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INSIGHT

Carolyn Rae McGarrigle

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial

One night Chuang Tsu, a legendary Chinese philosopher, dreamt that he was a butterfly. Awake, he considered the implications of his dream and then spent the rest of his life contemplating whether he was a man or a butterfly thinking on man. Chuang Tsu's perplexity is philosophically interesting, but most important is the fact that the philosopher had a new idea; he thought of himself in terms which he had never before imagined. In a lesser way, we have a similar experience when viewing a familiar sight in different perspectives. We often walk down the same country road or city street, until one day, we suddenly become aware of a factor in the setting which we had never before noticed—the unique shape of a particular tree along the side of the road or the detailed sculpture at the top of an old building. Occasionally, reading affords such an experience. After reading a passage once and deriving little meaning from it, we may perhaps turn to it again and recognize a signficance which had been overlooked upon first examination. Elated by this revelation, this understanding of an idea which had not been grasped, we have the satisfaction of a creator moulding in our minds images and thoughts which were previously unformed.

This spring issue of *Insight* is dedicated to the imaginative mind—the mind which materially creates, and the mind which, like Chuang Tsu, creates by contemplation. Works of considerable variety have been included: a study of modern dance; an original musical composition; a critical essay; short stories; poems with different forms and tones; and art work. All of the material may not appeal to every reader, and each individual will have personal preferences. The staff, therefore, anticipates criticism of the magazine as a whole as well as criticism of the various pieces.

The material in this issue is by no means the only creative work of merit which has been written by students. Much good campus writing has not been submitted to the magazine for consideration, and some contributions have been held for publication in another issue. We wish to thank those who submitted work for the current issue and to remind those who intended to write, and did not, that we look forward to your future contributions.

PAT WERTHEIM '60

And The Children Brought Forth

Bring forth the blind people that have
eyes, and the deaf that have ears . . .

Before she travailed, she brought forth;
before her pain came she was delivered
of a man child.

For ye shall go out with joy and be led
forth with peace: and the mountains and the
hills shall break forth before you into
singing, and all the trees of the field
shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the
fir tree, and instead of the briar shall
come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be
to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting
sign that shall not be cut off.

And they shall go forth, and look upon
the carcasses of the men that have trans-
gressed against me: for their worm shall
not die, neither shall their fire be quenched;
and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.

—ISAIAH
43:8; 66:7; 55:12; 13; 66:24

In the middle of the town was a great square. The earth beneath the green grass was black and nourished well the many-colored flowers that grew high and beautiful from deep within it. The people of the town made the square, outside of their homes, the center of their love for life. The old people, especially, liked to sit on the hard benches and feel the warm sunshine on their backs as they talked or watched the children at play. The young people, too, enjoyed their happy days there that gave them good things to remember always. The perfection of the square was marred by only one thing: a whim of the soil or of the air, that prevented any tree from growing higher than the bushes around it. And so the people missed the shade that might be given on a hot day, and the young folks pleased themselves by imagining ownership of a place high above the earth. The lovely flowers were admired greatly; but they were not so fine as would

have been at least one splendid tree in the center of the town. No one, in all the years that the town had existed, had been able to discover the answer to the puzzle. Perhaps a generation would stop trying, satisfied that the most able hands had done their best; and there would pass years that the problem seemed to be forgotten. Until the next generation began to grow and hear the old story and want to prove that it was untrue. And no one stopped them. The whole procedure would start over again, with outsiders called in to show vainly their new information and machinery.

But the people still loved their square. The town continued to grow around it. The children were fond of playing a game with it when they came away from school in the afternoon. They would stalk about it, slowly, until they came to the corners when they would hop past it as quickly as they could before anyone caught them there. And they liked to watch the square itself, as it changed shapes. When they were in one spot it was a square, and at another it was a diamond, and from still another it was long and thin. The fun was in finding the exact moment that it changed each time; and this was very difficult, for it happened slowly, until all of a sudden, when they looked, it was different. Even when they passed by it in the morning, they noted its first shape and eagerly waited to see whether it had changed while they had been away. And they were secretly glad that there were no trees, because their game would be spoiled.

But when the festival was held, everyone thought it a great sadness that there was no tree to make their square more beautiful; for it was a time of joy and thankfulness. Each year all the business stopped and all radios were silenced. Dusty attics were disturbed for the fine old musical instruments that had been carefully put away and untouched since the year before. The busy brusqueness of other times was suddenly forgotten, and no longer did daily tasks seem more important than a visit to a neighbor. The marketplace became filled with generous friends, and even school seemed bearable to the children. And the families of the little farms outside of the village discovered that to rise early each new day was a pleasant thing.

The festival itself was always magnificent. The colored lights and decorations that surrounded the square would lend a magical quality to the darkness that brought wonder to the eyes of the sleepy children. Love would be heard in the music and the laughter, and happiness in the warmth of flashing colors.

Except for one year, during the long war, there was no festival. The people did not need the official order that came, for their young men had left them and the faces of those behind were blank with worry. The children tried to keep their games as a hiding place from the strange heaviness all about them. The young women labored through the day and into the night to learn the forgetfulness of a blurred ecstasy. The farms prospered while

their masters looked from the parts of their land that were barren because there were not enough hands to kindle them into life. And the old ones watched. They saw and felt it all; and they sighed because it was not new, and they stood apart so that their shakiness would not get in the way. The people tried to forget the days as they passed; and when one came that everyone knew and that no one mentioned, it was as though blood, dark and slow and painful, were passing from a wound, beyond anyone's power to change.

But it stopped at last, leaving a dull glow for some, until memories grew dim and became shadows, not to be spoken of because they were hidden. The few strangers who were brought back or who wandered through the town and decided to stay were welcomed, because their presence brought love again and made it easier to wipe away the last sadness.

One of these was dark and straight, a man with strong and gentle hands that loved the earth. He drifted into the town and settled quietly to the task of working the soil, with a family that needed a son. The people of the village hardly realized, and quickly forgot, that he had come to them instead of having been born to them. He found it easy to love the town. He learned the games of the children and told them stories that took away their fear and made them ashamed of their little wicked deeds. And little by little, he learned the story of the square and its festival and the wish for a tree that would grow tall and thick and handsome. The tale was told with slow, embarrassed words at first to cover the hope that was beginning to gather once more. It had been a long time since anyone had tried to disprove the legend. The children who had played were grown, or gone, or too busy with other things for thoughts of a tree that would be only pretty. But those who were old, those who had tried, did not forget; and they wondered at the kind, gentle strength of the new one who pleased them with his silence.

His silence was not a scornful one, as some had feared; for during the spring at the end of his first year on the little farm, he planted an oak tree in the center of the square. The seedling was spindly and delicate, and its weakness brought doubt to many. But the planter watched it and cared for it; and it did not die, but grew. Slowly at first, so that its increase could not be noticed, until a day when everyone whispered about the new chance, as the roots began to spread and take hold of the thick soil. A year passed, and the seedling grew. The town pretended to ignore the new excitement that was building. And when, after several years were finished, the wire protecting the slender trunk was removed, the people feared of hoping, because they knew that soon it would have to stop its growth. But it went on, and the tiny leaves that it bore each spring seemed most beautiful of any that the seasons brought forth. And it grew. It reached to gather sunlight and spread to take strength from the earth. It grew until every hope was

quenched. And the flowers flourished beneath it, so that when a breeze stirred them, they laughed and danced in all the glory of their many colors.

But the wise one, he who had touched its bark with a loving hand, was not wise enough to understand it. Each spring the children waited for the tiny acorns that were good to play with, but none appeared. The people chided their little ones for their disappointment and called the tree a jealous beauty, unwilling to give of her splendor. But often they would ask the man, when the children could not hear; and he would not know how to explain. It seemed a curious thing that the tree in all its mightiness was imperfect. He wondered, and his aged face would crack a little each new time.

