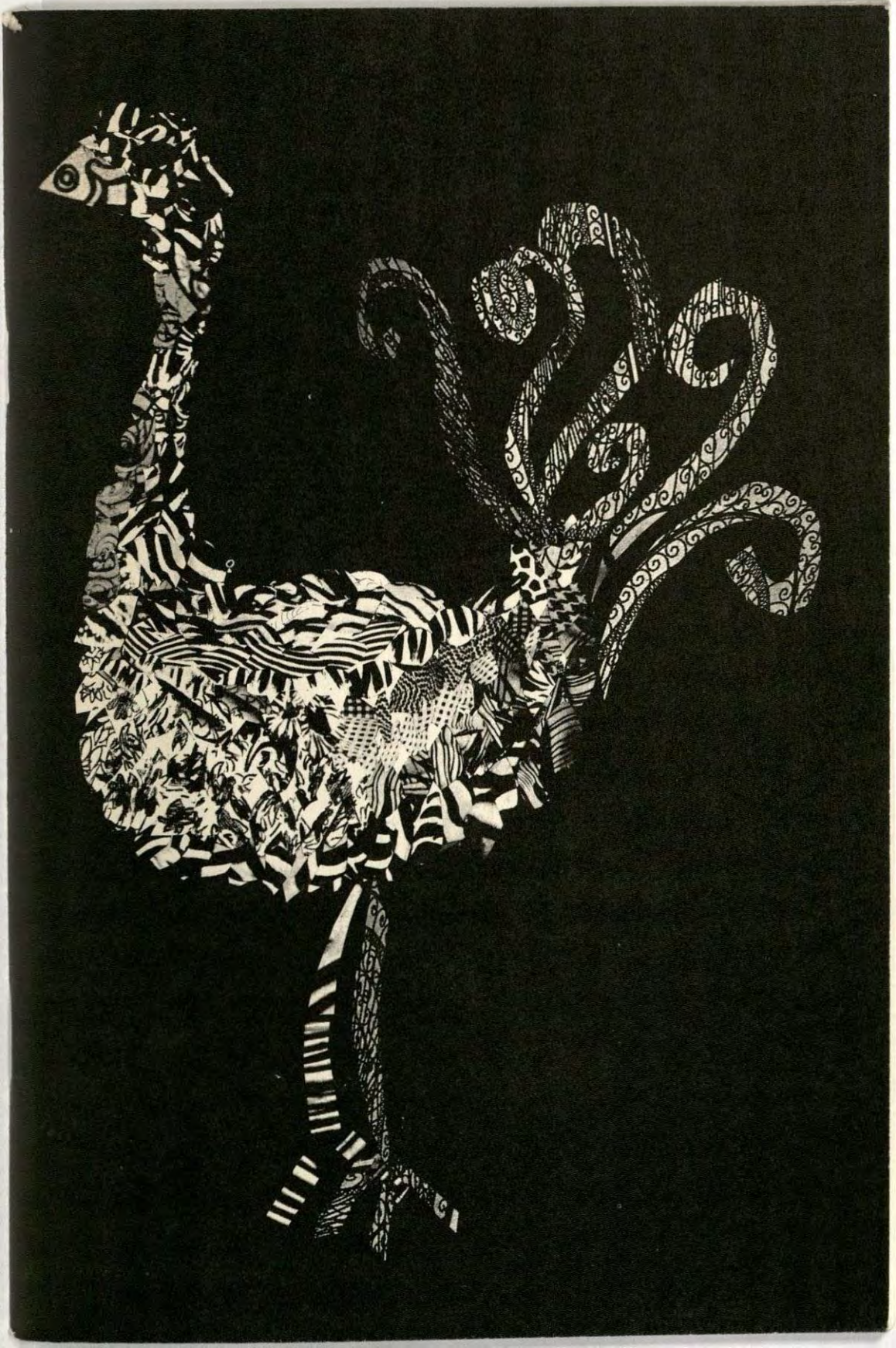
Fall 1962

Insight, Volume 5 Number 3

Connecticut College



CORRECTION: Essay In Three Parts by Carol Bartholomew '65

INSIGHT

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

FALL 1962

VOLUME V NUMBER 3

EDITORIAL BOARD

CYNTHIA NORTON . . . . . Editor-in-Chief

BARBARA BROTHERSON . . . . . Managing Editor

ELIZABETH TURNER . . . . . Creative Writing Editor

ANNE RYAN . . . . . Asst. Creative Writing Editor

GINA BENAMATI . . . . Art, Music, Photography Editor

ELLEN SHULMAN . . . . . Publicity Editor

PATRICIA ARNOLD . . . . Alumnae and Exchange Editor

DEAN ALICE JOHNSON, *Faculty Advisor*

CREATIVE WRITING BOARD:

Linda Osborne '63

Susan Shapiro '63

Lois Weiner '64

Susan Pettibone '66

Hilary Harding '66

Kate Higgins '66

Marcia Phillips '64

Contents

The Ticklers

Ed had his money in his pocket, he'd been saving since September, and he felt like a man. He swung open the doors of Mr. Fritzer's stationery store and confidently walked in. Mr. Fritzer came from behind the counter and greeted him.

"Hello there, Eddy. Pretty cold out eh?"

"Yes it is," Ed replied. "Yes it certainly is, Mr. Fritzer." He smiled thinking of his purchase.

"Well, what can I do for you, my boy?" Ed began to handle some pencils which were on the counter. He wanted to prolong the moment.

"How's your mother, Eddy?"

"Oh she's fine, Sir." Ed replied smiling.

"And your brother?"

"Which one?"

"All of them, my boy," Mr. Fritzer said chuckling, "all seven of them."

"Just fine, Mr. Fritzer. And my sisters are fine and so is my father."

"Well, that's fine. Just fine. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Fritzer, Sir, I'd like to buy five hundred ticklers." Ed announced.

"Five hundred?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm going into business."

"That'll cost five dollars, Eddy." Mr. Fritzer said looking down at him.

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Fritzer I know." Ed reached into his back pocket and took out his five dollar bill. He put it gently on the counter and smiled up at Mr. Fritzer.

"Five hundred ticklers coming up," Mr. Fritzer said and went to a barrel in the front of the store.

"I saved up." Ed said.

"What's that?" Mr. Fritzer asked leaning into a barrel.

"I saved up. Since school started."

Mr. Fritzer gathered an armful of the sticks with feathers on the ends and brought them back to the counter. "Well, that's nice, Eddy. I'm proud of you, son."

"I'll help you count." Ed said. They sorted out the ticklers with the brightest feathers and strongest stems and Mr. Fritzer wrapped them together in brown paper. "This is a big bundle, Eddy." Mr. Fritzer said lowering it into his arms.

"Yes, Sir." Ed said gaily and walked to the door. "Happy new year, Mr. Fritzer."

"Happy new year, Eddy," he shouted after him. "Good luck!" Mr. Fritzer walked back into the store room. His wife was taking inventory for him.

"Who was that, Arnold?" she asked.

"One of the Sider kids." he answered.

"One of the Sider kids, he says. Which one of the Sider kids?" She put her pencil behind her ear and sighed. "Lord knows they're enough of them. But I suppose if you're going to have eleven children it's just as good having them when you're rich. Molly was telling me that the Siders have a bathtub. That makes them the only family I know of in Chicago with a tub." She continued piling notebooks on a shelf.

"That was Eddy Sider."

"Oh? Well, he's a nice boy, Eddy Sider. What'd he want?" Mrs. Fritzer asked.

"Ticklers. He's going into business."

"What on earth does a boy like that want with more money?"

"It isn't the money, Gertrude." Mr. Fritzer answered.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon on December 31, 1912. Lake Michigan was frozen and the streets were wet with week-old snow. People hurried past Ed with their collars up and their hands in their pockets. It was dark, the street lamps were lit and there was an ominous stillnes in the air. "Might as well stay downtown," Ed thought. "Only five hours or so till folks come to celebrate on State Street. Still time to eat a little." He turned the corner and went into a soda store. He lifted his bundle up on the counter and sat on a stool. A young girl came to wait on him.

"What can I get for you, honey?" she asked.

"I'd like some hot chocolate please," he said, "and popcorn too if you have any."

"Sure we have it. What's in the big bundle, honey? It must be awfully heavy for you."

"Ticklers. I'm going to sell them tonight."

"All by yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, how cute." she said and poured some chocolate into a cup. She set it before him and went to the back of the store for the popcorn. She brought out a bagful and gave it to Ed. "Mama just made a batch of corn for the crowd tonight." she said.

"Do lots of people come in here?" Ed asked.

"Oh yes, honey. Millions. Really millions come in. I'm busy all night. Wouldn't even have time to think of going out if I ever wanted to." She brushed her hair off her face. "You want more chocolate?"

"No thank you," Ed said. "Could you tell me please, when the people start coming?"

"Coming where, Sweetie?"

"Here. I mean to State Street to celebrate."

She took a rag from under the counter and brushed the remains of Ed's popcorn into her palm "Oh, some people are downtown now. You see, first you go out for dinner at the Blackhawk and — "

"The what?"

"The Blackhawk. That's a real ritzy restaurant. I've been there millions of times. And then you go dancing at one of the ballrooms and then you go with your crowd of friends to State Street and wait for new years to happen and then everyone kisses. I've done it ever since I was your age."

"You have?"

"Oh, sure. You really going to sell those things?" She pointed to the ticklers and leaned on the counter looking at Ed.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How many did you buy?" she asked.

"Five hundred. Would you like to buy one?"

"Sure I would, honey. How much?"

"Ten cents.'

"Ten cents? Are you crazy?"

"No, ma'am. Ten cents. These are special ticklers. The feathers wave better than anything and the sticks are all straight and the colors are great. I'll show them to you before you decide." He began to fumble with the string tying the bundle.

"Wait a minute, Honey," she said and walked to the back of the store. Ed looked around. The jars of candy in the window were lit up by a lamp that stood in the corner out of sight of the passers-by. There was a huge "Happy New Year" sign strung from the door across to the back of the store. He put his hand on his bundle and waited for five minutes. Finally the girl came back.

