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# PENDULUM

*Spring, 1960*



*Lesley College*

*Cambridge, Massachusetts*



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Cambridge, Massachusetts*

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER ONE

# DR. LESLIE M. OLIVER

In Appreciation

For your guidance, understanding  
and support, the PENDULUM Staff  
thanks you.

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PENDULUM, founded by the Friends of the Livingston Stebbins Library, will be published twice a year, and will contain prose, verse, and graphic art by undergraduates and alumnae of Lesley College.

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## *On Beauty*

— PATRICIA FITZGIBBON, '60

A vase of Wedgwood placed against a frosty window . . .  
The perfect detail of a tiny snowflake . . .  
A brown-eyed fawn asleep upon the soft green moss . . .  
The music of a violin rising above a flickering candle . . .  
A gray-haired mother holding her first grandchild . . .  
The blind man as he reads his book of braille . . .  
A couple holding hands on their Golden Wedding Anniversary . . .  
The deaf man as he reads the lisping lips of children . . .  
Our flag waving in the breeze above the strain of the  
national anthem . . .  
But the epitome of beauty . . .  
A grateful heart for all that He has given us.



# THE DISENCHANTMENT

— JUDITH KIMBALL, '63

"When life is young and God is love, the beauty, the simplicity of movement, of being itself, fills one with shivering ecstasy. Exuberance forces every moment to its conclusion. Life is an overwhelming Dionysian experience. Then, the body hardens, the mind grows cold with time. Sensuality dies to be replaced with memories which pile up like colorful, but dead, fall leaves. Life becomes a remembrance."

W. Emerson

**W**HEN A PERSON is young, still growing, still maturing, life is a series of new experiences, which, because of his youth, he meets with expectation and delight. Every event holds a host of new sensations; each day brings more changes. As he grows older, he becomes more accustomed to the world, and more familiar with coming changes. He is no longer as excited over the prospect of something new as he used to be. Finally, his future is accepted calmly, because the sensations and events are no longer new — they become repetitive and without value. There has been no deepening of insight or perception, so experiences no longer have meaning. He begins looking backward, thinking of time gone by, of past incidents, and the future loses the magnetic pull it had for the young. This is disenchantment.

It happens to all, in varying degrees. Some live only in the world of yesterday, others spend a few hours there each day, and still others glance in in passing; but all look back. For what are they faced with in the future? — a few more years of slow ageing, constant withering, and then death. The past was happier, brighter, full of newness and changes, and now what? Death.

To those of you who sit in your chairs and dream dreams that will never come true, because they already did, years ago — sit there, and die there. For you, life has



reached its conclusion, the story has been told, and all you can do is sit and reread meaningless memories. Meaningless because they are past.

To you who visit the past regularly, when the planned part of your day is done, and have no inner resources to sustain you — you too will find yourselves sitting and looking only at the past; each time you journey there you remain a little longer. You are on the path to disenchantment.

Finally, to you for whom the past is a resting place for happy memories — live in the present and look to the future. Let yesterday alone; use it only as a basis of comparison with the fullness of your lives now. You have lived longer, you have seen more things, you are now able to perceive the richness of life. All your past experiences combine to make each new experience possible, for there are a myriad of sensations and events yet to be discovered — but only by those who seek, in the present and in the future.

---

In an off Moment

An old can,  
A patch of flowers  
And a fence;  
What means it all,  
These dying leaves,  
The driving rain,  
This day without a memory?

— EDITH CHEEVER, '56

# AND NOW I KNOW

— GAIL A. PERREAULT, '63

WELL, MR. MOON, now I know what you meant, and you may be certain I'll never wish that hard again, but let me take just a few minutes to tell you what happened to me and you'll easily understand why I'm more happy as a brass vase.

Just as you said would happen, I woke up bright and early Saturday morning and was no longer a dingy old vase with wilting zinnias, but a bright and beautiful teapot. Mind you, I wasn't just crockery, or even bone china, I was honest to goodness sterling silver! I guess I don't have to tell you how I felt just then, but I will so you'll see why I changed my mind.

There I was, looking as lovely as ever, so nice and shiny and feeling so superior to all the dusty little tea cups. I was so proud of myself that I just sat there and looked beautiful for a few hours, but then began to wonder if I was going to be noticed at all. It's rather hard to believe, Mr. Moon, but people are lazy! I swear the Johnson family slept until at least eight o'clock Saturday morning, and by that time I was pretty tired of looking beautiful, but I somehow managed one last spurt of shine before the tarnish started creeping in.

I don't think people immediately realized how very important I was, but around one o'clock that afternoon things really began to happen. I was minding my own business and thoroughly enjoying a nice little nap when all of a sudden I was snatched up by Mrs. Johnson and rather uncomfortably hustled out to the kitchen. I must say, I was at first shocked by her disrespect for my social position but quite elated when I later heard her say I would be used at the Sewing Club Social that afternoon. What a thrill! My first day on the shelf and already I was being introduced to Newport society. I was so excited then that I almost forgot myself and came pretty close to being rude to a china teapot, and that would never do for one in my position.

Around three o'clock the guests arrived and, though they were quite interesting in looks, I found their conversation

extremely dull. After all, why should I care that Mr. Truesdell's alcoholism is affecting his social position or that Dupont is coming out with a fabric blend that is perfect for spring suits. All I cared about was being seen and used, but finally the time of my debut came and I was in seventh heaven. I don't know exactly how to explain the feeling but it was like receiving a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Everything seemed so perfect, the floral centerpiece was fresh and bright, the tea cups didn't rattle while being passed, and I even managed to keep my contents warm for the ladies for quite a while.

All of a sudden, though, I started getting a chill and nearly lost all dignity. Mrs. Anderson, one of the guests, must have sensed my embarrassment as she rushed me out of the room.