And then, during the whole of one very cold winter, the leaves did not fall away from the great tree. The wind blew the snow loose, but it did not shake the heaviness from the branches. It alone stood towering like a mad thing, somber and dull, over the shiny town. It became a hideous spectacle that was viewed with fear and hate. The people saw it from the rims of their eyes as they talked; and when they bargained it, the bitterness of the sight was deep within them. The hatred that was for the tree spread until it went out from everyone. And the tree was a loathesome symbol to the people of the town of all that was hateful and shameful and incomprehensible.

But the spring, when it came, with its light breath blew away at last the stubborn leaves; and a few gathered them up quickly, without looking, from the softness of the new, moist earth. Gradually, the town was warmed in the following weeks. The earliest flowers and the grass gave a good thickness and rich color to the square. But the tree at its center stood naked to the sweetness of the new air. And the people grew more angry and resentful at the ugliness of it, and they argued among themselves as they watched it. When they would curse it and try to injure it with little thrusts of their hands, the man would gather them together and stand beneath the tree and speak quietly to them. The rhythm of his words would rock them almost into forgiveness; then someone would cough, or a breeze would push against the hideous branches, and they would hear again the horrible rustle of the leaves. And they would not be able to remember when it had been beautiful. They would know only that the weakness of it had passed and left only a monstrous growth. And he would finally tell them to go away, that he would try to understand.

But he too grew tired; and one night, when he walked a little distance with them and turned back to look, his fists became clenched and his whole body shook with a strange power that he did not recognize. He could not hold himself from calling them back and shouting that it was old and dirty and useless, that he had been too proud, that it was too big to be loved

any more. And then he could not stop them. They stared while a renewed wave of anger engulfed them, and they could not control what they thought. The men rushed to their homes and came back with axes and tools. The people became frantic and rushed with them and hacked against the tree as though they could destroy it forever. The wood was hard beneath their blows, but they cut and dug and pushed until it could withstand no more. The noise of hate and labor rose to a great shout of joy that masked the crash of the oak as it fell. The cry was triumphant, and glittering smiles took away the fear as the people kicked the tree and broke it into chunks for burning. The man stood apart and watched with eyes that were sad and lost and hurt; he tried to rid his body of the wrenching fury that seemed to come from the center of his being. When at last he turned his walk was slow; and he did not look back.

After the tree was carried away it left an imprint, and the next day the grass was yellowed in the place where it had lain. The children learned not to ask idle questions that brought sharp answers. The ground was smoothed over with little trouble, and new grass soon covered the spot where the root had grasped the earth. Soon the little flowers that had been crushed bloomed once more, and the square was made beautiful again with their lovely colors.

BRENDA HITCHCOCK '60

POEM

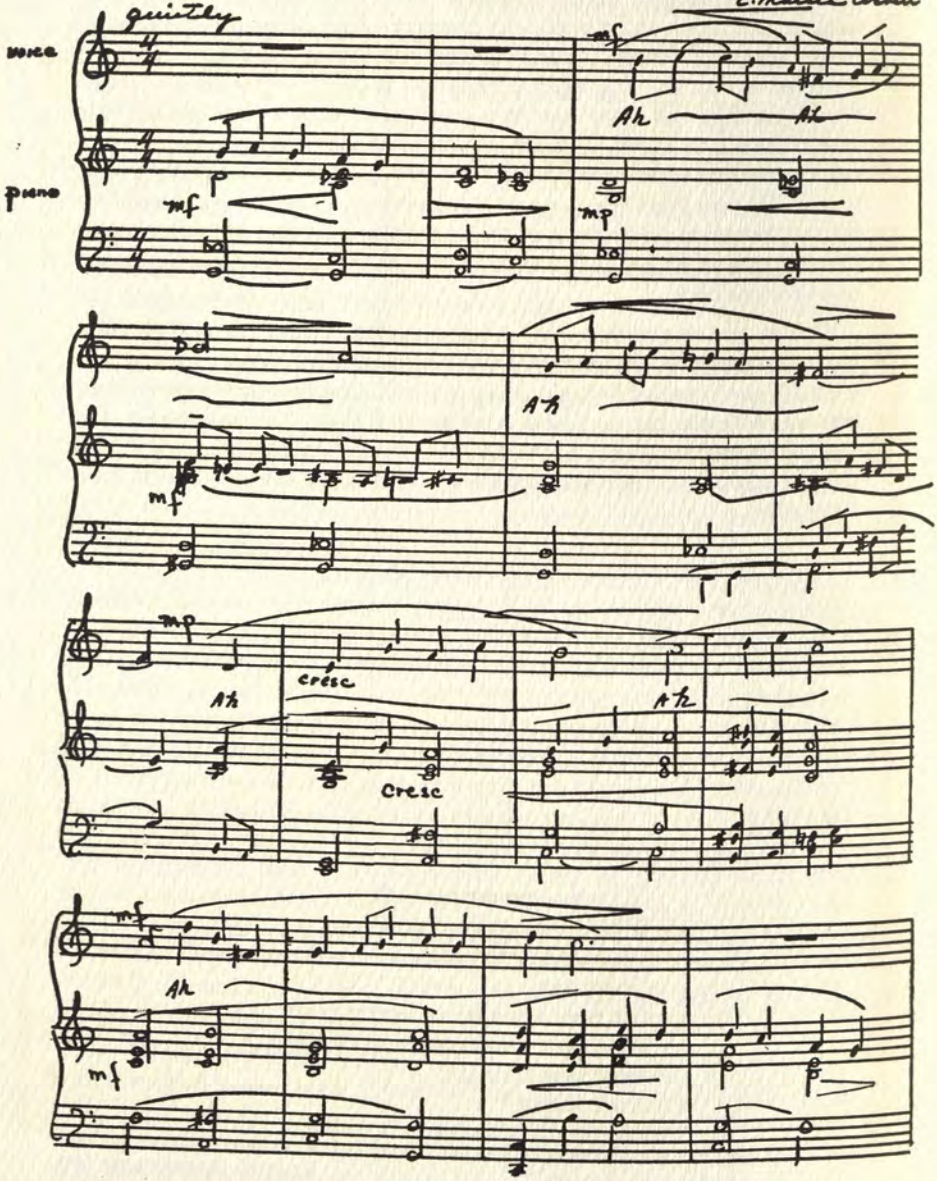
Old man, you are my father,
Which gives you not at all
The right to tell me
Go or stay.
Old men's minds, ice-bound ports,
Harboring frozen seeds of thought,
Begot and unbegot,
Have forgot
The swelling melt that's spring.

