

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

Insight

Student Publications

Winter 1962

Insight, Volume 5 Number 1

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/insights>

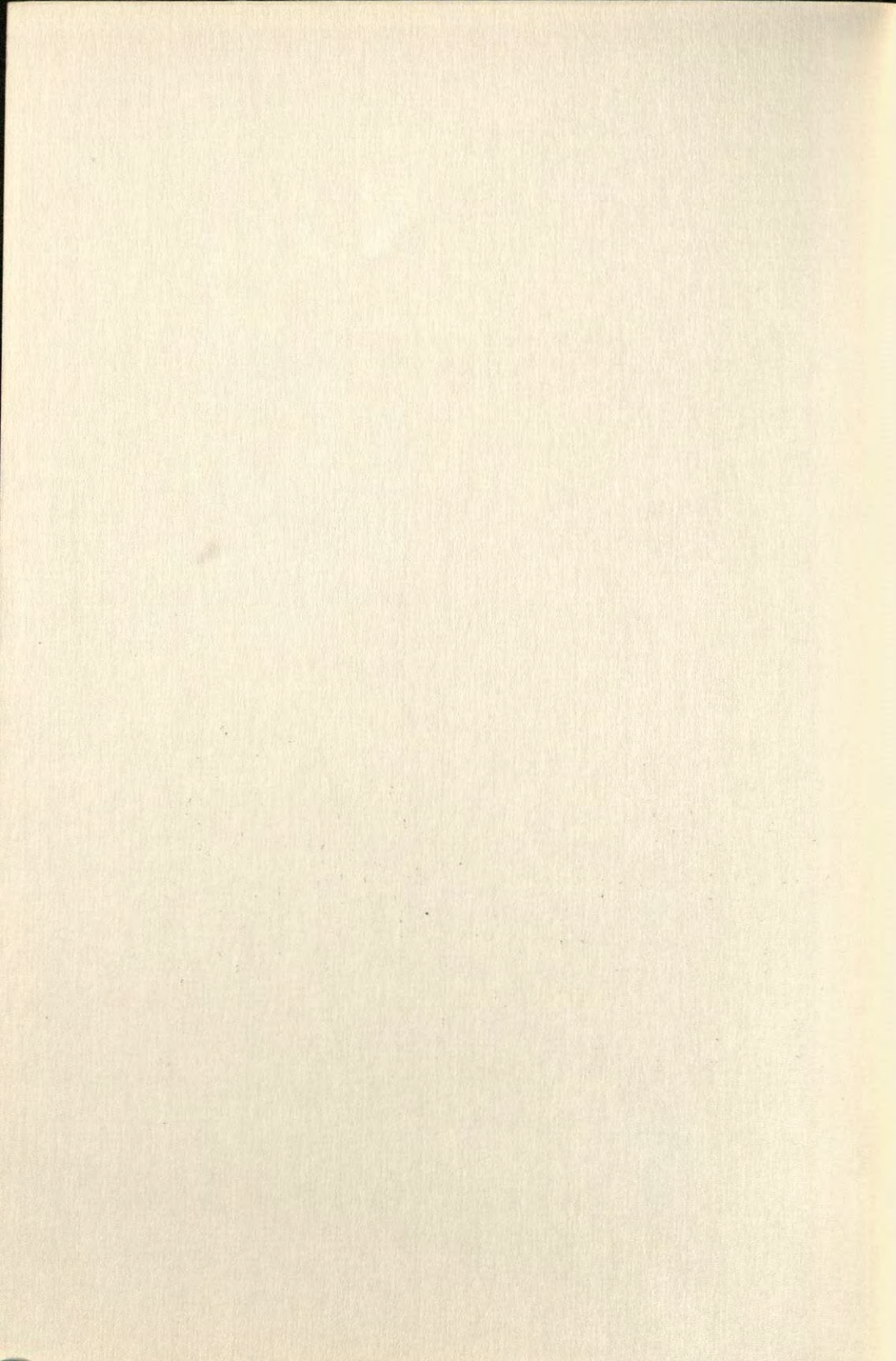
Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "Insight, Volume 5 Number 1" (1962). *Insight*. 10.
<https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/insights/10>

This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Insight by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

Winter 1962





INSIGHT

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

WINTER 1962

VOLUME V

NUMBER I

EDITORIAL BOARD

ROSALIND LISTON	Editor-in-Chief
CAROL DE LUCA	Managing Editor
MARY ASWELL	Creative Writing Editor
NANCY FREEMAN	Art and Music Editor
CYNTHIA PEARSON	Publicity Editor
CYNTHIA NORTON	Alumnae and Exchange Editor
CONSTANCE CROSS	Photography Editor

DEAN ALICE JOHNSON, *Faculty Advisor*

CREATIVE WRITING STAFF

B. Sandra Farinola, '62	Lois Weiner, '64
Margaret Parsons, '62	Marcia Wilkins, '64
Elizabeth Turner, '63	Pamela Foley, '65
Anne Ryan, '63	Renny Harrigan, '65
Barbara Brotherson, '64	Nicole Sharpe, '65
Marcia Phillips, '64	Suzanne Steeger, '65
Janet Sternburg, '64	Katherine Weismann, '65

BUSINESS STAFF

Louise Brickley, '62

ART AND MUSIC STAFF

Camilla Boitel, '62	Suzanne James, '63
Ann Mullin, '62	
Theodora Dracopoulos, '63	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover	Nancy Freeman, '62	4
Editorial	Rosalind Liston, '62	5
Poem	Amelia Fatt, '64	6
Ascent	Patricia Brown, '64	8
Poem	Joan Leventhal, '62	9
Illustration	Ann Mullin, '62	9
Carl and the Girl	Betsy Kraai, '63	10
Fog Bank at Northeast Harbour	Nicole Sharpe, '65	14
Illustration	Joan Ross, '64	15
The Stairs	Susan Schmidt, '64	16
Haiku	Cynthianna Hahn, '63	18
Photograph	Constance Cross, '63	19
Musical Composition	Marcia Mueller, '63	20
Illustration	K. Moore, '64	22
Poem	Karen Jellisen, '65	23
Thumbnail Sketches of An Autumn Alone	Valerie Brown, '64	24
Illustration	Ann Mullin, '62	26
Times Square	Nicole Sharpe, '65	27
Illustration	Nicole Sharpe, '65	28
For Godot	Joan Leventhal, '62	29
Susannah	Marie Birnbaum, '64	30
Malediction	Sally Elizabeth Higgins, '65	31
Illustration	Tamsen Evans George, '62	32
Vol	Joan Leventhal, '62	33
An Essay	Betsy Kraai, '63	34

EDITORIAL

The creative act is anchored in experience. The artist brings to his subject matter not only the disciplines of a formalized expression but those symbols which are the synthesis of his past and which constitute his claim to the present. It is the symbol, an amalgam of emotional and intellectual perception, which allows the artist to incorporate his relationship to the world into a medium of art that conveys a happy union of past and present and anticipates the future.

In linking one symbol with another, the artist moves toward the completion of a work which is intact with the realities of his experience in time. The ability to select and arrange symbols in an original pattern leads to the construction of new perspectives that measure the progress of human history. It is this ability to articulate the formulation of symbols into a single value of past and present experience which defines the creative act.

In its reliance upon the symbol, a work of art relates the universality of the artist's vision. The symbol emerges as a communicative artifact, abstracting human experience in an object which appeals to the identity of each man. The very fact that the symbol reduces the life-process to a fundamental value makes it generic. The combination of symbols in the organic expression of an idea represents the artist's interpretation of the world as he sees it. And since his creative act is rooted in a common denominator of experience that professes a concern for what has gone before and what is, the artist speaks not only for himself but for the increasing maturity of the culture in which he lives.

