanites, newer generations of mountain people left for the city and consciously forgot their individually inglorious backgrounds.

But life is full of reversals and the mountain culture has stubbornly refused to die. A renaissance is in progress and America is now looking to the rugged profiles of the Appalachian Mountains with renewed interest, forgetful of condescension.

In the strong spirit of this renaissance comes *Foxfire*, a book guaranteed to peek your curiosity, steep you in plain, useful information, and more or less cultivate your waning redneck sensibilities (redneck used in its best and most genuine sense).

The *Foxfire* information was harvested from the hills and hollows of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee. Written by area high school journalism students, the book grew out of long, involved conversations with the old people of the mountains. And *Foxfire* introduces some intriguing people, like Aunt Arie ("I've just done anything 'n' ever'thing in my life") Harley Carpenter and Lon Reid. They are "pre-television, pre-automobile, pre-flight individuals who endured and survived the incredible task of total self-sufficiency," and came out of it all with a perspective on ourselves as a country and on life as a thing to be lived that we are not likely to see again. Their spirit is one of strength, self-reliance, humor, and human interdependence.

Besides giving insight into a culture and introducing some unforgettable characters, *Foxfire* provides some pertinent information. The skills it teaches were once basic and essential; now, are less so. The Twentieth Century is indeed here, bellowing like a bull; but "in quieter coves, families still make do with what they have — or do without." *Foxfire* gives detailed instructions on how to skin a "possum, how to cure a hog, how to piece a quilt, how to build a cabin, how to churn butter, how to make soap, and how to get a good run of moonshine. Planting by the signs is dealt with. Food preservation is carefully taught:



"Everyone ought t' learn how to do such as this. One a these days, times might get back hard again, and then what will they do? Nobody not knowin' how t' do nothing. Might have t' live off the land again one day . . . Goin' t' be a lot of hungry people someday."

Home remedies are discussed. For example, the scrapings of a raw white potato will draw the fire out of a burn. Rock candy and whiskey is good for congestion, as is a camphor, lard and onion poultice and swallowing the rendering of a polecat. Ginger tea is good for colds. Stump water is good for warts. Washing in buttermilk will guarantee a good complexion and stepping in fresh cow dung will cure athlete's foot. Of course you must experiment with care. As Molly Green says, home curing is chancy business. "If it hit, it hit; and if it missed, it missed."

Foxfire itself is risky business. A collection of cultural data and legend can be deadly dull as easily as it can be successful. If it hits, it hits; if it misses it misses all the way. *Foxfire* hits. It is a wonderfully interesting book and the credit goes perhaps as much to the culture it catalogues as to its editors.

CAROLOGUE Compiled by Steve Hoffins and Arnie Katz
The Regulator Press. \$2.00 120 pages.

Steve Hoffins and Arnie Katz may not have the guts and poetry of Stewart Brand, who blithely attempted to catalogue the whole Earth, but these two guys have still done a mammoth and successful job of collecting information on all kinds of resources in North Carolina.

Carologue is subtitled, "Access to North Carolina; A Catalogue Directory, Manual of Alternatives and Resources." It may not be as inclusive as the title suggests, but it packs more information about this state into one volume than any other book that I am familiar with.

Everything from aerial photography to Zero Population Growth finds a place. There are lists of the sources of where a woman can be counseled on abortion and lists on the hiking trails and camping clubs in the area.

Although the criticism could be made that the book is oriented towards young people, to my mind, there's sumpin' for evr'body.

As in the *Whole Earth Catalog*, the format mixes straight information about resources with cartoons and quotes drawn from myriad sources.

Throughout the book are samples of "Conchy," a cartoon created by James Childress of the Charlotte News. The strip comments on ecology and various other current topics with a child-like simplicity that is akin to the spirit of the entire book. *Carologue* is admirable for bringing together so many things but more so for its philosophy — the idea that the people of this state can be brought together and do have things in common.

There is an emphasis on heritage and community throughout. Several pages are devoted to listing where recordings of North Carolina folk musicians may be purchased and where music festivals are held throughout the region. In other places in the book, there are lists of books about the state, ranging from *The Mind of the South* by W.J. Cash to *The Foxfire Book*.

But the editors obviously wish to serve the whole person, so there are sections devoted to health food outlets and natural food restaurants, abortion referral services and draft counseling centers. For people with special tastes, there is even a transvestite information service (in Spencer, of all places).

In short, Hoffins and Katz have done a damn fine job of corraling a lot of information about this state, its past and its present, and putting it together for anyone who literally wants to find out where things are at.

They have not shied away from editorializing occasionally, going all out to praise certain places or products or admitting that they are unfamiliar with a source and warning the reader to tread with caution when dealing with a company.

When recommending a book or pamphlet, they often quote apt passages to show what's included and give the interested person a chance to find out for himself.

For example, in the section on the Blank Panthers, a long quote from Larry Little, head of the state chapter, is given to show where the Panthers are now. In the section on the North Carolina School of the Arts, in the large portion devoted to various craft and art schools throughout the state, Robert Ward, president of the school, presents an inclusive letter explaining what the purposes of NCSA are and where the school hopes to go in the future.

In addition to these statements from parties and organizations, there are helpful hints from the editors about what is good in the natural food market or various advice columns on items such as "How to Keep Your Maiden Name . . ."

But it is not the variety, finally, that makes this the good book that it is. It is the spirit of the venture that makes it special. That two men should have the adventurous natures to try to catalogue the resources and alternatives (a very important word for them) of the whole state in one package is a very hopeful sign for the times and for us in North Carolina.

I for one am glad to see people picking up on the idea that Stewart Brand created with the *Whole Earth Catalog*; that is, that people should be familiarized with and have access to the things that surround them. Were it not for the efforts of Hoffins and Katz, I would have no idea that there is a functioning water mill only thirty miles away that mills corn meal and whole wheat flour for cheap rates in a fashion that is several hundred years old.

The notion of a continuing catalogue of North Carolina resources and activities wholly supports the idea of a statewide community where people of all walks of life come together in heritage and activity. ■

THE FORMAL

Wearing period costumes
Plays are produced
thrown-together
sloppy
Parades formed
joined
led.

All my Friends have capitol letters in their names

by Doug Jobes



HOW TO RIP-OFF YOUR SCHOOL

by Amy Huber

A study of the ways and means to get what to do which with whom.

Throughout the ages, money has been a prime mover of forces. Despite the efforts by various philosophers to sneer at, deny, trample on, and deface the importance of money in Western society, there is still truth in the old saw, "Money is very nice . . . when you don't have it." The verity of this ancient saying is being proven (alas) by college students, too many of whom are in attendance here at Wake Forest (alas again). So, for those of you who have not the privilege to toil not, the questions arise: Where can I get money, and what will I have to do in return?

I. SCHOLARSHIPS AND LOANS

The paths to economic solvency at WFU are many and varied. The most widely travelled of these paths are the corridors of Reynolda Hall which lead to the Admissions and Personnel Offices, those arbiters of scholarships and loans, and on- and off-campus jobs, respectively.

The Admissions Office handles thirty-six different

scholarship and ten different loan programs, each with specific requirements for obtaining the funds. The great prize of the WFU scholarships is the Carswell— the only scholarship in which need is not a basic factor. In spite of its high requirements (a high q.p.r. and expected extracurricular activities), the cash benefits of the Carswell make it most attractive. The Admissions Office usually names approximately ten upperclassmen newcomers each year to the ranks of Carswell recipients, as well as the more numerous entering freshmen. Another much sought-after scholarship is the Hankins, which, like other need scholarships, is awarded on the basis of need and academic ability. For the latter scholarship, extracurricular activities are not considered.

Among the many lesser-known scholarships (check the catalogue for the endless list of selected, often unused aid sources) is one interesting, if small, benefit for student wives. This mini-money is awarded to the wife of a full-time student (she herself must also be enrolled) on the basis of need. (So good luck, girls!)

CARSWELL SCHOLARSHIP

Amount: Minimum: \$1000; maximum: full expenses.

Basis of Award: Superior academic achievement, some extra curricular contributions to University.

Description: Awarded solely on basis of merit; in excess of \$1000 stipend based on extra need. Approximately fifteen scholarships offered each year to upperclassmen. Minimum q.p.r. recommended for consideration in upperclass years— 3.3.

Who to see: Messers Starling and Mackie, Admissions Office.

How to apply: Secure application and Parent's Confidential Statement from Admissions Office, return both between April 1st and May 1st, for following academic year. Awarded in late summer or early fall of next term.

HANKINS SCHOLARSHIP

Amount: Minimum: honorary; maximum: full expenses.

Basis of Award: Good academic record and evidence of need. Preference to students from Davidson County, N.C.

Description: "The most competitive need scholarship at WFU." Average of ten upperclassmen chosen per year. Minimum q.p.r. recommended for consideration in upperclass years— 2.8

Who to see: Admissions Office

How to apply: (same as for Carswell)

STUDENT WIVES SCHOLARSHIPS

Amount: Usually \$250 per year.

Basis of Award: Need, some academic considerations.

Description: Awarded to wives of full-time students; must also be full-time. Wake Forest housing not a prerequisite.

Who to see: Admissions Office

How to apply: (same as other scholarships)

Aside from scholarships, the Admissions Office has charge of loan funds. Of all students in some loan program at Wake Forest, the majority, according to William Mackie, Associate Director of Financial Aid, are in either the National Defense Student Loan Fund or the Guaranteed Insurance Loan Fund. The NDLF (which hopefully will survive the proposed Nixon administration budget cuts) carries no interest for an undergraduate student and 3% for a graduate student; the GLF carries a 7% interest rate, but the federal government will pay that 7% for qualified students (check with the Admissions Office for details). For the rest of the various loan funds available at or through Wake Forest, interest rates vary from 3% to 7%, so students applying for loans should be sure to find out the interest rates before jumping into a program.

II. WORK AND STUDY GRANTS, ON- AND OFF-CAMPUS JOBS

If you are not studious (who is?), or prefer not to engage in those "pressures" associated with obtaining and keeping an academic scholarship, perhaps the old hard-earned paycheck might interest you. Wake Forest also offers a great number of on-campus jobs and work grants, as well as a Placement Office

offering ties with city employers, and a little bit of time and effort a week might well be just what the doctor or your own personal wishes ordered.

For those of you with better-than-average vocal chords, and who like to use them, the Wake Forest Baptist Church and the University jointly sponsor Choir work grants, wherein, by one practice on Wednesday nights and one performance on Sunday morning, students can earn up to \$300 a year. With a minimum of effort (albeit a maximum of ability) a student can enjoy music, get to Church once a week, and gain financial remuneration for it, too. New applicants are warned, however, that the directors of this program strictly enforce the signed contract; anyone absent from practice or Sunday service without an excuse (that is, a work-grant student who is absent without first notifying the director and finding a substitute member for his absence) will be relieved of his duties, as well as money. But if you enjoy singing, *excelsior!*

One of the lesser-known places to find work is in the College Union office in Reynolda Hall. In a federally-supported work/study program, the C.U. is able to offer approximately ten positions as custodians of the East Lounge to students in need of money. At present, the majority

GENERAL SCHOLARSHIPS

Amount: Generally, Minimum: \$250; Maximum: \$800, more depending on need.

Basis of Award: Need, particular area of achievement, meeting of specific scholarships criteria.

Description: Include the many "minor" scholarships and bequests and general allotment of financial aid by the University. Minimum q.p.r. recommended for consideration-2.0.

Who to see and (same as for Carswell)

How to apply:

GUARANTEED INSURANCE LOAN FUND;

Other Loan Funds

Amount: Varies with individual program.

Basis of Award: Need, adequate standing as full-time or part-time student.

Description: Includes GILF, with maximum 7.0% interest rate, and other Bank and Service Loans, payable at contract rates with varying degrees of interest.

Who to see: Admissions Office, Wachovia Bank (on campus), any full-service bank in Winston-Salem or home town.

How to apply: (same as for scholarships; see also various banks)

CHURCH CHOIR WORK GRANTS

Amount: \$300 per year; paid on hourly basis, 1½ hours each Wednesday night and Sunday morning.

Basis of Award: Sufficient interest in choral music; necessary voice qualifications.

Description: Fifteen (15) contracts awarded per year; open primarily to Music and voice students, but available to anyone who qualifies. Attendance prerequisite.

Who to see: Charles Smith, Donald Hoirup (Spring, 1973) in Music Dept.

How to apply: Secure audition.

of these jobs are filled; the reshufflings of a new semester may have provided some openings, however, and the C.U. people are very willing for someone to come by and apply. While there's life, there's money.

Reynolda Hall also houses the offices of ARA Slater (better known to most as the mysterious management of Slater's many Craters). The Slater enterprise, presided over by Douglas McCallie, annually dispenses jobs to about forty-five students, who are employed in the kitchen, the snack shop, the Magnolia Room, and, occasionally, the Slater accounting office. Students applying to Mr. McCallie for a job must fill out Slater and Social Security forms, and must conform to established dress codes while on duty. Wages are figured by the hour (not more than twenty hours per week is suggested for a full-time student) and average between \$1.60 and \$1.90 per hour. In addition to the badly needed monthly check, students get reduced rates for food served by the Slater function in which they work. Mr. McCallie praises student employees, saying that the average student "is a better calibre person than could normally be gotten outside." So for a chance to earn your bread, eat it too, and see a lot of otherwise unknown campus people, check by the Slater offices and enroll!

Bread-money may also be found in many of the individual departments on campus, two of the largest categories being math-related and lab jobs. Math-related jobs fall into three categories: student assistants, computer lab assistants, and tutors. Student assistants, who grade tests, oversee lab sessions, and otherwise aid professors, are paid by the hour, (\$1.60 to \$1.75 per hour), as are computer lab assistants (who are paid \$2.00 per hour). Tutors, who may be employed downtown, on campus, or in one of the local high schools,icker out their method of payment with their employers. Prospective lab and student assistants usually must apply in person for a position; possible tutors are often recommended by professors or are picked from a sign-up list which is passed around the appropriate classes.

Lab jobs are also divisible into three categories: teaching assistants (which corresponds to the math department's "student assistant"); research assistants, who aid professors in research projects (very few of these); and "menial" workers, who wash bottles, scrub beakers, and so forth. Pay varies from \$1.60 to \$2.00 per hour, and there is no set application procedure; the easiest way is just to go to the professor and ask! (This suggestion can apply to job-hunting in any department on campus.)

GENERAL WORK AND WORK-STUDY GRANTS

- Amount:* Varies; usually \$1.60 per hour minimum (\$.10 per hour per semester raise for C.U. Reynolda Hall work grants).
- Basis of Award:* Job availability; need (in some cases).
- Description:* Various Department jobs, Lab jobs, C.U. job placements, Dorm Desk Monitors, Library Assistants.
- Who to see:* Admissions Office, C.U. Director, Department Heads, Dorm House Mothers, etc.
- How to apply:* Student's initiative in asking at various places.

PERSONNEL OFFICE

- Amount:* Varies with job.
- Basis of Award:* Student's skills as correspond to employer needs.
- Description:* Several on-campus and many off-campus jobs. Pay scale from \$1.60 to \$2.25 per hour; for off-campus, transportation responsibility of student.
- Who to see:* John F. Reed, Joseph Brumbrey, Personnel Office (Room 120, Reynolda Hall).
- How to apply:* Fill out forms in office; check by often.

NATIONAL DEFENSE LOANS (let us pray)

- Amount:* Up to \$1500 per year.
- Basis of Award:* Need (with special consideration to above-average academic records).
- Description:* Interest rates: 0.0% for undergraduates; 3.0% for graduate students.
- Who to see:* William Mackie, Admissions Office
- How to apply:* (same as for scholarships)

A place much frequented by money-starved students is the Personnel Office, which distributes available jobs on and off campus to students having the necessary skills. A student applying to the Personnel Office is asked to fill out a form (Phone number, hours available, previous jobs, skills, etc.); if a suitable job opens up, the applicant will be notified. According to Col. John Reed, who, along with Mr. Joseph Brumbrey, presides over this facet of the Personnel Office, many of the on-campus jobs which they fill are located in the library, due to the fact that many jobs elsewhere on campus are filled by students who go directly to the department or agency involved. Off-campus jobs, which usually pay a little better than those on campus, are likely to be scattered throughout the city, in shopping centers, offices, or private homes. These off-campus jobs have two drawbacks: first, that the employer expects the student to work most of the year, while the student involved may wish to leave during a holiday; second, that the student must furnish his own transportation to and from work. (One tip from Mr. Brumbrey: students who are on the Personnel Office's files should check by often. With the great number of job possibilities that the Personnel Office handles every day, one opening is easy to overlook.)

III. INCENTIVE FUNDS, ACADEMIC PROJECT STIPENDS

There is a third area of available money for Wake Forest students, and it is one which, by design or by neglect, has been underpublicized by the people in a position to give the money and overlooked by many students and faculty members who could be benefitting from these sources. Programs such as the Men's Residence Council Incentive Fund, the Winter Term fund allocations, and even Student Government, all provide for fund availability for student projects of an academic nature. If you have seen a student film, or know someone who did independent study for a Winter Term through some funds drawn from an "invisible" source, chances are that person got it through one of the above organizations. The funds are limited—hence the directors' reluctance, perhaps, to publicize more. But such funds should also be a source of pride to the University and an open place of reference for project undertakers. If you don't know about them—read on!

The MRC Incentive Fund has, annually, some \$2600 from the University which it sets aside for student and faculty projects on campus. Often a great portion of this money is not used, and must be returned at the end of the academic year.

MRC INCENTIVE FUND

- Amount:** Varies with projects accepted.
- Basis of Award:** Evaluation of individual or group request; must contribute or benefit WFU community in some way.
- Description:** Funds available—\$2600 set aside each year for requests. For projects and independent studies, etc.
- Who to see:** Mike Maxey, MRC.
- How to apply:** Submit general description, tentative timetable or project, itemized budget and details. Go before MRC Fund Board for interview.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT FUNDS

- Amount:** Varies.
- Basis of Award:** Extraordinary evidence of need by an organization or group on campus.
- Description:** Funds available through action of legislature for projects of campus interest; legislature final authority on allocations.
- Who to see:** SG Officers
- How to apply:** Inquire into feasibility of obtaining funds. Have full project description, timetable, and budget outlined.

MONEY CONTACTS

Admissions Office	Mr. Starling	Ext. 207, 208
	Mr. Mackie	
Personnel Office	Mr. Brumbrey	Ext. 243
ARA Slater	Mr. McCallie	Ext. 225
CU Office	Mr. Manny Cunard	Ext. 432
Student Government	Marylou Cooper	Ext. 466, 269
	Frank Dew	
Church Choir Director	Mr. Charles Smith	Ext. 250
	Mr. Donald Hoirup	
Department Heads	Chairmen	

For this program, as for all under this type of academic incentive money availability, the MRC requires that a written statement of purpose and an itemized budget of cost requested be submitted to the Fund committee. It is a great opportunity for students who have interesting projects and need to get the money to get those projects going, and the MRC hopes that, through this and other publicity, they can have their University allotment increased and have it all depleted each year.

A second fund program offered to students is the Winter Term Fund, headed by Dr. Donald Schoonmaker, which each year has \$2,500 for student projects during the month of January. A major stipulation for receiving aid is planned, well-directed programs for a person's projects, and the committee also stipulates, in receiving the money from the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, that approximately three-fourths of that \$2,500 go for on-campus projects. But whether your plans for next January call for on- or off-campus experiences, this committee can be very helpful. Dr. Schoonmaker also accepts the applications, so see him for specifics. It's never too early, too!

Finally, having exhausted all avenues of obtaining money for a project of this type, you might go to the Student Government, and you might get some or all of the money you need. Frank Dew, SG Vice-President, suggests that students needing money for any academic reason consult the other funds available before coming to SG, since the student legislature has, in the past, only rarely voted for expenditures of this type. But the money is there, and can be gotten if a student has an unusual circumstance or problem in getting funds.

So Wake Forest does take care of its own! There are plenty of opportunities, for the student who wants to expend a little effort, for jobs or scholarships or loans to help you get through college or even have fun while you're here. It is best, in these hard times of economic controls and spiraling inflation, not to be constrained by conventional ideas of "work." Explore! The difference between car and no car, stereo and no stereo, date and no date, lies a lot closer than you might think. Money can be found in the oddest of corners! Until then, *ciao* for now . . . see you at the Country Club. ■

WINE, WOMEN, AND UTILITIES

A study of off-campus living.

by Kathy Banks



If you find dorm life stimulating, free of worries, fun and adequate in privacy, then the idea of living off-campus will be wholly irrelevant to your life and your world as you know it at Wake Forest.

If, however, you're tired of running into people every step you take, sick of cafeteria food, and weary of having a "big brother" watching you night in and night out; and if you feel your mind reaching the breaking point unless you find some escape from the four walls of your dorm room; then perhaps you can find some solace here.

More and more students are finding a respite from university life by moving off-campus. If you're a guy, there are no regulations binding you to live on campus unless you've already signed a room contract (in which case you may have to forfeit your money if you move in the middle of the year). For girls, however, spending your freshman year in the dorms is included in your contract. Beyond that, though, you are free to go wherever you please. Parental permission for girls under the age of 21 has been obligatory, but with the legal age lowered to 18, even that rule can be challenged. The only real "red tape" is that both men and women must get approval from their prospective dean.

If you're married, of course, or else planning to join the ranks of couples living in matrimonial bliss, the question is not HOW to live off campus, but WHERE to live without falling into the depths of poverty. Let's face it, Man and Woman do not live by love alone, and some people seem to have all the luck in finding a garage apartment on Faculty Drive or a house or apartment for rent within walking distance as well as within a reasonable financial range. If you do not fall into this



category of disgusting Fortunates, then you might have to look into the possibility of finding a place in the Wake Forest Trailer Park, or — Heaven forbid! — even the Student Apartments. Despite all the night-marish tales you have heard about the latter, it is indeed possible to survive there if you can afford a set of earplugs and if you are not extremely fat, as this might limit your ability to turn around inside.

Where do you begin looking for a place? Unfortunately, Winston-Salem is not blessed with an abundance of reasonably-priced dwellings close to Wake Forest. If you have no idea as to where to start looking, the Housing Office has a bulletin board on which some available opportunities are posted. There is also the newspaper and the Yellow Pages. Yet if you're not familiar with the city, it's difficult to look at a list of apartments and decide which one is for you.

Manny Cunard, Assistant Dean of Men, is the first to admit that there is indeed a problem in making housing lists available to the students. He also points out that, with dormitories becoming increasingly overcrowded, the off-campus housing situation is inadequate. Hopefully in the near future, there will be a listing of available off-campus housing for the use of students.

The best "bargain" so far seems to be Greenway Apartments, which has become almost a part of the Wake Forest campus. If you've wondered whatever became of old What's-His-Name who was supposed to room with you this year but who now shows up on campus only for classes (and perhaps infrequently for those), chances are that you will find him tucked away somewhere in the hallowed halls of Greenway.

A two-bedroom apartment with kitchen, bath, and good-sized living room at Greenway can be rented for \$69.88 per month. In addition to that, of course, you will have to pay for utilities and phone and food. And, it will be up to you to fix your own meals and keep the place livable and get yourself to school every day via bicycle, auto, legs, or thumb. While Greenway is not known for its aesthetic beauty, it has, unfortunately, become somewhat known for its drug problem (although this need not affect you). The section of town where Greenway is located may have scared some prospective residents away, but it seems to be quite safe, especially with all the students there; and it is not so far from campus that you have to get up with the birds to make it to a 9:00 class.

Greenway seems to agree with most off-campus students who can't afford to put a great deal of money into a place. Of course, there are countless numbers of other, more expensive apartments which could be reasonable if you packed enough people into them to lower the cost per person. This, however, would probably defeat the whole purpose of your moving out of the dormitories.

There's always the possibility of finding a low-rent house somewhere which would be both cheap and adequate for a good number of people. Covenant House, located on West End Boulevard, has successfully established the "home" atmosphere to which this type of housing lends itself. Comprised of five men and three women along with a faculty sponsor, Covenant House was started by the Campus Ministry four years ago as an experiment in co-ed living wherein each member would devote a certain number of hours per week to community services (i.e., underprivileged children programs,

enrichment programs and the like). While the Campus Ministry, due to new projects, is no longer sponsoring the house, it has been effectively maintained this year.

One great advantage to living with a group of people is that food can be bought in quantity, and thus very cheaply per person. Cost is low for the individual in terms of utilities and rent, too. In addition to financial advantages, there are personal ones in that you can have your own "territory" and privacy, and still have other students around if you feel sociable.

Covenant House is 3½ miles from the campus, and transportation can be a problem if you're without a car and the lazy type who doesn't relish the thought of brisk morning air in your face on a hike or bike-ride to school. Yet, there is a definite satisfaction in being able to "get away from it all" when you come home instead of abiding in the same college atmosphere 24 hours a day.

For you single students, a dormitory may be looking more and more like a resort motel. Why, with all the hassle involved, do people leave the comfortable, protective wing of dear WFU? Perhaps the question answers itself — students living off-campus seem to find that comfort and protection rather stifling in their development as mature adults.

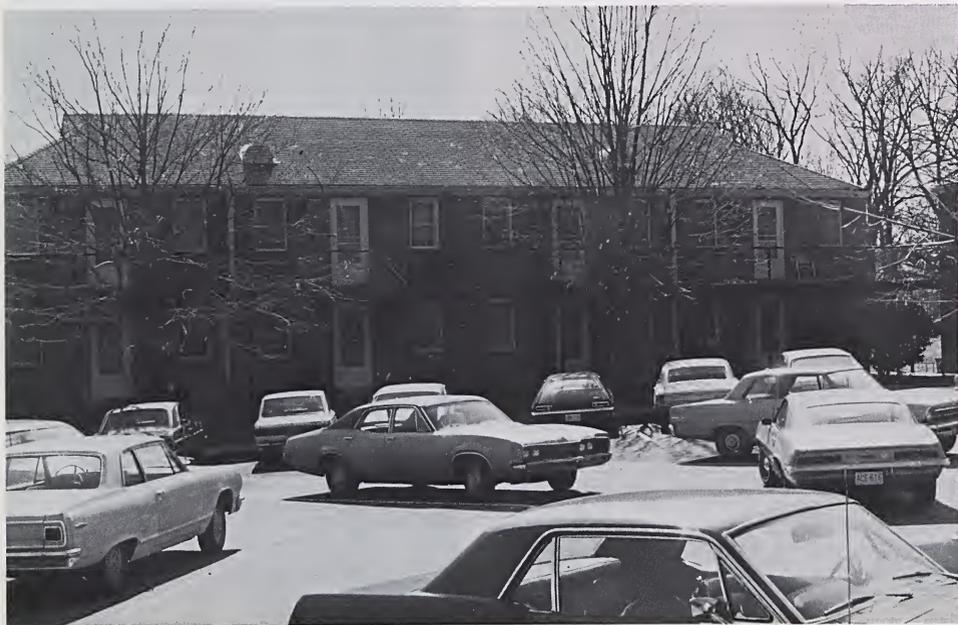
PRIVACY. Does that word ring a bell in the memory bank of you dorm-dwellers? Maybe you've lived so long without it that you think of it as a futile issue like intervisitation. Have you ever found your psyche rebelling at the constant barrage of greetings and smiles which you both receive and bestow hundreds of times a day?

While most off-campus residents agree that spending a year or two on campus is a good experience in mutual cooperation as well as the easiest way to meet people and become established as full-fledged students, they also agree that enough is enough! Moving off-campus does not automatically result in alienation from all your activities. In fact, you might even find yourself accomplishing more during those hours you are on campus, since you no longer have "home" only a few steps away. It can be a temptation to hide yourself away when you live on campus, simply because it's so convenient. Living off-campus might limit the number of your new student acquaintances, but, on the other hand, it will probably increase your acquaintances and experiences in the community.

Wake Forest, or any college campus, can tend to be a world in itself. In a city like Winston-Salem which is not especially geared to students, a campus can be a self-contained unit from which one need never stray. This can be very satisfying at times, but highly confining at others.

As for studying, off-campus life will provide the perfect opportunity for practicing self-discipline. You have to budget your time between home and school and possibly job obligations.

Evidently, students living off-campus by choice are pleased with the results. There are over 400 enrolled Day Student men, while only 25 women have chosen to make their homes outside the dorms. Dean of Women Lu Leake is quite agreeable to off-campus living, and Manny Cunard thinks "it's the healthiest thing a student can do. It opens his mind to so many more things."



None of the Day Students who have experienced Dorm life seem eager to return. "I won't go back unless I have to," said a Covenant House member.

The most pertinent advantage to living off-campus is simply that "It's easier to be yourself."

Housing for married students is made available by the university. The most notorious of the two possibilities is the Student Apartments complex. If you have never seen the Student Apartments, simply go up Faculty Drive towards Polo Road. The first apartments you come to will look quite attractive and nicely landscaped. Those are the Faculty Apartments. When you finally approach two rather homely brick U-shaped complexes with parking lots in the center, you will have found the Student Apartments.

On the plus side, the Student Apartments ARE reasonable, even when considering the increase in rent this year from \$60.00 to \$70.00 a month (they gave everybody a new refrigerator, even if they didn't need one.) The apartments are comprised of three rooms: A living-dining-kitchen room, one (super-) small bedroom and one (medium-) small bedroom, plus bath. Appliances and hot water heater are included. Also, there is a laundry house located between the two complexes along with clotheslines. A small fenced in playground for children is available, although fitting even one child and two adults into a student apartment would be pretty tight.

The two biggest gripes about these apartments are lack of space, and noise. The walls between them are astonishingly thin. Without ever having met his neighbors, one resident could tell me that the people below him love to watch soap operas, and the people next door have a pencil sharpener and an unbelievable number of dull pencils. Some residents actually know their neighbors intimately without even being introduced.

A downstairs apartment is noisier because every move made upstairs can be thunderingly heard, and the living room has pipes coming down the wall because of the upstairs radiator. It is, however, warmer in winter and cooler in summer than an upstairs place. And the radiators in some upstairs apartments rattle if you come too close to them.

In other words, the student apartments do have variety.

Other lesser problems are the traffic on Faculty Drive and the lack of trees between A and B buildings, which gives you a tenement-house view outside your bedroom window if you face the other building.

There are, in spite of the problems, definite advantages to living in the student apartments. Location, low rent, and a sense of privacy. Also, by being practically on the campus, there are fields for sports and picnics and walks.

"I like it," noted a resident of the Student Apartments. "My God, it's BAD . . . but it's HOME."

