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Alice Johnson

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EDITORIAL

"The depth of thought is a part of the depth of life," Paul Tillich says in his sermon on *The Depth of Existence.*" Most of our life continues on the surface. We are enslaved by the routine of our daily lives, in work and pleasure, in business and recreation . . . We are in constant motion and seldom stop to plunge into the depth." And yet, this depth is part of the depth of life.

It is part of our lives, as students at Connecticut College, to be intrinsically involved in a constant moving forward, so that we seldom have the time to stop and take the plunge into our own depth. But it is also our aim, as members of an educational institution, to cultivate our inwardness, to interior decorate our minds, as President Park said when welcoming the class of 1964 in the Fall.

The editors of this issue of *Insight* feel that the material contained here is representative of the high quality—the depth— of thought produced on our campus. This depth of thought has been materialized in works revealing the keen understanding of things which the very title of our magazine suggests. We have aimed at quality rather than quantity: it is for this reason that more art work is contained in this issue than in any of the preceding ones, since the art work submitted to us this time was of a particularly high quality. We have reproduced a photograph which besides its aesthetic value, catches some of the awe and mystery of life itself as it is revealed in an old woman. Our cover, in its exquisite simplicity, is perhaps a symbol of what insight really is.

But let us not stop here; let us take a deeper plunge into ourselves and examine some questions. Is the publication of such material really worth while? Are its inherent qualities being appreciated with tthe contemplative attitude they deserve? Are we genuinely supporting this magazine by submitting our best work to it; by buying and reading it? Is it a valuable part of our life on campus?

I will not attempt to answer these questions, but I hope they will provoke some serious thought. A new Editorial Board will work on our coming Spring issue—*if* there is such an issue. We firmly believe that there should and will be one. We feel that *Insight* is an excellent means by which we can express our depth of thought, as well as make it available to others. We acknowledge room for improvement and are already working on new ideas and changes which will be presented to you in the near future. But unless it receives the financial and ideological support of the college as a whole—student body and faculty—*Insight* will not be able to fulfill its purpose nor achieve its high goal.

MARION DESIREE HAUCK

POEM

out-walking i go
to where the street
in long paved squares
begins and ends with
the dead step of my
rubber-soled shoes:
English i walk,
head high and babushka'd
pretending a ballet
silent i stride
forced into solitude
long-necked and proud
out-walking i go
to where the people
coloured in blue orange
stare with lidless eyes
at this long-necked,
lonely child
gliding silently
on rubber-soled shoes
down the paved streets
of paris.

MARCIA SILVERMAN '61

The Pearl Fisherman

A gull cried somewhere above him, but the old man did not look up. He watched his toes sink into the sand and disappear as he knew they would. It had been the same every morning as long as he could remember—the hot sun that sucked the water from his body, the intimate whisper of the waves which he would never understand, the smell of all that he called life. He stood on the beach—a bent figure lashed by the spray and the sifted rock—and was quite alone. The fish on his pole swung slowly from side to side as if there were no blood on the hook, no tear in the mouth, but only a last unwanted toy hanging from the peddler's stick. With a sigh, he raised his head and started toward the grey building that squatted at the edge of the sand.

The old man followed his shadow up the beach. His feet dug into the darkened image, but it could not be changed. A lobsterer—the one that always chewed his cigars instead of smoking them—had once said that shadows belonged to nobody except the sun and the moon. He had asked him why, but the man was too busy with his traps to answer the skinny boy who waited on the dock for the others to come in. He often thought of that day and how at dusk the dinghies with their nets and their cages had slipped around the point into the harbor. Then someone had shouted down from the shed where the pots were stored:

'Hey, Luke—how d'yah do?"

And his father had been there beside him in the slicker that flapped like a summer folk's sail.

"Some good, Eldrid. Some good," he had roared as he tossed a piece of seaweed at the face which reached no higher than his belt.

"Son, get home or I'll set my lobsters to your bottom!" The old man could not smile as he again felt the anguish of the boy who had run between the drying nets and cages—away from the rough laughter of his father and the men.

He wondered what made his throat go dry and the words stick to his tongue whenever he tried to talk about shadows. He'd kept it to himself—even from Berta.

"Hanson, you old coot, what's on that pole of yors?"

He stopped and turned to look at the uneven line of footprints stretching from the surf to his ankles in the warm sand.

"Hanson—coffee?"

He hobbled across the road and climbed the stairs to the porch of the drugstore. His silhouette was lost in the grey of the wood around him.

"Morning, Carroll," he said.

They stared at each other. Carroll wore a pair of tweed knickers that weren't long enough to touch the maroon stockings his wife had knitted for him. His shirt was torn under the sleeve, and the old man counted the different colored threads which had been woven into the frayed cloth.

"Ayeh, that's a flounder I got."

"Good. Ayeh. Good," said Carroll, and his eyes blinked behind the wire-framed glasses. The old man liked his eyes: they were as blue as the sea on a day when the caps were crushed into white bubbles against the shore. Carroll held out a cigarette, and he took it. He noticed how much wider the rip in the shirt was than it had been the week before.

"Business good?" he asked.

"Ayeh, pretty good. Mr. Bean and Mrs. Rolfe are slow on the bill paying, but I don't know as how it can be any other way with them. My wife gets mad, but they've got a right to this life, I say. That pin is still in the case. I've saved it for you. It would be nice on Berta."

The old man walked to the end of the porch with the unlit cigarette hanging from his mouth. A flock of birds were poised above the thin strip which partitioned the water and the sky—like beads, or like the pin that should've been Berta's.

"My skiff is all stove up. Happened down to Kailey's. Guess Berta will have to wait. She always has."

There was something in his throat that he couldn't swallow. His fingers closed over the lumpy package in his pocket, and he started toward the stairs. The blue eyes peered into his own.

"Coffee?"

"No, Carroll—a smoke takes care of a man."

He lowered himself down one step after another until he was on the road. Carroll stood by the railing.

"But what about a woman, Hanson?"

A door slammed, and he knew that Carroll had gone inside.

It had not rained for over a month, and the air was thick with the dust from the empty flower beds, which were squeezed between the road and the grey buildings. The cigarette that had dropped from his lips split open. Bits of damp tobacco glued themselves to the ground in front of the drugstore. But the taste was in his mouth, just as Carroll's words were pounding in his ears. He glanced at the sky as the cluster of birds on the horizon broke into specks

that spread farther and farther apart.