ROSALIND LISTON

a quiet tool
I rest
upon your lap
waiting
with rigid calm
your tuning
of my newly tautened strings
and your quick touch
of mastery
the dormant music
locked
in my insensate strings
and words also
locked
in my heartstrings
troubadour
play carelessly
upon your instrument
and from her strings
wrench
unwilling chords
and from her shimmering pain
sing out
the song of love

AMELIA FATT, '64

Ascent

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

- In the beginning, it was man climbing —
Climbing up out of the waters where the all-and-nothing
of Atum begot him;
Out of the mud where the tongue of Ptah conceived him;
Out of the dust where trinal Elohim formed him;
Climbing erect to survey his world.
He saw the land which was to nourish him,
The earth which he had been given,
And he knew it was very good.
And it was man climbing —
- 10 Climbing the hill beside the river;
Climbing the mountain for a larger view;
Climbing to satisfy the desire *to know* that the begetter
had not given him,
That the mind of Ptah had not conceived in him,
That Elohim had forbidden him.
And on the mountaintop the memory of man was created:
Man saw great reptiles that wallowed in the marshes;
He saw the whale playing in the deep sea;
He saw man-apes in the trees.
And fear became; for man remembered the dragons, and the
sea-monsters, and the demons which he himself had seen!
- 20 And yet he did not run back to the sea his father,
To the mud his mother,
For he felt the power of the sky;
He felt the vastness of the sea;
He felt the life-source in the sun;
And out of his fear and out of his weakness
Came language; and he spoke.
Man called the sky ANU,
Called the sea APSU,
Called the sun ATON.
- 30 Then began man to call upon the name of the Lord.
And man saw himself walking toward himself,
And many selves, mud-covered and heavy-tongued.
Man stared at his selves and his selves at him;

He hid himself in the brake and peered fearfully at his
selves opposite,
For he perceived that his selves were different from each
other
And different from him.
And one left the cloak of the bracken
And went out to man, and he to her.
In the memory of man there was only one;
40 He called her "Bone-of-my-bone."
He called her "Mother-of-all-things."
He called her "Woman."
And man knew woman and begot sons and daughters.
And still it was man climbing —
Climbing out of lawlessness into law;
Climbing out of bondage into god-service;
Climbing from chattel to citizen.
And it was man climbing the seven-storied tower,
Climbing the angel-peopled ladder,
50 Climbing the sacred mountains and saying,
"I am strong, and the Lord has not done all this!"
But man was blinded by the mud of his creation,
For he climbed poles and flagpoles.
He climbed trees to hang images
And he climbed ladders to pull them down.
He thought his course lay upward,
Away from the dust and primeval water,
But the mud clung to him;
And the word of god enslaved him,
60 And the son of god enchained him;
For he climbed crosses and autos-da-fe,
Chariots and destriers,
Tanks and bombers.
He climbed into cockpits and out of rubble.
He built the fires and his sons passed through!
He climbed away from the mud his mother
And, seeking to reach him, he pushed back the god his father.
He launched missiles,
Rockets,
70 And satellites,
Hoping to make of them a stairway to climb.
The missiles fell back to the earth
But their vapor trails of golden fire still sloped upward

Through the vastness of space —
Through the darkness which is the all-and-nothing of
 Atum,
The all-engulfing womb of Ptah,
The all-knowing soul of Elohim —
And man climbed upon them, still thinking to ascend,
Still thinking to know the all-knowing,
80 To be the all-and-nothing,
Still climbing away from the beginning into the non-ending,
Into the mind of God.

PATRICIA BROWN, '64

I see, a star, a great star
dying in the horned moon,
and all about I see how
small things make a multitude.

I see, a star, a great star
crying on night's crooked wrist —
madness in the moon-dumb mist,
and snow, I know, yes, and snow.

I see a star, a great star
climbing down the towered moon,
and many, there, future stars
long, as say their deathless peer.

I saw a star, heard its voice
passing by the wind-drawn moon,
the fancied moon there resides
and, still, at no stop abides.

JOAN LEVENTHAL, '62



A.S. Mullin

211

[9]

Carl and the Girl

He found a table and followed her to it. She sat, before he'd gotten the chair pulled out from the table; he didn't have to push it back into the table for her. She reached for menus from the hostess as Carl walked around the table and finished loosing his yellow muffler from his neck, then took his chair. He grasped the table edge and pulled himself forward with the chair, toward the menu lying open across his plate. They forgot each other then, and worried over their menus.

Carl folded the yellow muffler across the chair back.

The usual? he asked her.

I guess so. She took up a cigarette to light while he ordered.

Double Bourbon, steak medium-rare. He'd have scallops again. And don't bring me any sauce, don't like it. Lemon instead. Ever tried it? He bent his head to the waiter. Much better you know! The waiter nodded, smiling and wrote — Lemon extr. — in the shorthand of those accustomed to taking direction. No, bourbon's for the lady, Carl laughed aloud. Don't see how she does it. Holds liquor like a man. No, not coffee. Make it tea. I'll have tea.

He looked up trying to watch her. He didn't dare the suggestion and sensed the empty impotence of love unrequited. Megan saw him peek up at her and noticed again, when he looked up surreptitiously, how very much like a turtle he seemed. Or a turkey perhaps, she thought; underfed, underdeveloped, unwanted at any holiday table. Every move of his was this molting turkey. Carl picked up his fork and moved it toward the salad bowl. He seemed not at all sure that he wanted the salad. He looked the green leaves over carefully, wondered about the dressing, before reaching into the seasoned leaves with his fork. He turned the green tentatively on the fork looking for browned stalk-ends.

A turkey, she thought again, seeking with bewildered caution after the pomp of dropped feathers. His hand moved uncertainly, a turkey definitely, she confirmed. As incapable as a turkey's foot is of plucking up feathers lost on the ground.

Carl wanted her to see him. He sat watching, for short seconds then more boldly, wanting more than it was possible for him to want her, far more than he was capable of wanting anything. A large vein throbbed loudly in his right temple and he leaned his forehead into his hand to cover it. Absently, Megan let her smallest finger poke into the centerhole of an ice cube. She twirled the cube around in the drink set there between them. Carl wanted this finger, her hand, to touch his hand softly. The vessel pumped more quietly now against

his palm. Megan laughed aloud, without self-consciousness, with the abandon of a small girl, on roller skates for the first successful time. The spontaneous, satisfied laugh lifted over the waiter, then dropped around him and held him hamstrung, until he, the object of her fun, was forced to laugh with her. Anxious heads lifted throughout the dining room, from tables in farther corners and from tables near around them. A pattern crossed the upper room like metal filings, now spread on paper, then drawn erect by a greater pull. The lifted heads wondered what it was they'd missed. The waiter soaked the water into a napkin and went off still smiling, to find another cloth.

Well, Mr. Thompson,

Carl, he corrected her. Can't have that Mr. tag — you'll make me feel like an old man.

Carl, she corrected herself. How did you think this summer compared with others? He'd weathered more of these summers than she could know. You know, I wonder, she went on before he could answer, without giving him time to begin his answer. Not hearing what she said, he watched and felt her words as she talked on. He thought of his wife and let her talk, satisfied with watching.

Ella must be restless about now. Plenty of other folks around the summer place for bridge and drinks. She'll be ready for the move South. Again he thought, she'll probably enjoy having a house guest until the end of season.

What next, Megan asked, now that you've seen I'm safely home? Will you start for New York this afternoon? You know, we should have gone on to the house. Should have gotten dinner there. You'd have met Mother and could have relaxed before starting on.