If the Student Apartments don't meet your needs, there is always the Wake Forest Trailer Park. The Trailer Park has a community-type atmosphere, including its own mayor. Rules and regulations regarding pets and other relevant items are determined by the residents. Living in a trailer is more "like a home," perhaps, than living in an apartment, in that you can have your own yard and mailbox and driveway, and there is no one living on the other side of your bedroom wall.



Also, it's cheap. Renting a space in the trailer area costs only \$10.00 a month including water and sewer. You have to buy the trailer initially, but it can be sold at a good price when you leave, especially if you sell it there in the park. (The only resulting problem from this practice is that some of the trailers are as old as the campus.) Thus, provided you sell your trailer immediately upon graduation, you could conceivably be out only the \$10.00 a month, plus utility costs. There are laundry facilities and a children's play area here, too.

Naturally a trailer, like any apartment, can get to be a bit cramped after awhile. The atmosphere and the convenient location, however, seem to compensate for this.

If you do plan to live off-campus next year, it is never too early to start looking or to put in your word. Greenway, the Student Apartments, and the Trailer Park usually have waiting lists.

There simply is no ideal off-campus housing for students, but the minor sacrifices you may have to make will be well worth the effort. You can still be a part of Wake Forest without being here around the clock, and perhaps you will find yourself a part of much more than the "small world" of the University.

UP AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY

A Look at CHALLENGE '73

by David Baker

Wake Forest gets a unique opportunity to assess herself as an institution of higher education.



Walt Townshend and Joe Milner

A Wake Forest professor has been quoted as saying that "(Wake Forest is) a second-rate University following a first-rate— always to be behind." The important point, in attempting to refute or defend that statement, is not to be found in a quantitative ranking of one institution against another, but in a qualitative assessment of one institution, Wake Forest, against herself— against her past and her future. The statement suggests an identity crisis for Wake Forest— an identity crisis reflective of a general lack of definition and direction among institutions of higher education in America today.

Thus the reason for Challenge '73, which begins on Thursday, March 22nd, and continues through Monday, March 26th. The Challenges of the past have been a time for cut classes, late sleep-ins, parties, and poorly attended lectures, but this year's directions, with their theme, "Crisis in Higher Education," have tried to direct the program as much at Wake Forest as at education in general.

Students Walt Townshend and Dori English and faculty adviser Joe Milner, this year's program leaders, recognize well the one glaring problem of Challenges of the past— the inability to motivate because of a scope too broad and all-encompassing. The heritage, at least on paper, has been firmly established: Challenge '65 brought Hodding Carter III, Joan Baez, and James Farmer for an in-depth study of the emerging Negro life-style in America; Challenge '67 found Dick Gregory, William Proxmire, George Lincoln Rockwell, and Norman Thomas in often heated debate concerning the future of the American economic system; Challenge '69 had

"Publish or perish is the prevailing motto, and a squirrel-headed idiotic one it is, too."

Max Rafferty — *On Education*

"In the face of many intelligent and respected statements on the subject of 'spontaneous' and 'ecstatic' education, the simple truth is that you do not learn calculus, biochemistry, physics, Latin grammar, mathematical logic, Constitutional law, brain surgery, or hydraulic engineering in the same organic fashion that you learn to walk and talk and breathe and make love. Months and years of long, involved, and — let us be quite honest — sometimes non-utopian labor in the acquisition of a single unit of complex and intricate knowledge go into the expertise that makes for power in this nation. The poor and black cannot survive the technological nightmare of the next ten years if they do not have this expertise."

Jqnathan Kozol
from *Saturday Review* March 4, 1972

"Learning can be enjoyable if it is humanized. What's more, learning which retains the human element is much more revelant to live. The intellectual must be coupled with the emotional if behavior is to retail a human quality."

Learning to Feel — Feeling to Learn
Harold C. Lyon, Jr.

Edmund Muskie, Michael Harrington, Saul Alinsky, and Chester Hartman in a discussion of the nation's urban crisis; and Challenge '71 led Ralph Nader, Rene Dubos, and numerous other environmental leaders into a discussion of the problems and possible solutions to the eco-crisis. But the real challenge—the challenge to Wake Forest and Winston-Salem to respond—has not been met; the large sums of money spent have rarely left any permanent signs of change or awareness leading to change.

As Townshend believes: "Many students leave this University apparently satisfied with their educations, although for four years they have declared, and rightly so, their knowledge of a 'good' teacher and a 'bad' one. They come with the desire to obtain a superior liberal arts education, but will they know, when they graduate, what a liberal arts education is, and whether it has been superior or not?"

With the emphasis, then, of making this Challenge speak, first, to the problems and possible solutions of the national crisis, and then to the potential problem-solving as related specifically to Wake Forest, Townshend and Milner have

sought to place Wake Forest squarely in the center of the five days of lectures, debates, and discussions. They seek more than a merely implied process of understanding; they seek a direct relationship of thought and action. Again, Townshend: "(The Symposium) will provide an opportunity for the entire University to corporately examine (the various aspects of) our education process: the nature of the liberal arts, the development of teaching, the examination of curricula, the evaluation of professors, the examination of admission procedures, the needs of minority groups, and the need for Wake Forest to accept the role of leader instead of follower."

The directors hope to increase student, faculty, administration, and even city resident participation, by many informal discussions, New Dorm and Reynolda Hall action-reaction sessions, debates, and the inclusion of many administrative personnel on all levels of the Series. The key to success (especially long-term success), however, may rely on the abilities of the guest speakers to motivate the campus, and Townshend and Milner have secured several nationally renowned authorities to aid in that motivation:

CHALLENGE '73: Scheduled Events

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1973

Morning Session: A University Reunion

Time: 10:45 a.m.

Place: Wait Chapel

Opening Remarks: Walt Townshend

Director, CHALLENGE '73

Speakers: Dr. James Ralph Scales
"Wake Forest: An Identity Crisis?"
Dr. Max Rafferty
Let's Shape Up Our Universities"

Questions: Wake Forest Community in Dialogue

Afternoon Session: Panel Discussion

Time: 2:30-4:00 p.m.

Place: Reynolda Hall Lounge

Discussion: "What Shall Wake Forest Be?"

Dr. Kenneth Eble — moderator;
students urged to attend

Evening Session

Time: 8:00 p.m.

Place: Wait Chapel

Speaker: Dr. Charles V. Hamilton
"Education in Black and White"

Reception following

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1973

Afternoon Session

Time: 2:00 p.m.

Place: On the Quad
(Inclement weather — New Dorm Lounge)

Speaker: Dr. Harold C. Lyon, Jr.
"Learning to Feel — Feeling to Learn"

The University Board of Visitors will be our special guests.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1973

With much scheduling difficulty, we have acquired for the entire day much sunshine, a slight breeze, and 75° weather. Attendance required.

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1973

Afternoon Session: Informal Discussion

Time: 2:30-4:00 p.m.

Place: Reynolda House

Discussion: With Mr. Jonathan Kozol
(A Time for Candor)

Evening Session

Time: 8:00 p.m.

Place: Wait Chapel

Speaker: Jonathan Kozol
"What Can A Liberal Education Mean?"

Reception Following

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1973

Evening Session

Time: 8:00 p.m.

Place: DeTamble Auditorium

Debate: Mr. Donald Barr
"Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?"

Mr. Aaron Stern
"Total Educational Immersion Process and
Its Promise"

Reception following.

DR. KENNETH EBLE — moderator for the Symposium. He is an English professor at the University of Utah, and a liaison to college campuses for the American Association of University Professors. Eble has, in the past, evaluated individual colleges for the A.A.U.P., and he is a knowledgeable and articulate voice for increased emphasis on teacher evaluation and the like.

DONALD BARR — author of the controversial *Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?*. He is a leading advocate of a more restrained and “purist” theory of education. His conservative theories will challenge both fellow speakers (he is scheduled in a debate with some of the other guest lecturers) and students to examine their own concepts and precepts about the role of education and, specifically, the role of the college in modern America.

HAROLD C. LYON — author of the highly regarded *Learning to Feel — Feeling to Learn*. He is very progressive and favors a relaxed, humanistic, “human potential movement” approach to education.

CHARLES HAMILTON — co-authored, with Stokely Carmichael, *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation*. A professor of Urban Studies at Columbia University, he will serve as chief spokesman for black problems of education in America.

AARON STERN — pioneer of an experimental program, in which 2000 children across the country are being specially taught under Stern’s “total commitment to the child” concept. He authored “The Making of a Genius,” the story of his daughter and how, through his methods, she became an instructor in abstract math at 15 and received her doctorate at 18 from Michigan State University.

JONATHAN KOZOL — the famous, forward-thinking author of *Death at an Early Age* and *Free Schools*. He is considered an expert on minority problems in this country, as well as on the “liberal arts” concept and what it can and cannot do to help the crisis in education.

These men will be on campus for most of the five days — some will even be here before the Thursday opening speeches. They will be visiting classrooms, visiting students, teachers, administrators — some will even be living on campus for all the five days. Through such “total” participation, Townshend hopes that students will (1) begin to understand the problems of all higher education, (2) consider those problems in relation to Wake Forest, and (3) begin examining the ways of working at Wake Forest, towards alleviating those problems, those blockades to a more open, enlivened format of education.

It is a great challenge, indeed. But it can be met with the presence of such interesting, enlightening experts, here at Wake Forest and studying, along with all of us, what Wake Forest is and hopefully can and will be. As Joe Milner says, “Challenge has the potential for offering the campus community an opportunity for self-definition. I would hope



Dr. Max Rafferty

DR. MAX RAFFERTY — featured speaker at Thursday, March 22nd opening convocation. Rafferty may well be the most controversial, yet respected educator in America in the last thirty years. He has authored best-seller books, served as Superintendent of Education for the State of California, and, most recently, headed the Department of Education at Troy State University in Alabama. He should sufficiently inspire a lot of people to react more seriously to this Challenge than those of the past.

that these few days might serve as a time in which many segments of the University will come together to make better sense of what we have been in the past, are now, and shall seek for ourselves in the future . . . that the creation of a special time for this undertaking, together with the new prospective brought to our task by men of good vision from other worlds, will make our attempts fruitful.”

It is unrealistic to assume that five days of Challenge will alter the face and direction of Wake Forest. It is both essential and inspirational to hope that, from months of planning by Townshend, Milner, and others, from stimulating and provocative discussion by Kozol, Eble, and the rest — from five days of incisive thinking and debating — a mood, a spirit of concerned and enacted introspection, will come to Wake Forest and see her more securely and prudently into the years ahead. ■

BOOGIE WOOGIE ART SHOW IN D-MINOR

by Charles Whitley

Bong, Bong, Bong
And the soothsayer slides through the
Slick, slimey, soil surrounding a soul.
Hello.

Hoochie-Coochie women riding high on the plains
Set the stage for the beginning of the drool
As the peons are carted in
For the last performance.

Henry Higgins must still be crying
Because he couldn't play god
For James Dean.

Swanee how I'd love you
If I knew just where you were.
He thought while making a plug for Dixie-Cola.

There has to be one more deserted bar somewhere
Spouting with solitude and drama.
It was too bad for the others
That he wasn't a politician.

"kiss in the mist
and begin the caress
till you learn that the gist
is relaxing

day after day
j after j
thinking about the pain
while you're walking in the rain
army's new commission
just a'waiting for permission
to snatch you off the street
and make you fight BOY

sunshine superman sliding down the ramp
left his little brother in a concentration camp
looked the other way
just before he got his pay
59 cents worth of compone seed

persecute the fats
with your yellow brick bats
they can never catch the flak
till they find a little slack
in the gap between their egos and their roles

take me to synthetic skies
with your box of super highs
i'll remain there in disguise
till six tomorrow morning
sneaky little blonde slipping slowly cross the street
waiting for the longitude of ethics to repeat
hoping that she'll make a second hundred bucks today
knowing that she'll never make a dime another way

sing a song of 60 cents
a bottle full of rye
knowing that you're here to stay
don't tell another lie

swinging round the lightpole
with your casings in your hand
begging to be carried home
before you see the man"

It all went away
Just as quickly as it had come
And you cried
Because you never held it.

Waiting for the sun
Was probably the hardest part.
You wanted so terribly to fail
And you had no choice but to succeed.

Many moons have passed since the departure
And the return is long overdue.
It's almost midnight on the seven-billionth day
And each has been prepared for the fallacy of success.

He cannot be led beyond his sight
Unless his purpose is withheld again.
He procrastinates in his own sweet way
And you can't help but to love him.

"burst another spleen
with a quart of valvoline
till you realize what we mean
when we say torture

by segmenting all the factions
we've augmented the distractions
seeking hopelessly the actions
which have color

trekking up and down the road
till you come across the mode
to relinquish half your load
there in the middle

all the freaks are in your hair
cause you wouldn't take a dare
to prove how much you care
to change the world"

And the sayer of sooth
Removes himself from the slick, slimy, soil
Taking another soul
As another body rots.

Bong . . . Bong . . . Bong

Good-bye.



The Half-



THE IMP OF THE TRAVERSE

by Tom Phillips

"So you see, Mr. Fields, that there was little for us to do but hang him by the neck and watch him die."

I could not help but notice the slight twitch in his left cheek. How, when he lingered on the word "watch," it jumped and pulsed like a flickering neon light.

"So you and Sir Sitkind were alone, just you two, is that right?"

"That is correct. The heat was beginning to play on our minds— that intense, you see. Sitkind and I now had the water gourd to ourselves. We held to it like kids with a toy— each one looking conspicuously, enviously at the other when he drank. After we'd watched Thomas die, and stayed long enough to see the vultures get their rightful due, we began to walk again across the sand. It was about three days before the traverse, I believe."

"Sir Richard, I'm sure our readership would very much be interested in just how you and Sitkind managed to stay alive that long, even after having hung Sir Thomas Grange."

His left arm moved slowly up toward his coat pocket, (continued on page 22)



WHAT THE SAILOR SAID

by Neil Caudle

The sea has been in these parts longer than anybody. I have my boat, the sea tends to the rest. I am old, I have seen the beaches give and take and change their colors. There is waste in the water and I find it in my nets. Men think to conquer the sea. Whatever claims they hold to the sand, the sea ignores. Whatever claims they have to me, I have forgotten.

The pickup truck came all the way down from Enderville with a boy and some feed sacks. It was afternoon when he finally made his way to the shore line. The cove was empty, so it was as good a place as any. The boy turned up the radio in his truck and sat for a minute looking out at the sea. After a while he let down the tailgate. The sacks were full of spoiled feed. His father said 'the chickens can't use it, might as well feed it to the fish.' He carried the sacks one by one down to the water, broke them open, and scattered the feed into the surf. After that he folded the bag and threw it in too.

The last bag went in, spread, and went under, and he was about to turn and go when he noticed a man and a boat. The boat seemed to be moored to a post or a piece of a pier, (continued on page 24)

Told Tales



INCIDENT AT BADENWILLER

by Mark Hoffmann

The command post at Badenwiller was the most peaceful place I had ever been stationed. At Badenwiller, we never knew that the Atlantic Wall was crumbling under the pressure of the Anglo-Americans; no fighter ever clouded the blue Alsatian sky. Even the local population seemed oblivious to the war; no resistance movement harrassed us because we were German conquerers upon French soil.

I was to be orderly to the commanding officer, a Colonel Suter. Before I met him, I heard the troops refer to him as "The Ghost." This nickname puzzled me to no end, for the man was supposedly from the Rhineland, and I've never yet seen a short, stout southern Rhineland who even vaguely resembled a ghost.

When I entered his office for the first time, the Ghost had his back turned to me. He turned slowly in his chair, face wreathed in cigarette smoke. He rose as I saluted.

"Heil Hitler, Corporal Vogel," he said tiredly. "I am Colonel Heinrich Nicholas Suter. At ease, Corporal."

The reason for his nickname would have been evident to a moron. I had never seen such a pale man. The only slash of

(continued on page 27)



MURDER MOST FOUL

by Malcolm Jones

Esoterica was the name of the game. Or at least that was the conclusion that Hallibut Greene reached after a half hour's thought and four glasses of sack.

"I am an anomaly," he said, standing up and corking the bottle. "My collegiate and further academic career have done me little good save to throw me right out of time present and three hundred years into time past."

For Hallibut Greene was a Renaissance man.

"Damn all colleges and universities in this land," he continued, walking over to a bookshelf and picking up his long-stemmed clay pipe. "Damn them straight to hell. Were it not for the asinine notion of a well-rounded education wherein a bright young man is sucked into the multi-disciplined environs of learning and sent rebounding back into the real, specialized, technocratic world, I would find not myself in this dither."

Greene lit the pipe and puffed meditatively for some moments before opening his mouth to soliloquy again. Puffing, he stood among shelves and piles of books, Faustus-like lost in learning that had gained him nothing.

(continued on page 31)

THE IMP OF THE TRAVERSE

found the cigars, and lit one. The smoke momentarily obscured his face.

"Tell your readership that we sang to all Heaven— every blasted song we knew. First it was drinking songs, then patriotic songs, then . . ."

"When you were discovered, you were chanting 'Winnie the Pooh, Winnie the Pooh, some don't make it and some do.'"

"Yes, that's right, that's right. When Sitkind died, and then the water ran out you see, there was nothing to keep me sane."

"How did Sir Sitkind die, if I may ask?"

"Sunstroke."

"The newspaper articles reported you as saying he was bitten by a desert spider."

"Well, neither actually."

"What do you mean."

"What I mean is that I ate the poor bastard— every blessed, mealy limb."

"You ate him, Sir Richard?!"

"Well, what did you expect me to do - bury the idiot? I did the only decent thing I could think of, that being . . . to eat him. Saved him from the buzzards, you see."

"And his blood . . ."

"Drink it, of course. Very thirst-quenching, that. Some say it's a bit salty, but not really. Could have used some vodka, but . . ."

" . . . so after Sir Sitkind's, uh, demise, you went on towards the traverse."

"Quite. It was about a day off, at that time. I spent most of the duration walking, kicking tarantulas away, playing with snakes to give myself recreation, that sort of thing. You tend to lose any sense of time out there, like that, but all things being relative it was about thirty, thirty-two hours after I passed Sitkind that I ascended that incredible rise of rock and sand and looked out across the traverse. Across the way, of course, was Mt. Agememnon, and beneath me, as far as I could see in either direction, was the dense green of the traverse lowlands. Well, actually, the Oglimbi call it 'ootupaugaga,' which, roughly translated via ancient Ethiopian, means 'highlands.' But no matter."

"It fascinates me, as I'm sure it will the readers, just how you managed to get down into the low . . . highlands, being some 3400 feet above the valley floor."

"Yes, it is fascinating— I often think about it myself, wonder just how I managed it, you know."

He lit another cigar before continuing. I suppressed a laugh because, although I could not be sure, he looked on fire.

"To put it succinctly, I slid down on my belly. Head first. Put a nice little hole in the khaki, nothing more."

"You slid three thousand feet down a mountain side, Sir Richard?"

"Incredible, though it may seem, I did precisely that. Oh, not all at once, you understand. Once I hit the tree line I stopped long enough to pick berries, squeeze the yellow fruit they have there. The Ascwiili call it 'pungaja,' something comparable, say, to a sweet gherkin, but very juicy. Very, very good. Well, when I did hit the tree line I literally 'hit it,' you

see. Bloody mess of tall, deep green and orange and red cypress and bokabubu. There were no trails, obviously, so I finally managed by holding my knife between my teeth and cutting a swath as I went. A slight numbness of the jaw, but . . ."

" . . . so you carved your way down the mountain."

"You could say that, yes. I wouldn't, but you could."

"What did you do then?"

"When I again literally 'hit' the traverse floor, I stood up, for the first time in about three hours or so. Made good time, actually, considering the weather. It was still very hot, so I found a tall lapagoogoo plant and lay down underneath. I was dozing off to sleep, perhaps twenty minutes or so later, when I felt something like a net cover over me from above."

"What was it?"

"A net. Very well made, too. My immediate reaction was to reach for my knife, but I had inadvertently left it in my mouth. It probably would have been to no avail, however, for when my eyes focused sufficiently I was surrounded by some rather red-colored little men, painted up like jinginga birds. They even had jinginga feathers in their hair. Very strange looking, but obviously human. About three, three-and-a-half feet tall or so, and they all just stared at me with puzzled, and, I'm sure, frightened glances. They were the Great Oglimbi, I later found out, dreaded enemies to the Lesser Oglimbi, who lived some fifty miles or so down the highlands, and who were nine feet tall but very inept. It was obvious, even at first, that these little fellows were very clever, inventive people. They picked me up by a rope hoist and winch, and put me in a large (though still much too small) wagon. They communicated by a very unusual, though not unpleasant humming sound. Which, I'm told, made annual feasts with their neighbors, the Ascwiili, very beautiful to hear, since the Ascwiili also talk in a sing-song, non-syllabic way. I was privileged to hear the chiefs of both tribes exchanging gifts at a supper one night, and the Andrews Sisters could not have done better. You did say you were American, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. I mean, I am."

"Then you know the Andrews Sisters, I'm sure. Well, they carried to me off to their village— this was late evening, I think— and led the cart into their village square, or 'ophnitukaa.' The village resembled a Boy Scout hillside jamboree— pup tents, only made of straw, and lots of fires. The Great Oglimbi tribesmen, seeing that I was not going to hurt them, took me over to one of the fires, where an old man and a beautiful, lovely girl (her name, I later found out, was Leiapani) were roasting something quite like an American weenie, only plumper. After several of those weenies - they call them 'Iglombiba,' after the cow - and several grass tankards of a deliciously different white fruit wine, I fell asleep."

"Anthropologists and historians have suggested that you were the first white man ever seen by the Oglimbi. Do you think this is to be the case?"

"I thought so for much of the three weeks I spent with them. Three glorious weeks, I might add. They would call me into the head 'Oogumboogum,' your witch-doctor, if you will, and he would stick wooden pins in me and look at my blood through a very ingenious wooden microscope device, which used glossy leaves to reflect light. Which meant that he could

only doctor in the day, so we drank a lot together at night and he even taught me a few basic humms of the language. I was quite a curiosity and quite a celebrity, you see. The chief took me hunting one day, along with Leipani, and we roamed the brush looking for 'yakketyyaks,' something like a large water buffalo, but with three eyes. Well, from everything they did and hummed, I got the distinct impression that they considered me a God—feeding me all the time and putting on great dance revues in my honor. But the last night I was with them, I found out differently.

"The Great Oglimbi always hummed reference to the 'Kukamokoloka," which was this great hole in the ground with ladders leading down into it. I assumed it to be some sort of shrine, so I was honored when they took me down, that last night, to show me the Kukamokoloka. We were led by some very tall—four feet or so—tribesmen with torches, until we came into a great Hall. It was a cubicle, say thirty feet in width and height, and in the center sat the largest and most beautiful painted turtle I've ever seen. At least fifteen feet across at the apex of the shell. One eye was open, staring at me."

"This was their God, then?"

"Of course, yes. You see, I was to be sacrificed. I was their prize catch. The throng of Oglimbi began moaning as the tall tribesmen picked me up and carried me toward the huge monster of a reptile, which was now breathing fire and making all kinds of motions with it's jaws. Opening and closing them, you see. Very mechanical, almost. My knife had been taken from me, my hands were now tied behind my back—there was little I could do except to accept the inevitable. I thought about my wife and my children—there, on the desk, little Johnny and Terrence."

He pointed to a picture of two small boys in school uniform—they looked for all the world like turtles to me.

"But you obviously escaped."

"Yes, I did. I found my body being slid into and through the mouth of the Great Turtle, but I felt, rather than the expected saliva and teeth (or gums, if you will), the cold, hard jar of metal. I slid down a slight incline and into a small, poorly lit chamber where a little hump-shouldered man sat at a board of controls, pulling levers and switches and all that. He didn't look up for a second, but merely said to me, in a high, nasal voice, 'lie down and shut up, or they'll get suspicious.' By this time, I was a bit confused. I clamored over to a window in the cabin, which turned out to be a nostril, and watched the little Great Oblimbi bowing and bending in supplication. Then I heard a great belch from the loudspeaker just under the metal of the tongue, and the Oglimbi went away."

"This was a white man, you say?"

"I didn't say. It was a white man, yes. With a black beard, quite well cropped, actually. When the Oglimbi left, he turned on the other lights in the cabin and turned towards me. It was Rothschild, my long lost cousin! He'd been shot down, somewhere over Northern Africa, at the tail end of World War II, some fifteen years ago. I didn't recognize him at first, but the voice, the frame, the beard—then his knowing look and smile—it had to be. And then it all became very clear."

"... clear?"

"Yes. Rothschild was our black sheep, you might say, but

also a genius of the first rank. First rank. Had the Physics boys at Oxford clamoring for him. But he joined the RAF and became, not only a flier, but a designer of planes and weaponry as well. He had reportedly been carrying some very secret metal and electronic equipment from Southern Spain to the secret Heavy Orange-Ade plant that the British had in the Sahara, when his plane had been lost and presumably destroyed by fire. No one knew where. But I would never have guessed . . .

"Anyway, Rothschild sat by his control table, looking at me for some moments before he spoke. 'Long time, no see, Cousin Richard,' he said, and I immediately knew that he was mad. Only he could have built this Great Turtle, given it life, so to speak, and lived comfortably for years on the sacrifices of the Great Oglimbi. 'You're mad, Rothschild,' I said, as he passed over a vintage bottle of Chablis. 'You've finally recreated the monster that you were when you were little.' 'Touche, Cousin,' he said, as he took a sip. 'But let's not let old feelings get in the way of this happy moment. With you here, I can get out of this place.' 'How?' 'By making you stay in here, while I sneak out and climb out of the Highlands to Mt. Agememnon. You get to play that Turtle for the rest of your life, you fool.'

"Well, I could see now quite clearly that Rothschild was not to be taken in any way sane. To combat insanity called for an equal measure of insanity."

"What did you do?"

"I knocked him out and set him out on the tongue of the great Turtle—when the Great Oglimbi came again, they would think that the turtle had been dissatisfied with me and spit me up—of course, semi-digested beyond the point of direct facsimile."

"So then you climbed out of the Hall and made your escape over Mt. Agememnon."

"More or less."

"More or less?"

"Well, I got away from the Great Oglimbi nation only to run smack into some Ascwili hunters, out on a night vigil. But they were very hospitable."

"They were the ones that gave you the raft and sent you on the river—what was it you called it, the 'Pikalimпка'?"

"Yes."

"Then you floated into the Mediterranean and were picked up, on the fifteenth of March, by some Greek fishermen."

"But not before my encounter with the sea people of Nagomguza."

"... what do you suppose ever became of Rothschild, your cousin?"

"I know what happened to Rothschild."

"I thought you said you left that night, which would mean you left before they discovered his body."

"Before they discovered his bones. I ate most of Rothschild before I left. Filial devotion, and all that." " . . . "

"What magazine did you say you wrote for, Mr. Fields?"

"Punch."

His cheek twitched noticeably.

"May I suggest *Dieter's Weekly*, instead. Hummmm?"

"Listen, I really have to get back to the . . ."

"Don't go, Mr. Fields. Stay for lunch. I have some very interesting turtle soup which I'm sure we'll both enjoy." ■

(continued from page 20)

WHAT THE SAILOR SAID

farther down the shore. He couldn't remember the boat being there before. His father had said 'don't mess the truck up, come on back when you're done.' He walked down the shore to get a look at the boat. It rocked on the surf, butting against the pier. He noticed that the man was working around the deck.

When he was close enough, the boy could see the sailor bent over his engine; he thought it was an odd place to keep a fishing boat. He walked out on the dock avoiding the holes and bows in the planks. The sailor did not look up at him until the boy had stood there some time. He was old. His face was dry and unfamiliar. The boy said "That's your boat I guess."

The sailor gazed at him.

"My name is Landon," the boy said. "I noticed your boat and I thought I might come down and see it."

The sailor rubbed his hands on his pants, "Is that your truck down there?"

"Yes; it's my father's. You might know my father, his name is Stroupe. That's his truck."

The sailor looked at him a moment and his jaw seemed to change its set.

"I was down here dumping some spoilt feed. We had some feed go bad this week. He thought we might as well feed it to the fish." He laughed.

The sailor finished with the screwdriver and looked up again. The boy was still there. "I suppose you'll need to take that truck home now."

"Not for a while," said Landon.

"Have you ever been on a rig like this?"

"No. My father has a boat, but we don't fish."

The old man pondered him for a while, squinting. His face was like a piece of gristle. When he talked he didn't open his mouth, so that it seemed his face had died like an old tree bark, but had left two eyes and a hollow voice still alive. He said, "What kind of feed was it you were carrying boy?"

"It was chicken feed. It was out in the shed a while and we didn't know it was getting ruined."

The sailor opened a can of oil and poured it into the engine. He wiped around the block with an oily rag. "If I get this thing back together we'll take a ride. C'mon down in the boat."

Landon told the man thank you and climbed into the boat. "You and your father raise chickens, huh?"

"Yessir. Well it's just me mostly. I started doing it for a school project, you know, and it got to where I was spending most of my time at it. We figured out which ones to breed to which ones so that they got bigger and bigger, and what to feed em. I have a rooster that stands thirty inches and weighs twenty-five pounds."

The sailor looked up at him. He set a wrench down. "Twenty-five pounds?"

"Yessir. They say at the county agency it's the biggest rooster there ever was in this state. I'll bet it is, too. And I've got hens that don't weigh but a couple of pounds less. But this rooster, well, he's killed two cats and he killed my dog."

"Killed your dog?"

"He got on him and wouldn't get off. He got his eyes out somehow and had him full of holes before I got there with a shovel. He lived for a week or two and then he died. So I ain't got a dog now. My father calls it that killer rooster. He's a bird okay."

"How do you go about raising a rooster like that?"

"There's a lot of tricks to it. We got some books you know, and we wrote everything down, and we studied all we could about breeding and isolating the right traits and all. After a while it's just a matter of feeding them all they can eat."

"Killed your dog."

"Yeah."

The sailor finished with the engine and closed and latched it in. He stood up and took the tools with him down into the cabin. Landon stood watching the ocean. The sailor called him. He went down the few steps into the shade and found the old man standing in front of a table on which rested a paper box. "Come over here," he said. Landon went and stood beside him. The sailor opened the box. Landon could make out the shapes of five worm-like little puppies, still blind and useless. One squirmed. He looked at the sailor. He thought of saying something like 'I like the one with the spot on his head the best', but he didn't. With his face tilted down, the sailor seemed almost to smile.

Then the window light shifted around his lips and eyes so that the shadows changed places and the smile got to be a scowl.

Landon took a step backward. The sailor shut the lid on the box. The boat seemed to be contracting around them.

The sailor said "The low bitch. Don't know when to quit."