Berta. It had always been Berta with him. They had played together on the dock and made a house out of the cork buoys which were left to bake in the noon heat. And when the boats had begun to knock into the piles, they had raced up the hill and crawled under the quince bush. They had sat there for hours with Berta's yellow hair tangled among the twigs and his knees pressed into the earth. Then his father and hers and Eldrid had trudged up the path, and the two smelled the oilskins and the bait which had been in those big hands. Maybe he first loved her that day.

The old man suddenly realized that the fish on his pole was no longer moist. He kicked some dirt over the cigarette and walked down the driveway to the back of Cotton's store. A cloud had crept up from behind the sea, and as he watched the white wisp blot out the sun, it occurred to him that he had never kissed anyone but Berta.

"My gory, Hanson, you're slow."

And a little woman in a print dress shut the door to the kitchen and gently pushed the old man into his favorite chair.

"Can't say as I've speeded up much Nellie." he said.

The wrinkles started at her hair net and rolled down to her collar in soft folds. When she smiled, vertical lines appeared at her mouth and gave the round face a crisscrossed effect.

"Brought me a fish, huh?"

Her teeth showed and then her pink gums as she laughed at him. She seemed to balance on one leg while she eagerly untied the flounder from the pole. He looked at her through eyes that acted as a wall between the world and the man inside. She paused on her way to the sink, and he saw the ragged hole the hook had made in the fish.

"Don't mind me. I forgot. A friend was saying that you didn't weather being laughed at. I can't think who . . . oh, sure! It was Mark Freeman's wife. She was in here after some green yarn for the quilt she's sewing. We had a tonic, and she mentioned something about your skiff and how it got wrecked. She didn't want to talk any more, but in a bit she told me that you'd been in the harbor when a stinkpot went by. It was such a thing, she said, that your skiff was swamped. The people in the stinkpot laughed and came around again. Berta was up on the bank, but she could only yell at them to leave you be. It got dark, and the people were gone. Berta waited and waited, but there was just your oars in the water and then there wasn't even that. She and Berta and Mark found you down to Kailey's Point. The skiff was on the rocks and you were leaning over it. 'Don't laugh—don't laugh, Father' is what you said.

A calm stole over him until the room and Nellie faded into blackness. Why had Berta cut her hair? So he could buy another skiff? It was all that she had. He'd never been able to give her anything—not even the pin he'd seen her looking at in the drugstore. There were too many Nellies who took his fish and his pride and then laughed. He was not the man his father had been.

He spun through space toward a pinpoint of light. It grew larger and larger. A doll-like hand pulled on his wrist. He and Mrs. Jodrey's niece were alone in the kitchen.

"Are you going to cry?" she asked. Her small face was fringed with two red braids.

"No, men don't cry," he said.

"And if they're sad?"

"No, men can't cry," he said.

She skipped to the window. Her knees met below the blue pinafore, but there was a gap between the straight calves.

"I like wind and I like rain, and thunder is scarey," she said.

He eased himself out of the chair, and hoisting the pole to his shoulder, he shuffled to the door. The wind carried loose soil down the driveway in violent puffs, and at the end he could see the surf as it rushed onto the sand and fell back again into the churning foam.

"Berta—that's a funny name."

"Where did you hear it?" he asked and the doorknob was cold inside his fingers.

"You said it when you were asleep—over and over."

Nellie was giggling somewhere in the distance. The shrill noise shuttled from one wall to the other. He opened the door, and the girl dashed out in front of him. A soft rain had soaked the ground, and as they neared the drugstore, the old man spied part of the white cigarette paper floating in a rivulet that dribbled through the flower beds. The child called him:

"See—see me: I'm two me's."

She crouched by a puddle and made faces at the water. He walked over to her and awkwardly patted the red head.

"Do you play with shadows?" he asked.

"Yes. My shadow is another kind of me," she said and gazed at her reflection with wondering eyes.

"Where does your shadow come from?"

"God," she said.

He took the doll-like hand and lifted her to her feet. He had to tell

Carroll what he couldn't have told him earlier—when there were no words. They hurried up the steps to the porch as the old man smeared the wet marks left by the child who ran ahead of him. Carroll was outside—sweeping the muddy floor with the broom he used whenever it rained. The swishing of straw on damp wood stopped. The old man handed him the lumpy package that Berta had put on his pillow the morning after they'd been down to Kailey's point. Carroll ripped the paper with his nail. A few strands of silver and yellow hair spilled out and were caught up in the breeze.

"No need to save the pin, Carroll."

Carroll bit his knuckle, and a splotch of purple leapt to the surface. Then he rubbed his neck and went inside. Seconds later he returned and slipped something hard into the old man's fist. The old man fumbled with the clasp, but finally the tiny pearl fisherman hung on the blue pinafore.

"Is it mine?" she asked.

"Ayeh. It's for you—from Berta," said the old man.

"Is Berta in the drugstore?"

"No. No, she's gone away," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

He rested his pole on the railing and looked at Carroll. The blue eyes were veiled by a mist that made him think of the sea at dawn. Carroll understood. He wouldn't have to tell him after all . . . how Berta had taken sick the morning that he'd discovered the package, how he'd been by her for eight days, and how he'd never said he loved her in their years together except once when it was too late and she lay still on the bed.

"She couldn't wait any longer," he said.

The old man wandered to the edge of the porch. The grey waves were licking the footprints which stretched over the sand to the road, and jagged lines of black moved in toward the beach as the wind pushed the storm across the harbor. A tear singed his cheek, and without turning his head, he spoke to the child who watched him:

"Berta is where God is."

ROZ LISTON '62

The Origin of Music

An inquiry into the origin of music must of necessity be at least partly along a speculative vein due to utter lack of evidence. Such an endeavor must also be in consonance with the Darwinian theory of human evolution, in other words that species develop in certain patterns along a scale of graduated or hierarchical complexities. But where along this scale or ladder of development shall we pinpoint the origin of music? When, why and how did man begin to use music, make musical sound or hear music? Or yet again when, why and how did music come into existence; was there such a thing as prehuman music? And finally what was the nature of music during its early beginnings?

We must first delve into the origin of sound, for what is music but a special systematization or organization of sound—that which is or can be heard. In order not to cumber this paper with irrelevant details, let it be sufficient as a general premise that sound or noise existed in and on the earth from its creation. Compression and expansion of the various materials—metals, water, clouds, wind, plant life created different sound effects. One must remember that sound exists though there be nobody there to hear it. During this period of the earth's history, sound existed at many pitch levels, at wide dynamic range, and with great change of frequency.

