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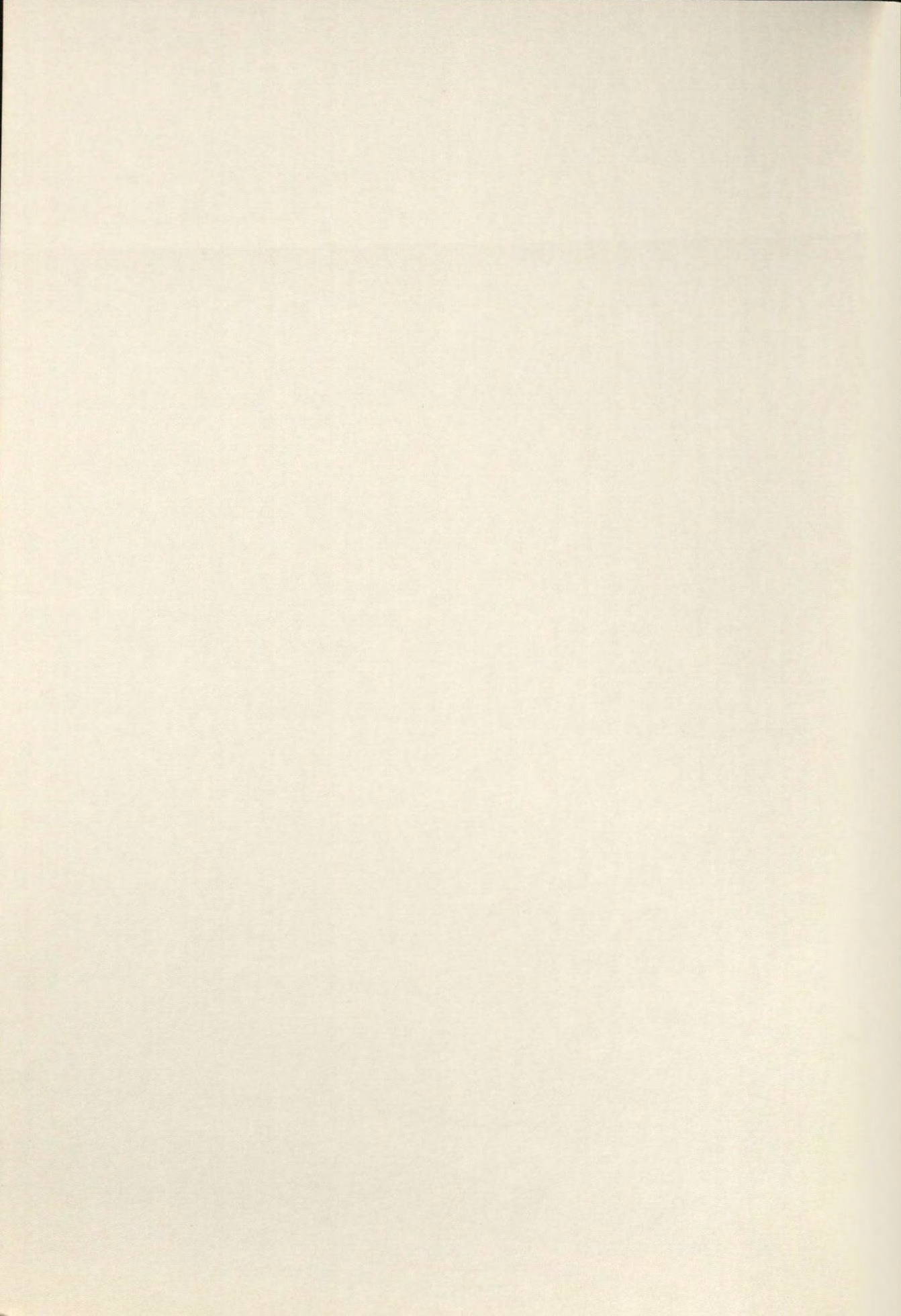
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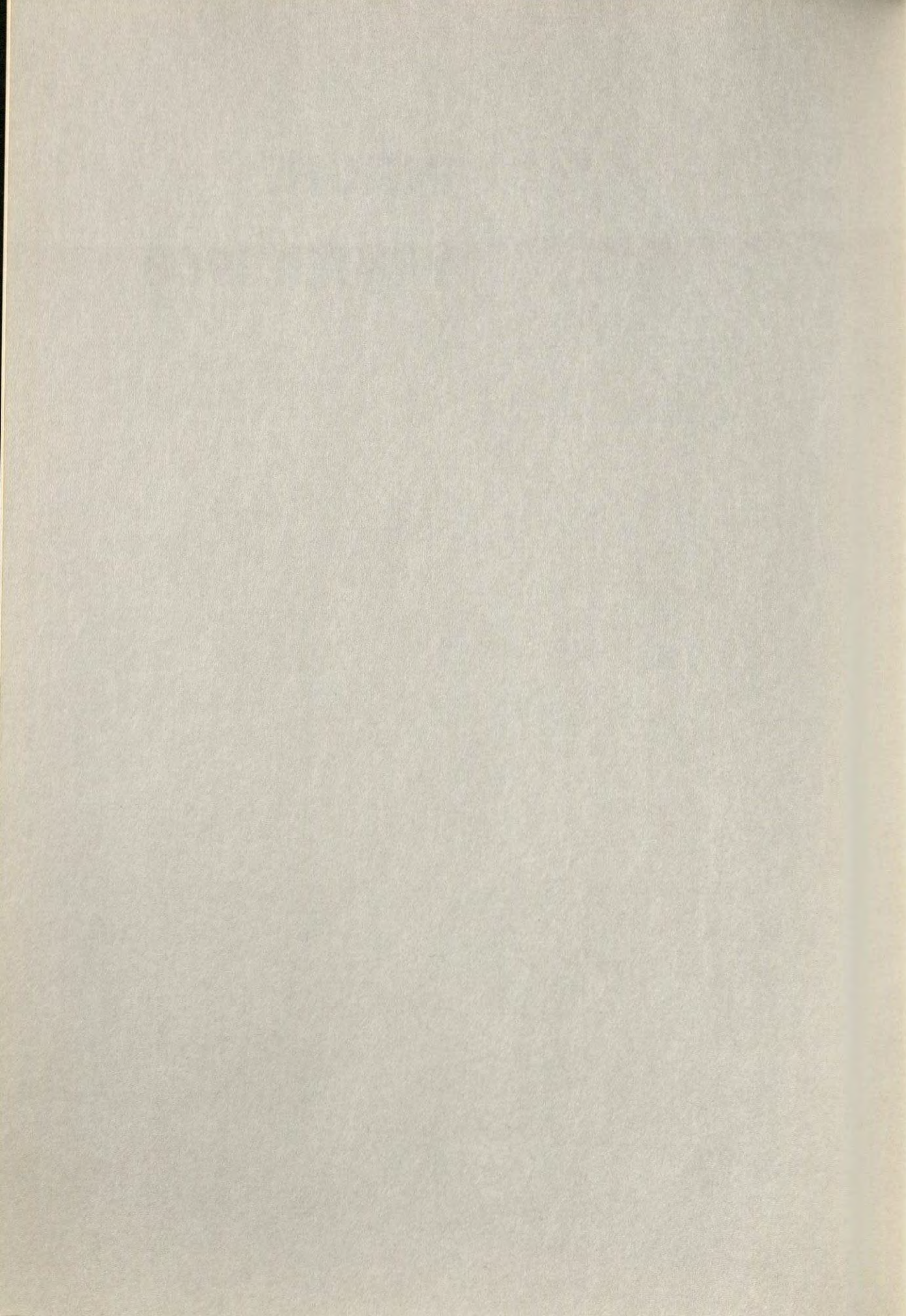
Winter '68

