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*Barbara Nickson*

PENDULUM





# PENDULUM

*Spring, 1962*

What happened when the dark dispersed  
And silence broke the vacuum  
And light fell on the pendulum?

*Lesley College  
Cambridge, Massachusetts*

PENDULUM expresses its appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Leslie M. Oliver, Literary Advisor, and to Miss Dorothy Sharples, Art Advisor.

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# PENDULUM

AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

Spring, 1962



## PROSE

LINCOLN AND HIS FOOLERY

JOYCE LEVY

## POETRY

LEAVE ME ONE SHADOW

SUSAN DiNUNZIO

## ART

SCRATCH BOARD

IRENE SCIMONE

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PENDULUM AWARD FOR ART



*Scratch Board*

*Irene Scimone '62*

# THE HOUSES

*Susan Di Nunzio, '64*



**A** CLEAR AND SUNNY DAY, sweet-textured spring air — the perfection of it all pleased her as she started out. She walked confidently, loosely swinging her handbag, pausing every few steps to twirl on her heels and hunch her shoulders and sigh with satisfaction. Trees green, sky blue, daffodils yellow — all pure unmixed unclouded colors. People passed her and smiled for no reason at all.

She walked on; her heels clicked sharply with gay purpose. She knew she could get there. Nothing could stop her. It would be fun. She'd just walk up the steps, ring the bell, the door would open and a kindly, gentle lady would let her in and she'd be there. And she'd love the house and the people in it and they'd love her. It was all so simple. She forgot her first reaction to the news.

She forgot how she'd been buried in dark murky depression when she learned she had to go. She forgot how she hadn't gone to work, had stayed home and let herself grow grey and stringy and stupid. She forgot how, once the depression had passed, she had fought. She had screamed and raged and ranted and had uttered all the trite phrases and excuses and reasons why she couldn't go, not now, not yet, please give me some time. But that had passed, too. She finally accepted it, became even a little cheerful. After all, you never see anyone looking unhappy after it. Then she had become gay. She had prepared herself: brushed and polished her clothes, washed and set her hair, put on her best perfume. She was ready, now she was anxious to get on. She found it hard to be patient till it was time to leave. She had passed the remaining few hours by calling her friends. She had talked giddily to them, her voice high

in pitch, her words mixed. She told them how happy she was and how free she felt. And when she hung up they were left with envy that she should be so lucky, so joyful.

Now her steps had brought her to the house. It looked just the way she had known it would look. A peaceful house, white with green shutters and shining windows. Its lawn was neatly trimmed. Behind the white fence flowers of all colors waved and welcomed her. She clicked open the gate and walked without pause to the front door. The door handle was polished, the door itself freshly painted. She rang the doorbell, and was delighted to hear a singing echo of it from inside. The door opened immediately. A sweet gentle looking woman tilted her head at the girl from behind the door. She had a chirruping voice that would have sickened anyone else, but to the girl it was the most inviting voice she had ever heard.

—Yes, my dear? What can I do for you?

—Hello. I was told that this is the house that I should go to that would welcome me.

—Are you sure, child?

—Yes, I was told to come. It's so lovely here, I'm very glad to be here. May I come in?

—I'm afraid I can't let you in, my dear.

—Oh, but I was told . . . What am I to do if you wouldn't let me in? Why can't I . . .

—Ours is not to question why, but to obey. I definitely cannot let anyone in today. You must go away.

—But what can I do? Where else can I go? Please, this is ridiculous. I'm all ready.

—Obviously you aren't or else I could let you in. I'm sorry.

The door shut. Then it opened again. A different woman stood before the girl. This one was thin and tall and dressed in black.

—What is it?

—I was told to come here today. They told me you'd welcome me and make me happy, but the other lady . . .

—Quite right. No one is to come in today. From which direction did you come? Then continue this same way.

Try the tenth.

The door shut again. She turned and walked slowly through the gate. She didn't notice that the sky had turned muddy blue. She didn't notice that there were fewer people on the street, that they had become smaller. Ten houses up, the tall one had said. She could hardly see it. She couldn't think. She walked stupidly on. There was no place else to go — only to that house. She thought she had known what the first house would be like. How could she have been wrong, why wouldn't they let her in?

An unpleasant breeze blew at her. There had been no wind before. She felt better bit by bit as she walked on, her eyes steady on the house she would have to enter. She wondered what it would be like. Would *they* welcome her? They must, they must. She was sure she was ready. They told her to go and they wouldn't have unless someplace was ready to accept her. As she walked leaves fell from the branches of trees whose green had dimmed. They struck her face, then fell to her shoulders, then slid from her body. She felt neither the leaves nor the strange coldness of the breeze. The sky turned an angry grey.

She moved closer and closer to the house. Now she could see it clearly. She thought it looked harmless, she felt quite safe. But the house drooped at the eaves, its peeling shutters clacked against the dingy walls with a sound that filled the fast emptying streets. She walked up the path and hesitated a moment before pulling the old-fashioned ring that would sound the bell. Suddenly she felt the coldness of the air; it contrasted with the warmth that came from the house. How strange that a house should feel warm from the outside. Suddenly a gust of wind blew dead leaves at her. She put up her hands to protect her eyes and the leaves battered and stung at her fingers. She hunched over, almost on her knees. More and more leaves came. They went down her sleeves and scratched her arms, they tangled in her hair, pricked her neck, they piled up around her legs. When she thought she could bear it no longer, that she would run: run or stay there and be buried in the dry brown rustle, the door opened. She turned quickly and looked up gratefully.

She saw a short wrinkled man. He had big pale eyes that seemed somehow sad and understanding.

—Please, please, let me in!

—Who are you?

—She told me to come up here, she told me you would take me, the tall lady. Please, can't you see those leaves?

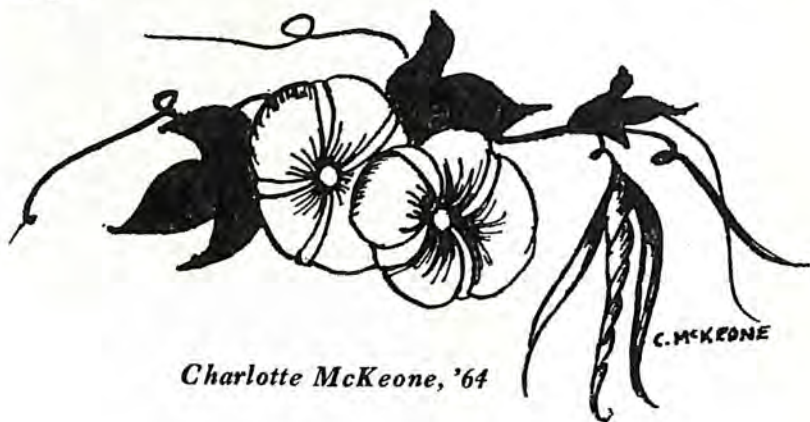
—I can't let you in. You know you don't belong here. You aren't ready.

—I am, oh I am. I *have* to be. You have to let me in.

—No. Go away. Run, run quickly. There is no place for you here. Go back to where you came from.

And he shut the door. Completely drained of anything she stood in a pile of leaves. Go back? How could she go back? There was nothing to go back to: everyone knew she had gone, they never expected to see her again. It would be impossible to face them again, impossible to let them know that even after she had been told to go, she hadn't been ready, she hadn't been accepted.

She was wholly alone now. The street was empty. The sky poured rain down upon her — icy, sticky rain. The wind blew at her sodden leaves that slapped heavily against her legs. Every drop of rain beat her shoulders down, every leaf forced her knees to bend till she was finally crumpled on the pathway between the gate and the door with no place to go.