Landon felt the boat move. The sailor lifted a finger at him. "Let me tell you boy," but he said nothing else. He took up the box and tilted it one way and then the other. The ocean splashed around them. Landon could hear the puppy bodies sliding on the floor of the box. The sailor put it down. The cabin was like a closet.

Landon said: "Those dogs— what are you going to, are you going to—"

"I wouldn't be surprised to know you had a rooster twenty-five pounds. Killer rooster. You like to raise things? Me, too. Who wants a twenty-five pound rooster? A dog eater. I'd be afraid of a chicken like that."

"But he won't hurt me"

"Because you have the shovel"

"I raised him"

"You've been raising a killer, dog eating— do you think once they've tasted blood they—"

"Chickens are too stupid, that's right, you have to watch them," said Landon.

"More stupid than fish?"

"No. Not as stupid as fish."

The sailor studied him. His gristle jaw moved. He turned and went back up the steps, and Landon thought he heard him laugh.

Landon heard him start the engine. The boat began to tremble and he knew they were loose. He went up the steps to the deck. They were headed for a large island, or cluster of islands, and Landon thought maybe he'd seen the place before.

The woods there were thick and black like the ocean had actually burned them. Landon noticed it was late afternoon. His father had said 'Stay out of the ocean. There's a lot of people's trash dumped down that way. Just come on back home when you're done and give me the keys'

The sailor came towards him. His hands were working in his jacket pockets. "Have you ever raised pigs boy?"

"No . . . never have"

"That's what you ought to raise. Folks ought to raise pigs. Something to eat their garbage. There ought to be a strain of pigs for all the kinds of garbage."

The boat seemed to have stopped. Landon said, "Actually my father's not a farmer; it's just my own sort of hobby I guess."

The sailor went and leaned over the side of his boat, looking at the water.

"You might know my father," Landon said, "he's got some property down the coast. His name is Stroupe."

"I suppose I might," said the sailor. He was still peering into the ocean. He called Landon to come over to him. "Look there," he said, "there in the water at that."

Landon looked. A wad of trash and waste floated in the water. It was matted together in such a way that it seemed to shape the remains, or suggest the beginnings, of something alive.

The sailor said "That's the way it does. It all gets gummed together, hair and paper and oil and soap and rotten garbage, and then it gets to where it floats. Sometimes you can look at it and you can see it move. Not like the water was moving it, like it just moved."

"How can it? Why would it do that?"

"There's something about it."

The sailor left him and went back to mind the boat. For some reason, Landon remembered his father saying 'And don't give that feed to anybody down there if they ask for it, or don't sell it if they want to buy it,' and Landon had said 'Why would anybody want to buy a bunch of spoiled feed?'

It occurred to Landon that the boat was not a fishing boat. There were no nets or tackle, and it was too small anyway. He couldn't figure exactly what it was. It's design was too grim and functional to be a pleasure craft. He couldn't remember ever seeing one like it.

They were almost to the island. He began to wonder if he could have left the radio on. He thought it must have been an hour since he'd left the truck. His father had said 'There's some people in this world willing to do anything. Now go on and get back, I haven't got the time to talk now.' He tried to remember whether he'd fed the chickens. It seemed like there was nothing he was doing that he was supposed to today. His father had said once that if he didn't feed those monsters promptly they'd take to eating each other, not to mention the cats and dogs. Landon imagined having to beat off a hungry rooster with a shovel.

The sailor was maneuvering the boat towards a kind of wooden dock or pier. It was half buried in parasites and ocean refuse. There was nothing that Landon could see around him but empty island. It was late enough that they wouldn't make it back before sunset. He hoped the radio was turned off.

The sailor tied the boat up. The engine was still. When the old man came across the deck, he stopped and gazed at

The Shattered Dogs

At seventeen my father stood alone,
With a flock of sheep it took two summers
Of hard ass work to buy.
And at night he sat with a cold gun
Low in his arms;
And he sat alone at the door of the barn.
From the hills, at night, the dogs would come,
Howling and barking in a pack just off the road,
Trotting, with bristled backs and mouths dripping;
Their teeth popping and their lungs shaking
For the meat of lambs.
Their minds rolling and their feet tumbling
Toward the waiting flesh of sad faced ewes.
And they ran them down and ripped their bellies
To smell the blood.
At seventeen, alone, my father cried tears
And shot his best friends down,
Shattered them down the drow in blood,
And tear at one another from the pain
Of hot mushroomed lead.
And over ten in all were buried in three weeks time,
And over half the flock and all the lambs.
He had to sell the rest for less than four weeks
Sawmill pay,
And put his gun back on the wall
With the names of ten good friends,
Who for years wouldn't give him the time of day.

by Mike Pate

Landon. Landon saw his eyes were dull. The sailor stood too close to him. He felt his shoulders quake like they were being pinched off. He almost hit the sailor. Then he wanted to run. He looked at the island. He couldn't think what to do. The sailor was smiling again. The boat vibrated against the dock. He backed up. The dock had slime on it. He climbed out of the boat and stood on the dock.

The old man had disappeared into the cabin. Landon began to wonder what was the matter. He looked back across the ocean. The shore they'd come from was dim and far away. He looked for the truck; he couldn't even see the beach. He remembered asking his father who would be down there to see him with any feed anyway. His father had said 'There's people everywhere around an ocean.' Then he'd left.

The sailor came back up carrying the box with the puppies. He set the box on the dock and climbed up. Landon imagined then he was going to set the dogs loose on the island. He thought maybe the old man was going to make wild dogs out of them and raise them up to mind nobody else; at least he wasn't thinking of dumping them in the ocean.

The sailor led him up a sand bank and into the woods. Already, it seemed to be evening. The woods were windless and shadowy. Landon waited for the box to be set down and emptied so they could get back in the boat and go home. Finally the old man took him down a rise in the island and he could see water again.

It was not the ocean; it was black. Between the trees he could see it, broad and motionless, and he began to think he could smell it, too. The sailor moved the box and one of the puppies whined. It looked like a lagoon or a lake. As the land sloped down around it, it became marsh and grey. The trees stood all the way into the edge of the water. When they were standing beside the lake, Landon could see that it was a place where people had been dumping their trash. He had never thought people might live on the island. Paper and cans rimmed the water edge and there was a trail of it showing in the woods off to one end of the cove.

Landon said, "What are we doing? I'm going to have to get back."

The sailor looked at him. He set the box on the ground. Landon could see the back of his neck was white. The sailor raised up again. He said, "You know, I'll have to say a twenty-five pound rooster is hard to believe. One that eats dogs, I mean, is a dern big rooster." He laughed. The lines in his face did not move. "About the first time a chicken like that came at me, I'd head off the other way. But I believe it. Yep. I know too much about that kind of thing to not believe it."

Landon didn't think about what he said. There was just something about him saying it, like "I've brought you across three hour's worth of filthy ocean and empty woods to show you this cove or lagoon or lake or whatever, that's full of trash and God knows what else anyway, and stand here with it getting dark, just to tell you I believe your rooster story about it weighing twenty-five pounds." He watched the old man carefully now. A tinge of humor or familiarity came into his face. Landon saw him about to say something else, then stop. After a moment, Landon said, "Listen, if you don't mind I have to go home"

The sailor took a deep breath and drew his jacket together. "Son, I ain't just brought you here to waste your time."

"I know mister, but my father—"

"I don't ever bring anybody here."

"Well the boat and all was just great, but—"

"I just wanted to show you this. You know, after you told me about you and your father doing such a good job on those chickens. I think you'd be somebody I'd show this to and have it mean something to them."

Landon looked out over the black water. He couldn't see it move. He couldn't see if it was joined to the ocean. All he could see was waste. It looked like syrup. The sailor was silent, as if waiting for the confusion to clear out Landon's eyes. It didn't.

The sailor said "I'm going now over to the house and get my books. It ain't far. Throw the box there out in the water and I'll be back here in just a minute." He started to go.

Landon said "Wait."

The old man stopped. Landon couldn't imagine coming across all that ocean through the woods to dump those dogs in the lake.

"What do you mean? Those puppies in there — I'm not going to."

"Those little things? They can't even see yet. Their old bitch is dead." He smiled. "Listen. Nobody ever comes here. Just the people who live on this island, and then they just come long enough to hold their nose and dump a pickup load of

trash. Let me tell you; it smells here. I used to hate it, you know. I mean, the ocean used to be the kind of place you could breath easy about."

"But why, why do you want to—"

"It used to be, all I wanted to do was fish. But a man learns to move around. Before that, I was a sailor." He came over to Landon and clapped a hand on the back of his shoulder. Landon felt like the hand was wrapped around his spine. "Son, there's things here you wouldn't believe. Just let me go get my books and my papers." He picked up the box and took it to the water. He set it in and pushed it. Then he looked at Landon. His face was saying 'yes, I understand, even though you don't, you will, I do' and he said: "This place will be our little secret." He went off into the woods.

Landon imagined himself going insane too, just like the old man. He'd never rubbed up so close to a looney before. He could almost smell it, like it was a little stale cloud around there where the sailor stood.

The truck must have been stolen or washed away by now, he thought. He looked at the box. It was floating straight up, but the bottom was already stained underneath from the water. The notion of that box full of blind puppies floating around there not ten feet from the shore was just as looney as the sailor himself. He walked almost into the water. There was a tree on his right, leaning out. He looked around until he found a loose branch and went to the tree. He tried holding onto the tree and poking the branch toward the box. It wouldn't reach. The black stain was halfway up now and the box had begun to sink. He climbed the tree. He was over the water, but he still couldn't touch the box. He found a small limb with his left hand. By wrapping a leg around the trunk, and hanging from the limb, he could touch the box with his stick. He pushed. He only managed to dunk it farther into the water. He touched it again, moving it an inch or two.

Landon began to notice something in the water. He began to separate the tangle of reflections on the surface of the water from the shapes beneath it. There was something misplaced there, huge and deformed. Landon watched it. It rose toward the surface, large as a shark, and it's iron back swayed laterally, as if in a kind of hover. Off somewhere in the woods a man began to shout "Get down boy! Get away from there!"

Landon plunged his stick at the box again. It opened and seemed almost to dissolve in the water. The puppies were writhing on the surface like little worms. There was running in the woods.

Landon saw the fish again. It lunged straight out at him, snapping a dog in its jaws, breaking the water to look at him through its pig eyes. The thick snout went under again. There was blood in the water. In the woods, the man was yelling again. Landon tried to push one of the puppies away with the stick. Then he realized the branch in his left hand was cracking. In the water, there was a swarm of them now, lunging and beating the water into a panic. Then it came to him. They were eating the dogs, they were eating the box. The sailor quit running. Landon looked at his open-mouthed, yelling face. The water was full of blood. The branch in his hand cracked and his legs unwrapped. He dropped grabbing at the tree. He sank in the water like a stone. He tried to open his eyes, but he couldn't. He breathed some of the water, tasting the filth. The water was shaking him. He felt his kneecap go, then his arm go too, somewhere off behind him. ■

(continued from page 21)

INCIDENT AT BADENWILLER

color in his long lean body was his steady blue gaze. The man was a study in angles and planes, almost a matchstick man in a Wehrmacht uniform.

He studied me wordlessly through his spectacles for a full minute before speaking again.

"Your first assignment as my orderly, Corporal, is to find me some cigarettes. Dismissed."

So passed my first meeting with Colonel Suter. Every other meeting was virtually the same. He'd look up from his cluttered desk, perhaps tell me an off-color joke and send me off on some ridiculous errand.

During the first week, I tried to uncover something about the man's past. That was like pulling teeth from a hen. All I could discover was that he had been an importer in Baden before the war and that alcohol never passed his lips. The Ghost had been at Badenwiller longer than any of the other men stationed there and his word concerned no one except himself and a rather sullen lieutenant from Bavaria named Hinckel. Everyone except Hinckel and myself took orders from Captain Jansen, a taciturn farmer from a town near the Danish border.

No one knew what we were doing in Badenwiller, hundreds of miles from the nearest front. I don't know to this day why anyone would take well over two hundred men and station them in a peaceful town when every man was needed to defend the Fatherland. It made no sense.

My first two weeks passed uneventfully. The Ghost had me take dispatches to neighboring garrisons and return with similar dispatches which he would read and throw away. But on the twelfth of August, a dispatch from Metz caused the Ghost to whiten even further. I thought the man would faint.

"Corporal Vogel, Field Marshal von Kluge is believed dead."

I could not comprehend why this particular bit of intelligence would so unnerve the Ghost. Commanding officers died every day, particularly commanding officers who were as foolhardy as Kluge. All I could do was to ask stupidly: "Was he a friend, sir?"

The Ghost jerked his head up and glared at me with those icy eyes before half smiling. "You could say that, Corporal. He was a friend of all of us. You're dismissed."

The Ghost remained morose for two days. He did not bother to read the dispatches, which grew more numerous every day. Then, on the fourteenth, a dispatch arrived which he ripped open and laughed over. Kluge was alive and well in Paris.

But the sky fell again on the eighteenth. The Ghost read the news of Kluge's dismissal from the Command of OB-West and sent me from the office. Inside I heard the typewriter clanging. After one half hour of steady typing, the Ghost summoned me to his office.

"Corporal Vogel, you are to take this message to Field Marshal von Kluge. He has been recalled to Berlin and it is imperative that this message reaches him before he boards his plane at Metz.

"Requisition any vehicle you can find, just get this message to him. Heil Hitler!"

I turned to leave but the Ghost spoke again.

"One more thing, Corporal. This message is for von Kluge only. If you can't reach him, burn it. But don't allow it to fall into the hands of the Gestapo or the SS at any cost."

He paused to inhale his cigarette. Once again, that frigid blue gaze caught me.

"Dismissed, Corporal, and good luck."

Five minutes later I was behind the wheel of a jeep heading toward Metz. I have never liked night driving, particularly in strange, potentially hostile territory. The sight of a roadblock about ten miles out of Badenwiller did not make me feel any better.

A dozen SS men lounged around the block. One of them motioned me with his machinegun.

"Get out, soldier."

Then they dragged me out. I protested that I had an important message for Field Marshal von Kluge, a protest which drew laughter.

"We want to talk to you, soldier, over here!" One of them grabbed my collar and threw me against the door of a sheet metal hut. Two pair of hands grabbed me and pulled me in.

"Ah, one of Colonel Suter's playboys from Badenwiller," said a smooth voice. I could see nothing in the gloom. The hands released me as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

The room was lighted by a single candle. Seated behind a heavy wooden table was a short, slight man with oily black hair. The candlelight played upon the twin death's heads on his collar.

"Sit down, Corporal. I am Major Detweiler of the SS. I have a few questions to ask you about your commander."

I shifted uneasily, feeling the lump of the Ghost's message to the Field Marshal in my boot. Even though most of Detweiler's face was hidden by shadow, I knew he was smiling.

"Care for a cigarette, Corporal?" A silver cigarette case slid across the table. I took one with trembling hands. Detweiler shoved back from the table, allowing me a first full view of his face.

It resembled a rat's.

"Now, Corporal, we don't want to keep you any longer than is absolutely necessary, for you are on, no doubt, a very important mission for your daring Colonel Suter." The other SS men chuckled. Detweiler smiled at them and returned his gaze to me.

"Corporal, has your Colonel ever mentioned anything about Count Staffenburg?"

The connection of the Ghost's name with Staffenburg's sent a chill of fear through me. But I could answer quite truthfully, for the Ghost had never so much as made a passing remark about the July twentieth plot.

"No, sir. Colonel Suter has never said anything about the July traitors."

Detweiler pressed his fingertips together. "Very good, Corporal. Now tell me, what do you know about Colonel Suter's background?"

"Next to nothing, sir. Lt. Hinckel says that the Colonel was an importer in Baden before the war. I guess . . ."

Detweiler cut me short. "Who is Lt. Hinckel, Corporal?"

"He is Colonel Suter's aide, sir. I don't know anything else about him; he keeps to himself."

"Alright, Corporal, tell me more about the Colonel." He jotted the word "Hinckel" on a pad as he said this.

"He is a man about whom no one knows too much, sir. He was an importer in Baden until the opening of the Western campaign. Then he fought the French, won an iron cross and was stationed in Badenwiller. That's all I know."

Detweiler had smiled throughout the interrogation. Now he grinned.

"I'm rather tired, Corporal. The interrogation will continue in the morning. Oh, one oversight, take his pistol!"

One of the non-coms took my Luger and shoved me out the door. One of the outside guards jerked his head in my direction to signify that I was to follow him. He took me a few hundred meters to a large frame house and showed me to a cell-like room. In the morning, he assured me, I would be fed and released.

The door locked from the outside. I was a prisoner now, there was no way for me to contact the Ghost. I cursed the SS, the thug army which had usurped the rightful position of the Wehrmacht. A man like Major Detweiler could not have lasted in the Wehrmacht.

Beyond the door, I could hear the pacing of a guard. No escape was possible; I might as well sleep. But I knew sleep would be impossible with a mind jumping like mine. Suddenly I wanted a packet of cigarettes. I called out the door to the guard, who complied with my wishes while explaining that I could not have matches.

Every ten minutes for the next hour and a half he thrust a lit match through the peephole whether I asked for it or not.

Morning came slowly. My window had been ineptly boarded up and the first rays of sunlight were enough to illuminate the room. Right after dawn, I heard the guards talking about a British agent having been dropped near Badenwiller. One guard was certain that the whole thing was a farce designed by Detweiler to keep them on their toes.

They gave me a light breakfast and let me keep a book of matches when they could observe me. Detweiler came into my room as I finished my meal. I started to stand.

"Finish your breakfast, Corporal. I just have one more question before we release you. Have you ever noticed any foreigners in Badenwiller?"

"Foreigners, sir?"

"Not Frenchmen, Corporal, neutrals?"

"No, sir."

The SS Major wrote this down on his pad and nodded to the guards. One of them sullenly told me that I was free to go.

On the road to Metz I could not stop wondering what the SS wanted with the Ghost. The Ghost seemed very loyal; in fact, he had never even criticized the SS and Gestapo beyond his warning to me regarding the letter to von Kluge. The Ghost was a good German soldier, placing duty over all else.

I also wondered what Detweiler had meant in his question about neutrals in Badenwiller. I could not even think of a neutral country; every nation in the world was arrayed against the Fatherland.

Suddenly I had to slam on my brakes. A staff car was halted by the side of the road. A crowd of Wehrmacht and SS personnel had gathered about fifteen from it.

I jumped from the jeep and ran toward the commotion. I could see an army doctor bent over prostrate man. The doctor was shaking his head.

"I'm afraid it was a fatal heart attack," he said to a Wehrmacht colonel at his side. The Colonel nodded gravely and announced to the crowd that Field Marshal von Kluge was dead.

The Field Marshal lay like a small, greyclad ragdoll at the roadside. I pushed forward through the crowd, wondering what I should do. The Field Marshal's chauffeur was saying something about von Kluge wanting him to stop the car because his bladder was bothering him.

I made it to the body and bent over it. The bitter almond smell of cyanide filled my nostrils. There had been no heart attack; von Kluge had poisoned himself.

No one asked me why I was where I was, so I turned the jeep around in the road and drove back to Badenwiller. I could not help but notice that Major Detweiler and his men had moved on, taking their roadblock with them.

The Ghost's office was in an uproar. My commander stood in the middle of the floor tossing dispatches around the room. The dark, silent Lieutenant Hinckel was doing his best to clean up after him. The Ghost stopped throwing papers long enough to receive my salute.

"We've already heard about von Kluge, Corporal. A heart attack, right?"

"Sir, I saw the body. He smelled of cyanide."

The Ghost said nothing to me. He turned to Hinckel and muttered something in a dialect I could not understand. Then he told me to help Hinckel destroy the papers.

Hinckel and I threw stacks of paper into the stove. I did not dare question why. But the Ghost was not acting at all in character. I wondered if the connection of his name with the July twentieth traitors had any validity.

Throughout the afternoon and much of the night, Hinckel and I burned papers. Shortly before midnight, feeling as if I would die from lack of sleep and soaked with sweat, I collapsed into a chair in the office. The Ghost was still reading through his papers, sorting them for burning.

The door to the office swung open and in walked Major Detweiler. The Ghost stopped reading.

Detweiler was smiling. His voice oozed with pleasure.

INDIFFERENCE

We talked for three hours in her room. She played the electric piano, and I took the corner chair-- there between the window and the bed.

It is little enough, I said, and watched the stoic candles give off light to measure our separation in the night. There was less than meets the fancy, but more than meets the eye, with she and I.

by Tom Phillips

"Colonel Suter, you are under arrest. It seems you have an aide-de-camp who appears on no personnel files. We have reason to believe that he is an enemy agent."

The Ghost lit a cigarette and stood up, resting his weight on the desk top. "I don't know what you're talking about. Get out of here."

Detweiler kept smiling. I hated that smile, but the one which materialized on the Ghost's face frightened me. Slowly the corners of his mouth curled up and exposed nicotine-stained teeth.

"I said 'Get out of here,' Major. If you don't, I'll have to throw you out."

Lieutenant Hinckel, who had left the room a few minutes earlier, re-entered with a pistol. The Ghost saw the Luger, raised his hand to his mouth and dropped behind his desk. Detweiler whipped around to receive a bullet in his forehead.

Three other SS men ran into the room at the sound of the shot. The Ghost had gotten to his feet, a Luger in both hands and killed the first two. Hinckel got the other.

"I wonder how many more there are?" asked Hinckel nonchalantly.

The Ghost laughed. "I don't care how many more there are, Hans. We've just got to get out."

Hinckel looked at me. "What about him?"

The Ghost grabbed my collar and pulled me out of the room. Hinckel could be heard splashing something around in the interior of the office, but I was too dazed from the events of the previous thirty seconds to have any idea of what was occurring. Hinckel rejoined us and helped the Ghost drag me outside.

"Corporal, you were the best orderly I ever had, I'll really miss not having you around." He struck me hard on the jaw. As I sank into the mud, I saw the command post explode.

My next recollection was Captain Jansen asking me what had happened. I said something about Suter having killed four SS men before I went unconscious.

There were several interrogations in the next week. Wehrmacht, SS and Gestapo inspectors asked me the same questions and all read the message I had had in my boot throughout the ordeal. Yet even the SS were polite; no one threatened me with torture. Just a stream of cigarettes and coffee interspersed with questions about the Ghost and Lieutenant Hinckel.

After the final interrogation, word was received from Berlin that the garrison at Badenwiller was dissolved. Under the command of Captain Jansen we were sent to the Western Front and I was taken prisoner by British forces in December.

Throughout my seven months of captivity I wondered about the Ghost. My interrogators had told me nothing except that it was thought that the Ghost and Hinckel were both enemy agents, probably in the employ of Britain. The contents of the letter were never divulged to me, but I had not expected them to tell a corporal about the machinations of a Field Marshal who had probably been a July traitor and a strange colonel who would kill a fellow officer for another country.

After the war I returned home to Essen and engaged in some black market activities. I was still quite young in 1947, barely twenty-one and it was possible for a clever young man to get ahead. I married and opened a camera shop, resenting the foreign occupation troops and forgetting the Ghost.

* * * *

Yesterday an elderly man entered my business and requested two rolls of movie film. I took no notice of him; he seemed to be a typical businessman, well-dressed and well-maintained, the kind of man who sits on the board of directors of a small chemical firm. Then I felt his eyes boring into me.

The Ghost had returned after twenty-seven years. He spoke first.

"Herr Vogel, I regret that I had to knock you on the jaw like that, but Hinckel and I had no reason to wish you harm. I suppose you've wondered what all of that business at Badenwiller was about, so I feel I can tell you, if you indeed do wish to know."

I said nothing, so he continued.

"You see, I was not a bonafide enemy agent and I was a bonafide German officer. I had enlisted in 1939 and no one bothered to check my birthplace. It is Basel."

The pieces of the old mystery fit into place. The Ghost had claimed to be Badish but did not look like one. But he did look Swiss. The strange dialect which he and Hinckel had spoken on the night of the nineteenth had been a form of the curious commercial jargon of Swiss businessmen. Of course, what the Swiss pass off as straight German cannot be understood by anyone north of Baden anyway, unless they write it down.

"Our government feared a German invasion until 1942, when your fortunes began to decline. No sooner had Germany's fate taken a turn for the worse than that of the Soviets bettered.

"At the time you were transferred to Badenwiller, Swiss intelligence had greatly infiltrated the German military. Upwards of fifty men from the other side of the Alps wore the field grey of the Wehrmacht. But we remained close to the Swiss and Spanish borders, to facilitate escape. Our efficiency is proven out by the fact that no Swiss intelligence officer was ever uncovered as such.

"I doubt that you know it, but Field Marshal von Kluge had been trying to make contact with the Anglo-Americans in order to surrender the entire German army in France to the Allies. This action had been originally scheduled for August fifteenth, but the usual lack of communication forced him to postpone the date until the twenty-fourth. This surrender would have ended the Reich, and the War, much earlier than the course of history did.

"We feared a continuation of the war in the west because of the growing strength of the Soviets. The surrender of the German forces in France would have insured the Western Allies advance far past the Elbe. We feared that the Anglo-American forces would be bogged down in France and the Rhineland, allowing the Soviets to occupy Austria and perhaps Bavaria, bringing Soviet troops to our border. History taught us how much the Russians are to be trusted.

"So, Herr Vogel, as an officer and a patriot, I had to do what I did. I killed four men in Badenwiller, although they were SS scum, but I also had to kill three more at the border, who were, I regret, Wehrmacht. I could not allow my capture, nor that of Lieutenant Hinckel, who was, I have no doubt you already know, a Swiss officer assigned to help me. He had not

even bothered with the formality of enlisting in the Wehrmacht. No one except Detweiler ever noticed an extra German lieutenant.

"At the same time, Hinckel and I had grown quite fond of you and wished you no harm. We did not know how you would react to what we were doing and really did not care to find out. So I incapacitated you for your own good, making it appear as though you had been wounded trying to prevent our escape. I'm glad to see you survived.

"That, Herr Vogel, is the explanation of the Badenwiller

incident. It's for your own curiosity only; nobody will believe you if you tell them, because everyone knows Switzerland was neutral. If it leaked out, official sources on all sides would call you a liar and a madman for imagining such a thing. Good day, Herr Vogel."

The Ghost turned and started out the door with his bag of film. Then he paused and half-turned.

"Yes, Herr Suter, something else?"

The Ghost started laughing. "I was going to ask you to find me some cigarettes."

ROUNDELAY

There's a girl with a curl
and a ribbon in her hair.
Her mother put it there
and the stockings to the knees
where the skirt's in the breeze
as she's running down the path.
First a laugh, then a fall.
Hear her call! Hear her coming!
Oh hear her mother's wrath
when the little dress is torn!
How forlorn! but not for long
for very quickly mother
supplies her with another.
Nothing like a change of dress
to restore one's happiness
and get a girl back out to play
as if there never were a sorrow
singing as if no tomorrow,
"Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
tra-la-la, la-la."

Young woman with her hair back
with a warm-complexioned face
putting flowers in a vase
waiting for her lover's call.
How they fall! the tiny grains of sand
in the time-piece in the hall.
How she counts them one and all,
slowly, slowly falling til the hour of the ball.
How her new ball dress is steaming!
How her bright young face is beaming
as she tries it on, takes it off
and puts it on again.
Just once more— Oh, the door!
Oh, Mother, let him in,
I'll be a minute more.
How they turned on the floor!
How they yearned as they danced
and romanced, how they burned
and returned no earlier than four.
There was more, but they married
and had a girl who grew.
Then another and a brother,
there was always something new.

"Something borrowed, something blue,"
The daughters married, too,
and then at last the son
had begun
and life began anew.
"Get along," had said her mother,
when she used to play
"Get along," she said to them,
"Get along and play.
Run along, sing a song,
for soon you're old and gray.
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
tra-la-la, la-la."

With a curl in her hair
that wasn't there 'fore it was rolled,
the sparkle in her eye
was paint of blue and gold.
Her warm-complexioned skin
held its warmth with powder in;
didn't fold, though it was old,
didn't bag, didn't sag
where the plastic held it in.
Though she was fair beyond compare
that which was wasn't there.
For in truth, it was youth
gone the way of blue and gold,
gone the way of powdered masks
down the road of wearied age
like a dog-eared yellowed page
in the book of time and life.
A haggard widowed wife,
more a bother than a mother,
to her children she's a chore,
to the grandchild just a bore.
They ignore her youthful song
now that life has "got along."
Like the vase that's emptied out,
like the clock whose sand's run out
sitting dusty on a shelf,
on a musty cob-webbed shelf
where a spider's harp is singing,
"Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
tra-la-la, la-la."

by Paul Sinal

MURDER MOST FOUL

"Yes, lost I am in the century of the Virgin Queen. Lost to the world of skyscraper buildings and cars and busses. And like my historical antecedent I have lost fame, job and mind to an upstart crow, a Johnny Factotum that has left me little save a teeming brain and a dying reputation. But Marlowe more than Shakespeare shall he be."

So saying, he took up an ornate and wicked looking dagger from among the books on his desk, first wiping off the jelly that had been on't, pausing thereafter to spike a few lazy flies that sucked upon the sticky post dinner leavings. Wiping his shirt off with a fat hand, he scratched his dirty beard with a long and grimy fingernail. Moving toward the front door of his apartment, he knocked over several empty wine bottles in progress.

"Yes, I have had it with this sorry world, where, indeed, the center cannot hold. Modern thought that. And had it I have, with the world past that I cannot reach, neither through scholarship nor aping its color. Suicide? No, for as the Dane has said, the Almighty, or some such, has fixed his canon (and the State its cannon) 'gainst self-slaughter. But, no, even as the prince went on to add, for the benefit of those apostate within the audience, it's what may or may not lie on the other side of the great divide that stills me from plunging this lethal blade into my breast.

"But that is all to the periphery of my main task. For tonight do I slay the evil weed that has sprouted in my garden, purge the evil from my path and take my rightful place in the right order of things."

So saying, and laying aside his pipe, Hallibut Greene stumbled forth into the night.

II.

Floyd York was sipping tea in his office. In front of him on his desk lay sophomore term papers that he was grading. But he was not looking at the papers. He was staring dreamily at the wall where his doctoral degree in Elizabethan studies hung.

"Ah, York, you have outdone yourself, my boy, getting that rag in less than two years and now an associate professor at one of the best colleges in the region."

Taking his eyes off of the degree he went back to reading his papers but could not concentrate, so proud was he of his new found position. He looked at the window. Outside it was black night and only his reflection shone back from the mirroring glass. What he saw would not have interested the normal spectator but pleased him greatly: the thin lips and nose, the high forehead and respectably balding head.

"Yes, who would have thought it, that you would have deposed so established a scholar, a man steeped in his subject. You are well on the way, my boy, well on the way."