INSIGHT



INSIGHT

WINTER 1968



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cover photograph: Patti Chock

CONFUSION

A flower was tucked behind her ear
 To tell the world she could love.
A gun was flung over his shoulder
 To tell the world he could fight.
She lived in squalor and so did he.
Hers was a small, crowded room in a basement
 Somewhere — anywhere
 With countless roommates
 All who seemed to love.
His was a ravaged rice field in a tottering country
 Somewhere — anywhere
 With countless roommates
 All who seemed to hate.
And she blew her mind with drugs
 Because she was tired of living.
And he did the same with a bullet
 Because he was tired of death.

He had fought so she could love
 Yet their signals had crossed
 And neither could survive.

Paula Feinstein

MARY

I

The distance from Golgotha
 passed as a vaguely remembered dream.
 The donkey crept
 among the rocky roads and
 through a liquid heat.
 We passed
 an orchard of pomegranates
 with all the choicest fruits (herna
 with nard, nard and
 saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
 with all the trees of frankincense.)
 I was glad the whole journey
 Joseph has long been dead.

II

Even in the beginning young women
 would not look at him. Older women smiled
 thinned, arching smiles; men stared;
 children chanted
 and then forgot to chant.

In that beginning

Joseph was kind to please me.
 But he had not the patience of a god:
 he strained until he snapped like a strand of pearls.
 Joseph, too, withdrew and fell
 indifferent.

I, his mother,
 discovered him in the dark
 that night the wound from the circumcision opened.
 I, Mary, traced the wimpering
 that screamed like a cat in the night
 to find the treasure of my child
 sitting naked on the edge of his cot,
 thin legs crossed, watching
 the pool of blood
 overflow.

III

One time I saw him standing among
 the other children at the spring festival.
 It was twilight and the distance
 grew more distant in gray and blue and wine.
 Torches flamed. The child had won
 a string of cheap glass beads
 of a pink-milky color.
 He twisted the long strand around
 and around
 his thin transparent arm.

And then

either by the tensions upon the string
 or by an unseen hand
 the strand snapped. Each glass bead
 splintered, glinting all the while
 a thin, red light, until
 they shattered into his arm.
 My boy stood
 arm outstretched
 as the thin red blood
 gathered into a pale wash
 and softly flowed.

IV

It was I, Mary,
 who held his trembling hands
 those two nights
 and tried to decipher the broken code
 from his shaking lips.

(Behold, you are beautiful, my love.)

I never knew what drove him mad
 (assuredly he was mad; only a madman
 would have done the things he did,
 cried his tears, spoken his words.)
 Often I think perhaps it was a woman.

What else could shrink
 and twist my poor boy's mind
 except the heat and loneliness
 as he followed a constantly retreating figure?

(Behold, you are beautiful, my love,
 Behold, you are beautiful.)

I saw him
 crucified upon a cross
 just two days past
 at Golgotha. Those trees
 of frankincense, so like
 the gifts of earlier days . . .

I dreamed of him last night,

My soul failed when he spoke.
 I sought him, but found him not;
 I called him, but he gave no answer.
 The watchmen found me,
 as they went about the city;
 they beat me, they wounded me,
 they took away my mantle,
 those watchmen at the walls.

And yet there are those
 who will not let him rest
 and say he will come again.

But I know that if he should escape,
 he will not come to this old woman.
 If he chose her in life,
 he will not choose me in death: no,
 to the woman Magdelene,
 or to Simon Peter, Thomas
 called the Twin,
 Nathanael of Canaan in Galilee,
 or perhaps to a son of Zebedee
 he will return.

Yet I, his mother,
 saw two days past
 that very face from the thin-washed moonlight
 and the same chattering teeth
 of my child. If I had not known better
 I would have thought that face
 the face of God
 crying.

Wendy Green

GENERATION OF A POEM

for a poem I give you
my little boy running
and losing his Little League
cap; his stop-on-a-dime turn;
and it's back on his head.
the meter and rhyme of his life
must be my poem to you

if this will not do, follow
the rhythm of our young,
blonde girl, tapping the toe
of a pink, pointed shoe
to the beat of the Beatles;
more moves than her foot

now say me your poem
of that old man you watch skating
with a waltz in his mind
and his hands neatly held at his back
his grey hair is still thick round
the puffs of his ear muffs
but he holds no one's hand
for the waltz

say me your grandmother's sight
of a Christmas time picture
all changed in this year's arrangement

Meg Sahrbeck

POEM

Drunk with fall
I walk through the leaves
Poems unwritten
No matter.
They are less than the leaves
The leaves are more than
My bare poems.

