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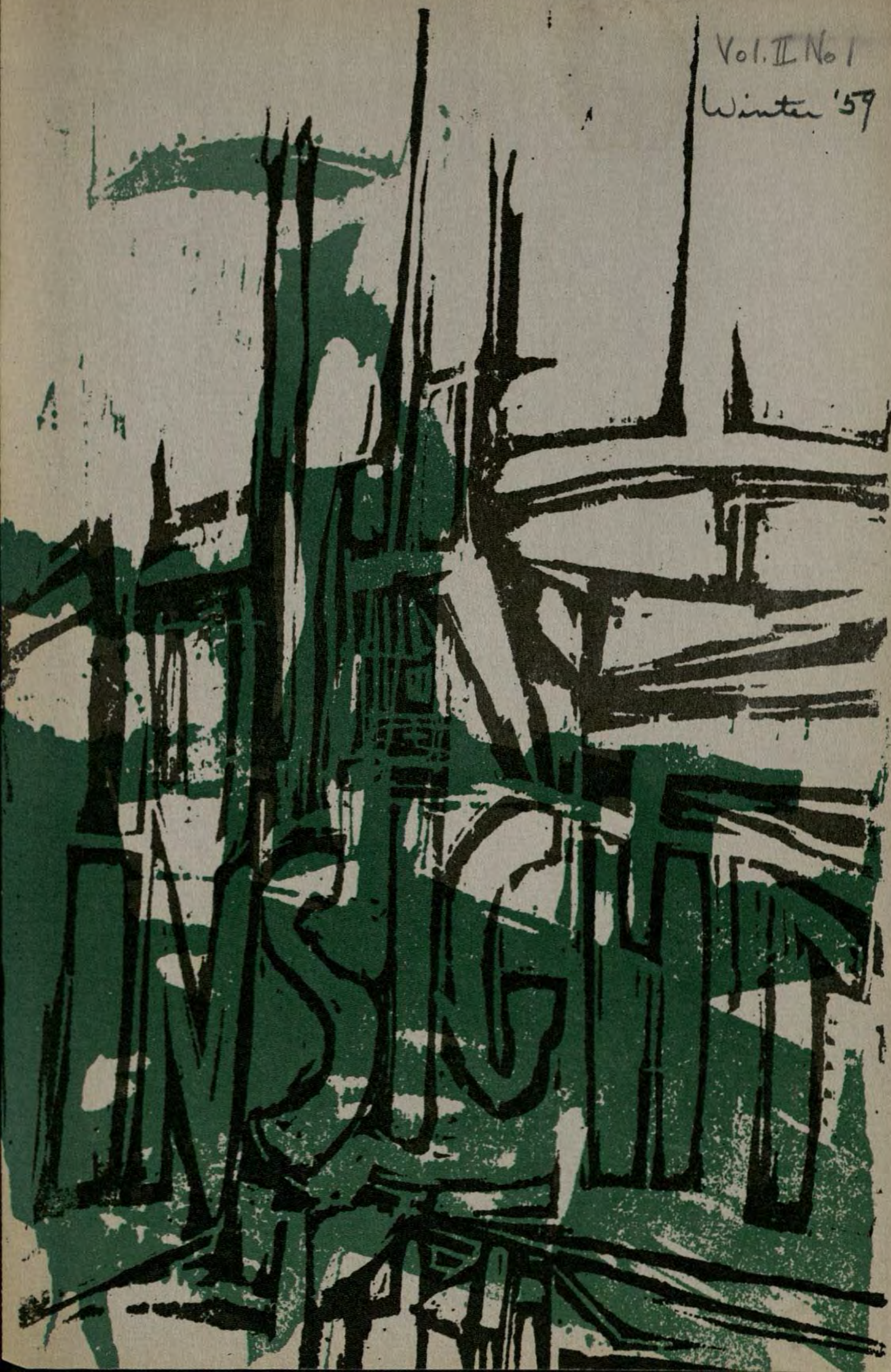
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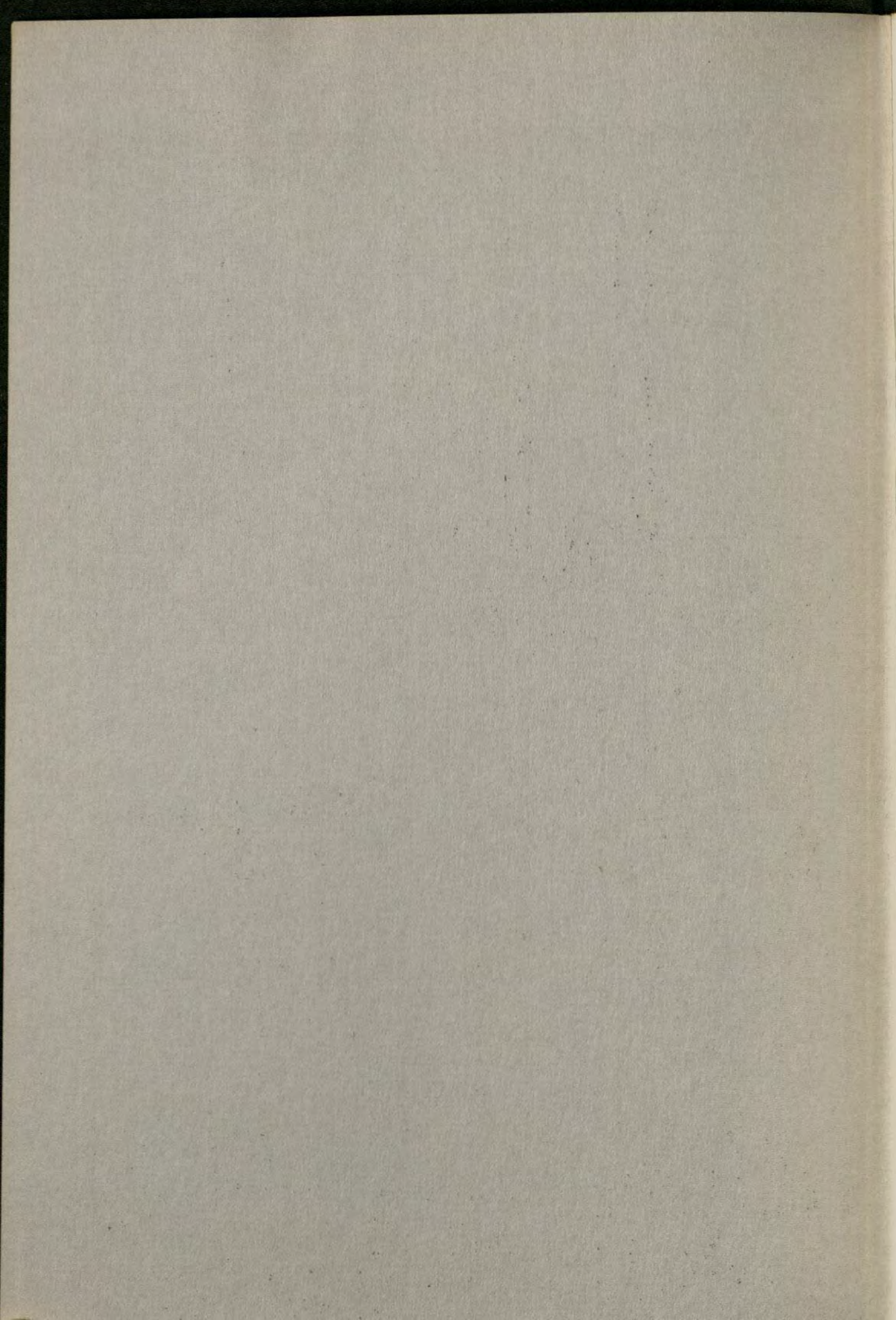
Winter '59



INSIGHT

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
New London, Connecticut

WINTER 1959

Volume II Number 1

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EDITORIAL

Jonathan Swift commented in the conclusion of a prose work that most profound writers are like wells, and those readers with good eyes can see the depths provided that there is water there. More often, he continues, there is nothing but "dryness and dirt" at the bottom, and the content passes for "wondrous Deep" for no other reason than it is "wondrous Dark." It is not the intention of *Insight* board members to select contributions that appear impressive or display external excellence, because they are "wondrous Dark." Few persons would claim that obscurity in itself is of any value. Ours (or rather yours) is not a "Dadaist" publication intended to startle and shock. It is an agent for the publication of individualized feelings in the expression of self. The magazine is also a selected composite of various contributions of merit in which students exemplify certain ideas and theories. Merit, in this sense, is an indefinite delineation; for what student is an infallible judge of the value of another student's work? Less abstract qualifications must be established.