Carl didn't want to think of her as having parents, of her living in a home with a mother and father. Something familiar gnawed at him inwardly; he ignored the uneasiness, closing his mind to answer her questions. No sense in putting anyone out. Remember, this is a last event dinner, our commemorative close for the summer. She shouldn't have parents, it wasn't right. Carl busied himself in spearing a scallop and raised the full fork to his mouth. A drop of lemon fell onto his chin when he bit into the crisp fish. Carefully he wiped it away — drew the napkin across his chin and licked his lower lip at the corner. I'll meet your parents another time, he began again, but now, tell me what you think of this idea. I've been considering for some time. . . . Why don't you come upstate with me, he went into his plan hurriedly. We can have a few days of rest from the summer. Ella and I can bring you by here when we come south—next week. You can meet Ella. I'd like you to meet her. She's heard so much . . . I know she'd like to meet you.

Megan paused, began to speak, and hesitated again. I'd like to. Really, I don't dare though. I have to get ready for school. Mother's expected me before this. She saw him reaching for a matchbook and held the lighter under the

table edge, closed into her hand. Her hand grew wet and hot around the lighter as she let the sulphur burn itself out in the blue match flame. Then she leaned forward with her cigarette for the light.

Carl placed the spent match into the ashtray. He picked up his last bit of roll and dabbed it across the plate drawing the few scattered crumbs together and pressing them into the butter on the roll. Megan finished the tea-colored ice water of her drink and watched his hand scratch across his plate with the roll until the butter had snared all the reluctant crumbs, until Carl had it ready for eating. He held his napkin poised, anticipating its careful passing over his mouth, while he chewed up this last bit of bread.

He brought his hand up against his forehead and frowned under its shielding. Terrible, the glare reflecting from that windowglass. His other hand picked up Megan's cigarette from the ashtray where it lay consuming itself, gently in gray puffs.

Yes. You see, Megan continued, Mother and Dad wanted me to sell the car up there. And fly home. Oh, they didn't mind when I told them you'd had to come down to get your car. She looked into the shade of his hand. Two brows reached across the forehead there and knit into each other over the pink ridge of his nose. By the dark of his hand they extended out, seemingly past the sides of his head, to end in the short white whiskers of his ears. She talked and wondered, with her distant mind, about the thick white ring of his eyes. It seemed to be moving in, to block out the blue there.

It's probably better you get home then, he said. Clear blue eyes can be rather attractive, she was thinking. She still watched along the line of one brow, tracing it out to a whiskered ear. Look here, Carl caught her eye. He tugged one ear awkwardly, stretching the pink lobe between the thumb and forefinger of his free hand. He chuckled. Look here, I seem to have picked up your cigarette. He held it up for her to see. You see the bad habits I'm getting. It's months since I smoked my last cigarette. Maybe years. Not since I gave up smoking. Well, might as well finish this now. You don't mind?

She didn't. Finding her lighter first, she got another cigarette, lighted it, and tossed the lighter to the center of the table. Carl chuckled once again at his mistake.

She waited at the door while he picked up the check and took it to the cashier. The cashier smiled to Megan while she waited for Carl to hunt out the right change. Megan turned from the cashier's smile and look, and looked herself, through the window at their cars. His car was piled with neat stacks of luggage he'd shifted from her car to the blue one. She wondered how he would get the top down over the piled luggage if it should rain. But, it didn't look much like it would rain today.

Carl shrugged his jacket on and wrapped the muffler tighter, tucking it under the lapels of the jacket. They went out — to the cars. Megan tossed her

coat across the rib of the front seat and in the same motion slid under the wheel, reaching for the dash with her key.

Hope I haven't left anything, Carl began. His hand reached across in the slit of the back seat, then the front; patted his jacket pockets. Don't guess anything's there! I'm sure I have everything.

If not, I'll send it on, Megan answered. I'll have the car checked before I let it go. She let herself laugh, reminding him. It wouldn't surprise me to find your gold pen! How many times this summer you accused me of making off with it! How you manage to mislay that pen. . . . Well, I'll send it along if it turns up here.

No need. I'll stop by for it on the trip south. He waited. You know how much I enjoyed the ride down. . . . Sure you can't come along?

So did I. I'd always rather drive than fly. Hope you have a pleasant trip home. She clicked the key on and depressed the accelerator slowly and the motor caught quietly.

Carl pulled closed his yellow scarf and put his coat on. Tugging the jacket sleeves from his elbows, he straightened them under the coat. Holding this longer coat closed around his knees, he got into the car.

She saw him start the car as she drove to the exit. When the motor caught, the windshield wipers leapt up and swung right and left. She waved to him until his hand answered back. Still going from the last rain, she thought. He's forgotten them again.

Carl drove down the road to the highway and watched his wipers push a light load of dust from left to right in front of him on the window glass.

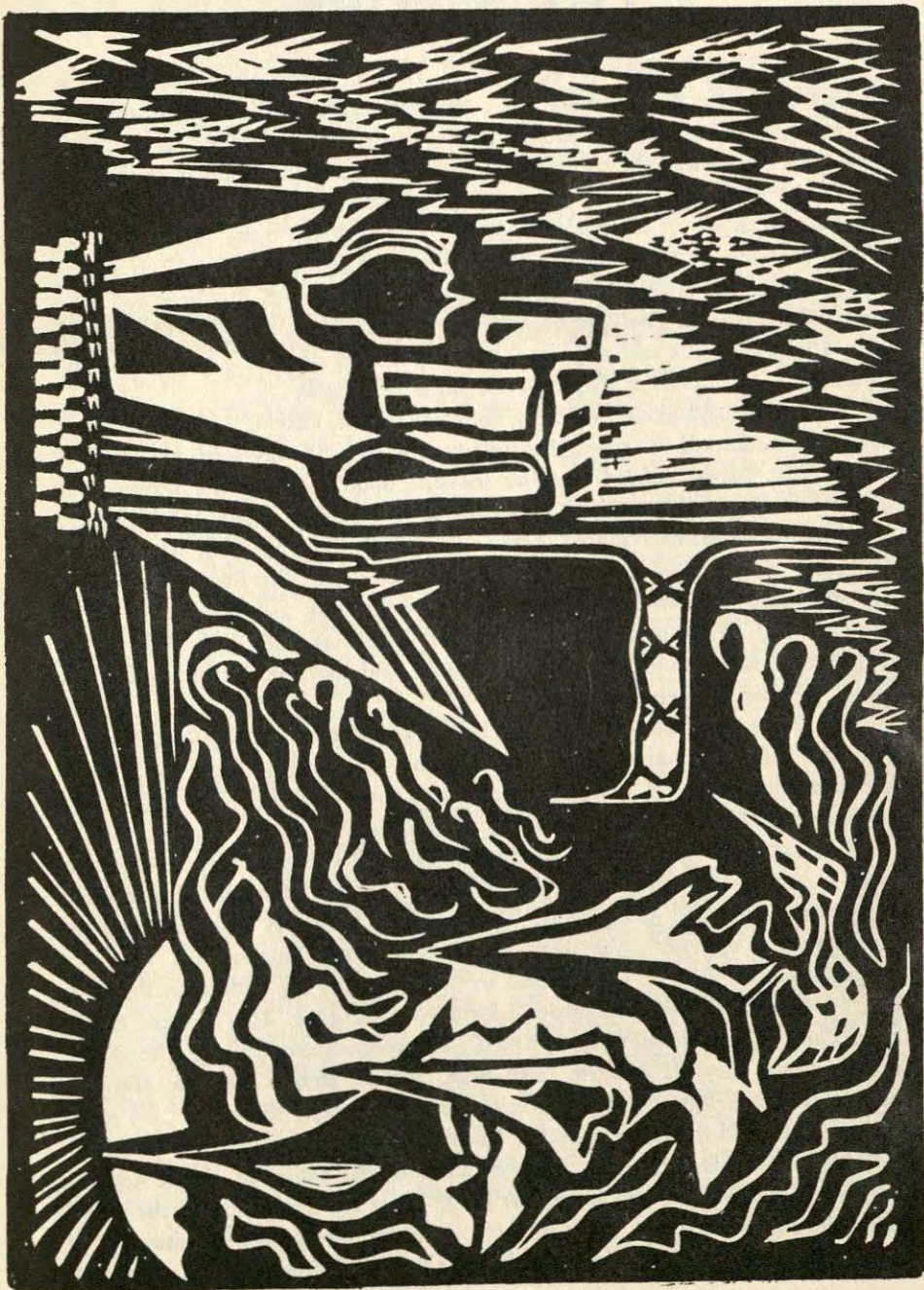
Megan kicked her shoe off. It fell across the center hump to the other side of the car. She felt toward the pedal with her stocking foot and leaned all the weight of a tensely athletic leg into the accelerator. The pedal was forced down into sharing her mood. Now she pushed down hard, with a purpose, and let the car fling itself over the dry road. She could see his eyes, the person, on the seat beside her still. She pounded her doubled fist into the depression left there on the seat, then stopped abruptly, the image spent of its violent reminder. Several times she let her thumb flick the rough wheel over the flint and flip the lighter top open then closed with sharp clicks. She laughed at herself, at her freedom to do this, and tossed the lighter in the air. It fell on the seat with the pack of cigarettes, then slid into the crack there and out of sight. She noticed with pleasure, the pulse of veins working the blood into her fingers.

