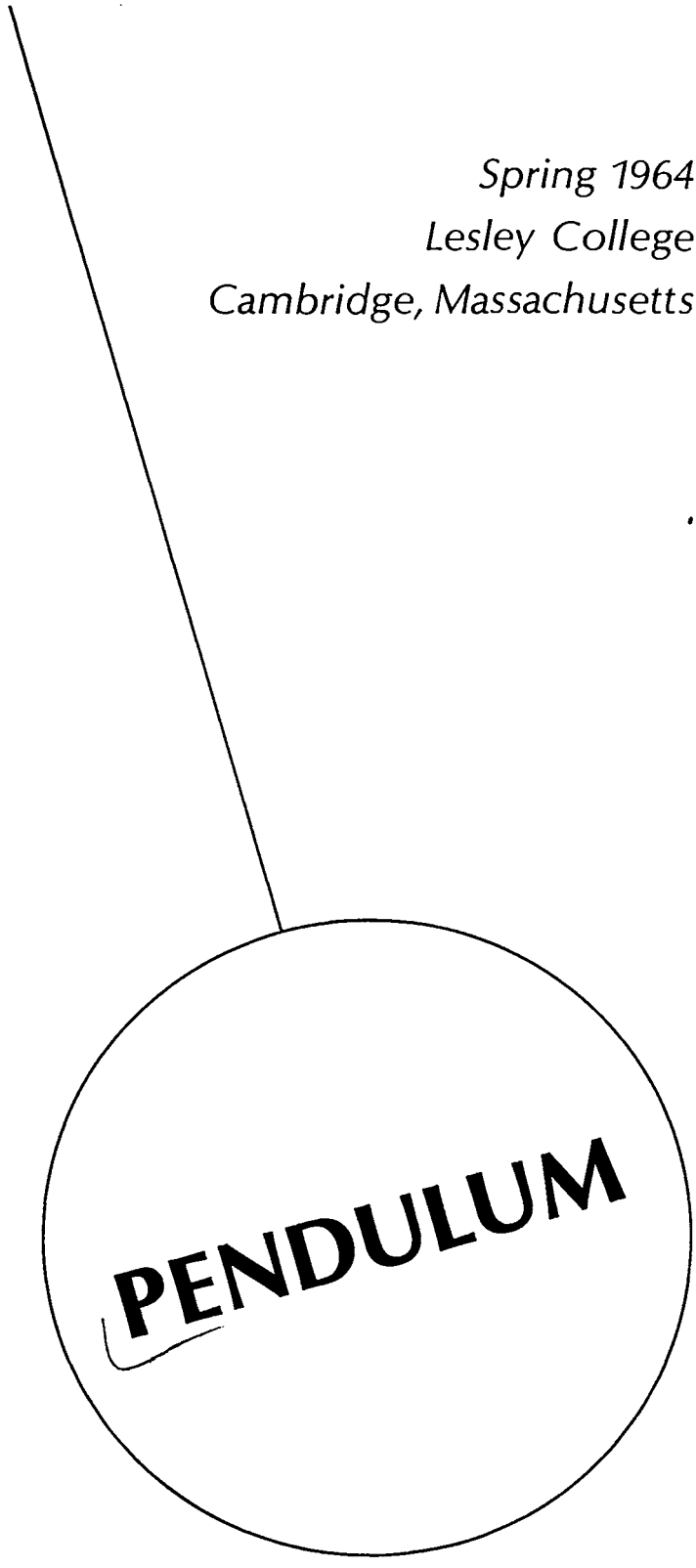
Spring 1964

Pendulum (1964)

Pendulum Staff

64

Spring 1964
Lesley College
Cambridge, Massachusetts



PENDULUM expresses its appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Leslie M. Oliver, Faculty Advisor.

PENDULUM, founded by the Friends of the Livingston Stebbins Library, is published once a year, and contains prose, verse, and graphic art by undergraduates and alumnae of Lesley College.
Subscription rates: $2.00 per issue, $3.50 for two issues.

VOLUME FIVE NUMBER ONE

CONTENTS

PENDULUM

AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE

Spring 1964

PROSE *Susan Abrams*

POETRY *Joan Teachout*

ART *Joyce Ascher*

WALDEN

Susan Abrams, '67

TODAY I entered upon a portion of Walden autumn. Walked through it, touched and felt and sang to it. I surrounded it with my love and pulled it in to me, close. So now, as I write, in me is a Thoreau peace.

Too many beings and timeticked minutes. If only they hadn't and weren't. But they had and were . . . so I ran away (or tried) for an escape.

Up the dried flaxen needles, slippery. Reaching for a branch . . . bush . . . trunk . . . up and to the top. Picnic table. People. And a path. Brushed crunched leaves, dead and dry and brown under. Above . . . leaves orangereded and yellowbrowned. Speckled and tipped and skeletoned with rays. To naked branched trunks, rooted stones. My insides quieted and relaxed and smoothed soft as a kitten purr. Black earthedpeat covered close and was hugged by chewy moss and ragged rocks and pebbled stones. Slippery down and slippery up on flaxen again. From an orangered bushed peek I saw through the black bars, water, bluewarmed by reflected yellow, that . . . shimmerpathed across the muted opposite. Then . . . backdown. Carefuldown and over to where thick green tufts of grass, getting old with age, sought to cover swamp-like circled. Surrounded by trees dark. And yellowed speckled fall falling. Spongy thickness under. And two pebbles over sat sitting on a brownblack log, old and splinteredsoft. And there I sat and waited. For . . . forever and a day to pass to nowhere and back again. . . .

A child's "daddy," and voices and nowhere came back to somewhere. So I got up and left. Taking with me the two Walden pebbles and yellowed speckles. Up through the flaxen again and past red fallen fall hugging the trunked earth. And to the sand stoned shore to "Dona." Back.

* * *

Cradle and love the solitude autumned peace. Rustled and leafpicked. Hug it. Even when the dorm is typewritten and did-you-have-a-good-timed. Then unfold it. And wait . . . for winter to fairytale and branches.

STORM

Hara Mitkoff, '66

The shadow of mist falls over the land,
And the light is taken by an unknown hand.
The clouds settle in like a hazy net
And the sky turns black, for the sun has set.

The wind blows about in a horrible wrath
And the leaves whirl around on a nondescript path.
Away in the church the old bell is talking
While up in the heavens the ninepins are rocking.

Then comes the lightning in a great flash of light
And the trees look blue-black and unnaturally bright.
The earth seems upset and the ground seems to shake,
As the wind sweeps the land for what it can take.

A great peal of thunder comes out of the skies
To remind all the land of its monstrous size.
The trees toss about, and the wind seems insane,
As it races away down a weed-stricken lane.

The oaks pitch about on the wild stormy sea
And the fruit is shaken from the old apple tree.
The rain beats down hard and soaks all the land
As the grasses sway down to obey its command.

But the storm quiets down as it tires of play
And it slowly moves on 'til some other day.
The trees gently sway with the winds that remain
And the world settles down under pattering rain.

THE PHANTOM LOVES

Shirley Cain, '63

ELIZABETH couldn't find the right change when she got on the bus. The driver stared passively over her right shoulder at the seemingly melting asphalt street while she peered into the darkness of her change purse. She noticed that the driver had very blue eyes when she looked at him the first time to see if he were the kind who becomes annoyed by a girl who can't find her fare. Men who called out hoarse, impersonal orders always made her jump. She didn't think this one was like that; instead he seemed tired. Not the surface tiredness of waking, but a deeper, intrinsic tiredness which seemed to affect his hands, his right shoulder and ear — even his voice. Lizzie smiled quickly, realizing she had not heard him speak.