Who would ever think, Mr. Moon, that a person could ever be so stupid as to put a teapot, sterling silver at that, on a hot stove? Well, Mrs. Anderson did just that and I was simply horrified; she treated me like plain old Pyrex-ware. Needless to say I tried revolting and gathered up all my sterling durability to try staying cold, and managed to for a while, but then had to give up and really got annoyed. Why, they were so engrossed in their conversation that they forgot all about me on the stove and nearly burned my bottom right off!

Right then and there, sitting on top of General Electric Model No. 3T46, I decided I had had enough of plush living, but because I am so brave and courageous, thought I'd be fair and give them one more chance. Now I have done just that and have not gained a thing. In fact, I lost my place on the shelf. Because Mrs. Johnson didn't have time to polish me after the party, she just stuck me in this cupboard where I have been for four days now, with the chipped wine glasses, mind you!

I think you'll agree, Mr. Moon, that this is too much for any self-respecting sterling silver teapot to put up with. I have been reasoning out the situation here and have decided that though I was ignored as a brass vase I was not abused quite as much and have a feeling that the blue rug in the hall that doesn't like being cleaned might like being a teapot.

## Home

— CLAIRE DIENES, '63

I had forgotten what it is to be alone.  
Away from the closeness of people,  
I smelled deeply the fresh salt air  
and squinted at the cold sunshine  
to see the graceful gulls gulping  
a mid-day low-tide meal from the  
exposed sand flats with ruffled weeds.  
I splatted through some melting snow  
glad to be rid of winter's boots.  
The wind pushed and pulled me  
and I rolled down the bluff, laughing.



## *"To Ski Or Not To Ski . . ."*

LYNNE BALE, '62

To ski, or not to ski, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The falls and bruises of the sport,  
Or to take refuge in a bank of snow,  
And like a coward end it.  
To stand: to walk: no more; and off to sleep  
To dream of my stiffness — and the thousand natural  
knocks  
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a nightmare  
Devoutly to be forgotten. To live; to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream;  
For in that dream of dreams to come,  
When I have fallen from the Alpine Run,  
Now let us pause: for that's the trail —  
That only once would I dare brave;  
For who could bear the laughs and sneers  
Of those far better than I?  
The instructor was right; a wise man indeed,  
Never to admit that I could not ski.

To ski, or not to ski; that is still the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to risk  
The hazards of skiing,  
Or to stay in my warm room wondering about it,  
And by doing so — protect precious tendons and bones;  
To partake: not to partake: no more; and by not par-  
taking  
To end the heartache — and the thousand natural shocks  
that I might incur.  
To partake: not to partake: to partake; perchance a cala-  
mity: aye;  
For behind that calamity is placed all  
The joys that skiing can bring forth.  
My mind is made up: the risk of damage is worth all the  
pleasure;  
And to ski is the answer to the question.

# A PARABLE

— Nanci Giobbe, '60

ONCE THERE WAS a hunter who traveled to distant lands in search of game. In his long journeys he met many different people — some he grew to know and understand, others remained strange and unfriendly.

And then it happened that on one of his journeys the hunter came unto a cub and because it seemed so lonely, the hunter took it back to camp.

And a strange relationship grew between the two; the cub grew in strength, holding to the size and majesty of his ancestors, yet in some way, realizing the power of his friend.

And the hunter watched the helpless form grow till the cub stood before him as the beast that ruled the land as king.

And so they parted, each to his own land, for they prided each other's worth.

---

## *Origami Mobile*

— MARY GUSTAFSON, '61

Caught up in a fish net of blue  
Our saucy, golden-haired mermaid  
Swishes weaving from side to side  
Chasing the multi-colored fish.  
Gurgling, she sweeps up the brightest  
And clasping the treasure tightly,  
The fish crumbles back to paper  
And she tumbles down to the floor.

## *Why Do You Think Your Road Is Lonely?*


EDITH CHEEVER, '56

How can it be?  
It prides itself  
On bridges and towers,  
With people and flowers. . . .  
But!  
Have you heard laughter?  
Have you seen goodness?  
Have you felt truth?  
On my road?  
Come now, have you?  
'Can't say I have —  
'Can't say I 'aven't —  
Just never looked at it that way!  
I've lived my life here,  
I know this road —  
The waste of it, the loneliness. . . .  
Waste?  
Loneliness?  
Tell me more of that!  
You can't see it,  
You are wise!  
Men like you  
Have planted seeds of hope  
On roads like these.



# IS THERE LIGHT IN CAMUS?

—MARY LOUISE WHITE, '60

LBERT CAMUS speaks for those who have survived both the physical and spiritual devastation of two world wars; those who are struggling to exist in a world they do not fully understand. In this search for a solution to their dilemma they seek support in the absolutes of either history or religion and find a cold reception awaiting them. Camus attempts to answer the question through the medium of literature and through this medium, has captured for himself the title of an Existential Philosopher, although he does not formally adhere to the Existentialist doctrine.

Those who term him an Existentialist will also be willing to classify him as atheistic. They arrive at this assumption when judging his early works, *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, in which one would get the feeling of the absurdity of human existence found primarily in the nihilist philosophy of Nietzsche. If we judge only these early works we find little consolation in the picture of a whole civilization seemingly intent upon committing suicide.

Searching his later works we find that he has not created a literature of total despair. In *The Rebel* we catch our first glimpse of light. Here we see men without traditional religious faith, sacrificing their lives for others and yielding to the knowledge of a value higher than themselves. Rebellion requires this "strange form of love." In *The Fall* we see that this comes to be a futile bond that joins men together who find no satisfaction in God or themselves, and thus we reach a point where Camus contradicts himself and we are to decide for ourselves whether to choose a bond of love or one of isolation and despair.