*Charlotte McKeone, '64*

# LINCOLN AND HIS FOOLERY

Joyce Levy, '63



ALL MEN throughout their years, play the fool, play to fool, or are fools who are played upon. The word "fool", contrary to its usual connotation, may have serious implications. When Lincoln spoke his tongue-twistable witticism, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time," he was professing a personal political proverb. By nature, Lincoln was not a deceiver. By nature, he was a politician and a humanist. Success in these two areas at times necessitates what fools call "fooling", but what wiser men call "tact, manipulation, organization, good planning, and understanding".

For fun, but more than that — for academic study, it is interesting to note how purposeful and accidental fooleries, (taking the form of *deceptions, misunderstandings, disbeliefs, or enigmas*), played a part in the life of Lincoln, the leader of the American political scene.

*In the beginning . . .*

Dennis Hanks gave the baby to his Aunt. "Aunt, take him! He'll never come to much!"— The baby was destined to fool Dennis and any other believers in the log-cabined family. Events were to make him "come to much".

*In politics . . .*

The experts advised the man not to become too prominent before the presidential election. The man "hides his hopes and strengths." He publicly comments that he is not fit for the presidency; he privately contradicts himself by stating, "The taste IS in my mouth a little." He hoped to

fool the party into wanting him for its candidate. He fooled enough Republicans to cause a final, unanimous nomination.

Lincoln did not want to fool the people. They wanted to know his policy, and he told them he was anti-slavery. Famed Democrat-opponent Douglas "twisted Lincoln's anti-slavery position into one of race equality." Republicans feared that westerners, border states' men, and many southerners would believe the Douglas-distortion and be lured to the "other" side. The idea of race equality was far too radical for the time. Lincoln retorted with a bit of truth that made Douglas seem the fool, "It's like proving a horse chestnut to be a chestnut horse." It is, perhaps, like turning states' right into right states! Douglas, as a political slanderer, is like the midway barker, the hat saleslady, the Fuller-brush man — he gives you what you don't really want, and you take it with a smile!

In politics Lincoln was known to be able to "coax, argue, persuade." Whether he liked the idea or not, his political duties required some degree of "bo-peep secrecy" and furtiveness, if effective results were to be achieved. The "afterwards" discovery of secret meetings and peace offerings to confederate representatives, rumors of Lincoln's disregard for Republican planks, were publicized by his opposition. They splashed news of the secretive actions of the country's president in front of men's eyes in hopes to fool the naive voter.

Can we place a value judgment on political foolery? Can we say that Lincoln was wrong to meet the confederates secretly, — that then and now citizens have the right to know each and every political dealing? Should we hold to the old Irish philosophy, "Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong" or take Theodore Parker's 1860 viewpoint, "Politics is the science of exigencies"? At times the secrets of the science of politics, I believe, are hidden and must first be discovered before they can be explained to the populace. Idealistically we think in terms of no secrets — no fooling. The representative form of government, however, suggests that politicians will work for us — make choices — take action — without our help — in our interest.

*In war . . .*

Said Lincoln, "My policy is to have no policy," and some were fooled — they believed him. Actually, he had a strong policy — he worked for the United States; I can think of no one who knew theoretical right and practical right better than he. Beneath his practical, moderate slavery policy, I feel he dreamt of "united states" written in black and white.

"All this talk about the dissolution of the Union," he stated once, "is humbug — nothing but folly. We WON'T dissolve the Union and you SHAN'T." Lincoln may have been implying a disbelief in the southern threats of secession, or he could have been implying that the free states would step as far as war, and if it meant Union, would take one step farther. The South was not going to fool him into acknowledging two countries on one country's land. He scolded them — you shan't go — we won't let you — we'll fight until we win — these states will be "all one thing or all the other" — but you shan't dissolve the union. The south's talk was not humbug or folly, nor was Lincoln's scolding.

Lincoln made it clear — no fooling — "If I could save the Union without freeing the slaves, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that also." This threesome choice sequence is strangely reminiscent of the fool-sometimes-always-never phrases. In both cases it is the last choice that best represents Lincoln's personal doctrine. His stated policy of leaving slavery in the established slave states and prohibiting slavery in the territories became unfortunately impossible to uphold after the war began. Slaves were destined to be all free or all in servitude, just as the country was to be "all one thing or all the other." There could not be the some-free/some-slave Negro dichotomy, as there could not be the free state/territory/slave state trichotomy.

If anything, War seemed to fool Lincoln. "What is this teaching and who learns from it, and where does it lead? If we could first know where we are and whither we are



*In war . . .*

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If anything, War seemed to fool Lincoln. "What is this teaching and who learns from it, and where does it lead? If we could first know where we are and whither we are

heading we could better judge what to do and how to do it." Oh Mr. Lincoln! All men are so fooled; all leaders so deceived. War fools them today as it fooled you. This may be the area where all people are fooled all of the time, for I have yet to meet or read of any who escape the fooling of deceptive, intriguing war.

*In Reconstruction . . .*

Abolitionists called for harsh treatment against the south; southern-despisers called for harsh treatment. Men thought Lincoln was fooling when he clearly stated his malice-toward-none reconstruction policy. Here was one case where misunderstanding or disbelief meant disaster, continued inhumanities, continued and unnecessary violence, hatred begetting hatred in a perpetuating race conflict, north and south.

Wise men formed the opinion that Lincoln's death would "tend to prolong the war." Here they were not fools. I feel sure that he would have soothed and bound the nation's wounds as he once asserted. And men would, perhaps, be more apt to be following his theory and practice of race equality today, had he lived. He stated, "I hope there will be no bloody work after the war." A simple statement, that is; — a policy, belief, hope, reason for peace. How this simple statement was misunderstood by American fools!

Mourners allowed their emotions to turn to angry oaths against the south. The post-Lincoln regimes shaped a century and more of U. S. segregation policy. The pendulum swung from the violence of the civil war, to the violence of carpetbaggers and scalawags, to complacent but seething separate and really unequal subordination of Negroes, to a span of racial violence, to today's theoretical non-violence but definitely moving campaign toward the Lincolnian dream of no more blood after the war.

And so Lincoln's reconstruction words were misunderstood; and we can see that this was socially disastrous. Are not many a man's words re-interpreted? The political world is a maze of complexities. It is unfortunate that the post-Lincolnians allowed their emotions to over-rule their logic. They flouted, "You, Southerner, are not going to make

fools of us conquerers!" And man has not really learned a lesson from this misinterpretation. There has been no reconstruction of control over the emotions. The cynical, disbelieving, skeptical twentieth century is one in which no one wants to be a fool, no one wants to be fooled, but everyone tries to get the better of his brother.

*In Person . . .*

Lincoln fooled some of the people into thinking he was a God. "Mass Linkum walks de earth like de Lord," some said. Lincoln was called "a Christ in miniature, a saint, more modest than Saint Paul." Men said, "As a close observer and cogent reasoner, he has few equals and perhaps no superior in the world." He was considered a Samuel, a mediator between two eras . . . one of slavery, one of none; the known past and the unknowable future.

Perhaps those who were fooled into thinking him a God were less foolish than those who saw him as "ape, filthy story teller, despot, liar, thief, braggart, buffoon, usurper, monster, swindler, fiend, butcher, land pirate." His critics called him a "Tammany Nietzsche" and told how they put women and children to bed after he had downed a few gourds of corn. Unless hog-wash, I maintain that these ribald descriptions hold no water. Those who held these opinions were, to me, in the group that was fooled "all of the time".

Those who held him (or still idolize him) as a God, must remember that he was a man, and might remember his personal feelings toward slavery. He was against it, to be sure; he was not, however, *for* immediate and absolute equality on American lands. He held a sort of separate/equal doctrine — colonization in Haiti or Liberia. Those who praise him seldom cite this; they are fooled into overlooking his now undemocratic opinion because they rightly know that he believed what he knew was desired by the majority. In actuality he was not God-Lincoln. We can pedestal a man, create a legend out of all proportion; we can be fooled by Lincoln's great degree of goodness, sharpness, logic, understanding, insight, into believing that there was no sign of human frailty — no personal prejudice — no area of failure. This is as much a mistake as the reverse.