With the emergence of higher forms of life on earth, sound became more complex and varied. Each species moved on, in, and above the earth with different motions, different speeds, creating sounds in their environments. It is difficult to determine whether sound originates from outside the organism or from within. By common sense one might declare that sound originated from outside the organism or from the workings of the external world, such as the vibrations caused by falling rocks, or wind-whipped waters, or thunder and lightning. How then did prehuman species make the necessary association between the external objects and the noise which was created? Susanne Langer in her article *The Origins of Speech and Its Communicative Functions* declares: "The recognition of a sound as something connected with the external world is intuitive." The probability of this is high although such a statement is subject to a certain amount of doubt, due to the receptivity of the organism to its external world. The discrimination between sounds by birds, reptiles, insects, and the animals was necessary for its preservation: i. e. obtaining food, covering and shelter.

By the foregoing it is clear that my premise is that music, a special type of organized sound, originated along evolutionary lines, and that there was a kind of music prior to man's existence upon earth. Certainly it was not what we would call music today, nor what the Greeks or Neanderthal Man or even

pithicanthropus erectus would call music, but it was sound projected in certain patterns according to the nature of the organism in its environment.

Music according to Webster is "the art and science of combining tones in varying melody, harmony, etc." Previous discussion has centered around the nature and origin of sound or tone which is identifiable to the organism by means of its external world. Further discussion will center around the means by which sound or tone came to be organized into systems, by existing organisms themselves.

Primates of a high order such as early man noticed various sounds or tones in their environment. He noticed both the singularity and plurality of tone: one rock falling, many rocks falling; one fish jumping, many fish jumping. He also marked the difference or recognized between the tone of a large rock crashing down a hill and the sound of a small rock in similar motion: on the one hand of low register with forte of dynamics and on the other hand of a higher register with piano of dynamics. The difference between the size of the rock as heard in sound is accounted as different pitch, the larger one of lower pitch than the smaller one. One might even discuss this in terms of melody: the difference between two tones of unequal vibrations. From such observations a man would determine the degree of danger, as from a landslide or a storm. It was man's inclination to use his senses for self-protection. By means of a discriminating ear, he could determine and interpret his tonal environment and in this manner come to have control over it. Many animals (i. e. dog) have discrimination of tonal pitch superior to man's, though none yet has developed the ability to communicate this discrimination with such precision or predictability. This device of communication adds but another facet to the discussion of sound.

The question was asked previously as to whether sound or tone originated from outside the organisms or from within. It was stated that sound existed outside the organism before it was created from within. This being true then how was the organism, primitive man, to convey the sounds of his environment and what need was there for him to do so? Man's need, as animal's need, was to convey his feelings about either outside phenomena or inside phenomena such as hunger or anger or fear. The sound would serve as communication *about* something on a non-verbal level. Primitive communication then seems to have been associated almost instinctively with emotional expression. In the complexity of sound, the one most charged with emotion becomes the dominant tone with the greatest frequency. The tones would then serve as punctuation or emotional coloring. (One of the most unusual examples of emotional coloring today is Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire.) By means of emotional coloring degrees of danger could be expressed and different levels of emotional need. Sound was man's method of self-expression on a vocal level; sound or tone served

as the unifying agent between man on the inside and nature on the outside.

Self-expression of primitive man by use of internal organs developed along certain patterns according to his needs and drives. The human voice, man's first means of expression, served him in all facets of life: to convey his gamut of emotions. The sustaining of any tone or sound by the voice becomes then the first of internally expressed music, or music expressed by an organism other than prehumanity. Change of dynamics of a sustained tone portrays increased or decreased emotional content as does change of pitch (a note sustained at different levels). Thus man came to express a variety of sounds by controlling their intensity and pitch. Ritualistic expression of tone portrayed his fear, courage, anger, or joy. Music began to serve man in all his daily duties and activities.

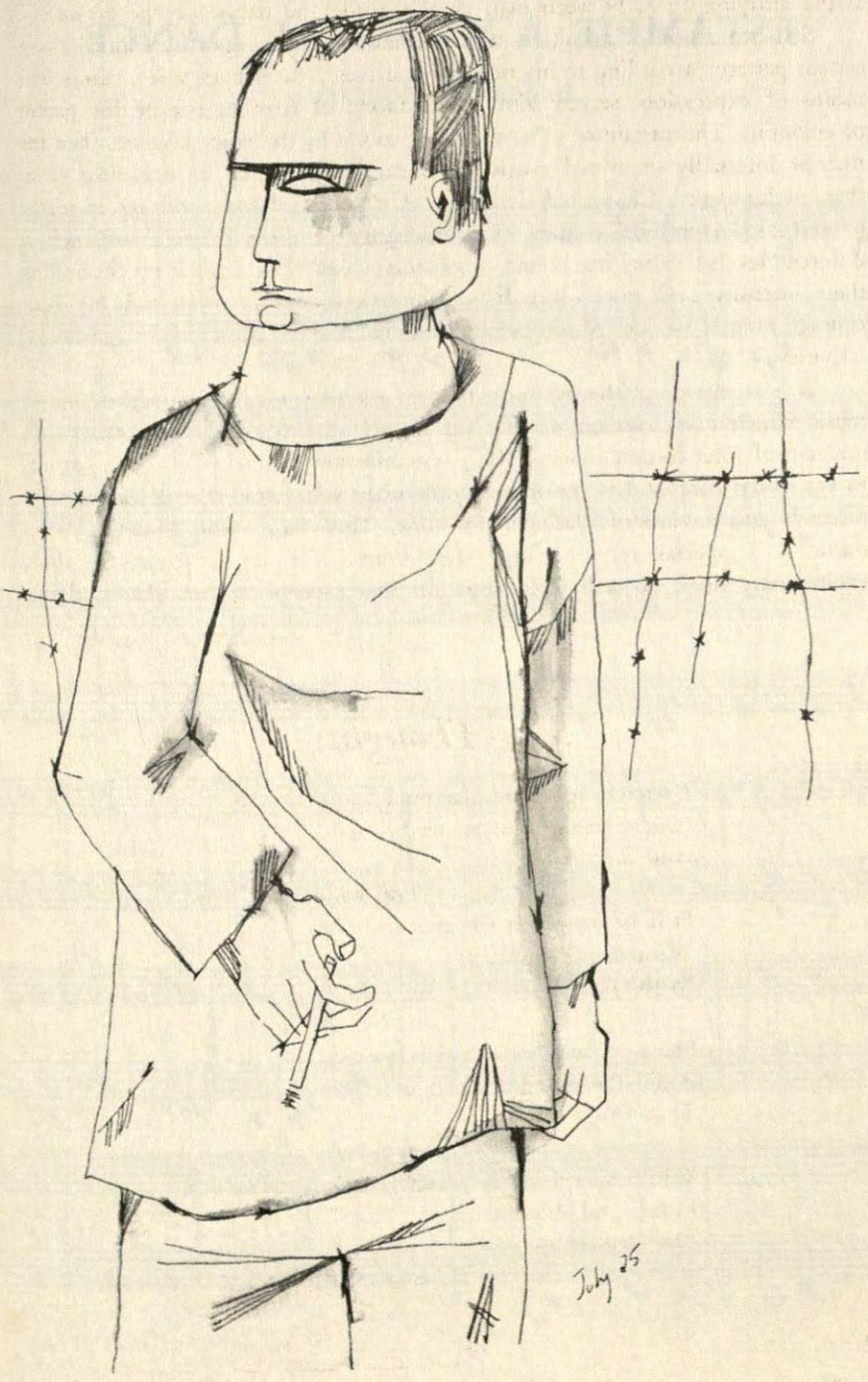
It is at this point that we have reached the beginnings of organized music, music which man uses not merely for himself but for and with others as a medium of inter-communication. This systemization of tonal vibrations according to emotional content has continued until today with great change of the tools methods and devices of placement of tone. This change will continue for as music is a special type of organized sound and as it originated along evolutionary lines, so will it continue in this process as man also is doing.