"Here you are," she said and handed Ed a dime.

"Thanks," he said smiling. "Gee thanks. You're my first customer." He tore the string off the bundle and turned the paper back. "Take your pick," he said. The girl smiled and then giggled as she chose the one with the brightest colors.

"This one's great!" she said and tickled Ed's neck with it. He laughed.

"You really like it?"

"Boy, do I!" she said and twirled around waving it in the air.

"I'm glad," Ed said, "I better get going." He gathered up the bundle which was harder to handle since the string had been broken. "Thanks a lot," he said and walked to the door. The ticklers began to slide out of the paper. He pushed them back and turned to wish the girl happy new year. The shop was empty but the store-room door was now shut. "Probably went to show her parents," Ed thought and walked out onto the street. He walked rapidly to State Street to get the best corner to sell from. There were more people on the streets now and it was colder. Ed's ears began to sting as he walked up and down surveying his territory. "If I stand near the clock," he thought, "everyone will come near that." He crossed the street and walked over to the huge clock. It was decorated with bells and ribbons. There was a carriage across the street with a horse attached to it. The horse stamped its foot and shook its head. Its mane was braided with green ribbon and on its back was a Happy New Year sign. People walked in both directions in front of and behind Ed.

"Ticklers!" he shouted. "Buy your ticklers here!" He glanced at the clock. It was seven. There was an elderly man looking in a pipe store window and Ed went up to him. "Excuse me, Sir." The man turned around. "Did you enjoy your dinner at the Blackhawk?" The man stared at Ed.

"What do you want?" he asked contracting his eyebrows.

"Would you like to buy a tickler, Sir?" The man didn't answer but kept frowning at Ed. He cleared his throat and walked abruptly away. Ed returned to his station under the clock.

"Ticklers!" he shouted. "Buy your ticklers here!" He suddenly realized that it was foolish to remain in one place so he began to walk down the street. "Ticklers! Get your ticklers here!" A well-dressed young man with a girl holding his hand approached Ed.

"How much?" he asked gaily.

"Only ten cents, Sir." Ed said smiling.

"Ten cents?" Oh brother! They'll never sell for that much. Ha ha ha." He and the girl walked away.

"Ticklers!" Ed shouted. "Get your new year's eve ticklers here!" At nine o'clock Ed returned to the clock. State Street was crowded with people who didn't seem to notice that it was snowing. "Now I'll have to put on my ear-muffs," Ed thought, "and look like a little kid." He put his bundle on the ground and pulled his ear-muffs out of his pocket. "Maybe her mother and father would buy one too," he thought and clamped the muffs on his ears.

"Ticklers!" he shouted impatiently. "Ticklers, ticklers, ticklers, ticklers!" His feet hurt and he was hungry again. No one seemed to notice him. It began to snow harder and the voices in the crowd around him blended into a continual buzz. By ten o'clock the streets were packed with people. A woman passed laughing and waving a tickler at him. He left the clock and walked down the street again, this time stopping to look in the store windows.

"Are those for sale?" someone asked. Ed looked up and saw an old man standing with a very young woman. Both were poorly dressed and looked very cold. "Yes, Sir." Ed said quickly.

"Well how much are they, my good man?"

"Seven cents, Sir. Only seven cents and that's a real bargain because these ticklers are special." The old man asked the girl if she wanted one.

"Well, if you want to buy one for me, Paul," she said looking into his eyes. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some change. He picked out seven cents and handed the coins to Ed.

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you very much. Pick any tickler you want."

"You pick, Dolly," the man said looking at the girl.

"Oh, no Paul. You pick."

"No," the man replied. "I insist that you pick."

"Well, if you insist." She looked at the ticklers which were getting covered with snow as Ed held the paper away from them. "Oh, I just can't decide," she said self-consciously giggling. "The pink and red one's so nice."

"Is that the one you want?" the old man asked.

"Well, if you like it, Paul."

"We'll take the pink and red one, young man." Ed handed it to the old man. "Oh, no," the man said, "That tickler's for Dolly." Ed handed it to her and said, "Thank you both and happy new year." The couple walked away and Ed continued down the street. The paper bundle was wet and seemed heavier. "Ticklers! Only five cents!"

At eleven o'clock Ed returned to the clock. He sat down on the curb to rest. The horse and carriage were still there but the snow had turned to rain. The horse's head was hinging down almost touching the street. T heribbons in its mane were limp and the New Year's Eve sign on its back was warped. Some of the paint had run on the horse's side. Ed saw a boy talking to it. The boy was Ed's age and had a bag full of new years eve horns. "Wouldn't have to shout if I sold those," Ed thought and stood up. He brushed the paper bundle to make it look smoother and crossed the street. He straightened his shoulders and went up to the boy.

"You selling those?" he asked making his voice deeper.

"Yeah." the boy said. "Business is great." He continued to pat the horse.

"For me too." Ed said. "This here is my second bundle of ticklers."

"Yeah? Mine too. Everyone's buying horns tonight." the boy answered not looking at Ed.

"Takes a special kind of man to sell ticklers well." Ed said.

"Yeah, horns too."

"I'll bet you couldn't sell one tickler," Ed said. "Horns are easy but ticklers take genius."

"Takes what?"

"A special guy. I'll bet you couldn't do it."

"Horns are not easy to sell," the boy said opening his eyes wider. "You couldn't do it I bet."

"I could too," Ed said. "Let's trade and see."

"Well, I don't know." The boy rubbed his hand on his chin. "But seeing as these are my second bundle I suppose I ought to give you a chance. Yeah, all right." He handed Ed his bag and Ed lay the soaked bundle of ticklers in the boy's arms.

"So long," Ed said quickly. "Happy new year."

"Yeah, same to you."

Ed crossed the street and took a horn out of the bag. He smiled, put it to his lips and blew. Several people stopped to look at him.

"He must be out of his mind," a girl said.

"No, stupid," her date replied. "He's some poor kid trying to earn a penny."

Ed took the horn from his lips and began walking. Every once in a while he tooted the horn as loudly as he could. A young man bought one once but soon people stopped noticing him.

All of a sudden everyone was shouting and kissing. Ed was pushed and bumped. "Henry!" a woman shouted waving a tickler in the air. A man blew a horn and screamed, "I'm here, Clair! Over here!" He laughed, "I can't get to you!" She pushed Ed as she shoved through the crowd. Henry held his arms up so Clair would't lose sight of him and Ed turned away. It was almost impossible to move. Everyone shouted, "Happy New Year." The rain continued to fall and soon the crowd started singing. Ed's hair was matted to his forehead and his shoes were soaked. For ten minutes he was forced to stand in one place enclosed by the hundreds of people. Finally he was freed and walked back to his clock, still being pushed occasionally. He saw a very small boy dragging his heels as he walked toward Ed. He had a bundle in his arms and was holding a tickler.

"You want to trade your horns for my ticklers?" the boy asked listlessly. Ed shrugged his shoulders and handed him the bag. He held the bundle of ticklers in his arms for a moment and then walked away.

"Ticklers!" Ed shouted fiercely. "Last chance to get your new years eve ticklers."

It seemed that as fast as the streets got crowded they became deserted. At one o'clock Ed walked home with the bundle. As he opened the front door of his house he could hear laughter coming from the living-room. He shut the door quietly and walked in. The room was filled with aunts and uncles and cousins all laughing and singing. There was a fire blazing in the fireplace and cakes spread out on the coffee table.

"That you, Eddy?" his mother shouted. He walked farther into the room in full sight of everyone.

"Hey, Champ!" a male voice said. "You're looking kind of wet." A woman laughed.

"How's the old business man?" another voice said, and they all laughed. Ed stood by the coffee table and looked at the crowd.

"So tell us all about your big night on the town." The uncle took a sip of egg nog. "Looks like you weren't too successful, old man." Ed still held the bundle and was suddenly conscious of his wet feet.

"Come on, Eddy." his mother said. "Come with me." She put her arm around his shoulder and led him to his bedroom. Then she put the bundle on a table and took his coat off. She brushed his hair off his forehead and held him in her arms. "I'll make you a nice hot bath," she said softly. "And you'll sleep better." She released him and tried to laugh. "You've still got your ear-muffs on." She gently took them off his head and bent down to untie his shoes. She put the shoes near the heater, kissed him and left the room.

Ed stood for a moment staring at the bundle on the table. He walked over and picked it up. He put it on the floor and kicked it along until he got to his bed. Then he drew his leg back and gave it one final kick. It disappeared under the bed and then Ed cried.

DYANN ALTMAN '63

I like your living room
its emptiness
is most appealing
mine is cluttered
sometimes
I can't get to the door
and that fresh breeze
is so exhilarating
I admit
I overheat mine terribly
and the smell
is somewhat overpowering
not really strong
but musty
and insidiously sweet
and you have only landscapes
where the eye
rests lightly
drawn by no familiar face
to fruitless exploration
oh, that breeze
comes from those open windows
I have only gilded mirrors
where
strange to say
I cannot see myself
but I must go
you see
my child is calling
yes, from my living room
for that's her favorite place
she wants to know
how I have spent
my time
you've never seen
my child
she looks
the very image of myself

AMELIA FATT '63

Ellen Shülman '64

The Spectator Problem In Modern Dance

A performing art depends for its survival upon a responsive audience. In return, the human spirit depends for its full development upon that which art offers to its audience.

Modern dance probably has the smallest audience of any art. Many people have been "introduced" to modern dance, i.e., have been present at one or two performances so that they come away able to say to their friends, "Now I have seen modern dance." Most of this group is less than enthusiastic about the art; many are indeed antagonistic toward it. Others, more open-minded, attend subsequent performances, not because they enjoy modern dance, but because they hope that repeated viewings will produce the key to enjoying it. They patiently await enlightenment, and are usually disappointed. True, modern dance has many admirers, even great enthusiasts, but in proportion to those who have come in contact with it, these followers are few. Fewer still are those who are able to articulate their responses to modern dance works, and to find in the works themselves the reasons for their responses.

