

Person From Porlock

By Alice Kovarco

Anyone who glances at the "Saturday Review" and its ilk has probably become inured to phrases like the following in reference to an author: "His mind possesses a depth (and a logic) which should put the versified syllogism of the 'Academics' to shame." After a while, one becomes a literary Missourian and says: show me! Fortunately, since Wesleyan is a member of the North Carolina Poetry Circuit we have the opportunity to see and hear some of the names that we hear bandied about in discussions of current poetry. When Alan Dugan visited Wesleyan on November thirteenth the student body had the chance to listen to and question our guest.

We will admit that not everyone feels that he has the right to jump to his feet at a lecture like this and say: "Ah, sir. How do you feel about *carpe diem*?" Most of the questions asked of our guest were obviously not "catch questions," or the attempts of some neophyte English major to impress everyone with how well he remembered a set of lecture notes. So we think that the student body deserves to be complimented for its interest and good taste.

But more than that we think that Mr. Dugan was one of the most interesting lecturers we've had. Maybe everyone didn't like his intonations and style of reading, but then, the man is a poet, not an actor. More than that, the man was honest. He admitted that he often didn't understand what he had meant in a particular poem until some time later. He had a sense of humor too. Many of his poems mentioned signs, so it wasn't too surprising that several of the students posed questions about this. Mrs. Dowdy's comment about the sign near the airport warning of low-flying planes wasn't scoffed at by our guest, as being beneath a "poet." The man seemed to be a highly nervous, and sometimes satirical individual. But somehow there is a kind of pathos in his poetry that betrays a disillusioned romantic.

One expression he used reminded me of Keats. He said he hoped he could make his poetry visible to our ears. He admitted to being a kind of "pragmatic-poet-influenced-by-existentialism." Yet, there were a couple of times when his poetry sounded a great deal like Plato. Particularly was this so of the poem "On a Hat-On Vertical Mobility as Concept". But then again, he could have been using his ironic mask when he spoke of the "Ideal Form of Hat." I'll admit that being unschooled in real appreciation for poetry, I probably missed a great many important things in what he said and read. But there are some phrases that he used that were unforgettable. He said that the "trees rained in the wind" in one poem. But his "Funeral Oration for a Mouse" was in its entirety memorable. This "anxious brother, a living diagram of fear" and the "mouse finders (that) grasp our drowning lives just behind the mouse trap" don't require a footnote, to know that they are poetic phrases.

About one thing he said, I sincerely hope he was not speaking truthfully. Surely someone who is not a college student can love poetry! He said his audience was constantly

changing because college students soon outgrow poetry. Somehow, even if this life is "ugly, brutish, mean, and short" I don't think that's so. The average college student is so busy figuring out how to get twenty hours of studying into four hours, that he doesn't have time for "CULTURE." Yes, we all snatch the time to read a few things, but not as much as we want. I'll wager most of us say at least once and a while, when I get out of school, then I'll have time to read so and so, or go to the concerts in Raleigh, or learn to play chess. Anyway, we at least take the time every once and again to go to a lecture and listen to a man or woman who can give us a taste of their private world or poetry or music, etc. That's the kind of thing that makes a student understand or at least wonder about a few more things. I couldn't help but believe that Mr. Dugan could have commiserated with Coleridge when that ridiculous interruption ruined what could have been a master piece of poetry. Somehow I have the feeling that Mr. Dugan has been interrupted in his work.

He is poet of recognized stature. But he seems to have difficulty keeping his "figure in the carpet." It will be interesting to see what he publishes in coming years.

LIBRARY PLANS

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Upon entering the glass lobby at the front of the building, the L-shaped circulation desk and bibliographical center are the first areas to be encountered. It is possible to stand at one particular point in the library and see all the main areas. To the left of this point is the lounge found in front of the two-floor stacks. At the south end is the large browsing room, a combination smoking lounge and comfortable reading room. Straight back from the lobby are the two-level floor stacks. On each level of these floor stacks are carrels (individual study desks) where students may take their books.

According to President Collins, construction bids will be received in the spring of 1965. Actual construction could begin in early summer 1965. The construction of the library is a much needed and much anticipated addition to Wesleyan's campus.

Navy Day At Wesleyan

The Navy Recruiting Service was represented by five personnel to explain the Career and Reserve Officer programs to anyone interested. While here on campus, they also administered tests for admission as officers to the Naval Surface Program and Naval Aviation Program.