Written works in the magazine are chosen for their literary clarity of thought and purpose. Art contributions are selected for their originality of design and technical skill. Some attention is also given to the fact that the subject of each work ought to be of interest to the readers. To meet this requirement, an attempt is made to present a blend of tone which includes both the serious and the humorous in works of poetry, prose, and artistic creations. The content of *Insight* is selected by students who favor the formation of a literary magazine on campus, and who are willing to contribute their time and ideas to assure its future development. Selected contributions create a magazine of student ideas which fill the well of thought with clear water not "dryness and dirt." They are considered expressions of carefully formulated ideas—not intentionally "wondrous Dark" although they may be "wondrous Deep."

PAT WERTHEIM '60

A WHOLE NEW WORLD

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

—Robert Burns

Three very old men sat on the floor in a basement, talking. One was very tall and thin with long white hair, a long white beard, and hunching shoulders. Another was very short and thin, completely bald, with squinting eyes. The third was of average height, very, very thin, with hair that bristled all over, and a long, drooping nose.

"We are wonderful," said the one of average height.

"You are so right," said the short, bald one.

"Why isn't the rest of the world as wonderful as we?" sighed the tall, bearded man.

"Too bad we can't do something," said the bristly old man.

"Like what?" said the bald man.

"Like nothing. We can do nothing," sighed the tall man with white hair.

The three sat on the floor in silence. The bristly old man of average height picked at his long nose. The short, bald man rubbed his squinting eyes. The bearded man sighed.

"Too bad we couldn't form our own world. A whole new world, made up of only wonderful people, like us," said the man with the long nose.

"There are no other wonderful people like us," said the squint-eyed old man.

"Too bad," sighed the tall man.

They sat for a long time saying nothing. Then suddenly the man who was of average height sat up straight, put one hand on the bearded man's knee, and the other hand on the knee of the short, bald man.

"Gentlemen, I have a solution," he said, and his hair bristled out further.

"What is it?" said the bald man, sitting up as tall as he could and opening his squinted eyes as much as possible.

"A solution is impossible," sighed the tall man, hunching his shoulders more.

"No," said the bristly man with the long nose. "No, a solution is not impossible, my dear, good fellow! We are human beings, are we not? We are. And we are capable of propagation, are we not? We are! So! Let us each find a woman and make her give us a child. One of us at least is bound to have a daughter, and the others will have sons. Thus, in this manner, we may enlarge this marvelous breed. Our sons and daughters will live on and multiply. They will mate only with each other. We will father a new, pure race of wonderful people, just like us. And soon the world will be filled with them—with the wonderful people which we created!"

"That's marvelous!" cried the short, bald man.

"It just might work at that," said the bearded man, and he sat up a little straighter.

"Are we agreed then on action?" said the bristly man.

"We are agreed," said the bald man.

"Agreed," said the bearded man quietly.

"Then tonight we will each go out and find a woman," said the man of average height, his hair bristling vigorously. "We will each put life into our respective females tonight. When that is done, each will bring his woman back here and wait until she has given birth, and when the children have finished nursing, we will send the women away. Then we will raise our wonderful children here, in the company of the only wonderful people in the world."

"Fine!" said the short man, struggling to his feet.

"We need more than one night," said the very tall man.

"You are right," said the man with the bristly hair.

"Yes, you are," said the bald man, sitting down again.

"We will meet here in a week then," said the man of average height. "And each will bring with him his newly conceived infant in the womb of a woman. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

And the three old men walked out alone into the night, each convinced that his child would not be a daughter.

One week later, the three old men returned, alone, to the basement. They sat down on the floor and looked at each other.

"I couldn't find a woman," said the man of average height, very quietly. "I searched and I searched, but no woman could I find to bear my child."

"I found one," said the short, bald man, even more quietly. "I found one and told her that she was to bear my child. But she would not, and she ran away from me."

"I too found one," said the tall bearded man, barely audible. "I found a woman who would bear my child. But when the time came . . ." he whispered, "when the time came . . . I . . . just . . . couldn't. It's too late. We waited too long. Gentlemen, we are too old." And the tall man slumped his shoulders way down.

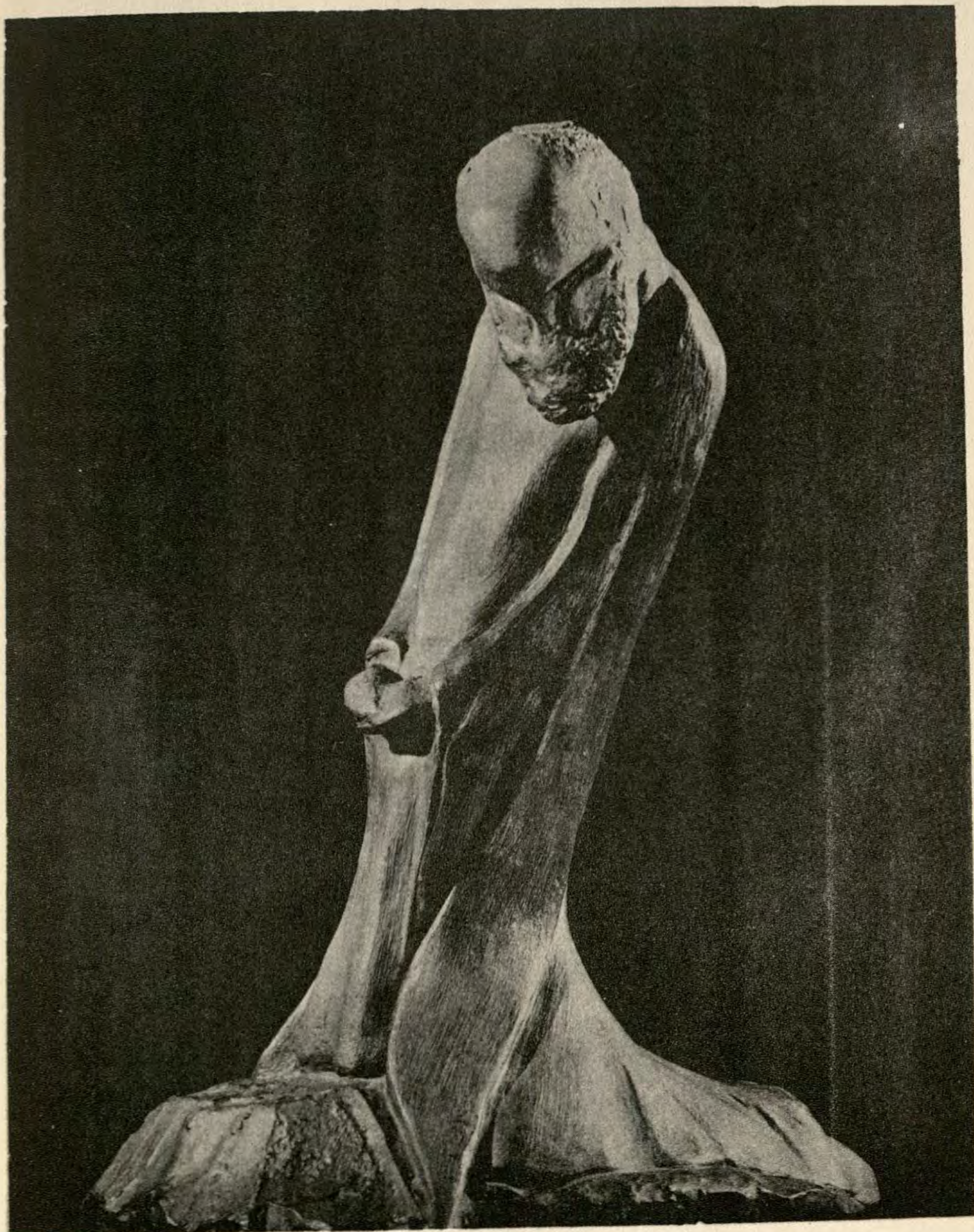
The three old men sat on the floor of the basement. One picked at his long nose, another rubbed his squinting eyes. The third sighed.