Tinkle. She let the dime fall into the box, she looked at his eyes again. They were not clear blue as she had thought at first, but they were stung with tiny bits of light and chips of quartz. Was he married? Probably. With about three children. Maybe even four. No. She would have to find another.

The mornings were clear and bright with the too sweet dampness of New England's Indian Summer. The frame houses were bleakly brown stained. The driver left the folding door open for a block. This allowed the outside air to flush down the aisle.

Lizzie smiled at herself in the mirror over the driver's head. Sometimes she looked away, but the old houses squatting shoulder to shoulder along the street made something inside her move sharply. Would life always be like this? So routine? She inevitably returned to her own image jiggling there above the front window. It always surprised her a little to see her own face among the others. Sometimes she hardly recognized it as her own. On these occasions, she felt an overwhelming desire to see her face as

a stranger might, to know what a stranger might think. Pretty? Passable? EEk! An interesting face, he might nod to himself. Appealing. Wholesome. Lizzie lowered her head and raised her eyes shyly in what she hoped was a winsome manner. In the mirror she looked slightly sick.

She sat up with a jerk. Glanced nervously out of the corner of her eye to see if anyone had noticed her foolishness. Across the aisle, a very thin young man with long, dark hair that looked freshly combed and slick with water was staring at her feet. No shoes? Impossible, I always put them on. Wish he would stop staring. His white shirt was rumpled and Lizzie had the feeling he spat on sidewalks. I can do better than that. She hid her feet back under the seat and turned to the window.

The houses were no longer fat bungalows looking over their screened porches to tiny, well clipped lawns. The bus was nearing Roxbury now, and the houses were great old rambling shapes with wood of softened gray. For years she had seen these houses with their yards covered by the soft dust of a well traveled pathway, spread lightly over brown mud. The grassless, shaded yards, littered with rusty remnants of nothing, were a fixed part of the journey to Roxbury. They represented *all* the journeys she had made. Will they go on forever? Will an end ever come? The smaller houses were protected from the street by picket fences in various stages of disrepair. Weeds grew among the flowers. And sitting on empty milk cartons or just plain standing were the dark people. They smoked, watched and talked. These, too, she could remember from all her trips.

She saw the bare feet of velvet-skinned children running. A slight Negro girl stood in a doorway, casually holding a half-naked child in one arm. She was leaning against a wall Lizzie could see her eyes quite clearly, they were the color of wet oak leaves in the fall. They looked out into the morning and saw nothing. Would she get that way? Would life cease to have meaning?

The slow-moving warmth of that section of town melted into dark red buildings. The city. Lizzie hated the glaring brightness of streets and buildings. She looked down at

her hands. Her fingers tapered to blunt ends. She bit her nails. She wasn't pretty, that was that.

Mother always said every young girl was pretty and that when Elizabeth was older and happily married she would laugh at herself for being silly. Why does she have to call me Elizabeth? It made Lizzie mad. She felt like crying, but mostly she wanted to scream. Mother didn't understand; she couldn't know. Close to nineteen and never been kissed. Except once, in the third grade, by a horrible little boy who sucked his thumb. That didn't count. She couldn't talk to boys. The only ones who seemed interested were the dark and oily and not quite clean. Just like the one across the aisle. But you can't tell that to Mother! Actually, it didn't bother her much, the part about being kissed, but sometimes she thought about it.

Just under the window, someone had scratched an awkward message: "The Phantom Loves Agnes." Lizzie read the words, wondering about the Phantom. Who was he? Why did he love Agnes? Who put those words there? Agnes? The Phantom? Someone else? She imagined two or three little children, giggling and whistling and watching the back of the driver's head as they walked away. Why had they done it?

Lizzie got off the bus with a crowd of determined, perspiring women who disappeared in various directions. She stood a moment on the sidewalk, holding her purse close to her stomach, and saying under her breath, "Size eleven, perhaps a silk, something for informal evenings, size eleven, light green or blue, informal."

She walked over to the curb and waited impatiently for the light to turn. One. Two. Three. Fo . . . there. She walked briskly across the street. The others lacked her vigor.

Once in the store, she kept repeating the phrases over and over to herself. Hate salesladies. They are such menaces. They spoke in intimate terms reserved only for children. Honey. Dear. Dearie.

Mother and Elizabeth had always shopped together when she was little. How special those expeditions had been! The perfect dress had always been found. But now

she was grown up and had to exercise her own taste. It was so difficult to talk to salesladies. Most of the time she bought something perfectly horrible simply because it was an easy way out. Today, she would be an adult. She felt more at ease with adults than children. But then, saleslades were not at all like adults.

Hmmmmmm. As she stepped from the escalator, she caught her heel. No one noticed.

The villain struck from behind as Lizzie scanned the dress racks. " Are you being waited on? " Lizzie jumped. Turning around slowly, she tried to answer casually.

"What size?" The woman's voice was crisp.

"Uhhh, eleven, I believe. Yes. Something for an informal evening." It sounded ridiculous. She went on quickly.

"Something in a blue or green, uh" her voice faded as she followed the woman. She was afraid she was blushing.

The dresses hung dark on the rack. Lizzie looked at each one carefully, standing with her weight on one foot. Once, when she glanced up, she found the saleslady staring at her.

In the dressing room, Lizzie was glad to be alone. She hated undressing before strangers. This woman was not so difficult as most. She had thin white hair and the look of old age. It was the neck and face that made Lizzie remember something she did not understand . . . the neck rose painfully in a sharp whine of the tendons; the faded, porous skin sagged damp and aloof about her face. What has life done to her? Did she love? Marry?

The woman pulled back the curtain and stepped inside the cubicle. Lizzie glanced into the mirror and found the woman's eyes looking into hers with a blankness detached from her voice. Lizzie dropped her eyes to the full, dark skirt hem.

As the woman made out the sales slip, she asked Lizzie all the usual questions. Small talk, Lizzie answered automatically. Suddenly the woman's voice became low and hoarse, and for no apparent reason, she stated intimately, " I speak several languages, you know."

The burst of this confidence caught Lizzie off guard, and she could only answer, "Oh."

The woman continued rapidly. "My home is in London.

My son is in college. All American. Everything. My husband and I traveled the continent. I attended school at France."

She began to pack the dress. Lizzie looked down at the gray rug. The woman had no English accent.

"You may wonder why I am working here," she continued. Her fingers worked frantically to tie the string. "Well, my dear, it is difficult to do nothing all day. My hands must be busy. I have been here a long time. Eighteen years." Her voice faded. Lizzie watched with fascination. As she looked into the lady's eyes, she saw again the sadness of nights and afternoons alone.

"Soon I will leave for London." She handed the package to Lizzie. The woman touched her arm.

"Be careful. Honey, be careful!" she whispered.

Lizzie felt the tears sting her eyes. Was she afraid? Of What? The lady? Of life? Of love? She rushed through the store out onto the street. It was still hot. A bus was at the depot.

She had to sit in the sun on the bus. The inner shaking had stopped. She felt detached. Her eyes were dry. She could not stop thinking.