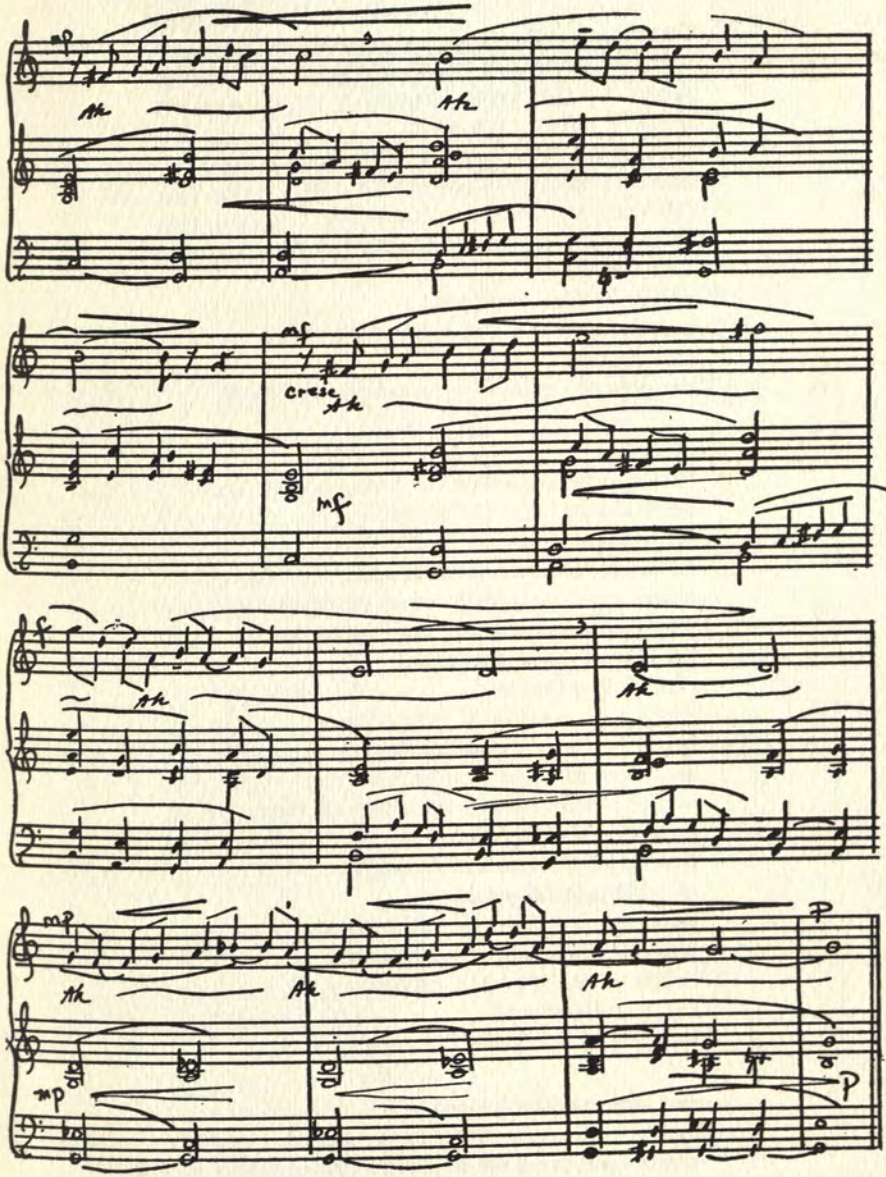
ELAINE ANDERSON '59

Palabra

vocalise for voice and piano

C. Marion Corbett

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POEM

these large feet,
stretched before me on the bed
forget that they belong to me
and will not listen to reason:
the toes are lumped and twisted
into shapes unseeming even for feet,
calloused and begrimed from dirt
on the stairways and in the corridors.
I profess to dislike shoes,
feeling natural without
and wanting freedom from stiff leather;
and, just so,
the pleasure of not doing despite necessity.

these feet,
stretched before me on the bed,
wanted once before of necessity,
many years ago.
a stranger at Genevieve's Studio,
where small girls with round stomachs
and drooping necks are brought to learn
the limitations of movement
picked up a foot and
spoke with a smile of tutus, flowers
lovely ladies . . . and the stage;
and then, to those who brought me,
of the possibilities of such feet as mine.
that child's mind,
filled with the fresh imaginings
of self-made fairy tales,
stood the first day before the mirror
with Madame Genevieve behind,
hands poised, stomach protruding
and spindle-legged,
thinking of the possibilities of such feet.

and, two months hence,
looked at the same image in the mirror
now transformed by hard pink-satined blocks of wood
that made the difference.

now, years having passed
and Genevieve's Studio and a stranger
being only golden dust,
these feet are stretched before me on the bed,
fulfilled by a longing;
the stairway-dirt does not wash off.
still, perhaps it had been better only to say
that there is pleasure in walking barefoot
with years displayed in unseeming feet:
anyone passing might know, since I desire,
of a distortion inflicted by lack of necessity.

MARCIA SIVERMAN '61

SAINT PAULS OUTSIDE THE WALLS

I

The lines of popes
Stretch clear around the church
And high up on the walls
So that their faces are not clear
This one no different from that
They are there only.

Some spaces left blank
Gleam white for the future.
What separates the past
From what is to come
Are the lines of popes
And the disinct color of the gleaming white spaces.

II

Why was it all so yellow
The faded afternoon yellow
Of pressed tea roses
And nicotine stain.

And that's the only thing
I remember—the dim yellow transept
The faint chant of memory,
The crippled boy and his crooked yellow shadow.

DIANA BASSET '60

POEM

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stretched before me on the bed
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DIANA BASSET '60

TOM

Tom, he was the most of all us tragic ones.
We said he looked like Christ and he did
And Christ how he could drink salvations

To the ungenerations of prospering gentiles. Like a kid
He was when Tom was sweet with drink
What a blue eyed baby he was then and we felt big

And clumsy as we watched him sleep it off on the brink
Of some dark innocence that we would never dream.
Then he'd be awake again calling for his glass with a wink

At the whole helluva business that didn't mean
Beans to Tom more than some slant eyed girl
He'd take out walking on the waters and show the scheme

Of love as simple for Tom as giving her a pearl
Which was the moon really to prove that they were wed
In heaven and Tom promised that he would hurl

Her out of hell with his two loving arms when she was dead.
Those crucified eyes of his could make any poor girl see
Not having seen and believe the thorns and halo on Tom's head.

If he wasn't somewhere Tom was reeling in the streets and we
Could hear him flinging soft words hard at the phony
Sky that was too full of the right stars. He

Was as tragic and just as damned lonely,
Tom was as beautiful and broken as the only God we'd known.
He was a drunken bawdy hymn and the only
Form we had of soul incarnate flesh and bone.

CAROLE BATTISTA '59

ROME

Rome
is a city of shooting spray
and fountained gardens
eternally young
and old as the bright spume
of water in stony pools

the human body
glorified in stone
nude woman soft in white water-stained marble
nude man hard and young and beautiful

high above the city
the Capitoline stoic sits boldly
upon his great bronze warhorse
gleaming golden and green
in the late afternoon sun

the fountains no longer sparkling
or tossing in the sunlight
still send skyward their glowing jets
phosphorescent in the twilight
all day long

all through the black night
Rome's fountained city reverberates gently
with the quiet sound of water

ANNE KRULEWITCH '59

VINCENT VAN GOGH

Merry-go-round stars and suns spinning faster;
Dilating rhythms that weave through the quiet universal surge.
Blinding sun, melting the flesh and blurring vision.
Heat made felt in the body, expressed through hands.
Colors absorbed and transferred as fast from eyes to canvas
As from wheat fields to the depth of a human soul.

Hands work faster, their connection with the soul still stronger.
A burning in the eyes reflecting, absorbing,
Transforming, possessing flames of the sun.
Flames whose heat and radiance burn fast, fade, and die.
Sparks remain, the works, the remnants of a life—
Glowing filtered sparks, sometimes fanned to flame again by human breath.

MARION ROCKEFELLER '60

MODERN DANCE

Modern Dance is an art form, and an exceedingly important one. The following paragraphs have been designed to give you a taste of Modern Dance and of the dancers who perform it.

Modern Dance belongs to pre-history. Man could not explain or understand the great mysteries of nature and the ideas by which he was moved. These demonic powers were found to be adequately expressed in only one manner—through dance movements. Concern with the problems of these life forces was the original backbone of dance and is still important although the emphasis has changed from problems of natural powers to those of philosophical powers. Man's scientific problems which related him to nature were answered leaving his thoughts and mental experiences to be further developed. The titles of dances themselves give certain clues which reveal the relationship of the specific dance to the world of today: "Descent into the Dream," "Man's Fate," "Flowers, Trains, Trunks and Things." The dancer is groping for a non-discursive means through which he may express his inner life.