The active elements in the world of art are the creator, the work of art, and the appreciator. The action that flows among these three elements has been the topic of innumerable speculations. But if the process that occurs between the creator and his work is still somewhat mysterious, it is not, I think, as pressing a problem in modern dance as the problem of the spectator experiencing the performance of the work of art. The latter is an enigma which greatly affects the present receptivity of the populace to modern dance, and will, of course, affect the future of this art as well.

There is little doubt in my mind that there is widespread difficulty in understanding the peculiar type of aesthetic experience that modern dance offers. As a case in point, in contrast to many other works shown during the American Dance Festival this past summer, one noticed, during the performance of Carol Scothorn's "Lazarite" an electric communication between the dancer and the audience, a good part of which must be attributed to the use of words and sounds made by the voice as part of the dance. Whether or not "Lazarite" is a finished theatre piece is not the point here; the importance is that the use of human utterances with movement proved unusually and intensely communicative. This seems to imply that the introduction of human sounds into dance put the audience back on familiar ground, and resulted in a noticeable bridging of the gap between the work and the audience.

How, then, is an audience to experience the performance of a modern dance work, and why does it appear more difficult to do so than to experience a work in another medium? In the plastic arts, the artist is concerned with visual images — his efforts are all perceivable to the eye, and of course sight

is the sense upon which the spectator depends. In music, sound, and consequently the ear, are basic. The entire verbal realm is involved in literary appreciation, and in a medium, which is for civilized man so familiar and communicative, no problems of communication arise from the medium itself. Even when one speaks of "dance" in general, the communication problem, in terms of sense perception, is relatively small. In ballet, the elements of plot, floor pattern, and design are grasped easily by the spectator, making the form enjoyable and comprehensible to the newest of viewers, partly through literary associations, but mostly by the visual process. In folk and ritual dance, in which everyone participates, there is immediate response to the movement of one's own body, an immediate kinesthetic experience. But in modern dance, pure movement is performed before an immobile audience; thus, a problem of communication arises out of the medium.

It is best at this point to differentiate between two approaches in the realm of modern dance, whose effects are different upon the audience. One approach deserves explanation, but is not the main concern here; it is the approach in which the dance movement is the expression of being moved by something outside oneself, and which incorporates the outside force into the performance. The primary illustration here is Alvin Ailey's "Revelations" suite. I suspect that this is also the approach which won Isadora Duncan tremendous acclaim as a performer. Both Mr. Ailey and Isadora Duncan began with music as the motivating basis for movement. Their dance emerges as an expression of the forces which music has stimulated within them. When this expression is taken to the concert stage, the music is still present, and the audience, moved by the music, applauds its physical manifestation found in the dancers on the stage. In the "Revelations" the audience found a sense of fulfillment and release by witnessing the virtuoso expression of its own "moved" state. This process is, I think, the reason for the great response of the audience to Mr. Ailey's company.

Most modern dance, however, does not depend upon music to move both audience and dancer together in order to make the dancer the vehicle of expression for the audience. Modern dance asks of the audience that it experience as a result of, and with, the dancer, the movement and rhythm of the *dance*. This requires of the audience a role more active than that of mere "spectator". If modern dance were only a kind of mobile sculpture in which the dancer moved from posture to posture in a series of still life depictions of an experience, it would be sufficient to say of a good audience that it "saw" the dance. Unfortunately, this is the manner in which too many people approach modern dance; it is a danger implicit in the very nature of modern dance. After all, the audience, in concert clothes, has been seated in a darkened auditorium, and its focus is upon a lighted square quite apart from itself. No physical forces are present which would require the audience to move; yet the

audience, in a state of rest, is asked to do precisely that — to move, and at the same time, to sit there.

It is true that other arts require activity from their audiences, but the presence of sight and sound, the acts of hearing and seeing, are physiological functions that do not require the body to move in space; they allow the audience to enter the world of music, drama, or poetry more easily than the world of dance. Dance asks the audience not only to see, but to experience, and thus almost to move the movement of the dance itself. In short, it is easier to sit and hear, or see, or both, than to sit and at the same time *experience* movement.

It can be said with much scientific reinforcement that the appreciation of modern dance is built upon a sixth sense, a sense one rarely thinks of as such, and which usually has little to do with external objects or factors. Kinesthesis is the sense "of the internal" which allows man to place his body at will — to walk, to gesture, to move voluntarily in any way — without checking his action by other of his senses. It is the sense of kinesthesis which makes man aware, without touching or seeing himself, that he has a mobile body.

Since movement affords the basis upon which modern dance is built, it is this sixth sense, kinesthesis, which is called upon to play the most active sensuous role in the "experiencing" of a modern dance performance. Sight, too, is called into play, but not as dominantly as it is in ballet, since design, and, in general, spectacle are usually secondary in modern dance. (Kinesthesis is useful, but not indispensible, for the enjoyment of ballet.) One may argue that sight is primary in the sensuous experience of modern dance because without it one could not be aware of the dance at all, but it is just as easy to say that kinesthesis is primary in painting bacause it allows one to propel oneself to the spot where the work hangs. Kinesthesis seems to be the only sense allowing the actual experience of movement, and it is upon this sense that the spectator must rely if he is to involve himself successfully in the substance of modern dance.

Kinesthetic sensitivity is an entirely internal phenomenon that usually occurs, as previously stated because of activity of one's own body. When the kinesthetic sense is called upon, by modern dance, to act as the vehicle through which the appreciator experiences the performance of dance, the sense itself is forced into activity quite different from that of its usual function. Kinsthesis, as it functions in a member of a dance audience, must record, in the brain, impressions of movement from bodies other than the one in which it is housed. This removes from the kinesthetic experience the usual immediacy resulting from muscular and neural activity within one's own body. But in order that the appreciator recognize the aesthetic value and impact of a modern dance work in terms of its material — movement, he must rely on his kinesthetic sense to realize the *physical* truth of the dance.

If the kinesthetic sense is indispensible to a true appreciation of modern

dance, and if this sense is distributed among men as evenly as are sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch, then, despite the problem arising out of the unusual use of the kinesthetic sense as stated above, it would seem that the sense would develop increasingly through contact with modern dance, and, in many cases, it does. But even after the spectator is made aware of his own kinesthetic sense, and the problem he faces in responding to the movement medium, there are elements which further hamper a full response to dance performance.

There is an irony in the fact that at the same time Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey were working to turn dance in the direction of pure movement, and thus to ask of the audience that it experience the movement through the body by means of kinesthesis, society contributed steadily toward a dulling of this sense by making more and more minimal man's need to be aware of his own physicality. Socially and economically, the twentieth century is characterized by a minimum of physical endeavor and expression. Not only has automation reduced our physical activity, but also society requires of us a good deal of physical restraint in our day-to-day encounters with what is around us. Friends, greeting one another, more often than not resort to verbal, rather than physical, means of expressing their feelings. Movement is, more than ever, a last resort as a means of communicating meaning; gesture appears in conversation only when no words can be found to convey meaning, and such gesture is usually a sign of inability to convey one's thought.

In spite of the problems discussed here, modern dance can be appreciated, and the rewards for surmounting these problems fulfill a need for physical expression all the more important in an age in which the physical being is restrained, neglected, and often almost unnecessary. Dance, like any other art, requires effort on the part of the appreciator, and in return, like any other art, it gives back invaluable experience.

CECILY DELL '63

Kay Moore '64

Apprendre

ganglytall behind glasses throwing
garbage yes garbage
thick-neck nose-down we catching
what the ganglytall regurgitates

reading-and-writing-and-rithmetic-
taught-to-the-tune-of-phallic-phallic
ganglytall is my bashful-bare-faced-beau
he wrote on my slate anadroitandper-
ceptivetreatmentkeenlyintellected
when i was a couple of kids

we broke our virgin-rule days
fool-days fool-days
but still the ganglytall always

ganglytall always garbage
putrid rotten fake garbage
where is the non-garbage of yesteryear

give me a bath and blow my nose
i am growing tall

JOAN SNYDER '63

the summer's come again
with beautiful fruit
and I'm still eating
last year's
well-embalmed
(I sat for hours
pressing out
the juice)
and now
my jaded palate
cannot take
the unfamiliar strain
of some new taste

AMELIA FATT '63

Sandy Saunders '64

Miss Offenbacher

Miss Offenbacher blinked her eyes
And I heard her three rooms down
The hall, smash, smash, smash
She went, batting her lashes.
It was quite embarrassing
To be let in on her secret
Had she known, she might have died
Or at least stopped her blinking.
But she did not guess my intrusion.
Until three o'clock in the morning
The smash of her lashes lasted
And I myself could not think for the noise.

JOAN SNYDER '63

Standing Before A Water Color

The wind comes rushing to my face.
It plays with searching strands
of hair which will not keep their place,
once free restraint of hands.

My hands, no longer under guide,
caress the breathing countryside,
and dare to welcome saviour, air,
reveling in the hands, the hair.

Swaying fevered past my breast,
pressing to my thigh,
it fills with power and unrest,
the feet, the heart, the eye.