All those people possessed the same strangled look of despondency. The eyes . . . the bus driver, the Negro girl, the saleslady. Their eyes were worn and tired. Had they seen too much or not enough? What was the secret of living?

Outside, people walked, thinking tired thoughts and hating in the same tired way they had been doing for years.

Suddenly Lizzie remembered the words scratched under the window: "The Phantom Loves Agnes." The simple statement seemed to be devoid of the creeping exhaustion of living; and yet, as she thought of it, a frantic sadness clutched at her. The words held the beginning of the terrible secret; a weariness bubbled slowly from the phrase. "The Phantom Loves Agnes" became dark and buried in damp, long grass, but around it hovered the warm perfume of something as delicate and gentle as growing. And the terrible secret seemed close and desirable and quite wonderful; the smudge of weariness was really very small.

FROM THE AFRICAN HILLS

Edith Cheever, '56

Line on line
The sisal stabs its way
Into the sun
From the blanket-stripped hills
Where a red road
Throws her ribboned head
Through the banana bush,
And dust-hewn clouds
Swell up the valleyed skies,
Across the knitted plains
Where gentle Fathers say their prayers
In the peace of the palm and the poor.

Rosed evening fades
Into the wind-thrown teddy bear hills
Of rock-torn peaks;
And a formless drift
Hushes into the sea of cliffs
Singing its hymns in a seamless smile.
Where the giving sun
Burns holes into the hills and disappears —
The earth goes red
And the mist curtains down the peaks
Chinese silked,
Like veils they wish to sleep behind.

Pamela Wilson, '66

SQUELCHED

Jonina Herter, '66

MY SISTER is a beautiful child with a beautiful name. Laurel, however, has bright red hair. That in itself is a danger signal. It is a beacon of caution, yet everyone dares to creep closer and invariably one is singed. Laurel is fire, temper, wisdom, and wit. She is also a punk and very proud of it.

She will not answer to the name Laurel, as it is flowery, and emphatically Laurel is not a blossom. A thorn perhaps, but not a blossom. She will answer to Maggie or Mrs. Kalabash wherever you are. Her tastes are as bold as are her freckles and as brash as her pug nose. Her favorite colors are red and orange worn together. Laurel wants to be noticed.

Nancy is her friend, and Nancy never disagrees. Laurel says Nancy is the turtle and she the hare; but Maggie is a sage rabbit and is too smart to lose the race. Maggie is definitely original and keen. She is, at ten, the author of sixty or seventy poems and constantly carries on her being a pad and a chewed pencil. Her immortal line composed at eight tells of the sea — "The waves were blowing bluely."

Laurel is a leader, not an excellent one, but a domineering, forceful leader. It was indeed sad that Nancy, loyalest of the loyal, changed schools. Maggie became a leader without a disciple, an orator without a public. She tried

new friends but they, like a new pipe, are hard to break in. She brooded, threatened, begged, and pleaded to go to Nancy's new school. No, she could not — absolutely not. My father also has red hair. Laurel turned dramatic and downright trite, for she sobbed huge faucet tears.

White Ashes received special attention. He is her rabbit and she always feeds him extra when she is preparing to run away. She also politely informed the neighbors that her father wasn't interested in education and was trying to stifle her imagination. Naturally poor Laurel had no other choice — run away she must.

She spent her last afternoon with Nancy. Nancy lives in a huge house with her six brothers and sisters. I know it's pretty special because Maggie told me it had five bathrooms. Not one or two, but FIVE! Laurel was not gone overly long, and she went up to our room after returning. She unpacked her suitcases, glued her piggy bank back together, and took the extra food away from her rabbit. When Laurel launches a crusade she never looks back, so I wondered what was wrong. She told me Nancy had lots of work at her new school. She had so much homework that "we weigh it. Three times we weighed it, on three different scales, in three different bathrooms. And you know what, she had fourteen pounds of homework!"

PENDULUM AWARD FOR POETRY

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joan Teachout, '65

I sang with the organ . . .
Joy to the World
Oh, Come All You Faithful
And I smiled.
I laughed at the little boys,
" Bet you a dime I know what state you were born in."
"O.K. Don't run off with the dime."
"Promise."
"State of Sin . . . I won!"
"But I believe all people were born good."
"Pay up . . . I won . . . You said you'd pay!"
We gave him the dime and he ran off and asked an old lady for a cigarette,
I laughed,
Joy to the World
We Three Kings.
The Boston Common glowed
With a busy radiance only Christmas brings,
Trees blooming springlike with colored bulbs,
The manger scene . . . Statued against a row of taxi cabs made me wish I could believe in miracles . . .
But . . . I was happy . . .
For others were.
We sat and smoked, listened, watched . . .
Sailors still tottering from the rough seas . . .
Children walking hand in hand . . .
Grandfathers feeding Comet, Cupid,
Donner and Blitzen with crackles
Sold by vendors,
Men who cared little for vending and less for having to disturb the spirit and unknowingly add to it.

"Popcorn!"
"Peanuts!"
"Feed Santa's reindeer!"
The Old South Church began to
brag of its ancient heritage.
"We Three Kings . . .
Bearing Gifts."
I was so very happy.

The M. T. A. was crowded
But we found a seat in the back.
A little colored boy, asleep on the seat
Woke and hurried off to join his mother . . .
He was happy, too . . . but as shy as one of the statued
sheep in the Common.
His large dark eyes glanced back and forth.
One person and another joined us in the back . . .
Both strangers
Yet strangely friendly; they talked of God, grape jelly,
uncles, children, death and Christmas . . .
They wanted to know each other . . .
But even more wanted each to feel the same spirit of faith
that I felt.
"Once I bought a hunting license.
Froze waiting for a deer to come along.
Even knowing I could never shoot and kill.
I sold my gun a few days later,"
He said.
"I went to ten o'clock mass."
"Oh, that's a nice time to go."
A little girl turned and whispered,
"That's my uncle, he plays school with us and calls me
Ann Klinklehopper."
She leaned out and winked at him,
He smiled and winked back.
Walking to school from Riverside
We sang,
Each our own little song.
Joy to the World.

Joyce Ascher, '65

. . . as I . . . lay dying

Sheila Klein, '63

THEY become I . . . . . I become . . . . . If it were possible to let you know how it is for these people . . . . . A sincere motivation - - - - - - - - - my conviction that there are possibilities for sympathy through descriptions and facts.

I'll tell you that they live in spots that are not fertile — areas usually bordering the more productive land . . . . . victimized by environment, poor soil, malaria, hookworm, heredity, poverty, and tradition, they live . . . . . it is the only way for them to follow . . . . a poor white must marry another poor white . . . . and then child number one, child number two, child number three, child number four, and the poverty, struggling, and suffering continue . . . . to persevere is to go on in a natural pattern where poverty and ignorance "keep" them . . . . is it fair? . . . . where to turn? . . . . what to do ? . . . . how easily acceptance comes.

Of course they must have questions that involve justice . . . . which? - - - - to do or to suffer injustice . . . . what? - - - - is there a true relationship between justice and happiness . . . . why? - - - - is there divine justice where God does have mercy . . . . how? - - - - can justice exist between neighbors (right, might - - making and keeping peace) . . . . what? - - - - are there precepts of justice which are worthwhile to practice (doing good, harming no one, treating equals equally, giving each his own)?