There are more colors here than
On the palette of my artist's tools
In the broken rib of this leaf
More pathos than all my sculptured grief
My despair is nothing against
This small, cracked, bloodless vein
This sound defeat.
And then I go again to versify
Hopeless against the sacred language of the leaf.

Gail Jones

GENERATION OF A POEM

In a quiet room
 my little boy comes
 and says to me
 "I want to be a poet
 like you."
 I tell him that
 I don't know what
 a poet is.

He says to me
 "I don't know either."
 I tell him that
 I don't know either.
 He says to me
 "I want to be a poet
 like you."
 I tell him that
 I don't know what
 a poet is.

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 He says to me
 "I want to be a poet
 like you."
 I tell him that
 I don't know what
 a poet is.

POEM



A WALL LIKE JERICHO

We were like bricks in the wall.
I built upon every layer of you
a part of me.
Oh what an arrogant mason I was
to think to build without mortar
to cushion,
to adhere,
to separate.
And when the mere squeak
Of a flute
Reduced all to rubble,
I wondered at the great citadel
At my feet.

Rita Miller

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN"

A one act play in verse justifying the ways of woman to man.

NARRATOR:

Once upon a time, in the beginning,
 God sat upon His throne, gaily grinning.
 He was in the mood for a little mirth
 So He created the heavens and earth.
 Indeed His works were quite aesthetic,
 But He needed something more pathetic.
 And so to complete His jocular plan
 Along with the vegetables He made man.
 He observed this man for a few days after
 And verily rolled off His throne in laughter.
 But being the God of Mercy we all know and love,
 The pitiful man's prayers were answered above.
 He made woman from pity (though some claim wrath)
 To guide pathetic man along the proper path.

The purpose of this play is to justify
 the ways of woman to man,
 How God meant woman to be supreme
 From the time of Eden where it all began.

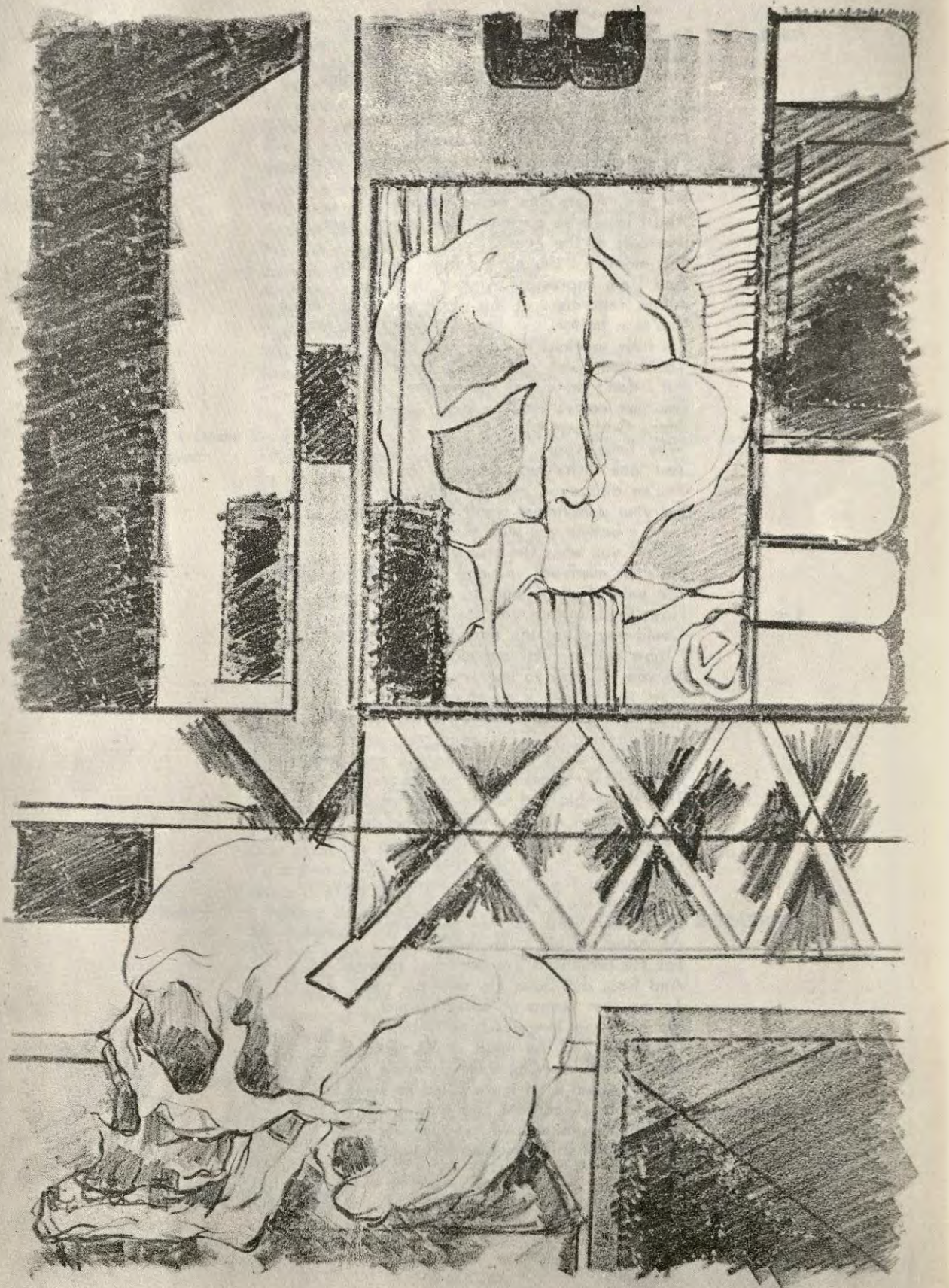
Act. I, Scene I — Adam and Eve are busily engaged in the planting of
 vegetables.