BETSY KRAAI, '63

Fog Bank at Northeast Harbour

Your children will not know my name:
With sure, swift certainty I know
The unseen, shrouded sea below
Is there; this knowledge is the same.
The sound is unmistakable:
A muffled, yet still savage roar
Belies our love, this barren shore,
Is crumbling, yet unbreakable.
Into a heart where only rocks
And ragged seaweed-drifts abide,
You sought safe harbour; but the tide,
Moon-swept, insistent, only mocks.
To reach a mooring is in vain:
Into this cove you cannot come;
It is a most ungentle home,
And one you must not reach again.
Here is no haven, find another:
Wait out the storm and then sail on;
And hear not, after you have gone,
My unborn children, crying, "Mother!"

NICOLE SHARPE, '65



Joan Ross

SEA HOUSE

THE STAIRS

Eighty-three, eighty-two, eighty-one. They'll never catch me, thought Michael as he ran up the stairs. I'm much too clever. Eighty, seventy-nine, seventy-eight, seventy-six. He adeptly leaped to the right, obscured in the small depression of the wall. With eyes shut tight, he heard the thunder as the feet and shouts went past him on the stairs. Laughter and pride filled his heart. What a genius am I, an absolute genius. Opening his eyes, he stood there awhile, contemplating the shadow the bright light cast upon him. Half of me black, half of me white; half evil, half good. Or half shallowness and half depth. That's it. Yes. The light only reveals my extraneous thoughts, the molded ones. The polite nods and yes, sirs. The daily chatter of people and places, the movement of my hands as they turn the pages of a book.

He smiled sardonically, mocking the light source. Leaving his hiding place, he again encountered the stairs, this time two by two. Seventy-four, seventy-two, seventy . . . Never noticed that, he thought upon reaching the sixty-second step. A small greenish stain, as if an insect had been stepped upon, the life oozed out of it. Michael winced. Their clumsy feet, their unseeing eyes. Killing the tiniest of insects who cannot even utter a sound. . . . Sixty-nine, sixty-eight. The difference between life and death. Physically only a difference of a few elements. But so intangible, this difference. The inanimate and the moving. Such beauty, such complexity, this difference. And they don't even realize this beauty. Clumsy feet, clumsy minds.

To shake this mood of anger he began walking backwards up the stairs. Fifty-one, fifty, forty-nine. This time hopping. Forty-eight, forty-seven. Now he was a cripple. . . . If I can only make it to forty-five. Then the doctor says I will live. I can do it; I'll grasp on to the railing.

The agony, the pain. But it's only temporary. It will pass. There. One step more. . . . I did it! I will live, live. And he took the stairs three at a time. Forty-two, thirty-nine, thirty-eight. Thirty-seven! This was his favorite stair. The light was dim here, very dim. He braced himself against the wall, becoming a part of it. . . . They cannot see me now. It's my dark side, the deep part of the self. All the extraneous adornments are gone. They do not matter now. Only my soul remains, bare, naked. The spontaneous feelings, the sweeping emotions; they all emanate from here. Secrets, secrets. No one else will ever know them. No one. The suffering, the dark alleys, the chaos . . . never to leave me. And hidden, so obscure from my other half.

He placed his hand against the coldness of the wall and closed his eyes tightly. There was but one sensation: cold. From the fingertips to the naked self. Chilling every fiber, every nerve. . . . Snow, the beautiful whiteness of snow, the purity, the cleanliness. Rebirth, simplicity, simplicity. Nothing else

means anything, just the cold. No sense of time, no reality; just the sensation of cold, suspended somewhere, somewhere. . . .

Then his hand fell away from the wall, and the sensation was gone. Opening his eyes, he blinked for a second and continued the ascent. Thirty-six, thirty-five, thirty-four. The strangeness was ebbing, he was himself again. He could hear the running and laughing of the people below, in the street. His eyes became hard as the noise grew louder. Twenty-eight, twenty-seven. . . . The poor beings. Always in the sunshine, always laughing, smiling. Twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty. The noise was intense; he regarded the source. Looking out the small window, he saw the blank faces of those below. The shop-keeper, the ice-cream vendor, the secretary. Ah, but those faces are the backbone of our society. Little children there, by the grocery store, throwing a rag doll back and forth. In the hands of those children lies the fate of that rag doll, humanity. . . . And they don't even know. They won't ever know. But I do. So high above them; I can rule silently from my tower. I am a king, a veritable king. Because I know. . . .

Nineteen, eighteen, seventeen. Won't be long now. Sixteen, fifteen. The hatred in his eyes was ebbing, dying. . . . Fourteen, thirteen. The eyes looked straight ahead. Twelve, eleven. They began to dart from side to side. Ten. What's that noise? Are they after me again? Feet, hands, laughter? Nine, eight, seven. The doorway was just above. He kept his eyes averted. Six, five. The coldness, the hand against the wall — that spontaneous feeling, so beautiful, so peaceful. Four. The shadow dividing me in half. Three. Half evil, half good. Two. Half shallow, half deep. Depth, shadowy chaotic depth. One. Think of the coldness, the coldness. . . . Open the door, think of the shadows. . . .

"Hello, Michael."

"Hello . . ." Would she know today? Would she understand?

"How many stairs today, Michael?"

"The same. Eighty-three. . . ." Why didn't she ever know?

She walked out and shut the door quietly. She descended the stairs, counting aloud. One, two, three. Poor Michael. Four, five. Every day was the same. Six, seven. And such a nice face, a gentle face. Eight, nine. The way he looks at a flower, so gently, so very gently. Ten, eleven, twelve . . . the bottom. Twelve stairs. Only twelve, she repeated. She stepped outside, seeing only the sunlight as it reflected the whiteness of her crisp uniform.

But in the darkness of the room, Michael didn't hear her. . . . The shadows, so beautiful against the wall. Then he turned and looked toward the source of light. He saw a sea gull, soaring in the heavens, high above the feet and laughter. His eyes were gentle. He did not even notice that his sight was obscured by tears. . . .

SUSAN SCHMIDT, '64

Haiku

The moon draws her spun
gold veil and joins the
incognito of the stars.

Joy is a golden
maple echoing the love
of the jewel sun.