Around him stretched his shelves of books, all neatly stacked and fitted row upon row, new and shining. He had taken one whole day to arrange them according to subject, date of publication and jacket color.

His desk was spotlessly clean, the papers lying neatly stacked at the center of it. He toyed with a pen for a short time and then slid the papers into a drawer. Reaching onto one of the shelves, he pulled a large manila folder down and opened it carefully. A large bulky manuscript fell onto the desk. Flipping over until he found his place, he began writing madly.

Walking down the hall, Hallibut Greene was pleased to note that only one light was on. Fondly, he remembered that only a few months before, that had been his office. Reaching it, he paused a few moments in the doorway to watch Floyd York pour himself another cup of tea.

"Well, my little friend, working late," he boisterously said, leaning his bulky shape against the door. York started and swiveled around quickly.

"Oh...hello, Greene. I wasn't expecting anyone. You scared me."

"Scared you?" asked Greene, and began laughing, his huge stomach shaking. "Now why would I scare you? I'm just a harmless old boy out to have a bit of fun and check up on the old haunts."

"No, not you as you, but just anyone around here. I mean, being all alone, it's enough to give someone a start," York said quickly.

"Ah, yes, I see. 'Tis so. Crack right into your brain someone could, some dark-hearted coed with a term paper bleeding red all over. Yes, a dangerous life us, oh sorry, you scholars lead," said Greene, laughing again. "Well, aren't you going to invite me in for a spot of tea?" Without waiting for the invitation, he strolled into the office and planted himself in the only other chair in the room.

York closed the manuscript and slid his arm over it, hoping that Greene would not notice it. When he looked up, the huge man was staring at the loaded bookshelves.

"Quite a collection, you've there. None of mine I notice." Greene was laughing again, and the laugh was beginning to grate on York. It was so huge, so free, it took up the whole room.

"Well, I...those are at home, you see. I keep all my favorite books at home, my boy," said York, smiling.

To smile and smile and still...this boy has too much of the oe'r weening pederast about him.

"Well, my boy, I'm sure you've worn well through them by now. Such books I wrote."

"Yes, I've read them all several times through. They're quite good, really," said York, still keeping the smile on his face.

Neither one spoke immediately and Greene turned his eye on the books again. Finally he turned and looked at the desk.

"What's that you have under the arm there, my boy? Looks like something important."

"Oh, just a manuscript I've been glancing over. Nothing much," York answered squirming.

"Now let's not have secrets come prying up. Let's have a look. After all, I still try to keep up with what's going on in my field," said Greene leaning over and tugging the manuscript away from York.

"*The Newe Macbeth*, by Floyd York. Nice touch there, that 'newe'. What is it? Oh let me see, *A modern rewriting*, ummm, sounds interesting."

"It's nothing really. Just something I toy with now and again." York said, his throat growing dry.

"Oh, come now, this looks labored o'er. Tell old Hallibut what's in it?"

Like a man coming out of a shell, York, seeing that it was no use to hide his secret any more, broke forth in explanation.

"Well, my boy, it's a project that I've started. I'm writing the new *Macbeth*. All new. Same story and everything, but a new approach. The language and thoughts of today. Knocking out all the antiquated stuff. Trying to stress the man of today. It's true existential drama," York said, priding with every work. "Here, let me read you some of it."

He grabbed the book away from Greene and opened it.

"Now, you remember the scene where Lady Macbeth gets the letter from her husband?"

"Vaguely," Greene replied, scratching his beard.

"Well, that stuff has all been thrown out and replaced. The old version ran like...oh, I can't seem to place the right lines."

*"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor? and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I feat thy nature;
It is too full 'o the milk of human kindness;
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What-thou would'st highly
Thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst win wrongly: thou'dst have great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal,"* Greene declaimed,
puffing red with passion as he finished.

"Yes, something like that," said York, "but let me read you the new version. I must admit that I have done a fantastic job on this portion. It flows so easily into the modern idiom. None of that cranky Elizabethan verbage."

Had he looked up, he would have seen a noticeable twitch on the part of Hallibut Greene.

"Now listen to this," said York, and began reading,

*"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I feat thy nature;
It is too full 'o the milk of human kindness;
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly
Thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst win wrongly: thou'dst have great Glamis,
That which cries, thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal,"*

When he finished, he laid the manuscript down carefully and looked over at Greene with glowing eyes expectant.

"Well, my boy, what do you think?"

"Well, my boy," replied Greene, tugging at a sleeve, "It's...amazing, quite amazing. Couldn't have done better

myself. Can't say that I would...no, amazing piece of work. That opens up whole new vistas."

"Yes, I think so too," said York, laying a soft palm upon Greene's plump one. "I'm simply delighted that you approve. Simply delighted."

"Well, yes. It is quite a piece of work," said Greene, holding a thick grin behind a hairy paw. "Look I think we should toast this endeavor. How about my taking you out for a drop of something?"

"Oh, that would be quite nice. Some wine, perhaps."

"So, let's off." So saying, he stood up and headed for the door, only to have to pause while York found his coat and furry little hat. Standing in the door he mused,

"I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid..." he thought, only to have dumped in

upon him the voice of York saying,

"Are you ready?"

To which he replied,

"Yes, once more into the breach." And thought,
"As I am subtle, false and treacherous,

This day should Floyd York be closely mew'd up — " but was once again plagued by the voice of York asking,

"Are you ready. Let's go, my boy."

"Dive, thoughts, down to my soul."

"What was that," York asked.

"Nothing, just some antiquarian old bosh I was thinking about."

III

The Boar's Head Tavern was crowded with college students, and Greene and York had trouble finding seats at first. Once they were seated, Greene ordered a pitcher of beer.

"I thought we were going somewhere that served wine," said York. "I'm not in the habit of drinking beer. It's so...rough."

"Marvelous drink. Lots of body," Hallibut replied. "Besides, I've been drinking sack all day and this is the perfect change."

To which statement Floyd York made reply with a "But..." that was shushed with a hand from Greene. The two were silent while each drank of his beer, one slurping and one choking.

"Marvelous stuff," said Greene, wiping the froth from his chin.

"Yes. Quite heady...strong. I mean, it's got...body."

"Exactly. A damn good drink. Now what were we talking about. Oh, yes, your project. Quite a monstrous work."

York preened as Greene spoke.

"Yes, I'm glad you like it. Do you notice all the subtle modern touches. A certain colloquial touch here and there. That original stuff has such turgid prose. Thick, I mean," said York.

"It does have a certain body to it," said Greene, barely restraining an impulse to punch the young man in the mouth.

"But I think my labor has payed off. The man is falling together nicely now. And my dear fellow, I'm so happy that you were the first to hear of it."

10/17/72

The first time he kissed her, her breasts hopped to attention and set up a ritual of saluting each other.

When he told her to come to bed, they took a night train for the coast, still saluting and still alert. She said

"I have to make jello" and went out through the kitchen to get the bowl. He followed her, barking and wagging, to the table. She asked for a spoon. He gave her a candle. She asked for hot water and he lit it. He kissed her again and her breasts came back: they had Riviera tans and a weird accent. When he told her, she took him to bed.

When she took him, he told her that he had been an ice cream scoop in the Bronx. She thanked him and belled up. He gave her a double dip.

by Kevin Davis

Here he paused and gave Greene a warm look. Greene shifted his bulk uneasily in his seat. His hands roved into his beard where they burrowed for a few seconds. He took another gulp of beer.

"How do you like my job?" he asked, his face void of emotion. York then took his turn at squirming in his chair, trying to look as unruffled as he could. Suddenly he felt the room close. In the split second that the sentence had hit him, he took in all that he had unconsciously tried to shut out. The formica tables and the formica walls, the imitation gas lamps along the walls, the waitresses that looked to be in college with their "it's been a long day" walks and vacant eyes that took orders, served old men and cleaned up after them and then began the process all over. York saw all of this and then in a wondrous flash of illumination saw that it was Greene's comment on him, that Greene had chosen this bar to ridicule him, show him the fabricated and shallow nature of his world. And then Floyd York began to be afraid.

"Sir, have you parted company with me? You seem vacant and misplaced. Drink up now," said Greene, pouring more beer into York's almost untouched glass. York reached for the glass and took a big gulp. As he swallowed, color returned to his face. Greene stared at him and swore he'd never seen so pale a man in color or spirit. This was a worm, to be crushed under the heel. This Floyd York amazed him so as to undo his reason and growl mindlessly with mind aflame. But he quickly controlled his anger, and tried to involve his adversary in conversation.

"Now please don't take offense. I only meant to ask of your situation and were you happy. I know well the sheer hell that students are."

York by now had calmed himself with another sip from his mug and sat snugly set against the wall as if to guard himself from attack.

"Well, so far, it's been rather easy. I've avoided the students as much as possible. L lectured and left, so to speak. Concentrated more on this project than anything else. If it gets done soon, then I will be up for promotion at the end of the year. Not many professors have a book out by the time they are twenty-five," said York, smiling ever so slightly.

"That's true. I didn't have anything to show for about fifteen years after I got my degree. I just read and lolled about, enjoyed my students some. There are frequently some bright ones worth cultivating, York."

"Oh, yes, I know. I've gotten some very nice boy to do research for me lately. Willing worker."

Greene groaned to himself and slipped his hand around the neck of the dagger in his coat pocket. He then poured York some more beer.

"Oh, please, I've plenty here. I'm not much of a drinker, you see. Just a spot of port now and then. Actually, though, this is quite good. The more I drink, the better it gets. It's nice to talk to someone in the field. Have you read that new piece of criticism on Fletcher? Nice piece."

"I don't read much criticism. I just stick to the old stuff itself," Hallbut Greene replied, yawning. He was getting bored and wanted to end this horrible dialogue.

"I notice you've changed the office about quite a bit."

"Oh, yes, all that old trash and furniture that looked as if it were falling apart. I just must have things nice and orderly if I'm to do any work. I hope you don't mind my rearrangement," York said, smiling his silly smile.

To smile and smile.

"No. A young man wants to feel that he has command of his surroundings. It would be like having a ghost around if you had left my things strewn about."

York nodded wisely and drank some more beer.

"Actually, though, York, I think you're a bit of a prig to spruce that place up so. It had a charm untouched on the hall. I loved that office in all its shambling splendour and now you've killed it. That place is sterile now." Greene could feel himself getting drunk now.

"Now wait just a minute. You got thrown out of that department because of your splendid slovenliness you old sot. And now you come and upbraid me for dispensing with your filth and bringing in some sanity," York shouted. He immediately realized that he had overdone his response, but he also felt that in going too far, he might as well go all the way and have it out with this bag of guts that sat smirking across from him.

"Oh my little friend, you upbraid me out of hand. You do me rotten, you pedant."

"Pedant is it? When I have just shown you the finest piece of writing and imagination done in this college in years and you call me a pedant? Damn you, Greene. Damn your soul and your foolish retrograde ideas and damn your antiquated name."

Greene was at the point of reaching for his adversary's throat but checked himself when he saw that the situation might play better another way.

"Look, York, all these people are staring at us. I think we should at least go outside and finish this argument without disturbing the quiet of this humble place."

"Anything you say, although it does not disturb me that anyone should hear the truth about you." York was growing red by degrees, the color coming up from his collar and flooding into his face like a tide that would not stop. For a moment, Greene thought that his victim would die of heart failure before he could finish his business. As they went out the door, he put his arm around the frail shoulder of his successor saying,

"Now just calm down, my friend."

"Take your hand off me, you lice-infested scum. Don't waste your devious kindness on me." So saying, the drunken York tore Greene's bearish arm from his back and would have struck the big man right then had not Greene pinned his opponent's impotent arms against his body.

"Just step outside, Floyd, and we'll have this calmed down right away."

Greene led the way outside and around to the side of the building where he stopped in the darkness. Walking towards him, all Floyd York could see was an immense shadow looming up before him.

"This will do you no good, Greene. I'll tell the world of your incompetence and there'll be no one to stop me."

"Oh no? We'll see to that my pup." Greene had removed the dagger from his pocket and was balancing it on his palm.

"You think your field is your kingdom, but I've shown everyone else how poor you are at your attempts. You've wasted too many students through a course filled with nothing but reminiscence and a desire to crawl back three hundred years in a pool of ale and vomit. You disgust me."

Greene was moving closer to him, muttering something that York could not hear until the huge man was right upon him.

"Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?"

"What nonsense are you babbling now, Greene?"

"I am no baby, I, that with base prayers I should repent the evils I will do. Ten thousand worse than every yet I did would I perform. If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul."

"You ass, sober up. Thank God I came out here. Who knows what you would have said to me in there in front of all those people. And I with a reputation to protect. Let me call a taxi," York said, trying to get around Greene.

"Had all the hairs on your head been lives, you would stand no chance, York. My revenge has stomach for them all."

"Greene, put that thing away. You fool, are you crazy? Get away from me!"

But he could not finish as Greene raised the glittering blade on high and stabbed down with horrible fury into the forehead of Floyd York. Standing over him, Greene watched him sink slowly, writhing in pain to finally lie on the ground, twitching like some loathsome bug. The time seemed to stop as Greene watched his bleeding victim turn in what seemed endless agony, his small hands clutching the dagger in a vain attempt to wrench the instrument from his head.

IV.

Floyd York had been dead for two weeks and no one had found his body where Hallibut Greene had thrown it into the river.

Greene had not gone out except to buy a paper every few days to see whether or not the crime had been suspected. A few days after the incident, York had been reported missing but even that dropped from the news.

Greene had not regretted the deed. He had drunk more to be sure, but more to wipe away the ugly memory of the corpse than to dissolve any guilt that he might have had.

Sitting in his room, he pondered what he would do next. He could not return for his old job. That would have been too obvious. Taking another gulp of sack, he decided to lay low for awhile and see what came up.

That night in bed, he woke with a shivering pain in his gut. In two more hours, he had a burning fever that no drink would quench. He wondered if the river and the pains had anything to do with his swollen glands that had been bothering him for about ten days. He got up restlessly and walked around in the darkness. As he passed the window, his foot touched something alive and furry. Running for the light, he caught sight of it scurrying behind a bookshelf: a rat.

"Damn it. I'll have to put out some poison," he thought. He went back to sleep after setting a couple of traps around the apartment.

Several hours later, he woke with a start. Instantly he realized what was wrong. As soon as the horror had come, it was replaced by a huge burst of laughter.

"York, you've had your revenge. Damn your soul wherever it may be." Realizing that his disease was in its final stages, he knew that it was useless calling a doctor. Besides, what doctor would believe him?

By the morning he was vomiting and delirium was creeping on. He was going quickly.

In the afternoon, he began hearing voices. In his confusion he thought it was the police.

"Who's there? The murderer's in here, my fellows. Come and take what's left that hasn't been eaten by the cosmic justice." But no one answered and he fell into a shivering sleep. He woke again an hour later.

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed, and chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear, which never danger could daunt before? Who calls Hallibut? Speak! Here I am."

But there was no reply. He staggered out of bed, gripped by the delirium and fever. Walking toward the door with twitching steps, he tripped on his blanket and fell to the floor, dead.

The autopsy lasted five days. No one had ever seen such a disease. It was only when a medical student from the college came to observe that the mystery was unraveled. When he saw the corpse, he asked if it was Dr. Greene, the Elizabethan scholar.

"Elizabethan scholar?" asked the coroner, his expression full of perplexed horror.

"Yes, he no longer teaches but he was the Renaissance man," the student replied.

"He certainly was," said the coroner, nodding in understanding. "This man had the plague." ■

POEMS

by Ralph Amen

A JOYOUS LIFE

There should be joy in both
the occasion of birth and death:
Joy in a birth because we
participated in the procreative process;
Joy in a death because we
participated in someone's life process.

Birth and death are a natural part
of the rhythmic cycle of life:
They are occasions for celebration
and for the laying of stepping stones;
They are no occasions for the
building of monuments.

Monuments, whether for death or
for human achievement
Tend to finalize both our
creative and procreative capabilities.
Rather, monuments should take
the form of stepping stones
Which ultimately build the paths
that compose our own lives.

There should be a special joy in our
most grievous and sorrowful experiences:
For those who sustain there
should be a celebration of hope;
Every human occasion should
embody the meaning of hope,
And be a memorable stepping stone
in the path to the next celebration.

COURAGE

Oh war how bitter
and how loud in battle;
Oh war how still
in death's cold mantle.

The will to fight
does make a war;
The desire to kill
precipitates the gore.

But there are other ways
to resolve men's conflicts;
And avoid the injury
and death war inflicts.

War is for the coward
but love is for the brave;
Any coward can fight,
only the courageous save.

To fight is to admit
that we can not preserve
Our honor and dignity
with the courage to forgive.

Weak men do fight
to resolve their differences;
Strong men prefer
to retaliate in kindnesses.

THE EXAM

God how I studied,
Oh how I cried.

Now the hour is upon me:
my destiny at stake;
will it be a fair shake?

My fate hangs on the balance
of my knowledge
of my ignorance.

No! It can not be:
I'm unprepared for this;
the question makes me piss.

How do I answer?
say I do not know?
bluff a good show?

The exam is over:
I thought I knew it,
but I really blew it.

LOUIS
J.
Di Angelo
Plays
HIS
LAST.

by T. Phillips

©1973 JU-JU MUSIC, INC.

Louis J. DiAngello, junior,
by day a nursery pruner;
would bring them in from afar,
every night at Santo's bar.

By day he sapped a tree,
and got his roses free;
but at night he got his kicks
by playing the world's best licks.

He knew three kinds of saxes,
and dabbled in other axes;
He called his horns by name:
Baritone Anna, Tenor Rosie, and the alto, Sir Gawain.

It was Gawain, the latter horn,
by which his fame was born;
for together, Sir Gawain and Louis Jr.,
beat the best of any crooner.

With the Silver Knight close by his side,
he rambled the octaves far and wide;
and was not opposed to sevenths,
or even, so some say, augmented elevenths.

His wife, she called him crazy,
and his boss called him lazy;
for a time began when Louis, Jr.,
became the world's most obsessed tuner.

It started small, or so they say,
in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of way.
At first it was with breaks for lunch,
when Louis came for Santo's brunch.

He brought in Bariton Anna, then Rosie,
and filled them both with audio poesy.
The people said he looked a bit queer,
as he filled his soul with beer after beer.

And so it came, one August day,
when the heat held forth omnipotent sway;
that Louis played on past his lunch,
and never returned to tend his mulch.

He sat in the corner, by the VFW flag,
and played a melancholic rag;
the sounds were soft and of a style so mute,
the customers swore t'was Pan's own flute.

Past four, past five, past six p.m.,
Louis played again and again;
and the more he drank the lager and ale,
the more sweet Anna and Rosie did wale.

And then the hour neared eight,
when Louis opened the silver plate,
which, as indicated by the crowd's refrain,
held the Silver Knight, the alto, Sir Gawain.

A witness said, at a later date,
that when the clock struck dead on eight,
Louis J. DiAngello began
the greatest lick yet known to man.

'Tis said the power of Sir Gawain
broke every Santo window pane,
and every glass of every beer
that men and women chugged so dear.

But little seemed the customers to mind,
for, as one, they were all entwined;
transfixed, by the sound and enduring moan
that came from Louis and his silver horn.

By this time the place was jammed,
As Santo himself gave glass and dram
to the many men and women paying
who'd gotten word of Louis' playing.

By nine o'clock you could hear a pin,
between the moments Louis played again;
by ten p.m., with Louis' blast,
it was clear he'd come to play his last.

At eleven o'clock he paused to pee,
but even then they could not flee,
for fear they just might miss a note
that came from out of Louis' throat.

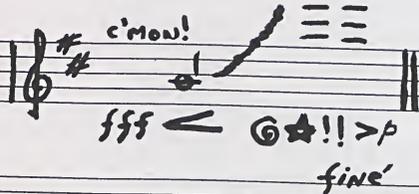
In truth, he was the reddest yet,
and his brow was racked with golden sweat;
and his strong fingers flew faster and faster,
across great Sir Gawain's padded alabaster.

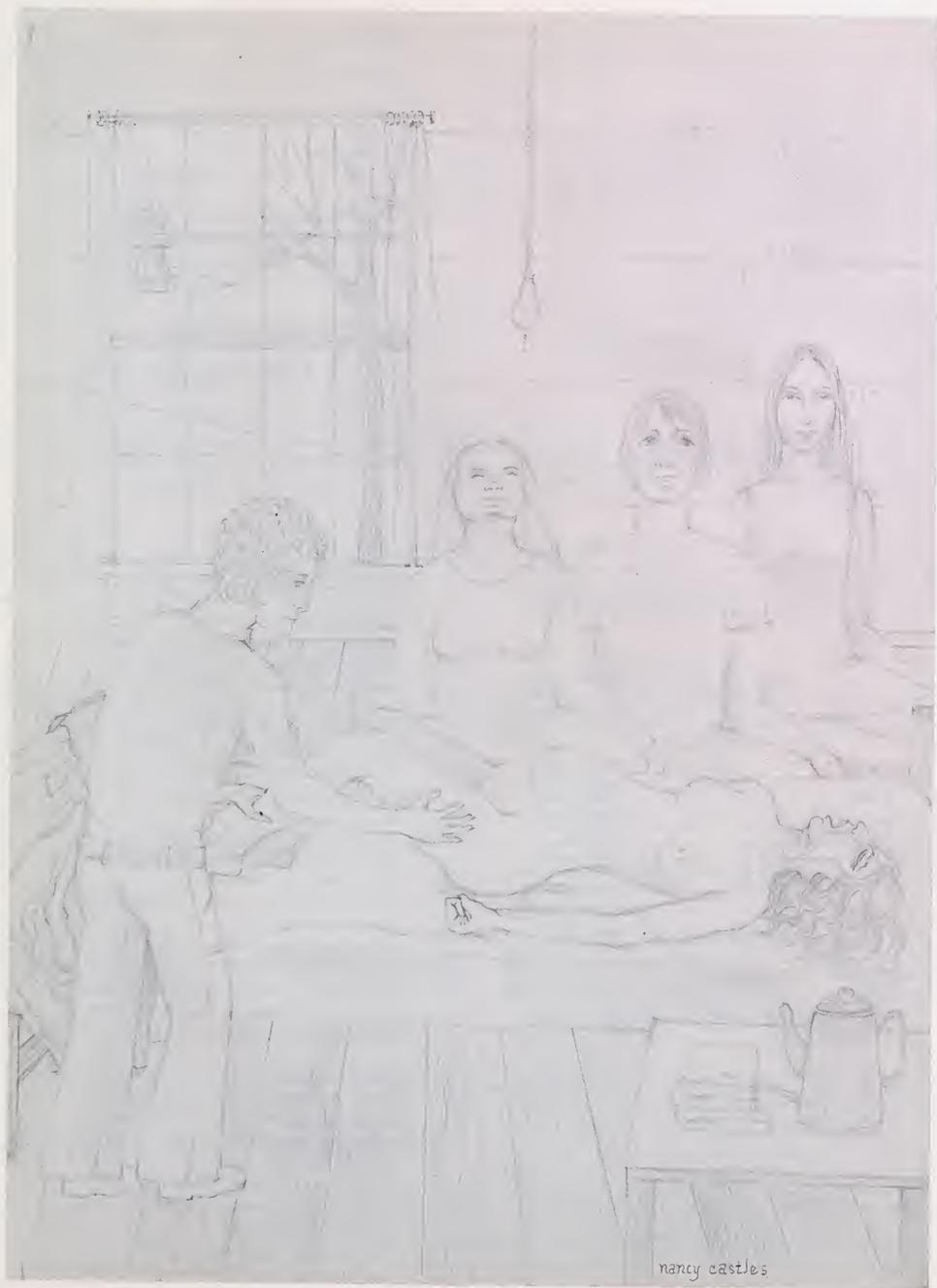
From A to F, low E's to high G's,
from fff-fortzandos to gentle ppp's;
Louis played as a man possessed,
for who else could play with such a zest.

And all at once, to all it was clear,
amid the hushed glasses and draughts of beer,
what it was that Louis sought--
the never-before-commanded Double Blaught!
It took him three full minutes
to hyperventilate his innards;
and when they thought his guts would burst,
and when they thought they'd die of thirst,
and when Sir Gawain became phosphorescent,
the Double Blaught! came and Louis went.

They buried him two days past Manna,
with separate graves for Rosie and Anna;
but Sir Gawain and Louis, they lay forever,
in a closed casket, the two together;
and Santo gave the closing sermon,
complete with piped-in Woody Herman,
because Louis Jr., nursery pruner,
by night a Royal tuner,
had found his Heaven sooner
than most men would have ever dreamed he could.

The Double Blaught!





nancy castles

THE PRICE

a story by Cheryl Stenberg

The locomotive issued a long moan before it entered the tunnel. The warning lowed across the land, losing vitality in the miles that separated the track from the farmhouse, becoming more a lullaby than an alarm.

Lisa heard it, but another contraction was mounting steadily, and she was sliding far away inside herself to the netherworld behind the pain. She counted abstracted seconds and the message from the train was forgotten.

"Breathe!" Al ordered. She panted, slipping back to his voice as she consciously raised her diaphragm and began to exercise again. It was a yoga, a way. She withdrew and let her body maintain itself. *When the earth moves Lisa listens and waits. There is no sound but her own.* Gradually the contraction eased, the veil lifted, and she drifted back to rejoin her friend.

"When do I start pushing?" she asked. "My fingers are cold." He consulted the book. "Soon."

"Good. I'm ready to see this kid." They smiled at each other.

"Hot water," sang Jenny as she hurried to the bedside table with a large kettle between her padded hands. She brought steam and the green, green smell of early morning into the room.

"God, it's musty in here. This old house," she said.

"Don't open the window please. I'm cold." Lisa offered her hand as proof, and Jenny took it.

"Well, you are, aren't you. Frigid," she said, dropping Lisa's hand in mock-revulsion.

Lisa looked at her uncertainly, almost smiled, then closed her eyes. Her belly knotted, and the living mound rose slowly, bowed hard to force the issue out.

"Can she hear us now?" Jenny asked.

"I don't think so."

"Her hands are so cold, and she looks tired. What does the book say? Are her hands supposed to be that cold?"

"It doesn't say." Al had active hands and a strong back and

sometimes a stubborn expression thickened the corners of his mouth for a moment.

"Maybe we should call a doctor," Jenny suggested.

"No. It wouldn't fit." He seemed to be about to pass the issue by, then said, "We agreed that we would take care of ourselves, that a community that depended on outside help for everyday matters reduced its solidarity, right?"

"But this isn't an everyday matter."

"Didn't anybody time that one?" Lisa asked. They turned to her, startled.

"No, babe. Was it all right?"

"Was it all right?" How should I know?" She looked down and smiled triumphantly. "I think it was different, though."

"You weren't panting. Maybe you're getting into the last stage," Al said.

"Wow,"

"How do you feel?" Al asked.

"Fine. You two stop worrying. I don't need a doctor."

"Good," Al said, but Lisa had already turned her head to gaze out the window, making a case of her serenity, smothering possible discord.

The land outside the window fell away rapidly in a jumble of pebbles and wildflowers that seemed to have sprung up immediately after the Lightfarm Community had cleared it. Scraggly rhododendrons blossomed along the southern border of the clearing, creeping out from the great deciduous forest that covered the bulk of Lightfarm Mountain and Johnston Mountain next to it and the blue peaks of the Shenandoah range rising on the far side of the valley. For miles the Lightfarmers saw earth and sky acting in awesome interplays of shadow and light, storm and stormy silence. Only one cabin peeped back at them through the mammoth greenery. It was perched at almost the same level as the Lightfarmer's house on the next mountain, and they often saw Gran MacEacham rocking on her front porch and staring in their direction in the early summer evenings. She was a small, powerful woman who

often saw her dead grandfather's spirit and was suspected of seeing live folks' as well. She lived alone and delivered all the babies born in Watauga County that had the good sense to wait for her to walk from her cabin to theirs. Months earlier she had seen Lisa talk to the depot with a tall young man and return alone. The next day word came by proxy that Gran would be willing to deliver Lisa's child. Lightfarm was surprised and pleased to learn that they were expecting a second generation. The addition had been discussed with relish and the consensus was that nothing better could happen to the commune than that it become a blood family, and an extended family, and then a clan. They dreamed of growing old together.

They had also dreamed of being self-contained and independent, of creating their own customs and traditions, an amalgam of the best from many worlds with touches of originality cementing the whole. So now as Lisa looked out over the mountains she saw Gran in her rocking chair staring back across the gap, almost as if she knew what was happening in the early summer morning.

When the earth moves. Lisa began her mantra again as another contraction gripped her belly and made it heave. *Lisa listens and waits.* She breathed deeply, testing her strength. *There is no sound but her own.*

"She has incredible control," Al said. "She doesn't look like she feels a thing when she relaxes like that."

"Withdraws," Jenny said.

"I don't understand."

"She's gone. Completely divorced from herself."

"So? It's useful. Look at her. Labor without work, childbirth without pain."

Jenny grinned at his enthusiasm, then sobered. "She's too good at it, Al. I mean it's great that she can stay in lotus position for twenty minutes at a time and not feel pinpricks or hear trumpets. It shows tremendous concentration and self-discipline. But it's not discipline she's interested in. It's escape." She paused. "She's been practicing a lot since Don left. Sometimes I've come in her and found her lying on the bed like she was asleep, but I shake her and call her and she doesn't rouse. She's just not there."

"No one's heard from him?" Al asked.

"No."

Lisa opened her eyes. "Jenny."

"Yes, babe."

"I'm glad you're here."

"We're both here," she said, taking Al's hand.

"We're all here," said Al. Their heads formed a triangle for a moment as both helpers kissed Lisa's forehead.

"Oh!" Lisa gasped. "Water!"

They gaped at each other in astonishment. Jenny said, "Let's see," raised the sheet, and began to laugh.

"Really, Lisa, a girl your age should have more control."

She sat down on the floor and giggled.

"It felt funny," she said.

Al changed the soaked cotton pads under Lisa with the air of a philosopher. He consulted his beat-up copy of *Childbirth Without Fear* and said, "It's been nine hours. I'm going to call the others."

After he left the room, Jenny rose and sat on the bed. She pushed Lisa's hair back and rubbed her cheek gently, as if to

warm it.

"How are you two getting along?" Lisa asked. "Al looks strained."

"He's just worried about you." Jenny said. She put her hand on Lisa's abdomen. "Do you think it would hurt if you couldn't get away from it?"

Lisa was silent for a while, her lips drawn tight.

"I'm not going to get close enough to find out," she said finally. She drew a deep breath. "I'm warmer now. Will you open the window?"