"What a pity! We are wonderful, but we are too old," said the one picking at his nose.

"You are so right," said the one rubbing his eyes.

"Why, O why couldn't the rest of the world be like us?" said the third, and he sighed.

SUSAN TUCKER '61



THE PROPHET

JUDY TANGERMAN '61

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE AS CULTURAL CRITICS

Before attempting any discussion of Emerson and Nietzsche, I wish to state what this paper will and will not contain. I begin by admitting my own bias, as it will undoubtedly influence the presentation: I prefer Nietzsche to Emerson, believing his analysis of culture to be far more penetrating and his position far more profound than that of Emerson. I realize, however, the irrelevance of any such value judgments to the issue of this paper, which is to present the main ideas of these two nineteenth century cultural critics. Primarily, the paper will be neither a comparison of views, although the two men are conveniently similar in many respects, nor an attempt to demonstrate Emerson's possible influence on Nietzsche. My main objective is to elicit from these philosophers a core of ideas which would be relevant today. For this purpose I am consciously omitting Emerson's transcendent view of nature and Nietzsche's later celebration of the will to power and the superman. I personally can make little sense out of the first, and shudder at the latter concept of a biological humanity, although I am aware that I may be eliminating the authors' principal works. I hope that this paper will justify my decision to concentrate on what seems relevant to me.

It is questionable whether Emerson and Nietzsche may rightly be called philosophers in the sense of having constructed formal bodies of knowledge by which they can be followed. Such men as these refuse to make concessions to a system, deny categories, and make their appeals to the emotions; if they are philosophers, then they are Philosophers of Life rather than of Being. Recognizing the complexity and the fluidity of life, they prefer contradictions to rigidity, delight in overstatements, and hope to stimulate their readers out of the torpor of daily existence. Their call is to act and not to merely philosophize to live by their works and not simply to know them. One reads the works of these men, particularly Nietzsche's, with emotion. First of all, they educate by inspiring, by demanding reaction, for there is little temperance in their words. Hermann Hummel, in his essay "Emerson and Nietzsche," summarizes their affective power: "Neither man presents a static position, but always a dynamic progress of thought, slow and sure though Emerson's progress is."[1]

The above description of Emerson as "slow and sure" points out at once the main difference between the two. Although Emerson and Nietzsche came from similar backgrounds and influences, both had planned for and then had rejected the field of theology; their paths diverged sharply in regard to the choice of how they would carry out their convictions. Nietzsche's life was tortured, Emerson's comparatively serene. Emerson lived amicably in Massachusetts; Nietzsche, himself the lonely Zarathustra, raging, misunderstood, dies of disease. Nietzsche even referred to Emerson as "such a one as nourishes himself instinctively with ambrosia and leaves behind the gross in things . . ."[2] Thomas Mann records Nietzsche's comment on his own life: "As far as torture and renunciation are concerned, the life of my last years can measure up to that of any ascetic at any time."[3] Whether Nietzsche chose, or was driven to this life of "intoxica-

tion and suffering," the fact remains that "Nietzsche pushed far beyond Emerson's temperamental and intentional moderation; in a world of ideas very similar to Emerson's, he was propelled upwards to the precipices, while Emerson continued on his smooth and cultivated way."[4] This contrast is worth mentioning in so far as it raises the profound question of what constitutes the dignity of human life. I may feel that Emerson compromised his integrity by writing daring words while choosing the moderate path for himself, for, unwilling to attempt Thoreau's heroic confrontation of self, Emerson is, in Nietzsche's words, "milky glass." Yet, although Nietzsche's wider disposition made him smash that "milky glass," his life is tragic and unfulfilled. Both men make impossible demands of humanity in their desire to excite action and to liberate the "great man"; perhaps it is naive of me to expect a parallel between their words and their lives—and yet . . .? I cannot even attempt an answer and must try, instead, to determine the far less complex question of their significance as critics of culture.

The nineteenth century heralded great intellectual changes with the decline of the enlightenment philosophy, the breakdown of the rationalists' mechanistic conception of the universe, and the growth of the Kantian school of idealism. Against this background stands Emerson, who, in the first half of the century, witnessed the frightening spread of industrialism into New England, the subsequent stress on conformity, loss of individuality, and reliance on reason at the expense of imagination. Emerson's writing is in many ways the product of his time—the romantic revolting against rationalism, man opposing the abstract mankind; yet it is also the timeless, ageless struggle for freedom, intellectual freedom to concede to nothing save what D. H. Lawrence terms "the dark gods inside one's soul." Nietzsche, too, writes for a Germany of the late nineteenth century which he finds in desperate need of help to free itself from the torpor of too much pragmatism, too much complacency, and too little free thought. He, like Emerson, calls for a change, revaluation of the essentials of life, and reaffirmation of a higher goal for man. These men stand against the encroaching mechanistic world as symbols of vitality, as heroic thinkers daring to criticize and to challenge.

Emerson had witnessed a canker in his country which was to concern not only Nietzsche, but such men as Kierkegaard, Burckhardt, and Stefan George. Kierkegaard, in *The Present Age,* calls this canker the "levelling process" by which he means the formlessness of the people, their immersion into the mob of sameness, their lack of a vital core of conviction. In evaluating his culture, Emerson writes: "The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion."[5] His Phi Beta Kappa Address, August, 1837, is a plea for man to think, to find his inner core of being, and to translate this knowledge of self into action. This plea is repeated in his Divinity School Address by the words: "Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone, to refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil."[6] Overstatement, impossible demands, unbearable optimism, perhaps; but the words reach their mark and one cannot read the challenge passively. Emerson could well have said with Nietzsche: "to make the individual uncomfortable, that is my task." Nietzsche directs his attention to the problem of levelling in his *Thoughts Out of*

Season. The essay "Use and Abuse of History" is a more penetrating Emersonian analysis of his culture in terms of its hypocrisy and need for a union of inner and outer—"the unity of artistic style in every outward expression of the person's life"[7] —the precarious balance of thought and action. Emerson had described his age, too, as "bewailed as the Age of Introversion . . . we are embarrassed with second thoughts . . . the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'."[8] On one level Emerson and Nietzsche are revolting against the Enlightenment's exploitation of the power of human intellect; in this sense they are the natural spokesmen for Romanticism. But in a more profound sense they are the true *Kulturcritiks,* the deliberate antitheses of their culture hoping to hereby achieve the synthesis of 'what is' with 'what must be.'

The realization of the necessity for a balance between thought and action brought both men to a consideration of the problems of education. Throughout his essay on "The Use and Abuse of History," Nietzsche juxtaposes knowledge to life; he recognizes that the former can inhibit and paralyze action, while he admits, too, that knowledge is needed in the Platonic sense for causing right action. The epistemological problem for Nietzsche was not "how can I know?" as for Kant and the Idealists, but "how can I use what I know?"—in short, the problem of assimilation. To turn knowledge into "sap" that will work for man, to use knowledge as a means, rather than as the end to life—this was Nietzsche's aim. For Emerson, too, the problem was that "we are always getting ready to live, but never living;"[9] —". . . life at the heart, not yet justly organized at the surface."[10] If vitality were to be breathed into the culture, it would have to be accomplished at the expense of systematized education. Nietzsche and Emerson were unanimous in their distrust of the too powerfully organized state; if education is to serve life, the myth of the state must first be disposed of; man is to serve himself in recognition of life's higher values, and the state is to serve, not to chain him. Julien Benda's *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals* is a treatise against the "clercs" who have betrayed their purpose by becoming enmeshed in the "market place" of popular disputes. Emerson is cognizant of this treason when he writes "the poet cannot descend into the turbid present without injury to his rarest gifts . . . he must stand on his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity."
Again:

> I cannot forgive a scholar his homeless despondency. He represents intellectual or spiritual force. I wish him to rely on the spiritual arm; to live by his strength, not by his weakness. A scholar defending the cause of slavery, of arbitrary government, of monopoly, of the oppressor, is a traitor to his profession. He has ceased to be a scholar.[11]