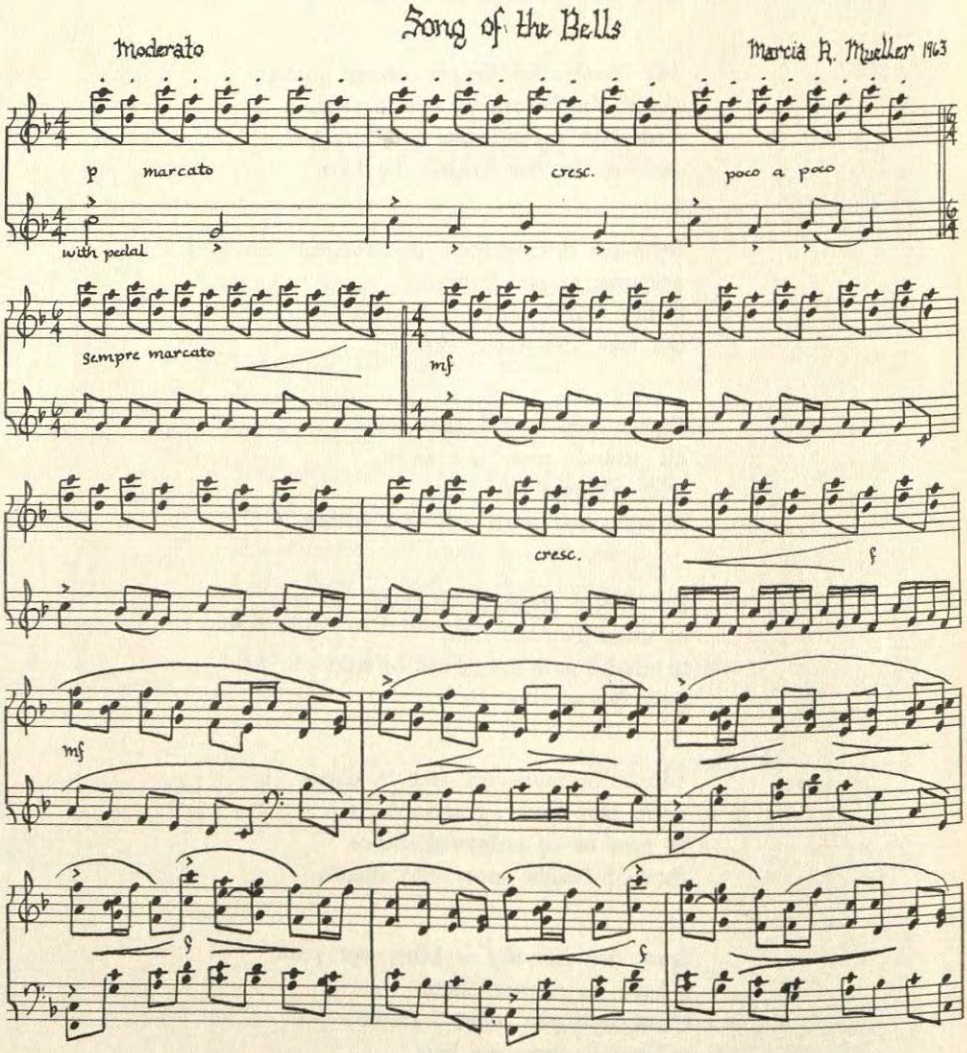
Power, not to rule that sky,
all prelude pink and filled
with promise of a cry,
though now both still and stilled.

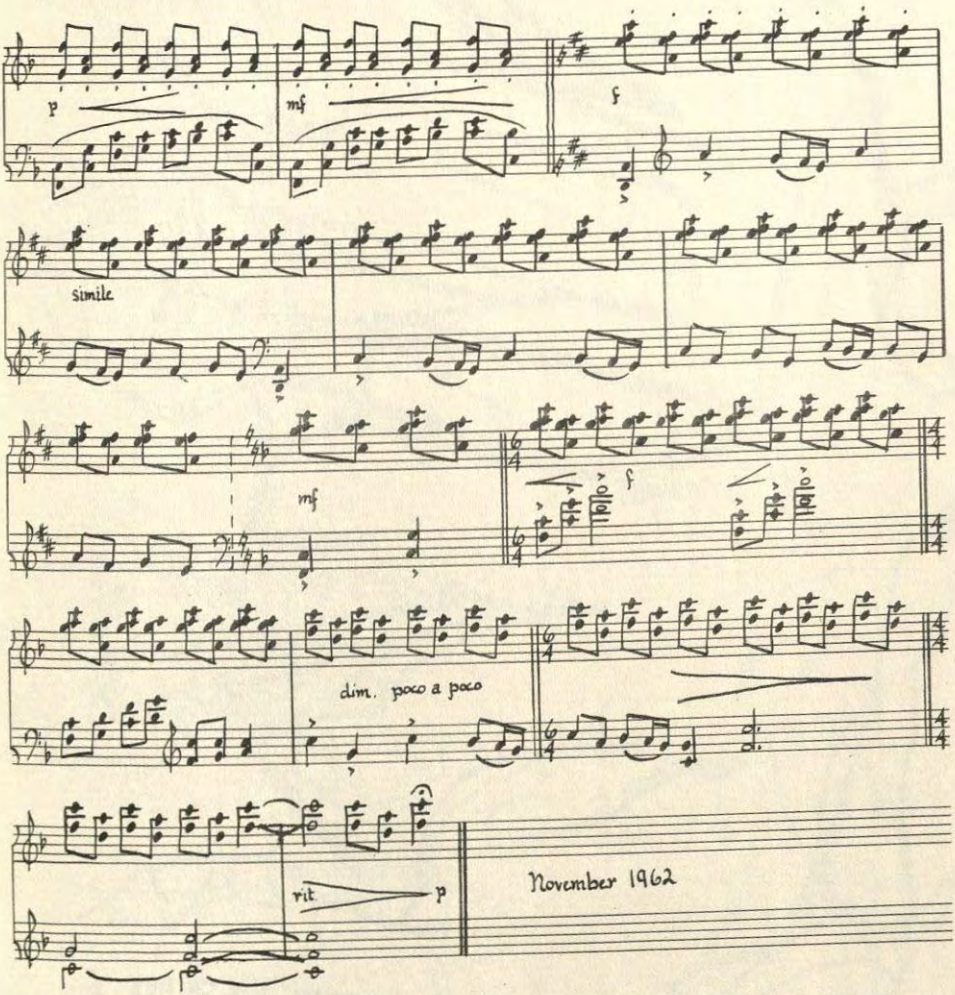
But joyful strength to taste the tree,
to smile into the rain,
to maybe add somewhat of me
into the waiting plain.

Unrest to move my feet in dance
upon the moist, green blades,
to pass in an unlawful stance
through bright spots into shades.

Some say the sky is blue, not pink.
I have no answer there.
I only tell you what I think
as breezes grace my hair.

BETTE JANE RAPHEAL '63


Song of the Bells
Moderato
Marcia R. Mueller 1963
p marcato
with pedal
cresc.
poco a poco
sempre marcato
mf
cresc.
f
mf
f
f


p
mf
f
simile
mf
f
dim. poco a poco
rit
p
November 1962

"THE CRITICS"
Susan Pettibone '66

I cannot recreate
your face
although I use
my mirror
as a guide
and twist my features
till they ape
your own
for when my face
is yours
then there's no room
for mirrors
and I'm blind

AMELIA FATT '63

Essay in Three Parts

I

I had a dog named George. We were very small and watched my father dig holes for the corn in our victory garden. And always we tried to pick the sunflowers to see what they looked like. But always the stems were too tough and we ended sleepy under the apple tree. George got sick and my father sent him to a farm. He said George will get well and help take care of the sheep.

They bought me a turtle. A painted turtle. He got sick too and my father said to put the turtle in the brook and he would be happy. Every day I took the long way home from school to go by the brook. I never saw my turtle.

Winter came and I stopped going by the brook because there was always milk-coffee and graham crackers waiting. But in the spring I started looking for my turtle again.

One day Stephen told me that they had killed George in the garage. He never helped take care of the sheep. So I stopped looking for my turtle.

II

In the park there are two people. A man and a woman.

Woman. She is alone. She is color-blind. She thinks that she should feel, but is not sure what exactly to feel.

Man. He is very alone. He feels that he should think but is not sure what exactly to think. He cannot see either.

The grass in the park is green — occasionally whitish from some inconsiderate birds — but mostly green. And the day? It is a bluish day. Blue only because people are accustomed to think of days as being blue, rainy, or cloudy.

— I am glad that the day is blue, aren't you. But actually this is quite a yellow day. A day when the sun shines and some people know the sun is shining.

They sit there, each wrapped in his separate grays. At the same instant they see a sparrow, a wee sparrow, fall from her home. Consternation fills the woman; consternation fills the man. The tinything is between them breathing so small and so very fast. The rythym is becoming a panicked disturbance to man and to woman who are trying hard to decide.

They stand and both as afraid children warily approach the tinyness. Woman touches the sparrow. Her hand feels slightly for the little life, and man cups his hands to receive it. But the sparrow who is so young dies in man's hands. Woman is crying inside. Man says — we'll bury the sparrow, and with a cantop he digs a little hole. Woman lays the dead sparrow in it.

They sit together on her bench.

When woman looks, when she opens her eyes and looks at the whitish in spots green grass, she sees that parts of it are violet. And the greens are faceted emaralds flashing. She remembers muted and ancient tapestries with stories of heroes and their ladies.

And man sees the emeralds. He sees the crimson bellies of trouts, mouths hooked, dancing in the air over the golden weeds of a stream bank.

The day is becoming old. The black metal grillwork is sliding over the windows and the doors are clicking as the shopkeepers close up for the night. The taxis are getting noisier as their impatience grows, and the shadows are melting all into one gray puddle.

— I hope there are others, woman says.

— Yes, it is sad when there is only one.

And they each leave the park.

III

If there is a god he walks around Boston and New York and Uncasville. He laughs with the screaming nigger fagots and dances with the peyote plains eaters. He burries dead squirrels in dumps and blows paper wrappers down the rivers Charles and Thames. He drinks fine whiskey and sleeps under a hole-filled, feather-peaking quilt in a double bed. He tells the children in the lower east side to sing soft and happy and sad at nights, and he laughs

at the subway posters. He reads Bugs Bunny and Confucious and James Joyce. And sometimes he doesn't understand and won't admit it. He does somersaults in Central Park and sleeps in the Museum of Fine Arts. And when he goes to hotels he takes his Peikinese with him. He chases butterflies in the swampy fields of goldenrods and drives a milk truck.

If there is a god she plants tomatoes early and roses. She runs through leaves and rakes bumblebee pollen through her hair. And she draws white lines in the middle of the street and eats ham sandwiches at noon. She wails soft cornets on Bleeker street and splashes mud on people on rainy days. And she knows by heart the inscription on Liberty's statue.