Yet in the end it seems that they inevitably acquiesce . . . it must be enough to be thus content whether they be poor farmer, sharecropper, tenant farmer, or factory worker . . . and all with little or no property . . . they must at times de-

pend upon better-off neighbors . . . no independence, no individualism . . . and it becomes easy to turn to a factory boss or landlord for help . . . habit goes hand in hand with apathy, ease, indolence and laziness . . . one loses any ambition in this world of the survival of the fittest . . . the most unfit don't get ahead . . . from day to day they see that circumstances are not and cannot be sure . . . security is apathy and hedonism . . . after all, if they must accept this life of squalor, want and poverty, why not make the best of it? . . . what a manner of life in drinking, loafing, wasting . . . pleasure seeking on their part accompanies a most fatalistic outlook . . . why be hopeful when chances are that they won't make it? . . . some do, and others, well, it is the way they must follow.

Misery, ridicule, primitive, ignorance - - - - all these words have meaning for the poor white . . . the old Calvinistic outlook which says that heaven is just and we should accept and not try to fight seems to be quite pleasing to the poor white . . . there are the rich and the poor along with the masters and the servants. . . .

They "took what they were given, kept their mouths shut about it, or were thrown off the land." The poor whites cannot do very much about their circumstances, for the law is in the hands of the have's rather than the have not's. The poor whites pay a high price for their existence and do things the hard way. They know destitution, violence, torture, oppression, disease, suffering . . . and meanwhile continue to live.

While these poor whites prevail, I find that as I observe, read about, and imagine their lives through facts, I become sympathetic and affectionate. Maybe I even come close to understanding them. Now I am ready and I want to have the feeling of being put through that remorse, that suspense, that terror .....

William Faulkner Allows. *Sympathizing*

As

I :

Endure

. . . . . *in* As I Lay Dying

I find myself very much involved with people the likes of which I've never encountered before — uneducated, prone to sin, frustrated, and lust driven. "Innocent" and "pure" Dewey Dell is a sinner - - - - - - - - - "dearly beloved" Darl is a ridiculed soul - - - - - - - - - and "precious" Jewel is an underminer. And yet these are human beings with passions, hopes, potentials, and values. William Faulkner treats these poor whites with utter understanding.

Throughout the pilgrimage, to Jefferson to bury the rotting body of Addie, I undergo much . . . I am sickened by description:

> Vardaman: His face appears sunken a little sagging from the bony ridges of eye sockets, nose, gums, as though the wetting had slacked the firmness which had held the skin full; his teeth set in pale gums, are parted a little as if he had been laughing quietly. He lies pole thin in his wet clothes, a little pool of vomit at his head . . . . . .

I am baffled by implications:

> Addie: I gave Anse Dewey Dell to negative Jewel. Then I gave him Vardaman to replace the child I had robbed him of. And now he has three children that are his and not mine. And then I could get ready to die.

I am provoked to thought by ambiguities:

> Addie: The shape of my body where I used to be a virgin is in the shape of a and I . . . couldn't remember Anse.

I am brought to tears by innocence:

Vardaman: My brother he went crazy and he went to Jackson too. Jackson is further away than crazy.

I am convinced by truth:

Peabody: That's what they mean by the love that passeth understanding: that pride, that furious desire to hide that abject nakedness which we bring here with us, carry with us into operating rooms, carry stubbornly and furiously with us into the earth again.

My reactions to his writing convince me that I must sympathize with the Bundrens. I see the members of the family as victims of environment, heredity, and life. Addie must marry Anse!! It is the way she has to pursue. She has Cash, Darl, Jewel, Dewey Dell, and Vardaman, and she is almost completely destroyed. But Jewel enables Addie to see sin and he becomes her salvation (original sin runs through the entire set of interactions). Now that she has discovered a justification for living, Addie can die.

Faulkner gives Addie, as well as all of his other characters, many questions to think about. Is life worth living? Are we here only to struggle and suffer? Does life have any justice at all? Is there a cause for our trouble? Which is the victor - - - - good or evil? The presence of these questions cannot be denied and I am not able to remove them from my mind.

I search for the answers not only for myself, but for each of the characters involved. Faulkner creatively uses the device of "many voices" to intensify my puzzling situation. I become fourteen different people before I finish the books: Addie, Cash, Whitfield, Vardaman, Peabody, Anse, Tull, Dewey Dell, Jewel, Cora, Darl, Samson, and Mac Gowan. With every change of character I experience a different identity. My flesh and spirit are continually in a series of conflicts - - - - conflicts that never end. I am not able to rest for a moment.

Faulkner keeps forcing me to endure physical and mental torture. I may be baffled, frustrated, anxious, sickened, and even convinced - - - - still there is no relief in sight.

As we — the depraved fourteen, and man, and I — are not able to find contentment in Faulkner, is it unfair to say that Faulkner is a man who disrespects the human struggle? Or is there something much more important than this question of a mere lack of respect? For whether he dishonors or admires the human condition, Faulkner is honest, realistic, original, questioning, and above all, difficult. He does not provide a solution, for there is none.

Faulkner does not answer my questions, but I must admit that he gives me one glaring compensation to think of. Descriptions, ambiguities, implications, and truth all give me the knowledge that man (like the poor whites) will prevail.

> "I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance."

THIS IS WHAT I EXPERIENCE .....
THIS IS WHY I SYMPATHIZE .....

CONFORMITY

Georgene Ganezer, '67

If I were crabgrass, and found myself among
A thickly crop of tulips none but yellow,
I'd spread my leaves like a singer filled with song,
Turn toward the mighty sun, and bellow:
HERE I AM!

TRANSIENT VISITOR

Hara Mitkoff, '66

Amidst the leaves he carefully stepped,
Placing each foot
So silently.

The slim white cat came to my door,
Pleading with eyes,
So silently.

He came to eat, to play, to sleep
Accepting all.
He soon wandered off, I know not where,
So silently.

But yet he returns as autumn leaves
Fall from the trees,
So silently.

I see him walk with wary feet
To my door.

For time evermore he shall walk
In my thoughts
So silently.

PENDULUM AWARD FOR ART

Joyce Ascher, '65

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Carol Morrow, '65

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, in *A Farewell to Arms,* proposes that all there is to life is death. "That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was all about." All the effort to survive, the scurrying to the cool end of the log, is in vain. One cannot find significance even through self-reliance. This is where the romanticist's theme of self-realization fails the realist. The optimistic thread that we find in the works of authors such as Emerson becomes impossible for Stephan Crane, Sherwood Anderson, and Ernest Hemingway. A flower, a river, the sun holds no message for humanity — even less for the individual. The person who could find a bond with nature, and actually develop the bond into a personal relationship with God, can no longer go to nature to think. As his thinking becomes more realistic, he finds less meaning in life, until he cannot even bear to think. The self-reliant in the realist's world cannot save himself.

The American Tenente, Henry, is an independent sort of fellow. But unlike the Emersonian self-reliant, Henry is not impressed with the world as he sees it. Nature has no effect as a force. In countless episodes Henry acknowledges the presence of nature, but is indifferent to the existence of any message. "It was all as I had left it except that it was spring." There is no message for Henry for he knows that nature is unconcerned with man. When, during a rain storm, one of the ambulances becomes stuck in some mud, he never asks why it had to rain at this particular time. He knows that there is no consistency or reason in nature. Later Henry escapes being shot by diving into the river and riding the current to safety. He struggles up onto the bank only to hear the river rushing by the same as before.