We can appreciate Lincoln more by seeing him the whole, real man, the mortal.

*Interruption . . .*

The fool, you know, is a theatrical device; the fool is the comic element of the stage. In the end, a stage comedy fooled no one. All saw through the comedy to the tragedy.

## PIECES OF A LOOKING GLASS

*Karen Kalker, '64*

**A**ND THE WORD of the Lord came unto me saying that everyone who drove past would smile and wave, but they don't. They just stop at the stop sign and then go right along, listening to their radios.

People drive past

And they don't see me.

I thought it would be so different,

I thought I could lie out here on the grass forever.

Because I have known what life is all about.

If I could only stop and remember,

But life is always moving and leaves no time.

Contradiction is a basic

As is excess and non-existence.

I will not be surprised when I meet God.

Disorder hints at something good

And I have a faith that has made a fool of me.

I really do not know why I try to understand what I have

Known for so long

But never been able to say.

He will not exist until I meet him.

# JOHNNY GOT A SALAMANDER

Karen Kalker, '64



DO PICK UP those things of yours on the stairs," she said angrily. "Is your room clean?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Don't lie to me, Johnny! I saw it a minute ago, and it was a mess. I'll know better than to give you a shipbuilding kit again. You didn't make a *ship* with it, just a mess. Go on, now."

He clomped up two steps while his mother stuck her head out the window. Then, turning, she shouted, "Hurry! Mrs. Cunard is coming." She stuffed her green apron into the drawer. "And put on a clean shirt, Johnny."

The doorbell startled her even though she'd been expecting it.

"Well, Mrs. Cunard. This is a surprise." As she led the way into the living room, she was glad that Johnny was never allowed to play there. It was spotless now, and she was proud of it.

Mrs. Cunard said, "Oh, I do so like this room. How do you keep it so clean with a ten-year-old son in the house? My Billy would have it in shambles in a second." There was a pause. "Isn't it a shame they don't get along, Billy and your Johnny, I mean."

"Yes, it certainly is. Being the same age and all." Johnny's mother thought she hear tentative footsteps coming down the stairs. She went on talking. "Harry's in Philadelphia again. He won't be home till next month."

"Why, hello Johnny," said Mrs. Cunard. There was no answer. His mother turned. Yes, there was Johnny, dirty shirt and all.

"Can't you answer Mrs. Cunard, Johnny?" she said sweetly.

"Lo, Mrs. Cunard," he mumbled.

Obviously he hadn't had time to clean up his room. Probably stuffed everything into some drawer. She couldn't scold him in front of Mrs. Cunard. He knew it, too.

"Johnny's been building a ship, Mrs. Cunard. Is it a battleship, Johnny?"

He paused so long she was afraid he wouldn't answer.

"I don't know," he said finally.

"Why don't you go outside and play?" said his mother. He turned and walked out of the room. He heard Mrs. Cunard say, "He's such a cute boy with such big ears."

He went out the back way (he wasn't allowed to use the front). Some children were playing in the street. He walked up to them.

"Hi," he said. They didn't look up. One answered, "Hiya."

They had drawn little streets with chalk and were running toy cars along them — Billy's idea.

"Can I play?" he asked quietly, almost hoping no one heard him.

"You haven't got a car," said Billy. The voice spoke for the rest of them. They didn't hate Johnny, just disliked having him around.

He watched them silently for an awfully long time. Billy had two cars, but he didn't offer one and Johnny didn't say anything.

"Let's play capture the flag, now," Billy said finally.

"Yeah," they all chimed in.

"Me'n Chuck'll stand you two." There were five of them.

"What about him?" said Chuck, looking at Johnny. "You can have him."

"No, you're the best team. You got to take him."

"I don't want to play, anyhow," said Johnny in a small voice.

"Okay," they agreed. They began to decide on the bases.

Johnny wandered off to a stream that ran in back of the road. It was quiet there. He began to hunt for frogs. Then

he saw one dodge under a rock. It was a big slimy rock, but he lifted it anyway. The frog was gone, but a salamander started racing toward the shelter of the overturned rock. Johnny grabbed him and held him in his two hands, one clasped over the other. The moving salamander tickled, but Johnny held on. He decided to go home and get a glass. His mother wouldn't miss one glass. He ran as fast as he could with his hands in front of him.

Mrs. Cunard had gone when he got home. Johnny went in the back way (he wasn't allowed to use the front). He climbed up on the stool and got a cheese glass that had been cleaned out. Then he slid the little brown lizard in. He jumped down off the stool and moved it back under the table. Just then his mother came in. Johnny instinctively held the glass in back of him so his mother couldn't hurt the little salamander.

"Why didn't you put on a clean shirt like I told you! You jammed the ship model into your clothes drawer. It's wrecked, now!" He didn't answer.

He had purposely wrecked it before. He had stepped on it.

"What have you got behind your back? Show me!"

He stepped away from her involuntarily

"Show me!" she snapped again.

Slowly he brought out the captive salamander. She gaped at him. "Get that thing out of here! My cheese glass! Take it out of here!" He reached in with two fingers.

"Don't touch it, you'll get warts. Take it back wherever you got it and leave the cheese glass there with it."

He turned and went out the back door (he wasn't allowed to use the front).

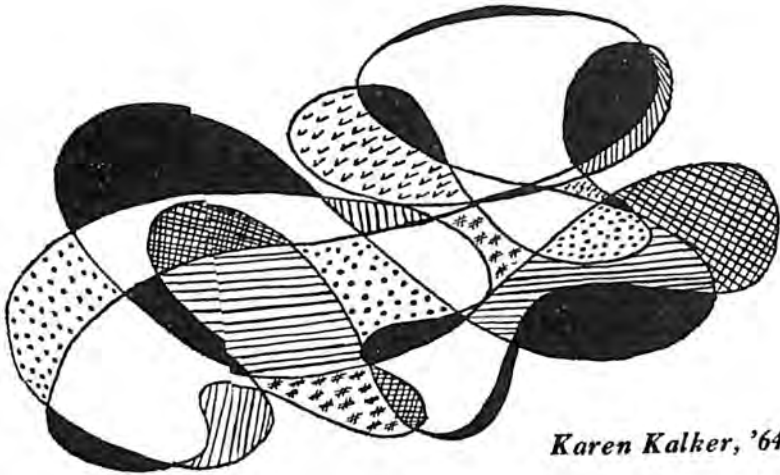
". . . and don't ever bring a dirty woman in here again," she shouted after him.

She watched him go, then sank into a chair. With Harry in Philadelphia, there was so much to do. Johnny was such a problem. "Johnny broke this. Johnny broke that. . . . We will bill you for the damage your son did. . . . Johnny took Jimmy's white mouse and drowned it. . . . Dear Madam, your son Johnny is falling behind in his social studies again.

Could you work with him at home?" She put her head in her hands. Why didn't the boy return her love?

Down at the stream Johnny took the salamander out of the glass and let him wiggle between his fingers. Johnny got two rocks. A feeling came over him, one that he had felt once in church when the choir came up the aisle and the power of their voices became louder until they were next to him and he was surrounded by them. He felt powerful, as if he were a king. He laid the salamander on one rock and brought the other down on it as hard as he could. He ruled the world for an instant. He took the cheese glass and smashed it against the rock, and the glass splintered on the guts of the dead lizard. The choir was past him now. It was over. He was a little boy.

He grinned and turned to go home.