If there is a god they travel by clouds and cling to seaweed. They never miss a sunset and always smile at dawn.

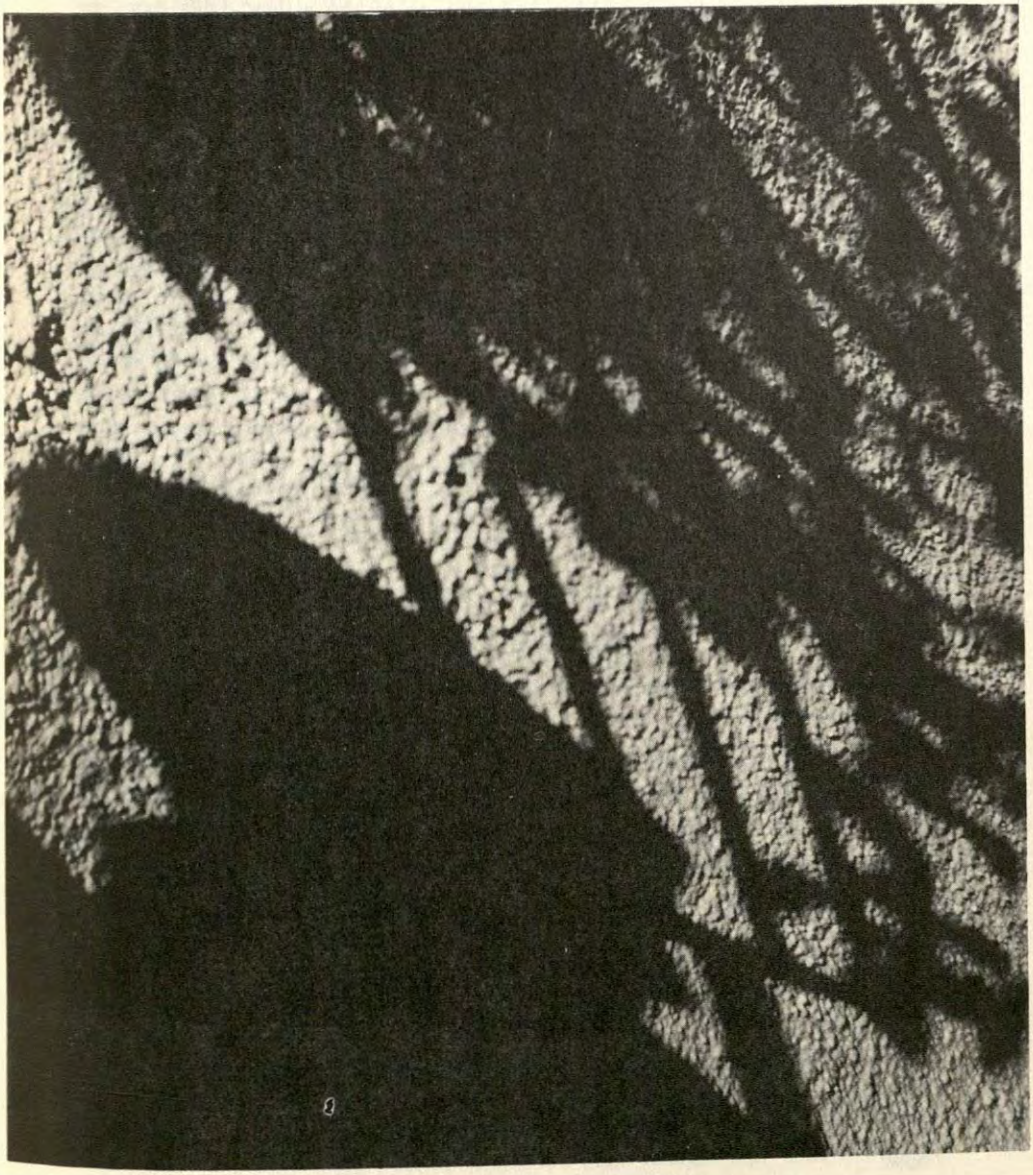
JANE MINISZEK '65

His eyes are like two panes of glass green tinted.
Behind them dwells the someone who out looks
And sees the change of seasons.
The someone back of them has linger time
And watches with a scholar's care his lover's
smile.

DYANN ALTMAN '63

"MY BROTHER & A PITCHFORK"

Tiz Saalfield



The Hunter and the Mouse

She lead them out from the fringe of country woods. The lead she gave let out no hint of her own blue bedroom or of the yellow doll's room she tended so carefully back home; both were behind her now, at home, and in thought, and Susan gave her full attention to the hunt. She lead them on like the stealthiest, swift-moving Indian brave, out from the forest where no moon had showed through a thick tree covering, into the fall cabbage field, deftly, quietly, until the entire party moved silhouetted in moon light against the field's horizon. Susan's shadow bent then to the ground. Caught there in the half-dark, half-lighted wake between forest and open field, she snapped a large cabbage head from its root and with the sharp surprise of unexpected noise, they all laughed together. Susan had freed them at last from the somber mood of her hunt and the hunters talked now, laughing at themselves for having taken up her mood so easily and unknowingly; many knelt to sit and relax on the near-frozen ground. Her father found the large-bladed knife and set to slicing the head Susan had picked while the other men snapped up more of the leafy-heads for eating, calling and cajoling one another over the far away sound of dogs barking treed. The boy came over to sit by Susan, and they all settled then, to talk and enjoy the shared cabbage slices before continuing the hunt.

— Well Scout, you did it again. Don't know how, but you always manage to find us a cabbage patch. Susan's father spoke.

— I guess it's not so hard, Dad. She thought a moment. Cause I think I can almost smell them, or something.

— Good thing, good thing that you can then. He laughed again. Wouldn't be a real 'coon hunt anymore if we didn't find some cabbages to slice up. Guess we'll have to take you along all the time now! He turned to the others. What d'you think, boys?

— Sure! Better guarantee it, they laughed back in answer. Of course she'll have to come along.

Charlie nudged his sister. Listen to the dogs! Can you hear them? Listen, Susan, boy — they have something alright!

— Damned right they have something, boy. The hunter picked up Charlie's remark and answered to them all. Sure they do. They have something. It's a 'coon bark, alright, if I've ever heard one. No fox they're after now.

— It must be . . . Susan began, then paused. I hope it's a big one.

Her father sliced into another cabbage. I hope so too, child. What do you think, want to try your hand at getting him? He knew her answer before she'd had time to consider.

— Can I? Can I shoot it?

— Why not, you're . . .

— Can I really? He might be kidding. Susan couldn't be sure.

— You're just as much a 'coon hunter as any of us, you know. He passed the frost-chilled slices to the circle of hunters again, and reassured Susan. They all were excited now with the sound of the dogs, but thirsty and worn too from hours of trailing the pack's barking and frantic lead. Sure, of course you can shoot him, her father spoke once more.

She refused the cabbage slice, and leaned, still questioning, to her father, to touch the gun stock. Can I carry it the rest of the way?

— Well, — sure. Here. But check that safety. Got it? He slid his finger across, confirming that the catch had held. O.k., it's all yours.

She had begun to think that they would never move, that they were going to sit and talk and slice cabbages and eat for the rest of the night. But they were here now, with the dogs. And there he was!

— There *she is*! the men had said. Just overhead, right up straight. There. See? Susan saw. High overhead the racoon held to its bough, mean and snarling to them, her fat body quivering in fright and rage as she spit out this rage at the frenzied dogs. The tree was wide-trunked, probably hollow, Susan thought, and larger than the others. They had trailed the dogs' sound well into the woods and here, lower branches from other trees pressed into the sides of this larger tree where the dogs circled and clung, in clawing, scratching attempts to climb nearer the racoon.

Susan had given Charlie the other gun, their gun, to carry, and held the heavier 12 gauge now, poised against her hip, safety catch off. She was ready. They had been able finally, to spot the racoon by a flash raised straight up, parallel with the trunk and into a large, forked bough. An angled shot was impossible. Susan had tried and had nowhere found line for her sight onto the light-blind 'coon; the surrounding trees pushed in tight from every side. They had tried every possible angle, Charlie holding the spot from directly below the 'coon, the hunters searching out lines for aim in the dense interveing branches.. At last, Susan's father placed her under the tree, where Charlie had stood, told her she would have to make the shot straight up. There was no

other way the animal could be spotted.

— Can you do it? — or do you want me to take this one? he asked Susan.

— No. Well, I mean yes, I can do it. You don't have to, Dad. They were here now, and she was going to shoot. She was the only one shooting. — all the way from the truck. . . . She remembered how the dogs had run, how the men had slide the van door aside freeing the dogs to set to trail. No hesitation, just a straight streak of the tracking pack, as though the dogs themselves had been shot from a gun, shot from within the van directly onto a trail. And it ended here. They had followed the straight-shot pack of dogs this far, the hunters, her father, Charlie, and Susan, now a hunter herself, almost a real hunter now.

She couldn't believe she'd missed. The 'coon hung there, silent now, but with sharp eyes directly on the hunters and dogs. Susan watched, unmoving and supine on the ground, knocked flat by the unaccustomed recoil of a heavier gun. They all watched up, the hunters, Charlie, Susan, each staring back at the racoon, each unspeaking. The dogs barked furiously, maddened by the shot that for them anticipated the kill. They raced, circling then straight at the tree's base, still hoping to climb; with each unsuccessful affront, they fell back, further maddened, bewildered. The racoon should have dropped, should have fallen after the shot, and like Susan, the dogs didn't know what had been wrong. No one of the hunters could understand or believe what they saw, and they continued to wait and watch, necks and head strained and upstretched.

Charlie spoke first. Try him again, Susan. Come on!

— No. I couldn't have missed him, wait. And she continued to watch from where she lay, flat on the ground and still against moist leaves and wood-moss where the gun had thrown her. Wait.