During the retreat Henry shoots a sergeant who refuses to obey his orders. Again he shows no emotion. The inci-

dent was probably distasteful, but certainly meaningless to Henry. He begins to attend to business without a thought about what had happened. He gives an order and, in the same breath, asks if he hit the sergeant's friend. There is no significance in nature or in life. "The sun was almost out from behind the clouds and the body of the sergeant lay beside the hedge."

Finally, the Tenente shows complete disinterest as he detaches meaning from his own body. His limbs are his, but they propel him in meaningless directions. The inside of his body, his stomach, is hungry. He knows this, but he does not learn Jody's lesson from *The Yearling*. Even his mind gives him no gratification. "The head was mine, but not to use, not to think with, only to remember and not too much to remember." The realist cannot find Catherine in his mind on the floor of the speeding box car. The guns can only feel hard and smell of oil and the canvas can only leak rain.

Henry's self-reliance deepens. He can find no meaning in the war. He detaches himself completely from his duty, his comrades, the cause. With Catherine, Henry plans to stop thinking, acting, being. In this love affair he seeks to be nothing, caught up in a stupor of nothing. Out of uniform for the first time, Henry notes that the civilian trousers are a little floppy.

In the end Hemingway brings about the destruction of his self-reliant. He shows the senseless struggle to find meaning in the epitome of indifferent nature. "The world breaks every one. . . ." "It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too, but there will be no special hurry." It is this way with Catherine and Henry. The unborn child (death) already grows in Catherine as she and Henry set out across the lake to Switzerland. They forget all family and patriotic ties, setting store only in their love for each other. Henry rows the little boat against the current or uses the wind to help them make headway, and the baby kicks. Nature is only a breeze or new fallen snow. She has no warning for the two. They reach Switzerland and fall into a blissful and pleasant life. Then one day the

baby is born dead and Catherine dies. In her oblivion, nature leaves not even a small corner for human indifference — the only self-reliance that Henry could bear. It does not make sense. It is not fair or logical. Life has no more meaning than the empty tin can that Henry found being nosed by a dog. "There isn't anything, dog."

CONTRAST

Georgene Ganezer, '67

Among the rolling hills of avian joy,
Embraced by Mother Nature's tender wing,
Enhanced by air so delicate to breath,
With royal gardens fit to grace a king,
Who might look up and marvel with the eye,
That children fingerpainted on the sky,
A place where one might stand on sloping hill,
In rapture to behold, in pain to cry.

For there within the realms of living art,
Engulfed by visions still beyond our ken,
These wretched few, like birds with clipped wings,
Ne'er to fly and join this world of men,
But to rest inside protective little hives,
And try to find a reason for their lives.

A MOUSE IN A MAZE

Bettie Doherty, '66

DID you ever get the feeling you were cornered, trapped in a little nook never to be freed? A cringing little mouse did as he sat looking through a wire cage and seeing other mice playing and having fun. This mouse had no room to move. All he could do was observe and think. But the warden didn't like him to think. The mouse was there as part of an experiment, the experiment of controlling a life. The warden had had him since birth and decided to let him see life but never to be able to live his own. It must be fun to live two lives, yours and someone else's. But this little mouse would never get the chance, for his life was planned for him and he was taught to accept it. Every time he'd ask the warden why he couldn't do as others did, he was told that he was not ready yet to make decisions and to wait until he was matured. Then his big day came. The warden put him into a maze. Here, he thought, he could romp and play as he chose. The mouse soon found out that even the maze had been planned out and he really didn't have much choice of direction. The maze started with a small corridor, with rows of glass doors on either side. The mouse stopped to examine these. On each door were black letters spelling different words. The first door said High School, so the mouse tried to open it and was surprised when it yielded to his touch. He stepped inside and it locked behind him. Now he was in front of two more glass doors.

As he looked through one he saw boys and girls studying together in a bright cheery class room. Then all of a sudden he saw them all having fun together, dancing, driving around, and some engaged in typical mouse talk. This looked very appealing to him. He didn't mind working and it all looked so wonderful. Now he remembered the other door. Through this he saw a dismal-looking class of mice

studying diligently. In the front of the room was a sad-looking black figure. The whole sight repelled the mouse, and he made a dive for the other door. This time the door didn't open. It was locked. Then he saw the second door open, but he did not want to enter. The mouse asked the warden why the first door was locked. The warden laughed and replied, "This is where you are to go. You're too young yet to make your own decisions and besides you will be a better mouse for it."

There was nothing to do but enter because all other doors were blocked.

For three years the mouse asked the warden if he could transfer from this horrid place, and each year the warden gave the same reply. "You'll be a better mouse if you stay."

The warden wasn't completely mean though. The mouse met a few other selected mice and had some fun, but he always returned to the drab classroom with the intangible black figure in the front of it. It was here the mouse was taught to think along narrow lines and to see only certain things to be good. When he asked the black figure, "Why?" he never got a satisfactory answer any more than he had when he asked the warden, "Why?"

He still was in a glass world and could see how other mice lived. He tried to weigh how he was taught with what he saw other mice doing, and came to his own conclusions. This, however, the warden hadn't expected, and so when the door of high school closed, and the college door opened, the mouse had his own mind all made up.

In the college section of the maze there were three doors. One pictured young men and women mice strolling along the campus hand in hand. He figured he couldn't make that big a jump, from an almost cloistered life to becoming a mouse of the world. Besides even if he wanted to he knew the warden wouldn't agree. He also knew that door was locked anyway. There still were two more doors. Through one he saw the grim black figures again. He couldn't bear the thought of another few years with them. The third door was the only one left. Here he saw many mice of different faiths and beliefs. The Professors seemed to have friendly faces so he decided that this was the only

door he could choose. The warden preferred the black somber atmosphere which would continue the narrow-minded indoctrination into life. The mouse stood firm in his judgment so the warden unlocked the door. The mouse was finally making his own decisions.

He continued along happily and the warden let him make a few minor decisions. This gave the mouse a satisfied feeling, something he had not much experienced before.

He wanted to do as his friends did. Yet he found almost all the doors locked and he still was completely under the warden's influence. He realized the warden had the keys and only through him could the doors be opened. Both the warden and the mouse were persistent in trying to gain the power of the keys.

In college the mouse learned to think for himself and soon was able to argue his way into gaining a key. But the warden had a favorite phrase, "I'd prefer you didn't." Against this there was no argument and no door key could be obtained. The poor mouse went through life chasing keys that never could be reached.

He lost his college friends because they went through different glass doors, some to careers in politics, some through the door of marriage and some the door to failure. But still he just chased after keys that the warden kept away.

Finally the warden died, but the mouse was too set in his course to be able to change. Now he sits in a wire cage at the end of the maze and plays with the keys. They have come too late and now he waits for a new warden.

BUT WHAT IF THE BOMB TOMORROW?

Dianne Bass, '67

A child plays . . .
rolling in the grass,
'til his pants are stained green
tickling his chin with dandelions,
giggling to discover he likes butter
lazily lying on his back,
watching the fluffy white clouds
dreaming of what he will be when he grows up,
maybe a fireman, or a policeman, or a conductor
But what if the bomb tomorrow?