It is not a simple matter for a war-torn people to regain faith in human life and dignity when family and friends have lost their lives before their very eyes. Therefore an element of futility remains scattered throughout his works, but there is also a decidedly increasing empha-

sis on understanding and human dignity as can be noted in *Exile and the Kingdom*.

Because of the intense emotional stress brought upon war-scarred nations, we find the writers of this era to be writing works seemingly drained of emotion as can be illustrated by any number of Camus's works. There is little or no communication between characters. Each character is too involved in his own personal existence to require or to give assistance to fellow humans.

If, as it seems, the concluding and fundamental hope is in this "strange love" of one for another, it must not be the futile bond of *The Stranger*, who isolates himself from society, but rather a mutual bond brought about through understanding. Humanity must achieve joy in its co-existence if it is to exist at all.



# ON THE UNAPPRECIATED TWO-TWELFTHS

— JOYCE LEVY, '63

THERE ARE two intermediate months which are deserving of some comment, for they, as much as the well-marked seasons, bring unique beauty to those who watch the year.

## November . . .

It is about this time of year that bleakness is expected and accepted. The tonal greys, that envelop one's noticeable world, "protect" the earth from glaring sun more than half the time. This undifferentiated atmosphere is not scorned as a cloudy day in June or July might well be.

Sometimes the sun tries to break that heavy grey protective coat and a silver shine lights the sky. When the sun succeeds in piercing the slate, the greyness disappears, revealing that it has hidden miles and miles of late autumn sky. The blueness is a treat.

The chill of the season's air slips through window cracks and sets off bodily tingles. It is not a draft that chills unpleasantly, but one of the uncountable howling wind-slips that enter each room of every house to let the inhabitants know it's November.

Out of doors you don't have to walk hunched over, protecting your middle from wild winds that sweep through woolen coats and sweaters. You don't have to squish your nose or squint your eyes to keep gusts from frosting tears on bleary eyes or from blowing down into your throat. It's a brisk walking, deep breathing, invigorating kind of coldness. It calls for an occasional tissue and makes a warm house a pleasant place to enter, but it's different from the coldness of December. It's November.

Snow, which suggests roaring winds and zero temperatures, may fall. But it falls lazily and sparingly . . . just enough to raise spirits, create excitement, and prepare the

world for a winter cold! A lone icicle is seen, but even that looks out of place on the corner of a house roof. It quickly drips away in the above-freezing afternoons.

November's is an air that makes sallow cheeks rosy for the first time since sunburns. It's an air that can crystallize a musty room in a matter of seconds; that can clear a headache; that can wake dizzy eyes; and that can make you realize it's November.

Most of the birds are gone and rarely will you see a flower garden. This is a clue that December is near and that the northern country will have to wait until winter has roared its blasty roar to appreciate the birds, the flowers or the warm air.

The naked trees show their skeletons shamelessly. They are much like the painted Modiglianis with their long, slender limbs and thin bodies. No one comments on their ugliness for lack of petticoats of leaves as one might when the calendar approaches April. A natural artist takes the colors from the trees and uses his modern emotions to mosaic the sidewalks. Especially after a rain the red, yellow, gold, and burnished spots seem to be a part of the concrete. The wetness keeps the leaves steady . . . still. The pattern is the same walking to as walking from until the dryness comes to curl them again. They make a beautiful design.

It's a time of year that's neither sad, nor numbing, nor lacking in beauty . . . November.

### **. . . And March**

It's strange that one snow-thawing afternoon can make a soul feel that the uncomfortable coldness will not be felt again until next winter. A sun-spotted sky that starts miles and miles of mud oozing is all that it takes to make people believe that winter has buried itself beneath its last snow.

It is not a time of rain-forest effects, nor of massive floral shows. These are the marks of the much noted month to come. It is rather a time when the high and low reliefs of snow mounds and mud puddles sculpture what we know as March.

Tired coldness that has been too long present still comes, sometimes bringing snow. It brings too, dejection and the

feeling of worn toleration towards the chilling temperature. But these late snows are followed one day later by a special March mood that assures us of only a short cold-stay. The people's hearts root for the meeker of the March animal-twosome. Each warm daily win on his part covers several of the lion's cold days.

Top coats' top buttons stay open to the air that is capable of soothing stifled feelings. Warm woolen hats begin to disappear. Stores sell more moth balls than during the five months past, and colored gaiety decorates the now only slightly frosted store windows. Windows at home are dusted, then pushed up, aided by groans, from their winter-stuck state. People begin to look for air and even the heat from the radiator is noticed, not sought.

Children play for longer stretches, for they no longer fear wet snow that makes clothes uncomfortably drippy. They hop-scotch and giant-step between the puddle-side-walk-snow-patches trying to keep their feet from stepping into the melted snow. Theirs are feet which feel light and free minus the winter-present snow boots. When they miss their marks and water clogs soles and heels, the squishes that sound when foot meets shoe are fun.

Birds, having had southern exposure for the worst of winter's wilds, fly, often unseen, back to their favorite northern areas. They surprise morning risers with curious chatter as they survey their old home surroundings, noting changes that have taken place. They fly, as only March birds fly, carefully keeping their feet away from the white patches. They favor trees that seem to be growing heavy with bud-beginnings.

March is neither winter nor spring. Nor is it a recognizable combination of the two. It is, instead, a compound where the pronounced traits of neither season are separated, but where the new substance, March, shows its individuality.

---

### A Tree

Is that strange lonely thing  
That a forest never sees.

— EDITH CHEEVER, '56

## *Without*

ROBERTA A. DAVIS, '62

Without — the deep and warming surge of love,  
My life would follow a lonely procession of endless paths.

Without — the joy of giving love,  
I would turn my empty life within.

Without — the sense that life has but one task,  
I would feel my life adrift without a course.