- Eve: Adam, take your cotton pickin' spade,
 I was not made to be your maid!
 My hands are chapped; my fingers hurt,
 I'm sick and tired of sweat and dirt.
 To wear I have not even a rag,
 Life with you is such a drag.
 You never take me anywhere nice,
 Dancing you term a dreadful vice.
 If I could have foreseen this wretched life.
 I would never have come to be your wife.
- Adam: Eve, you're breaking my heart it's true.
 Such words I never expected from you!
 All these years I thought we were happy together.
 But perhaps You're feeling under the weather
 Or tired—twenty hours a day of travail
 Must be hard on one like you so frail.
 Would it ease your woe and cause you joy
 If I cut two hours from your employ?
- Eve: Quit ribbing me, Adam, that's a bad habit of yours.
 You had it when we met and it still endures,
 As evidenced by the solution you hand me.
 I'm afraid you'll never understand me.
 I hate to disturb your complacent tranquility,
 But we have a problem of incompatibility.
 You are an introvert, I an extrovert.
 I like pretty things, you revel in dirt.

- You are humble, whereas I am proud.
 With many more fine attributes am I endowed.
 You meekly live for God, I for Eve.
 I have no alternative; I must leave.
 To remain under your command is absurd I suspect,
 When I am far superior in every respect.
- Adam: Eve, I cannot believe the words you speak
 Issue forth from a spirit so gentle and meek.
 I fear a demon took possession of your soul.
 You must pray to our Lord to make you whole
 And to absolve you from your sin of pride.
 We will pray together; I'll stay by your side.
 Back to the field—Let us begin!
 And our merciful Lord will relieve you of sin.
- Eve: Adam, you are a blundering fool.
 You're subordinated to God's rule,
 Which I know He would consider treason
 Since He created you with reason.
 Continue to abuse His gift of wit.
 I'm going to make use of it.
- Act I, Scene II—Eve wandering through Garden of Eden encounters serpent.
- Serpent: Well, hello there, you sweet young thing.
 To my eyes you do pleasure bring.
 But being one not prone to flatter,
 Let's discuss our business matter.
 Yonder is a large apple tree sweet,
 From which God forbade you eat.
 To put it bluntly if you don't bite,
 You'll remain the dumb blond stereotype.
- Eve: First, flattery on me would be a waste,
 Though I must commend you on your taste.
 I think your straight forward manner quite nice,
 And I am tempted to follow your advice.
 But I must confess for the benefit of serpents everywhere,
 This idea was in my head long before you planted it there.
 Adam may be content to grovel in the ground,
 But Eve, innately superior, is heavenly bound.
 (She bites into the apple.)
 By George, Serpent, this is potent stuff.
 Hand me another, I haven't had enough.
 (She clicks her heels. She eats until her hunger is abated.)
 To Adam an apple I had better bring,
 Since it is my duty to help the poor thing.
- Serpent: I believe that though I never or rarely err,
 My judgment was fallible in regards to her.
 She has potential to bring serpents much joy.
 'Tis a pity she's soft over the old boy.
 But I can foresee good relations
 Between our future generations.
 Why, praise be to the good Lord above,
 I'll wager they'll be head over heels in love!
- Act I, Scene III — Eve returns to Adam with Apple
- Eve: I've come back with you evermore to abide,
 To be your love, your comfort, and, of course, your guide.
 I've gained much fruitful knowledge this day,
 And will share it with you if you'll obey.
 Just take a bite of the apple I hold
 And you'll see the truth in what I've told.

- Adam: Eve, the apple which you praise so much
Is the same God forbade you to touch.
You have flagrantly dared to disobey Him.
I'm afraid your future will stay grim.
But since the decision is already made,
I shall follow and not be afraid.
For I would rather bear the Almighty's wrath
Than stray from your light-filled path.
If I did, Adam you would despise
And I should be contemptuous in your eyes.
(He eats of the apple.)
- Eve: This moment I thought I'd never envision.
And I am impressed by your decision.
Adam, regardless of the wrath you might incur
You're a better man than I thought you were.
I'm truly touched that for love of me
You'd bear pain and sorrow for eternity.
But I don't think that will be the case,
For here comes God to meet us face to face.
(Here God enters.)
- God: Why, hello Adam, hello, Eve,
You look distressed, no need to grieve,
You've disobeyed me; it's very clear,
But your punishment won't be too severe.
I won't bother you with the details,
But tell you what the crux entails.
For your misdeeds you and your offspring will know
The pain of death and an eternity of woe.
- Eve: Now, God, before you seal this decree,
Could you spare the time to listen to me?
I know you are just beyond doubt,
So you will stay to hear me out.
Now, to aid man is my reason to be,
And for that reason did I plunder the tree.
In disobeying you, I obeyed your prime command.
Hence, my sin is a noble one you must understand.
And logically speaking, it may be seen
That this noble end justified the mean.
- God: I see that all my arguments would fail.
Reason is incompatible with female.
Now forever in heaven I shall stay on
And permit the Human Comedy to play on!
(Here exit God, Adam, and Eve.)
- NARRATOR Evidently, God was not too irate
At Adam or his lovely mate,
For He presented Eve with figs to wear,
And from dull Eden He sent the pair.
To me that seems no small reward,
For wretched Eve was greatly bored.
No longer did she need sweat and toil.
(And we all know how she detested soil.)
As for Adam what more could he want in life,
Than a loyal, content and dutiful wife?
Hence, everyone lived happily ever after,
And God is still immersed in laughter.