— Look! Charlie couldn't wait. Look at that mouse! Hey look! Just beyond reach of the now-tiring and bewildered dogs the gray wild mouse circled the tree trunk; terror at these things larger than he pushed him in faster and faster circles as he wound higher up the trunk and away from the hounds frenetic pawing. Charlie watched him with sadness, with the sympathy usually felt for a small, frightened thing. The men watched the gray body's circling race, then the racoon, their eyes going from branch, to trunk, to branch again, amused at first, then interested. The mouse spun up the trunk farther and farther from the hounds, the hunters, and the ground, and as he climbed, Charlie's sympathy altered.

Thats a hard shot, he thought. And who needs a mouse? 'Who could

ever miss just one mouse? The gun swung up. Dad snaps their necks all the time, anyway. There are millions of them. . . . baby ones too, so. . He sighted and fired before any one noticed or thought to stop him.

— Charlie! What the devil . . . But the men had seen the shot hit. Hey, good shooting, boy, good, good shooting!

— You see that, boys? his father called. Mouse just disappeared. Nice shot, Charlie! — right in front of your eyes, like that, he smacked a fist into his palm. A dead shot. A light gun, but a little heavy for mouse hunting, eh Charlie? They all called congratulations to the boy, where he stood pleased with his shot, gun still raised.

The hunters were startled, frightened into turning by Susan's scream. They had turned their spot lights from her and from that darkened, almost invisible, part of the forest the scream was one of startled fright breaking on the hunting party where they still held the lights toward Charlie. Barely was there time for the spots to turn to Susan before the shout became one of pleasure, a shout, suddenly, of joy, before the scream had finished.

— Look! I got him! I got him, look! — See? I did get him. She raised herself on one hand, look! — showing the others her free hand and wrist, then pointing to her neck and face. Blood that had splashed against her in dark blots was smeared now, across her neck and on her arm and hand; there was no question of Susan's being hurt — flushed with pride and a satisfaction that showed through the smear of staining blood, the men had no fear for her, but followed her hand to where it pointed. Their heads bent again, now in line with Susan's stained arm, and necks stretched again looking up to the racoon.

— Why, damn it, that branch is holding her up there. Sure! One of the hunters pointed up, indicating the forked, supporting bough. They all watched now, pleased with knowing at last, that the shot hadn't felled the animal.

Incensed with the warm blood smell, reassured by the meaning of this smell, the dogs raced in a freshened spirit now, ready for the fall and the kill; unstaunched now, the blood fell above — from the wounded animal and from the branch onto Susan where she lay without speaking, silent in the wonder of all this.

— Hey! Move out of there! She'll fall any minute. Susan! Get her out of there — Susan's father helped her up, pulled her off, away from the tree. When she falls there'll be no . . .

The racoon fell. The forked bough wasn't sufficient, itself, to hold the

drained and weakened body of the 'coon above the hunters or safe from the hound pack any longer. Before the body struck ground, the dogs were at it; the larger brown-black hound clawed at, then tore the animal away to one side, seizing it in the air and pulling away from the others in the pack. The other dogs followed the shrieking, clawing body through the air. All hit together, racoon and dogs, and the kill ended in a strangled choking when they hit. Men pulled the dogs off, dropped the carcass in a thick burlap sac and safe from further tearing. Charlie held the sac up, mouth end closed between his two clenched hands, daring the dogs to hit again, barring them from a final strike at the dead racoon. Holding back, afraid to strike, the dogs let themselves be chained and quivered on chain and leather leashes.

— Suppose we let the "hunter" take this, Charlie? His father took the heavy sac and swung it to Susan, adjusting it across her shoulder as she bent to fit her body to the weight.

She listened to Charlie as they walked, not really hearing him. She hadn't seen the shot that hit the mouse, and could only try to imagine what had happened.

— He was moving too, when I shot him, her brother explained. You should've seen . . .

But Susan couldn't see how the mouse had run — round and around toward the higher, safer tree boughs. She felt the bumping weight of her 'coon against her legs as they walked, felt the weight of her father's hand pressed into her back and helping her to support the sac.

They left the field to walk back to the van by the more easily seen road. It's not as exciting, she thought, as walking by the fields. But she was happier than ever before; a real hunter herself, now, and happy because of the weight she was carrying. It didn't matter, and she didn't care, really, which way they walked.

— When I hit him, her brother was explaining to her. . . . couldn't even see him fall. She tried to picture the mouse again. It must have been a gray one, she thought . . . in the woods. Little thing like that. Susan couldn't imagine the mouse running around the tree. But she decided it must have broken into hundreds of pieces when it was hit. She shifted the sac, lifting it higher onto her shoulder. Her father's hand tightened around the hold it had at her back. I wonder, she thought it was a queer thing to be thinking, but — I wonder? How many pieces would a shot mouse break into? Probably there are little pieces scattered all over the woods.

BETSY KRAII '63

Nom d'un Chien

See that dog on the floor?
He feels no pain.
Once I saw an eyelid go up
And down again.

The flies beat thick and fast
Into each other.
He doesn't even flick his tail.
He wouldn't bother.

Some dogs bark and howl.
And others snore.
But that damn dog won't even
Get off the floor.

By God some day I'll paint
Those striped toes.
I'll paint his bitten ears.
And his dry nose.

I'll paint his flopped out paws.
And shaggy fur.
I'll hang it on my front door.
The lousy cur.

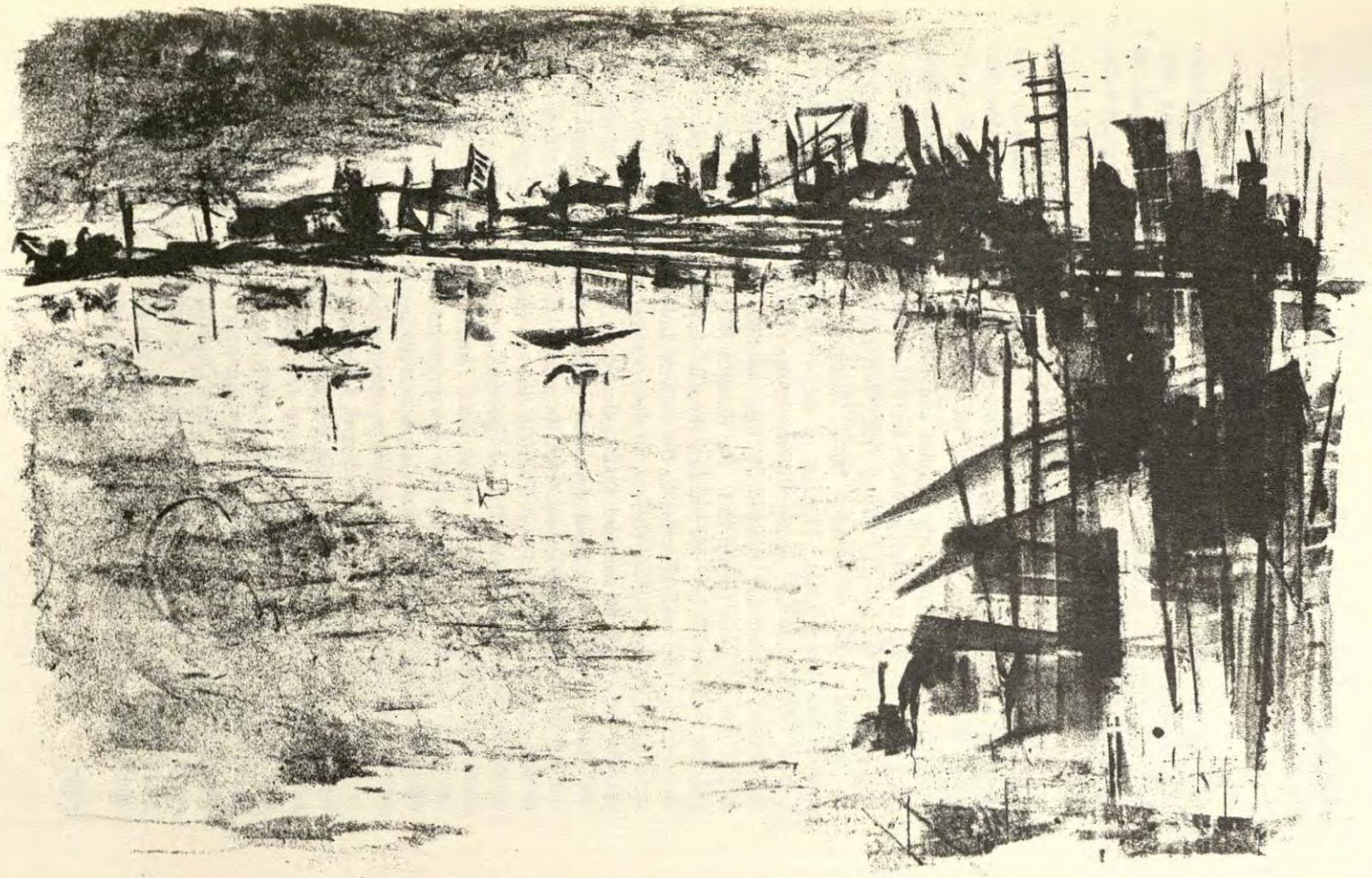
When people come to visit me
Through the fog,
I'll show them all my painting:
That's my damn dog.

Some day if you get no answer
At my door,
You'll know just where to find me.
On that floor.

I'll be stretched out on that floor.
My feet in the air.
Walk in and take anything.
But leave me there.
Scrape the paper off the wall.
Just don't bother me.
By God I'm going to lie there
Through Eternity.

PATRICIA ARNOLD '64

'HARBOR SCENE'
Laurie Blake '63



The Masters

He had taken to counting things. Road signs, the white divider dashes on the center line. But it was hypnotic, this counting — too distracting. The speeding white splashes appeared flying, to be drawn straight to him, and into his center being, pulling his external parts along and out of sight, as a seastar pulls in its belly after feeding.

He gave up numbering the lines and tried counting seconds. For five minutes, then for three, to see how closely he could count to be exact . . . one-thousand before each single digit and not before two and three syllable digits and it might come out exactly to the second, or at least to the minute.