Without — the knowledge that love illuminates the darkest  
                  chasms,

I could not attempt to bring one ray of light.

Without — the greatest gift of heaven and earth,

I could not give one moment of happiness.

For without love — I would be a cold, dormant, lifeless  
                  creature,

Who has not felt the rich warm rays of life.

Love with all its majesty and yet humbleness gives — no  
                  sense of without.



# THE BALLOON MAN UNDERSTANDS

— DELLA ROSE, '61

JOHNNY LIVES in Harlem. Johnny feels inferior. But why? His parents love him dearly. They both work very hard, so that Johnny can have clothes to wear, and a place to live. And they spend almost every night at home with Johnny. Johnny knows that his parents love him, and he loves his parents. But Johnny feels inferior.

Johnny is a good boy. In school, he is a better than average student, and he is well behaved. He likes his teacher very much, and she likes him.

He is well liked in church, too. Every Sunday, Johnny and his friends sit together very quietly and listen attentively to the preacher. After the service, the preacher always greets them and tells them how pleased he is to see them. That always makes Johnny feel good. Yet Johnny feels inferior.

Johnny has lots of friends and plays with them almost every day. Some are older, some younger, but most are just Johnny's age. They have fun together because they like each other. Johnny knows he is lucky to have so many good friends, and he tries very hard to be a good friend. But still. . . .

Yes, still, Johnny feels inferior . . . he feels imperfect . . . he feels inadequate. Why?

In many ways . . . in the most important ways . . . Johnny is a typical American boy. But, like too many Johnnys, he was born with one strike against him. Johnny is a Negro. And Johnny feels inferior.

Why are people with white or yellow or red skin better than people with black skin? Johnny wondered. Are black animals less desirable than animals of another color? Johnny was bothered. And what about other things? Is



it wrong to buy a black tie or a book with a black cover, simply because they are black? Johnny questioned.

At the fair, one beautiful clear day, Johnny saw a balloon man. He had red balloons and green balloons, yellow balloons and blue balloons, white balloons and black balloons. Johnny watched him as he let the wind carry a red balloon up . . . up . . . higher and higher. The balloon looked smaller and smaller, as it rose, until it was just a tiny speck in the sky. And then it was gone.

Johnny walked closer to the balloon man, and watched again as he let go of a white balloon. It was fascinating to watch the balloons drift away, away, until they were out of sight.

Johnny looked at the black balloon, and wondered. "What would happen if you let go of a black one?" he asked the balloon man. "Would the black balloon go as high as the red one and the white one did?"

The balloon man handed Johnny a black balloon. "Here, you let it go," he instructed.

Johnny did. He watched carefully as the black balloon went higher and higher, and as it did, he began to smile. When the balloon was completely out of sight, the balloon man turned to Johnny.

"Young man," he said, "balloons are just like people. It's what's inside that counts."

And Johnny feels inferior no more.



# A REBEL'S PASSWORD

— ELAINE SCHOFIELD, '63

**K**INGS WILL be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle." The dictionary defines policy as "management or procedure based primarily on material interest, rather than on higher principles." James I advocated the divine right of kings because of its "theoretical completeness" and because it justified his being an absolute monarch. He made enemies of the Puritans and the Catholics, was tactless in his relations with Parliament, and aroused discontent in all his subjects as the result of a very undiplomatic foreign policy. James' subjects rebelled because there were certain principles involved which they would not have ignored: freedom of religion was fairly well established, Parliament had various rights and traditions to uphold, overly-friendly relations with Spain were out of the question when there was the possibility of a half-Spanish and Catholic king. A fundamental truth, a principle was involved each time James' subjects rebelled.

In our day and age there is revolt, there is rebellion, but to my mind there is not enough. In the countries where rebellion is most needed, where the basic rights of human beings are either constantly in danger of being taken away or are ignored altogether, it is least in evidence. The dictators or leaders have instilled in their subjects so many wrong concepts, so many false ideas, so much fear, that to rebel is to die. The Hungarians revolted several years ago, and where did it get them? The revolt was quelled quickly and cruelly with loss of lives by the hundreds, and left the people with only hopeless resignation. The Dalai Lama, in keeping with the tradition that the Living Buddha never travels alone, refused to report to Communist headquarters without his senior abbots and court officials. Within weeks the Chinese Reds surged into Lhasa, destroying the houses and palaces, and killing hundreds of Lhasans. Revolts such as these, when suppressed so brutally, are not

apt to give rise to more revolts. The only other way out is escape; to America, to a free nation, to any part of a free nation exemplified in the East German-West German situation. Escape to me is a coward's way out; and yet who am I to say such a thing, living in America as I do and not having the slightest idea of what it is like to live in a country where one is told how to dress, what to eat, what to say, and even what to think! Maybe escape is the best way out. I cannot help thinking of the Pilgrims and the Puritans who, getting little or no results from rebelling in England, escaped to America. Perhaps the reason for their failure was that they were in the minority. This is where I get confused. Up to now I have been under the impression that the present-day dictators and their followers are in the minority. If this is so, how then can they rule the majority? The Russians are human beings, as are the Poles, the Germans, the Hungarians, the Chinese, and all are endowed with certain inalienable rights. Have these people been brain-washed so thoroughly that they are no longer able to see in the right perspective? Are the efforts of a few rebels to go unheeded? I cannot let myself believe that the peoples of oppressed nations are to remain forever oppressed. I have too much faith in mankind to believe that the Krushchevs of the world will one day be supreme.

