

The Guilfordian

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Guilford's First Literary Issue

A Stone in Memorial

There were stones, granite and marble,
Massive grey bulks,
And slim white spires,
Engraved with words and dates that meant little to most.
I walked among them;
Noting some for their beauty and their meaning,
And stood before one for long moments
While reveries flooded my mind . . .
And then moved on;
There they lay,
Those who had lived in their simple faith,
And died in that faith—
Returning to the Earth as their Maker had ordained,
With only an engraving to hold their memory.
Suddenly I came upon a slab of mud-brown stone
Which was inscribed only by the wind and rain of centuries,
A stone without distinction,
Save its size and shape—
Rising there as a nameless memorial;
And yet, as the others,
It was a memorial . . .
A stone in memorial? . . .
I thanked my God for the immortality of man.

—Bill Baldwin

The Poet's Art

Before, behind me curtains fall,
Beautiful curtain—that is all;
But now and then a burning hand
Pulls back the heavy curtains and
My startled eye sees wonderingly,
An instant into verity.

—P. W. Furnas

My Apologies to Ogden Nash

There are two things that I find I dislike the very most:
Having liver pudding for breakfast, and a person who
always finds time to boast.
Since the first is food for me
And is really good for me,
I suppose I can put up with the taste.
But a person who boasts puts time to such a waste.
For himself he always has a word of praise,
In fact, on that subject he could talk and talk and talk
for days.
After what seems like hours of such stuff, he says he has
to go,
But no,
For as you're showing him out the front door in great relief,
the front steps remind him of one of his greatest deeds.
He never heeds
The hour, whether it be early or late,
He merely is concerned in telling you of something he has
done that is "simply great."
With all of his talents he has the greatest ambitions,
And won't give up until he's reached the very highest
of positions.
He doesn't seem to realize, (and I wish he would), that
he'll never get anyplace
Standing here and talking in my face.
The most irritating thing about this kind of guy
Is that he is never interested in all the simply wonderful
things that I
Have done.
And that's no fun.

—Beth Eastwood



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Man breaks on his knees and prays
Birth like death is burned out on the stable floor.
The oxen and the ass crunch their corn
But on the inside man breaks on his knees and prays.

Flanked by the doom of kings
Worried for the bowels of the empire
Frightened of the coming death
Comes a powerful regrouping of the mind.

Stuffed puppets glued to their glossy thrones.
Bare power.
Which love now, forged in the frightened human soul,
It swells the wizened heart

The flame springs through
To the stature of faith.
Burning and flashing
In the litter on the somber floor.

Straw trodden and the earth where womb blind calf
Struggles to raise.
Animals in pain on this fertile earth.
While man breaks on his knees and prays.

—Aaron

The Tendrils of Her Eyes

The tendrils of her eyes
Searched me for secrets.

They lay upon me,
Fingered through my hair,
Curled in curious feel
Over me, and then,

Realizing that I was aware,
Shrank away, quickly, like
The horns of a tissue snail.

—James Nicholas Palmer

Forum Offered Campus Writers, Essayists, Poets

It is the hope of the Guilfordian staff that this will be only the first of a series of literary issues. That hope depends, of course, on the student body. If enough interest is shown—concretely, in manuscripts—other literary numbers will follow this one.

This first issue is put together from the work of a very few students. The literary editor simply had to ask for manuscripts from students whom he knew were doing some writing and from members of the newspaper staff. What the staff hopes, is that the publication of this work will show other campus literary neophytes that they are not alone, that it will encourage them to offer their work.

The literary standards of this (and subsequent) issues are set by the material submitted. The aim is to show what is actually being written by Guilford students—not by a few of them but by all of them. Verse, fiction, criticism, essays, will all be welcome. Naturally, we want to publish the best of the offerings, but we want also to publish a representative sample, to include as many different writers, as many different kinds of writing and as many different points of view as we can possibly accommodate.

We can't do this unless you—the hidden talent—come out of your hiding place.

Publication should be the writer's goal—not as a vague possibility of the future, but as the immediate aim of every word he sets on paper, from the very first tentative attempts he makes. It is a perfect discipline, the enemy of carelessness and laxness; when the writer asks himself: "Is this the way I want it to be published?" he is giving his work a true test.

In addition, the writer is not being honest if he says, "This is only for myself, for my own satisfaction." That statement is simply a denial of the essential nature of the writer's art: its effect upon a human consciousness. You can find out what effect you are achieving only by seeing for yourself the reaction your work produces.

If the idea of exposing your beloved brain-child to readers who may be insensitive or un-understanding is painful, then remember that there's another aspect to it: along with the pain (and every writer, even the most hardened professional, feels it) comes the great and very simple reward of seeing that brain-child in print. It's true. Just seeing your words in print, in tangible black and white, is joy itself (and that proud joy, too, comes to every writer, even the most hardened professional).

There are more writers on campus than the few who are repre-

(Continued to page two)