Another twenty or thirty minutes and I should be there. He could think even when he counted, though there were times when he wasn't sure whether he'd jumped from thirty to fifty or from forty-nine to sixty. It was always the ten sequences that confounded him. Checking his watch, he found he'd counted too slowly again. The rest of the world was moving faster than he. Lanner felt the car list, giving slightly to the push of an energetic wind. A leaf lashed against his windshield, then another, and another. Strange he hadn't noticed them before this. He thought he'd try counting these leaves, only the ones which hit. He watched them as they flattened to the glass, stuck momentarily, then sidled across to the corners and were gone, whipped off to some invisible spot behind the car — disappearing as quickly as they had appeared. A newspaper smacked against the glass. Lanner clawed at the brake with his foot; his right hand tightened spastically around the wheel turning the car obediently and abruptly from the road. His left hand grabbed at the tottering whiskey pint. Jesus! He felt the car stop, with a brusque caress, against the white guard rail. Damned good thing I'm sober, he thought. He'd already forgotten the violence of his hand clutching the wheel; terror of the unknown had filled him when the newsprint hit, and his body still shook, without prompting, from his more conscious psyche. His body shivered inside and out, recalling the fear he tried to ignore. He got out into the fall air to let his queasiness wear away and read, as he crimped the newspaper against the windshield, "Blue Star Division called up — Town gives fete in heroic farewell . . . " He forgot any leftover fear, flung the paper to the ground with disgust. Christly army! the whole show to convince the Reds we're less afraid than they are . . . . uh-huh — unbelievable! He got in and started the car again, muttering savagely at the State Department that held him at bay, could signal him to join them at any time. Once again taking up the bottle pressed against his loins, he drew out some whiskey then clamped the bottle back between his thighs. Reassured, he continued his counting. One-one-

thousand, two-one-thousand, three-one-thousand . . . The white lines clicked by, and he ticked off the speeding leaves as he headed past them and homeward.

In the apartment building, Sara and Thibault were very much alive. She trying to waken him with gently rubbing and invented phrases of endearment, he attempting to ignore her murmurings and offering an obstinant back in reply. He moaned as though in sleep and breathed heavily through his open mouth. The building around them, unpolished New England brick, crouched as if stooped by years of wear and fearful lest it be noticed. A building less alive than Sara and Thibault, but far older. Highvaulted sidewalk windows, once proud, cut-looking windows of better Boston, crept into themselves with dust spatterings that couldn't cover the uncurtained nakedness. And the street might watch.

Within the aging windows, the life of "some men", Lethean for all its energy, was played out. Almost mellifluous in its licentious energies, its padding of named and new-world aristocracy, this life rolled over like a sleep without dreams.

The building, for its looks, might have stood since that long-ago tea was emptied in the harbour. Likely, this now-converted room was once the comfort of a study, pocketing Mr. Boston and his Wall Street Journal within and helping him to momentarily ignore the war, elections, and the hysteria of like crises. Dark mahogany moldings, hand-cut hearth stones, private bath — all remaining as ghosts of the solid wealth of possession from a forgotten past.

Sara thought of breakfast. She willed the oriental rug to support her upright and dressed hurriedly. With the determination of dumb instinct, her tired mind directed her to the change on the mantle, then through the paneled mahogany doors and out to the street. She'd had education, it was obvious, but the morning brightness set the lines of her face into the countenance of an unschooled chippy. She moved with the confidence that bespoke education, but was unsteady in the uncomfortable early hour — a proud Halloween pumpkin going to slaughter. Her red hair bobbed in diastolic counterpoint to the click of her metal-tipped pumps on the Commonwealth sidewalk: her thumb pressed the coins against her wet palm.

Butter was always prerequisite to their meals. Why it was so seldom on hand no one could understand. Thibault brought butter whenever he went for groceries, each time in increasing amount; and it continued to run short. Now the bread and eggs would wait until Sara returned with butter.

Thibault knew he might as well stay in bed. Even had he felt like getting his breakfast, butter had still to be got. He was living the good life and a packet of butter wouldn't interfere here. He did, however, push off the covers, feeling the apartment full of a heavy air. Air weighted with the smell of used

cigarettes and stale drinks. The wall-to-wall oriental, robbed by compressed dust of its variegated hues, lay as though waiting for a hidden moment in which to disgorge the load of indignity that time and neglect had forced into its now-smooth nap. The ripped screening dripping down against the molding, held its place as impertinent reminder that Lanner lives here. It might hang this way forever, holding this part of the past fixed firmly in the present.

Every age melts. Mahogany and oriental hadn't survived. The death of an era, the dulling of one sensate brilliance, the rubbing down of fine edges until the tasteless sense discovers a new itch, an itch to be savoured and shared for its destined time. All in the peculiar pattern of things. Accordingly, anachronisms hang on the total pattern and add the security of things irredeemable but well-loved in the memory of solidity. From this irretrievable past Thibault remembered the bulls, the salt-soaked blood of the kill. The past is never properly categorized and set aside; never buried into black depths finally, or set aside in archives for later exhumation. Instead we see it vaunted, for good or ill, in fond remembrance or in fits of alcoholic melancholia.

No apartment within the Commonwealth block was denied access to the smell and noise of the bulls. Trombones and trumpets shrieked of the approach of picadors, applauded each feat of bravado. Sensual images left the apartment through the ripped screen and open window and were the cross to be borne by a city-block of insensitive Bostonians. Thibault never considered that he might have anonymous listeners. When he was alone, he was the fight; the bulls, the matador, the horses, the cheering, crowded stands, and he had to hear it, to feel it all. Torturing a cigarette between his teeth, he challenged the bull; through the charge, his makeshift cape swung an arc to the side and behind him.

— I know your feelings, my bull. You are ashamed, but angry and hurt. No, not that only — but insensitive, yet in pain, like my friend Lanner. Come. Come, come little bull. You hold back for me. You forget I have foreign blood to fill me. I am not the poor American. Ah! He loosed the fishing spear beneath the closed sweep of his shirt. The coup de grace was struck. I have you, bull! the pike quivered, lodged exactly in a fire log. He took up the slide rule and pencil and went to the bed again.

Heard, but unheeded, the bulls ran on. Spanish ladies and roses twisted in the room for him, but he was too busy for them now. He gauged the depths of yesterday's dives. He could see again the undersized lobsters, pathetic remnants of Monday's storm. Everything had its place and now was the time to think of the dives.

Thibault was a man of exquisite passions. Passions that made other men (save Lanner) slyly envious, festeringly hateful; women knew on sight who was master. This is not to say that all men and women were alike before Thibault. Not at all was this so. More than one woman had laughed off his most

subtle and appealing approaches; others were his close friends, in strictly held platonic sense. He had some, although fewer, close men friends who trusted him implicitly, but didn't bring their women around. A bond extended around these friends of Thibault's. A common stubborn seed of self-abnegation and hot need caught like chaff in the throat of each, when this friend approached or spoke with them.

It was the old trap of assurance. He knew what they didn't know. Thibault was the artisan. The others felt their dilettantism before this craftsman of the art of living. None had, of course, the diligence of Thibault in perfecting the art. The great self-indulgence, privacy, was his secret. . . . There is freedom in this indulgence found nowhere else. How many lock themselves in rooms with mirrors, then, being certain all cracks and windows are sealed, make faces in the mirror and dance, explore their body and its untried poses and movements? Some can never properly use this solitary. They try to spin and relax with the mirror, but stiffly anticipate an intruding knock on the door. Before the knock comes, they feel a blush rise to cover their vanity and try to plan for the bewildered confusion of loosing the latch on the door.

Thibault had none of these qualms. His assurance had been well gained. He knew his every movement, and saw his body as though in a mirror moving with him, felt his tendons move across bone as he'd seen them move in the mirror. He was admired when he moved and thought lithe as a cat. And who has seen a retiring cat? These beasts are deft, assured, and fast, whether intelligent or not.

For Sara, Boston had been the beginning and the end of a dream. But, there can be too much pleasure. At last it loses flavour and anticipation is superseded by prediction. Even to buying butter she had worked out her philosophy. Much better, she thought, to be buying butter and to think that he might be wanting me now, than to be lying there knowing, she chilled in spite of her rationalization, knowing that he doesn't want me.

Now she would draw herself away, for a week possibly, and hope for the anticipatory build. She would deprive herself of the pleasure he could give and hold aloof with Stoic satisfaction reminding herself that she was self-restrained and could submit without compromising, but saying too that she wouldn't yield to her thoughts of past orgiastic beauty. She had such pleasure from her sadness, her self-imposed hardship. Never in earlier months, when she had loved so many, did she or could she have suffered so sweetly.

Carnations, wine-flasks, cocktail parties — could I have seriously longed for and loved these things? she wondered. Suffering had become so integral a part of her love that she knew it must always be so.

She stopped for her mail, then went on, following the sound of the bull-

fight to the apartment. Thibault was on the bed. The bulls roared at the peripherey of his concentration as worked with the rule and made notations with his age-toughened hands.

I must be myopic, thought Lanner. He had no one to talk to. It's that — or this counting is making me balmy! God-damned army. What a hell of a mess. And I have to wait for them to decide. The indignities a man is forced to put up with — And he continued to ruminate in this way, turning each idea over, then losing it, like an eye catching only bits of pages in a yellow-page directory.

Lanner's eyes saw everything, but what he saw he viewed with the indifference of a castrated monk. It as old, so old — and the used-up curiosity broke into his consciousness only infrequently. Scenes that screamed unconventional and erotic from every fiber left him unmoved. He wasn't uninterested, he had simply seen it all before, with the same eyes that now were accustomed to anticlimax. Better to leave it now and remember from afar the excitement of living. To look back and know that it was excitement, that existence did and does have real vitality will be far better than this desultory hanging around. I'll buy that boat, he thought. Ten years of seamongering. A good life, from coast to coast. No worrying over what to do next, how to keep busy. One-thousand-one, one-thousand-two, one-thousand-three, one-thousand-four, he counted one, not thinking, but seeing himself, a solitary self on his solitary sea. He had seen the picture before, in a dream — himself carrying his typewriter, wearing skivvies; and the sea out there, and someone else that the phantasm of the dream hadn't let him see. Only one person. Lord, how good it would be! He was thinking again. -I'd give anything to have her along, but she wouldn't come, and he wouldn't want her to come. He knew it even as he pictured her on the boat. A good thing, he knew, could not out-live its consummation.