The Lightfarmers congregated quickly. They were a handsome group and gifted, if not by nature then by years of training in fields their parents had deemed becoming. There was a classical guitarist who also played the harp when she could find one, and a wild-eyed youth who painted household utensils in minute detail on the walls of his room, only to plaster over them and begin again each time he passed a hardware store. And there was a woman who claimed to be twenty-nine who calculated the cubic footage the artist had lost in his plasterings over the last two years. There were twelve of them if you included Lisa. Their diversity was a constant source of amusement to them. All they had in common was their eccentricity and their longing for unity.

Lisa greeted the first of them vaguely and the last not at all. Her internal struggle drew her away, down into the black where *the earth moves; Lisa listens and waits. There is no sound but her own.*

Once they were assembled, most of them squatting on the floor, Al said quietly, "It shouldn't be long now. I think," he glanced at Jenny, "that she needs support from all of us." Some of the others nodded approvingly.

They sat quietly, waiting for Lisa to recover. The hardware painter produced an elaborate pipe made of a discarded atomizer and brass plumber's elbow. It passed from hand to hand, mouth to mouth, wending its way carelessly through the group, yet finding every member. For a long while they absorbed the drama, took in the rhythm and pace of Lisa's labor, and watched the sunlight move across the wall from the door, then down across the room, soon to touch the bed.

"Maybe it'll all come together," the guitarist said.

Someone began to chant hari Krishna in a wobbly voice. Another joined him and then they were all sing-songing dreamily, strong and low, a chorus of succor and explanation.

Lisa came to sweating and pale. She cast a despairing glance at her friends, inhaled sharply and pushed down hard, willing to drive out her own viscera in order to be rid of the foreigner within. Almost immediately another contraction bore down on her, and she closed her eyes to withdraw, opened them in surprise, closed them again, sinking, only to find the way barred. Her desperation bounced her back to full awareness amidst a strange, steadily increasing pressure that threatened to explode through her abdomen and lower back. A bone shifted somewhere in her pelvis making a crushing sound. She screamed.

Some of the chorus hushed at the sound. Some paused and began again. The rest were so absorbed they never heard her cry.

When the earth moves. The earth moves, she tried again, but the magic had gone out of the formula. She screamed again as the unchained movement began to wring her once

more. The scream spent her air and when the contraction reached its peak there was none left. She made a choking sound before the pain eased, and when it was almost gone inhaled and screamed, "Donnie! Donnie!"

At the same time she dimly perceived Jenny leaning over her, terrified and holding her shoulders and saying, "Push. Please Lisa, push now. It's almost over."

Then a third time she was stricken and screaming. Jenny was pressing down on the top of her stomach. Then suddenly the screaming stopped. *The earth moves; Lisa listens and waits*, she thought with relief. A moment later the veil cleared.

"You have a son!" cried Al, doing a little jig and placing the baby on his mother's flattened abdomen. The infant was rather blue in the patches of him that were visible between the cheesy veneer and the blood.

"Why doesn't he cry?" Lisa asked.

"Happy to be here, I guess," Al said. "He's breathing. It's okay."

They watched the new arrival, wondering, while Jenny massaged Lisa's empty belly and waited for the afterbirth.

"Let's put his name in a Bible," Lisa suggested.

"No, no. Let's make our own book," Al said. He rifled through Lisa's dresser until he found a blank sheet of paper.

"This will be the first page of our history," he proclaimed. He wrote the date of birth on it and asked Lisa if she had a

name for the child.

"Erin," she said, and he entered it.

He grinned at the group. "We need witnesses to this birth." There was an affectionate tussle of the floor among the potential witnesses and it was soon decided that all present would sign the sheet. A woman began to sing a lullaby.

The newborn seemed to look up at Lisa with his unfocused eyes. He coughed. It was a peculiar sound and several people stopped to look at him. Eventually someone realized that he was choking. They all saw it. Al turned him upside down and pounded his tiny back with the heel of his hand. The choking sound increased, not in decibels perhaps, but in desperation. In the still room the community watched the infant's struggle as if it were their own. They saw Al seize the child anew and cover its nose and mouth with his own and inhale sharply. They saw the blue color deepen. They heard the strangling cease.

Al straightened. His face was white, whiter around the mouth. He trembled.

"A resuscitator," a voice lamented softly. "If only we had a--"

"Shut up!" commanded Al. He shook violently as a man with a chill. "Go back outside," he said over Lisa's rising wail. "There's work to be done in the garden."





BLUES AND ROOTS

A Profile of JONATHAN WILLIAMS

by Malcolm Jones

Jonathan Williams is now living in North Carolina again. He is here at Wake Forest University as poet-in-residence. But he went a long road to get here. He was born in Asheville, and that might sound simple: local boy comes home to roost. But Williams is not a simple person; he has his subtleties. He has lived many places, though none of them are where poets are supposed to live. Most of his hang-outs and most of his interests are off the beaten track. It is an interesting track to follow.

What can you say about a man who is a professional writer, an avid volleyball player, an enduring hiker, obsessed with Colonel Sanders, is a member of CORE but also a member of The Cast Iron Lawn Deer Owners of America. Versatile? Perhaps. But Jonathan Williams fits all of these requirements. Or doesn't fit any of them. For he hates labels.

"To call someone a poet is to limit them," he says, "I certainly do more than just write poetry."

For one thing, he is a publisher, having put out about 500 books since 1951. The Jargon Press is now a small but respected publishing firm known throughout the country.

One could go on enumerating Williams' interests and achievements, but it would not any better describe the whole man. Better to recount some facts about him and see where they lead.

Born in Asheville in 1929, Williams went through a variety of schools and ambitions, finally showing up at Black Mountain College, again in North Carolina by way of St. Albans School in Washington, Princeton (drop-out), various art schools including the Institute of Design in Chicago.

Black Mountain was a fifties watering hole for a number of seminal poets including Charles Olson, as teacher, and Robert Creeley and Robert Duncan as students.

It was at Black Mountain College (now defunct) that Williams first began writing and publishing.

At first, Jargon books were small broadsides and pamphlets that Williams and his fellow writers put out to show their work.

Olson is dead and Creeley is a professional poet who makes the round of colleges and publishes with a big company. But Jonathan Williams continues in a small way to contribute to American letters by publishing unknown talent and writing some himself.

Since he is a man with no constant base, the only way he has of keeping up with people is thru the mails. "The only way to make connections is by writing letters," he says.

Williams styles himself as one of that dying breed known as "men of letters."

In an opening mimeographed statement to his creative writing workshop students at Wake Forest, he said: "All I can do for you as students, is demonstrate by example — show you the daily concerns of a man of letters, the way I, for one, organize a life to get certain work (i.e. play) done. With me this involves writing, reading and publishing other poets."

But Williams always comes back to the physical and mental juncture that punctuates his life. In conversation he will occasionally comment on what sort of volleyball player Mr. X is. "I am interested in the similarities between the movement of different people physically and the way a piece of writing moves across the page," he says.

In talking to him, one gets the impression that he cherishes his peripheral role outside the poetic establishment. A simple listing of the factual and fictitious organizations that Williams is associated with more clearly define his interests:

The Bruckner Society of America

The Appalachian Trial Conference

CORE

Sierra Club

Youth Hostel Association

Musical Director: The Macon County North Carolina

Meshuggah Sound Society

Co-Founder: The Cast Iron Lawn Deer Owners of America

Society for Individual Rights

Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE)

The National Trust of Great Britain

Advisory Board: The Foxfire Magazine

The Elgar Society

Costume Designer: Cottonmouth Heterosexuals for Wallace

Secretary: The Carlos Toadyvine Trust

Williams is also proud of his hiking achievements, a pastime that he became interested in after associating with the founders of the Sierra Club on the west coast. He has hiked 1,408 miles along the Appalachian trail, along Hadrian's Wall, The Pennine Way, The Lake District, North York Moors, the Wye River, Offa's Dyke and the North Cornish and Devon Coasts. Quite an international gaggle of trails. But they are fairly representative of a man who lives off and on in the North Carolina mountains at Highlands and in Yorkshire or Dentdale, England.

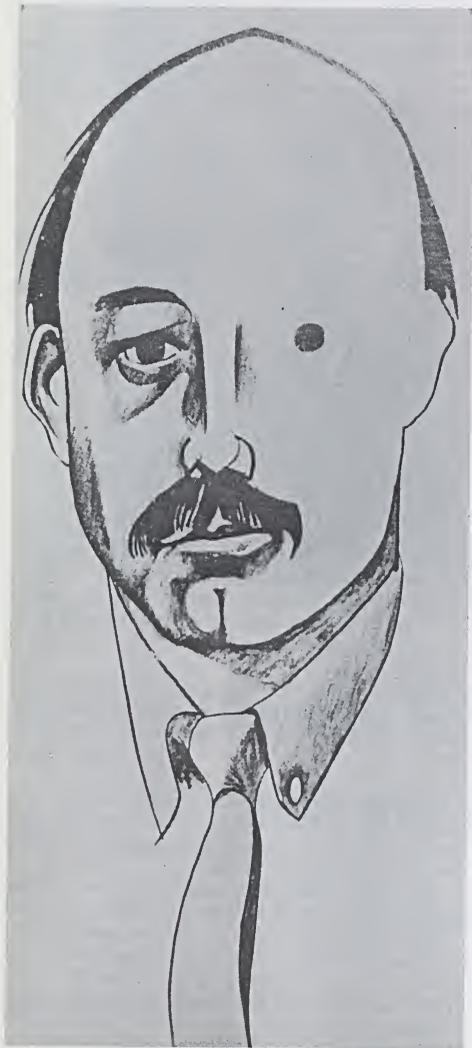
Williams, in line with his aversion for the New York poet cocktail circuit and the hoopla that goes with it, insists that the true poetic groups are, like hiking trails, off the beaten track in every corner of the world, be it Highlands, N.C. or Peru.

"At Black Mountain, I realized that you could learn a lot from a man — and about his art — from playing poker with him, or Monopoly to the death, or seeing him perform during the Sunday afternoon softball game."

So, between hiking, playing sports, writing, mailing letters and publishing, Jonathan Williams stays quite busy. His chief interest remains Jargon Books. Some of the people that he has published, like Denise Levertov or Robert Creeley, have gone on to become quite reputable figures. Others, like Douglas Woolf, remain figures in the literary woodwork who emerge briefly with a book and then disappear again unnoticed. But it is the Douglas Woolfs that Williams cherishes in his job as minor publisher. One of his clients lives alone in a rooming

house in New Jersey and mails his poems to Williams in shoe boxes, writing at the rate of about twelve poems a day. The man subsists on \$1,000 a year.

"I suppose there are about eight to ten small houses in this country that publish in this way," Williams says. "The tradition is an old one. Blake handset and printed his own books. Whitman himself printed the first editions of *Leaves of Grass*. These small presses still just bump along outside the mainstream."



Jonathan Williams

Balancing his love of the independent publishers is an equally strong distrust of the big publishing houses such as Random House or Doubleday. "I've never had anything to do with the large New York publishing places. I've never known anyone who has and I wouldn't trust them if I did." The methods of people like Bennett Cerf are, to Williams, so much "disinterested nonsense."

The more one talks to Williams, the more one can see him as a man of letters. The walls of his apartment are splashed with posters that play with words in various shapes and combinations. For example,

Mari-
gold
fish

or

sheave
wave
weave

The books that lie scattered around his living room give some indication of his diverse interests. Most of the selections are poetry but there is also a life of Edward Elgar, the composer and a new book on Buckminster Fuller. Also included is the North Carolina version of the *Whole Earth Catalog*, *Caralogue*. On a side table lie three napkins from Colonel Sanders' Fried Chicken establishment, a favorite haunt and obsession of Williams'.

At the center of this diverse room sits Williams, a big man puffing quietly away on a cigar. None and all of these books and posters sum up the man. Although he is interested in many things, including hiking and music, he is primarily a poet. To call him a "poet," however, would be like calling Shakespeare an Englishman. In the sense that a man's home should in some way be a description of him, Williams' home is a fairly accurate mirror. The accents and interests are all there with several loose ends that prevent pigeonholing or thumbnail sketches.

Perhaps the most revealing thing about Williams is something he said, in connection with writing poetry:

"I do not believe the sloppy, liberal sentiment that we are all equally competent as artists. The fact that I have devoted 25 years to the craft has to mean something. . . I am Southern enough to believe in manners and the decorum of things. A gentleman is someone who treats everybody the same. . . Please note what the painter Delacroix said: To be 20 and to be a poet is to be 20. . . to be 40 and be a poet is to be a poet' . . . (the thing to do) is get calluses on your hunkers and stay home now and then and be quiet and don't allow interruptions and write and read and loaf and invite the soul."

It is quite an experience to sit in this man's home and try to put all the pieces together. And just when you think you have it down, you prepare to leave and see on the back of the front door a poster, such as one announcing a wrestling match at the YMCA, advertising an upcoming event in Greensboro: "Juao and Karate for Christ"!!!!

THE EAGLE

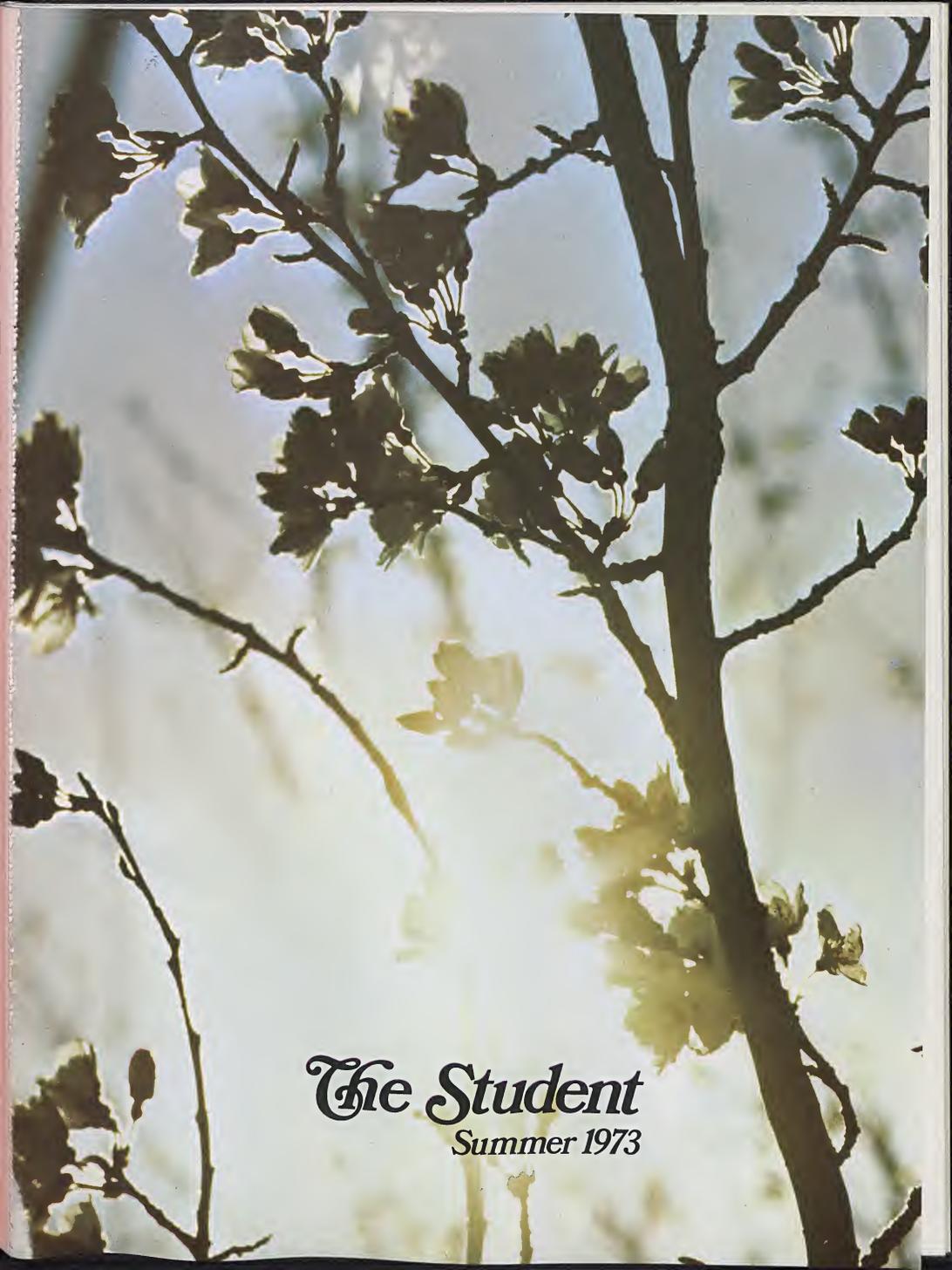
THE Truth was dropped on a snowy hillside by a low-flying Eagle, only to be noticed when the snow melted. Is that the Truth?, the people asked, not being able to understand why it hadn't been dropped by a gray-haired gentleman into the National Archives. In scroll form, of course, and he would have *Cum Laude* written up his sleeve. But the Eagle knew, and he laughed.

The Pigeons tell the truth, but only the statues listen. The mute statues cry for mankind's ignorance. The Pigeons laugh. And now, my son, have you any doubt of what the Truth really is?

D. E. P.

12/68





The Student
Summer 1973

The cover photograph courtesy of Hobart Jones.

The Student

Summer 1973

Editorials	2	
The Younger Generation	3	by Dr. Tom Gossett
Four Boxes	4	by Clint McCown
Liberation vs. Marriage	12	by Susan Gillette
Parting Shots from Wake Forest	14	by Beth Hammond
Everything You Always Wanted To Know . . .	16	by Dana Dye
Of Night and Man	17	by Jack McKenzie
Reynolda Gardens: A Brief History	21	by Susan Gillette
Winter Term: Cuttings, Clippings, and Fragments	25	

Editor:

Susan Nance

Associate Editor:

Dana Dye

Staff Assistants:

Phillis Foster

Fred Hendrix

Rick Kilgore

Helen Tyree

Photography:

Michael Hiester

Art:

Fred Hendrix

Darian Smith

Special Thanks:

David Swain

MRC

The *Student Magazine* is published by the students of Wake Forest University since 1882. Contributions may be brought to our offices, Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247 Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. The *Student* is printed by Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

EDITORIALS

IN THE SPRING . . .

The Springtime chorus of chirping birds and twittering squirrels has been disrupted of late by the wails of jobless graduating seniors. Ready to finally plunge into the labor force, these weary souls must face the cruel fact that they are educated and monetarily worthless. Our sympathies go out to them. These are the times that try men's souls, and comfort is hard to come by. The anxious coed, beset by fears for her future, thumbs through a magazine only to discover a sweet young thing smiling up from the page and asserting that "Yes, I went to college, but Speedwriting got me my job!"

What can we say? Hang in there, sweetheart.

VENICE AT WF

Wake Forest students returning from a semester in Venice have come up with ideas concerning the wonderful Wake Forest 'canals' that link Tribble, the women's dorms, and Reynolda.

In light of our cultural exchange with Venice, we would like to suggest the following:

1) That we invite an expert from Venice to teach Wake Forest students the Italian technique of walking on two-by-fours. Students should receive $\frac{1}{4}$ PE course credit.

2) That a *vaporetto* service between all buildings on the campus with Reynolda Hall as a terminal between the upper and lower levels. A special express *vaporetto* should be a consideration for those of us who wait until the last possible moment to leave for class.

3) That a later addition to the Venetian utilities might be a gondola service on the rare clear evenings in the spring for those who desire some romantic respite from studies.

We would like to point out to our Building and Grounds Personnel that our counterpart in Italy is slowly sinking. We on the North Carolina campus would like very much to keep our art high and dry for posterity. Unless, of course, they are reasonably sure that *National Geographic* would spotlight a "save Wake Forest" program.

"VINCENT"

True art lovers and even laymen aesthetes are no doubt overjoyed to hear that Wake Forest has just spent \$22,000 to secure four more *objets d'art* for the Reynolda lounges, including an 8'x6' "Vincent with Open Mouth." Why Vincent is open-mouthed will certainly be one of Wake Forest's enduring questions.

What Vincent could well be gasping at is the fact that in the same room with the new acquisitions is an original Picasso (yes, Wake Forest owns one) mounted on cardboard and covered with plastic. We are obviously unqualified to judge aesthetic values, yet we stand like the monumental Vincent with open mouth.

The Younger Generation

by Dr. Tom Gossett



Even if I thought the younger generation was much worse than I do, I still would not despair. It is the only one we have.

As a teacher, and an older one at that, I have a different view of the present college generation, different, that is, from of the younger generation itself but hopefully sometimes different from many of the other people my age.

If I could make a single change at Wake Forest, I think I know what it would be. I would wish that all those intelligent, different people who write excellent themes and tests but who largely remain silent in class would suddenly begin to talk. How much we all would gain from these people. The reason that so many—not all—of good students are silent in class may be partially my fault but I think it is mainly yours. By you I mean the average Wake Forest student. Excellent students are leaven, and if democratic society knows anything it knows how to handle leaven. If there is anything which irritates the average American (including the average American college student) it is someone genuinely different, genuinely creative, genuinely individualist. The first lesson we teach these people is to keep their ideas to themselves. Thus that surprising phenomenon in American college classrooms. Frequently only the teacher is aware of who the good students in the class are.

If only as a survival technique, you have to learn as a teacher to judge students in a way in which they rarely judge themselves. First off, you have to learn to look beyond the movement of the time to the people who follow it. An idea, someone has said, is not responsible for the people who believe it, and movements are not necessarily responsible for the people who follow them. Beards and long hair never meant much and now they mean nothing at all. The Jesus freak style among young men and the Mary Magdalen style among young women may disguise nothing more revolutionary than a passion for President Nixon or a determination not to let one's grades fall below C's.

The true basis of judgment of students is the receptivity to ideas. The student, like the older person, who takes his cue from movements of the time is likely to be limited and predictable. Ecology, woman's lib, black awareness, even sexual freedom are healthy movements in themselves but only if they are not taken with that appalling literalness with which students frequently take movements. Two years ago—or was it three?—the Wake Forest students buried an automobile engine on campus to celebrate ecology week. Whatever happened to ecology? It died as a fad, probably to be resurrected later on when the environment gets bad enough.

Perhaps one special characteristic of all generations nowadays is that we more obviously need one another than we used to. So far as the older generation is concerned, I can only speak for myself. I find my chief pleasure in knowing you

individually but also I find a pleasure in watching you, even those whose names I do not know. Youth and beauty seems far more remarkable to me now than it did when I was young (but not beautiful) myself. It isn't just—or even chiefly—your youth and beauty, however; it is a combination of something you have in common and that which makes each of you an entirely separate person, as Whitman said. When I get the impression you have read something that is new to you, I feel a sympathetic vibration. But I also enjoy your discovery of each other. If you young lovers on campus only knew how much pleasure you provide the older generation. We try not to peek too obviously.

But you need us too—or at least you need something you are apparently not giving to one another. There are forces acting upon the college generation of today which are profoundly dismaying. I mean dismaying to the younger generation itself. I do not profess to understand what all these forces are. It is no secret that the decline of the college activist movement of a few years ago has led to a swamping of psychological counseling services. The suicide rate among college students is rather frightening.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when I thought almost my sole function for the students was to teach them American literature and English grammar and composition. I am not sure what changed me, or how thoroughly I have changed. I think it was watching the way students interact among themselves. I do not react to every student now, partly because I do not know how, but at least I react far more than I once did.

In a period of rapid change, it is hard to know what we should try to hold on to and what we should let go. The checks and balances of earlier generations even when they worked (and I can tell you, they often didn't) are not necessarily permanent models. All of us suffer, the older generation most of all but the younger generation too, if we retreat into the security of our own generation, our own social class, our own sex, our own race. If we oldsters need to identify with you, then you need, to some extent, to identify with us too. At least it seems to me rather doubtful whether you will be able to construct that brave new world all by yourself. ■

FOUR BOXES

A play by Clint McCown

At rise: 5 boxes are lined parallel to edge of stage. Lettering on down stage reads as follows, from L. to R., (This End Up↑); (This End Up↓); (Do Not Open); (Danger: Tasmanian devil); and (This End Up↷). Presently a knife breaks through the fourth box and cuts a door on the down stage side. The door opens and someone creeps cautiously out on stage. He sniffs the air, looks around, then straightens and moves confidently from box to box.

A. Hey, it's alright. Come on out. We're here. *(pause)* I said we're here.

C. Don't believe him. It's a trick.

B. You may be right. It could be a trick. There's always that possibility.

D. That's true. But then on the other hand, what if he's telling the truth? Then where would we be?

C. Exactly where we are now.

B. Exactly.

D. The choices, then, as I understand them are (1) Stay where we are, or (2) don't stay where we are.

C. Yes.

D. But if we don't stay where we are, there's always the possibility that the whole thing is a trick.

B. So the odds will be in our favor if we simply remain where we are. Agreed?

D. Agreed. *(pause)*

C. After all, it's man's duty to survive.

D. And who knows what's waiting for us out there.

B. Maybe death.

C. Maybe death.

D. On the other hand, *(pause)* what will *he* do if we don't come out.

C. I don't know

B. Me neither.

D. Let's ask him.

C. Not yet. Discuss the possibilities first.

B. Well, he might make us come out.

D. Physically?

B. Yes.

D. But we could get hurt!

B. Exactly.

C. I think we'd better ask him about that.

D. I agree. Ask him.

C. Hey, you out there. Are you going to make us come out?

A. No.

B. Well that's a relief.

D. Looks like we made a good choice.

C. Wait a second. Hey, you out there. What happens if we stay in here?

A. You'll suffocate. *(pause)*

B. He's bluffing.

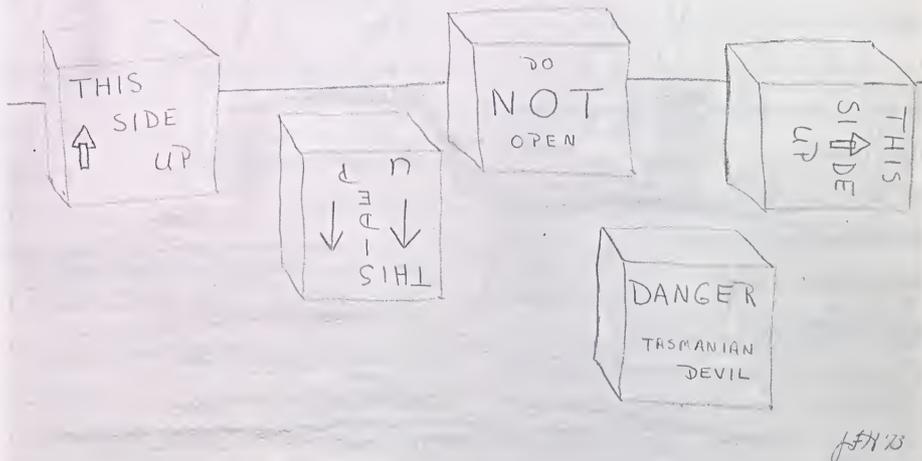
C. No, wait. Now that you mention it, I don't seem to be breathing.

D. Come to think of it, I'm not either.

B. What'll we do?

C. We'd better not stay here. Agreed?

B & D. Agreed.



C. After all, it's man's duty to survive.

D. And who knows what's waiting with us in here.

B. Maybe death.

(D, B, and C climb from their boxes)

D. *(Jovial)* Hello! I'm sorry I'm late. Something came up.

A. That's quite alright. I just got here myself.

B. I'm not late am I? The time just slipped away.

A. No, you're right on time.

D. We just got here ourselves.

C. I hope I haven't kept you waiting. First I overslept, and then the elevator was broken so I had to climb those awful stairs. I'm all out of breath.

B. You're not at all late. We all just got here.

C. Oh, good. *(pause)* Well, now we've got that over with.

(pause, X to Box) I could have sworn I was in this one the last time. Yes, I'm sure of it.

D. That's impossible. Everything is exactly the way it was the last time. Nothing changes. You know that.

A. Are you sure?

D. Do you doubt it?

A. Well, no. It's just that I didn't even know there was a last time.

B. I don't remember a last time

D. Now that you mention it, neither do I. *(they look at C.)*

C. Me neither.

(pause)

A. Well, that settles it then.

B. Yes, I guess it does.

D. People do get confused.

- B. It's only natural. (*They stare at him*) I mean, it does happen sometimes.
- C. So. We've never been here before.
- D. No. Never been here before.
- A. That's right, never before.
- B. What a silly idea. Of course we've never been here before. (*pause*)
- D. Excuse me.
- A. Yes? (*they all look at D.*)
- D. I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, but could I ask a question?
- A. That is a question.
- D. Oh. (*laughs*) That's right it is. (*pause*)
- B. Well? What were you going to ask?
- D. Nothing important. Forget it.
- C. No go ahead. What is it?
- D. Well, alright. (*pause*) You're sure you don't mind?
- B. Not at all.
- C. Get on with it.
- D. It's pretty silly. I was just wondering what time it was.
- C. What time it was?
- B. Or what time it is?
- A. Or what time it will be.
- D. (*looks at them puzzled*) Is there a difference?
- A. Is there a difference?! Is there a difference?! (*pause*) Is there a difference.
- B. Why. . . I don't know! (*panicked*) I honestly don't know!
- C. (*Panicked*) Neither do I! My God, this is terrible! We don't even know!
- A. What'll we do? (*terrified*)
- B. What can we do? (*terrified*)
- C. My God, this is terrible! (*anguished*)
- B. (*to D.*) This is all your fault! Everything was just fine. Everything was perfect. Then you go and upset the apple

cart with your damn metaphysics.

- A. (*very serious, melodramatic*) You've pierced our souls with the cold breath of philosophy.
- C. (*bitterly*) And it's not the first time.
- D. Yes, I've done it before, haven't I?
- B. And you'll probably do it again.
- C. And again.
- A. And again.
- D. I'm sorry. I really am. I don't know what comes over me. I don't understand it.
- A. You never will. But don't let it bother you. It's just something that happens, that's all.
- C. It can't be helped.
- A. It's only natural. (*They all stare at A*) I mean, it does happen that way sometimes. (*go to isolation, again*)
- (LONG PAUSE)
- D. He should have been here by now.
- A. Yes, he should have been here.
- C. Yes, he should.
- B. Yes.
- (pause)
- D. But he isn't here.
- A. No, he isn't here.
- C. No, he isn't.
- D. No.
- (pause)
- C. At least he doesn't seem to be here.
- B. No, he doesn't seem to be.
- A. No, he doesn't.
- D. No
- (pause)
- A. I guess we'd better wait for him.
- C. Yes, I guess we'd better wait.