When Nietzsche wrote his *Thoughts Out of Season* in 1874, he believed Germany to be suffering from an overabundance of 'historicity', a dilettantism inhibiting man from the vital constructive search for Being. The America of Emerson's time and the Germany of Nietzsche's were nations at the threshold of expansion; the political and economic progress which both enjoyed was regarded by most as the ultimate goal of mankind. It must be difficult to stand against

this tide and cry "Halt!" and to demand a revaluation of purposes as Emerson and Nietzsche did. In a letter to Hermann Grimm, Emerson wrote: "'Tis a mortification that because a nation has no enemies, it should become its own; and, because it has an immense future, it should commit suicide." In context, these words refer to the American Civil War, yet they are painfully applicable to this very betrayal of the intellectuals—a nation becoming its own enemy by abandoning its transcendent purpose. "Our time," Nietzsche writes, "however much it talks of economy, is a squanderer; it squanders what is most precious, the spirit."[12]

Emerson would have man trust himself, be a nonconformist: "nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."[13] A position of such relativism is in danger of leading to scepticism, even to nihilism, yet its implications of existential being must not be overlooked. Surely at some point in life one must begin to assimilate, to distinguish between the "me" and the "not me," and to live in accordance with principles sacred to oneself. At the same time, I am conscious of the question that I raised in the beginning of this paper as to the limits of such a philosophy of life. The problem of isolation, of inability to communicate one's individual ideas must be faced. Thoreau withdrew to Walden as the symbol of his confrontation; Emerson remained a respected citizen and man of letters, lecturing on a philosophy which he did not fully follow. I do not feel that all the heroic words of Emerson and Nietzsche are enough to compensate that "transcendent figure" for the terrible loneliness he would encounter in his "fearful questioning of Life."[14] Perhaps Emerson could write so glowingly just because he was not such a man; perhaps Nietzsche's own life was bitter proof of his philosophy. Yet, the Emersonian ideal of spiritual independence as the antidote for the levelling process has a necessary function in life; it can be taken out of the realm of the abstract and be made to serve as inspiration for those men who would be free, in Socrates' words, to know themselves. If Emerson's proposals seem outrageous to us, it is because we would endow them with literal rather than with symbolic significance; we would try to make them conform to the very consistency which their author regarded as "the hobgoblin of little minds."

Emerson and Nietzsche both recognized that the "time" had indeed come for them to shock their cultures into awareness by proposing the destruction of existing principles and by demanding, instead, that man enjoy "an original relation to the universe."[15] Thus, if their antidotes seem unnecessarily harsh, it must be remembered that they symbolize rejuvenation; by confronting man with hyperbole, they hope that he will seek the median for himself. In this sense, I think that what Emerson calls the "aboriginal self" is very much what Nietzsche means by the inner core of being, the "welding of the whole man into a solar system with life and movement."[16] It is the existential demand of confrontation of self as that which is truly significant in life.

At the same time in which I would laud these philosophers for the profundity of their analyses, it is important not to overlook those elements of self-interest which in part prompted their criticisms. One aspect of the Romantic movement was an intensification of nationalism concurrent with the stress on individual

achievement; thus, Nietzsche is the prophet of doom for Germany and Emerson is passionately concerned with the future of America. Emerson's previously mentioned letters to Hermann Grimm is but one example of the dual significance of his words. It seems that his particular idealism was tempered by a strain of 'Franklinish pragmatism' which prompted him to make this entry in his journal, June, 1834, about America's literary imitation of England:

> . . . I suppose the evil may be cured by this rank rabble party, the Jacksonism of the country, heedless of English and of all literature—a stone cut out of the ground without hands;—they may root out the hollow dilettantism of our civilization in the coarsest way, and the newborn may begin again to frame their own world with greater advantage.[17]

To save America, to regenerate his country, Emerson would place his hope with the "rank rabble party" as a symbol of rebirth. It is not difficult to understand his support of Jacksonism, although at first glance its leader may seem to be far removed from Emerson's concept of the great man. This entry in his journal was made two years before the publication of his first and most idealistic essay "Nature"; the young Emerson standing so firmly against the existing order could easily imbue Jackson with the qualities of an innovator, could see him as the man able to bring about a 'new' America. Emerson did not concern himself with the philosophy of Jacksonian democracy, with its tendency toward "leveling" as manifested in the principles of the rotation-in-office policy. At this point, I am not attempting to determine the merit of Andrew Jackson, but rather to illustrate one of the basic inconsistencies in Emerson's philosophy. Perhaps it is not inconsistent as much as it is superficial; either Emerson does not always 'think through' the implications of his position, or he seems to be satisfied with a partial realization of his goals. It would be a distortion, however, to insist that Emerson was only nationalistic, significant as this factor maybe; rather, he and Nietzsche seem to me to transcend their times in the universality of their analyses and in those elements of their criticisms which are applicable today.

My contention throughout this paper has been that Emerson and Nietzsche are symbols of heroism, of man's attempt to free himself from what Unamuno has called the tragic sense of life; they are not to be read as much for what they say as for why they say it, and the profundity of their positions rests with their grappling with the problem of existential being. They are Philosophers of Life in that they address themselves directly to the dynamic flow of life and seek to invest it with meaning and purpose. Hermann Hummel sees their refusal to follow blindly one set of formulae and convention as proof of their eclecticism, a term which he does not employ derogatorily, but as denoting their "selective subjectivism."[18] In the wake of German philosophical thought himself, Hummel praises their attempts to "elucidate man and existence," to illuminate the fundamental problems of man. Although I have spoken of Emerson and Nietzsche throughout this paper in terms of the existential implications of their writing, I wish to qualify my thesis which I find overdrawn at one point. It seems to me too contrived to speak of Emerson, in particular, as an existential

philosopher. First of all, both he and Nietzsche defy categories by the very nature of their writing. In point of fact, the word existentialism, or, more properly, *existenzphilosophie,* was not coined until the early twentieth century by Karl Jaspers. But the main reason why this term is not wholly appropriate is that it singles out only one facet of their influences and restricts them to a particular school of thought. The rudiments of this philosophy are surely present as important contributions, but so too are many other elements. Walter Kaufman, in his book *Existentialism from Dostoevsky to Sartre* writes:

> Existentialism suggests only a single facet of Nietzsche's multifarious influence, and to call him an existentialist means in all likelihood an insufficient appreciation of his full significance . . . Existentialish without Nietzsche would be almost like Thomism without Aristotle; but to call Nietzsche an existentialist is a little like calling Aristotle a Thomist!

To Emerson belongs a place in the realm of American letters as essayist and lecturer. His often deep insight into American culture provides many challenges to the democratic process and suggests a philosophy of individualism to counteract the equalitarian aspects. To Nietzsche belongs this poem by Stefan George: (translated by Ernst Morwitz)

> One there emerged who sharp as flash and steel
> Revealed the chasms and divided camps,
> A Yonder wrought, reversing Here of yours . . .
> Who cried your madness into you so long,
> With such insistence that his throat was cracked.
> And you? If dull, if shrewd, if false, if true,
> You heard and saw as though no change had come,
> Continued acting, talking, laughing, mating.
> The Warner passed . . . no other arm will stop
> The Wheel that down to emptiness is driven.

KAREN LEE WIDDER '60

FOOTNOTES

[1] Hummel, Hermann, "Emerson and Nietzsche," p. 82.
[2] *Ibid.,* p. 64.
[3] Mann, Thomas, *Nietzsche's Philosophy in the Light of Contemporary Events,* p. 19.
[4] Hummel, Hermann, "Emerson and Nietzsche," p. 28.
[5] *Emerson, A Modern Anthology,* p. 57.
[6] *Ralph Waldo Emerson,* "Divinity School Address," p. 85.
[7] Nietzsche, Friedrich, "The Use and Abuse of History," p. 25.
[8] *Ralph Waldo Emerson,* "The American Scholar," p. 66.
[9] Perry, Bliss, *The Heart of Emerson's Journals,* p. 84.
[10] *Emerson, A Modern Anthology,* p. 185.