# POETRY AND EXPERIENCE

Elaine Schofield, '63



ROUND the year 300 A. D. a Chinese poet named Lu Chi wrote a Fu, a lengthy prose poem on literature and on the poet's art. Lu Chi believed that a poet does not sit back, turn his thoughts inward, and wait for a poem to come to him. Rather, a poem begins in the relationship of man and the world, with man taking his position at the hub of things. In using the word "hub" Lu Chi means a center of awareness, of receptivity rather than a spatial center. He goes on to say that the poet's art is a means to meaning, a means by which the world can be made to mean. The poet's main objective, he feels, is to capture the whole of experience.

In the opening paragraphs of his latest book, *Poetry and Experience*, Archibald MacLeish introduces us to Lu Chi and his philosophy of poetry because, as MacLeish himself tells us, "My own guide for some ten years past has been a Chinese poet and general. . . ." In his effort to discover the essence of poetry, how it affects our emotions, the relationship between it and experience, MacLeish with Lu Chi as his guide examines first of all the idea propounded by the French poet Mallarmé, that poetry is made not with ideas, but with words as sounds. Mr. MacLeish concurs with this idea to the extent that he quotes an entire page from James Joyce's *Finnigan's Wake*, which author he feels has gone the farthest in using words merely as sounds to create the desired effect. MacLeish contends, however, that it cannot be the management of sounds alone which enhances the meaning the poet is trying to convey. He concludes that although the structure of meaning cannot be analyzed, has nothing to measure, will disappear altogether if logically rearranged — whereas the structure of sounds is orderly and precise,

can be examined, analyzed, and discussed — this structure of disorder and untruth is brought to order by the emotions. The emotions in turn are contained in images, images which at first glance appear to be almost contradictory. Look at the following stanza of an old English song:

O westron wind when wilt thou blow  
That the small rain down can rain?  
Christ that my love were in my arms  
And I in my bed again.

Here is the west wind (the spring wind), rain, a bed, and a girl. The reader finds it is difficult to see a relationship between the four, and yet it is this relation of the unrelated that does mean in poetry. According to MacLeish, "Poetry's truth comes from the perception of a unity underlying and relating all phenomena." Baudelaire goes one step further when he says, "Images are coupled to stir the emotions to comprehend an instant of 'analogie universelle'."

With these thoughts in mind Mr. MacLeish devotes the last half of his book to four poets — Emily Dickinson, William Butler Yeats, Arthur Rimbaud, and John Keats — and how each of these poets found a relationship between poetry and experience.

Emily looked for this relationship in a private world into which she withdrew more and more as she grew older. Although Emily chose to explore and if possible discover her own self, she is able to appeal to that "analogie universelle" of which Baudelaire writes by speaking directly to every person who reads her poems, thereby enabling the reader to share vicariously experiences which come to all men through their emotions.

Yeats looked to the public world for a relationship between poetry and experience. As was true in the time of Yeats, there is, says MacLeish, "no generation of mankind which has lived as publicly in the public world as we do." Then, as now, however, "people wouldn't have their poetry outdoors." It appears to MacLeish that at a time when we desperately need the kind of meanings poetry is able to discover, people are looking inward rather than outward

as Yeats tried so hard to do, after experimenting with both the private and the public world of poetry.

In direct contrast with both Miss Dickinson and Yeats is Arthur Rimbaud. Disillusioned with life, Rimbaud appeared to be obsessed with the idea that a poet may make himself a seer, a prophet by a "planned disordering of the senses — every form of love, of suffering, of madness, — ineffable torture in which he will need all his faith and super-human force; become the greatest sick man of all, the greatest criminal, the most completely damned, and the Supreme Knower." Experience in the form of a planned disordering of the senses enabled the poet to arrive at the Unknown which Rimbaud believed was the essence of poetry.

Keats sought a poetry-experience relationship in an arable world, a cultivated and known world. In "Ode to a Nightingale" Keats explores this "known" world only to discover that the song of the nightingale can never really be possessed by the man who listens to the bird in this particular poem. He learns that

. . . the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf . . .

If the song cannot be possessed in the poem, it is because it cannot be possessed in the world of human experience "in which one can neither lose oneself alive into the beauty that one loves, nor lose oneself into it in death, nor follow it beyond the world where no self can be." The "known" world may be recognized, but never truly known in this life.

*Poetry and Experience* is not a book to be gone once-over-lightly. Here is a book that is relatively simple and straightforward in style. In terms of content it is a challenge to the intellect and to any preconceived ideas the reader may have concerning the poet and his art. Mr. MacLeish deserves more than just a little praise for such a well-written and thought-provoking book.

# TWENTY YEARS

*Judith Kimball, '63*

## Prologue

I MUST STOP and rest awhile  
For my journey tires me.  
I look back on the mile  
Upon mile that I have so quickly  
Traveled, and I know I must stop.  
I like this place, for  
From atop  
The rock I can see o'er  
All that was.  
I can see the curves in the road,  
The places where I chose to pause,  
The footprints where I strode  
From off my path to try  
And seize what was beyond my reach.  
Here and there another path runs by  
Mine and stays beside it. Each  
Pairing is a love that walked  
A ways with me  
And then balked,  
With sudden desire to be free.  
The cloudy patches  
That dot the roadside  
Were once memories or snatches  
Of thought I then wished to hide.  
But I must start at the beginning  
And keep my retrospection more steady  
Instead of spinning  
Thru, as I have done once already.

## I

The origin of my life's course  
Is clouded in haze  
Whose source  
Is the childish egoism of those days.  
The world centered around me;  
All existed for my pleasure.  
My eyes were closed, for I could see  
Naught but myself, which was my measure  
Of happiness. I grew then  
As a young flower grows —  
So enrapt that it sees not the glen  
And itself is all it knows.  
I had not yet blossomed nor  
Thought to share my being  
With the world that lay before  
Me. I was more intent on seeing  
Into myself than out  
To the changing tableau  
That ran and played about —  
Not yet a part of the life I now know.

## II

The world became an intruder.  
Its tendrils of life  
Had learned the shrewder  
Ways of letting rife  
Occurrences creep through cracks  
In the shell I had built  
Around myself. These attacks  
Were at first rebuffed by the quilt  
Of foam-soft unawareness  
That surrounded me; then they returned

With what I thought an unfairness  
Of assault that spurned  
My defenses and made me see  
That I was not to remain  
Enclosed in such facsimile  
Of existence. My soul-deep disdain  
For life's advances  
Made the beginning progress slow  
And there were few chances  
For the tiny embryo  
Of vision to germinate.  
But once it was planted  
It became an aggregate  
Of experiences to be taken for granted —  
And struggle was in vain,  
Though I didn't realize it then;  
And I fought on, hoping for a wane.  
But my shell was never whole again.

### III

Another path joined mine  
Bringing with it a world  
That wrapped me in its tendrilled vine —  
And about me new life uncurled.  
It was he who wrought  
This change in me,  
For he tempered every thought  
Of mine and gave me the ability  
To reach out and take  
Life itself and do with it  
As I pleased. I could make

It mine and it would submit.  
I need not fear, he said,  
That it in turn would change  
What I believe I am. Instead  
I found I could arrange  
My life to suit my pleasure.  
It was not easy at first,  
But with him I learned to treasure  
Every moment, from best to worst.  
As this was taking place  
Our paths had intertwined  
So closely that now I can trace  
But one mark, which was once double-lined.

#### IV

A sudden wrench, a sudden hurt,  
And one path turned away.  
All I wanted was to revert  
To my shell — to the world that lay  
So far behind at the meeting  
Of the two paths. I wanted to,  
But I could not. There was no retreating  
To that existence I once knew.  
He had brought the world to me  
And I had accepted it  
Thinking not of what would be.  
Just fancying love as infinite.  
But love was gone  
And still the world remained  
With me. I traveled on,  
Not wanting to, but yet constrained

To continue. The world was mine,  
Then, left as a bequest —  
Left also as a sign,  
And again as a request  
That I continue living  
As I had learned to live.  
His presence had been life-giving  
And he had made me sensitive  
To the world. I could stand alone,  
I knew, and that is what I did.  
My life became mine — I was on my own,  
And the last traces of grief I hid.