EUGENIA LOMBARD, '61

Sun-Thoughts

I stretch upon the afternoon
Naked among sunbronzed leaves
And a drowsiness
of windblown hair.
Still in my room the moments lie
With damp tea-leaves
In the palm
of a pale green cup.
Sharp is the perfume of apples
Amid the dust
That frosts a desk
of bleak, unturned books.
While silence like a much-cracked window
Filters and diffracts
The mutterings
in the tapping of a typewriter.

NANCI LOUISE GILMAN '62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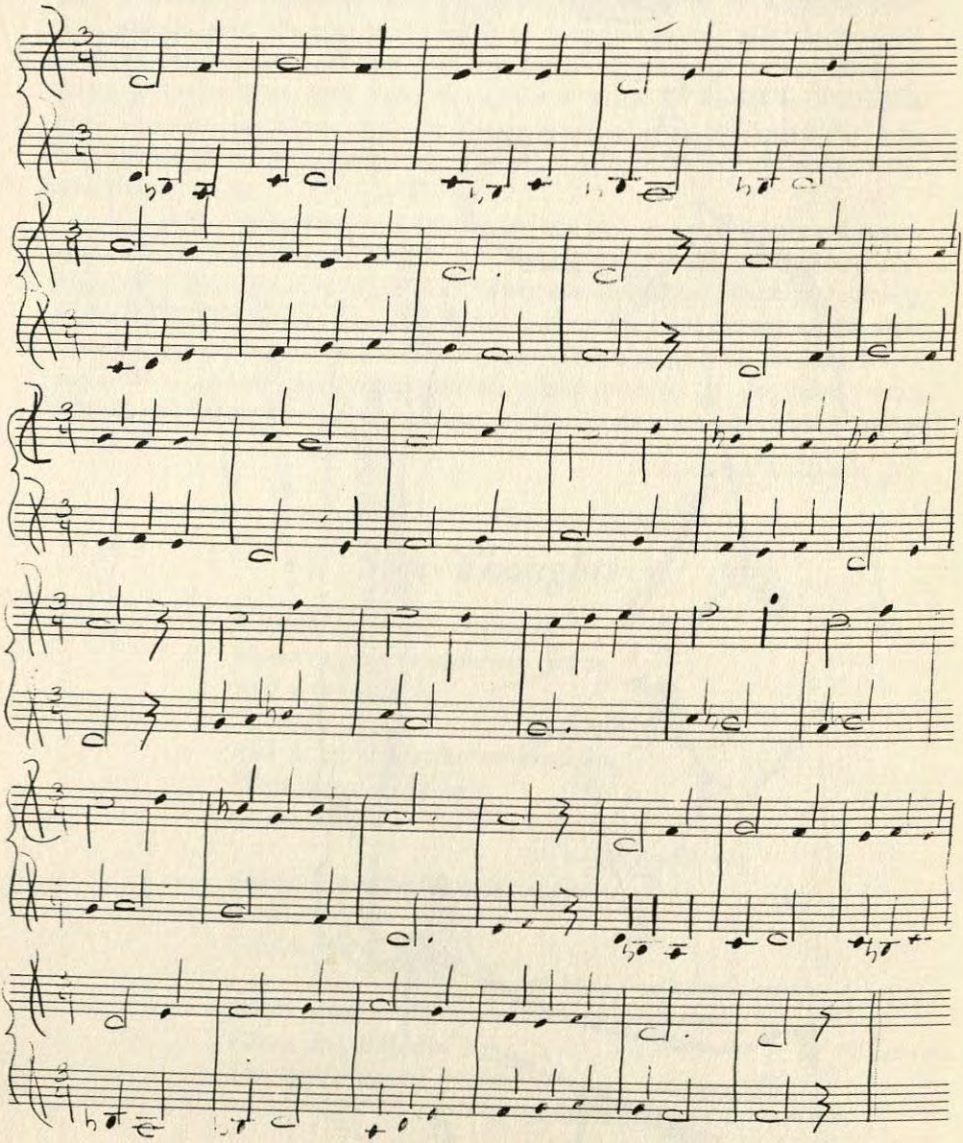
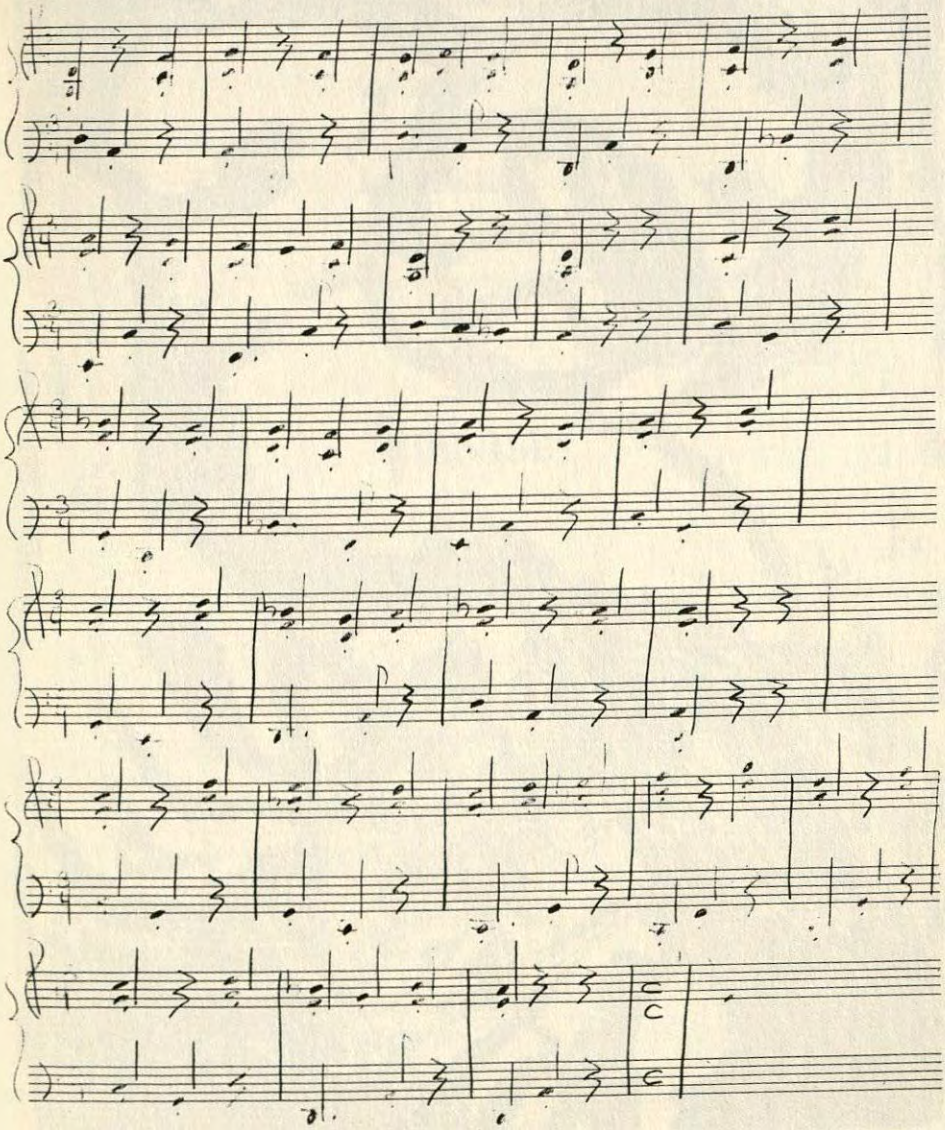
ESTAMPIE, A MEDIEVAL DANCE