[11] *Ibid.*, p. 85.
[12] *The Portable Nietzsche,* "The Dawn," p. 83.
[13] *Ralph Waldo Emerson,* "Self Reliance," p. 71.
[14] Nietzsche, Friedrich, "Schopenhauer as Educator," p. 142.
[15] *Emerson, A Modern Anthology,* p. 63.
[16] Nietzsche, Friedrich, "Schopenhauer as Educator," p. 110.
[17] Perry, Bliss, p. 85.
[18] Hummel, Hermann, p. 83.

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4. "Nietzsche and Emerson," Hermann Hummel, *New England Quarterly,* volume XIX, 1946.
5. *Nietzsche's Philosophy in the Light of Contemporary Events,* Thomas Mann; Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., 1947.
6. *Thoughts Out of Season,* part II, Friedrich Nietzsche; The Macmillan Co., New York, 1927.
7. *The Portable Nietzsche,* edited by Walter Kaufmann; The Viking Press, New York, 1954.

DELILA

She slowly opened wide the shears,
Approached the sleeping man with care.
"With this deed die my people's fears,"
She whispered as she cut his hair.

GAY NATHAN '61

IN A THREE MINUTE EGG TIMER

In glassy, unbreakable silence
The routine goes on
At breakfast and forever.

With careless, certain hands
The grainy world of tick-tock
Particles is tipped and set.

They cling fleetingly
To slippery crystal
And then fall rough
And proud in salty combat
To the strained void.
A mass of tiny movement
They filter through time
And poise in space
Unbound at last
Then crushed by
Their own empty flight.

Still, at last, and forgotten
They share in aimless expectation
A grateful time of nothing.

And a perfect three minute egg
Is peeled clean and symmetrical
And toyed with by the puny, big-eyed child.

DIANA BASSET '60

R. Mullin

THE TERMITE

I missed the termite when I stepped; I did not get my shoe
Directly over all — the head, thorax, and abdomen.
It crawled along the moulding of the gray wall, and I knew
The minute I stepped down, I was the worst of its foemen.
I felt the corners of my mouth pull down and spread apart.
In that one facial gesture we express the inner pains
That come with guilt and shame, disgust, remorse, sickness at heart.
With this expression I stared at the termite's torn remains.
I'd split the thing in two, but still it pulled itself along,
Like some poor soldier, knees all shredded, using elbow-legs,
Who tries in agonizing desperation to prolong
Of life what are the dying, ebbing, putrifying dregs.
The termite moved, and exudation left a moistened path,
Its entrails oozing from the wound, betraying its despair.
It faltered as it crawled, but showed no sign of fear or wrath.
A morbid fascination caused my eyes to strain and stare.
My duty was to kill it and to end the agony.
And yet two questions in my mind prevented such an act:
Would killing it ease up the strain of termite or of me?
And should survival's deadly pain remain a living fact?
I could not bring myself to raise my wicked foot once more.
I got a sheet of looseleaf from the shabby notebook stand;
I watched the termite crawl onto the paper from the floor,
But could not bear to see it moving closer to my hand.
The termite fell, and I could feel a shudder through my brain.
It pulled itself along the ground more slowly than before.
I squatted down and got it on the paper once again;
I turned and walked with crucial steps up to the open door.
The termite wrestled with the sheet, fell in the bush at last.
I whispered, "Good luck, termite," and I did not feel a fool.
I still don't understand how I could burn ants in my past.
And yet, to wound and not to kill is surely far more cruel.

GAY NATHAN '61

A BROKEN GLASS

She stood alone at dusk, watching the shadows dissolve the shreds of her life. It was as if all history—of man and of woman—had been shattered into jagged pieces. They lay at her feet—transparent in the sallow sunlight. And then the hot breath of night swept into the streets to consume the fragments in its lust. There was nothing . . .

* * *

It was at a party that they first met. She and Stephen were among those who had come up from the dark streets into the little apartment on Weaver. The selected few were isolated in time in a narrow patch of light. They thrilled to the tinkle of glass and to the murmur of voices. They felt secure in rough tweeds with the labels rubbing against their necks, and they could not help but admire long stockinged legs, crossed so delicately. They lost their identity as husbands and wives, and he wondered why she never fixed her hair or put on that dress when they were at home. Yet life stopped at the windows and at the door. In between there was smoke, a bitter sweet in the throat, and the urgent searchings of one for another.

She had walked that night—past the movie theater and through the park. It was all too real: the smell of popcorn and the bench on which an acned pair explored love. Her footsteps sounded like the footsteps in front of her and behind her on the pavement—a rhythmical beat in the cry of the city. Then she was on Weaver Street with the wind and the leaves disturbing the century-old aura of elegance. She pulled her coat around her until her arms were close to her body. The gilded seven over the doorway leered at the passers-by, but she only glanced at it with a mild smile of recognition and went inside, up the four flights of stairs.

The doorbell rang.

"My God, it's Ann!" announced a round-faced man as he opened the door with some difficulty.

The hum in the room was suddenly electrified.

"Hello, dears—it's wonderful to see you all again. I've been awfully, awfully busy lately, but I have not forgotten any of you, not one. Why Thomas, I'm surprised to see you, my love. I thought . . ."

The door closed and another slipped into the recesses of the world beyond. She had spoken her piece. It had been appraised by those who, too, had had years of experience in making their own entrances, in penetrating the crust. And, of course, it was acceptable.

She moved with a stateliness that had somehow been elsewhere when she was in the park and outside the movie theater. It was just as she had known it would be: clay animals in a cardboard box. Her only defense was dignity, a defense as thin as the window panes. She took the sweaty palms and kissed the soft cheeks. The taste of the powder and perfumed soap choked her.

Stephen sat in the far corner of the room in his tweed jacket. His dark eyes followed the woman last to enter. He was not the only one to watch the lifting

of an arm, the fingers, one by one, closing around a glass stem, the gentle heaving of her body—each so unconsciously smooth. The others watch, too, with a strange fascination. Stephen was obsessed by a blond wisp that fell away from the graceful upsweep of her hair. It would sometimes drop to the collar of her silk blouse, then be patted into place, only to move again with her breath. Nor could he avoid the piercing eyes when they flickered in his direction. They were blue and so intense that the pupils were drowned in the depths.

The tinkle of glass and the voices were a crescendo, and as it grew louder, the guests marvelled at their own cleverness in enjoying life. They reached out for her and caught her momentarily with a smile or a husky laugh. She said the words that she knew they wanted to hear, repeated the flattery that they could understand, and slipped away. But it seemed that they went with her. She was never without a glass or someone to talk to or someone to escape from. All were ecstatic over the success of the party, all but two.

Stephen alone out of the men in the room was seated. He was near the window and rested his elbow against the sill. She turned away from the group who were earnestly discussing the advantages of a spayed cat. She bent over to put down her drink, and their eyes met. His dropped and he began to button the tweed jacket, but she let hers linger on his face. She searched for something beyond the immediacy of the window and the door. He studied the threads in the tweed, the specks of black and of green, and then at last he looked up. Why this sudden throbbing in her very core? Why the hot flush that made her insides molten? She fingered the silk of her blouse and stood up. Her eyes hadn't left his face. It was as if she saw the back of the chair instead of the man who sat in it. She trembled a little as she spoke:

"I don't know you."

"Not many people do," he said, and there was a questioning look in those dark eyes. Was it possible that he detected a blush creeping up her white neck, that her fingers shook as she patted the wisp into place?

The crescendo was deafening. The walls seemed to quake with the excitement. The room smelled of the fleshiness of life. There were embraces and martini kisses, but all in the spirit of the party, all confined to the interim between the window and the door.

He lit a cigarette for her, and the smoke curled into his face.

"I'd like to know you," she said after a long pause. And as she looked out the window she saw the movie theater and the park, and she could smell the popcorn and see the two on the bench.

To Stephen and to her, life had become an ultimate commitment, the commitment of a man to a woman. She would stand by the window in his flat and look out on the dismal grey of the courtyard. She knew every crack in the slate walks and would retrace them on the sill—there many stories above. Then he would be outside the door and she would be inside—waiting. They would eat supper and afterwards sit in front of the fire in the fireplace. Very little was said. They watched the reflection of the flames in one another's eyes, and she loved to run her fingers over his cheek and feel the coarse beard catch at her skin. Or sometimes they would walk at night—arm in arm in the darkness.