B. Yes, we'd better.

D. Yes.

(pause)

C. After all, he's always late, but he always comes.

D. That's right. He always comes.

B. Yes, I remember now. He was late the last time too.

A. And the time before that.

C. And as far back as I can remember.

B. And how far back is that?

A. Yes, how far back? I'd like to know.

C. Well, I don't know exactly.

B. Why not?

C. I can't remember it exactly; I just remember it generally.

D. I see. A sort of vague remembrance.

C. Yes, that's it.

B. Can you remember anything specifically?

C. No. I can't.

A. Not even the last time?

C. No, I can't seem to remember a last time at all.

B. Ah, so now you can't remember a last time at all.

D. That's not surprising. Memory is a tricky thing. I remember reading somewhere that people often remember things that never happened at all.

A. Where did you read that?

D. Oh, I can't remember. Still, it seems very applicable to the situation. Why, I'm not sure that I remember a last time myself anymore.

B. You know, I was just thinking that very same thing. I don't remember a last time either.

A. Me neither, come to think of it.

C. Then, if there were no last time, then it would naturally follow that there were no times before last time.

B. Naturally.

D. Of course not.

A. So. We've never waited here before. This is the first time.

B. That's right. We've never waited anywhere before.

D. Of course not. How could we?

B. There's no way to foretell the future.

A. Of course not.

B. It's funny that we all thought we'd waited for him before.

C. It's not at all funny. It's a very serious matter.

B. Well, of course it is. I just meant it's strange. That's what I meant.

D. Yes. It is strange that we all thought we'd done this before.

B. We were just a little confused, that's all.

A. Yes, that's all it was.

C. People do get confused.

D. It's only natural. *(they stare at him)* I mean, it does happen that way sometimes.

(They move apart again) (long pause)

C. I talk, but I don't speak.

D. I hear, but I don't listen.

A. I listen, but I don't understand.

B. *(cheerfully)* I understand, *(they look at him, he looks down)*, but I don't really.

(pause)

C. Someone say something.

B. Yes. Someone say something.

D. That's a good idea. Say something, someone.

A. Why?

C. That's how we communicate.

B. And it passes the time.

C. That's right. That's an even better reason.

A. All right, who wants to start? *(pause) (to D.)* You.

D. *(Takes out a rope, starts chewing gum, twirls rope and speaks in a Texas drawl:)* "I never met a man I didn't like —

except Will Rogers.”

A. *(Raises hand for silence)* Now, listen. *(They listen)*

B. *(In a low voice)* Do you think it worked?

C. Can't tell. Probably not.

B. It worked before.

A. Yes, it worked the last time.

D. Yes, it did. I remember.

(Drifting together again)

C. Are you sure? I didn't even know there was a last time.

(pause)

A. You may be right.

B. Now that you mention it, I distinctly remember there not being a last time

D. I remember that too.

A. So do I.

B. Then we all remember it.

D. So it couldn't have happened. Agreed?

B. Agreed.

C. That settles it then.

A. It certainly does.

D. It's as plain as the nose on your face.

C. Let's compare notes.

B. *We've* never been here before.

A. *We've never* been here before.

C. *We've never been* here before.

D. *We've never been here* before!

All: *We've never been here before.*

C. Now we're getting somewhere!

D. Now we're making sense!

B. Now we're communicating!

A. Yes, yes! I feel it too.

D. We've done it! at last we've done it!

C. Marvellous!

A. Fantastic!

B. Unbelievable! I can almost understand!

D. It's all clear now!

C. It's only natural! *(they freeze, stare at C)* I mean, it does happen that way sometimes.

(They move to isolation, gravely)

(LONG PAUSE)

A. I think I know where he is.

B. But you can't!

C. That's impossible!

D. It's blasphemous!

A. No it isn't. Not if I'm right. And I think I am.

D. Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

B. I don't either.

C. Count me out.

A. Why?

B. It's too dangerous.

C. It's too risky.

D. It's too unnatural.

C. *We've* got to wait. If we wait, he'll come. All we have to do is wait.

A. But what if he's waiting for us? Then where would we be?

B. Right where we are now.

D. Waiting.

C. Which means we'd be no worse off then we are now.

A. And no better off then we are now.

B. True, but that's life. It isn't better or worse; it's just there.

(pause)

A. He's in the box.

B. What? I didn't hear you.

A. He's in the box.

C. What? I didn't hear you.

A. He's in the box.

D. What? I didn't hear you.

A. (*shouts*) He's in the box! He has to be in the box. Where else could he be but in the box. He's been there all the time. All we have to do is open it. He'll be there. I know he will. He's got to be. It's only natural. (*B, C, and D have been smiling and ignoring A to this point, now they stare at him*) No, I mean, it does happen that way sometimes. (*A and others go back to isolation*)

(LONG PAUSE)

C. I wonder what's in the box?

D. I was just wondering that myself.

B. I was too. What a coincidence.

C. It might be interesting to find out.

A. It's probably not worth opening.

B. You're probably right. But on the other hand, it might turn out to be well worthwhile.

C. Yes. You never can tell about these things.

D. I think we should open it. It might have something really valuable inside.

A. Well, it can't be buried treasure because it isn't buried, and it can't be God because it isn't big enough.

B. You're right about that.

A. So what else could be worth the trouble of opening it.

C. That's a good point.

D. (*worried*) Say, I just thought of something terrible.

A. Yes?

D. It's too small for God, but it looks to be about the right size for Death.

B. You're right, it does.

C. Quick, give me the tape measure.

A. Here.

TIME TO GO

the probing finger of the sun's warmth
seeks the remaining snow
in its shadowy hiding places
and wagging the finger of warmth
under the nose of the snow
the sun demands its place

Your time has come . . .
Time to leave . . .
Time to go . . .

by Caroll Watts

C. (*he measures, steps back*) (*gravely*) A perfect fit. It's Death, alright.

B. What'll we do?

C. I don't know.

D. We've got to do something. We can't just wait for it to come out.

A. You're right. But what can we do?

C. Maybe if we ignore it, it'll go away.

B. No, no, that hardly ever works. We need something more definite.

D. We could wish it away. That might work.

A. No, we're too out of practice.

C. I've got an idea. (*Goes off stage, brings back a large broadsword*) This should do the trick.

B. Give it here. Ah, there's a slit here in the top. The blade should just fit. Yes, it does! (*plunges it*) There! All done. (*pulls it out*) Nothing more to worry about (*Takes it off, re-enters*).

D. We handled that pretty well, I thought.

A. It was instinct mostly.

C. After all, it's man's duty to survive.

B. That's right. We had to do it to survive.

A. It's only right.

D. It's only natural. (*They stare at him*) I mean, it does happen

that way sometimes.

Voice: (*off stage*) What does?

(*They freeze*)

A. Did you hear that?

D. Yes. Did you?

B. Yes. Did you?

C. Yes. We all heard it.

D. What was it?

B. I'd be afraid to guess.

C. Me too.

A. It's him.

D. Do you think so?

B. It must be. It couldn't be anyone else.

A. That's true.

C. What should we do?

B. We've got to catch him. We can't let him get away. We've waited too long to let him slip through our fingers now.

A. You're right. How should we do it?

D. One of us should go after him.

B. Why can't we all go?

D. Because then if he came here, we'd all be gone.

C. Good thinking.

B. Why can't two of us go after him while two of us stay here?

D. Because if he does come here, it may take three of us to hold him.

C. Good thinking.

A. Who shall we send?

B. We'll draw straws.

(*They draw invisible straws from B's hand*)

(*A is the one*)

A. Well, if I must I must. Wish me luck. (*Exit*)

(*Pause while all stand impatiently for 1/2 minute. They pace, look for him, etc.*)

A. (*off stage*) I've got him! (*appears pulling rope*) I've got him! He's on the other end. It took forever but I finally caught him. Watch out, he's tricky. That's why it took me so long to catch him. After I left here it was two weeks before I picked up his trail, and two weeks before I caught a glimpse of him running through the Shara, but I kept at it. Three years later I finally lured him into camp with an empty jar of mayonnaise. Then the long trek back through the Pyrenees and here I am. (*they applaud as he exits, still pulling rope. He reappears on other side, being pulled by rope.*)

A. He's a tricky one alright. Help me before he gets away.

(*they help*) (*Enter the Man with rope in his hand*)

B. At last we'll know the truth.

C. He'll explain it all.

D. Our waiting is over. At last our waiting is over.

A. I love happy endings.

C. Oh, It's not over yet.

B. Not by a long shot.

D. Not by a short shot.

C. Not by a pistol shot.

A. Not by a tetanus shot.

C. I see we understand each other. And we have him to thank for it.

B. Yes. His being here makes it so much easier to communicate.

A. I can hardly wait for the revelation.

B. I know what you mean. It's exciting isn't it.

D. Like the howl of the wind.

C. Like the bay of the wolf.

A. Like the black of the night.

B. Like the light of the day.

D. Excellent. We're making real progress already . . .

C. His presence can move us from empty words to transcendent thought.

B. And back again!

A. I can't wait any longer. Let's get on with it.

B. Yes, let's begin. We've waited long enough.

D. It seems like forever.

(They sit, backs to Man, facing audience. Man gives a 1 minute pantomime of a speech, ends it with a cough. All applaud)

A. Bravo!

C. Bravo!

D. Bravo!

A. Beautiful.

C. Tremendous.

D. Amazing.

B. Marvelous.

C. Tremendous.

D. Amazing.

B. Marvelous.

C. It seemed so real.

D. It seemed so life-like.

A. It seemed like I was actually there.

B. We couldn't have asked for more.

D. No, that's right, we couldn't.

C. It was all we had hoped for.

A. And more.

B. It's a good thing we caught him.

D. A very good thing.

C. And its comforting to know that our efforts have not gone unrewarded.

A. Our efforts, yes. Don't forget our efforts.

B. Our crawling through the burning sand of the great desert.

C. Our climbing through the prickly burrs of the great pine tree.

D. Our trudging through the snow-capped peaks of the great mountains.

A. Our chopping through the slimy green vines of the great

jungle.

B. Our paddling through the foaming whitecaps of the great ocean.

C. Our sinking through the murky mud of the great quicksand.

D. Our falling through the empty darkness of the great manhole.

A. And our waiting. Don't forget our waiting.

B. No. We can't ever forget our waiting.

C. Even the waiting was worthwhile.

D. Yes. And this was well worth waiting for.

B. But the best is yet to come. Don't forget that.

A. Yes. Those were just the preliminaries.

C. The revelation comes next.

D. And with it, ultimate knowledge, ultimate peace.

B. Ultimate happiness.

A. The revelation is the key to it all. We'll know everything that matters.

C. We'll understand everything that matters.

D. We'll comprehend everything that matters.

B. Let's get on with it. Let's do it now. It seems like we've been waiting forever.

A. Yes, it's time. At last, it's time.

(They sit & face the Man, who sets up blackboard which has lain unnoticed onstage center. He writes: God ≠ dog.

(pause)

A. *(without emotion)* I don't understand.

C. *(W.E.)* I don't understand.

D. *(W.E.)* I don't understand.

(pause)

Man. It's only natural. *(He exits)*

(Pause) (They look at each other and then at audience.) (They rise, return to their boxes and climb in. The boxes revolve 180 degrees to reveal the same lettering, but in opposite order, ie. Danger: Tasmanian Devil is now Box no. 2) (A knife presently cuts through the 2nd box and begins to cut out a door as the curtain is pulled.)

In this season when loveknots are being replaced by hard, fast, licensed contracts of wedlock, some of the participating women may be facing the duel of

Liberation vs. Marriage

by Susan Gillette

Women's liberation may be nothing more than a 4-year joy ride for the collegiate woman. The songwriter who long ago linked love and marriage like the "horse and carriage" was thinking correctly for a man of his day. Before the era of free sex, love and marriage were natural complements. Now, Women's Liberation is placing even more pitfalls in the once-established road to the life of marital bliss, as it was once envisioned.

College women who consider themselves "liberated" are discovering that a successful blend of love and liberation usually involves adjustment by the involved male, as well as the female. In some cases, the men in relationships with such women have to struggle before accepting the women as persons who are not just "standard" females. Other men never can develop loving relationships with women who have rejected pre-liberation ideals of the woman's role and the male-female contract. Such images are the product of the upbringing of both sexes, and are hard to abandon.

However, increasing numbers of women are making it to "liberation." For coexistence, men need their own liberation. Women no longer consent to the notion that the girl who becomes a lawyer, doctor, or even an elementary school principal is dooming herself to spinsterhood. The wifely role is changing as more and more women became self assured, self aware, and eager to negotiate an arrangement with males in which the woman's special career talent come to the fore.

So much effort is concentrated on updating the American woman, particularly the educated woman, that no man should innocently expect to wed simply a "woman." He had better prepare himself to cope with a full person, not a mere female. And the deal doesn't have to be one-sided, in the woman's favor.

People who analyze Women's Liberation tell men the Movement has a lot of potential advantages for them, too. Students of liberation foresee a total "human liberation," in a society where men have followed the women's lead in character and personality development. Too many men are threatened by Women's Liberation at present because they view it as meaning that the woman wants a job, wants to spend little time in the home, and would like to rub it in by earning more money and gaining more prestige than her husband. This view separates one side of liberation—the career—from its psychological aspect.

Dr. Donna Woodmansee of the Wake Forest Psychological Center brings liberation back into focus with her view of liberation as "being your own person." That means abandoning every stereotype. "For women, it's a time of change. Women are exploring. There are no longer any models." For members of either sex, this process can be "psychologically frightening," she says, because concepts of masculinity and femininity are threatened.

The "exciting" part is that "there are so many goodies for men" in the women's liberation movement. For example, men can shed the concept of being strong by curbing their emotional expression. "They won't be posturing; *machismo* will be gone. They'll be able to show their feelings." Other advantages are more objective. Full financial responsibility won't rest on the man ("Why should it?"), asks Dr. Woodmansee) and is a burden he can gratefully toss off.

But these are benefits men can reap only after "the change." And women are clearly closer, today, to achieving liberation. The women approaching or enjoying that goal will soon be ironing out their lifetime relationships with men. So the women want to know how possible it is for males to adjust and how soon the change may be expected.

A few local cases of successful "re-negotiation" of the standard male-female relationship can be pointed out, but these cases are cited so often that constant references prove the examples are exceptional ones. Dr. Don Schoonmaker is the husband of a practicing lawyer. Dr. John Woodmansee is the husband of a practicing psychologist. This pair of enlightened men hasn't yet replaced more standard models of the married male held by Wake Forest's young men. (If their social behavior is any stan indicator, guys at WF have a model somewhere between Rhett Butler's *savoir-faire* and Archie Bunker's bossiness.)

In one way, it's good that Schoonmaker and Woodmansee aren't becoming new patterns for the younger generation. Dr. Woodmansee views the "options" of liberation as its chief advantage. Each couple ought to be free to work out the partners' roles in the best balance of each one's desires, needs and abilities, independent of social pressure and stereotype. At the present time, a host of forces operate to impede the realization of this ideal situation of full option.

Some policies and conditions at Wake Forest can be pinned down as hindrances. Dr. Woodmansee says the University could do more to speed liberation of both sexes by "making itself clear in considering women full-fledged as administrators and faculty." Also, all the women's rules "say to both man

and women, I'm different. I have to come in earlier and be protected."

A member of the men's counseling staff criticized the fraternity system. He viewed the system as perpetuating a social system which only requires the frat member to think in terms of single dates (or "dogs") for weekends. "The frat members take an inadequate look at the future. The "social culture" gears itself toward getting dates, having a good time. Hard, fast realities of life don't hit these people." Independents, on the other hand, are "more oriented toward long-range type goals, particularly with women. They spend more time talking and less time partying."

Dr. Woodmansee was less concerned about the social structures on the Wake campus, partly because she has less contact with the student organizations. But she did suggest that it may be that more "traditional men go into fraternities, and in that sense the groups perpetuate the status quo. Societies may do the same thing," she added.

The critic of the fraternity system did not take a totally negative view of the chances for changing men within the system. Most, he felt, would be able to overcome their own fears and the social pressures which restrict the pace and scope of change because they "are easy-going enough to accept Women's Liberation." Problem cases do crop up. The speaker cited the situation of a popular Wake Forest senior woman who plans to enter graduate school next fall. Her pinmate, predicted the counselor, will "either shoot higher or drop her." There's little likelihood that "he'll just take it."

A counselor at Salem College who advises women working out marriage contracts and life plans provided more optimistic examples of resolutions of the problem. Salem students who regard themselves as "liberated" resolve their problems with beloved males in two main ways, said Ms. Diane High of the Life Span Counseling Center. (A third "solution" followed by some women is escapism. They "dress in blue jeans and profess not to care about boys. Conflict is avoided by not attracting guys," explained Ms. High.)

Many women who come to Life Span are "liberated" and have a boyfriend who agrees with their beliefs. "Both plan careers and see no conflicts." (This is the situation as related to the counselor by the girl alone. Ms. High never meets the men in question.) The completeness of these women's "liberation" might be questioned, since most want a career "but not one that would surpass the husband's or make him follow her around the country." The idea of having "more salary or prestige" is unpleasant to many of the women. In short, they perceive their contract "idealistically."

The final type of liberated woman "really sees no conflict" between love, or marriage, and liberation, because she's "putting the career first." If marriage follows, the man should be aware that he's marrying a career woman, and presumably will accept her on that level of personhood which she has attained during her single years.

One tantalizing question is whether this last group of women would give up the whole liberation bag if it stood between them and a life with the man they loved. Ms. High's response is, "Who knows what happens when they fall in love?" Dr. Woodmansee only admits that "the gals in transition" will have trouble when their own career and psychological identities don't line up with the roles males seek



in them. The woman "who has a raised consciousness will stick to it," asserts Dr. Woodmansee.

That's part of the reason she believes women need to "deal with themselves before tackling the liberation of the male", just like "you can't raise white consciousness until black consciousness is raised." Clearly, Dr. Woodmansee isn't going to ask that men be pressured to do anything women haven't done already. And hers is a realistic suggestion, if it's really the women who haven't completely escaped the limits of stereotype, haven't made it all the way to being "their own person," who fail to bring men around.

Where is the male after he suffers the conversion? An unexpected commentary on his situation comes from the April issue of *Woman's Day* magazine. The writer interviewed a sample of husbands who regularly devote part of their time to pushing shopping carts, baby buggies and vacuum cleaners to allow their wives time for a career. The author found common traits among the men.

"What unifies all those men I've spoken with is an unshakable sense of self-confidence and personal identity. They are generally secure men with healthy egos—men not easily influenced by the opinions of others."

That doesn't sound like such a terrible image of a male, or for that matter, of a female. If Women's Lib consistently provides men with results like that, some day the guys may stop fearing liberation and cease to shun the liberated woman. She may even be regarded one day as an asset in the marriage contract. Liberated unions may be the pairings of "horse and carriage" that bring in the blue ribbons.

Parting Shots

from

Wake Forest

by Beth Hammond

May 28 some 650 seniors will give up the title of "student" which for the last four years had defined their various Wake Forest identities. *The Student* magazine (which claims to be the voice of the mythical composite "student") has chosen this time to ask a number of graduating seniors to mingle their individual voices, to reflect on their soon-to-be-over "studenthood", and to take a few parting shots at Wake Forest. Thus ensues their conversation. (No attempt was made to interview any particular "types" of students. Whatever 'typing' there is to be made is left up to the reader.)

It seems only fair to begin positively with what happens to be the one universal reaction: no matter what else has been disagreed upon, everyone has concluded that Wake Forest University has been a growthful intellectual experience, though Clem Brown adds that "not many profs stimulate me." His view does not seem to dominate the popular opinion since general feelings are that Wake has, as John Browing says, "an excellent faculty" with a "commitment" to the students. Our faculty is "better than the students deserve," he adds. Looking back over her four years, Carolyn Kornegay admits "regretting that I haven't taken advantage of talking to profs."

Gary McConnell feels that profs should "demand more of students since the students aren't demanding enough of themselves," academically speaking. Sue Marshall says that "if you actively seek intellectual stimulation, you'll find it here." Bailey Green found this stimulation, saying that "I've found enough fine teaching to captivate my interest tremendously." He goes even further to say that "my primary affirmation of Wake Forest, my most meaningful experience here is my relation with the professors."

On the other hand, others have felt this "stimulation" as "the academic pressure of the grade-oriented; people have got to get that grade," says Steve Komondorea. Olivia Nelson has felt this pressure but decided "never to cram, to remain an average student; I wouldn't change that."

This is one of the problems, Sue feels, that stems from the fact that Wake "is a community of winners...of

over-achievers, ...the cream of the high school crop."

Wake Forest's own crop, according to many of the speakers here, represents the cream of "middle class values". The "atmosphere of the Student Body is homologous, a one sided point of view," Clement Brown adds. The students here "have the same values and have had the same experiences that I've had —

Faculty is "better than students deserve."

nothing drastically different," Susan Williams concludes.

John goes on to say that Wake lacks "color and variety and a certain necessary outrageousness" in its student body. Students aren't taking enough active "risks," he adds.

Along these same lines, Gary Gunderson feels that Wake presents "a difficult atmosphere to commitment since everyone is seeking to be average."

To Peggy Welch, many students seem "so caught up in the surface aspects of Wake, not stopping to consider what's going on other than right this minute." She expresses another prevalent viewpoint in saying that "students tend to be into themselves and the community of Wake Forest and not look beyond." Clem adds that the University "is so isolated from the real world." John sums up these attitudes, saying that Wake Forest as a community "tends to be so narcissistic, rather than concentrating on itself in relation to the world." These attitudes, Debbie Ellis feels, can lead to too many

Everyone is "seeking to be average."

misconceptions.

These criticisms concerning Wake's world view do not, however, express the senior student's entire point of view. This same sense of removal from world affairs has "allowed me room to grow," says Gary Gunderson. "I would have reacted defensively against any forced radicalism here." John feels that the University's attitude towards world affairs is such that "when any changes are made they're more significant and meaningful. Changes that have occurred here are more radical

"There's no social pressure to conform to any one ideal, one type."

than the changes made at schools where it's popular to be radical."

These attitudes mean that people are willing to accept you for what you are. There's no social pressure to conform to any one ideal, one type," according to Peggy.

Furthermore, Costi Kutteh feels that, though "you have to be your own leader, it's easy to become involved in whatever you desire to do."

Many don't agree with Costi's conclusions in terms of Wake's community inter-relations. "Being the idealist that I am," says Walt Townshend, "I came to Wake expecting an exciting life with brotherhood, fraternity, equality, a 'we'll stick together attitude.'" Walt has since found life with brotherhood, fraternity, equality, a 'we'll stick together attitude.'" Walt has since found Wake's student body to be

Wake lacks "color and variety and a certain necessary outrageousness."

more "separatistic than community oriented", as Bill Briggs says.

This attitude of separatism seems to be epitomized, according to Thad Moore in the "medieval conditions" of men-women relationships on campus. "We play a lot of games dating-wise," Walt concludes. Thad sees the solution to the separatist problem as being "coed living conditions" for the entire campus, including the integration of professors into dorm life.

Though some say, as Clem does, that "the social situation is pitiful: There's nothing to do on campus," many disagree, some with disapproval of this view. Walt says "socially, Wake has just about all most people would want. I get upset with people who complain about the social situation. You can find something you enjoy doing almost anywhere." The social situation is "what you make out of it" according to John Orenzak, though he feels that "socially, a lot of barriers need to be dropped."

Thanks to:

Bill Briggs	Costi Kutteh
Jim Brooks	Gary McConnell
Clem Brown	Susan Marshall
John Browning	Thad Moore
Ann Culp	Olivia Nelson
Debbie Ellis	John Orenzak
Bailey Green	Jennifer Smith
Janice Gruber	Walt Townshend
Gary Gunderson	Peggy Welch
Steve Komondorea	Bob Wells
Karolyn Kornegay	Susan Williams

Karolyn argues that there is an "openness and a friendly atmosphere here. . .I'd like to see attitude changes in people who feel like they have to cut down Wake and talk of all its disadvantages."

Steve adds that Wake's "people are friendly and willing to help. Socially, Wake is good at our peer level. The social conditions are, however, not as they want it from the administration."

As far as the administration goes, the general feeling is, as Ann Culp says, that "the administration refuses to let us be what they keep insisting that we are — responsible young adults." Technically, student organizations have no real power of their own," she adds. The administration simply "tries to appease us like a mother and daddy," Clem concludes.

The administration, according to Jennifer Smith, makes only "token attempts to educate the total person."

Speaking out on administrative policy, John Browning comments, Wake is "Losing it's heart for the development of its limbs. Wake is sacrificing its sense of a first rate undergraduate school for the development of its graduate schools. The undergraduate level is where the basis of an academic identity exists."

Many feel like they've gone through the process of self-education on their own. Bob wells says that "when I came to Wake, I expected to do a lot of drinking, dating, partying and lot of fighting the establishment. Now these things seem unimportant to me. I'm more interested in learning."

Ann has done some learning in a different sense. She says that she's been "learning to live with myself."

"When I entered Wake, I wanted to change myself," Jim Brooks remembers. "I was introverted in high school." "I've become more of what I have liked to see in myself."

The parting shots presented here are only a portion of many long and involved conversations. Some individual statements had to be cut or omitted due to considerations of space and time. Generally speaking, the class of '73 finds certain severe limitations to the Wake Forest experience. However, it is important to note that there were no complete denunciations and many affirmations of a four-year existence at ye old *alma mater*. ■

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW...

by Dana Dye

Extension 327. The time is late. An anxious young woman calls asking where she can get a pregnancy test. How soon? For how much money and with how much confidentiality. Calmly, the voice on the other end of the line talks with her about symptoms and feelings, suggests a referral and even makes an appointment for her. This is all part of a new Sex Information and Referral Service at Wake Forest.

The idea for SIRS grew out of a dialogue between some campus ministers and a few concerned students. For the past couple of years, the campus has been bombarded with various sex surveys—all revealing a need for more effective medical and counseling services to help with sex problems. In the fall of 1972, that initial crew of students and ministers began investigating just what services were available in the Winston-Salem area. To their surprise, they discovered that everything was available, but that nobody knew about it.

So began the long process of collecting information, organizing a phone service, constructing a referral system, and carefully training an answering staff.

Perhaps the most important aspect of this service is its policy of total confidentiality. No names are exchanged over the phone. The various services to which referral is made have been thoroughly researched and have strict ethical policies on the inviolability of the confidential relationship. The SIRS has this statement of ethics:

In the state of North Carolina there are laws regarding confidential and privileged communications. These laws protect the client and patient in both the civil and criminal areas from disclosure, abuse or misuse of the information he supplies. It is our judgment that individuals and services to which we make referral have the highest respect for confidentiality.

Most of the information dispensed concerns birth control. Females are referred to private physicians, to Family Planning Services, or to the infirmary. The SIRS has a list of doctors who will dispense the Pill, their addresses, phone numbers, and fees. All birth control dispensed by Family Planning is free but the waiting period is often well over a month and a half. Wake Forest students may go to the infirmary, where there is a strict code of confidentiality. (The infirmary is considered as a private doctor.) For coeds wanting birth control pills, the cost involves a lab fee for the pap smear and the cost of the pills—\$1.50 to \$2.00 per month. All medical examinations involve a

full pelvic examination and pap smear for birth control pills, IUD's, and diaphragms. (The infirmary will not give IUD'S. These must be administered by a gynecologist.)

Men may obtain contraceptives free from Family Planning or by writing Adam and Eve, P.O. Box 2556, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514.

Eighteen is the legal age for purchasing prescription contraceptives; fifteen for non-prescription purchases. (To obtain prescription contraceptives, those under eighteen years of age must have parental permission). Non-prescription contraceptives may be obtained free from Family Planning or from drug stores. Costs are seldom over \$3.00.

The answering staff has facts, both pro and con, about the safety of the Pill and about its possible side effects. They can discuss rather knowledgeably its benefits versus its hazards. There is also data on the varying effectiveness of different means. Generally, the Pill is considered to have maximum effectiveness. The diaphragm, IUD, and condom are rated next high, with the douche being considered the least effective method.

The SIRS has information on the transmission, symptoms, diagnosis, and treatment of venereal disease. (However, workers are careful not to give any kind of diagnosis over the phone.) Referral is generally made to the Forsyth County Health Clinic.

In dealing with abortion requests, the Service usually refers the individual to counseling first, "to make sure this is what they really want." After counseling, referral to local medical services can be made. Abortions can be obtained either in Winston-Salem or Chapel Hill.

The Service will do some counseling over the phone but sees itself as more of a referral agency and prefers to refer callers to other groups, such as Contact, Mandala, Campus Ministry, the Center for Psychological Services, the School for Pastoral Care, etc.

The SIRS now has an answering staff of eighteen. All eighteen people have been carefully chosen and have gone through a rather intensive training program. Part of the criteria for acceptance was having fairly sane, unbiased, non-judgmental attitudes about sex. "We didn't want people with an axe to grind either way."

The Sex Information and Referral Service deals with all questions and problems related to sexuality--the emotional-psychological as well as the medical. Contrary to Baptist rumor, there has always been some degree of sexuality and sexual expression at Wake Forest. Perhaps now it can be a more informed sexuality. Certainly with the advent of SIRS, ignorance is no longer excusable. ■

OF NIGHT AND MAN

by Jack McKenzie

The young man again walked over to the wall and stooped to pick up the slender stick of wood. He paused a moment considering one end, which, unlike the other, was badly battered. Then he straightened, turned, and walked back to the place where he had been standing. He whirled suddenly and flung the object back against the wall. Tap! The young man stood motionless for a moment before once more returning to retrieve the wooden stick.

"Don't you think that's about enough, boy? You've been playing with that thing for over two hours now," his cellmate said from his bunk.

The young man turned to look at his friend from across the cell. The tiny living quarter was only scarcely lighted from the moonlight shining through the barred window and wall fixture in the hallway beyond the door. One might think of such a small room as comfortable. It wasn't. With the right kind of decor, warm. It wouldn't. It was a prison. Period.

"Does it really bother you, Johnny," he asked the older man with a sideways glance.

John Stone, who was known to most as just "Johnny", looked around with saddened eyes and shook his head. "The noise doesn't bother me as much as what you are planning behind it does."

"Practice makes perfect, Johnny, remember?"

"Kid, don't be a fool! You'll be out soon. You don't belong here. You..."

SNAP! The sliver of wood so carefully smuggled from the carpenter shop broke sharply in two between the young man's hands. He stared straight ahead not seeing the bars or the wall.

"Don't belong here? That's the understatement of the year. Sometimes I don't believe I'm actually here. I..."

"Then when you get out, stay out. Don't do anything that'll put you back here. Innocent or guilty, you got a record now, boy. You can try to live with it," the old man pleaded.

Deep in his heart, Johnny knew that he was not being heard. But that didn't stop him now as it hadn't for months.