by JEANNE HUBBELL





ROME

et blancs
sous le soleil
perçant
les monuments
meurent encore

les colonnes
les grandes arches
les pavés
sont comme les os
d'un animal étrange
nettoyé
par le bec du temps.

VENISE

ils ont acheté
ton âme
et ils l'ont vendue
chèr

ils ont coupée
en petits morceaux
et ils l'ont employée
pour des usages variés

et après
quand elle a été
hors d'usage
ils l'ont jetée dans l'eau

où,
même maintenant
elle brille,
verte sous une pellicule
d'inutilité

MARCIA SILVERMAN '61

TO A MODERN COMPOSER

Like the echo of a distant world
A trumpet sounds from deep within the forest
And the silent pain of spring begins.
Quietly and almost unknown the drum
Once more is heard
And with muted fierceness it counts out
The pulse of earth.
In unison the pagan shadows gather
To give the sacrifice
And purity dances death to the irrevocable drum.
Beneath a yellow sky the forest floor shudders
As convulsive spring stirs in the moist black soil,
And in rending agony tears green from the earth.
With fearful awe the pagan body is lifted upward
And the triumphant drum drives
Shadows into dust.
The world is silent
And there are cloven footprints in the melting snow.

MARGARET RISLEY '62

POEM

sing a song of sadness
a pocket full of wry
send four and twenty blackbirds
to the graveyard where they lie

sing a song of blackbirds
flying in a cloud
who escaped the baker's oven
to sing their dirge aloud

sing a song of mourning
for all the souls on earth
who find the baker's ovens
a constant source of mirth

those four and twenty blackbirds
baked into a pie
were four and twenty friends of mine
who never thought they'd die

MARCIA SILVERMAN '61

Another Fable

Once there were two brothers whose father was dying.

"Being of sound mind," said the father on his deathbed, "I hereby leave my fortune to be divided equally between my two sons to do with as they think best." And upon saying these words, the father died.

"Well," said the elder brother whose name was Paul, "I think I will go into the advertising business and invest my half of the fortune in oil and steel stocks."

"Well," said the younger brother whose name was Peter, "I'm not sure what I will do with my half of the fortune, but right now I'm rather depressed, so I think I will go to a concert."

The elder brother, being an extremely handsome and personable young man, procured a promising position at an advertising firm and married an airline stewardess. Meanwhile, his half of the fortune was doubling itself in oil and steel stocks. He bought his wife a washing machine, and when a first baby was born to them, he took his wife and baby and moved out of the city into the suburbs.

The younger brother could not quite decide what to do with his half of the fortune, but his melancholy lingered, and he went daily to concerts and operas. Meanwhile, his half of the fortune was fast diminishing. He moved to a cheaper apartment in the city.

The two brothers began to see less and less of each other. They met for lunch occasionally, but Paul was a busy man, and although he loved his brother, he thought him somewhat unstable and lazy. Peter, being not so handsome and far less personable than his brother, was not busy at all, and although his melancholy had worn off, he continued to frequent concerts. He was very glad to get a good lunch at the expense of Paul, and spent as many weekends as he could at Paul's house in the suburbs.

When Paul's child began to grow older, Paul and his wife felt (although neither of them put it into words) that Peter had some very peculiar ideas and that he was not a very good influence on the child. They felt sorry for Peter, although he seemed quite happy, and they said of him that he was insecure.

Before long, Peter decided that he would become a composer. He wrote a number of sonatas and trios and quartets, and even one piano concerto, but no one would listen to his music much less buy it. Peter was not, however, downtrodden by all this, and he continued to go to concerts and operas, and visit his friends and his brother. He was, on the whole, happy. Meanwhile, his inheritance dwindled.

Paul, on the other hand, worked very hard. He rose to vice-presidency,

built a swimming pool in his back yard, and invested more money in oil and steel, to triple his half of the fortune. His wife bore him a second and a third child, and Paul continued to work very hard.

One day, while Peter was in the museum, he met a pretty girl with enormous eyes and very long hair. They were attracted to each other, and Peter took the girl home with him. After a while with some pressure from the girl's father, they decided to get married, and the girl agreed to continue working, so that Peter could write great music. Peter said that he would write to his brother, and perhaps they would receive an expensive wedding gift.

Paul showed Peter's letter to his wife, and they were pleased by Peter's marriage, and they thought that now perhaps he would settle down. The next day, Paul sent his secretary out to buy Peter an expensive wedding gift.