This was all hers, built upon the initial commitment. How often she would think back over those long months to that first morning and the way her old red apron had been as it lay in two pieces—down in the courtyard. She had used that apron for years. It was stained with egg and grease and batter. She could not look at the black man who stopped at the trash can and put it into his sack with the other refuse . . .

The ties were short, and she always had had to suck in her breath before fumbling with the frayed ends. And her whole being had yearned for air.

Stephen had heard her gasp and had gone into the tiny kitchen. The two of them were crushed together by the walls and the unwashed dishes. Futilely, he tried to secure the apron around her waist, but his hands were too large, his kitchen too small, and this was the first time they had been quite alone. Suddenly the apron slithered to the floor and lay at their feet. One tie dangled between them, hanging limply from his hand.

She knew that his eyes were at her neck and that the wisp of hair was not in place. The clock was ticking on the wall. A horn blew impatiently somewhere in the city below. She could not stand the burning silence, the unspoken words. She turned, and they clung together in bewilderment. An empty glass struck the floor and shattered.

ROZ LISTON '62

BROWN FIELDS

Some grass does not speak accurately
Of these three fields which now seem turned to one
Undeviating brown; you see
The way this stalk I picked has kept its green,
Was not dissolved or covered by
The brown that seeped and spread like water that
Has found the lowest ground, reminding me
How general statements tell their opposite
And how a year looked back on as a whole
Gives only one account of how I spoke
And thought except that on a single day a sole
Insisting voice made me speak thoughts that broke
Repeating days strung tight on error.
The days like scattered beads escaped the year.

NEVA HERRINGTON
Special Student

A BRUSH STROKE OF CHINA

The purpose of these comments is to present an explanation of the Chinese design 'tip in' following the article. I learned about Chinese art while studying abroad, and this article is both an essay to explain certain theories encompassed in the Chinese brush painting and a description of the atmosphere in which I worked.

From a Peak apartment to the ferry pier, the taxi had sped down the winding road on the island of Hong Kong. Junks with moth-winged sails dodged the ferry, as the red morning sun had risen from the Chinese mainland to dazzle the already humming harbor. The dragon bus had roared from the Kowloon coast through the crooked streets. Finally after a muggy, three-story climb, I stood at the apartment door.

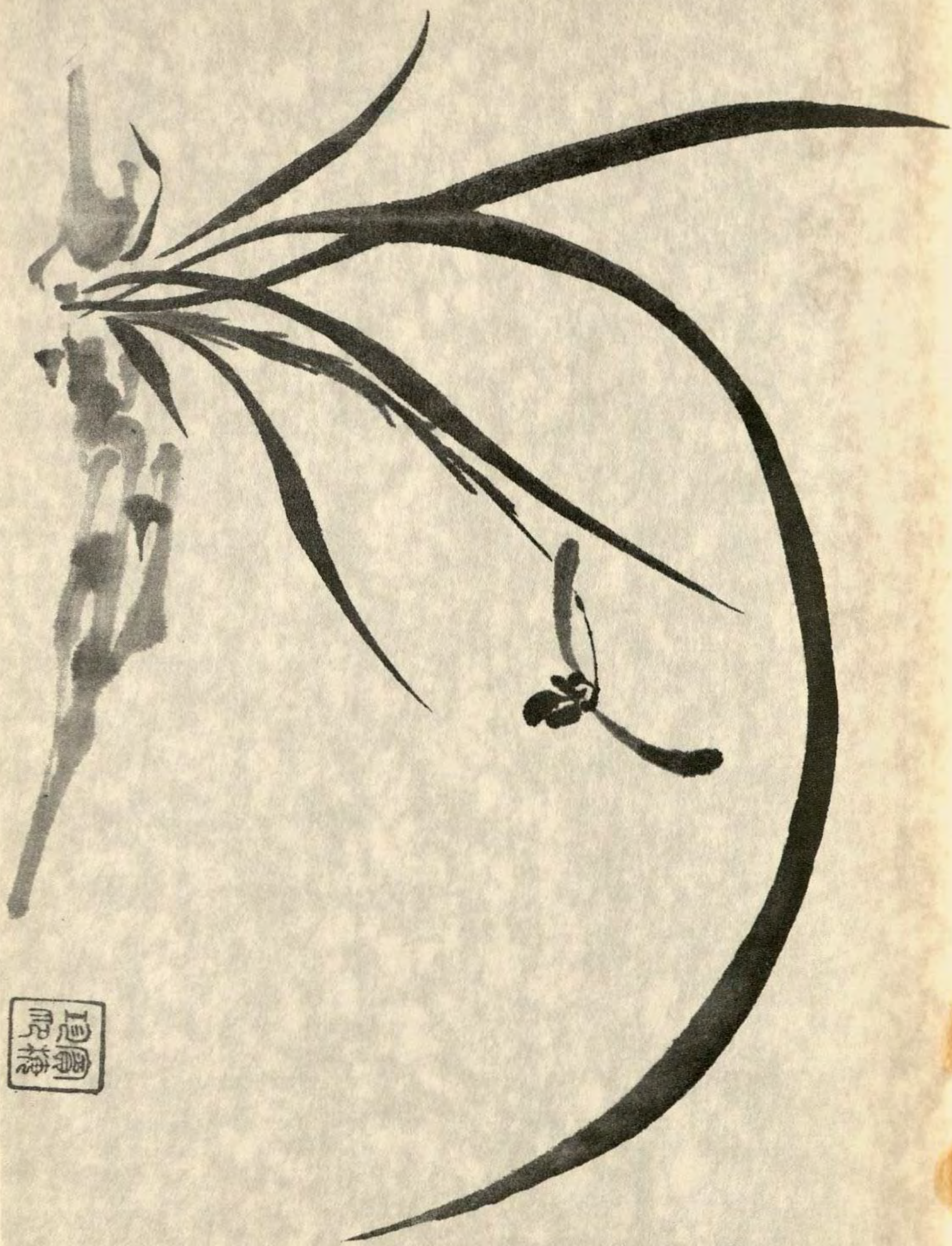
A Chinese servant woman, whose hair was arranged in a long black braid, wore a white, highcollared top and loose black, oil-cloth pants. She ushered me into a small dining room with a low ceiling. As I placed my brushes on the table before me, my art teacher padded in. The domestic brought us glasses of tepid tea and turned on the fan while we talked, and I rubbed the gold lettered, cylindrical stick of concentrated black ink on the moist ink box. The white rice paper lay unrolled on the table; the brushes, their bamboo handles sticking out of a moist jug, soaked up cool water.

After conversing for a while, my teacher turned to our materials and began to express her thoughts and knowledge of Chinese painting. She discussed the artist's treatment of bamboo. The artist gives vent to powerful emotions through his brush strokes, making the bamboo appear sharp, strong and definite. The bamboo itself in different attitudes represents various moods. The young leaves may display optimism, vivacity and potential growth; the stem may represent something stable and mature, and the old leaves may connote age.

Then my teacher emphasized the importance of a fluid, supple line in painting the orchid. To create this effect, the artist uses a brush stroke that personifies all of the sweetest qualities—happiness, gentleness, peace. When the flower is a bud or the petals are turned upward, the orchid signifies youth and development, whereas the drooping flower with leaves turned back depicts old age and maturity.

Once we finished discussing the feeling behind the brush strokes, we picked up our brushes and began to paint. As I worked at several pictures, I was aware of how very important the shading of the ink can be. The artist is unable to retouch his stroke; he has that one stroke in which to do everything—to express his emotions, to place the subject correctly without preliminary drawing and to attain the right shading.

An old stem of bamboo should be dark and heavy, a young stem, fragile, light and almost transparent; the leaves should be a brittle black. The shadings of the orchid flower are equally important, for the flower itself should be very delicate in its soft gray against the dark sweeping strokes of the rest of the plant. The strokes of the orchid are in themselves a special technique. The pressure of the



artist's brush determines whether the line is thin or thick; the smoothness of the stroke shows confidence, attained by working with the medium, and the proper placement of every leaf is indicative of a careful eye.

Time passed quickly. The whirr of the fan distracted me, and looking up, I noticed that the sun now streaked through the open window. It was time to return to the island. Gathering up my brushes and rolling together my pictures, I rose to leave. Soon I was on the bus again. And now the people looked at me with interested eyes; my pictures lay on my lap. Then our glances happened to catch, and we were brothers.