His friend walked slowly over to his bunk and sat down. His hand ran through his short-cropped prison haircut as he said, "Johnny, what kind of a life do you suppose I can hope for when I get out?"

"Well, I can't say for..."

"Nothing, man! He got up again and went over to look out the window. "What do I do? Go see my friends? What friends, man? Get a job? What kind of job, man? I got nothing in or out! She did this to me, Johnny. I was clean and she knew it!"

"But..."

His fist smashed against the grey wall. "No butts!"

Johnny lapsed into silence as his cellmate continued to stare out the window at the blackened sky and glittering stars.

When he spoke again, his voice was hushed.

"I'm going to kill her, Johnny. After what she did to me, I haven't got a lot to lose."

"You fool, you'll lose your freedom!" Johnny spat out bitterly. He rose quickly and grabbed him by the arm. "Don't blow it, kid, for God's sake, don't blow it. You don't know what you're asking for."

The young man, his eyes shut, pulled away. The old man let him go and stood there helplessly watching him. It was a long time before he spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Johnny."

"Johnny! Johnny!" The young prisoner screamed in the shower stall, his voice rising above the sound of spraying water. The two were alone now with the padded sound of running bare feet fading away. "Johnny... oh my God..."

The old man gurgled and coughed as he lay on the wet floor. His eyes flickered open and he stared first at the bloody pair of scissors still protruding from his chest then up at the jagged wound across his friend's face.

"Hell... hell of a cut...," he said faintly.

"Johnny, why? It was me he was after," the young prisoner sobbed, "ever since I got here. Why...?"

"Don't... don't waste time... with fool questions, kid. Always... try to... do my best for my friends. You're... a good kid..."

The young man looked around frantically, "I'm going to get help... a doctor..."

"No... too, too late... now."

Johnny's old, knarled hand grabbed his arm tightly, "Take care... boy... do me proud, kid... please..."

His voice faded away and his head slipped weakly back. The young prisoner kneeled there amid water and blood until the guards came, all the while holding the man's head in his arm. Nothing mattered at all around him. The blood continued to stream down his face and to eventually hit the wet floor.

The guards and doctor talked about it later during lunch and between themselves as they made their rounds. They had never seen a prisoner cry like that before.

The clear, January sky sparkled with stars and the cold wind swirled loudly through the trees. Under the moonlight, a young man stood beside a dark blue Mustang parked at the side of the road. He walked back a short way to the bridge he had just crossed to stand there, looking slowly around. The night was filled with peace and he wanted to remember every detail for a long time. His hair, short in front and sides but hanging to his shoulders in back, blew and whipped around his head as his gaze swept the valley below.

It was time at long last. Paroled a year ago, this former prisoner had been a model citizen in every way since his release.

Yeah, he thought to himself, a job, money and a couple pieces of good luck: a parole officer who likes to be buttered up and an employer who's the same way.

He was set. He had money, time and a mission. A glance at his watch revealed midnight. Vacation started now. The long-haired young man moved swiftly to the car unwilling to waste a minute of it.

It was a beautiful night. One had to truly understand and love the mysteries of the darkness to appreciate the beauty of it. The general mass of people associated the blackness with fear; the gloom hides all that is good and decent. The world becomes prey to ghosts and it refuses to understand. The beauty of a quiet walk in them destroyed by the fear of shadow.

Amazing.

Only when the sun disappears does everything become clear again. Things that are important can be re-understood. Things like the unaffected light of the stars, the silence and even the shadows. A person could lose himself for awhile. It really was a beautiful time.

These thoughts flashed through the young woman's mind as she stood silently just outside the back door. She watched the stars smile down as she let herself relax against the wall.

It had been one of the longer days at the restaurant and she had come in at 2:00 that afternoon. It was now close to 11:00 and this had been the first chance to slow down for awhile. The rush was dead. The rest of the evening would be pretty quiet.

The girl shifted her weight from one foot to the other almost wishing for a place to sit down. Yet at the same time realizing it was better to stand. Working as a waitress did have a few drawbacks and one of them was tired feet. Not to mention a tired body in general.

She closed her eyes while sighing deeply. And shivered slightly. It was not easy to live in fear.

"I don't want to hurt you, Karen. . ."

She flinched slightly and shut her mind off to that thought. She would not think about it again, it was over. But always the barrier was not quite strong enough.

"Karen. . ."

She could not help but realize the fear but she fought it all the time anyway. It always was there to haunt her. As she worked long and hard. And ran home after work through the night from street light to street light. And locked her door and windows. To finally try sleeping in her apartment — with her father's small hand gun under her pillow, loaded and ready.

Karen straightened and shrugged as if to physically rid herself of the feeling. It was time to get back to work anyway; they probably needed her in there.

The Esquire was a very popular place in the neighborhood which consisted mostly of students from the near-by college. They spent a good deal of their spare time (and money) in the small restaurant with its dimly lit interior, flickering candles and dark wooden structure.

A great many flashing thoughts carried the young girl's mind away as she treaded her way back to the kitchen. Vivid

thoughts of the good times here and at school. And the bad.

"Karen, I believe we need to talk. . ."

"Karen, you okay?" Another waitress called her from behind.

"Yes, I'm fine. Why?"

"I called you twice and you just kept on going. I don't think you heard me."

"Sorry, Jane. Guess I was just thinking."

"Hmm. Well, I just wanted to tell you that there is a guy here to see you."

Karen looked up so quickly, it hurt her. Her eyes were wide and her mouth was open.

"Who?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I don't know, he just came in and asked to see you. Why? Karen? Karen, what is it?"

The young girl was shaking now, her eyes still wide. Jane reached out for her and Karen tried to control herself but couldn't. She was scared. Very scared.

"Karen, what. . ."

"Jane what did he look like?"

"Uh, well," Jane thought quickly, "sort of tall, slim. A scar across his face."

"Was the scar a bad one?" Karen asked quickly.

"Yes, it was at one time."

To Jane's surprise, Karen suddenly calmed down. It couldn't be him. Couldn't be Adrian because Adrian had no scar much less a bad one. Breathing deeply, she regained her color which had been white a moment before.

"Karen, what's wrong, what is it?"

"Oh nothing, Jane. I thought this guy was someone else for a minute, that's all," Karen said, trying to smile.

There was more to it than that, Jane knew. It showed by

THE BILL HARRAH COLLECTION BLUES

When I'm with you late at night
You know my throat gets tight
Like I was trying to swallow
A Silver Ghost.

In the morning when I hear your voice
It gets to me like a Carrera Porsche:
You do that to me.

You mean more to me than my car,
I'd rather have you than a Daytona
Ferrari.

Baby, if you ever leave me,
Baby, if you ever go away,
I'm gonna get in my SSK
and drive for Nowhere.

by Kendall Reid

SLOW EVENING

Some cars rush on their headlights
others wait
on the receding sun
Browsing the streets
for lights in the homes
of talkative friends
I leaf through
the streetsigns
as if they
Were the old magazines
in the doctor's office
waiting on the lights
For an antidote
for the ache
of slow evening
by Carroll Watts

the way they looked at each other. But Jane shrugged. Karen was all right now. Wasn't important probably.

"He is waiting though."

"Thanks"

Karen walked out into the dining area in front of the counter. At this time there were usually very few people there; tonight there was no one.

She stopped and looked around the dimly lit room, glancing at the booths along the wall. No one. The tables were all barren. The counter was empty. Strange. Why would anyone do that, she wondered. With a final look she started to turn.

"Karen." The word floated softly across to her. Quietly.

But she whirled as if suddenly shocked.

A man stood in the dimmest corner of the room. Tall. Slim. A scar across his face that she could see as he came closer.

The young girl had stopped breathing. Eyes wide and body trembling, she felt suddenly sick. Her first thought had been to run but she couldn't move.

It was Adrian.

He stood there silently staring at her through eyes that burned brightly into her.

"You have nothing to say?"

Her thoughts raced so fast, all she could think of was dull blur. But she tried.

"You. . . ah. . . you've changed," she got out.

His eyes hardened even more.

"Yeah. Prison does that to you."

She wasn't sure how she got there but somehow she was sitting in a booth in the corner facing him.

"Now you can tell me how I've changed," he said.

She swallowed hard. He was so different. The Adrian she remembered had laughter in his eyes and a note of tremor in his voice. This man had neither, least of all in his eyes. The

voice revealed a deep bitterness. My God. . .

"How. . . long have you. . .?"

"Been out. About a year. But I had to get ready," he flicked his hair away from his eyes. "You knew I'd be back didn't you, Karen."

She said nothing, fighting down the hysteria building up inside.

"Still nothing to say? You always were that way, always the quiet type. And, of course, there was that time the judge was listening and you wouldn't. . ."

"Adrian, please. . ."

"Please what," his burning eyes flashed. "Please don't remind me? Of what? That I'm actually here? Or the fact that thanks to you I've lost a somewhat large chunk of my life. . ."

"Adrian, Please!" Her voice broke and she sobbed, burying her head in her shaking hands. She struggled to control herself but she couldn't. The long months were catching up to her.

"Adrian. . . I tried. . . I did," she sobbed.

"You did a lousy job," he said coldly.

"Don't you think I've thought about it during this time?"

He said nothing.

"Adrian, you don't know how sorry I am," Karen started, trying to hold back her tears.

"Sorry," he said bitterly, "sorry? No I don't think you're sorry. I think you're scared. Scared that one day I really would come back and be waiting for you. Sorry? No. . ."

"Adrian, I've got some money saved. It isn't much but. . ."

He laughed like a madman.

"You going to buy back lost time? You've got to be kidding."

"Then what," she cried, "what can I do?"

"Do? I don't think there is a damn thing you can do. You've already done it, babe," Adrian said quietly with growing anger. "You know something? Your problems could have been over. Look," he pointed to the scar, "You know how I got that? Some guy tried to kill me with a pair of scissors in the shower. Why? Because he didn't like my face! If it hadn't been for a friend of mine, I'd have been dead a long time ago with a cut throat! Instead he's dead. Johnny was the only one who gave a damn. . ."

Adrian's head fell as his voice broke for an instant. But when he looked up again his eyes were deadly and his voice calm.

"Karen, you can't know how I've thought about this. Every detail, every step. It wasn't easy, Johnny kept trying to talk me out of it."

His hand left the table for a moment and returned with a slender object that he held for her to see.

Know what this is, Karen?" He flicked it viciously open. "You've no idea how I've practiced throwing this, Karen."

The girl was frozen in terror! Her mind screamed Run! Now! But Karen was paralyzed in her seat, staring at him.

"I started out with a piece of wood. Had to smuggle it into the cell too," he said, toying with it, "This was the very first thing I bought on the outside. They have this thing about convicts with guns. Particularly over on parole."

But Karen heard very little of what he said. Her eyes stayed transfixed at the black-handled object in Adrian's hand. She wanted to scream for someone! Anyone! But she couldn't.

"Why didn't you tell me, Karen," His voice breaking the stillness again, "I was clear and you knew it. Why? Why?" His voice hardened as the hand shook.

"I . . . tried, Adrian. I did . . . but I . . ."

"What!"

"He . . . this guy . . . told me he'd . . . hurt me . . . I."

Unconsciously Adrian stopped moving and laid the knife on the table.

"Who was it," he asked. Although his voice was quiet, his eyes raged.

Karen took a deep breath, "He . . . was a guy. Worked here for awhile before I knew you. I . . . went out with him a few times and he thought I really liked him. The police came, Adrian; he was a suspected heroin pusher. I stopped seeing him and . . . started dating you," Her voice caught in her throat, "and he was mad. He said he'd get you some way. Adrian, he planted it on you at that party."

"How the hell do you know?" he asked sharply.

"I saw him afterwards and I knew. Then he told me . . . everything."

Adrian just stared at her, the rage, the hurt blazing in his eyes. Suddenly he grabbed the knife and seemed to leap out toward her! She screamed in terror and fell back against the booth and stopped breathing when she heard a loud thud!

Then silence.

Karen opened her eyes, still holding her breath and stared weakly across the table. A small gouge remained where Adrian had rammed his knife. But that was all. Both the knife and

man were gone.

Struggling to her feet, Karen lurched to the door swaying slightly and stepped out into the night. The chill brought her instantly alert as she stared around searchingly. He was gone. For good. The young girl leaned against the door feeling a tremendous relief as she slipped down to the knees crying hysterically. She was safe.

He watched them help her back inside the restaurant and close the door. The "CLOSED" sign appeared and he sighed very deeply, hands on the wheel. He was still free and he hadn't expected to be.

The young man straightened suddenly and put the quietly running car into motion. The only thought on his mind was to a friend from a long time ago. The only real friend he'd ever had.

"You'd been proud, Johnny. You would have been."

Several days later, Karen mystified the doctors at the hospital by suddenly having another relapse into hysteria. Although they managed to calm her, they were puzzled. No one had been there to disturb her. She'd just been reading the paper.

One of the doctors skimmed over the local news that Karen had been reading. Nothing unusual except for one story. About a suspected local dope pusher found dead in the street. Knife wound, gun in dead man's hand but never fired, no knife found, no clues, police baffled. But other than that, the usual. Wonder what upset her so, he wondered as he walked away. ■

DUTY: A DREAM

Martyrs?

Yes, we have martyrs today.

Nice, brown Palestinian guerillas, freshly butchered!

Stringy, starved Bengali farmers—
they're a dime a thousand.

And over here we have our vast stock of
Vietnames models.

This one is interesting.

Note the missing ears

And the cuts where the ARVN interrogator

Inserted the electrodes

Into his testicles . . .

I can let you have it cheap?

Oh, you want a Christian; killed by a communist.

Hmmm . . . it can be arranged, but they are not as common
as they once were.

How about this Hungarian?

Freeze-dried in fifty-six?

Well, I'm not positive he was a Christian . . .

But what's the difference?

Cause, causes, causes . . .

They ALL die of causes,

But who can tell a cause
by the corpse?

he lays in a tangled clump
of arms and legs at the base
of the long iron bed

since I must
I grab his long body
under the arms—
holding my face rigid
as one holds his breath
to avoid stench
—and handle him out straight
to the top of the bed

the face,
bullet-shaped and gilded
iridescent green
flashes
turbulent explosions inside me
despite my knowledge
that I must not show
my fear
as I move through him
in a rush to the
nurse's station

by Carroll Watts

Reynolda Gardens: A Brief History

by Susan Gillette

Back in the 1920's, cars bearing garden, flower and nature lovers sometimes lined the 3.4 mile road linking Winston-Salem to "Reynolda," the county home of well-known Winston-Salem tobacco manufacturer R. J. Reynolds.

His business, in those days one of the five largest tobacco companies in the nation, was growing steadily. Today R.J. Reynolds Co., makers of Camel and Winston cigarettes and Prince Albert tobaccos, is the nation's largest maker of tobacco product.

While her husband promoted business expansion, Kate Reynolds dedicated herself equally to her own interest. She was devoted to Reynolda, the country place built by the Reynolds during the second decade of the 20th century.

On fine days, the prim, geometric, lovely gardens at Reynolda attracted droves of visitors, visitors always welcomed by the community-minded Reynolds family.

Kate Reynolds' gardens, four acres divided into flower and fruit sections, were designed and planted to suit the general concept of Reynolda, a self-sustaining farm and village built to the model of an English country estate.

For a short time, the gardens and adjacent greenhouses actually flourished under the care of an English gardener. That first gardener left Reynolda--and the United States--to defend his homeland in World War I.

Like the entire Reynolda enterprise, the "formal" gardens he had begun received unsparing attention until Kate Reynolds' death in 1924. Her heirs were less enthusiastic about maintaining an estate which included crop acres, cow and sheep herds, a blacksmith shop and even its own cannery. The Reynolds children never matched their mother's dedication of energy and dollars to the undertaking that was her dream-come-true.

Eventually the 1,071-acre estate was pared to about 160 acres. The family distributed those remaining holdings in 1965. Wake Forest University, whose campus was donated by Reynolds heirs (the land was formerly part of the Reynolda peach orchard), received over 100 acres of woodlands, several buildings and barns built for the original Reynolda village, and the greenhouses and formal gardens.

Last year, the University hired the first gardener who has worked full time in the Reynolda Gardens during several decades. He is Paul McGill, a horticulturalist in his 20's, who studied at a community college in North Carolina.

McGill was assigned the task of bringing the overgrown, grass-choked gardens "into focus."

After consulting the original blueprints for the gardens, designed by prominent Philadelphia landscape architect



Thomas W. Sears in 1917 and 1921, McGill concluded that labor costs would prohibit an actual restoration of the gardens. He has moved quickly, though, to take advantage of his opportunities to return the gardens to equivalent beauty.

Fourteen hundred new rosebushes will bloom there this season. These new plants, adding to the continuing splendor of Japanese cedars, hollies, azaleas and flowering cherries set out 50 years ago, will make Reynolda Gardens again deserving of visits as frequent as those of the '20s.

This is the opinion of Robert C. Conrad, a Winston-Salem landscape architect who replaced Kate Reynolds' English gardener. A satisfied smile lines Conrad's face as he envisions for visitors the scene at a Reynolda Gardens enlivened by renewed popularity.

Conrad had a hand in planting the double file of Japanese cedars that forms a proud spine for the flower gardens at Reynolda. He has also watched flowering cherries along the garden's perimeter blossom each spring of their 50 years' growth.

His enthusiasm boosted by these proud remnants of Reynolda's finer days, McGill has restored the garden's neatness by trimming lawns, repairing stucco walls, putting fountains into working condition, and replacing boxwoods and flowering plants grown too large for the precise geometric patterns of the gardens' design.

McGill's assistants in the work are Miss Anne Cathey, also a



horticulturalist, and a crew of part-time gardeners. Many of the last-mentioned group are long-haired students from Wake Forest.

McGill's duties extend beyond the garden walls. His work includes supervising a 100-acre woods, sprinkled with daffodils and magnolias, which embraces the Reynolds family home. That house, once known popularly as the "Bungalow," was the hub of an English park. The park area included a boating lake, a polo field and a swimming pool.

There were also luxuries at Reynolda for the younger set. Log cabins were built in the woods for Kate and R.J. Reynolds' two sons. The Reynolds' two girls enjoyed the Play House, a cottage with complete, miniature plumbing, built between the Bungalow and the fruit sector of the formal gardens.

McGill now lives in the Play House, and it is a comfortable bachelor apartment. The greater gardens, the woods, are his backyard. His front windows overlook the rose beds.

The arrangement is handy for McGill, who begins work at 7:30 a.m. His early starts follow the tradition of Reynolda work, says Conrad. The elderly ex-gardener is an interested follower of the Reynolda renewal, and has a good view of the work from his office less than 50 yards away.

He rents a building in Reynolda Village from Wake Forest University. The cluster of white, green-roofed structures were houses, barns, workshops and the U.S. Post Office at Reynolda.

Work at the village began at daybreak back in Kate Reynolds' days.

When young, energetic Katharine Smith of Mt. Airy married Richard Joshua Reynolds, a cousin, in 1905, she was 25 and he, 54. Her urgings probably stimulated the Reynolda project.

Five years after he married, Reynolds began purchasing the acres for Reynolda, his wife's conception. She took charge of many tasks involved in realizing her dream. Reynolda was envisioned as a self-sustaining community, a model farm, as well as a pleasant English atmosphere for family life.

During his bachelor years, Reynolds had begun accumulating a massive fortune which multiplied soon after 1913, when his company revolutionized the tobacco industry with the first large-scale production of cigarettes. Profits increased steadily, and Reynolds apparently seldom restricted the budget available to his wife for Reynolda.

If R. J. Reynolds did balk at the expense of some scheme, Conrad recalls, Kate Reynolds would take him on a long trip and order the work done while he was away.

In this manner, she had the macadam roads of Reynolda hard surfaced and the golf links regraded.

Kate Reynolds and her family had camped on those links, an expansive lawn for the Bungalow, while the house was under construction. The Reynolds household pitched its tents at Reynolda during the summer.

And each day Mrs. Reynolds' chauffeur would rouse the family and the entire village with a bugle rendition of reveille. After that start, R. J. Reynolds went to his business, the children scattered to their play, and Mrs. Reynolds went to her business.

She supervised Reynolda, and did her job well. "She was smart as a whip. She could read blueprints like an architect," Conrad says.

Completion of the Bungalow, begun in 1913, was delayed until 1917 because of materials shortages during World War I. The family finally moved from its home on Fifth Street three weeks before Christmas, 1917.

R. J. Reynolds didn't live another year. His death, however, neither discouraged nor slowed his widow in the pursuit of her ambitions for Reynolda. She never scrimped as she invested her energy and inheritance at the village.

Her projects to serve more than 100 Reynolda residents included a progressive public school and Reynolda Presbyterian Church. Both buildings are used today.

Community activity continued welcome at Reynolda. R. J. Reynolds had entertained employees and associates at barbecues by the lake; visitors and party-goers often jammed the Bungalow, too. It was there that Mrs. Reynolds led the charter meeting of the Winston-Salem Junior League.

And the lawns and gardens of Reynolda were always a place of beauty and tranquility open for public enjoyment. "Plenty of people came out, and they always took care of the place," Conrad remembers.

Before Mrs. Reynolds death, the gardens had reached a state of splendor. She employed two men full time to care for each half-acre of the formal gardens. All the gardening help was paid 12 and a half cents an hour. The men lived in "Five Row," a line of houses on the Reynolda grounds.

Gardens crews often worked under the supervision of the landscape architect, Sears, who would come down to North Carolina "every couple of weeks," by Conrad's count of his visits.

Today, the gardens get attention which is comparably effective-but just not the same. Mrs. Reynolds may have allowed her staff to "dress as it suited them," but the jeans and curls of the present crew are a stark contrast to the original group's appearance.

Conrad also reminds visitors that there was no equivalent to Miss Cathey, who bounces between the greenhouse and the flower beds, often entertaining a group attracted by the improving gardens or greenhouse plants on permanent display.

For years, those who strolled through the gardens wandered down from the Bungalow. The house was open as Reynolda House, a museum of American art, in 1965, and annually attracts increasing numbers of tourist visits.

Now, though, McGill's efforts have made the gardens an attraction in their own right. They draws visitors with purely horticultural interests. Individuals and garden groups often tour the gardens, which remain open to the public daily from early morning until sunset.

This spring the visitors will include members of the American Rose Society, which donated 1,400 rosebushes that McGill has planted in the old fruit garden. Conrad says these roses will be the highlight of the formal gardens when the rose society convenes in Winston-Salem in May.

A similar cooperative arrangement, fund-raising and improvement in one step, has been arranged with the National Hemerocallis Society. Its contribution, hundreds of day lilies, has been planted this spring, also.

McGill's schemes stretch the maintenance budget provided him by Wake Forest. He has budgeted funds well enough to permit replacement of flagstone walks, renewal of stucco walls and some repairs to a row of delicate Japanese tea houses dividing the original flower and fruit sections of the gardens.

The young gardener's ambitions are increasing in the measure of the attention the four acres receive from the community and out-of-town visitors. McGill is spreading his

gardens' fame at gardening shows and conventions and has plugged the gardens on local TV talk shows.

Now he's waiting for the crowds. To accommodate them, he plans to enlarge a parking lot near the rose gardens. And he has his eye on a little log cabin close by which could be used for a visitors' center.

The cabin presumably belonged to C. L. Houser, one of the owners who sold property to R. J. Reynolds when he was buying the Reynolda acres. Nature trails and a path to the museum start beside the cabin.

Total restoration of the gardens in Kate Reynolds' small English world will require years more, McGill says. But as garden groups, foundations, and recently one of R. J. Reynolds' daughters, offer him support, he is gaining confidence that he can restore the gardens to their original quality as a tranquil, beautiful retreat.

A friend of the Reynolds family has called the gardens a "meditation" place for Mrs. Reynolds, a place where she relaxed before resuming the responsibilities of Reynolda's management. It was demanding work; she devoted many hours to coordinating gardens work, alone.

In her lovely English world, Kate Reynolds undoubtedly had tiring experiences that allowed her to witness, with satisfaction, to the truth of a verse written by Rudyard Kipling in 1911.

Kipling stated a fact any good gardener, especially any good Reynolda gardener, knows well:

*Our England is a Garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade.*



WINTER TERM:

Cuttings, Clippings, and Fragments

Winter Term has been one of the more controversial innovations to hit Wake Forest in some time. Like good scholars, we have worried about whether it is academic enough, or structured enough, or purposeful enough. We wonder whether it is a good educational experience at all, remaining totally unsure about what a "good educational experience" is or ought to be. In fact, we would be hard put to say what education itself is. But this absolute lack of standards cannot stand in our way: Winter Term must be judged, evaluated, and scrutinized in the light of what we don't know.

The major criticism leveled against Winter Term is that it leaves students too much *free* time. (God forbid!) And when students have free time, they spend it doing things they want to do. (God forbid again!) Many feel that once the term papers are gone and the required daily assignments are swept away the soul of the Wake Forest student will stand hopelessly empty. Not too respectfully, we must take issue with this view. Time that is free can be used creatively, and the Wake Forest student is not quite so hopeless as many critics would make him out.

The following pages contain the fruits of January—at least some of them. We invite you to enter and partake. And if Winter Term must indeed be judged, we invite you to judge it by what it has produced and by the energy and creativity it has tapped, rather than by a nineteenth-century view of what education (and students) *ought* to be.



JOEL RAPPOPORT is a sophomore from Trenton, New Jersey and did independant study in Photography under the sponsorship of Mr. Meyer.

Photography



JILL ROBINSON is a senior from Ellicott City, Maryland and worked with Dr. Perricone's Winter Term course.



LESLIE GARST is a freshman from Boone's Mill, Virginia and participated in Dr. Perricone's Photography course.



LANEY SHACKELFORD is a senior from Fayetteville, North Carolina and participated in Dr. Perricone's Winter Term course.



CHARLIE KIENZLE is a junior from Lincroft, New Jersey and worked with Dr. Perricone's Winter Term course.



JIM WESTBROOK is a junior from Goldsboro, North Carolina and participated in Dr. Perricone's Photography class.



Poetry

DOUG ABRAMS is a freshman from Greenville, South Carolina and took part in Miss Phillips' Creative Writing course.

S. C. STEEL – SUMMER '72

The old train lumbered past
like a nasty aunt.
Goaded us blackened
steelmen for the price of our labor.

We would stop the explosions of the grinders—
and watch the sleazy pelvis
invite takers and then jet further
down the rails.

The whine of grinders
pitched blood to our heads.

God, it is amazing how much men can hate one train.

CRAZY JANE

("Never understand the lesson of that sweet night,
could be the candle licking your face that makes
you slip into the mirror.")

Crazy Jane, what star shines for your loins?
How long? How long?
You could lay ole man time till
he prayed to die.
His steel will putty smooth,
and fade into words.

Crazy Jane what star shines for your loins?
How long? How long?
You could make him spit blood,
Till the night screams love.
He will drown climax's laugh
And forget
when he came last.

Crazy Jane, what star shines for your loins?
How long? How long?
When you crust in time's wilt,
Will your mouth forget?
Will you brush your double chin,
and seek his loins again?

BASKETBALL GAME

POUNDing ECHO-head

s l o u c h - d r o o p muscles

t r e m b l i n g l u n g s

blistered feet

JULES SMYTHE is a freshman from Bristol, Tennessee and was a member of Miss Phillips' Creative Writing course.

*DAVID SWAIN is a senior from
Spartanburg, South Carolina and
worked with Miss Phillips' Creative
Writing Class.*

A QUALM OF DAVID

The Word is my shibboleth, I shall
not daunt;
it maketh me to lie down in
public libraries,
It leadeth me inside the still stacks;
it ignoresh my soul.
It leadeth me down the paths
of pedantry
for erudition's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the ally
of the shallow and brutish,
I will hear no babble:
for thou art with me;
thy indices and thesaurus
they comfort me.

Thou preparast a fable before me
in the presence of mine
enemies;
thou anointest my head with toil;
my 'cuplet runneth over'.

Clarity, persuasion, and logic shall
harbor me
all the days of my strife;
and I shall swell in the house
of the Word
forever.

Amen.

UNTITLED

perhaps a poem
charred
and
smoldering
lay abandoned in the ruins
lashed by an incendiary tongue
to embers and ashes

and perhaps
a flammable urge
and the ashery hours
left a poem under fine
(of surety)
branding blows to brows
and cinderling the leader tracks

and perhaps
a holocaust of vultures
seared flesh to ashes
picked the rack to the bone
and more
(than marrow)
left carbon for coal
to an igneous moment

and perhaps
the fire overthrew the drill
and forged its own Vulcan
molten to the core
ready for rage or ruin

and perhaps
in this crematory schoolroom
where urns are free
and ashes
are
scattered
and
hammered
by the wind
lay a poem

Spinning on a red and chrome stool
 In Fiock's Sundries
 Amid bright penny candy,
 Whiffs of mopwater ammonia,
 And the all-gone slurp of a nickel soda,
 I listened with unbroken concentration
 For the machine-gun clatter
 Of bicycle wheels a-la-cardboard.

At that sound I curled my toes,
 Waiting, tensely drawn
 Ready to pop like a spring
 Upon hearing your crackly voice
 And beg for stories of your hobo days
 Back on the roads of the world
 Where adventure lurked at every turn
 With intention of ambush.

I listened, eyes stretched brow-to-checkbone
 To tales of the Eiffel Tower
 And the smoke-blackened yards of
 The Pennsylvania B&O.
 I climbed beneath your words
 And rode them to wondrous cities;
 I marvelled at their touch of cold black steel
 As your blue eyes burned.

You were always a hero—
 My own Roy Rogers
 With a dash of Leonardo DaVinci
 And nearly as wonderful as my father.
 Even afterwards when the twilight
 Pushed you toward your one cold room
 I knew a thousand memories and the neighborhood dogs
 Would keep you warm.

And you are still a hero.
 I wanted you to know that
 As your blue eyes fade
 And your hands tremble
 When you carve wooden horse heads.

*JUDITH KAY HUGHEE is a freshman
 form Montezuma, Indiana and
 participated in Miss Phillips' Creative
 Writing course.*

AN ELUSIVE COMMENT ON ART

"You are hiding if you cannot let yourself be known."
 The refrain echoed in my ears and
 Through my head until—
 Until the chant became a jumble
 Of sounds.
 Quiet!
 The march of dragging feet—
 I listen as piano scales question art in music
 Paralleled to the art of digging ditches
 With muscles flowing like notes
 In the harmony of one sonata.
 Expression! Money?
 As all books wonder what makes art, art.
 Catharsis necessary
 Through sweat? Through paintbrush?
 What then?
 All things seen, heard, touched, smelled, tasted
 Poured down convoluted tubes of self
 To dive through dark pools of a life's experience
 To struggle in seas of emotion,
 To be shaped by the strong fingers of will
 Till they emerge
 Twisted inseparably with the self's essence.