I mentioned before that it is difficult for an American to visualize what it is like to live in a country such as Russia, Red China, or Hungary. We wonder why these people are so long in setting up a democracy, why they are content to be ruled by dictators; and yet here in the United States there are many Americans who are afraid to rebel. For example, Northerners are supposed to favor integration and oppose segregation; but just let a Negro try to buy a house in an all-white suburban area and see what happens. It makes me sick to my stomach to hear comments such as — "‘Porgy and Bess’ was a good movie, but I think there could have been a few more white people in it" or "They're so dirty, so illiterate." Why can't the white people who say these things realize that it is they themselves who have made the colored man what he is? The Declaration of Independence states that all men are created equal. Can you imagine a foreigner coming to the

United States, reading that in the Declaration of Independence, and then getting on a bus in North Carolina which says, "All colored people to the rear of the bus"? We Americans should not be afraid to rebel against this sort of thing; no one will send us to Siberia, no one will order us to be killed. Similarly, we condone the actions of Hollywood personalities, we idolize the Elvis Presleys, and we pay good money to see Class D pictures. The few who question these attitudes and actions are classed as "squares" and are said to be "out of it". Soon these "squares" are shunned and their protests are forgotten.

A rebel has no easy time of it. He must be prepared to be treated as an outcast and must get accustomed to seeing the worst in people. A rebel must not rebel just for the sake of rebelling. Too often we rebel because we have nothing better to do or because it furthers our own selfish interests. "Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle." Principle—a rebel's password.



# *Identity*

JUDITH PINN, '63

The gnarled, arthritic branches of the old tree bend and  
twist  
and  
struggle desperately against the magnetic force.

Each limb seems to wince in constant pain as a squirrel,  
innocent  
and  
agile uses this tree as a stepping stone to another  
embodied in youth  
and  
grace.

This tree squats on the ground as does a cathedral,  
solid  
and  
massive as the people who kneel here in prayer.

The sparse leaves are the kneelers who attend this sacred  
place;  
few and  
unbelieving in the force and truths of nature.

The gnarled tree, the massive cathedral, the array of  
leaves  
and prayers,  
alike,  
and too plentiful.

# TIGER IN THE KITCHEN

— RUBY SKINDER STRAUSS, '58

## I.

I HAVE A WEAKNESS for magazine salesmen. Not that I am strong with brush or book salesmen, but I am an absolute sucker when it comes to magazine salesmen. As soon as I open the door and say hello it is guaranteed to cost me at least ten dollars. Magazine salesmen are a breed alone. They don't carry a satchel of samples or an order blank in plain view. The young man says he is an orphan and is working for a college scholarship, and he needs my vote. If my vote will get this boy into college, how can I refuse? I am certainly not going to begrudge this hard-working boy, who by this time is seated in my livingroom, a college education. Knowing no other candidates, I say that I'll be glad to vote for him. He is pleased and so am I, because I have no idea that there is a poll tax. He asks how many points I will give him and I ask how many he needs. Now he pulls out his concealed order form and it costs me ten dollars. You see, for every subscription I buy, he gets a point. Then a lady knocks on my door and says she wants to interview me for a leading magazine for parents. How can I refuse? A leading magazine wants my views on child raising. I am flattered. I open the door and it costs me fifteen dollars for a four-year subscription. I hope you understand how these things happen to me. My husband doesn't.

## II.

We are looking for a house. This is not unusual, for every Sunday many families pile into their station wagons and look at houses. I know people who have already found their apples, but they are so used to spending their Sundays looking that they still go house hunting. But we really want to buy a house, so I read the advertisements



in the newspaper. One ad asks if I would like to live like a queen and not be crowned by a price. So who wouldn't? I call and find that I would not only be crowned, but thrown into bankruptcy. I am not discouraged. So I answer the one that asks if I would like to live half an hour from Times Square. This is convenience. But from this house I couldn't reach Times Square in half an hour by jet. I am not discouraged. I answer the ad that promises a charming young home, and find instead a home that was young when Napoleon was a cadet. Another promises many extras. These include, I discover, a tub in the bathroom, a sink in the kitchen, and a paved driveway. I am not discouraged. I am not disheartened. I am depressed!

### III.

When my husband tells me about something that happened to him, he says that on Friday, or was it Thursday, no I went to New York on Thursday so it must have been on Friday, or was it Wednesday. And by the time the actual day and place are established, he's forgotten what he wanted to tell me in the first place. I realized that this was a trait of his family, when my father-in-law mentioned the time his eldest son fell out of the car. My husband said that he remembered and my mother-in-law insisted that he couldn't remember because he wasn't even there at the time. So they tried to pinpoint the date of the accident, which is supposed to have happened over twenty years ago, by where they were going, and what kind of car they were driving. After an hour of arguing, my husband still insisted that he had been there, my mother-in-law, that he wasn't even born yet; while I seriously doubt that my husband's brother ever fell out of the car at all.

### IV.

My little brother set the toilet seat on fire. Today, children need expensive chemistry sets to do damage. We encourage them to build rockets and have count-downs. But my brother was born too early and was forced to abscond with some matches and a few sheets of paper and lock himself in the bathroom, the only room in our house with



a lock on the door. There he folded the paper into crude airplanes, ignited them with the matches and dropped them from the open window into the backyard. This was undiscovered for days, until he had the inspiration to drop the flaming airplanes into the bathroom bowl. This would give the impression of the planes crashing into the sea as he had seen them in the latest Steve Canyon telecast. I am sure that Mr. Canyon had no idea that his shooting down the enemy plane on the screen would cause our toilet seat to be set on fire. This sport continued without mishap until his excited hands misfired and the plane landed on the flammable seat. My father announced that my brother was going to spend the whole night at the fire house, where he would learn about fire prevention. He returned at 10:00 P. M., not because my father had weakened but because the fire house in our small town had no accommodations for an eight-year-old boy to spend the night. He confided that he had had a wonderful time. He surely told his friends, because during the next week, ten toilet seat fires were reported in the neighborhood.