A few weeks after Peter was married, he saw his brother, Paul, coming out of a church.

"Hello, Paul," cried he. "Since when are you going to church?"

"Well," said Paul, "I always thought it was good to go, and now, it's almost a matter of prestige."

"Do you believe in God, and all that?" said Peter, smiling.

"Well," said Paul, "I do, but not in the conventional way. There must be a force running the universe, and we might as well call it God." Paul put his hands in his pockets. "Are you an atheist these days?" he asked his brother.

"I don't know," said Peter, no longer smiling. "I don't know what I am."

The brothers walked for a while, with their hands in their pockets.

"By the way," said Peter, "thank you so very much for the expensive wedding gift. We love it."

"Perfectly all right," said Paul. "Glad to do it. I'm glad you like it. How are you liking married life?"

"I have never been so happy," said Peter. "I wish you could meet my wife. She is extremely beautiful."

"I'm so glad," said Paul.

"By the way, said Peter, "my wife is going to have a baby soon, and I do not see how I can possibly pay for it. Do you suppose you could extend me a small loan?"

"Certainly, Pete," said Paul, "About how much do you need?"

The brothers agreed upon a sum, and Paul took his leave, saying "You really ought to get a job, Pete. Any time you want to come into the ad business, I can get you a good place."

"No thanks," said Peter, and he told his brother that he would be sure to sell a piece in the very near future, and he would soon pay back the loan.

And Paul walked away, thinking that Peter would never make anything

of himself, and that he was so terribly insecure. Peter went home thinking that Paul had gained a good deal of weight, and that despite all his money, Paul led an excruciatingly dull life, and was becoming somewhat of a bore himself.

A few months later, Peter's wife became very sick. The money which Paul had loaned them was all gone, as well as that which had remained of Peter's half of the fortune. Peter went out into the street, fingering the dime in his pocket.

"I could call Paul," he said to himself. "But I would have to reverse the charges which would be very embarrassing, and I have already accepted loans from him, and I hate to do it again."

No sooner had these words left his lips, when he saw his brother walking across the street wih his wife and children. Peter pulled up the collar of his ragged coat and slunk into a service entrance and watched them until they had passed.

"Why did I do that?" Peter asked himself. "Why was I so afraid and ashamed?" And he walked home, his eyes blurred with tears.

Upon entering his apartment, Peter found his wife lying on the bed, pale and trembling, her eyes looking grotesquely large on her narrow face.

"I'm going to lose my baby," she said. "Peter help me, help me!"

Peter ran down the stairs and placed a call to Paul's home, and left a message for him to call back immediately. Then he went back upstairs to his wife, and kissed her, and wiped her wet forehead, and cried over her throughout the night.

The next morning, Paul called.

"Paul," said Peter, barely able to speak, "Paul, my wife is dying."

"My God" said Paul. "Why the hell didn't you tell me sooner? I could've done something."

Peter said nothing.

"Well hang on kid," said Paul. "I'll have the best doctor in the country there in five minutes."

Peter hung up the phone, and when he got back to his wife, she was dead.

After his wife's death, Peter did not go out much. He wrote more music than he had before, and he wrote concertos and symphonies as well as trios and quartets. But he crumpled up his work and threw it on the floor, or mashed it up and stuffed it in his pockets, but he gave up trying to sell it. Paul came to see him and tried to persuade him to see a psychiatrist, but Peter refused. Paul was a very busy man, and although he loved his brother, he felt that he was wasting his time trying to help him, and so he stopped his visits. Paul sent his brother money occasionally, for which he was never thanked, and Paul began to lose patience.

Peter, meanwhile, had begun to drink. He lay for hours on the floor at

night amidst his scribbled symphonies, and mumbled about his wife and God. Often he heard his neighbors outside his door, whispering about what a shame it was that insecure people *always* fell apart, and Peter would laugh diabolically, and then cry, and then mumble some more about his wife and God. In the mornings, Peter would wake up and shave, drink some coffee, and compose until late afternoon. Sometimes a neighbor would bring him some food, but they did not do this often, for Peter grew to be very rude to company. After his composing, Peter would gather his manuscripts and crumple them and mash them and throw them on the floor and stuff them into his pockets, and he would begin to cry again, and to drink.

One day, a little over a year after his wife's death, Peter died.

Paul went to Peter's apartment, feeling great grief at the death of his brother. He looked at the quantities of music all over the floor, and hanging out of pockets, and thought that perhaps some of it might be salvaged and sold, and thus Peter's soul would be freed from debt.

Paul took all of Peter's music to a publisher, and the publisher said, "My God! a genius!" and he offered Paul fifteen times the sum he had expected, and twenty times the total of what Peter had borrowed. Paul invested a large part of the money in oil and steel stocks, gave some to Alcoholics Anonymous, and bought his wife a new coat.

When Paul died of a chronic ulcer many years later, he left a huge fortune to his family. All the vice-presidents at the advertising firm attended Paul's lavish funeral at which was played the Mass composed by his brother.

SUZANNE TUCKER '61

DUSK

Upon the crescent beach,
Silver moons,
As fish,
Glide
Through the shells
Of tidepools
And are gone
With foam . . .

NANCI LOUISE GILMAN '62

The Lemon Dancers

The night wind penetrated her rayon coat, chilled the lining and held the cold in. She clutched at the collar, for the button was missing, She had seen it that morning in one of the children's crayon boxes, but had forgotten to sew it on. She could feel the already-worn heels of her shoes grinding into the small stones embedded in the road and tried to put the most pressure on her toes to avoid loosing any more heel. They charged seventy-five cents for a little repair job like that. Have to pay the sitter more than that. It would probably take three hours or more at the club. She raised her head to the wind and looked down the highway toward the club. Its lights flashed red and pink. On Saturdays, when they had the band from out of town, they turned on these flashing lights. On weekdays there were only the dirty yellow lights, the kind most people use on their back porches in the summer. The cold was getting at her neck and she lowered her head and viewed the pavement passing beneath her.

She entered by the kitchen where one of the regular yellow lights burned and lighted the screen—still on and badly rusted by the cold rains like their own back door. She opened the door into the hot greasy kitchen.

"Hello, Janet."

"Hello, Mama. It's so cold out and this coat doesn't do a bit of good." She folded it onto one of the chairs that were pushed against the back wall.

"Yes, it is cold."

"How are things going tonight? The band bring much extra business?"