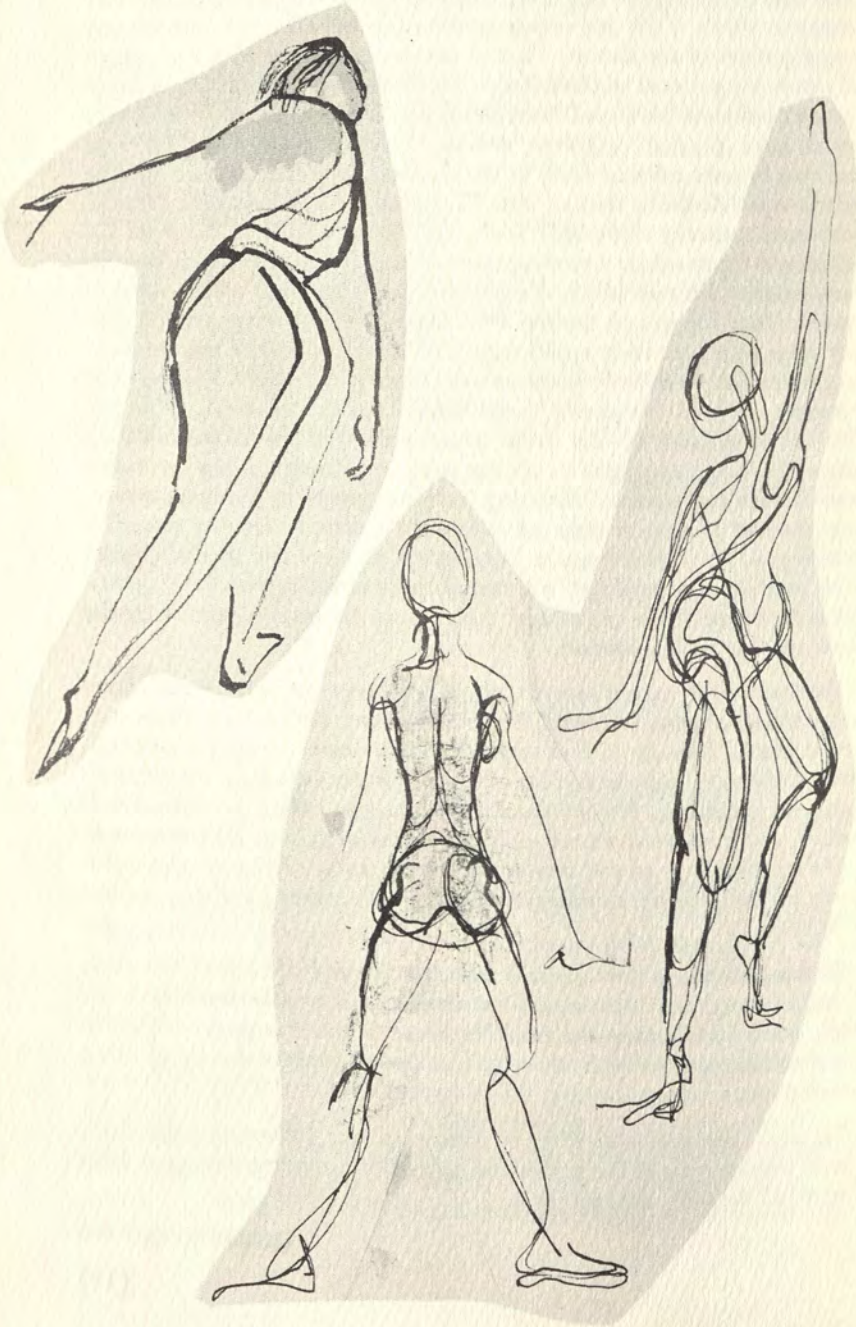
How does he accomplish this task? The main process is achieved through Metakinesis which is the important relationship between the mental and physical qualities of the dancer. That is, the dancer *moves* in a way which will *explain* his personal experiences or his emotional feelings. This inner experience is directly portrayed through his physical movement. The dancer does not dance specified rigid steps, attempt designs, or dance as if he were acted upon by some external force as the classical ballerina; neither does he perform as the Romantic dancer, who in contrast to the ballerina, relays a concentrated musically expressed "soul's say" to the audience. In order for the dancer to express these inner experiences and feelings, he must be constantly aware of his own physical body structure combined with a conception of his body image, and the way it will appear to the observer. His own body image is then the body appearance. The "ego" appeal or the excessive concern with one's own body structure and image is detrimental to the body appearance in dance. Frequently, new dancers are apt to forget about the effect and importance of the body appearance, and its communicating factors. The dancer's movements are not ends in themselves, but are rather means through movement of directing his inner world to the outer world. Each associated movement must be controlled creativity leading toward a thematic goal. The dancer must be in complete physical and mental control of his body and surroundings; his energy must emanate from the central core of his being. These centrifugal forces must be comprehended by the dancer and then set into motion.

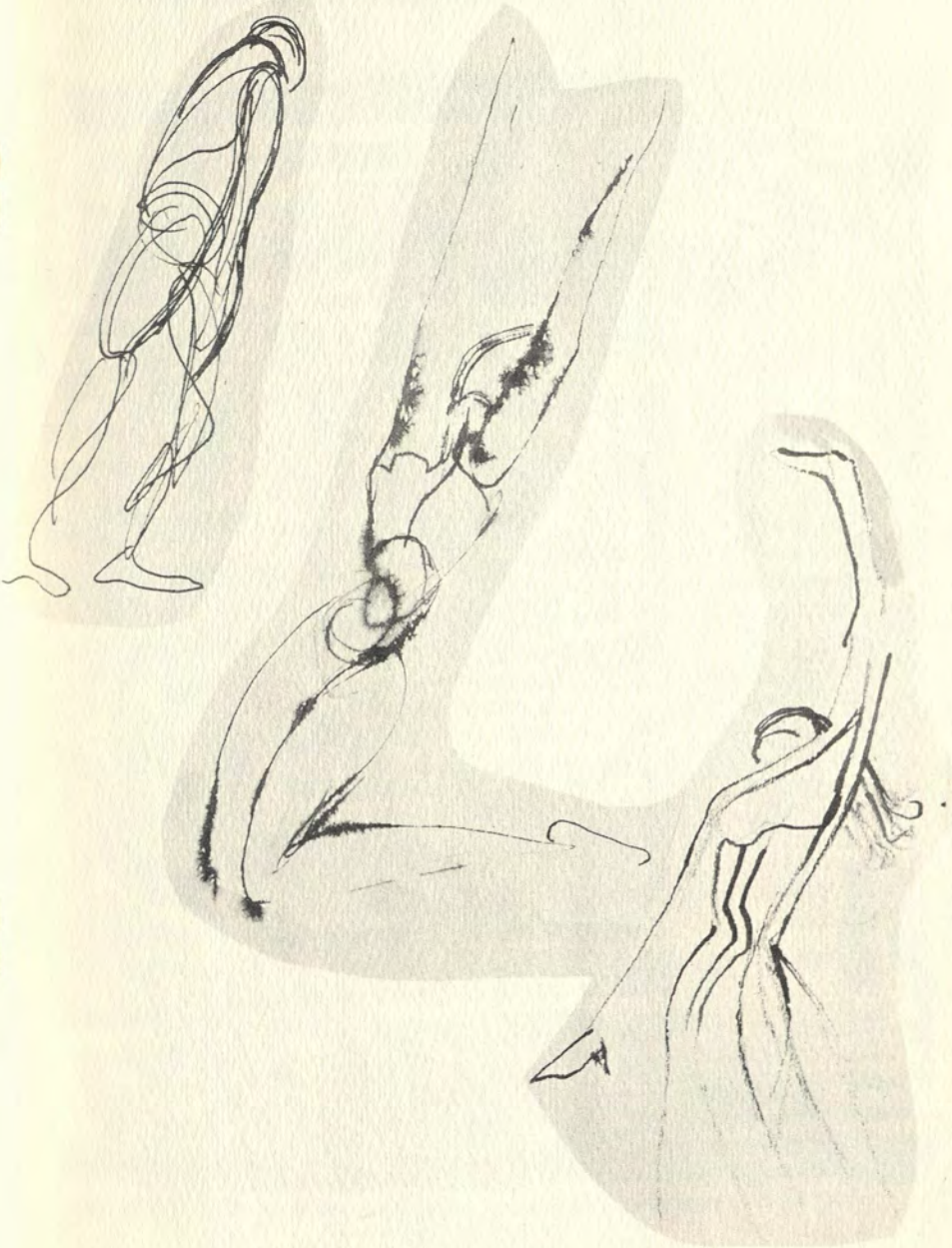
The observer will see not separate physical movements of muscular action but movements of powers or force. These movements (the body appearance) are but images, they are virtual and not plastic forms: they are symbols. Dance symbols cannot be halted for examination; they are only fleeting perceptual life experiences of the dancer. The tensions, balances, contractions, rhythms, and resolutions are all objectifications of life and nature—subjective inner feelings of the dancer portrayed objectively. Dancing is intensely personal, but the emotion expressed should never be direct, it must be an image.