Nancy Rockmaker



INTRUSION

the sun blazes at himself
from that burning light
as he would broadcast a phrase
to the stars

as he would tell the stars
to hold the course of the stars
which would give something to be done
It notes that of course there is a
but I have found him
in the moment and before the stars
and cannot control for anything
to hold a form, and so below
the distant answer
of his brilliant response

Star Jambal

the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars

BREAKTHROUGH

I live in a bottle
and I live in a bottle
and I live in a bottle
and I live in a bottle

I stand now in the
and stand now in the
and stand now in the
and stand now in the

Star Jambal

the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars

the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars
and the stars are the stars

INTRUSION

he can disconnect himself
from that involving thing
as he would disconnect a phone
to stop its ring

as he would pull the plug
to hold the current in the wires
which might give something in his house
its noise

but I have found him once or twice
in the moment just before his deft retreat
and quickly reached for something past his eyes
to hold a time, and so defeat
the distant uncaress
of his deliberate soundlessness.

Meg Sahrbeck

BREAKTHROUGH

I live in a bottle these many years,
And if I kick too hard the glass will break —
Or so I'm told (I've never tried of course).

I stand now on the glass in freer fear
And mourn my past and safety-plated world.
I wait for the hand that forced me first to kick
To guide my feet from the jagged, splintered floor.

Rooted, as in a magic mold, I wait.
My hand shakes as it stretches out to yours.
The glass beneath our feet can kill —
So hold tightly and lead well.

Peggy Cohen

LISA

The clock radio beside Rebecca's bed started to buzz. She rolled over and pressed the button which allowed her five more minutes of sleep. It was about one minute later, Rebecca estimated, when the buzzer sounded again. The clock read quarter past six. It took Rebecca a few minutes to orient herself to the time; for a moment, she thought she had slept through the night. There was not a sound in the corridor. She was hurt that no one had bothered to wake her for dinner. Then, as if to show herself self-pity, Rebecca pulled the pillow over her head. The head of her bed was up against the wall which separated her room from Lisa's; through it, she heard the Alleluja Chorus from Handel's *Messiah*. Rebecca got out of bed to go next door. The door of Lisa's room was left part way open. She looked in and saw Lisa lying on her bed, on her back. Both hands were under her head and she was raising one leg, then the other. Her eyes were shut. As the music progressed into a crescendo, Lisa raised one arm and began to conduct in time to the music.

"How's the performance going?" Rebecca knew she had surprised her.

"My God. How long have you been standing there?" Lisa asked, lifting only her head.

"Oh, maybe twenty or thirty seconds," Rebecca answered.

"Christ, you scared me. Will you please close the door?"

"Just a minute," Rebecca said as she went into her own room to get a pack of cigarettes. She went back into Lisa's room and closed the door behind her.

"No dinner?" Rebecca asked, turning the record over.

"No. I didn't feel like getting dressed. I thought we'd go get a sandwich and coffee later." During the conversation, Lisa had rolled over on one side and began lifting her leg from that position. Rebecca watched and thought now that she was glad no one had awakened her for dinner. Lisa was now on her stomach, trying to reach her foot to the back of her head. She managed to lift it only four or five inches off the bed, before she burst out laughing.

"Oh, God. What am I doing?" she said out loud, still laughing. She turned over and sat up, crossed her legs and lit a cigarette.

"My legs are too short," she said, looking at them. "I had the most hideous experience on the bus this morning. You know how high the seats are from the floor on those old busses? Well, I sat down, just the way everyone does, and my feet wouldn't touch the floor. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous?" Lisa was exactly five feet tall and her size was one of her favorite targets for amusement.

"A troll," she went on. "I must really be a troll." Rebecca loved

listening to Lisa make fun of herself. It was something she had never been able to do. She reached for one of Lisa's matches and laughed again as she looked at what Lisa was wearing; her "napping outfit", which consisted in a black bra and black tights. She was still wearing her favorite earrings that her sister had brought from the Near East. Lisa had curled up into her favorite pre-natal position and shut her eyes again. Rebecca looked around the room as she did every time she came in. She had known Lisa for more than ten months and she was still fascinated by the organized clutter that only she could have arranged. Two of the walls were completely covered. The one beside her bed was covered by a Spanish wall hanging, a deep violet color with a design in varying shades of blue. On the opposite, there were scores of pictures. At the far left end, there was a series of Picasso prints, the bull series, ranging in size from one as small as a post card to one that was more than eighteen inches wide. Next to them, an eight by twelve beige on white reproduction of Michaelangelo's "David". For backing, Lisa had used a red bandana. Three pictures of her father, taken in the early forties when he was serving in the Intelligence Corps, hung beside a picture of his favorite chair. A few cartoons from "Punch" hung haphazardly beside it. There was a poster from the bull fights of that past summer in Madrid. A small picture of Hemingway, dressed in white duck and a straw hat sitting at the fights, was framed in the lower right-hand corner of the poster. Looking at the poster, Rebecca was then reminded of the matador whom Lisa had met in Madrid. She was trying to recall his name when the record ended and began scratching. Lisa opened her eyes and closed them as she saw Rebecca reach for the arm of the record player to stop the noise.

"Will you please put on side three, I think about the third band in?" Lisa asked.

"It's the fourth band," Rebecca said changing the record. She knew what Lisa wanted to hear.

After fixing the record, Rebecca sat down in front of one of Lisa's bookcases. Rebecca wasn't too hungry and didn't mind waiting another hour or so. The books were not in any order and each time Rebecca thought she knew what was on the shelves, Lisa added a few new paper-backs or books that her father sent to her. Rebecca noticed a whole section of books which she had never seen before. She picked out a book of modern drawings and etchings, took a pillow which was on the floor beside her, and settled back against the wall.

II

When the clock radio went on at seven-thirty, Lisa who had been fast asleep, shot up in bed.

"That damn thing. I knew I forgot to push the button in so it wouldn't go off. It scares the hell out of me every time." Lisa looked at the clock. Rebecca heard her stomach growl.

"I'm starved," Lisa said, getting out of bed. "How about a tunafish sandwich and black coffee?" Whenever Lisa missed dinner, she had a tunafish sandwich, tunafish on toast. Still wearing her black bra and tights, Lisa put on her sandals, the ones with the heels and taking a towel from her closet, went down the hall to the bathroom.