"Some." The large elderly woman slapped mayonnaise onto pieces of bread that lay in a long line, carrying the glob on the spatula from one piece to the next until she had covered about ten slices. The girl moved toward the swinging door that lead onto the dance floor, nervously rubbing her hands to press out the chill.

"You want to know. Well, he's out front like always. With his friend, Arnie. There, you know." And she dipped the spatula into the jar for more mayonnaise. "And now you show up all concerned. What makes a cold night like this so special that you come tramping down to drag him home? Maybe like you should have done three years ago."

"You don't really care, so why do you bother to ask. I just decided I had to say a few things to him, that's all." She was peering through the diamond-shaped window in the swinging door.

"What table's he at?"

"Five, maybe seven. I'm not so sure." The woman had eased up some already. She didn't want to argue with the girl. She looked over at her standing in an oversized tweed skirt and nylon sweater. A small neck scarf was knotted at her throat, but had been turned askew when she removed her coat. The woman dropped the spatula back into the jar and wiped her hands on the large dishtowel that hung from her waist. She walked over to her and straightened the scarf. "Janet. Why do I talk so, huh? You forgive me? Your mama forgets sometimes." It hurt her to feel the fullness of her own arm on the

scant shoulders of the girl. Janet made a small flitting gesture to hold her mother's hand, but her small one was cold and clammy. Her mother reached for it, spanned the nervous gap that the girl couldn't at the moment. "Now we talk like women should about such things. Huh?"

"Oh Mama, I can't talk, I mean, I don't know why I even came down here tonight. It was just that I had to. I mean, I haven't even planned out any long speeches to give him. I guess I've already given enough of those. I guess I just feel, like I said before, I have a few things that I have to tell him. Maybe he'll listen tonight and hear me. Maybe he wouldn't. But he's got to hear me pretty soon or it's going to be too late for my money. And that's that."

"Your mama agrees; he should listen. But she wonders, too. When I think of what a man your papa was, so ambitious he was in starting this business and all. And then to die so young. And to see that youth that sits and makes nothing. Oh, he gives you children, but makes nothing of them."

"But a lot of it was the war, Mama. At least that's what I've always thought. Ray had all the plans for the nursery and the house beside it before he went to the war, Mama. You were proud of him, too, then. This mechanics' job was only supposed to tide us over. Until we had enough to start the nursery."

"But that war is long over, my Janet. Now you have a different war inside of you. There is your Ray on one side and yourself and the children on the other. This is not how it should be, Janet. You know this. And now I tell you what you know, I am sure, and feel like an old woman mother. You forgive me, Janet?"

"Sure, Mama, sure."

It was some comfort to have her mother interested and worrying and trying to understand, but it did no good to have that which she knew and couldn't find the answers to, laid out before her. And yet she knew she wouldn't ask her mother what to do. As a woman she refrained from revealing herself completely, from admitting defeat. She rose and wandered over to the swinging door again. Her mother watched her in silence.

"Have you got any coffee, Mama?"

The woman sighed and rose. They had gotten nowhere. "Yes, Janet, I have coffee for you."

The girl bit at one fingernail and moved her head from side to side in front of the window, trying to view the whole dance floor and spot Ray. Her head came to a stop for a moment and then jerked away.

"You got that coffee?"

"Yes, Janet, yes. Have some patience with your mother."

She hitched up her skirt and turned toward the door again, then back to her mother. She struggled with the wrappings on two lumps of sugar, one falling into the steaming coffee. She plucked at it with her fingers and burned them.

"Oh, never mind." And she pushed through the swinging door onto the dance floor.

The business was good and the floor was crowded. The band plodded

through its number with a heavy beat and low liquid tones from a jointless saxophone player. The dancers assumed the same heavy beat; all heaving together, bumping, rising and falling as if they were partaking of some ritualistic dance. Janet looked around at the tables; practically all of them had markers with something about the Women's Guild of . . . , but she couldn't make out the rest of it. Squinting through the smokey haze which caught itself up in the blue-green light, she found a table for three off to one side, where Ray and Arnie were seated. Arnie was hunched over his drink and leaning toward Ray who appeared to be making a joke toward the girl at the next table. Arnie laughed spasmodically. Encouraged, Ray pushed the joke even further. As Janet approached the table, Ray stared blankly at her while Arnie began to nudge him furiously with his elbow to call his attention to her.

"Well, hiya, Janet. Have a seat. Have a seat. Get her a seat, Arnie, will ya." His words were just the slightest bit fuzzy and slurred.

"There's already o-one, a-a-and right n-next to m-me."

Janet pushed the chair around to the other side of the table so that she faced Ray. She seated herself and her hand wandered to an empty beer bottle and unconsciously began peeling off the moist label. Although the dance music still pounded away and the ladies' guild continued to send up shrieks of silly laughter, Ray felt the peculiar quiet at their table. To reassure himself that the fun was continuing, he began to talk in a loud voice.

"Well, have a drink, huh, Janet? Me and Arnie have been having a good old friendly talk. Huh, Arnie." Arnie nodded enthusiastically. "I was just telling him a joke about the damn dog that . . . "

"Ray, I got some things I want to talk to you about."

He stopped and looked at her with mock surprise. "Well, you go right ahead, sweetheart. Me and Arnie are old friends, and we haven't got many secrets."

Arnie added, "Yeah," with a smile on his face, at once spiteful, at once overwhelmed at the vote of confidence. Janet didn't answer or continue. She looked over at Ray and then off into the dance floor and continued to peel the label from the bottle.

The band leader called for the attention of the crowd. He had announcements of anniversaries, birthdays, and the like. "How about a good Happy birthday for Mr., uh, Mr. Butenas. 'Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday Mr. . . . " and all would join in. The drummer would break through here and there with a hideous off-key echo chorus and all would laugh.

Ray drank some more and started to tell Arnie another joke. He stopped in the middle of it.

'Why don't you go ask someone to dance, huh, Arnie?" Arnie grinned back without moving. Ray gave him an angry shove.

"Well, get going, you jerk."

"O. K, R-ray. O. K."

Ray looked over at Janet who still held the bottle and gazed absently at the dancing group. Then he grinned and confidently but sloppily moved

his chair around beside hers.

'Hey, now, Janet, it was real nice of you to come down here and join me." He took another drink. "I was going to ask you along but I figured you'd better stay with the kids."

She looked at him with a blank face; not that she felt nothing, but she was searching her mind for what she meant to say. She really didn't know. But here she was and she felt certain that her purpose would turn up soon. Her instinct to come had been so strong and certain, her decision so easy.

He leaned closer to kiss her but she turned just enough to avert his approach. "Oh, come on now, sweetheart, have a drink with me and then you and me . . . " He began to fondle her. She jerked her chair away and her purpose had come to her.