Modern Dance is an art because it expresses the life of feeling, the roots of human experience. Dancing to the dancer is intensely significant; he boldly asserts his affirmation of life. The observer too should participate in this affirmation, and he will, thus, gain a deeper understanding of life's powerful forces.

My quick spontaneous sketches of dancers on the following pages will, I hope, indicate some of the power and energy of a modern dancer. I have tried to feel the form, not just see it.

DEBBIE STERN '60





"The Concept of Evil in Gide and Melville"

> "(En dessinant les personnages) . . . j'en voudrais un (le diable) qui circulerait incognito à travers tout le livre et dont la réalité s'affirmerait d'autant plus qu'on croirait moins en lui. C'est là le propre du diable dont le motif d'introduction est: 'Pourquoi me craindais-tu? Tu sais bien que je n'existe pas'."[1]
>
> "Plus on le nie, plus on lui donne de réalité. Le diable s'affirme dans notre négation."[2]

These ideas are the key to André Gide's thought and literary work which are infused with the concept of the omnipresence of evil and of the Devil. In his "récits," *La Porte Etroite* and *La Symphonie Pastorale,* and in his novel *Les Faux-Monnayeurs,* the Devil is ever present. But, since he is circulating "incognito," often the author does not point him out to the reader; it is the latter's task to recognize him under his disguise, sense his presence, unrecognized by those against whom he brushes in his passage, those innocents with whom he plays, unknown to them, as with a pawn. He presents temptations to them, cloaking his diabolical designs in seeming godliness, justifying with conscious moral approbation every treacherous step of the journey which descends. The fearful skill of the Devil succeeds in convincing each victim that he is drawing nearer to God and heavenly glorification while his unconscious knows that he is being dragged downward from whence there shall be no salvation.

"Le diable est maître de l'homme."[3]
"de même que le Royaume
de Dieu, l'Enfer est au-dedans de nous."[4]

Man cannot escape; the Devil invades his victim entirely and mercilessly and there sets up his own familiar surroundings.

In Herman Melville, one cannot fail to see certain similarities to Gide in the obsession with the power of Evil on innocent victims. Both authors, Gide and Melville, are searching for Truth in life but finding Falsehood, seeking Virtue, only to find Vice in disguise. The more their characters strive for ideal sincerity and godliness, the more doomed they are to their real fates, hypocrisy and demoniac egoism. Thus is the tragedy; the usual goal of the victim is to find and fulfill himself and his destiny, to be per-

fectly honest with himself and therefore with the world. This is a virtuous aspiration, and he sets out in what he believes to be the right direction, confident that God is with him and the Devil non-existent. The way is rough but God helps him overcome each obstacle, or so he thinks.

From the point of departure of this journey,[5] the Devil is in constant action. First he places an insidious temptation in the guise of a divine ideal within grasp of his victim. In the case of Alissa, in Gide's *La Porte Etroite*,[6] it is sacrifice of all worldly pleasures for the sake of undivided devotion to God. The pastor of *La Symphonie Pastorale*[7] (also by Gide), seeks spiritual magnitude by devoting his life to a homeless blind orphan girl; this he does in the name of Charity and for the love of God. Vincent, in Gide's novel *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*[8] is trying to earn money to give to his mistress who is about to give birth to his child. He is thus accepting his moral responsibilities. Finally Pierre, in Melville's *Pierre or, The Ambiguities*,[9] is faced with sacrificing his own pleasurable life for the sake of his illegitimate sister Isabel.

Each one is tempted by these fates of selfless duty, and not one sees the Devil hovering nearby. Each sees instead only the blinding light of divine Virtue beckoning him or her from the darkness. Each wishes more than anything in life to find himself and to be that self. Alissa becomes a mystic; she decides that her destiny requires her to follow God in renouncing her worldly goods and joys. She does not see the gaping jaws of egoism which wait to catch her at her fall. Nor does she consciously realize that each act of conscious self-denial is adding fuel to the blaze of her unconscious egoism which lies below and that although she thinks that she is serving God (there is no doubt of it in her mind, in fact), she is really nothing more than a toy in the hands of the Devil who has full control of her soul.

In *La Symphonie Pastorale,* the pastor is touched by the sight of poor, blind Gertrude, and, in the name of Charity, he takes it upon himself to give her loving care, to educate her, in fact, to mold most of his life around her. It is obvious to everyone but the pastor that he is not devoting his life to Gertrude as an expression of a "man of God" 's profound love for his Creator, but rather in manifestation of the warm, human, sensual love that he feels for her as a man for a woman. But the Devil has so artfully transposed his treacherous pattern, in covering each downward step to the perdition of the pastor's soul with a reflective surface, that the victim believes that he is mounting heavenward, rather than descending into fathomless depths.

In *Les Faux-Monnayeurs,* Vincent recognizes his moral obligation to give money to Laura, his mistress, for his child to which she is about to give birth. His parents have set aside a sum to help him start on his business career; he decides to sacrifice this sum to Laura. He fears, however, that perhaps it will not be sufficient. The Devil enters who suggests that he try to

double the sum by gambling. Vincent gambles it, loses, confesses his loss to Laura, and cancels his moral commitment to her. Here the Devil takes over Vincent's soul, and he proceeds rapidly downhill. On borrowed money, he begins to win at his gambling and to frequent an amoral but socially prominent group. However, Vincent, unlike Alissa and the pastor, is slightly aware of the Devil's presence and power over him and pits his own strength against him, but to no avail.

> "Il me semble que quelque chose veut monter ma barque, quelque chose que je veux empêcher d'y monter . . . Quelque chose que je repousse mais dont j'enetnds la voix."[10]

In Melville's Pierre we find the same moral devotion to duty. Pierre renounces home, mother, fiancée, and inheritance, to live in poverty and misery with his sister Isabel, the illegitimate daughter of his father. He sacrifices his own happiness for her, who has never known love nor any kind of affection nor enjoyment of life. Pierre, like the others, is blind to the gaping abyss of sin into which he is being lured. No more than the pastor does he recognize his own basic human desires in regard to Isabel; no more than Alissa does he understand his other motive to renounce real pleasure for pain: soul-devouring egoism. Again, the Devil's trump is skillfully played.

At first glance one would be appalled at the seemingly flagrant hypocrisy of these four characters of fiction. But each of them in committing his sin does so in complete devotion to divine goodness or moral obligation. Each of these unfortunate ill-fated beings, in pursuing Virtue is in reality on the tracks of Vice. If this be the case, in what can one believe, where can one place one's faith without being deceived?