"I'll be ready in a minute," Rebecca called to her, "as soon as I change my jersey." In her room, Rebecca looked for her sandals. She couldn't find them. She heard Lisa coming down the hall, short quick steps. As she walked past Rebecca's room, Rebecca asked her,

"Are you going to wear those tonight?" She had on her sandals.

"Oh," Lisa gave a brief laugh as she looked down at her feet. "No. I guess I'm through with them until I feel I need them again." She took them off and walked barefoot into her own room. She wore clothes, depending on her mood. That way, she thought, she didn't have to tell people

how she was; they could tell by looking. But neither clothes nor talking clarified what was going on in Lisa's mind. She rarely said anything that did not provoke Rebecca to think further about it, or about her. Now, as she sat reading the Sunday Book Review section, she smiled to herself as she heard Lisa humming to herself in her room. She was too self-conscious to sing when anyone else was around. Rebecca sat in her room listening to Lisa sing. If Lisa thought that anyone heard her singing she would immediately stop and deny that she had been singing. Then, she would get angry, and for the next couple of days, stay by herself. Rebecca waited for Lisa to come to her door. The humming stopped, and in its place, short quick steps.

"Ya ready, Mugzy?" This was one of her favorite expressions. She had picked it up from a gangster who played a bit part in a Humphrey Bogart film, and had been imitating him ever since. Rebecca thought it must have been Peter Lorre in one of the first Bogart movies, but she couldn't be sure.

Lisa stood in front of her door wearing a sleeveless jersey tucked into her blue jeans. She had kept her tights on and was wearing sandals. Rebecca wanted to ask her if she didn't think she'd be warm with the tights, but she never interfered with Lisa's taste. That was something else which upset her to such a degree that it certainly wasn't worth mentioning. She had done it once and learned her lesson. It was at dinner, and she complimented Lisa on a dress that she was wearing. She had left the table in the middle of the meal. Now she brought up the subject herself.

"Does this jersey look hideous?" she asked Rebecca looking at her profile in Rebecca's mirror.

"Not unusually so." Rebecca answered, hoping that she hadn't pushed her luck. She thought Lisa would have to get over this hyper-sensitivity.

"No, really," Lisa said, but not angrily. "I mean, I feel like one of those Italian opera singers because my arms are so fat." They were not particularly fat. She continued with the analogy.

"You know when they wear those long white gloves that go all the way up the arm and push all that fat up towards their shoulders so that they begin to look like halfbacks on a professional football team." Rebecca laughed and then she watched Lisa assume her interpretation of an operatic role. She acted out a brief pantomime, until she became weak from laughing.

"That's enough, Miss Sutherland, what if they run out of tuna fish?" Rebecca said.

"You know, you're right," Lisa said, running out the door ahead of Rebecca. Rebecca closed the door to her room and as she passed Lisa's, she noticed that she had left her pocketbook on her bed. She had seen her drop some loose change into it and a pack of cigarettes before she went to the bathroom; she took it and ran down the stairs. As she got to the second floor, she bumped into Lisa who was running up. Rebecca tossed her her pocketbook.

"Thanks," Lisa said, as if she expected that Rebecca would have had it all along.

III

Outside, it was warm and very humid. It had been raining for the past few hours, and now just before sunset the sun shone through the dissipating rain clouds. As Lisa and Rebecca approached the door of the snack bar, Lisa stopped to look at her reflection in the glass door.

"God, I look like the 'before' victim for a 'Curl-Free' ad." Lisa tried to put a clump of tightly curled hair back into place, she knew, in vain. She watched a girl with long black hair coming out of the door. The girl had her hair draped over one shoulder; she was stroking it. Lisa looked at herself again.

"Well, mine's Grecian," she decided. "That's it—Grecian." She did have thick blond hair that was very wavy; it curled naturally around her neck. Opening the door, she continued.

"With a toga, I could easily ascend to Olympian heights. Next time we're in town, remind me to pick up that laurel wreath." Rebecca was glad that Lisa had taken it so well. Once inside the snack shop, Lisa mumbled "Ye Olde Snack Shoppe", pronouncing the last word in two syllables. Rebecca laughed and followed her to the counter.

Lisa ordered her tunafish sandwich and black coffee. She ordered only for herself and sat down at a table for eight. Rebecca joined her a few minutes later. Lisa, holding a cigarette had assumed her normal posture; her two elbows on the table cupping her head as, she looked around her.

"Bec," she said as soon as Rebecca sat down with her, "do you see those three girls to my right? Why are they staring at me?" Rebecca looked over. Two of the girls had their back to them, the other was looking beyond them, trying to get someone else's attention.

"Are you sure they are?" Rebecca asked.

"Of course I'm sure. Can't I dress the way I like?" Lisa put out her cigarette and lit another one. Rebecca noticed that the woman behind the counter was holding Lisa's sandwich. She felt some relief at this interruption.

"Lisa, your sandwich is ready." Without thanking her, Lisa got up and went over to the counter to get the sandwich and another cup of coffee.

"That bitch. You'd think I was trying to steal everything in sight, the way that she's watching me." Lisa glared at the woman behind the cash register.

"She must be part of the syndicate of girls who were watching you before," Rebecca joked cautiously. She watched Lisa who was now wrapping up her sandwich. She gulped down the cup of coffee, put her sandwich in her pocketbook, and then, leaving her cup and saucer at the dirty-dish window, Lisa left the snack shop.

IV

It was nearly ten o'clock when Rebecca got back to her dormitory. She had gone to a movie by herself, half expecting to find Lisa there. She had not been. Rebecca did not go into her own room, but seeing Lisa's door partially open, and her small bedside light on, went in. She was not there, but evidently had been; her record player was still on, and the sandals she had been wearing were on the floor. Rebecca thought that she must be somewhere in the dormitory, but she decided against looking for her; she would come back when she was ready to, and not before. Lisa insisted that she didn't want anyone to be concerned about her. Right now, as Rebecca sat in Lisa's room, she was committing the greatest crime against her that anyone could. She picked up the book she had been reading before they had gone for supper.