CYNTHIANNA HAHN, '63



Constance Cross, 1961

A Christmas Carol

With spirit

Marcia A. Mueller '63

Ring out, Ring out, christ-mas day is here now

f

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

all the world is joy and glad-ness, Sing out, Sing out,

p

This system contains the next three measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

Sound the spir-it of good will, Yule-tide,

This system contains the next three measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Sleigh bells in the snow, Pine and mis-tle toe, chil-dren sing,

This system contains the final three measures of the piece. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia,

Christmas day is here. Ring out, Ring out,

Sound the clar - ion bells of Christ - mas cheer.

Christmas 1961.



A Poem

Love is like a child
Learning about snow.

First there is the frightened time
For it is new and just a sometimes thing

There is a day with snow —
The first time the snow is not cold
And the day is the child's
And the snow is the child's

The day must go, and with it the magic —
But not the snow.

And one day a stranger comes
Who has not known the snow.
And the child says
I'm sorry —
Only half remembering why.

KAREN JELLISEN, '65

Thumbnail Sketches of
An Autumn Alone

II

A leaf or two falls
On the sidewalk of Main Street;
In the warm buildings
The big men studying their charts
Do not see summer die.

V

Standing on the hill,
I watch the afternoon sun
Fall dead in the west,
Bloodying the horizon
Until the gray night-clouds come.

VII

Over the bare trees
A bird wings through the gray fog;
September has come
And gone, and I am alone.
You did not see the leaves turn.

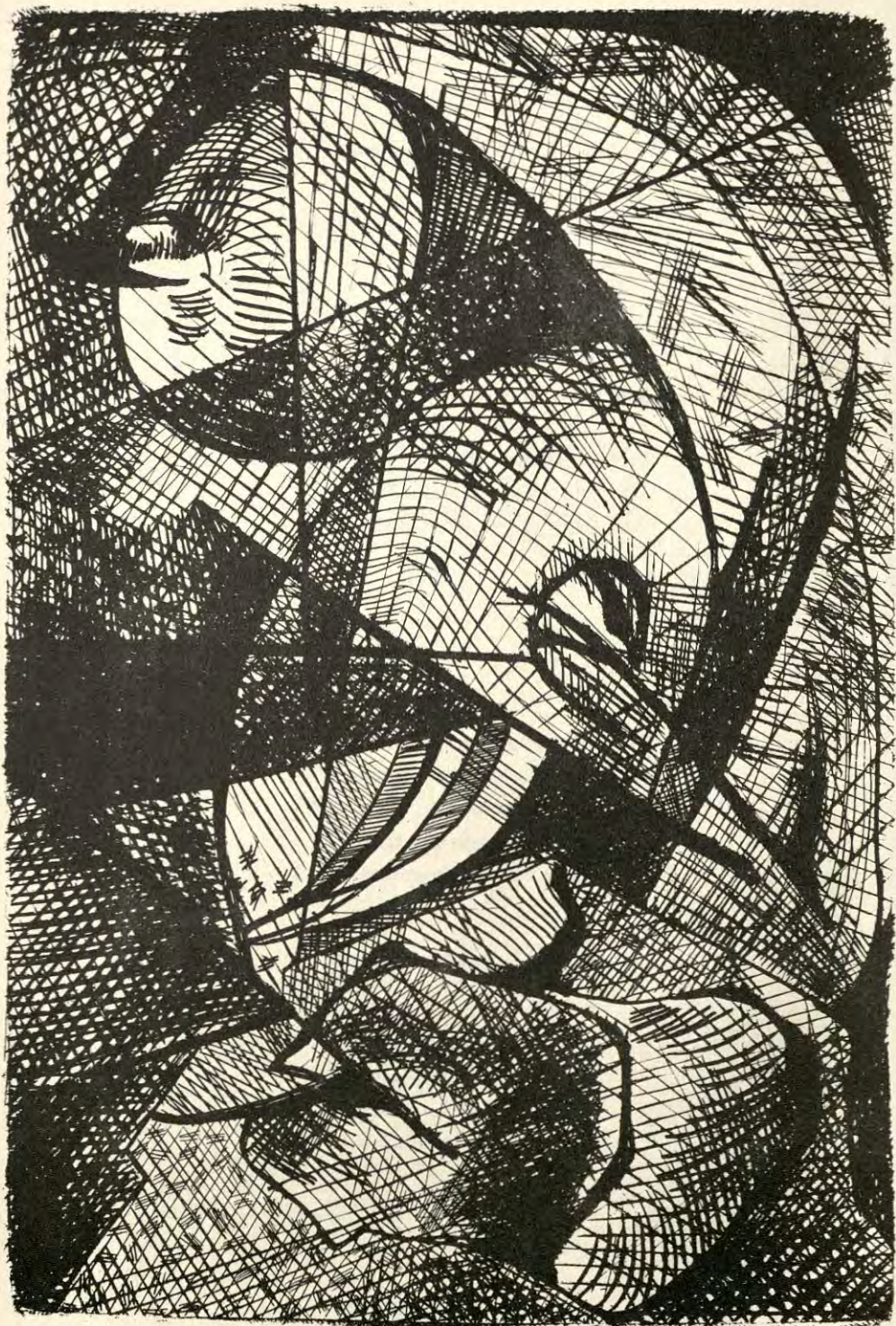
VIII

The black crow calling
From the brown stubbled hilltop
Sees me at my door
Looking out at the gray dawn,
And dares me to come outside.

XIV

The apple-wood log
Has burned low in the fireplace.
The old setter wakes
As winter whines in the trees
And rattles the windowpanes.

VALERIE BROWN, '64



STILL LIFE

Ann S. Mullin

Times Square

Lo!
The naked nuclear babe
emerges
from the mushroom-clouded
womb,
And the omnipresent scythe swings
inexorably
through the strange and silent
night.
Love lies gasping
in the smothering blood-red
smog
of a thousand-thousand
cold-war cities,
And the half-child
Freedom
clanks its neon chains,
restless
in the negro streets
as the Mother
Truth
is raped over and again
by the faceless Mass;
leaving
from a now-and-then existence
a six-day-week heritage
to the monster-cities
of the mind's
one-eyed mutation,
World.
The comfortable innerspring of
Hope
is sprung eternally
in the mattress,
helplessly commercialized
by the touted cinematic
sex-symbol,
And the breast-milk
of the Prince
is spilt in a glorified
stable
by a maggot-haired
barmaid.

NICOLE SHARPE, '65



Nicole Sharpe

THE WALL

For Godot

- M. The papers all say the world's coming to an end,
C. Let it end, let it end,
M. It seems to me,
C. It seems to him
M. It seems to me, that here's a trend
C. For what?
M. For ordinary folk to pretend
 To prophesy
C. To prophesy, to prophesy
 And tell us why, do you know why?
M. I'll tell you exactly why . . .
 It's not very curious, the meaning's not so spurious
 It's all a relief,
C. It's all a relief
M. To escape from the grief

JOAN LEVENTHAL, '62

SUSANNAH

At breakfast, Susannah's brothers were already quibbling. Last night's dinner topic had been rekindled.

". . . Hey, Sue, what do you want to drink down there?"

"Too bad for you, Billy, I told you not to ask her. Now you *can't* play with us."

"Can't you two ever stop arguing?"

"Suey loves Willy, Suey loves Willy."

"Honestly, Mom, one word from me and they sound like a Greek chorus."

"Mom, can we please have lunch in the cellar?" The answer was no.

It was raining outside and the new kind of war game was no fun anyway. When they got tired of playing air raid, they constructed a wall of soup cans. They had been forbidden to touch anything in that cupboard, but it made a nice wall from behind which they could snipe at each other. They soon tired of that too. A masterpiece of soup can engineering based on three cans was under construction when Susannah came to announce that the mess hall was open.