### Epilogue

That is my path until the present.  
The winding, slow-advancing  
Path of life from child to adolescent.  
I have taken just a glancing  
Look back over the twenty years  
That have brought me to this rock.  
Before me now, my path disappears  
In the haze of the future. I shall walk  
There, confident and self-reliant,  
Aware of myself, of my very being  
Alive. Knowing my world is compliant  
To me and will not be disagreeing  
With whatever I choose to do,  
With any choice I make.  
This is the future I look forward to  
And this is the path I will take.



# MEYOSHI SAT CRYING . . .

*Mary Katherine Grueter, '65*



MEYOSHI SAT crying. The tips of her straight black hair hung wet from her warm, salty tears. It wasn't the clear glass of the window that separated her from the joys outside. It was something different, something she couldn't understand, something she may never understand.

Outside the air was crisp. New December snow covered the ground. Across in the vacant lot children played. They were making a snowman. Meyoshi loved snowmen. Their cries and laughter filled everyone's heart — everyone's except Meyoshi's.

Last week she had played with those very children in that same lot, now she was all alone. Why was she different from them now? There hadn't been any difference before. Why had they changed? Her sister knew why, but then she was ten. But Meyoshi? — at five you just can't understand some things. Nothing matters then, nothing that lasts very long.

"We are being punished, not for what we ourselves did but for the wrong doings of our people." Meyoshi had no people. Her mother and father were not people, they were her mother and father. Surely her dolls had done nothing wrong. Who were her people? What had they done? Why must she be punished? If they were really "he:s" why would they hurt her?

The words "Mummie says I mustn't play with you anymore, you're Japanese and they are bad" kept running through her head. Was she Japanese? She was sure it wasn't like the mumps or even the "flu". Besides she didn't feel sick. How could she be something she didn't feel? Why was she Japanese? What did it mean?

Yesterday she had been told by her grandfather how her people had been bad. "How unwise they are! War is wrong, very wrong. God punishes those who go to war." Had she gone to war? Is that why she is being punished? She also was told how lucky she was to be living in a country like America. A country where everyone "loved their neighbor." Why didn't they love her then? What made them change?

To Meyoshi, Pearl Harbor meant nothing. The only pearls she knew about were the ones Uncle Miiko brought her back from a place called Japan. Japan! — Maybe that had something to do with Japanese. Oh why did he have to bring them to her? Why couldn't he have left them where they were?

The children started to go home now. The vacant lot became vacant once more. Dusk set in. House by house the lights were being turned on. Christmas was so pretty. Maybe tonight they wouldn't have to be turned off. That also had something to do with the war. Meyoshi remembered one girl saying "we can't even have Christmas lights on because the Japanese might bomb us." And Meyoshi had been called Japanese.

Turning from the window Meyoshi's eyes, liquid from her tears, reflected the lights from the tree. All was the same as it had been last Christmas Eve inside her home, but in her bewildered little mind and heart nothing was the same.



*Charlotte McKeone, '64*

# OH PIONEERS

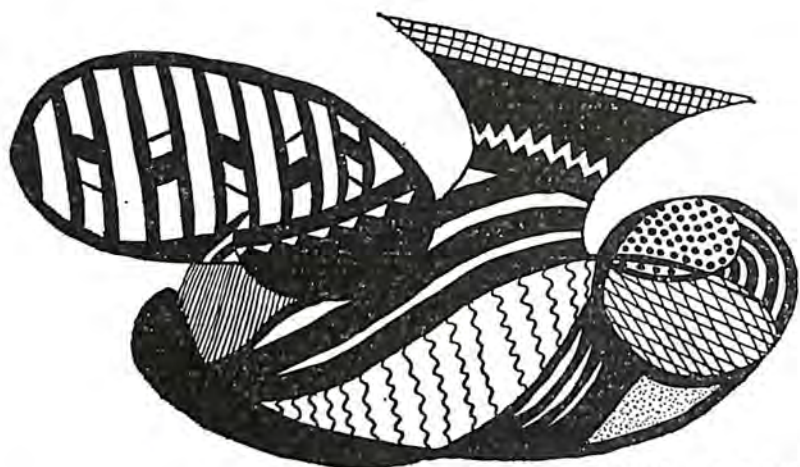
*Edith Hale Cheever, '56*

**T**RUTH  
Is the greatest game God plays  
With men of perfection  
Who having failed  
Will fail again,  
Being too sensitive  
And weeping much;  
Intent on the why of everything;  
Willing to climb too many mountains.

Oh Pioneers,  
God  
Asks of the players  
More than any game  
Has the right to require,  
Asking the players  
To learn its language  
To clash in thought,  
Giving up all for its dimensions;  
Brothers in "The fellowship of pain!"

Oh Pioneers,  
Multitudes  
There be who never play,  
For the hazards are high  
And the strength is ebbd.  
Theirs is another game,  
If wearing a judge mask  
And a one-creviced wall,  
They are possessed with static eyes  
Of self contentment.

Oh Pioneers,  
God's game  
Is played with small actions  
Carved by great thoughts;  
Antiqued tools  
Made unbreakable through time,  
The object universal;  
Being steeped in understanding,  
A succinct introduction  
To the "wonder of evil."



*Jill Resnick, '65*

# FROM BIBLE TO BOMB

*Stephanie Lamport, '62*



IN THE NURNBERG trials a new kind of offense was judged and sentenced: crime against humanity. Was it a new idea not to make a single individual responsible for that crime, but a nation, a people of seventy millions? It was merely a return, I feel, to a very old concept of society and to a basic idea of primitive communities. The burden of guilt is often carried by an innocent community within which a single person has committed a crime. The community is visited by plague or famine as penalty for the deed of one person. We need only to look at the Scripture for an example of this. "There was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year; and David enquired of the Lord. And the Lord answered, It is for Saul, and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites" (II Samuel 21:1).

Oedipus slays his own father in ignorance and the city is visited with plague and barrenness of earth, beast, and men. The affliction is caused by an unknown murderer. The community shares his guilt and is punished for it as if it were its own. From the earliest times the social group has had collective responsibilities. The people share in each other's deeds and misdeeds. This fact can be traced through many varied situations and cultures.

What is the origin of guilt? What is guilt? Freud believes that guilt is the expression of the conflict of ambivalence, the external struggle between Eros and the destructive or death instinct in man. The tension between the strict superego and the subordinate ego is called the "sense of guilt." Freud says that this "sense manifests itself as a need for punishment." Let us look at the culture of the Sioux Indians according to Erik Erikson. He states that "the paradise of

orality and its loss during the rages of the bitter stage, may be the individual origin of the very same deep sense of badness which religion transforms into a conviction of primal sin on a universal scale." The guilt here stems from the realization that the individual wanted too much from the world. He wanted total love, attention, and security as related through constant giving from the mother's breast. How do the Sioux handle this individual guilt feeling? They inflict punishment upon themselves in a collective fashion as demonstrated by the *carne vale*, or the ripping open of one's chest flesh. Perhaps this is symbolic of the idea that we are all made of flesh; therefore we are brothers together, so let us all share in one another's deeds. It is true that sin here, as Erikson points out, is based on infantile wishes that are stronger and deeper than any guilt feeling produced by a committed or remembered act. The baby is a victim of unconscious guilt. The dread of losing love was the origin of guilt.

Freud was sure that guilt feelings concerned repressed sexual tendencies. How can we separate the mother's breast in connection with the Sioux from sex itself? Sex seems to trigger guilt feelings in almost every situation. Adam's eating of the apple is symbolic of the baby wanting to take in the mother's breast.