MARION BINGHAM '63

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE BUTTERFLY

One night Chaung Tzu had a curious dream
Of mulberry trees in spring showers
And butterflies resting on flowers.
In variations upon this theme
He was endowed with winged features
And honorably caroused with these creatures.

Chaung Tsu spent years in contemplation
Of man's superior intellect
(Which he could hardly reject)
And butterflies' frustration.
"Was I made human when life first began
Or rather a butterfly thinking on man?"

When death embraced him in her grip
And he was borne to the house of worship
His body remained with ancestral Mings
But his soul arose on delicate wings.

PAT WERTHEIM '60

ESSAY: I AND MY ZADA

I remember reading once that the difference between the culture of the early Hebrews and that of the Greeks lay in the inception of their religions. Whereas the Hebrews began with a belief in The Divine and built a religion, the Greeks began with their religious institutions and created the gods. The discourse ended by showing the collapse of the Greek civilization, when time had demanded a change in the institutions, and the endurance of the Hebrews though subjected to similar changes.

I suppose that the most profound influence in my life has been Judaism. If I try to isolate particular and significant reasons for this influence, I am at a loss. The influence has been more of a diffuse and arbitrary nature; like the early Hebrews, a deep confiding trust has remained unquestioned in me through all the trials of adolescence, rebellion and college atheism.

Some complain that Judaism is not explicit; that it does not provide a tangible enough code to give a source of reference and strength to its people. Others complain that the laws of Judaism are too harsh; that its God is too wrathful. Between these two vastly separated poles lies the real beauty and significance of Judaism for me.

It is true that Judaism has no dogma—unless one would consider the belief that God is One the dogma. There is no one precise interpretation of any Jewish law that one must accept to be a member in good standing; whereas Christian denominations are held together solely by religious conviction, Judaism is more than a religion—it is the history of an ancient and noble people. Therefore, group existence does not rest on creed alone.

In addition to directing the worship of its people and telling its history, Judaism directs man's relationship with man. The old cliche, "Judaism is a way of life," has real meaning in practical everyday living. It is considered better to live a good life than a life of only reason; it is better to pursue justice and mercy than to judge in the abstract. Hebrew scholars have interpreted God's will as: "Would that the people forsake Me, and obey My law."

In Judaism the emphasis is on life—here and now. The scholars admit that they know nothing about death, but feel that if one leads the good life, there is nothing to fear in any event. There is the traditional story that says when Moses was on the mount with God, he asked God about man's place before birth and after death. The answer came that man could know everything—except "what came before and what was to come after." To me this is a doctrine of realism, honesty, vitality. I do not wish to give a paper on Judaism, but it is all of the above which is so vital within me and which indirectly guides my thought.

Central to Jewish life is the home; it is the focus of all activity—religious and social. The dining room table is especially significant, for it is around the table that the family gathers at least once every day for a meal. The family is thus insured of being all together daily, and on holidays and the Sabbath even more often. On the Sabbath, candles (one for each child) are lit by the mother, and blessings are made over the wine and bread by the father and his sons. With the

fresh white table cloth and newly clean house, the Sabbath is really a festive occasion.

There are many customs with which I grew up that have made my life much richer and more interesting. Most of these customs have no real religious value, but have sprung out of East European Ghettos with all of their superstitious values. As long as these customs are merely interesting, colorful, non-compulsory bits of action, they are delightful. Many, of course, are pagan hang-overs or Christian adaptations such as the practice of covering the mirrors in the house of the dead. In the days that mirrors contained evil spirits it was absolutely necessary to keep the spirits out of the house of the dead, but later, when the Rabbis attempted to rid the people of this custom without success, they gave a modern interpretation by saying that the mirror should by all means be covered so that the mourners would not see sorrow in their own reflections.

I remember one custom that pertained to putting on one's shoes and socks. Never should you put on one sock and one shoe together, but rather you should put on both socks and then both shoes. The explanation for this was rather vague, but probably pertained to readiness for flight. There are numerous other isolated customs such as never touching a prayer book after you have touched your shoes unless you have washed your hands, or making stars in place of plus signs to avoid making the sign of the cross, or kissing a prayer book if you dropped it, and then kissing it on the written words inside instead of just on the cover.

When a custom became obsolete in our family it was discarded. Only Zada, however, could discard. If we asked him why we followed some custom, and if he couldn't find an answer suitable to either himself or to us, out it went. For instance, there is the awful practice of slinging a chicken around your head by the neck until it is dead; this took place only on certain holidays. I suppose that this custom was left over from the ancient sacrifices in the Temple in Jerusalem. We began to think the practice very oppressive, and Zada stopped it.

Sometimes a member of the family, or more likely a friend, would get the idea that everything should be abolished. Then would come up the age-old question, "how many legs can you take away from the table without causing it to fall down?" On the other side of the argument would be those who said that they didn't mind being a little nutty (meaning that they didn't mind following certain practices), but they refused to be entire fruit cakes.

Some customs have real charm and lasting value. On Pessah all of the bread and bread products have to be gotten out of the house. On the eve before the holiday, everyone gathered at Zada's house; bits of bread were hidden around the living room, the lights were turned out, and the children with tiny candles went about searching out the hidden bread. When they spotted a piece, they would call to Zada who brushed the bread into a small leather bag with a feather. In this way all of the bread was reclaimed and the house was proclaimed ready for the holiday. The next morning the bread was burned.

Unalterably, Friday nights were dedicated to the family. On the singular occasions when I did get out on Friday night, the rebuke came not from my parents, as might have been expected, but from my brothers, who really got mad and

told me to go read some Faulkner. Needless to say, I went out only when the call was very great.

After Friday night dinner we went to Zada's house and there joined all of the rest of the family. While the adults gathered around the dining room table with their older children to study the Torah portion for the week with Zada, the younger grandchildren were allowed to play in the living room. We would usually make a football out of a yamulkie (skull cap) and some handkerchiefs and play until we made too much noise or until a lamp had been broken. Lamps were always getting broken. When the balance between our parents' patience and our noise became upset, we were ushered to the table and made to sit helplessly in somebody's lap. After Zada's explanation and the Commentaries had been completed, the floor was opened to general discussion and glasses of tea and cookies were brought in.

One of the most important things about the Sabbath or the holidays was the singing that took place at that time. Every pitch imaginable was represented with much gusto and the spirit was unbelievable. Zada would always lead the songs, and to keep his lead among his roaring family, he would start the next verse while the general company was completing the previous or catching a breath for the next. His timing was always so perfect that no one could rival his lead without messing everything up.

I have one uncle who claims to have held back the whole Russian army in defense of his native town in Poland on one occasion, and who was always picking songs in which he could have the solo part. He did have a good voice. Another uncle, who had married into the family, loved to sing, but he never did learn the words to any of the songs. Uncle Phillip's "la-la" was heard just as vibrant and loud as anyone else's Hebrew syllables.

My Dad was an awful monotone, but he was always good for volume. My two youngest uncles were always introducing new songs, but somehow the new never made the permanent repertoire. On holidays the Rabbi and the Cantor in addition to half of the Jewish community would also be at Zada's, and the quality of the singing would be greatly improved. Around Zada's table the young boys of the family were trained for the Temple choir. When one young voice began to crack and change, there was always a cousin or two to take his place in the choir. Even the three Negro maids who kept the house and worked in the kitchen learned the songs and joined the singing.

On rare occasions the family danced; dancing was left mainly for weddings. Now and then my uncles would swing Tante (my grandmother) gently around, while we stood around clapping and singing. When some of the grandchildren were old enough for camp, we would come back with all kinds of Israelie dances which just begged to be seen. We were given a few audiences.

On every Saturday morning fathers and children went to the Synagogue. We all sat together close to Zada. As each grandchild came in, Zada would kiss us and remain standing until we were settled. Now and then during the service Zada would stand up to look us over, and if the occasion demanded he would gather his full length *tallis* (prayer shawl) about him, secure his *yamulkie* more firmly, and walk over to shake his fist playfully at us.