Suddenly the bottom cans were kicked away and Toby, a next door neighbor, raised an invisible rifle to his shoulder. He took careful aim with his innocent face and suddenly screamed, "Bang, you're dead."

"You can't do that to my sister. You can't. That's my sister."

"Don't be a sissy, Billy. It's only a game."

"That's my sister. You can't do that to my sister."

Billy flew to his sister, terrified by the crash and the shooting.

The color drained from Susannah's face as she remembered when she had first heard her father insist on the shelter. More recently she had heard him specify to the workmen 'eight inches of concrete.' Last night he had spoken of the necessity of the rifle. The shelter was to have been a security. All the precautions violated themselves when Susannah saw the invisible rifle and heard her brother cry out in her defense.

"Billy, you heard Daddy last night. Don't you remember what he said? When we're down here, nobody can come in. Nobody. Billy, don't you remember what Daddy said?"

Susannah heard the argument but understood only a futility and a moral void.

Willy was annoyed by her preoccupations that evening.

"Sue? You know those little Japanese Buddhas with the big stomachs? The good luck ones. You rub their stomachs and they're good luck. Now, you

know those little madonnas, the ones people put in their cars? Well, I saw a Buddha on a dashboard today. What an idea! Sue, something wrong?"

"Look at those moths. I wonder why they always fly to a light."

Susannah dreamed that same night of moths flying to the moon. They always did fly at lights. The moon is a light. They never fly in the day. Maybe in all that light they don't know where to go. Poor things, flying all night to the moon. It's cool and won't burn them. Then morning came. They were confused and stopped flying. They came spinning back to earth like maple seeds.

Susannah opened her eyes and saw the moonlight. Why do they fly at lights? It must hurt their eyes. And their wings. Doesn't it hurt to keep crashing against a light? Maybe they fly into fires, too. She kept seeing moths with burned wings. Imagine flying so long to get to a light and then losing their wings in it. Moths looked like caterpillars again without their wings, misshapen caterpillars. Then she saw butterflies in a meadow. There was a pond, too. And she heard the theme from *Peter and the Wolf*. She was the unsuspecting Peter walking gaily across the meadow. But Susannah wept when she saw that the useless antennae of the wingless moths were still alert.

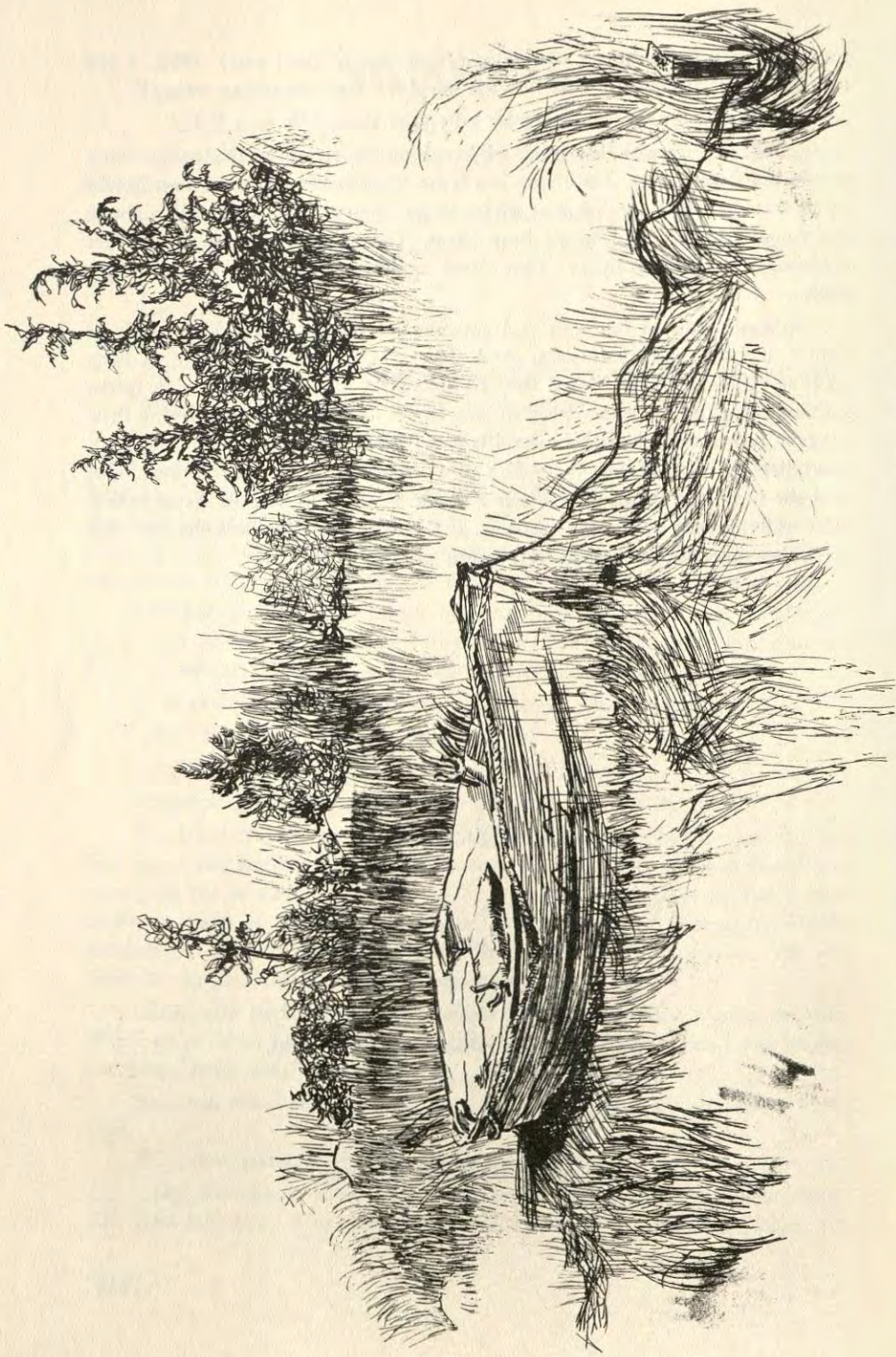
MARIE BIRNBAUM, '64

Malediction

Shallow Moments!

You measly second-hand of time,
You baleful consuming foe of mine!
Your futile chatter and stupid thought
Seduce my brain when I've been caught,
Tearing and ripping mercilessly
The actual from potential me.

SALLY ELIZABETH HIGGINS, '65



ROWBOAT

Tamsen Evans George

VOL

mon regard

est un oiseau

suit dans l'identité

de l'espace;

un oiseau

qui pousse les étoiles

qu'étendent

la presse

du ciel.

JOAN LEVENTHAL, '62

An Essay

Full-length mirrors on main streets — so infrequent, yet so unavoidable. And every one I see sends the same insistent and unresolved question winding through my thoughts. What's reflected there? What do they frame?

Women reassuring themselves that their faces are still "fixed" and holding symmetry, while they fumble with hat pins or scarf ties. Men glancing furtively as they pass hurriedly on, hands on their purses, to bathroom mirrors. Children imitating frankly, arms and legs experimentally askance and faces distorted in innocent parody, until the adult world appears to throw a look into the frame and take the child away.

It's a difficult question to resolve — this fascinated, yet suppressed pre-occupation with mirrors; people want to see themselves reflected back, but never when others are around. Everyone *peeks* in, no one *looks*, but the child. A mirror reflects just what a person is — is only the child curious to know what he is? The adults' curiosity seems to warp, to a kind of fear, a distrust, of the inanimate mirror. They can't look straight in, yet must always peek. There's something there they do like, or think they like. What is there that they don't like?

J.R.M. would explain it. Dialectic, she'd say, is the way to every answer, and every question is figured outright.