The ambivalence between the life and death instincts which take expression in the feeling of guilt can once again be observed in certain savage peoples. In Theodor Reik's book, *Myth and Guilt*, we find that the Sea Dyaks of Sarawak address the heads that they bring back from an expedition with endearing names and give them delicate morsels of food. These heads are asked to hate their former friends and to love their present hosts. The bearing of guilt is so overpowering in this case that the people involved try to change their former enemies into friends of death. It is almost as if these savages are in possession of a living commandment—"Thou shalt not kill." Freud adds that a violation of such a commandment would not go unpunished. Thus we find a struggle going on in an unconscious fashion between Eros and Thanatos.

Reik defines guilt feeling by saying that it is social anxiety. It seems to me that this particular definition fits very well for the cultural system of the Japanese. Ruth Benedict discusses shame and guilt in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*. The Japanese cultivate self-respect because of society. If there were no society one would not need to respect oneself. The Japanese people, by externalizing self-respect, put major emphasis on shame rather than on guilt. They feel chagrined rather than guilty. This chagrin can be very intense; neither prayer nor atonement can relieve it. In contrast, societies which hold *guilt* as the major sanction do provide for relief through prayer and atonement, or confessions. What happens to the feeling of guilt in Japan? Ruth Benedict says that the country is concerned with shame, not guilt. As long as a person's bad behavior does not get out into the world, she says, he will be free of trouble. The feeling of guilt in Japan, I think, is handled through the complicated rules of obligations and their reciprocals. Behavior is according to the rules, and much is repressed. The judgment of others becomes very important. Everything is so well mapped that each Japanese person must be quite careful about doing the "right thing." He is terrified of the judgment others will make on his behavior. Shame here is really guilt. A person who feels guilty will ask for punishment, whether he is conscious or not of the asking. Why does the insolvent debtor commit suicide on New Year's Eve? The answer is simple. He must "clear his name." Suicide is punishment without a doubt. Whether you use the word shame or guilt, you still find the need for punishment. The fear of not measuring up to the standards must make for a real feeling of social anxiety. Although, in Japan, the individual is responsible for his deeds and misdeeds, even to the extent of committing suicide, the whole society is placed in a system that is in itself an anxiety-producing one. If a person fails in the system he is burdened by his fellow man's judgment, experiences shame-guilt, and ends in punishment. The punishment need not be suicide, however.

It interests me that the element of orality has been present in one form or another throughout my discussion on guilt.

In the case of David there was a famine; in the case of Oedipus there came barrenness and lack of vegetation. The Sioux's sense of guilt concerned the breast; I added that Adam's apple was not just that. The mysterious Sea Dyaks fed morsels of food to their enemies, and in Japan's case we can connect to my discussion of strict rules of behavior the idea that deprivation of food was a good test of how "hardened" one was.

Guilt as the result of a battle between the life and death instincts of man is a very old phenomenon, one that will persist. What is the atomic bomb? It is the deadly culmination of society's need for punishment. It is a blatant attack of mankind against itself.

There must be something rotten in the state of our civilization, not just in the state of Denmark. The question is, how can we find the true roots of man's guilt feelings, and how can we make best use of these deep feelings? I would be saddened if the final solution were the atomic bomb.

## THE SKY INVADED THE EARTH

*Diana Schaffer, '64*

**T**HE SKY invaded the earth  
In a torrent of love  
And seeped into the grain  
Of human day grey,  
Opened wide the crevice  
With cobalt breath  
Brushed past blue cheese glitter  
Through waffle steel shadows  
Seeking moonbird souls  
And yearning unicorn spirits  
To set them free to thirsty wind  
To transcend the mordant darkness  
And embrace the grassleaf side  
Of clouds.





*Scratch Board*

*Joyce Levy, '63*

# A MAN ON A BOX

*Karen Kalker, '64*

**A** MAN ON a box and a man on a stool  
Sit next to each other.  
The man on the box is reciting the ten commandments  
The man on the stool says nothing  
He doesn't know the laws.  
But listens — questioning in his mind.  
Two others at a rail philosophize on the institution of  
marriage  
'I never read what God said — I don't believe the Bible.'  
The man behind the counter wipes up the stains,  
His ears are closed — he hears;  
All is a waste of intellect.

Someone is playing a question and answer game  
What is truth?  
What is virtue?  
The answerers don't know,  
The questioner doesn't know,  
His wisdom is knowing he knows not,  
He is seeking.  
One of the thirty wiped up the stains  
His mind was closed —  
The seeker drank for his seeking.

Those sitting and those seeking  
Each with voids in his life  
Both drank — one for accomplishment,  
One for lack of accomplishment;  
Some live in the lack —

He couldn't — he saw his lack;  
Men glorified him  
Those sitting were never glorified,  
Only society's outcasts  
Were they seeking?  
How could the men wiping the stains know?



*Polly Smith, '62*

# CONSTANCY

*Katherine Gaines, '65*

I GAZE UPON these boulders —  
Craggy, huge, beaten by the sea,  
Baked by the sun,  
Born in antiquity.

I watch the snail go crawling —  
Slowly, over the sea-soaked stone,  
Journeying into time,  
Blindly and alone.

Will the waves ever pound on the rocks  
And swirling, withdraw to the sea?  
Oh God, in this unstable world,  
Let this be a constancy!

# APART

*Juanita Johnston, '65*



HERE IS a draft on my legs. In here it's a draft. Outside it's a refreshing breeze; in here it barely touches me as it whisks by, but it leaves me shivering and cold. The breeze is too much after breathing this suffocating warm air.

Through my window I see the road; it's covered with leaves. I won't be able to see it in the spring because the leaves block my view. Some children across the street are raking up the leaves in their yard. They are probably helping their father. When he gets home he'll never know they even picked up a rake. I know what happens.

"My pile is bigger'an yours."

"Is not."

"Is so."

"I know what; let's put them together. Then we'll have the biggest leaf pile on the whole street."

"Okay."

The two girls pick up the rakes that they had dropped during the brief argument and industriously rake the two piles together. Finally the two piles are one. Without a word the two girls with arms stretched out, back up a few steps. Then with a run and a leap they land in the leaf pile. They flip over and lie there for a few minutes with faces to the sky and eyes closed. The younger starts tossing leaves to the other. After mild protest she begins to bury her, until nothing is seen of her. Finally she pops out with the leaves clinging to her. They laugh.

"Oh, Janie, let me bury you now, and smell—it smells so dirty but so good. Just smell." She grabs an armful of leaves and buries her face in them and smells.

"Hm, they smell so good. Ooh, I itch!"

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— Oh, to bury my face in the leaves again, to smell that dirt. That's fall, that dirt. I'll never smell the dirt again. Jane can. I'll suffocate soon if someone doesn't turn that radiator off. The children are going in now. Their big pile is scattered all over the yard. They didn't put the rakes away. Hope they've got the points down. Someone could get hurt. Janie, my little sister, she hurt herself. She did, didn't she? I can't remember. I miss Janie — Jane and Rex — Rex? —

The chubby girl — her mother called her pleasingly plump — carefully wound the string around the stone and tied a double knot in it, leaving a long end to drag the stone along with. Holding the stone she looked up at her mother and declared proudly, "*This is Rex.*"

The walls along the stairs, papers from school, books, sidewalks were covered with REX AND JANE. Sometimes this was the caption of a picture of a little girl and a dog house.

— Jane and Rex, was there a dog named Rex? Of course there was. No one would think long about something that wasn't.

Janie and I used to do things together. Janie, she always wrote her name Jane inserting the *i* afterwards, Jane. Janie? Do I have a sister named Jane? Of course I do. No one would think long about someone who wasn't.—

No wonder the children went inside. There are raindrops on the window.