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### A Memo to Politicians

A chicken in every pot  
Is not  
Enough reason  
For those whose season  
Is one of discontent.

— MARY GUSTAFSON, '61

## *Thoughts on Creation*

ELINOR GARELY, '62

Around me, surrounding me,

The thoughts and deeds of others —  
Their poetry, their literature, their art.

Why have these "others" —

Become the chosen flock?

Why have their creations become the rock of our foundation?

Here I sit, obscure, unnoticed, perhaps unseeing

Why do I have around me, surrounding me, the thoughts  
and deeds of others?

Better yet — on my walls, — my art, my literature, my  
sculpture —

But no — I am too busy in my humdrum existence for  
offers to humanity

Easier it is to see the  
thoughts and deeds of others.

# WINTER

— SALLY GREER GALWAY, '63

**I**T HAD BEEN over a year since she had taken the sandy, half-forgotten path through the tall grasses. Her legs, however, moved automatically, mechanically carrying her to the beach. The cherry tree, twisted with age, was still beautiful in its light pink Easter outfit against the baby blue sky. As she passed the embodiment of spring and beauty, she tripped over a dead log causing her to stumble for a split second, yet long enough to scratch her face on the tree's twigs. Without the slightest indication of pain she continued down the path toward the eroded gully that would lead to the beach. The butterflies explored the newly grown grasses finding delight in discoveries unknown to man. An early cricket would occasionally chirp, singing to itself and the other animals the advent of spring, birth, rebirth. She reached the gully of red soil and followed it to the beach. Unconsciously she went to the rock that had at one time been the place she loved best.

After ascending the rock she lifted her eyes to the Connecticut coast which was chartreuse with the newness of spring. The turquoise water complemented the coastal coloring and lent it an air of serenity. The light blue sky was streaked with lamb's-wool curlicues that moved slowly eastward. The sun shone yellow and warmed the winter-chilled atmosphere of the earth. She did not see, nor did she feel. She was one with the cold, dead rock which supported her. The sun could not penetrate either one, nor could it warm their surfaces.

She lay prone on the rock and shut her steel grey eyes that would not see. At last she slept, dreamlessly. While she did, the sun was slipping to the west. A gentle zephyr of sweet air rode in on the slight undulations of the Sound, and whispered stories of awakening life to the world.

She awoke a little reluctantly. Yet it didn't really matter. Asleep and awake were two states of existence — one was

as good as the other. She did not think with her heart nor her mind. Everything she did was only out of habit. Nothing really mattered now. There lingered only one bitter-sweet memory of her once warm baby as it snuggled in the crook of her protective arm and then turned cold.

She would not let them take it from her until it was physically impossible to ward them all off. For days she would not talk to, nor see anyone. When she returned home the nursery door was closed and she had never opened it. The air tingled with the birth of spring, yet death predominated.

The hours slipped by unnoticed and she finally sat up. A solitary tear trickled down her cheek to the dead rock and eventually reached the water. One tear in an ocean of sorrows and woes, troubles and heart aches, unanswerable questions.

She slipped off the rock and methodically turned toward the gully that would lead to the path.



# ALL IN A DAY

— SYBIL M. NASSAU, '62

I YAWNED . . . and stretched. My toes reached the end of the bed, my elbow as usual cracked against the headboard. When would I remember to watch out for that darn headboard? Lazily, I rolled over and glanced at the clock — eight o'clock and nobody stirring, it must be Sunday. How could it be Sunday already — I just got home! But it *was* Sunday and what a horrible hour to wake up. . . . I could have slept at least 'til noon; but then Mother would complain that the day was half gone and nothing was getting accomplished — her favorite expression and one I have found myself using — it was better not to sleep so late. Stretching again, feeling like Feline, I noticed my desk chair heaped with clothes — stockings on the floor, black pumps (new ones!) on the chair, dress thrown over the closet door, underwear scattered, at least I had hung up my coat. . . . Where had we gone? Foggy memories stirred my sleepy brain and I saw vague visions of the evening before, nice visions to be sure, but vague ones. I seem to remember leaving the house around nine — or was it eight? — and getting to the movie a little early; crowds of people waiting to get in, that tantalizing smell of popcorn, the yen for peanuts, stepping on someone's toes . . . excuse me, excuse me. . . . What did we see? some foreign movie probably, that's all that's worth seeing these days. It wasn't particularly good; I remember leaving early. That's right, we had to meet some friends for pizza. Pizzas — those round, cheese covered, tomatoey, deliciously-smelling pies which Americans consume by the thousands; over in Italy they probably never heard of 'em. Stop thinking about last night, you can't remember much anyway, so what's the use! . . . 'at a girl, sit up — easy now, not toooooo fast, up ya' go, let the legs dangle — can't reach the floor anyway — ah. . . . You're actually off the bed! I looked around the room again and it looked worse than before, dressing table littered — bag, gloves, scarf, ticket stubs, cosmetics, loose change, a ring, a watch, several