She had that vitality. Through her he felt the tired excitement with life come alive. For a year possibly — How I'd write! How I'd write in that year. And ten years hence critics would feel their ears burn, their bodies twitch and squirm with awareness; they'd run, stumbling on one another, to signal the monumental arrival of a great artist and author! -But ten years. Out of the question. We'd both be homicidal within three, probably sooner. He lifted the whiskey again and tried to go back to the numbers.

Ten years. Thibault will be an old man, fifty-seven by the end. Can an old man still haul a sail, or dive, or fish? Lanner visualized Thibault's decline and perhaps his death. Mighty as the North Atlantic salmon — its struggle up fresh-water streams for spawning at its peak, followed by the ebbing out of life, more quickly than the flow of the waters pushing it along,

back to the sea's water. From whence it came.. . . .

Why did he have this thought? -He was not a man to give consideration to God. This commonality was for other-man. Hide under a rock and watch the world go. Either one loves God or he doesn't — Psychosomatic chance decides whether the bits fall into place offering up frogs or morons or canaries to clutter the messy earth. It's time, Lanner thought, as he had thought before, that the clutter be swept off, selectively cleared away and scraped clean. The insanity of generations collects year after year; unknowing parasites sucking the vitals of the more-knowing, but less easily forgiven, relatives, friends, or strangers who pay taxes on their common guilty conscience. Is Homo sapiens a possibly omnipotent organism? Why not make a fair attempt at finding out. Stop the rabbit-like procreating of lesser minds and lesser bodies.

1,000-1, 1,000-2, a world of storybook characters, he thought, happy enough to be submerged in living out life letting the novelists be the oracular soothsayers. Ten years from today, Lanner decided, they will still be expecting the impossible balance between vice and virtue to be struck at that fair gray millenium, the median of good living, without black or white. But then, it's hardly my concern.

Sara raised her head from the dishes when he came in. Water sild down her wrists as far as the watch she wore. Shaking her arms dry, she lost herself again in washing.

With practiced nonchalance, Thibault signalled him to the bed. Look boy, our deepest dive. I just figured it up. Twenty more feet and we're going to make a record! He was awake now.

Hey Lanner. Did you find her? This woman of yours?

Lanner wanted to stop thinking of crabs and fishes, the strange images of staring eyes and gaping mouths. Fish! Such unpetlike house animals. He saw them in a massive aquarium, brilliantly coloured and darting, some in greens, blues, and reds, others slower and dullcoloured. All were dumb, but joining to pantomime, through bubbles and the double glass of eyes and aquarium wall, a scream for help ejected at him with each closing and opening of the gaping mouths. He had stopped counting. Now the fish plagued him.

No, he spoke in reply. She's moved again. It had been foolishness to go for her. As in other times, she'd write, then come some weeks later. And as though there had been no months between, they'd live out one week, possibly two, before they slid into the divergent spheres that could be called their two worlds within this one world. But the vagaries of the army could interfere this time.

Tomorrow we will have our biggest dive, Thibault was saying. We can tie the record — I fixed your suit up, maybe break that record. What do you think?

The fish were receding now. I heard the ski reports when I was coming in. We were going to try Tremblant. The surface is good to excellent by all reports. Sara, he called her through the clatter of bullfight, any beer out there? Only an occasional flash of colour was left now. It could be the colour of darting, sun-touched fish or of rosettes showering over a bull and matador.

Good! But Thibault wasn't sure it was good. We can ski then. It is cold now for the dive, I know. Sara came to rub his back. There's no beer, Lanner, and she pushed Thibault down. He gave in to her attention and decided that skiing would be good.

Lanner, my ski needs to be fixed. Can you do it? I want to take it to the place where I got it, but I didn't do it yet.

Where's that? It'll take it in the car, but later. From whence it came — there it is again. Now he recalled it at once. Of course, she should remember. He saw her reading it for him now.

"The river coughed its black head back
Where the rock of human form rose up,"
Then he couldn't remember, but it ended —
" . . . a God that someone aught to be
would see the spoils and end the game
better even, give in to the Ghost,
return it all from whence it came."

Strange he could have forgotten it. Then to Thibault, What is the place? I'll have something to eat and then take the ski over.

I don't remember. He rubbed the side of his hand against his face where the rug had left its fossil imprint. I want to get the yellow book and I can look for it there. Hey boy, you wanted beer. I know where I can get some beer. He pushed away from the floor and sent Sara sideways against the bed. Wait. Because I have to go upstairs.

Don't bother, Thibault. I'll have coffee. Get down there and relax. Sara, turn that record, will you? He had always felt that the less frenetic bull sounds of the other side suited him better.

It's Sunday, Thibault. Fencing bouts today, so you'd better relax. I feel up to claiming every touch today; it's time I became a challenger instead of your student.

Ha, Thibault laughed. You think you were ever a student? He enjoyed his joke. Let me tell you a story! Did I tell youabout that crazy Tony boy? I did tell you, both? He had told them both several times. Lanner and Sara both knew how Tony had sailed down the trail and over Thibault's skis.

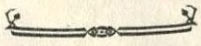
Lanner. I'm going to get that beer for you. That Carole upstairs. She will give me some beer. Lanner didn't think he wanted the beer anymore, but it didn't matter.

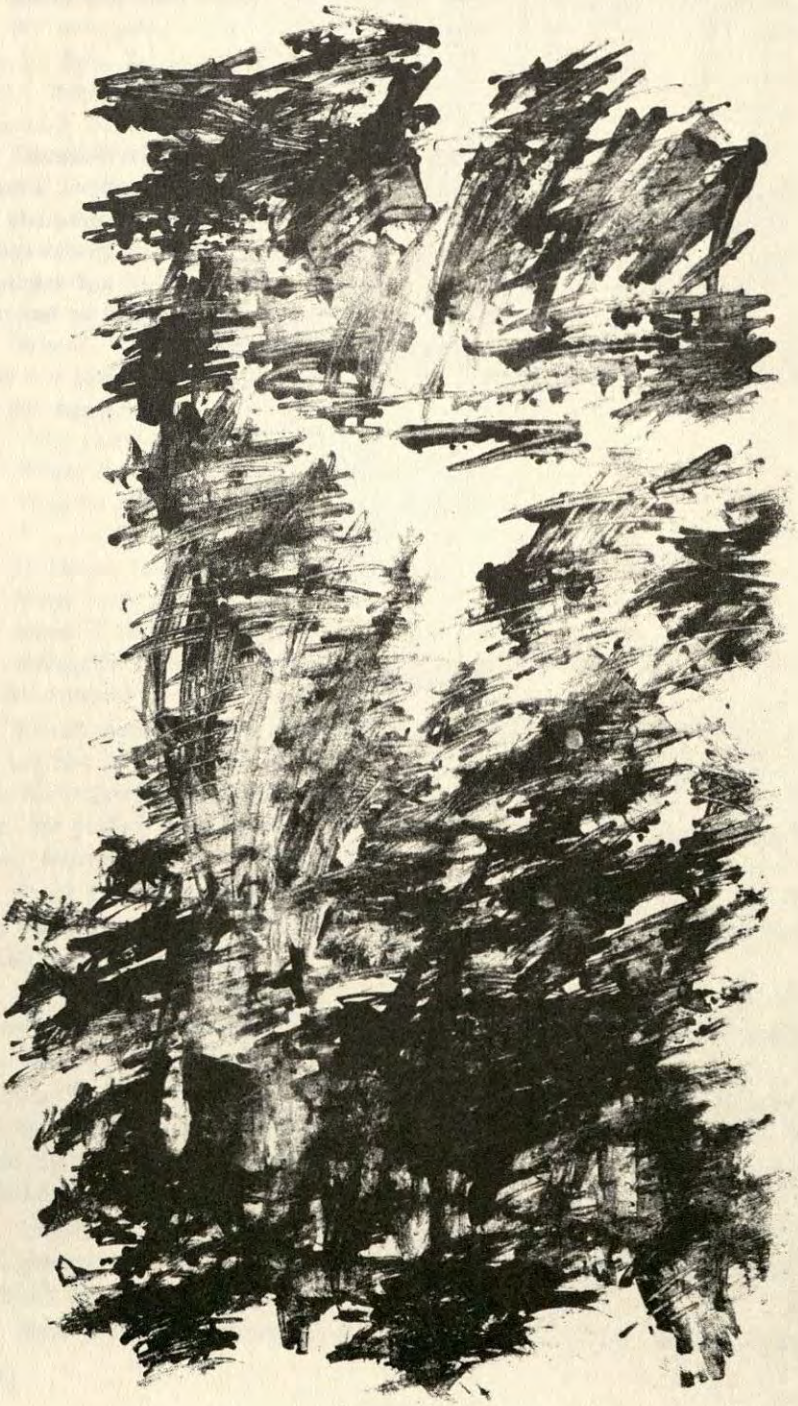
Sara, you go over there. Give him a good rub on his back. I am going

to get the beer. Thibault acted by impulse. He always lived true to his first desires. There was no point in arguing.

Remember, Sara was saying, I was with you when I met Thibault? You remember, Lanner? He let his head settle into the tired bed covers. Pressing her thumbs into the muscles of his shoulders and neck, she continued to talk to him. The bullfight forced its way, in resigned frenzy, through the swollen air of the apartment. Castanets met trumpets in final assault and edging in from the periphery, they swallowed up the room and Sara and at last, their own noise, until only her hands were left, on his back.

BETSY KRAH '63





Ellen Shulman '64

Ms. Haines,

Thank you for your support.