Anyone seeking further information may contact the following addresses:

'Twas The Night Before Vacation

By: Duffie Monroe

'Twas the night before Vacation and all through the halls, not a creature was stirring, not no one at all. The suitcases were unpacked by the closets with care in hopes that a packing miracle would suddenly appear. The dorm was nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of T-bones danced in their heads. My roomy in his shorts and me in my toga, had just settled down to an evening of poker. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter I stumbled from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a fiend, tore up on the curtains and knocked out the screen. The moon on the breast of the new fallen sleet, gave a luster of muck to the water fight in the street. When what to my blood-shot eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer. With a little ol' driver so lively and sleek, I knew in a moment, it must be the Greek. More rapid than co-eds his coursers they came, and he screamed and hollered as he called them by name. Now Humber, now Nixon, now Bobbitt, and Watson, on Ragsdale, on Hanum, on West, and Nelson. To the top of the dorm, to the top of the wall, now hurry up, hurry up, get a move on all! So up to the dorm the coursers they flew, with a sleigh full of Schlitz and the shouting Greek too. And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof, the pounding and tripping of each little hoof. As I pulled in my head and was turning around, down the roof they slid and hit the street with a bound. The

Greek was dressed in fur from his head to his foot and his clothes were all tarnished with rust and soot. A bundle of Schlitz he had flung on his back, and he looked like a bartender just opening his pack. His eyes--how red! His cheeks were like 4 Roses, his nose like cherry. His droll little mouth was drawn in a sneer and the beard on his chin was the color of German Beer. He had a broad face and a little round belly, that shook when he burped like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly ol' elf, and I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon gave me to know I had plenty to dread. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work. And filled all the iceboxes, then turned with a jerk. And laying a finger aside of his nose, and giving a nod, to the front door he dove. He stumbled to his sleigh, to his team gave a curse, and away they all ran like things would get worse. But I heard him shout out as he drove out of sight, to H--- WITH YOU ALL, WHAT A GODAWFUL NIGHT!

Wesleyan Singers Participate In Xmas Broadcast

The Wesleyan Singers have been invited to tape a portion of their annual Christmas concert for performance on Christmas day over WPTF-AM and WPTF-FM in Raleigh on a special series of vignettes to be heard throughout the day called "The Colleges Sing for Christmas."



Larry Rapaport, one of the operators of Rapson's, at bar. He said many "good kids" come there from Connecticut.

N. C. Wesleyan finally makes "Big Time."

Naval Surface Program
Officers Program
USN Recruiting Station
Fayetteville and Martin Sts.
Raleigh, N. C.

Naval Aviation Program
Aviation Information Office
Naval Air Reserve Training Unit
Building LP-12
US Naval Air Station
Norfolk II, Virginia

A Partridge In A Dear Tree

(From ASPECTS)

"Sir, with Christmas coming up, may I remind you that there is no carol that offers more fun for a few people singing together, whether they can sing or not, than the old standby "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

"There is a fine lilt to it, and the fascination that children of all ages find in a cumulative song on the model of "The House That Jack Built", were the list of things to be remembered and repeated gets longer with each stanza and you get all out of breath and have a grandtime. "The Twelve Days of Christmas is an old carol in celebration of the twelve days from Christmas to Epiphany; the song begins: "The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, a partridge in a pear tree; the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me, two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree...."

"Nonsense? Not by a jugful of wassail. It is a profound philosophy of giving. It celebrates the high wisdom of completely inappropriate and largely useless gifts. And a good thing to remember 'just before Christmas. A partridge in a pear tree--what on earth could one do with that? That's the beauty of it! That makes it something to sing about! And folks have been singing about it for several hundred years. "Would they have sung about a floor mop or a tea kettle or a foot warmer? Not much!

"So take a suggestion for your shopping list. Give your true love an inappropriate gift. Don't get Grandma another lace cap or pair of woolen mittens. She has plenty already, and besides she hates the things.

"Get her a little bottle of Challen No. 5 or a set of lipsticks or a pair of dancing slippers. They will boost her morale, make her feel she is still alive. As you reach for that fine book for your beloved pastor, the learned tome, Archaeology and the Bible, stay your hand. Reach over to the next counter and get him the New Yorker Book of Cartoons. There will be several cartoons by Peter Arno, highly inappropriate for the clergy. That's the idea. There are few joys greater than that of stepping out of character for a time. And I'll bet it will do a lot for his sermons, too.

"And father--lay off the neckties and the conservative scarf. Get him a Lionel electric train appropriate for age nine. All his own. Dad has always had a yen for one. And for your wife--well, that has me stumped, as usual. How about a--er--ah--Oh Well, how about a partridge in a pear tree? It would be a surprise.

"The best gifts of love are those which show a lovely lack of common sense. Flowers, they fade, a bracelet--invariably a nuisance. It is usually on the twenty-fifty anniversary that a husband gives a vacuum cleaner or a Mixmaster.

"There is high precedent for all this. The first Christmas gift was highly inappropriate--a baby in a barn. No one clapped his hands and said, 'Just what I wanted!'"