Both Melville and Gide are convinced that the world and most of its inhabitants and values are sheer hypocrisy and deception. In Gide's only novel, *Les Faux-Monnayeurs,* a world such as this is uncovered to us. We have already seen the havoc wreaked by the Devil on four victims. This is the starting point in understanding the Devil's monopoly of the human soul. According to Gide and Melville, the entire world is made up of people like these; the lesser as well as the more important are all inhabited by the Devil. Unknown to them, he is playing with them. And unknown to them, they are playing a role in life.

> "Life is a picnic en costume."[11]

We are all in disguise. Gide elaborates on this theme in stressing that we even deceive ourselves by our "costumes." We think that we are doing something to follow the ways of God; in reality we are being led by the hand of the Devil. The Devil is ingenious in his work; he leaves no traces, no cause for suspicion. For every act that we commit in descent to our ultimate sin, he furnished us with virtuous justification.

"Le plus souvent, la substitution a lieu, au cours de l'examen personnel, non pas entre un individu et un autre, mais à l'intérieur même de la conscience, entre un sentiment veritable qui habite l'individu mais qu'il condamne, et un autre sentiment voisin, mais qu'il peut moralement approuver."[12]

Vincent recognizes his sin in seducing Laura from the first moment. He clears his conscience, however, by the supposition that both he and Laura are going to die soon (they have met at a sanatorium for tuberculosis) so that their affair can bring no harm to either of them.

"En admettant que nous ne vivions pas, et que, par conséquent, rien de ce que nous ferons désormais, ne doive tirer à conséquence . . ."[13]

When Vincent loses his money and breaks off with Laura, he rationalizes that pity is an abominable and a shameful sentiment and that if Laura knew that he was motivatetd by pity, not by love, she would want no more to do with him. He is the more honorable for having eradicated pity from his make-up and from their relationship.[14] But Vincent does not quite convince himself, in these attempts at self-justification. He knows that they are sophisms and that he

"suit une voie d'appearance triomphante"[15]

but he is frightened because he knows that in becoming materially rich, he is selling his soul to the Devil.

'Il sait qu'il réussira, quoi que ce soit qu'il entreprenne. Il sait qu'en gagnant le monde, il perd son âme."[16]

According to Gide, this kind of behavior and ensuing fate is the fault of society. Society imposes certain moral laws upon us which are contrary to our own natural instincts. Thus we are obliged to invent good reasons for our instinctive behavior so that we will not live in a perpetual state of self-condemnation for contradicting the stipulations of social organization. This artificial society, in imposing upon us laws of behavior unnatural to us, forces us to become insincere, to fit ourselves to the moral mold of society. But it is an abortive attempt and the result is hypocrisy and artificiality in behavior.[17]

"L'insincérité: l'émission de fausses valeurs que le monde moderne . . . essaie de substituer aux naturelles et authentiques valeurs."[18]

Melville illustrates this same idea in *Pierre*. Pierre cannot show his natural reaction to his illegitimate sister; society does not accept her. Were it not for the artificial social stigma on Isabel's illegitimate birth, Pierre could bring her back to his home as a member of his family and continue to live as before. Although this is what he would like to do, he cannot, so he is forced to act in a way contrary to his nature. At the same time that he feels

he would like to help his unfortunate sister, he is intrigued by the aura of mystery that envelops Isabel and is both physically and spiritually attracted to her. To follow his natural inclinations and curiosity of wanting to see and help Isabel, yet to try to reconcile this behavior to his mother, Lucy, and their circle of society whom he anticipates will ostracize him completely from their midst, Pierre decides that he must leave home and give up the pleasures of his former life in pretending to be married to Isabel. In this way the moral laws of society will not be violated by the intrusion of an illegitimate daughter in the socially prominent Glendinning family, and Pierre's natural desires may be fulfilled under the guise of duty. This is rather ironic, since Pierre must lie to keep his mother and friends from discovering another greater sin, that of his father. But his lie is of small consequence in comparison to his self-renunciation which overpowers all things in his sight, leading him to esteem himself as a paragon of Virtue. He becomes fanatic about it, much like Alissa. But this Virtue of self-sacrifice is artificially procreated by society. If one makes a distinct effort to be dutiful, it is often to be regarded and admired as such by society. In this case it arises not from a natural instinct but from social pressure exterior to the person. To "seem" a certain way is the bait tossed us when we become aware of our inescapable part in society.

"In youth we *are,* Pierre, but in age we *seem.*"[19]

In age we are consciously aware of the role-playing exigency of society. Pierre is intensely aware of this "seeming" quality of the world and all therein. He perceives the schism between Truth and Falsehood, sincerity and hypocrisy, and the amount of the latter which is represented as the former and suffuses the world. Pierre desires to be himself and to exert his self will in a quest for the Truth. He suspects the insincerity of the world in which he moves. He is parallel to Vincent in suspecting the presence of the Devil underneath the appearance of Virtue.

> "If to follow Virtue to her uttermost vista, where common souls never go; if by that I take hold on hell, and the uttermost virtue, after all, prove but a betraying pander to the monstrousest vice. . . "[20]

If this be so, Pierre wishes to die. He sees that his "self-renouncing enthusiasm" is worthless and false. He wishes and strives to be "Christ-like"[21] but in so doing is sucked lower and lower by the evil that permeates his soul, by the unconscious and unconquerable hypocrisy that is the fate of all humanity. Both Pierre and Vincent wish to free themselves from this universal contrefeteness.

> "Je voudrais, tout le long de ma vie, au moindre choc, rendre un sou pur, probe, authentique. Presque tous les que j'ai connus sonnent faux. Valoir exactement se qu'on paraît, ne pas chercher à

paraitre plus qu'on ne vaut . . . On s'occupe tant de paitre, qu'on finit pas ne plus savoir qui l'on est."[22]

This then is the Devil's doing. He has made of all society a farce with forces each individual into a personal role of deception both of himself and of those around him. "The world's soul" is hypocrisy.[23] In every truth is an inherent falsehood. Only God is good.[24]

According to Gide, in believing in God one believes in the Devil. They are the two sides of one coin; one cannot exist without the other. To affirm one's belief in God therefore recognizes the existence of the Devil just as to see Washington's face on one side of a nickel ascertains the existence of the Capitol building on the other side without any other proof necessary.

> "Il y a dans toutes ces attitudes a défi une surprenante confiance dans la realite d e la chose défiée, ou dans son immèdiate antithèse."[25]

To be honestly virtuous, one must overcome vice, that is, at least recognize its existence.

> "Pour braver avec volupté le vice, il faut être sûr au moins qu'll existe—en soi."[26]

This two sided coin exists in man:

> "L'homme porte en lui le ciel et l'enfer, le meilleur et le pire. Dieu et Satan." [27]

"Dieu et Satan"—God and Satan—battle within the feeble human soul to determine which face will be up. As Gide states the omnipresence of Satan, so Melville declares that of God:

> "There is a mysterious, inscrutable divineness in the world—a God—a Being positively present everywhere."[28]

In this God-and-Satan integrated whole, the final outcome is this: whereas the face of God is up, it is because that Devil has willingly turned it there. Satan therefore emerges victorious in hiding his existence and designs under the face of God and thus deceiving his victim into believing him nonexistent.

> "L'habilité suprême [de ce diable] est de faire croire à son inexistence."[29]

God is seen but silent, Satan, hidden but audible. While every phase of both *Les Faux Monnayeurs* and Pierre silently presupposes divine approbation, it blatantly postulates diabolical motivation. Here is the deception and the ambiguity: THE DEVIL THRIVES ON HIS DENIAL.