Week nights in Cambridge, weekend nights in Boston — In Boston with Wayne, in Cambridge with J.R.M. — Tomorrow night, J.R.M., tonight Wayne. The dead predictability of this weekly routine has precipitated an insistent chipping away at the edge of my mind. For weeks on end, three nights to Wayne, four nights to J.R.M. The two are becoming irrevocably linked.

One last cigarette, then we'll leave, he said. I doubt it. Party at the apartment later, we'll have to get up there ahead of the others and hide some beer for ourselves.

Wayne darling, I'm exhausted. I can't make a party tonight!

You'll get sleep. And there's no problem, tomorrow's a holiday, you don't have classes. You have to be there tonight.

On two conditions only. If Carr is out of town — and if you'll drive me to Cambridge tomorrow. I have an appointment to keep.

You're coming then. You can use Carr's bed. I'll take you to Cambridge anytime. Listen — I have to see Phil about a couple of cases for the party. Be right back. . . .

Hi Nelse. 'Evening Edward. Fine thanks, you? Seems to be a good night

for piano players, Ed! Sure, see you later. . . . Where else . . . ?

Hi. Smile. Hello . . . smile again. Drink some beer . . . smile. Light a cigarette — have some more beer, and smile. Simple bastards in this place!

Is everyone as easy to push around as Wayne? Guess I need more to drink, they're all so foolish-looking tonight. "Men" in their tweed jackets over khaki pants — their other-worldly attitudes; their trivia-minded dates who scurry to the john on the half hour and pass the time with lipstick, comb, and mirror in the bolted seclusion. Likely, the male characters primp in the same way in the next-door seclusion. And Wayne survives this existence week upon week! He must be highly tolerant; that, or equally as foolish as they.

Tomorrow night, four nights this week . . . there is something to look forward to.

Well, the beer stock is all set for — Phil's bringing it up. Here, let me light it.

Damn it, Wayne! Damn, damn, damn. . . .

What's the matter? Here, light the cigarette.

Just a minute. Damn anyway, you broke my nail! Oh, I'm sorry — I'm just tired. Guess I'm not myself tonight. Get me a drink, will you? I'll have to do something about this mood before the party. So Phil will be at the party? Thought you couldn't take having him around? Easier when I'm there . . . ? My dear, I'm nothing but mediator, hostess, and "Wayne's date" up there. You never see me until everyone has left!

But you are there. Listen, let's get off this subject.

Get my coat while I finish this drink. We'll go hide our beer before the place closes.

All week-end in Boston. Three nights to Wayne, four nights with J.R.M. — four nights in Cambridge, beginning with tomorrow. Backgammon, intelligent questions, espresso — intelligent answers to questions, and leisurely cigarettes with the thick black coffee — discussions and good music. Tomorrow night, and three nights after that, at 10 Thomas street, Cambridge. Wayne Hockmeyer. I can't remember when he became a friend and not a lover. It was in this apartment; this horror of luminescent and neutral painted walls and molding. This fourth floor cave of iniquity where all save the weary find rest. Rest among overfilled ashtrays and second-hand beer cans, rest in the din of intelligent discussion on politics, drama, art or wine-making. Rest for all but Carr — roommate #1. Carr painted his own room, in red and blue. Carr has a job, he needs his sleep, his room is inviolable. Edward — roommate #2 — also has a job. Ed doesn't need sleep; his room is this horror, this repository for the pregnant ash-trays and aborted beer cans.

Wayne has a job. Wayne needs sleep. Wayne's room is my room as well, on weekends. Wayne's job waits for him — until he can get the sleep he

needs, until the inheritance withdrawal is exhausted. Just after a bank withdrawal all is fine, the job waits and Wayne sleeps from dawn until dusk. I sleep from midnight until dawn. From dusk until the bars close, always Ferrara's, the bottom of the Hill. The place "lives" Wayne maintains. He doesn't like to go there without me — I might miss something. Three nights a week I drink the same beer and watch the same colorful people I might have "missed." When the venerable party doesn't transplant in the apartment, I go to sleep at twelve.

Just before bank withdrawal all is not so fine. The job will wait for sleep only from midnight until early a.m. I can't sleep during the day, find it impossible. Impossible also, is sleep in a bed conceived for one and attempting two! Wayne has no trouble. I catch up on my reading and pass the afternoons listening to tales of Wayne's exploited customers.

Worth \$200,000 in bonds and stocks, and \$25,000 in banked cash, and still he runs out of money! When the money is gone, he picks up the demonstration kit and peddles his vacuum cleaners door-to-door. His father wouldn't have believed it, or stood for it.

My old man was fantastic, he'd said. A really handsome man. Real lady-killer looks, you know. I left school for two years — we raced speed boats together and I was hurt in a race. I had my operation and then spent two years after that with Dad, racing in Florida. I wish you'd known him. We were always together: he came to school when I played Lacrosse, or we'd be racing in Maine or Florida. Were you ever close to your father like that?

I wish too that I had know him. But no, I told him, I'd never been, nor ever would be, close to either of my parents.

Mr. Hockmeyer had been handsome. A virile and fiery looking man even in his later years. I've seen his portrait and heard enough from Wayne to know I've missed an exciting experience. How little I missed it by. I met Wayne three weeks after his father died.

Wayne doesn't like Ferrara's as much as he did. It's still much the same — beer or whiskey for anyone with a date or with even an embryonic 5 o'clock shadow; bawdy songs or sentimental, in live performance; inherent ringed table tops and scarred walls. Only the management has changed. That well-known and notorious pair of suspected perverts has taken over: Bob, an intellect and musician; Phil, his patron and overseer. Interesting and friendly, both of them, yet Wayne derides them unmercifully. We still come here though. Wayne knows everyone here and he can get extended credit if needed. Everyone sees us here together.

Each night, and on the hour, Tony, the fat and blind and heroin-addicted pianist sings his infamous "Ice Lady" song. The number of shaven collegiates

and sometimes-shaven "Hill-dwellers" increases with the verses. The 5' tall gal with voice and small-boy build might abduct the mike and belt out her frustrations. Wayne thinks she's "fantastically funny." Yet, Wayne won't like the place, since the innovation of Bob and Phil. We still go to Ferrara's. Everyone sees us there together. At Ferrara's, at the apartment — this apartment where I catch up on my reading.

A present-day overlord. Jeanne R. Marchant. Calls herself, J.R.M. Admitted she admits, to the silver symbol of cash, the Randian \$. A charm, earring set, pin, bracelet — she has them all. All the eccentricities of a devotee. Not everyone knows this. I do. I'm one of her diversions. She likes my poetry.

J.R.M. is an outstanding figure. A pragmatist who looks the part. Tall, lanky, with thick black hair — of the kind one readily envisions atop a motorcycle. She does have a scooter. She's feared and revered, the butt of secret jests, and handled with awed deference. An intellect with a master's degree in Poli. Sci., in French, in Phys. Ed. A Fullbright scholar — teaching specialized Phys. Ed. because she needs \$ for her Poli. Sci. PhD. — her aim is teaching but to "interested and alive" college students. Teaching Phys. Ed. is merely a means to this end.

She studies people, too, the psyches of students, for diversion. And J.R.M. is 37 years old.

At her apartment she wears slacks, and a sweater over a blouse. She'll drink whiskey if the mood is right or a demi-tasse. On the wall is row upon row of books, some read, some unbroken. The FM is always playing, or taped Hi-Fi — usually Johnny Mathis when I come in. This evolves to the *Kreutzer* or Grieg before I leave.

Three rooms for two people. She shares a bed with her roommate out of necessity. She smokes a lot while she corrects exam papers and listens to music. I think it annoys her that there is no \$ mark on her cigarette paper, but she is a member of a Nathaniel Branden group. Often we'll play Backgammon. Tonight she suggested Chess and went for coffee while I set the board.