combs, a handkerchief, perfume — remnants of an evening; suitcase lying open on the floor that means I'd better pack, books and papers scattered: typical. After graduation maybe I'll finally learn that it's never worth bringing homework home over a weekend because it never gets done. Where in tarnation is my robe, it's cold in here! Better close the window . . . well, here's my bathrobe on the floor, right where I left it. Ooooo, the head! Go wash your face, it's time you got going. A blinding flash of light hit me as I passed the den; a-ha! So it's a nice day for a change! A timid peek into the room mercilessly showed me that the shade was up; the early morning sun was striking the snow with a brilliance only an early-morning light can give. Twenty-two thousand square feet of clean snow reflected prisms of color under a maiden, sun-washed, cobalt-blue sky. Naked maples and beeches cast sharp, stiff-looking violet shadows, the evergreens bordering the side marched stiffly towards an icy brook; branches laden with fluff moved slightly as if swung in passing by an unseen playmate. Peace. The house remained quiet; outside it was — breathless. I focused on the bird feeder a scant few feet from the window. Fascinated, I watched the birds fly in from the outlying trees and congregate at the feeder. Breakfast time . . . ever witness one? Look! Look at that bluejay, and the sparrows, and those beautiful blackbirds! Here comes Mother Pheasant, hesitating, unsure of her reception; where's papa? Daintily she steps across the bridge and gingerly advances toward the feeder. A homely-looking pigeon flies down from the roof, scaring away some of the smaller birds, pushing and shoving as usual. He secures a nice position and begins to eat. The other birds move away, frightened of this daily intruder. Where's the pheasant? She disappears like that, quickly and quietly — she'll be back though, when no one else is around. A squirrel scampers across the snow, heading pell-mell for the feeder. Hungrily, he leaps for the post, swings to the ledge and begins to nibble at the feed; the pigeon stays, pecking away, cooing, unconcerned. At the front door, suddenly, a thud signals the arrival of the voluminous Sunday paper; voices, a door opens. It is nine o'clock on a Sunday morning.



Gloves, car keys, coat, money, list, and oh yes, sunglasses . . . must not forget the sunglasses especially in mid-winter. The car started easily, slid down the driveway, and I cautiously made my way down the street (half-blinded by the glare) through a maze of brightly-colored snowsuits, skidding sleds, barking dogs, and bewildered nursemaids. The main street was busy now — churchgoers on their way home armed with a *New York Times*, fresh rolls, and religious feelings; Sunday drivers out for a look at the white stuff; the "walkers" ambling along enjoying the sharp air — I took my time enjoying the familiar route, pulled into the parking lot on two wheels as I always do, squeezed into a space between a couple of station wagons — the mark of a suburbanite — glanced around at the milling people, fairly new cars, snowballs, delivery trucks, and judged it to be a typical Sunday. Which first, the bakery or the delicatessen? Better yet, which was more crowded? That would settle that! The machine clanged and shoved a little ticket at me, the number on the board was forty-two and here I held seventy-five . . . well, that's par for the course. Elbowing my way to the door, I smiled and nodded at a few dozen familiar faces, grinned at someone else with the same idea, and went next door to the "deli". Two cheerful men worked behind the display case, feverishly slicing bologna and corned beef, packing sour pickles and tomatoes, wrapping cream cheese, white fish, lox, and somehow managing to take care of dozens of customers in a matter of moments. "What's another ounce or two," they say, "that all right with you?" as if the customer would answer, "No, cut off that corner." At small tables along the wall sat a variety of people, most of them drinking coffee and all of them trying to talk above the guy at the next table. A slim, pint-sized waitress made her way among the people, laughing, getting orders, carrying on a conversation with a group here while trying to sidestep a rambunctious child there. Little children on daddies' broad shoulders, bigger children pressing their noses against the steamy glass, mothers juggling packages and pocketbooks, teenagers getting impatient waiting, and I standing there being jostled when all I wanted was a quarter of a pound of cream cheese, three pickles quartered please, thank



you, and how much do I owe you? Getting out of there was easy, especially being followed by two huge men, three children, and a dog . . . it was just a matter of timing and shwoosh — I was on the sidewalk a footstep away from the bakery and my number seventy-five ticket, which I had somehow managed to hang on to, intact. The bakery was still crowded and the girls behind the counter were so busy filling bags, cutting cakes, and tying strings on boxes, it was a miracle that anyone got out of there with his own order. Number seventy on the board, five to go. "How are you?" (*Smile*), "How's your family?" (*Smile*), "Excuse me, don't want to miss my turn . . ." some people just like to talk . . . number seventy three . . . "How's Mother today dear?" "Just fine thank you" . . . number seventy-five, OVER HERE! . . . excuse me, half a dozen bagel, half a dozen horns, a sandwich rye sliced, please, how much is that coffee cake? . . . all right, give me the four horns . . . how much? . . . Three bundles, car keys (in the pocket, naturally!), gloves, where's the car? Oh — *that* way, slam the door, ah! Made it. Back along the familiar route, still the Sunday drivers, the walkers, down our street now even more like a maze, home again, in time for dinner, it's Sunday afternoon.

One more pan to dry, the dish towel damp in my hand, the windows steamed up, the after-fragrance of a roast beef hanging heavily on the quiet atmosphere. The afternoon shadows began to lengthen, rosy and violet-blue on a not-so-maidenly snowfall — the small steps of children and dancing footprints of dogs had marred the early-morning crispness. Trees again swung in the late-afternoon breeze, this time without the fluff, bare against a clear, deepening sky. Little birds again flocked to the feeder, congregating for their evening meal, not bothered by squirrels and pheasants and pigeons, but alone, chattering among themselves. A stillness, unlike that of the early morning, settled over the house, signifying that the inhabitants were settling down with the newspaper — knowing that in moments, the drowsiness following a heavy meal would overpower the newspaper. Leonard Bernstein's television show blared some beautiful music that nobody was really listening to, the radio from the kitchen spewed nothing more than the latest news and weather-