IF THIS IS JUST A BREATHING SPELL BETWEEN ICE AGES

If the cube in my glass is a foreshadowing
 Of some future glacier which will wipe away
 All records of my existence—
 It does not matter
 For as grey twilight streams through stained glass windows
 And is transformed to rainbow colors
 Like ribbons on the floor,
 My life poured through the lens of You
 Becomes
 Starfire!
 And because You are here
 This moment
 Of flooding peace and quiet joy
 Is crystallized
 To something significant
 Beyond time.

TO THE LADIES WHITE PORCELAIN

Appealing, wicked fingers, scratching upon
 yellow windowpanes,
 pluck spider's strands sprung in the
 fallen morning sky.
While hollows stare into the blue lighted halls
 yellow papered walls
 stand silently chipping in the dry air,
 peeling under glowing eyes
 of hollow stares.
Beads they are,
 and the etchings of fever that fold the hearts
 of gentle men—
 dainty in their scarlet ways,
 dancing to songs of fantasy
 on tiptoe, at midnight
kissing the porcelain beauties in the
 corners of the room,
holding candles between the breasts
 of evil,
turning up faces of innocence heavenward
 toward some unbound home;
Towards skylights white,
 in the night
 hold to me tight
 oh glass beauty of the light.

UNTITLED

He was not called
Here on the meadow . . .
He was a tree,
Striking out—
Desperate, to hold the colored wind
within his arms.
Then he was a bush,
Unhushed
By struggle,
Unknown by storms.
Then he was a green vine crawling;
And after, an apple
Growing redder in the sun.
He was a melon,
An apricot,
Then a pumkin,
Tumbling from dirty hands
Into a brown side-ditch.
He wept yellow
And screamed orange,
And then he was soil,
Sucking at the putrid
Juices of his death.

GO SOMETIME, JUST TO THE END OF DAY

Go away,
the broken day comes after you;
the stars shine the other way, toward
 all the true and all the wise;
the skies still deny their heartborn glances,
as if the diamonds, the stars, had turned away
 from some unbound lies.
Down a road,
where just one foot before the other falls,
and just one foot behind the other follows;
where to see is worthless in knowing
 what lies ahead,
and to hear is below the purpose of believing
 what you hear.

Bound,
to a feeling of night advancing,
the savage blue receding,
reveling rusted anchors that slowly
rise between the shallow clouds,
and the silent peel of bells
up from forests, from within their
highest spires of wasted green.
Breathe the yellow dusk,
the warm, brown rush of evening fields
that seem to waver high,
 and then descend,
and blend their colors into mountains
 born of stray, blue tragedies.
Go before the light is gone,
to stand upon a hill and like a master fade,
like a shadow left lost below the broken
 smile of a formless holocaust.

UNTITLED

On The Other Hand

 You'd better run,
 cause it's Spring and the bumble-bees are comin'
and buzzin' like a black, broom-tailed bush
out 'a th' woods,
 out 'a th' swamps
where them naked peepers creep in pud and sing
 through a half-inch of black water--
 and there's them beady, little naked eyes too
that look up at you
 through that half-inch of water
 wondering if you are God;
and there's all those weird flowers
 pushin' out blue perfume
 and nasty stamens
 with their secret passions towards
 honey-bees
 who gobble and grabble with juicy sacs
 on their knees,
and who fight out ever-lovin', stinging', stinkin' wars
 with floppy butterflies
 that die and disappear
 into dust as quick as you can say
 'scram, you goddam bumble-bee'
who won't sting if you stand still. But if you
 swat and scamp
 it'll get you good in a place
you won't even let your mother see;
 And, oh hell,
 there's them stupid 'skitters'
 born in peach cans
 that rusted last winter in the dump--
and who'll squirt burry in your skin all night
and day,
 cause they like to,
 and cause you look like Food.
(or cause they can't find a red mule or a brown cow
 down by the barn.)

And there's so much else,
 But, By Gee Too,
 everybody's got the hots,
 cause it's warm outside-inside,
 and clothes start droppin
 open on girls an' guys,
 and blood throbs in thighs and in fingers
 that just want be brush against some warm
 opposite sex's skin
 someplace in the
 night,
or in the knee-high grass
 where those damn bumble-bees
 hide.
So you look around,
 and dance through the rain
 and plan
 how to ask some pretty face to--
 and you stumble and tumble into some
 muddle of pud,
and, oh hell, you suddenly swallow some
 of Spring-time's gentle poop again.

Theatre

The Winter Term project for the Speech Department was the production of *Hamlet*. The play was directed by Dr. Harold C. Tedford and involved some seventy-five students.

The basic experience of the Speech Department's "Shakespearean Production" might well be called "total immersion." The students spent from ten to twelve hours a day working to recreate a certain era both internally and externally. They learned about the costuming, staging, speech, manners, thought— all elements from another time that must be incorporated into a good period play.

For many of the students it was their first working experience with theatre of any sort and the amount of work required to put on a play came as quite a shock to some of them. The mornings were spent at hard work— set building, sewing costumes, light hanging— all the technical aspects of the show. Then, after lunch, we had classes on staging Shakespeare and stage speech. Then we did more technical work. In the evening we rehearsed for several hours. With such a tight schedule, it was difficult for those involved to do anything more than fall into bed at night and work on their lines in the few minutes it took to get to sleep. For an entire month the students "lived" in the theatre and grew either to love it or hate it. Some kids never came back after the end of the run of *Hamlet*, but most of them are now theatre regulars, as addicted to the world of "suspended disbelief" as any of those who have been working there for years.





When *Hamlet* was chosen as the Winter Term project in theatre, everyone involved knew it would require a great deal of work. As it turned out, the show required even more time and energy than we had anticipated. Still, we did manage to bring all the aspects of production together into a fairly unified show— I, for one, was pleased with the results. On a strictly individualistic level, the course gave me an opportunity to really devote my time to the preparation of my role in the play. Seldom does a performer in a collegiate situation receive such an opportunity. The Winter Term *Hamlet* project was invaluable to me in my development as an actor.



"I heard thee speak me a speech
once . . . an excellent play, well
digested in the scenes, set down
with as much cunning as mod-
esty." Hamlet, II, ii, 454-61

Working on the Winter Term theatre project was a new experience for me. I've never been involved so totally in a Shakespeare play. Like most people I've read several of them and even seen a few performed, but I never realized half of what a play can mean until I worked on one. When you listen to *Hamlet* and perform *Hamlet* for six weeks, you understand and enjoy it as no casual theatregoer can. You begin to see the double and even triple meanings a line has. You understand the puns. You begin to really enjoy the language of it. And along with all this is the sense of accomplishment and pride you feel after such prolonged effort when the play is finally a stage experience, when it is presented to an audience.



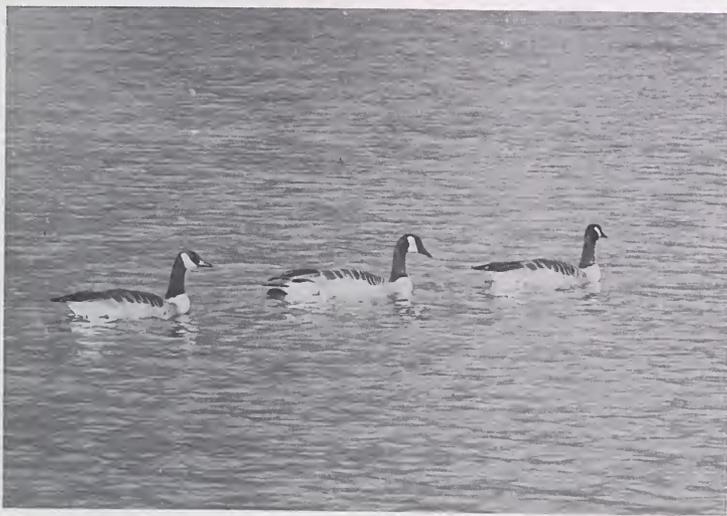
Our thanks to Martha Carlson, Beth Davis, and Clint McCown for their comments.

GLENN PECK is a sophomore from Towson, Maryland and participated in Mrs. Shields' Art course.



309

Photography



SANDI CUMMINGS is a senior from Pitman, New Jersey and participated in Dr. Olive's Nature Photograph Class.





JANICE DAUGHERTY is a sophomore from Florham Park, New Jersey and participated in Dr. Olive's Nature Photography course.



Travel

Bucharest

At night

The city glittered in holiday attire
but

In the day

It draped itself in muddy beige and grey

Come night or day

The people wore garments of varying colors
(thank goodness)

And cloaked only their faces in hues of grey

The Street Sweeper

Anonymous forms, trudging, hurrying
Spitting on grime covered sidewalks,
Eyes looking down, ignoring the
Woman hunched over sweeping the streets.
Darkly stockinged and scarved
To shield against the cold,
She swishes the bundle of hay through the gutters.

KATHY BANKS is a senior from Winston-Salem and did independent study under the sponsorship of Miss Phillips. Kathy spent the month of January in Yugoslavia and surrounding countries. The poems which appear here are excerpts from a larger collection of work.

The Coliseum

Little grandeur graces crumbled walls
Which now serve only cats abiding staidly,
Dozing or observing from their perch.
Only yellow eyes reflect
Feroicity of ancestors in triumph
Over swords and human reason.
Shouts and screams seem yet to echo,
Mingling with the smell of blood
Absorbed by tainted sand; thus
Wisdom of another age defends
Their right of ownership by victory.
They tolerate guests tranquilly—
Taking little notice of delighted squeals
And perpetual clicks of cameras—
Aristocratically gliding through
The majestic ruins of their glory.
Only they remain to bring to mind
The cheers and downward thumbs
And mighty battles now so distant
From the shoddy remnants we behold.

Gypsy

Bare -footed and -legged
With skin turned red from the chill of exposure
You sleep so quietly in your mother's arms.
Is it only sleep, or a deeper tranquility
Making you oblivious
To people who turn their eyes away?
Your mother sits in the filth of the sidewalk
Moaning, chanting,
Hand outstretched
While she rocks you for all to see.
Yet you look so peaceful in your limpness,
Detached and blank
Like a lifeless homemade doll.

The Window

Rain spots the outside of a long pane.
As a drop slithers from its place to join the pool on the sill,
A pine branch nods its green head
 rhythmically bending and springing,
 bending and springing.
Decals of Disney characters stick warm and dry on the inside,
Smiling absurdly against a blurred background,
While a whistle dangles out of breath from the latch.

Lonely and silent, snow falls
Satisfying gloomy fog which plagues the sun;
Meeting with wet morning grime on streets;
Persistent in its task of blurring all
In one smooth hushed lament.

The Hardwoods

when I was a child
 I was told to color the treetrunks brown
 they lied to me

the hardwood trees
 naked in the warm winter sun
 explain patiently to me
 we're grey
 we're grey

Old bent woman,
 Sweeping, sweeping
Without cloak or hat to cover your bareness
And no words nodded by the passers-by,

Why do your eyes say nothing?
Do they search only for litter and dust
 to maintain the rhythmic brush,
Or do they see beyond the grime of the pavement?

Hunched over your short-sticked broom
You never glance up
So intent are you on sweeping, sweeping.





ANN WILLIAMS is a sophomore from Salisbury, Maryland and participated in Mrs. Shields' Art course.



A TALE OF TWO PITIES

by Carolyn Davis

After all the fanfare preceeding it, Apollo 20 was a disappointment. Sure, it was the first moon shot in five years and a Black astronaut was aboard for the first time, but the flight was the same as all the others. Mission Control lacked the tension that used to accompany space missions. Moon walking had become old hat.

Right now, the astronauts were speeding across the moon's surface in their space car, in search of some new phenomenon. So far they were encountering the usual number of craters and bleak moonscape. Mission Control monitored the trip with boredom, and the TV audience watched the Late Show. Those addicts brave enough to watch flight coverage found anchormen passing the time with stale anecdotes of previous launchings.

In the control room, the technicians sat quietly, idly playing with their headphones. Back in their glass booths the TV anchormen switched to a worn film history of Man In Space. Viewers sighed. Everything was going damnably well. The least the astronauts could do was have a flat tire, or encounter a harmless Moon Man—

JESUS!!!! the exclamation rang out from the lunar vehicle. Mission Control sprang awake.

GREAT GALLOPIN' GALAXIES, IT CAN'T BE!!! Technicians sprang to a flurry of headphone adjusting and screen tuning.

WHERE IN HELL DID THAT COME FROM?

The film history stopped abruptly. Special Report signs flashed across the Late Show.

MISSION CONTROL DO YOU READ? DO YOU SEE WHAT WE SEE?

Technicians hopefully adjusted their video screens. The TV audience put down its swiss cheese and jelly sandwiches, shook

their mates awake, stopped necking, forgot about John Wayne's fight with the Indians—

DAMMITT, IS THAT REAL OR NOT?

Mission Control sat in astounded silence. All over the room, multiple screens registered the same incredible picture. Thousands of American viewers tried to believe this was really an old Star Trek.

LUNAR LANDING PARTY COME IN! IT'S REAL! LORD HELP US, IT'S REAL!

In a corner of the lunar sky, blinking steadily at the astronauts was a small, unknown planet.



"We land Etheria 5 minutes be will" announced the lavender pilot.

"Uh-thanks," said Astronaut Damon Wright uneasily. He still couldn't get over the Etherian language's resemblance to English. The sentence construction was so very strange though. Damon chuckled to himself. Here he was a Black man on a craft resembling an orange cereal box talking to a purple man — oops, Lav-en-der — and he was worried about grammar.

But then, so much had happened since he and Scott had stood on the moon and seen Etheria. He could't believe it had been just four months. After confirming the gleaming ball as a brand new planet, radio contact was attempted. Incredibly, an answer came to the signals, in a sort of garbled English.

The planet, called Etheria, seemed to be technologically ahead of Earth, friendly and willing to meet with planetary

representatives. She was as surprised to discover Earth as Earth was to find her. Somehow, the position of the moon had blocked her reflection on all previous shots, and had come out of the middle on this mission so the astronauts had a clear view of Etheria.

After much controversy over who should represent Earth on this, her first interplanetary ambassadorship, the U.N. special world council picked America because 1) she had men trained and ready to go, namely the two astronauts who had discovered the planet, and 2) since the Vietnam pullout she didn't have much to do anyway.

The next problem was how to get to Etheria. It would take at least fifteen years (give or take a defense budget or two) to develop a ship capsule for going to Etheria, which was about the distance from Earth to the moon. The House proposed a special Senate subcommittee to investigate the matter, and the Senate said something nasty in reply. Finally, after 26 bills, 43 committees and one attempt by a fanatic radical group to hijack an old Friendship 7 capsule to the new planet, the President got a brilliant idea. He would ask Etheria for advice.

After a confused telephone call on the new interplanetary hotline (blue with little white stars) the President held a press conference in which he announced:

- a) the Etherians had crafts capable of coming to Earth but
- b) because there was fear of alien invasion if the Etherians landed here; they would instead
- c) rendezvous with another Apollo flight to the moon where they would pick up Astronauts Damon Wright and Scott Bradley and
- d) happily take them to Etheria.

The plan was greeted with relief by the world, and now, the astronauts were on their way to an unknown planet of purple people. Damon thought about the old song called "Purple People Eater" and shuddered.

"Please your safety press buttons" said the pilot.

The buttons which were on the side of the slim seats caused a gravity field which held the occupant down like a safety belt. Damon pushed the button, felt the slight pressure. Next to him, Scott Bradley spoke.

"Well, here we go, 'old buddy. Hope we make it." he said nervously.

"Yeah, man."

The craft eased down gently, almost imperceptibly. The lavender pilot pressed a panel, and the safety pressure disappeared. He came over to the two men, smiling broadly. "Welcome Etheria to" he said, and suddenly the side of the ship slid back.

The men gasped, Color. Everywhere. Starting with the warm yellow sun in a bright green sky. Softly rounded buildings of smooth beige and tan that looked like an acrylic painting. Burnt sienna walkways surrounded by orange grass. But the people. Shades of Walt Disney, the people. A multitude of chartreuse, turquoise, lavender, ocher, and magenta gathered around the ship. Tall, graceful, slender humanoids. A whisper of thin cloth hid their genitals (perhaps?) and the women's breasts. Diamond shaped eyes with pupils the darkest shade of the being's particular color,

CAROLYN DAVIS is a junior from Washington, D. C. and participated in Mr. Bonnette's Science Fiction course.

irises the lightest shade. Hair a combination of all the hues of that same color, gleaming Angora billowing like the fullest Afro yet straight as a California blonde. An awe inspiring, beautiful race of beings. Fear gave way to awe in the eyes of Astronaut Damon Wright, and in Astronaut Scott Bradley, an even greater emotion was building. Lust. Lust for all those perfect female bodies. He imagined himself in a flood of turquoise pulchritude.

At the sight of the astronauts in their dress uniforms, the crowd was silent. Such odd colors, one cheated of all pigment but a trace of ocher in the floppy hair, the other an unfortunate muddy mixture. Earth genes must be damaged.

For several moments, Earth man and Etherian inspected each other. The sun, so much yellower on this rainbow planet, seemed to wait apprehensively. Then slowly a smile broke out on Damon's face, "We are here, my sisters and brothers" he said softly.

The Etherians smiled back. "Welcome Etheria to!" they yelled.

The sun relaxed. Her children were friends.



Women. Women everywhere. Sexy bodies, thin strips of cloth seductively tantalizing. . . how did Etherian men stand it? Scott had been on Etheria five days now, and he still couldn't get used to them. Especially Taizne, the beautiful young chartreuse woman assigned to the astronauts by the council to guide them around Etheria. Every day she would come to the Earth men's hotel room and either lecture on Etherian custom or take them on a tour in her bright red airpowered space car. And every day Scott's desire for her increased. He didn't see how he'd last the week.

The alarm clock spoke. "Kivek" it said loudly.

"Kivek to you too, pal." Scott yaved his hand in front of it, disconnecting the alarm. "Hey Wright, rise and shine - no racial slur intended."

He was greeted by a dull muttering as Damon got up. Scott decided to savor the bed a moment longer. He'd thought water beds were great, but this. . . It was a literal air mattress, the sheets being held up by gentle streams of air (temperature adjustable) that quietly supported every blissful inch of his body. . .

"Shower time, Bradley, or I'll turn this thing off and you fall many painful inches." Damon went over to the newly built closet. Etherian body wraps were wrinkle free and were neatly folded in large flat drawers. Men had smaller drawers, as their wraps only covered the lower part of their bodies, concealing their genitals. However, the male organ seemed to be only for purposes of elimination, not sexual reasons. Scott made a mental note to look up Etherian physiology.

At Kivek and gee, a knock sounded on the door panel, which slid back to reveal Taizne, clad in a forest green body wrap.

"Morning good" she said cheerfully. "Today to the Great Hall will go."

Damon smiled back and Scott eyed her body wrap. The

three left the hotel room and climbed into the air chute, where tiny streams of air gently lowered them to the lobby floor. They walked through the lobby with its softly rounded



corners and high couches and onto the bright street. Taizne pointed to her space car and the three got in. She floated it expertly down the street, past bright shops and smooth tan office buildings until they came to a large rounded building. Running vertically down one side of it were the words "Great Hall of the Council." On the other was some ancient inscription.

"What does that mean?" asked Scott.

"Do not deliver us any excrement!" replied Taizne.

"How profound," said Damon dubiously, as they walked up the ramp leading to the Great Hall.

"Our Great Hall is the place where all Etheria ruled is, by the Magenta Council." They walked across a spacious lounge as Taizne talked. It was carpeted on floor and ceiling with a lush violet pile. She directed the Earth men up an air chute, down a maze of softly curved corridors, and into a large room with raised carpeted platform. On the platform were seven throne like chairs with cushioned tables before them. On the lower level, where the three stood was open space that Taizne explained could be used as conference space or for any purpose. Behind the raised platforms were pictures of seven bearded magenta men.

"All hail the Magenta!" said Taizne reverently kneeling and touching her chin and shoulders.

"All hail the Magenta?" asked Damon indignantly.

"They the almighty are, they rulers all knowing, they our guides are in life, we servants theirs are."

"Servants? Servants??? You trying to tell me those magenta people are better than you?"

"They yes Damon are" said Taizne in surprise, "It is the era of the Magenta. May they long us rule."

"Why? What makes them so damn good, Taizne?" Damon was angry.

"Because they the Magenta are" said Taizne patiently.

"That's prejudice, you know that? It's terrible."

"Terrible? No Damon it was the is."

"Look, on Earth people of Scott's color say they're better than people of my color the same way. That's not right Taizne when there's no difference. There's no difference. You aren't inferior just because you're chartreuse."

"I know I not am. But I to the Magenta Council am. Not every Magenta. Only the Magenta Council. Do you understand me?"

"Yes. I understand only too well!" Damon said grimly.

"Do not trouble make, Damon. Please when welcome official the ceremony comes, our rules follow. You me must understand." Taizne pleaded.

"O.K., Taizne. O.K. I'll be good."

Good was not the word. Tremendous fit better. For on the day of the astronaut's official welcome to Etheria, Damon Wright planned a revolution.

Scott Bradley was having a hard time concentrating on his etiquette lessons. The warm springlike Etherian weather made him feel energetic, and he kept swinging his feet nervously as he sat in the high legged chair. Also Taizne's proximity inspired a different kind of energy. He wondered if a man were to lean far enough over her, would the space between that thin cloth and her chest be great enough to allow him a glimpse of those two big beautiful. . .

"What you doing are?" asked Taizne amused. "If you any farther lean, you fall over will."

"You too, honey" Scott looked boldly at her.

"Are you with me flirting?" asked Taizne. Her Kelly green eyes seemed to appraise him knowingly. A faint, glittery smile appeared on her full chartreuse lips.

Scott tried to look innocent. "I am with you flirting." he said shyly.

Taizne laughed softly. "You must on your lessons concentrate, not your teacher. Now when you are presented to the Magenta Council, you must. . ."

Scott concentrated obediently on Taizne. Maybe, if he blew hard enough, that cloth would move. . .



"Men and Women of Etheria. What I have to say today will shape your entire futures. . ."

Damon's plan was easier to carry out than he had imagined. So much curiosity about the Earthmen had been aroused that the council decided to allow a question session in one of the 300 seat university auditoriums. Scott was a poor public speaker, so Damon volunteered to handle the session while his companion gave an interview to the newspaper. Damon smiled. When the revolution came. . .

"For several days I have been on this beautiful planet. I have been made to feel welcome. You have given me food, shelter and friendship. I see a people advanced beyond my own culture, all around me this shows, and yet I feel no awe. Why? Because you chartreuse, magenta, ocher, turquoise, and lavender people are NO BETTER OFF THAN MY OWN RACE. You're all just a bunch of colored people!"

A confusing murmur ran through the packed lecture hall. An other hand shot up.

"What mean you, we colored people are?"

"I mean that you are subjugating yourselves to one color, one color that has no respect for even those among you of their own kind, I am referring to the Magenta Council. On Earth, men of Scott Bradley's color enslaved men of my color. They were called 'colored people'. But we are fighting, and now are no longer colored people but BLACK PEOPLE. I AM A BLACK MAN! The time has come for you to become Etheria's BLACK people! Proud, and beautiful, and FREE!"

A loud, excited noise rose from the crowd.

"What we must do?"

Damon drew a deep breath. "Tomorrow, when Scott Bradley and I are presented to the Magenta Council, you will present yourselves too! You will show them that you are no longer just colored people. Tomorrow you will become

BLACK!" He shook with emotion. Shouted "WE REVOLT MUST!"

The crowd enthusiastically took up the cry. "WE REVOLT MUST! WE REVOLT MUST! WE REVOLT MUST!"



Taizne stood before Scott, 5' 9" of chartreuse Etherian beauty. Her transparent blue body wrap swayed alluringly as she strolled before Scott's amazed eyes.

"Wha-What are you doing in my room?" he finally stammered.

Taizne's kelly green eyes blazed at Scott. She seemed to emanate a strange fragrance that was deeply stirring.

"We supposed are find out all we can about each other while you are Etheria on. I wish our knowledge further to. If you willing are." she said demurely. Her voice had deepened so that it had the effect of seductive music. Scott felt frantic desire rising in him.

"Well, I wouldn't want to halt man's understanding."

"Splendid." Taizne smiled. "Then proceed us let." The



body wrap slid to the floor. She walked slowly to Scott's bed, lay on it. "I want to see it, now." she said urgently.

Scott walked over to her. He was proud of his body, and had had several graphic but complimentary pet names for that part of his anatomy since maturity. Confident, he began to unbuckle his belt.

Taizne sat up abruptly. "What you doing are?"

Scott stared at her. "You said you wanted to see it."

"Not what you with eliminate. What you with fornicate."

"But, this IS -"

"Your left shoe. Take off it."

"Shoe?" Scott said helplessly.

"Scott," she began delicately, "Have you ever?"

"OF COURSE!" he bellowed.

Taizne's voice became seductive again. "I'm sorry. Please hurry."

Scott looked at his left shoe in dismay. Earth shoes were not properly ventilated for Etherian weather, and his bare foot would be something more than overwhelming. Besides, he had never engaged in anything this wild before. Sure, he'd tried various positions, tried a couple things from porno books, but this! However, he was supposed to find out all about Etherians, so...

"I just want to do this right, that's all," Scott said in what he hoped was a confident voice.

Slowly, he undid the laces on his left boot. Taizne leaned forward, her breath quickening in anticipation. Scott grunted slightly as he jerked off the boot, peeled the sock from his foot. A vague stench arose from it. Taizne inhaled, moaned softly in pleasure. "Hurry," she said.

Scott stood over her hesitantly on his right foot, left one suspended over her beautiful body. Aversion rose sharply in him. Well, if this was what she wanted. Taizne's soft hands gently fastened on his foot. "Let me" she whispered, and began to guide it close to her. He closed his eyes, unwilling to look. They opened wide, as he felt his left big toe enter her -

"NOSTRIL???" he yelped. Scott stared in fascinated horror at his foot over Taizne's face, his big toe deep in her nose. She was writhing in a mindless ecstasy, her eyes shut tight in some unknown joy.

"I'm sorry, Taizne, but I just can't do it this way," said Scott, and pulled his foot resolutely from Taizne's nose. That is, he tried to pull it, but somehow he was stuck. Grimly, Scott tugged harder.

"Yes, yes, oh yes!" Taizne cried out.

"No, you don't understand, I'm trying to..."

"Oh, you're succeeding. Oh! Oh!" her latest gyration threw Scott off balance and he leaned precariously backward, frantically flapping his arms to keep him from tumbling.

"SCOTT! You arxyz, you. More! Oh again, do that again!" Taizne's head moved from side to side.

"Oh! My leg! I've got a cramp!" yelled Scott as his ankle was wrenched by Taizne's movements.

"I'm so glad I can please you too, Scott," she gasped.

"Taizne, Taizne!" Tears of pain ran down Scott's face. He hopped up and down in agony. His other foot was going to sleep.

Without warning, Taizne sneezed several times violently, dry forceful motions that grew in intensity until Scott's toe was shoved abruptly out of her nose, sending him flying across the room. He landed painfully on his back, skidded across the floor and lay still, unbelieving.

"Oh, Scott," said Taizne in a broken voice. "You fantastic were. A pure zorg. I'll never this forget!" She turned an admiring glance at him.

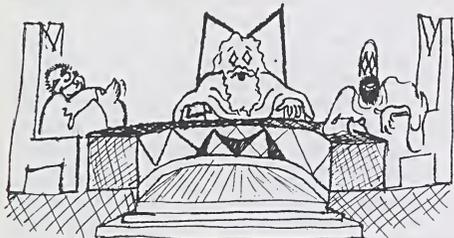
Scott looked helplessly at Taizne's beautiful body. He felt the friction burns on his back, the wrenching cramp in his left leg, the numb buzz of his right, and through it all, still eagerly awaiting triumph, the pulsing of his manhood.

For the first time in 25 years, Scott cried.



Astronauts Damon Wright and Scott Bradley were an impressive sight as they marched into the Great Hall. Clad in their Air Force dress uniforms, they were escorted by two special aides to the Magenta Council, handsome other men. Scott Bradley had a slight limp and a few bruises he claimed came from falling from his airbed, but otherwise the men were immaculate.

With all their military dignity, the astronauts stepped into the Great Council Room. There stood the 7 cerise bearded members of the Magenta Council, high above the platform. Their serene majesty sent a Magenta glow across the room that touched all its occupants.



Caught in the feeling, the astronauts touched their chins and shoulders. "All hail the Magenta" they intoned.

Gravely, one of the men stepped forward, "Welcome, Earthmen. What have you to show?" He asked in accordance with the Rite of Greeting.

All at once, a commotion erupted in the corridor. WE REVOLT MUST penetrated the Council room.

Damon smiled triumphantly. "I have this to show!" he said turning to the door.

And gaped in total horror. 300 strong, half-crazed with excitement, grinning Etherians entered, painted brown and wearing Afro wigs. 300 replicas of one Damon Wright, 25 year old Black Earthman, 300 Etherians happily chanted WE REVOLT MUST! at the top of their lungs.

The Magenta Council appeared thunderstruck. Before they could gather their senses, a second group entered, composed of Etherian females in full seductive array yelling WE SCOTT WANT! even louder than the protesters. Scott blinked, then fell to the floor, clutching his big toe protectively. At sight of this, the Etherian women squealed, "Look, he's off his shoe taking!" and advanced with passion. Damon ran to his friend's side and the protesters followed, to protect their leader. Everyone was grinning, happy, yelling their slogan.

As the crowd closed in on them, Damon looked at the platform. The Magenta Council looked down on the scene in bewilderment. For all his effort, the objects of the revolution were being totally ignored. Somehow, he sensed that the whole mission might possibly turn out to be a failure.



The message was short, polite, and firm:

We of Etheria are sending back the Earthmen. Feel our people that many things learned can be between our planets which great prosperity universal will bring. However at this point Etheria just ready not for you is. Let us in touch keep but radio only by, Please!

Etherian Magenta Council



The Astronauts were received with appropriate fanfare. A report was made to the President of Etherian life and duly printed serially in the newspapers and *Ladies Home Journal*.

No one took the Etherian message as an insult. Obviously Etheria just wasn't ready for the mentally advanced Earthmen. Technology was one thing, humanity another.

The astronauts themselves were in excellent shape except for two small quirks. Astronaut Bradley showed a tendency to become hysterical — when anyone sneezed he fell in a fetal position upon his foot.



And astronaut Wright no longer could stand to look in the mirror.