A young man studies . . .
he learns of past civilizations,
Greek and Roman
he studies psychology,
to learn the "why's" of human behavior
he studies art,
of color, and hue, and intensity
he is eager to work and learn,
toward the promise of the days to come
But what if the bomb tomorrow?

A man works, and worries, and loves . . .
he works hard,
to support his family
he worries,
will he be able to provide for all their needs,
he loves his family,
he gives of himself for them
he plans for them,
for their futures
But what if the bomb tomorrow?

An old man reminisces . . .
as a child he played,
romping in the fields
as a young man he studied
art, and science, and psychology
as a father he worked
to provide both love and material wealth for his family
and now he is old,
and he wants his son to enjoy the same full life.
But what if the bomb tomorrow?

Joan Teachout, '65

BUT THEN FACE TO FACE

Juanita L. Johnston, '65

WHAT is this that has happened? Is it possible that a man may be made perfect; it would seem that he might. I shall write down all that I have seen my friend do; let this speak for itself for I do not understand. One day he spoke to me concerning what he planned to do. He said, "I will take a child and I will provide him with teachers so that he will learn to be perfect. For I believe that what he is taught when he is young, that he will be. From his early childhood, I will surround him with the qualities which make him a perfect man. This child will imitate those around him and will learn from them; this child of mine will grow to be the perfect man."

And my friend took a child and gave him nine teachers who were to teach him by being — for that was his idea. They, each of them, sat with the child and taught him what each knew. And he listened well and thought about what they taught him. He was young and did not understand (nor when he was grown would he remember, but then he would know).

And the teachers spoke to John, which was the child's name; they spoke, each in their turn.

First Teacher: Be patient
and John asked: Why must I be patient?
Second Teacher: Be kind
and John asked: Why must I be kind?
Third Teacher: Be generous
and John asked: Why must I be generous?
Fourth Teacher: Be humble
and John asked: Why must I be humble?
Fifth Teacher: Be courteous
and John asked: Why must I be courteous?
Sixth Teacher: Be unselfish
and John asked: Why must I be unselfish?

Seventh Teacher: Be of good temper
and John asked: Why must I be of good temper?
Eighth Teacher: Be guileless
and John asked: Why must I be guileless?
Ninth Teacher: Be sincere
and John asked: Why must I be sincere?

And the nine teachers left, and my friend said to John what he had read in Rilke once:

"Do not search for answers to be given you; if given, they would be of no use, for you could not live them. For the present live in the questions and little by little almost unconsciously you will enter the answers and live them also."

I saw my friend from time to time and often he would tell me of the child, John. The child was growing more perfect at all times, and my friend was pleased that his ideas and methods of teaching the child were working. For each teacher was that which he taught — the first teacher who taught patience was patient with John, and John soon too learned to be patient. One day my friend invited me to meet the boy, John.

I walked into the room where he sat with the Fifth Teacher; he excused himself, and I sat with the boy. He was a fair and healthy youth; his hands were those which had known work; his eyes were kind and trusting; his clothing was simple. He spoke a welcome, and I knew he was glad I had come — he had known only his nine teachers, for my friend had wanted no bad influence on the boy. His voice was quiet and clear, and I had never heard such a voice as his was. Yet I answered, for he made me feel that I too had something of worth to say. He told me of his life and the walks he took and the beautiful things he saw, and the words danced from his mouth through the room; but there was a sadness in his eyes.

He told me about his nine teachers and his lessons. He had been patient with his teachers for though he did not understand why he must do as they said, he did. He knew that someday he would be ready and he would understand.

He had worked hard at his lessons and I could see he had learned them well. My friend was right — soon he would be perfect. And I loved him, and though he knew — I spoke my thoughts to him. The boy spoke no more but sat quietly and thought.

The time for my visit must have come to an end for his nine teachers entered the room — my friend also. Then John looked at each one; each of his nine teachers and myself and my friend — my friend looked frightened for he saw a change in John. Then the boy John spoke to us,

"Now I know the answer to the questions which I asked you long ago when I was a child. I must be patient, and kind, and sincere, and all these things which you have so faithfully taught me — for love — that I may love and be loved. But I am not worthy," and he wept. My friend had succeeded.

ONLY A PICTURE OF A SIXTH GRADE SUMMER

Joan Teachout, '65

Only a picture of a sixth grade summer,
Stroking the dead gull
Pretending the lost and golden haired child
Without a mirror . . . lake hard upon the gravel shore
. . . stroking my forehead
. . . feeding my brothers with frogs
. . . sending them on their endless viking
funerals.
Burning milk cartons, a waxy dirge in running time.
Running, running fast over stones and glass
But you see, don't you? you see?
I tripped and fell
Laughing as blood ran over shedded snake skin
And broken shell.

A FEW COURAGEOUS VOICES

Patricia Egan, '66

" 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
(Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn")

"Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."
(Emerson, "Each and All")

"I could devote and dedicate forever
To the truths we keep coming back to."
(Frost, "The Black Cottage")

YEARS pass, many years, yet men who never knew each other think the same thoughts and feel the same emotions. The men responsible for the quotes above have tried to tell people, have tried to teach us. So often we do not listen, or will not listen, because we are afraid of ideas different from our own.

Be it Vaughan, Wordsworth, Keats or Frost, they have the same things to tell us if only we would listen. If you wish, call them Romanticists or Transcendentalists, for that is what they have been titled. There are, however, men like Frost who cannot be put into any category. Yet Frost felt what Vaughan and Wordsworth and Emerson felt before him and, hopefully, what men to come after his time will also feel. The point is this: give these men a title if you

must, it matters little what you call them. Rich and poor, young and old have much to gain if they would only listen and try to understand what a few courageous voices have tried to tell mankind.

I see a definite connection between the men previously mentioned; their minds worked along the same lines. Perhaps they understood the world a little better than most of us. All of them have tried to get man moving, to stir his mind or body in some way. It is said of Emerson that "he sent ten thousand sons to war." Frost creeps into your mind and makes you think about anything and everything. Keats supported revolution; Wordsworth fought for a new kind of learning without the great emphasis on books.

All of these men did not intend to become teachers of humanity but, nevertheless, most of them had their own ideas about the learning process. Let us start before the Romantic Period with Vaughan, who stated that man could learn and be cured of his misunderstandings and sinfulness by turning to

> "The blades of grass, thy creatures feeding.
> The trees, their leaves; the flowers, their seeding;
> The dust of which I am a part;
> The stones much softer than my heart; . . ."

Later, during the Romantic Period, Wordsworth felt that

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

Years later Emerson said much the same thing to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard.

> "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. . . . They are for nothing but to inspire. . . . Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workyard make. . . ."

Not too long ago Frost told of what he learned from the dawn and a butterfly in "The Tuft of Flowers"

". . . The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,
That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,
And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone; . . ."

Each period has produced someone who hears the "still sad music of humanity" and wants to do something about it. They keep telling us that there is something higher than us, but we are a part of that which is divine. Perhaps we are connected to the divine by the fact that we are part of Nature as Emerson and Thoreau have stated. If, like Shelley and Keats, we could feel with equal intensity and understanding the plight of the lonely as well as the harmony of a forest — maybe then there would be a kind of peace. Even Frost, who lived in the time of escalators and jet planes, tried to bring us out of the department stores in search of some small truth to be found in a snowstorm or in the sound of trees.