"Ray, you're drunk. You're stone drunk."

"No I'm not. Oh, I've had a few, but . . . "

"Well, maybe you're not yet, but you're getting there. Oh, that doesn't make any difference. You're here and that's what matters, because I always know that this is where I can find you. You and your old grease man, Arnie."

"Shut up, will 'ya, Janet. I'm relaxing and having a good time after a hard day's work. I'm entitled to that, aren't I? Sure. Son-of-a-bitch. You have to yack about it and trail me around and . . . "

"I never before came trailing down here after you and came in to find you."

"No. Never came in. But you hide out in the kitchen with that fat-headed mother of yours. She's the one that fills your ears with all this junk."

"Ray, leave her out of this," he began to get very excited and nervous and felt like she was screaming at him. She collected herself and began again in a calmer voice. But he couldn't hear her, the noise was so loud. She had to make her voice shrill to be heard.

"Ray, I've got some things I've got to talk to you about."

"You already said that once. So why don't you say them and get out of here."

"Please, Ray, I'm trying to have patience and keep my temper but you're not helping. We've gone over all this before, I know. First, I say it's for your sake then for the children's and then it's for me that just can't stand it. And I'm going to go over all these things tonight, too. But, Ray, I'm not ever going to go over them again. Understand what I mean? We either get it straight tonight or never. And that's that." He took another drink.

"Sure, Janet, sure, but some other time. Not tonight. Just let me relax for tonight. O. K.? Understand?"

"Oh, I understand. It's you that don't understand."

"And now let's have another chorus of congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. what's your name again, . . . Snider. 'Congratulations to you, congratulations to you, congratulations dear Mr. and Mrs. . . . ' "

"It's so noisy and you're not clear-headed. Please, Ray, if I go and get some coffee will you drink it and then we can go for a walk and talk it out. I mean it, Ray, I've either got to talk it out tonight or not at all. Ever again. Understand."

"Ray, do you understand what I mean. I . . . " She broke off and headed through the crowd toward the kitchen. I've got to try, she thought. Maybe with the coffee. Then maybe. But if not . . . , well, somehow that was decided. She pushed through the swinging door, just as the drummer, who now was running the show, started squawking through the mike about some dance.

"So what's he thinking, tonight?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mama." She walked over to the percolator. "Can we make more coffee? You're all out."

"I'm measuring it out myself right now."

"Good."

She hitched up her skirt again and gazed out the back door. The yellow light fought with the blue fluorescent light of the interior for the shadows on her worn face. She chewed intently but unconsciously on a fingernail. Noises from the dance floor filtered through the walls and played behind her while her mind went forward into the cold wind outside. Buttons in crayon boxes and small hands floated in the wind.

Maybe if he could just remember how he used to feel about the nursery and the house and all. Then maybe he'd see why he has to come home. The kids. They should have done it but they haven't.

"It's probably your mother shouldn't say anything. But she worries, Janet."

"I know, Mama." She turned and looked at the woman who stood by the stove pouring water into the percolator. It was decided in the girl's mind what should happen this night, but the woman needed to be confided in. Not just as a woman, but as a mother, a widow.

"Mama, I've decided something." The woman said nothing, but waited patiently for the first cup of coffee and the words. She would not ask the girl although the girl half waited for her to ask. She handed her the cup.

"Here's the coffee for you, Janet."

Janet put both hands under the saucer while her mother still held the other side. "He must decide tonight, Mama. He has had time. I haven't any more and neither do the children, any more time to waste and wait."

She turned to leave and pushing back the door, she said, "I'm scared, Mama, but it's decided."

Most of the seats were deserted and the dance floor was full to its capacity. The couples were dancing very close together and laughing. Janet walked over to Ray's table, but only Arnie was there. His eyes were watery and gleaming and he nervously poked at his blemished face. He giggled excitedly to himself.

"That's right, folks. Hold the lemon between your heads and dance 'til it falls. Don't squeeze your lemon too hard, but you can squeeze your Georgia peach! Oh, come on now, not so careful. Put rhythm or something into it. The couple to dance the longest with the lemon between them will get . . . " drum roll, " . . . free champagne." The music pounded on faster and faster. Couples worked and rocked and giggled as their lemons slipped and fell.

"Where's Ray, Arnie?"

Arnie continued to watch the activity on the floor and ignored or didn't hear Janet's question.

"Arnie. Where's Ray?"

"What?" But he still hadn't really heard.

It made no difference, for Janet saw him, out on the floor dancing intently with a woman much shorter than himself, keeping the lemon between them very well. He was dancing out of step and treading on her feet but neither seemed to notice or care. They laughed and danced on. The couples began to thin out.

"And now a polka. Be honest now. Don't cheat. If you drop your lemon, hand it in. That's right, pick up the tempo. 'There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." You losers can keep time and increase the tempo as you go. O. K.? Oh, the champagne is getting cooler as this contest gets hotter."

Arnie gave a low snicker.

"We're down to two now . . . and now we have a WINNAH!" The music stopped and everyone cheered. But Ray and the short woman kept dancing. "Hey, hey, hey, but we have an eager couple here. You've won, you two, come up and get your champagne." And someone from the crowd pushed the two toward the bandstand. They received the bottle among cheers and were then steered back to their table, where Janet and Arnie sat.

"Whooeeee. Hey, there, Arnie, did you see that? This little chickie and I won. You're not a bad gamble, you." And he gave the laughing woman a pinch. He was perspiring from the dancing.

Arnie laughed and then suddenly realized that Janet was standing among them, too. He cast Ray a panicked look.

"Hiya, Janet," Ray said, "I'd like to be real polite and introduce you to this lady, but I don't even know her name. But this sure is Janet, bigger than life. And look what she's brought me. Coffee. I'm supposed to be drunk, you know."

And the two laughed. And Arnie joined.

"Looook at this champagne. Join us, Janet, have some champagne. Oh, come on, Janet. We just won the lemon dance. She and I were lemon dancers. And she's a pretty good sweet lemon dancer, at that."

And agin the two laughed. Janet set the coffee down and backed away, pushing the hair out of her face and staring at the laughing couple.

"Hey, don't go now, Janet, we're just opening the bottle." But she was well through the crowd and near the kitchen door. She pushed through and ran to her coat, slipped it on and turned toward the door.

"Janet?"

"Good-by, Mama," and the tears came down her cheeks.

"Janet," and the mother put her full arms around the small frame again.

"No, Mama." She ran out the door and down the steps to the cold pavements, the wind blowing down her open collar.

DOROTHY HEARN '61