I asked her a question on William James. She answered that Ciardi had a new piece out. Had I seen it? No, I hadn't. I tried James again. Another new club forming at school! Heard about it? I had. Clubs, she exploded, for the insecure and anxiety-ridden! We'll soon have a World Welfare Society! J.R.M. has only contempt for the society-minded.

Don't you belong to a Rand fan club? I asked. A discussion group, yes, but neither the word 'fan' nor 'club' could be applicable here. She really meant this.

I told her I'd call it a mere question of semantics. "Club", "society", "discussion group", is there a difference? They all meet, all talk, all have members. And before she could answer. . . . Tell me, is there any distinction —

between a non-conformist, an idealist, and an escapist? Thoreau didn't like taxes, he revered the natural, and he left the world as he knew it. Like him or not, as I see it, this is a spineless proposition entirely, and a store of human potential gone to seed at Walden Pond.

J.R.M. said she'd sooner take Kerouac than Thoreau. I acquiesced knowing that the more spiral the conversational route, the better she liked it. Though Thoreau isn't a favorite topic with her, she does like Kerouac and the idea of an old-school escapist vs. a contemporary school escapist was a new one.

Had I finished *On the Road*, she wondered. I had. Any reaction? (J.R.M. has a fascination for the round-about). I wondered why you had me read it frankly, but what has this to do with Thoreau? The roommate at 10 Thomas answered me, setting her drained coffee cup between a pawn and a knight by way of announcing departure for bed. The next tactical play was mine. I off-handedly announced that it was time for my return to school. The bed is by the door. A fertile-looking feather down with discarded canopy. A bed that prolific mothers long for. A sarcophagus to long consummated love, desire, and fulfillment, resurrected in a subterranean Cambridge apartment.

It is raining. J.R.M. has the wipers going. Thoreau, as Kerouac and James, has remained a dead issue. Torrents of new rain water are pushing the leftover winter leaves down the roads with yesterday's news and a forgotten lunch pail. J.R.M. swung out around the trash of a stopped-up drain. A placard flashed by with the promise — The GOOD LIFE — RETIRE at 45! — the rest torn away. Shop windows pass by, front to behind, reflecting a car on a street as they go. Sheets of rain march by the window and down behind the car, following the passing streets. Down Mass. Ave., to the Charles, across the Yard, across the Square, to 10 Thomas. . . .

Tonight J.R.M. seems to me to be the same simple bastard type as the Ferrara inmates. There's no contrast left at all. Time with Wayne, or J.R.M., there is no difference. No shift from the wasted weekend to the stimulating week nights, just a mere alteration — of geography — nothing else. Static in Boston, to static in Cambridge. Wayne's affluent waste — J.R.M.'s waste behind her self-erected brick wall — And why do I see this rain, the buildings, as moving away from me? It's as though I, this car, J.R.M., are stuck in time. No front, no ahead, just a placating and spreading middle.

Wayne lives for excitement, J.R.M. for interesting challenge — seemingly, there should be contrast here, within the separate lives, between the two lives. Where is it? Better, why isn't it? This variety they live with is more deadening than a single-minded purpose! Wayne seldom works, J.R.M. enjoys only off-work hours, if that; and I go along with either one or the other of them.

The pull of the regiments of rain urged me along, back into the well-worn

winding thought maze. The GOOD LIFE is weighing heavy on me.

JESUS SAVES, predicted the red neon with its blinking stare. Saves what? Cigarette boxes, stamps, coins, Indian head pennies, menus, swizzle sticks? Of course not — still, what had the Nazarene saved, but himself? Above all, Know Thyself, he had preached. He had known himself and admitted Himself to His consciousness as well as to the credulity of others. At death he left this world of men. Know Thyself — a difficult postulate for man today to fulfill, when "matters of consequence" consume time so quickly and completely. Sometimes, however, matters of import stray from prescribed course — stocks devalue, G.E. executives are impounded, the Soviets hit the moon first — the unreasonable become real; men in these hours do find time, unfilled hours to gather under the guiding Trinity seeking to Know: Who did it? What happened?

Perhaps the redeemed Christ has taken to collecting things after all — the congregation of men forgetting to ask, What did *I* do?

JUMBO HOTS AND SHAKES

WRESTLING TONITE!

FIND THE STRENGTH!

DANCE!

JOIN . . . BECOME A MAN

Army, Navy, Marine Corps — all producers of Men. A Handbook, elementary lessons in rifle use, proud ill-hanging uniform, a duffle, a cot, a latrine, a license to kill, an anticipated leave, plus an Ideal to Serve and Protect. The ingredients of A Man. Not usually. More often the Ideal under Protection is perverted — reiterated as the Freedom to booze in or enjoy choice in *any* brothel desired, while the license is forgotten for a time, then ignored with the onset on "open season."

BUY NOW — PAY LATER!

RELAX — CHEW WRIGLEY'S

50% OFF!!

. . . MARGIN OF SAFETY

DON'T LET ROMANCE FADE . . .

Business. The panacea for all man's ills. What is your private infirmity? Just find it, then listen and read. Consider all arguments and tests, then decide and marvel at the placebo-antidote that Science-Man Business has found for you. The romance can be saved — the boss can be kept happy — the baby's rash can be cleared up — your doubts can be dispelled — simply discover the proper deodorant, mouth wash, or toilet paper.

PAY LATER

GIVE

9 OUT OF 10 PREFER

GIVE

BURMA SHAVE
SLUMS
GIVE

Each is his brother's keeper. Mothers remember this and remind recalcitrant children to "think of the starving children, — they'd love to have your dinner."

A dime, a dollar — any contribution is appreciated. Here is your window sticker. Buy a poppy? Thank you. Your poppy . . .? For the children in Europe, class. Let's see if we can be the most generous, and fill our card before the other grades. Forget Thyself.

Remember the tenement children. They can't live on their fathers' whiskey. They need, send them milk so they can smile. A smile is your reward. A smile of love and gratitude. Remember the children — someday you may be starving. . . . BEAUTY SHOPPE DREAM HOME — NOW SAVE BY BUS . . . LET US DO IT. . . . WISH IT AND IT'S YOURS, LET US. . . . CAMPUS AHEAD.

The car is moving faster, J.R.M. is impatient. Turn the radio on! I flicked the knob. Beethoven's tribute to Napoleon, the *Emperor*, worked counter to the pull of the rain. The French master of armies and states, defeated at the whim of a deaf master of symphony — the *Eroica*!

Hand me your compact! I gave her the compact. She flipped it open at the stop light and bent to catch the light from a street lamp. The light changed. Damn! . . . she'd dropped the compact and it lay on her lap, spilling powder on the black slacks. I tucked the GOOD LIFE away.

J.R.M. snapped the compact shut, lined up the rear-view, pushed her cropped black hair back with spread fingers. She reached across, handed me the rebuffed compact, and closed the door.

As J.R.M. pulled away, three pairs of heads lifted behind steaming car windows. Three paired hands waved — Wayne flashed through and out of my thoughts — and the tragic absurdity was clear. I laughed and waved and watched the heads settle from sight again. The something-for-nothing people, in reality, getting very much nothing-for-something! A familiar story, I know.

From the hill I could see the city. I tossed my toast out — to the masters, past and present, and to the Promethean gods of this sodden world, if there be any.

I tossed my cigarette towards a water drift running with me to the dorm. Virility struggling in the front seat of a car! Marvelous discovery! Keep on hating those illicit likes, friends. Keep trying to find that something that you almost want — and hate what you like . . .

I've work to do.

BETSY KRAAL, '63

Mrs. Ticeall

Perry Reunions