# NOT TO BE BORNE

*Susan Di Nunzio, '64*



HE HAD decided to die. She though quite calmly, planning each detail. It was to be soon; it was to be in a manner that would allow no pain, no chance to think. It would not be a glamorous death, she dressed as she would to go for a walk. Neither would it be a sensational death, no note . . . she didn't believe one should die in a prescribed manner. No screaming . . . no people rushing to save her. No slow torture . . . no waiting.

She lit a cigarette and was pleased her hand didn't shake. As she put on her coat she wondered what her family would think and how they would feel when they found out. The thought of their sorrow and grief did not move her. She opened the door to leave and saw that her apartment was not neat. She shrugged and closed the door . . . it didn't matter. She walked down the stone steps noticing, as usual, that peculiar apartment house smell. Neither unpleasant nor pleasant, simply noticeable. Opening the entrance-way door, she looked in her mailbox. There was nothing and she opened the outer door and felt the lovely rush of sharp air on her face. She sniffed at it and thought it strange that she should still, even now, appreciate the outside. She had had enough of appreciating these small physical and mental pleasures that made life bearable. Obviously, physical existence in an absurd world was not to be borne. She could not accept herself and she certainly could not accept others and that was that.

She walked and reached the entrance to the subway. As was her habit, she got her change ready before going down the dark stairway. She did not want to trip. She bought her token, put it in the box, and was pushed through onto the



platform. For a moment she wondered why she had chosen this particular place. She had always hated the subway and the people who rode it every day . . . their depressing faces, their grubbiness, their ugliness. But it would be quick and it did not matter that the pit looked so filthy; her dead body would not mind. She heard the train approaching, felt the woosh of air it brought, and let it stop and then go by. She tried to think why she had done that and decided it didn't matter, the next one would do as well. She wouldn't have to struggle and force herself to die. The train would come and she wished her mind would still be alive, just for a moment so she could find out what it was like to be dead. But she knew she would never know . . . not if she stayed living and waited for death, and not this way. Death is death and the dead never know what it was like.

She must be casual so no one would suspect. The sound of the train preceded it, she saw its light, waited, and simply stepped down.

## THE ARDUOUS ROAD

*Karen Kalker, '64*

**H**ORIZONS start at left and end at right,  
With proper space between for joy and sorrow  
For him of measured day and dreamless night  
Who keeps no yesterdays, gleans no tomorrow.  
Might not the burdened envy one so free  
To make his tranquil trip without a threat?  
No pits of doubt, boulders of agony  
Obstruct his way, force detours of regret.  
Within his leveled world, there is no daring,  
No potent dreams to justify the goal.  
The arduous road true mountain-men are sharing  
Ascends horizons in an aureole.



*Pen and Ink*

*Melinda Orpet, '62*

# WHITE OF THOUGHT

*Karen Kalker, '64*

CAPS OF ocean sent me white  
Simplicities.  
Discontented,  
Down I dove,  
Past blue complexities,  
Entered green profundity,  
Waded into black obscurity  
Until no longer could I see the white of thought,  
And there I drowned.

# A CHRISTMAS STORY

Juanita Johnston, '65



THE LAND is asleep, but there are some of the land who are not. We can see them by the lights in the sky; they seem quite bright tonight. Shepherds rest by a fire; I think one is singing a song. Perhaps later we can listen to him, but now, look over there at the sheep. Notice they are about as far from the shepherds as they can be without worrying them. The way they're hunched together makes it seem as though they're holding a meeting, especially with that old ram in front of them all. Let's go closer, quietly though, so they won't hear us. Be careful you don't trip over a rock and hurt yourself.

"... will do it? Now come on; someone must volunteer. You know I would if I could, but that is impossible; I must stay here. The shepherds would not permit me to go. Now look, we've got to decide; they'll begin to wonder where we all are. What about you, Bell? Will you go?"

"Well, you know I would, but they look so poor and dirty; can you imagine what I'd look like after even a day with them? I mean there's just so much you can take, and this — well, I'm sorry, but it's out of the question."

"How about you, Blackie?"

"You serious?"

"I see your point. Frank?"

"I must admit I'm a little bit afraid of these people. Never can tell what they'd do to me."

"Thomas?"

"I never did believe in this type of thing. I could never go through with it. If you want, I'll go, but gee, I'm not sure . . ."

"That's all right. You don't *have* to go. Pearl? Curley? Jerry? Tippy? They all rather ashamedly, but definitely shook their heads. A few mumbled a "no". The old ram looked around pleadingly.

"I will go."

"Who will? Tam?" the ram questioned with joyous relief.

"No, I will. I would like to go for you," quavered a little lamb courageously staring into the eyes of the worn-out ram.

"No, no, not *you*. How about you, Jewel? Anna? Brownie? Sky?" the ram, losing his awesome dignity called out desperately. The shaking of the heads continued.

"For you, I will go."

"Now look, Jay, you're much too young. You're only a little lamb. Now aren't you others ashamed — you all stand there afraid while my little boy offers to go."

"They can't go, don't you see? You can't go; I must go for you."

"It would mean giving up your whole life, here, you know. You wouldn't have someone always on hand to take care of you, and you might catch cold, or a wolf might attack you, or — well — you never can tell what may happen. You can't go. You're my only child."

"If he will go, I say let him go — no one else will — *he* says he can't, well, let's see how much this really does mean to him, let him send his precious lamb — now we'll see if there's anything to his big talk — always giving the dirty jobs to the rest of us — always doted on him — let's see how he likes suffering —"

"All right, all right, do not get upset. No one will give up their nice, easy life, but my son. I must give him up; he may go. My heart is swelled with pride that he is my son, but I am also greatly saddened by the thought of parting with him, perhaps forever."

"They come now for you, Jay. Do all I have taught you along with the rest; although the others didn't learn their lessons. Take care now." The old ram gave Jay a gentle nudge. Jay hesitated, then trotted off.

"Look at the ram — looks as if he might cry — well, what do you know — guess Jay means more to him than I thought — didn't know he had any feelings the way he's always thundering around — let's go."

The flock, with an awed meekness, ambles away from the ram, towards the shepherds. The ram is alone.

We must go.

# IT WAS COLD . . .

*Mary Katherine Grueter, '65*



IT WAS COLD, it was painfully cold. Not the kind of cold that made me feel wide awake but the kind I felt could only be relieved by sleep. The snow stung my legs, making them numb and giving them the feeling of being strangely separated from the rest of me. The wind did not blow through me but into me where it seemed to be freezing all the things normally unaffected by the changes in nature.

Walking was hard, almost impossible, but I walked. The paths were hidden by the deep snow and ice, beaten down by the feet of other travellers.

He was cold also but he was still gentle to me. Not once did he try to hurry my pace, not once did he scold. Twice we stopped, stopped for me, stopped so that I could rest. He also took care to have a blanket across my back although he had none on his.

It must have been his kindness that kept me going, or was it the beautiful lady I carried? And she was beautiful. Beauty that comes only from peace, beauty that I found only in the peace of the stars.

Once we passed a poor shepherd boy who looked at us with eyes filled with pain. I remember how he gave the boy his cloak and how the boy had cried, overcome by the unexpected kindness and generosity of a stranger.

It was getting late now and a light snow had begun to fall. He slowly climbed the steps of an inn leaving the lovely lady in my care. Funny how she seemed weightless that night and how she seemed to give forth a radiance in the dark night. It didn't take long for him to return. He said not a word — he didn't need to. On we went from one inn to another.