Although their stand was strong, although their private lives were not always virtuous, these poets and thinkers were gentle people. Often they must have been "weary of time" as many of them were not fully accepted. Still they reflect a genuine caring for people. Blake paints a picture of night that expresses clearly his caring for all the creatures of the earth. He tells of angels and of the way

"They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm."

Thoreau, who led a solitary life, could easily have had no use for gentleness. Still by the very nature of what he believed, he had a gentleness about him. This is made obvious in "To the Maiden in The East" when he said

"That some attentive cloud
Did pause amid the crowd
over my head,
While gentle things were said."

Frost in "A Prayer in Spring" shows both a gentleness and a hope for the future.

"Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year."

It must have been a great strain on these men when they spoke and no one listened, when they gave one last try and no one cared. Only during the Romantic Period did they truly flourish. This was a period of revolution. Minds were active; people were ready for something new, something revolutionary. With all this change, people still needed something to hold on to, something to believe in. Blake, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats offered what the people needed, and because of world revolution, what they accepted.

It must be remembered that these men lived at an opportune time in history. People wanted to listen, needed to listen and were willing to listen. True, they were great men. They have given of themselves to mankind; there is no greater gift. However, there have been others; Vaughan came before, Thoreau and Frost came after. The world has not been listening as it should. Can we let wisdom fall on deaf ears?

For each of these men there has been loneliness. But even in their loneliness they set an example for people everywhere. For everyone there should be something to turn to, something that will be — always. For Keats there was the nightingale, forever singing

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

For Emerson it was the spirit of Spring that renewed his soul.

"Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old; . . ."

For Frost it was "something like a star" that put his thoughts in balance

> "So when at times the mob is swayed
> To carry praise or blame too far,
> We may choose something like a star
> To stay our minds on and be staid."

There are many lessons to be learned and many questions to be asked before this earth knows where it is going. The problem is that too few people wish to teach and fewer dare to question. It is indeed fortunate that these men have shared their thoughts, for they have influenced all who have seriously read them. Their thoughts have aided the spirit of physical revolution but their aim is not war and chaos. Because their thinking is different upheavals have developed, but the objective of this thought, this feeling, is peace and understanding. Perhaps the earth is not yet ready for peace; perhaps this handful of men came too soon. But this I know: they looked, they listened and they understood. Only they seemed to know and to believe that

> "When a man lives with God his voice
> shall be as sweet as the murmur of
> the brook and the rustle of the corn."

Joyce Ascher, '65

SNOWFALL

Hara Mitkoff, '66

I watch
The frozen snowflakes fall,
Gently, swiftly, noiselessly,
Subject to the fickle breath
Of the wind.

I see
The downy flakes dance
To the wind's chants and
Swirl downward to the
Waiting earth.

I look
At the alpine hills
They cap, the furred trees
They stroke, and the imperfections
That they heal.

I touch
The gossamer flakes
As swiftly, sadly
They crumble
On my hand.

I know
They're falling everywhere,
But somehow I think
They're falling only here,
Just for me.

I realize
They fall on all men,
Equally — no discrimination.
If we could
Be as they!

I hope
That everywhere they fall
Peace and joy and love
Go with them, these visitors
Of the sky.

Nancy Melcher, '64

THE ROAD TAKEN

Lois Sommerfeld, '65

WHERE am I? What's wrong? Can't open my eyes. Something's on them — what? Hurt all over — why? Can't move. That smell . . . must be a hospital. Wonder how bad I am? Can't remember a . . . A tree . . .? Yes that's right. Better start at the beginning. Must have been an accident. What was I doing? Some of its comes back.

It was raining that day as it had rained the day before that and the day before that. Maybe that was why. . . . If it hadn't rained maybe. . . . What difference does it make? It rained and there was an accident, but what happened? She didn't know what she was doing, but that's not much of a consolation. I hurt. I feel sorry for her, but how about me? Feel sorry for myself, too. I wonder how she is? I wonder if she can open her eyes? I'll ask the nurse when she comes in. She won't tell me the truth, but I'll ask anyway.

What did she do? It's still not very clear, but more is coming back to me. I remember I didn't really want to go to town. The mud was worse than any spring I could recall. Why did I go? Oh yes, I needed . . . at least I thought I needed . . . what was it? I know it was important. Maybe . . . well anyway it doesn't matter, I didn't get it. I went. The roads were all mud, but we had the jeep. I thought . . . I mean with four wheel drive and all. No, I should have stayed in the house. She couldn't drive on dry roads with the sun shining let alone in mud season. We slid all over the road. She laughed. It was like ice she said. It was funny, but she should have paid more attention. The mud was red, I hate it. It makes me mad. Every year we get mud-bound for a month, but this isn't what I want to remember. What happened?

She stepped on the gas, and we slipped more. We just missed hitting that boy and his dog. It didn't seem to

matter then. I said something to her. What was it? I think I said something. The boy shouldn't have been in the rain anyway. She shouldn't have laughed so much. She drove so fast. I can't remember . . . Why? She stopped laughing. Yes, that's it. She stopped laughing and then . . . and then everything went . . . No, no something happened before that. I'm so tired but can't go to sleep 'til I remember what. . . .

After she stopped laughing she became very serious and held the wheel tightly with both hands. Yes and stared straight ahead, too. She knew we would hit the tree. She aimed right for it and pushed the gas pedal to the floor. No, that couldn't be right. Why would she have done that? She couldn't have. What happened? That's what I remember. I said something to her about the tree or being crazy or maybe both. She didn't hear me or at least look like she heard me. She just stared straight ahead as if she were hypnotized. Could she have done that? She must have. I was watching her and that's all. Wasn't quite, I guess, because here I am. Footsteps. Two people. Right beside me. Have to ask. . . .

"How bad is she, Doctor?"

"She's in very critical condition, Nurse. It's a wonder she survived at all from what I've heard about the car. The steering wheel saved her. It's good she was alone; anyone in the passenger's seat would surely have been killed."

A LIGHT BURNS

Lynn Kaplan, '67

A light burns
within the silent house; O what is there,
what griefs and sorrows do they know,
what sad, lonely thoughts do they bare?
But what matter to me if the world itself cries
I can not care.

The stars glow
and glisten in the darkened sky;
what sights and horrors have they seen,
what deeds of men, like a horrid dream,
what saddened thoughts, with murder in their hearts,
what matter to me if they have seen hell
I have seen death.

A form moves
among the trees; in its twisted bark
is seen the years of toil, of strain
alone and unremembered, this unheard pain.
The toil and sorrow of these things are now unsaid.
What matter to me if they have suffered
For he is dead.

NOW I LAY ME

Elaine Frankel, '66

DRIP-drop-drip-drop-drip . . . That is the funniest thing I've ever heard in my whole life. You should be in the movies or someplace.

I love you Daddy. Do you love me? Sometimes I wonder if you love me. Remember the time we went fishing and you yelled at me because I wasn't a boy? I was so hurt I could've cried for two days.

Mother never really understood us at all. I'm glad she left. She was always intense and busy. I've never missed her, not once. You have always been enough for me. Do you *really* love me? At times I wondered whether I tied you down too much. Did I?

Remember the time Grandmother came and was disgusted with the way the house looked? I hate her almost as much as I hate Mother. Do you mind if I call Mother Doris from now on? I'd like to very much. It's a queer name and she is queer too.