After services we went to Zada's for more study, as the night before, and then had lunch. Following the orthodox tradition, Zada did not ride on *Shabbos,* so his house was near the Schule. When Zada was younger we would run ahead and let the adults walk with him, but during his last few years we walked with him, and ran ahead only to get a neighbor's porch chair for him to rest in. Tante and the mothers were always waiting on the porch to catch sight of the approaching procession and sometimes came forward to meet us.

I remember having run ahead one Saturday with some cousins and sitting on the grass making clover chains, while we waited for Zada to come. I won't forget the shock I felt when one of the adults reprimanded me for "tearing." I knew that we didn't cook, or sew, or cut on the Sabbath, but I'd never heard you couldn't break off clovers to make a chain. I thought then that surely God didn't really mind.

After lunch we dispersed to the movies, to play tennis or walk in the woods, or to shop with our mothers. The men went either to work or home to bed; seniority determined which, as the brothers were all in business together.

After Sunday School all of the grandchildren again ate with Zada. At this time Tante would have us all without our parents and she really loved stuffing us and spoiling us in the old European fashion. Zada, meanwhile, would try to find out what we had learned in Sunday School that day; we invariably had nothing to tell him, for although we shone in class with bits of information gathered from the week-end's study with him, our learning was not reinforced in class.

On Sunday evening the entire family was back at Zada's for a light supper and Walter Winchell. There was nothing religious about this gathering, and the conversation drifted to gossip, business, and world news. The youngest family additions were brought for the first time all week-end for approval and attention, and extra-curricular plans were made for the coming week. This was the pattern of every week-end.

It would seem that such intense family activities would get stale, but they never did. Zada always presided so majestically from the head of the table that the awe we felt for him only increased. Whenever anyone came into the house—stranger or relation—he first went to the head of the table to present himself to Zada; if it were a grandchild who entered, he was always in for a kiss from among Zada's whiskers. The table itself was miles long, and on holidays it was made even longer; extended into the adjoining living room, it was crossed like a T with another table which ran the length of that room. No matter how large the crowd, there was always enough room to sit. Cooking was Tante's whole existence, and with ample help both paid and voluntary, preparation and serving were easily and graciously accomplished.

As might be expected, the men held the head of the table; only brides and baby girls were allowed into the fold surrounding Zada. If some wife especially wanted to sit with her husband, she would be admitted without question; but since the wives were generally always getting up and down to serve and to take care of their children, and since the women like to talk about their own affairs, it seemed natural and convenient for them to sit together at the far end of the

table. At the beginning of the meal the table looked so nice from every angle with its dark red wines, amber liquors, loaves of Challah (square twist), lit candles, and clean (only at the very beginning of the meal) white cloth, that it really didn't matter where you sat to feel that it was a special occasion.

It was sort of a special privilege to be able to take Zada the silver cup and dish in which he washed his hands after the meal. He always looked like a high priest then—especially if it were a holiday and he had on a long white robe and high white hat. Zada knew the value of the dramatic and never failed to use it when it might be effective. On the high holidays when the whole congregation were dressed up in their very newest and best, Zada would appear in Schule in his sneakers. He said that on these days men should be at peace and should not wear shoes made from the skins of animals. As children we loved the idea of having Zada's example at least to take off our shoes during the service.

There is one holiday, Succoth, which lasts for over a week when the trials of the children of Israel in the desert are recalled. It is customary to build a poor, little hut during this time and to live in it for the duration of the holiday; this is to recall the hardships of the people in the desert. It is also the holiday of the harvest. Zada had a special room built onto the back of his house with a removable roof. When Succoth came the men removed the roof and laid it over with pine branches. From the branches the children hung the fruits of the harvest, and, before long, the make-shift room began to take on a really festive air. Tradition states that you should not eat more than a mouthful outside of the Succoth during the holiday, and so all of our major meals were eaten therein. Sometimes to the infinite delight of the children it rained or the wind threatened the roof. Worried mothers, however, would spoil the excitement by hustling their disappointed youngsters inside the house. The men stayed on with umbrellas.

When Zada's children were first married they, like him, did not ride on the Sabbath, but, as families grew and incomes expanded, the family began to build homes which were not within walking distance of the Schule. On the high holidays, therefore, when one did not yet ride, the families who lived beyond walking distance from Schule slept at Zada's. The children loved this arrangement; it was always highly amusing, if not always successful. The men and women separated into various rooms and the children fitted in where they could.

Zada's house was always open to traveling Rabbis of all descriptions, and as his children married and moved into their own homes there was more room to accommodate these strangers. Zada loved to talk with these men whose background and training were similar to his, but greatest of all were their great arguments over denouncing Joseph as a pretty self, inconsiderate rascal. Zada defended Joseph and put the blame on Jacob for allowing Joseph to develop poorly. The Rabbi, meanwhile, would feel it his duty to defend both Biblical characters, and then the fun really began.

One day a large painting turned up on the wall in Zada's dining room. The scene portrayed was that of a group of Talmud students arguing. The men were bearded and were seated around a small table with a book open before them. One of the men was very animated and was throwing up his hand in a motion of heated objection. The man sitting next to him still had his finger marking the

disputed line in the open book, and with another student he was acutely listening to the objection of his interpretation. In the background a younger man was studying silently by himself; he was not yet learnéd enough to join the older men.

This picture had always been to me the essence of Judaism; study, discussion, and even argument based on unquestioned faith. It is as Milton Steinberg said in *As a Driven Leaf,* even Euclid with his logical geometry had to accept on faith his first premise.

PAULA KIMBERLING '60

THE AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

The American success story:
Big cerisey flowers splashed on a
Billowing golf-green robe
Mincing across a squinting stage
Never to question the direction in which greatness lies.

Mahogany, Magnavox, Mink,
"Mommy, Mommy," from
Four toothless faces—thorns—
Cornelia's jewel-like Gracchi doubled
To shatter the fondled Oscar
Crash it
Send the girl from Idaho
Back to the farm.

Hallelujah, loud hosannas
Rise for others, but never this pearl
Still oyster trampled
Until she, too, beauty contest bonus
Emerges from Obliquity
To light the proper cigar.

And yet on high
Wafted by the Cytherean foam
This Venus, Success in hand
Pageanted by Life's seaweed
Snaps the shell
Sees carbuncle-eyed
The slimy Gold
Blows out the worm's cigar
To slip cerise-bound back
To the Idaho potato sack.

The American success story:
But she asked, she toppled.

NOEL TRIPP '61

BY CANDLELIGHT

He lit the candle with a burst of flame,
A thrust of light upon the unused wick,
And sat, a witness to the burning pyre.
He shielded up to brightly climbing heights;
Then, hand away, it was reduced, subdued.
The brilliance flickered, dimmed, then soared again
In changing strength throughout the sun-dead night.
It swayed, a dancer in the clutch of breath,
A flaming phoenix in suspended time;
It mounted, throwing shadows on the wall
In giant mirror of its feeble light;
It veered and, turning from a weighty puff
Of wind, consumed its softened tallow sides.
Thus, slowly, surely, drops of light were spent
Until at last the base, the end, was bared,
And all remaining was a useless stub.
The brilliant flame was now a dimming spark
Which fell, and falling, made a final hiss.

MARY COCHRAN '62

FIREFLIES

In this immeasurable garden, lights
Go on that charm us by their here and there.
I think that love is certain as these lights;
We know the lights but never when or where.

NEVA HERRINGTON
Special Student

EVERY ART IS A LOVE

The instruments,

Moist strong stain

On rough serviceable fabric

  And a mind.

An idea
Then slow fierce hate love
    hate most of all in interruption love
  most of all in cessation
Stretch Lift Light Bolt Gone
    I Am Open Dimly Speaks The Endless
  I Let In Let Out The All
    the Very of the essence in
    two virgins locked
    by idyllic ravishment

The masterpiece

Lies within

A dress, lovely, peaked, unconcerned

  With beauty.

BRENDA HITCHCOCK '60

A LEAF FALLS

A tree is
A home to its leaves
And holds each in its grasp
But Autumn comes and brings with it
A wind that whistles through the branches
And twists each leaf, and turns it
Until it can persuade a leaf
To leave its home,
The tree

and fall thru the

and turn and twist and air

flutter until it finally

ground the reaches

where
it
lies
until
others
fall and
they gradually
gather to form a pile
which becomes their new home.

MERRY LEE CORWIN '60