report. The dish towel hung up, the dishwasher turned on with a burst of power and a swish of spray, what shall I do now? Pausing at the door of my room, I noticed the difference from the chaos of the morning. Orderliness prevailed, it looked cold and lonely, a far cry from the cluttered, girl-ish appearance Mother was used to. A coat hung limply on a bed post, a small suitcase beside it on the floor, a couple of books, a handbag, gloves — in a few hours no one would ever know I had been home. I crossed to the bed and straightened a wrinkle in the spread, went to the window and looked out over the peaceful neighborhood. The sun began to sink below the trees, the sky deepened to purple and gray, the shadows lengthened until they were no longer shadows but a composite of colors; a final burst of glory near the horizon, and twilight descended. The house was dark, save for the dim light coming in at the windows. I hesitated, my hand on the curtain, not wanting to shut out the beauty yet wanting to capture the warmth and peace that was inside. Time meant nothing now, strange how different eight in the morning is from eight in the evening. In the morning we are anxious to rise and enjoy the day; in the deepening twilight, almost melancholy hours, we want to relive what the day has brought — sometimes. We may wonder what has gone on in other homes on this day, we may wonder what other people are doing, even the shade-pulling neighbor next door. I left my room, the loneliness of it, and went into the den, not blinded now by any flash of light; I was greeted instead by a noisy television — Leonard Bernstein being long forgotten. I picked up the fallen newspaper, the open magazine, the apple core, and pulled down the shade — a bit regretfully. The doorbell rang, breaking my thoughts. Sleepy eyes opened, and amid a flurry of hasty goodbyes, last minute messages, the “what-did-I-forget” feeling, the quick glance; then, dashing down the stairs, climbing or rather falling into the car, slamming the door, settling the suitcase, and finally the burst of speed which carries the car away into the dark of night and the long, lonely, licorice-stick ribbon of highway just ahead.

# *I*

NANCI GIOBBE, '60

and then i took Life  
and held Her in my hands

with Her i laughed;  
with Her i wept

moving to all corners  
plunging, pursuing  
into Her depth

i held Her close  
till i was out of breath

and when i looked again  
i was holding Death

# HAWAII

— KAY HAITSUKA, '63

**I**T WAS THE ignorance of my dormitory mates that influenced me to write of my own homeland, Hawaii, the Fiftieth State. After study hours one night, a group of curious girls gathered in my room and eagerly questioned me about the life in Hawaii. Do the people in Hawaii live in houses as we do? Do they speak English? Do they dress as we do? What kinds of food do they eat? Tell us all about the tribes and the big feasts they have? Do you have comic books? How did you learn to speak English so well? Do you have high schools? These are a few of the many questions the girls asked. Hawaii to these girls is a chain of islands, inhabited by uncivilized little brown people, isolated from the rest of the world.

Hawaii undoubtedly has been exaggerated in movies, magazines, and publicity articles, and many people have been given the impression of Hawaii as the land of beautiful beaches, dancing hula girls, and swaying palm trees. The movies, especially, never fail to show scenes of graceful hula maidens dancing on the moonlit beaches, boys gliding in on the rolling surf, and big luaus (feasts) held in little grass-hut villages. It is no wonder that the girls have misconceptions about Hawaiian life.

True, Hawaii has always been known for its exotic atmosphere of swaying palms and swirling hips, but this is not all Hawaii! Hawaii is just as American as California or New York, or Massachusetts. We live and eat as people there do. We dress and speak as they do. Our recreations are relatively the same: Night clubbing, bowling, dancing, and going to the movies and plays. Our religious life is the same, for we too have our choice of attending whatever church we desire, be it Methodist, Catholic, Buddhist, or Mormon church. Our educational opportunities are the same. We have public schools, private schools, college preparatory schools, nursing schools, colleges, and a big state university.

We too have museums, aquariums, and art academies to develop our minds culturally. Our sports are the same: baseball, football, basketball, polo, boxing, wrestling, golfing, tennis, and swimming. Politically we are the same. We have a governor, a legislature, and now that we have become a state, even representatives to Congress.

Our way of life in Hawaii is relatively the same as that in any other state, but the most eccentric thing about us is the ever present evidence of intermarriages and interracial friendships. Walking through the islands one can see a rich mixture of people from diverse racial and national backgrounds; the bewildering variety of people of subtly different colors and shapes. A tall husky Hawaiian boy can be seen walking hand in hand with a pretty Caucasian girl, a Caucasian man can be seen eating lunch in a restaurant with his dark-skinned Filipino wife and their four children, and a Korean boy can be seen taking his short slender Japanese-Chinese girlfriend to a movie. This beautiful blending of people of different racial backgrounds living and working together in harmony and equality makes Hawaii a truly richer and more interesting place to live. Another inherent characteristic of Hawaiian life is the interweaving of ancient customs and traditions into our daily routine. For example, the giving of leis (floral wreathes worn about the neck) whenever people leave for or arrive from afar is an old tradition that has been passed down to us.

There are many, many aspects of Hawaiian Life that I have not touched upon, but I will have to end here by saying that as far as I am concerned, Hawaii is the closest thing to Heaven here on earth, and I know I'm going back someday soon.

---

### A Cloak of Confidence

Is worn  
Like snow  
On a slate roof,  
Whose height  
Assures a quick decline.

— EDITH CHEEVER, '56

## *The Beach Revisited*

— EDITH CHEEVER, '56

I cannot conceive  
That winter visited the beach this year.  
That ebbing sunlight  
Warms my back  
And casts the same long shadows  
On the sand.  
The sky is streaked with pink  
And puffs of lingering clouds.  
The yawning shores  
Are alien to the ice and snow.  
Only the wind is sharper,  
The sand a little bitter,  
The sea a trifle grayer,  
But all the rest is as I left it;  
Even the loneliness.



## *Go 'Way!*

JUDITH PINN, '63

The night is a playful pup  
nipping and barking at my ankles  
to bid me hello.

It beckons, retreats and nudges again,  
entreating and enticing me to play along.  
"Shoo! Shoo!" You have come too soon  
to remind me of my loneliness  
by having only you to confide in  
and to embrace.

Night — please don't hinder me  
with your pathetic stare.

I may submit and give in  
and treat you to a delicious taste  
of love and passion.

Go bury my memories beneath some forgotten tree  
and forget the site thence.

Howl in the moonlight  
but

let me be . . .

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