> "Plus on le nie, plus on lui donne de réalité. Le diable s'affrme dans notre négation."[30]

God is seen but silent, Satan, hidden but audible. Vincent and Pierre are vivid illustrations of the innocent victim who consciously sees and strives to

reach God but unconsciously is drawn under the hypnotic spell of the Devil's simulated words. Pierre Lafille, in his critical study, *André Gide, Romancier* (Paris: Hachette, 1954), says this concerning the Devil and Vincent:

> "La vie de Vincent est une existence fourvoyée. Elle est manquée, dramatiquement conclue dans l'enfer qu'il a fait naître lui-même, comme sans le vouloir et sans jamais penser clairement le susciter et le mériter,"[31]
>
> "Le diable est le responsable de la déterioration d'un faisceau de nobles possibilitiés comme du naufrage d'un destin."[32]

H. M. Tomlinson in his "Preface" to the 1929 edition of *Pierre or, the Ambiguities* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc.) states Melville's purpose in the characterization of Pierre as the following:

> "He [Melville] attempts, in the character of Pierre, his hero, to follow a noble aim to its ultimate in the nature of man, and yet, with so good a purpose, he comes to dire disaster. He found that nobility had changed its face to evil; he found that instead of the everlasting light he looked into the bottomless pit."[33]

Both critics recognize the two authors' explicit dramatizations of man's fated submission to the Devil no matter how noble his intentions. At the end of man's struggle to save his soul, when the Devil's triumphant voice is distinctly audible, one hears his mocking jeer:

> "Pourquoi me craindrais-tu? Tu sais bien que je n'existe pas."[34]
> Why should you fear me? You know that I do not exist."

MARGIT ROWELL

FOOT NOTES

1 André Gide, *Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs,* Paris: Gallimard, 1927, p. 35 (to be hereafter referred to as Gide, *J. des F-M.)*.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 32.

3 Pierre Lafille, *André Gide, Romancier,* Paris: Hatchette, 1954, p. 223.

4 Gide, *J. des F-M,* p. 127.

5 The "Journey" is the evolution of the soul's development.

6 André Gide, *La Porte Etroite,* Paris: Gallimard.

7 André Gide, *La Symphonie Pastorale,* Paris: Gallimard, 1950.

8 André Gide, *Les Faux-Monnayeurs,* Paris: Gallimard, 1925 (to be hereafter referred to as Gide, *Les F-M.).*

9 Herman Melville, *Pierre or, the Ambiguities,* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. 1929 (to be referred to as Melville, *Pierre.).*

10 Gide, *Les F-M.,* p. 181.

11 "Life is a picnic en costume; one must take a part, assume a character, stand ready in a sensible way to play the fool." Herman Melville, *The Confidence Man,* New York: Grove Press, 1949, p. 161.

12 Léon Pierre-Quint, *André Gide.* Paris: Stock, Delamain, et Boutelleau, 1952, p. 83.

13 Gide, *J. des F-M.,* p. 69.

14 Pierre-Quint, p. 85.

15 Lafille, p. 223.

16 Gide, *J. des F-M.* p. 69.

17 Pierre-Quint, p. 87.

18 Paul Archambault, *Humanité d'André Gide,* Paris: Blond & Gay, 1946, p. 206.

19 Melville, *Pierre,* p. 115 f.

20 *Ibid.,* p. 380.

21 *Ibid.,* p. 149.

22 Ideal is here expressed by Bernard, younger brother of Vincent. Gide, *F-M.,* p. 251.

23 Charles Olson, *Call Me Ishmael,* New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1947, p. 46.

24 Melville, p. 289 f.

25 Pierre-Quint, p. 93.

26 *Ibid.*

27 Lafille, p. 377.

28 Melville, *Pierre,* p. 441.

29 Lafille, p. 223.

30 Gide, *J. des F-M.,* p. 32.

31 Lafille, p. 228.

32 *Ibid.,* p. 223.

33 Melville, *Pierre* ["Preface" by H. M. Tomlinson], p. viii.

34 Gide, *J. des F-M.,* p. 35.

SPRING

The bees and the trees flew about my head as I stood holding the long, cylindrical pipe, with which I intended to bludgeon the daisies which were threatening me with their angry insults. They crowded around me, chanting mystical syllables in a circle, and I stood there waiting for one of them to lunge at me, ready to beat it down with my self-conscious pipe.

NANCY WADDELL '60

MAIDEN AUNT

In her apron she
was seventy years
of reveries
and loved by the corners of her room

Electric suns melted
her seventy sunless years
but no moon quenched
the dripping seconds of each night

Her heart's calendar
hung in the checkered kitchen
browned by the pungent odors
of a thousand birthday cakes

As from the rusty caverns
of her faithful oven emerged
the tender composition
of a thousand frosted thoughts

And from her corner crocheting
she watched the consumation
by the neighbors' nieces and nephews
of her thousand sugared dreams.

Then gratefully her faithful sink
received the crumbled remains
and like a porcelain Pegasus
carried her into the starry stables

In her apron she
is seventy years
of reveries
and loved by the corners of her tomb

LINDA HESS '59

Two Poems of the

I

big agnes
a babe
was unsuccessful in the world of
"Man!"
big aggie
a chick
could not under no terms
swing
into the way-out world
see,
big aggie
kicked off on a Sunday
unable to make it with Lowell
on a Saturday
stole his money
his manhood
en-
tire spirituality and mobility
and then blew town
against the world of
"Man!"
with the bread
(of life)
stole from sad Lowell
and established herself in Jersey
and big agnes
a babe
got herself a helluva yellow apron
and a little piece of glad tail
called time.

yes man
i am of the generation:
let me explain:

Beat Generation

II

yesterday
over at small dan's
ernie says to me
about time,
(the essence)
i says
time
and his reform school
knife scar reveals itself
(like i mean he pulls up his dirty sleeve)
time
we say
and me and ernie
for a fuller explanation
of time
for fertility and essence
with is the most
begin the beat
under cover of drink
and tea
see
and then its time to
swing over to another pad
yes man
i am of the generation:
let me explain
that i am glad to wear
time
like ernie's scar
on my sleeve.

MARCIA SILVERMAN '61

OLD ABBIE

The sun never comes here, the Arabs keep it out of the Medina. They don't know what a real house is, one with stairs that sweep slowly upward to a mirrored hall. I do! *I* know what it is to live gracefully, beautifully, in London! *I really know.* Why? How can I know?

Abbie sank down onto the narrow pallet covered with a dark, rug-like spread. She pulled herself into a ball and sobbed noiselessly while the dark light from the open door rested heavily upon her matted gray hair. Abbie wiped her running nose on a corner of the spread and then slowly ran her hands through the wisps of hair on her neck. The stringy fibers were smoothly enmeshed in the long, grayish veins of Abbie's thin hands. The large joints of her fingers bent unwillingly to force the wisps under the mat of hair hanging on the back of her neck.

"Abdul," she screamed, "get out. I don't want anything today."

"Brought you some nice tripe to eat, Miss Abbie. If no bring you to eat, no one bring you. I go' take care of you, Miss Abbie. The others don't care. Don't care. You British lady live in Medina, an' I care of you."

Abbie raised herself slowly from the pallet and shuffled to the Arab, taking the carefully wrapped meat from his hands with a quick, careful leap of her hand.

"You are kind, Abdul, the only one of these savages that has any European feelings at all, rest of 'em, wrapped in their own nasty thoughts, planning how to get me out of their Medina. I can't live in the city, Abdul —no money, never have had, as long as I can remember, never had any. Never. Can't remember ever being except what I am now."

"Yes, Miss Abbie. You eat, tripe good now."

"But I should remember. I have lived a long time because I'm old—that's how I know—but I try. Try and see more than an old woman living in the savage's place in Tripoli. All this filth and smell here, and I know that's not what I'm used to. I know it's just not that."

"Now eat quiet, Miss Abbie. I come tomorrow with food again. You always here, Miss Abbie, but not last week one, you away from here. Where you go?"