I'll never forget the puppy I found that day. I named him after you. Did you forget? That's okay, it wasn't important anyway.

Tell me another joke Daddy. Please tell me one more. *Please* Mrs. Simmonds leave me alone. My Father and I are talking. We have a lot to discuss before they take him away.

Damn it, damn it — DAMN IT — I loved him more than anyone or anything in the whole world. He was all I had. Now I have no one. Please let us talk a little while longer before we leave.

Daddy, honey, I always tried hard for you. I always will. Please stay with me. I'll take care of you. Come back to me — try hard to come back.

I'm talking foolishly. I know — I said I KNOW — you'll never come back. You're dead, you know. Damn it you're

dead. . . . If only it was Mother who died — Doris I mean — everything would have been okay. Neither of us would have missed her and she has no one else. But I miss you Daddy. Even when I can still see you I miss you. What'll I do when you're farther away.

Will G-d help me Daddy? Do you remember when you and I used to kneel and say our prayers together? I always hated to say them. My knees would hurt. Then you would tuck me in and hug me.

I hope I remember how to pray. Since I've been a big girl I've overlooked praying. I never told you that but I'm telling you now.

Are you mad at me? Do you still love me? I want to touch you Daddy but I'm afraid. They'll be coming to get you soon. I'm not going to cry. I remember you told me never to cry — that was before you were resigned to the fact that I was a girl.

But I won't cry. I wish you were just sleeping. I'd come up and tickle you and then laugh when you jumped up. Wake up Daddy, please wake up. I'm very scared now. All the other people are coming in to take a last look. Don't they know you're *mine*? Don't worry Daddy I won't let anyone touch you.

I'll protect you. Please don't be afraid. Help, Help, Help — my father is dead. My mind is going blank Daddy. Damn it my face is all wet. I promised I wouldn't cry. I'll smile for you Daddy. Open your eyes and look at me. Please, please, please look at me.

Here they come. Give me your hand. Never mind I'll take it. We'll wait together . . .

Roberta Goldberg, '66

POEM TO A DEAF CHILD

Joan Teachout, '65

Everyone knew . . . knew her parents watched
Smiled at me shyly . . . lovingly asking questions
while turning down my bed
To wait for Laura.

She was old and beautiful,
Not a child.
In my dream she was an angel . . . but I remember her face
sad and wanting,
And her hands clenched tight as my fingers took hers and
held them on my throat and mouth

I remember
I had to hold her head in a vice . . . so she would look at me
But her parents watched
And she did not hear

I say this to you lightly
Because I am apologizing.

HERSELF

Jonina Herter, '66

Sometimes she limped. Denied it though. That meant a flaw, which in turn pointed tragedy. Tragedy — the Greek kind and she knew all about that. They didn't think her tragic, it was her own idea.

Her name was Susan Reed. The kids told me that. Children always know facts that you least expect. Susan Reed stood straight even in the heat-burdened days of August. That summer Susan wore a bikini — gray and white patterned. Bikinis were not "in" that year and the young matrons with bulging stomachs or fleshy thighs dwelt on her attire long enough to pass the sage judgment that it was the European phase in her life. Having exhausted Susan's appearance they turned to more worldly topics — their own children, the pot-bellied Neds and the pigtailed Gayles. That subject, along with husbands and cocktail dips, occupied the conversation every morning of every day of every week of the summer months. The bikini would quietly disarrange herself from the "homing" group and limp ever so slightly to the rocks that matched her veiled gray eyes. Always with her was a sketch pad in which she did line drawings. It disturbed her to have anyone look over her shoulder, but often I found myself at her elbow judging those stark drawings with the immense knowledge of art that a fifteen-year-old possesses. Susan always picked a secluded perch, but on weekends there were many companions attempting conversation with her. These intruders were the husbands, the weekend residents of Annisquam, with their sunburned noses and unruly sons begging attention.

I soon watched Susan Reed and Margot constantly. I was paid to watch Margot, though. Daily she limped past me, daily my curiosity arose. When I did find out about

her I wept for Susan with an intensity that was shared only by my sorrow when reading JANE EYRE. I got the dope from those four-foot wizards called children. Muffin told me. Muffin, whose real name was Elizabeth, was a solemn youngster of ten who had enormous chocolate eyes and who was almost Susan's niece. Muffin whispered in my ear that Susan was thirty-two and had a broken heart because of a "thwarted love." P. D., who was Muffin's brother, further announced for the whole beach to hear that Susan was engaged to their uncle but when he went to Italy on a business trip he fell "out of love with Susan and in love with an Italian beauty." P. D. always talked loud because someday he would be an executive like his father and people would then call him Preston Dawes Littlefield instead of P. D.

The story of the limp came later. Her sister was relating the event to a plump, thick-ankled lady when I was listening one afternoon. It seems Susan could not stand defeat especially in love. A year ago her VW turned over and Susan had the limp instead of a coffin. That, too, was tragic because twice she had failed, in love and in death. Flaws again.

Summers must end as days, weeks and lives must also end. Susan told me that last day, as we both said farewell to the beach, of her wish to mend two flaws. For once I was silent. She did not know that I was aware of those two failures. Last August on one of those heat-burdened days that I remembered so well I went to visit Annisquam and the beach once more. Muffin had grown and Preston Dawes was surrounded by a bevy of girls in bikinis. They were "in" last summer. Unconsciously I looked for Susan Reed and I saw her on those gray rocks. She stooped a little and there was extra flesh on her thighs. I went to say hello and goodbye once again. She introduced me to a large middle-aged man with a sunburned nose. He was her husband. Guessing my surprise she nodded and said, "Yes, flaw number three." Susan had become a mere mortal.

Pamela Wilson, '66

DECISIONS

Carole Lindeman, '66

I have been walking
along a beach —
a shell
among its own sand
glitters . . .

I have touched it
and caressed it —
a shell
and made it mine
it glitters . . .

I have taken it home
and looked at it —
a shell
a flaw I found
it glitters?

Must I throw it back
or keep it?
a shell
that was once mine
glitters?

Shall I?

Keep it near
so I may
have it
when I need it
to glitter?

Or shall I?

Throw it back
where it belongs
so I may
not have it
to glitter?

Decisions . . .

RECOGNITION FOR BEST HAIKU IN FALL CONTEST

HAIKU

Beth Krinsky, '65

Grey clouds in the sky;
Raindrops fall in my garden.
The winds sing sad tales.

"Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be."

Longfellow — Morituri Salutamus

Best Wishes from the

Student Government Association

1963-1964

Best Wishes

from

the

Class

of

1964

Compliments

of

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Kaye

BEACON HILL PHARMACY

122 BOWDOIN STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

BENCE PHARMACY

Your Drugstore

Has Everything

(Prescription Service)

From a Friend

Compliments

of

the

Class

of

1966

Compliments

of

the

Class

of

1967

Compliments

of

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE MOTOR HOTEL

Phone: 491-1000

1651 MASS. AVE.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Leon Marty Patisserie Francaise

Sandwiches

Quiche-
Lorraine

54 BOYLSTON ST.
HARVARD SQUARE
EL 4-8247

CAPRI

1691 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Open 9 a.m.-1 a.m.

Friday and Saturday 'til 2 a.m.

Especially for you . . .

EXCITING CLOTHES

Chosen by

LUCILLE* and *VIVIAN

435 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass.

1668 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

10% discount to Lesley Students