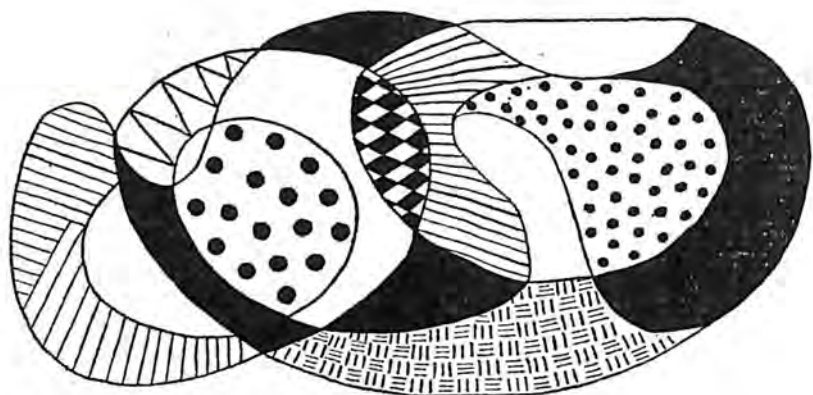
Now it was beginning to snow hard and hope for a place to sleep was fading rapidly.

Finally he was able to find shelter in a small cave, now used as a stable to house animals — animals like me. It wasn't right that he and the lady should stay here; it was only suitable for animals, not for people like them.

He gently lifted her from my back and carefully fixed a place in the warm straw for her to lie in and rest. He then helped warm me — me, a dumb animal.

The cry of an Infant awoke me a few hours later. An Infant born with infinite wisdom and inexhaustible love. This Child was the Child of all children, the King of all kings.

No longer was I cold, no longer sleepy. Now I knew why he was gentle, why she was so beautiful, and why the star of peace shone down on this infant, the Prince of Peace.



*Ellen Roberts, '64*

# IN THE BEGINNING . . .

*Judith Pinn, '63*

I N THE beginning of the end,  
man created God.

And when he finished,  
he went on to impregnate the world  
with the germ of evil  
and self-destruction.

He continued to strive  
living on the spontaneity of will  
and, finally, he destroyed his God.  
And the bindings of strength fell  
from his shoulders  
and man was left  
alone  
to another time of  
reconstruction.





*Pen and Ink*

*Mimi Show '63*

# THE SNOW FELL . . .

*Judith Pinn, '63*



THE SNOW fell with never-ending determination. As it fell, it mounted up higher and higher as if to shorten its journey. The wind swept the snow into every corner and as it sped the snow on its way, it screamed a lonesome, almost hysterical accompaniment. Some cruel fanatic seemed to have brewed this day.

The eaves of the old house dipped gently into the rising snow. Inside the house, Man, Woman, and Old Boy sat in the kitchen stealing heat from the black stove. Woman sat huddled over a worn Bible, quietly mouthing the words of the psalms. Ever so often an audible word would escape to the other two's ears. "O Lord . . ." "Salvation." "God of Jacob." Her finger underlined every word. The scraping of her index finger was heard in every shadow of the room. When she finished each psalm she looked with accomplishment at the other two and then, receiving no response, attacked another holy lyric.

Man was reading the Sears catalog — seemingly memorizing it. He followed the fine print with the tip of his nose — never admitting to himself that his eyes might be weak. Every time he felt Woman's gaze on him, he shaded his eyes with the dirty palms of his hands — in hopes that her gaze would not penetrate his thoughts. But just looking at such a man, one would not consider him capable of producing many thoughts; and again, one would never know. Grunts emitted from him sporadically accompanied by "Hm . . . Only \$11.97 . . . Hm . . . Not bad . . ." His finger held the bottom of the page, ready to turn it lest a minute be lost — and there it stayed while he considered and bought and used each article that was advertised.

The page that was hardly skimmed was the one printed with the order blank.

Old Boy sat hugging his knees with his strong adolescent arms. A young boy, with an ancient mask-face. The only member in the room not stealing warmth, but instead, utilizing it. His eyes gave his disguise away, for they brooded for the love of true goodness. He was not facing the rest — they did not exist at that moment — they were of another world — a world near enough to be a fathomless distance away in time and consciousness. The hosannas and the grunts did not reach him. He was in the part of the meadow where the hill meets the tops of the trees. "What a wonderful place! There is something about the tree-tops that makes one feel flexible in one sense and strong in another. The thoughts emanating from the mind are tossed into the sky to be blown about and returned to be possessed — and the sky reveals them to no one. They are mine — with my initials engraved in gold; bold and grand. The universe will accept only the warmth of my truth — never the hypocrisy of holiness and inhibited age. . . To only share my wonder and my feeling . . ."

Suddenly piercing — "Benjamin!"

"BENJAMIN!"

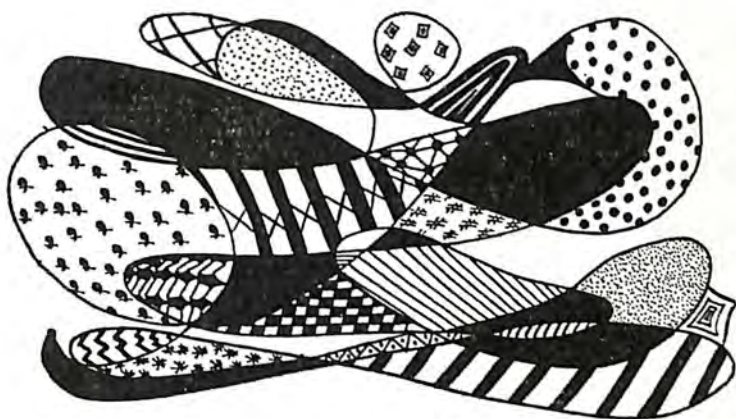
And wakenly — "Hmmmmm?"

And again, "Would you *please* stop daydreaming and fill the stove up! My God, boy, I don't know what you think about, but I DO know that heaven won't take you for those thoughts. Benjamin, don't just stand there gaping, I said stuff the stove. I can't imagine why it's so cold in here. Did you fill the cracks around the window like I told you before the snow came?" While she was talking, the Bible slid from her lap to the floor where it was forgotten in her rage.

Old Boy brought in the wood for the stove; still dreaming and oblivious to the nagging prattle of Woman who had not yet given up. He opened the door of the black stove and was placing the wooden sticks inside when suddenly, without realizing it, he had reached in too far and the dying flames surged to life about his hand. Woman screamed and cried all sorts of insults at him. Man joined the chorus and they

transferred the pain from the hand to the mind. They belittled and shoved him deeper and deeper into himself. At what seemed to be the height of all emotions, Old Boy ran out of the cold house into the warmth of the raging day. At last, he could feel the pain of the burn. It felt good . . .

Woman and Man lived for a return of some thing warm taken from their lives. The only warmth that returned that year was the Spring . . .



*Linda Brenner, '64*

# THE COLD EARTH CRAWLED . . .

*Judith Pinn, '63*

**T**HE COLD earth crawled with shriveled corpses  
    motivated by frantic desperation  
        of the yesteryear.  
The high pitched chant from their swollen lips was a plain-  
    tive wail  
    of prayer and agony  
        and unrelenting consciousness.  
The multitude — in chorus —  
    — the mounting cry of Job universal.  
The earth revolved; the masses crawled —  
    — a treadmill into oblivion —  
        — a direction into furtive hope.  
        Somewhere — a peddler cried,  
            “Warm souls for sale!  
            Get them while they’re hot . . .”

## LEAVE ME ONE SHADOW

*Susan Di Nunzio, '64*

**L**EAVE ME one shadow  
In which I can crouch, hiding and hidden.  
Allow me to keep myself  
Alone and sweetly lonely.

Don't expose me  
With your bright unforgiving glare  
That pierces and rounds all corners  
And makes me ache with sorrow.

Give me escape  
From your brutality  
That cuts me and leaves me  
Bleeding and still exposed.

Don't wound me  
With your pointed tentacles  
That ferret out my secret prayers  
And leave me head bowed and trembling.

Grant me a covering,  
A bit of darkness  
In which I can find solitude and peace.  
Leave me one shadow.

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