"Where was I? I don't know. Oh, yes, yes I do now. I had taken a walk to the Medina gate and I watched the sea during the gibli. Something happened but I don't remember. But it was something good, like something that should happen to me. Yes, it was. You didn't think that I could walk that far, did you, Abdul? Oh, no you didn't. I don't think I ever left here before, Abdul?"

"You forget I found you, Miss Abbie. I come back from the dock at night, gibli was blowing and I see you, Miss Abbie, outside the Medina, you sick on street and all painted with rouge, funny hair."

"You don't remember that at all, Abdul. I never could have worn paint like a dirty woman. I don't remember what I was, but I was quality. I know that. Now you get out of here. Out!"

"Yes, Miss Abbie, I go. Other gibli coming this night. You stay in Medina."

Abdul looked long at Abbie, then lifted the curtain over the door and walked into the quiet alley-way. I must get inside before the storm comes, he thought, the running sand will catch me if I stay out. I will wash and then pray at the Mosque when the cry is heard from the minaret. I will pray to Allah that there will be no gibli during Rhamadan, so that I may feast each night in peace.

Small whorls of sand had already begun to tear at the edges of Abdul's dull sackcloth burnous as he left the medina by the gate and entered the city. As he crossed the square to go to the Mosque, he heard the roar of the foaming water of the bay and the heavy thud it made, hitting the concrete ramparts which constituted one side of the square. Abdul hurried across the large street without looking either way, knowing that no cars would be running in a gibli.

Abbie stared at the darkening sky and felt the hot desert air enter the city, driving the first grains of sand before it. She remembered what would happen next.

"The sky will be brown with the sand and the sand will come everywhere and the wind will make the water roar and scream just like the sand. I remember that, and it will help me. I know I'll like it when it roars."

Abbie saw the tripe which she had left on the floor when Abdul left her. She unwrapped it carefully, took the meat in her hands, dipped her head and ate voraciously, chewing and swallowing in one motion and then stopped eating suddenly, with her mouth half open.

"These tripe were not clean. I don't remember seeing filth on them, but I know they were not clean. That foul savage brought me dirt to eat. Uuugh! There."

Abbie spat the half-chewed tripe on the floor and after kicking the whitish lumps to one side, picked up the wrapping paper and folded it into a small square. She drew a straight pin from the pocket of her loose-fitting red dress and stuck it through the folded paper.

"That pin had pulled together a whole piece of this dress. Why, it hid a stain! Stain showing or saved paper? I shall save paper, so many dirty things on this dress . . . wonder when I got it."

Abbie went to the curtain covering the door and began to pin the paper on it. The wind, stronger now, pulled the curtain out of her hand for a mo-

ment, and then it swung back into place again. Abbie crouched down and picked up the fallen paper. She looked out and saw the moving sky. Raising herself slowly, the paper falling from her hands, she pushed through the curtain.

"It's come. The gibli is here. The sand hurts my eyes but I don't feel it. The storm isn't strong here, not in the medina. I must go to the square, by the sea and then the good thing will happen to me. I feel happy already because it will come, the good thing."

Abbie walked slowly down the alley, her thin leather shoes slipping on the stone and refuse, her tattered red dress whipping slightly as she came to the end of the alley and turned down another which led her to the large street of the bazaar. When she reached the first closed stall, Abbie stopped and looked out of the gate which separated the medina from the city.

"I have never been out of here. I never went through that gate. Abdul must be mad. I know he never found me out on that street painted like a dirty woman. I'm quality, the finest. The souks will be blown down by the sand, but I don't care because I never buy anything in the savage's market. I'm quality. I know."

Abbie walked to the gate and entered the square. As she came out of the shelter of the medina walls, the wind took her weak body and blew it towards the sea, and then back again. Abbie swayed heavily, lost her footing, caught herself with her hands and pushed through the commanding force of wind and sand, her face and her dress becoming covered with the gritty dust of the desert.

"Oh, it's hot, the sand and wind are hot, but the sea will make them let me be happy. Happier than I was the last time I came here; I've been here before and the gibli was just the same to me. It will be kind when I come to the sea. Abdul never saw me in any paint here, I don't remember ever wearing any paint, ever, ever . . ."

Abbie pulled herself closer to the sea wall, fighting the hurting sand and the hot wind. She grabbed the wall and leaned out to meet the wild sea.

"It's screaming, screaming for me. Oh, it's . . . going to happen and the sand is hurting more now. The wind is hotter and the sea is helping. It's reaching up to me to tell me what I don't remember."

Abbie leaned far over the sea wall and reached out to the swirling gray water.

"There in the sea . . . there I am, that's me, a great lady. In a beautiful dress. Oh, blue satin with yellow roses and jewels. Everyone bowing to me, and me so pretty in my satin. There's another picture, yes, this is me really. The empress, in a gold dress. And I'm standing there seeing my empire, thousands, millions, bowing before me. No savages, they're all white. What a lovely smile I give them. I am happy with them today, they all said they loved me and gave me gold and more of my rubies. They all belong to me

because the whole empire belongs to me. And I'm so high up above them, way up, like God."

Abbie reached out for the sea and the sea rose wildly higher and higher.

"I'm happy. I know I'm quality. Look at all those people who worship me, they wouldn't if I weren't qualtiy, so I am. No, sea, I don't even have to see anymore because I know. I'll just lay here and look."

She closed her eyes and leaned on the wall. The sea splashed up the wall, climbing slowly with its foaming power. The sand raged back at the sea, pulling it forward and back but always higher on the wall. The trees bent groaningly, their leaves shorn by the beating sand. The square was empty, its only inhabitants the screaming brothers, sandstorm and sea.

The sand entered every door, beat against each shuttered window and the sea shook the foundation of the city. The storm had found an entry, the door to a shop opened and an Arab ran to the curb, fighting to keep upright. He struggled to a parked car, opened the door, got in and began to close its windows. But the sand had conquered and the windows would not close. He struggled for a moment but was hammered too strongly by the will of the storm to remain safely outside. He turned to enter the shop and saw a blurred shape hugging the sea wall, being licked by the sea. He ran through the sand to the wall and began to tug at the resisting body.

"No, don't pull me, sand, I'm happy now. You and the sea have made me see what I am. I never remember what I am. Don't pull me backwards. I will fight if you do."

Abbie turned, glassy-eyed, and gazed at the Arab.

"You're a savage, you're not the sand. What am I now? It's going away. No, I won't remember that," she screamed, "I didn't.'

She kicked the Arab. He backed away into the storm and the sand came between them.

"I didn't. The sea was right; she said I was a lady, an empress," Abbie screamed against the storm. She looked up at the sky, at the whirring sand.

"I did. But I can't see it. That man, maybe he was the man. Long ago, before Abdul. I asked him, he was young, very young; he didn't even stop walking, not even walking! No white men then, too old and then not even an Arab, just a little young boy."

Abbie's hands tore down the sides of her face, clawing, scratching. Her mouth open, saliva dripping from her loosened lips. She turned again, low to the sea.

"I didn't. I will come closer so that I can see better. The truth. That's what you showed me. I was a lady; I never did that. Abdul and that boy were crazy, I never wore paint. I can see myself again but I will come down to you, sea, and then I'll never forget what I really am. Quality . . ."

KRISTIN NORSTAD

CENTRAL PARK

I

Small craft unruffled by the wild sea
Of pigeon billowed waves
Hold fast your course
With wary watch for cracker-jack blockade.

II

The Scotch in hops uncertain how to move
From camp to camp
The boundary lines restrain
Each forward step a calculated jump.

III

The pacing eyes of varied sizes gaze
With ping-pong sight
Into an outer cage
And imitating clowns repeat the farce.

IV

Melodic notes like music of the spheres
Accompany
The prancing Trojan gifts
Which rise and fall replacing spoon and bear.

V

Night shadows overcast the children's world
When ships are moored
And soldiers wander home
While eyes still stare the music takes a rest.

PAT WERTHEIM '60