When Rebecca looked at the clock again it was ten minutes before one. Lisa had gone for the night and there was no point in waiting for her any longer. Rebecca decided to go to bed. She turned off the record player and as she went to turn out the light beside the bed, she noticed that Lisa had marked her stopping point in the book she had been reading with a photograph of her father. It was a more recent picture than those on her wall, one that Rebecca had never seen. He was seated in his library at home; books were piled haphazardly, four or five deep, on his desk. Rebecca turned out the light and went into her own room, wondering when she would be able to meet Lisa's father. She turned on the tiny wall light over her desk, and as she opened her desk drawer, she heard a faint rustling sound. On her bed, curled up in her comforter, Lisa stirred in her sleep.

Deborah Wallace

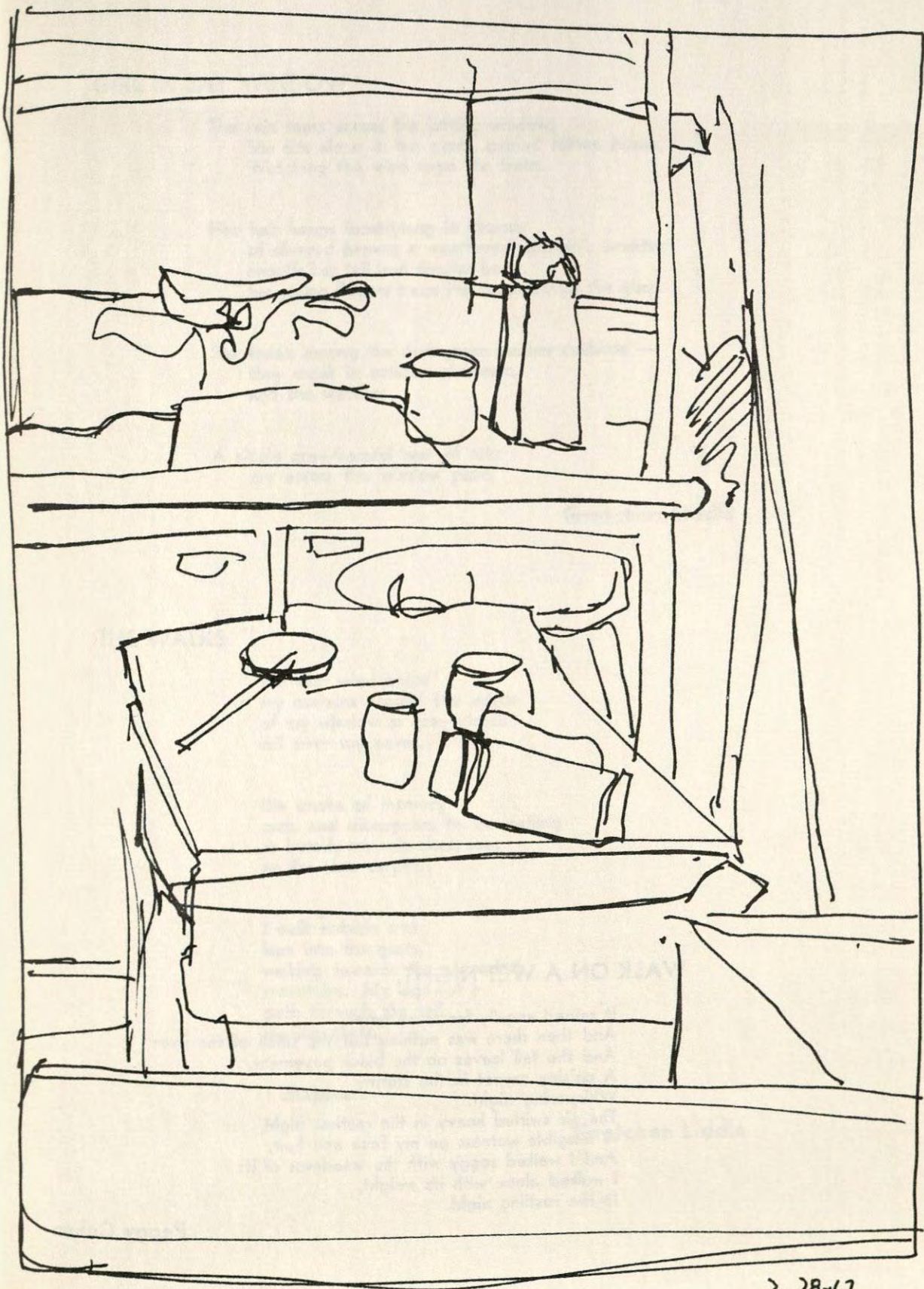
The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the various branches of industry and commerce. It is found that the country has made considerable progress in all these respects since the last report was published. The population has increased, and the various branches of industry and commerce have all shown a marked increase in activity. The progress has been the result of the various measures which have been adopted by the Government to promote the welfare of the country and to encourage the various branches of industry and commerce.

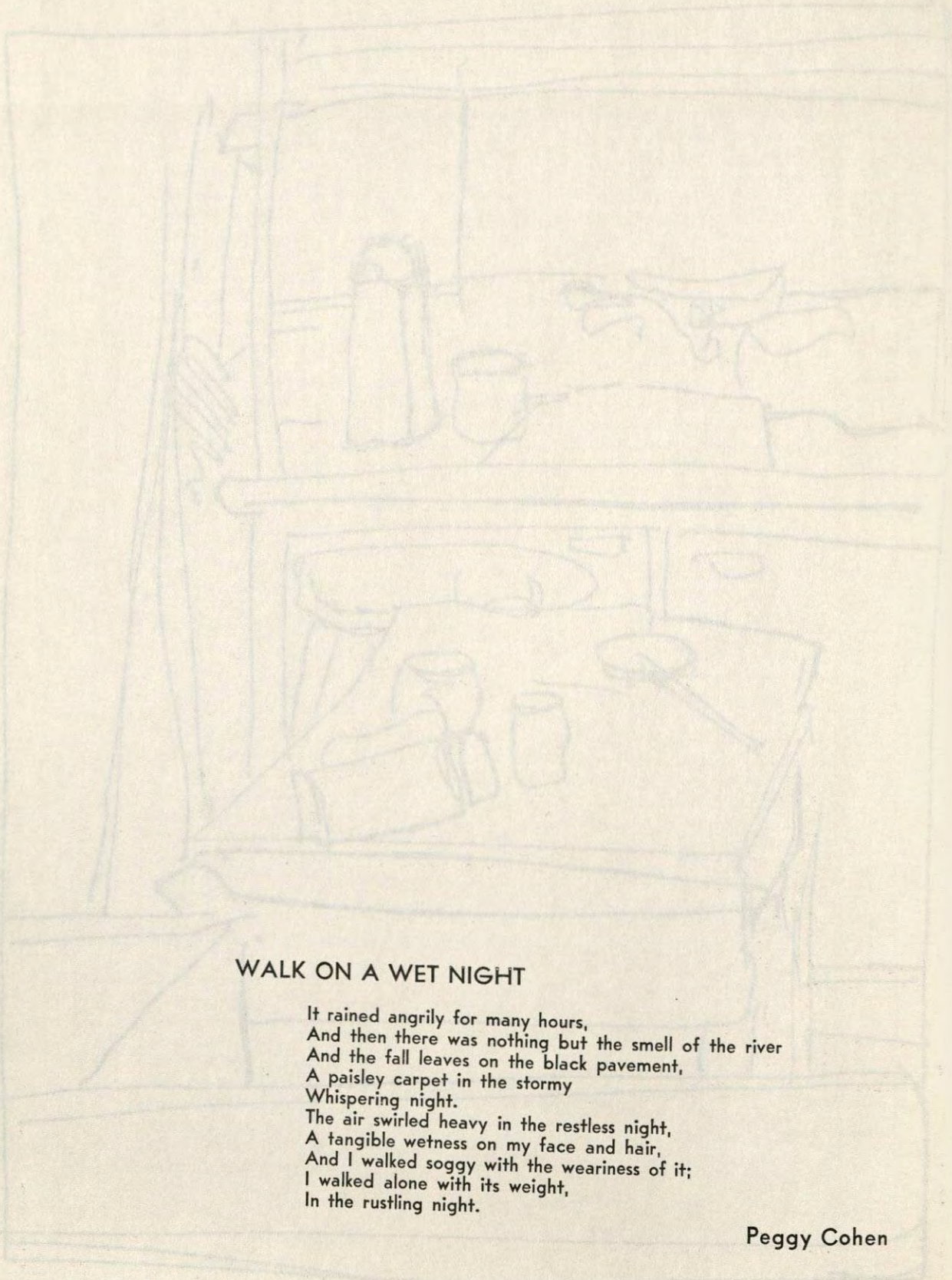
The second part of the report deals with the various branches of industry and commerce in detail. It is found that the various branches of industry and commerce have all shown a marked increase in activity since the last report was published. The progress has been the result of the various measures which have been adopted by the Government to promote the welfare of the country and to encourage the various branches of industry and commerce.

The third part of the report deals with the various branches of industry and commerce in detail. It is found that the various branches of industry and commerce have all shown a marked increase in activity since the last report was published. The progress has been the result of the various measures which have been adopted by the Government to promote the welfare of the country and to encourage the various branches of industry and commerce.

The fourth part of the report deals with the various branches of industry and commerce in detail. It is found that the various branches of industry and commerce have all shown a marked increase in activity since the last report was published. The progress has been the result of the various measures which have been adopted by the Government to promote the welfare of the country and to encourage the various branches of industry and commerce.

The fifth part of the report deals with the various branches of industry and commerce in detail. It is found that the various branches of industry and commerce have all shown a marked increase in activity since the last report was published. The progress has been the result of the various measures which have been adopted by the Government to promote the welfare of the country and to encourage the various branches of industry and commerce.





WALK ON A WET NIGHT

It rained angrily for many hours,
And then there was nothing but the smell of the river
And the fall leaves on the black pavement,
A paisley carpet in the stormy
Whispering night.
The air swirled heavy in the restless night,
A tangible wetness on my face and hair,
And I walked soggy with the weariness of it;
I walked alone with its weight,
In the rustling night.

Peggy Cohen

GIRL IN BAY WINDOW

The rain tears across the jutting window;
She sits alone in the giant, gabled hilltop house,
Watching the wind rape the trees.

Her hair hangs loosely long in strands
of silvered brown; a weathered seaman's sweater
engulfs her tall and slender body,
her young fingers trace the drops across the glass.

She kneels among the dark-green leather cushions —
they creak in antique plushness,
and she watches

A single gray-framed tear of rain
cry across the window pane.

Gretchen Liddle

THE WALKS

the west wind whips
my curtains around the edges
of my window as gray clouds
roll over my eaves.

the smoke of memory
curls and disappears to the ceiling
as I study my rain-clean toes
on the rose carpet.

I walk outside and
lean into the gusts,
walking towards the shrouded
mountains. My legs cut a
path through the tall,
leaning grass.

I disappear.

Gretchen Liddle

LILLIPUT

Nightmares
 strain at the ripcord
 of Consciousness
 and leave white footprints
 across my night—
 Flashing neons of white heat
 that tumble me
 in the tangled sheets
 and my own
 evaporations.

I dwell in
 Freudian labyrinths,
 peopled by the monsters
 of my mind,
 who swing me
 over the edge
 into the abyss.
 Falling-
 Fearing
 The splat.

We never stop to think
 on the brink:
 the ripcord precluding
 all deluding reflection.
 When we can
 no longer hope to cope
 with what we see to be,
 it drifts us down
 into the town
 of the gentle people of repression.

Rita Miller



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