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### The Quaker Hill Review, Spring 1982

Connecticut College

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# The Quaker Hill Review

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Spring 1982

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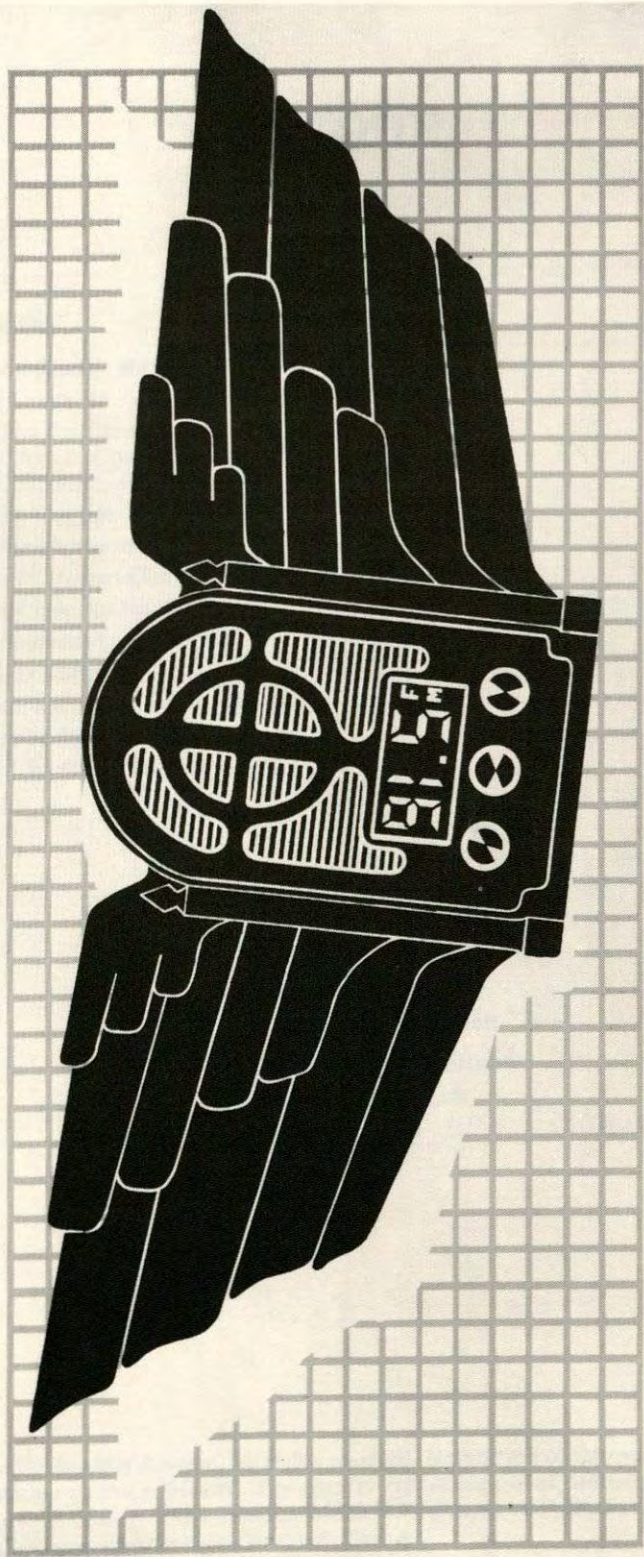
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# QHR

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## The Quaker Hill Review

### Publisher

Michael Sladden 481

### Layout Consultant

Linda Rich

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## Introducing The Quaker Hill Review

I first considered an arts review for Connecticut College when I became interested in exchanging work between artists here. The exchange 'idea' tantalized my appreciation for the unusual quality of our artistic community, but the exchange project failed (and QHR evolved), both for and in the face of reasons why I wanted to collect student art in the first place.

Early on one runs into the problem that students are emotionally attached to their work, sometimes so much so as not to want to give it up. For the practical reasons that materials are expensive and facilities limited, a wholesale trading of works is difficult. The individuality of an original piece, the fleeting life of a performance, the endless revisions of writing, compound the problem. Many students are reluctant to part with their investment; everyone knows all artists are poor.

So the Review can provide the College with this work without the practical problems. But that surely is not the artists' sole inhibition. In fact, it may be a kind of glaze over the modern spiritual ambivalence of artists toward public consumption of their efforts. With the same intensity that the student craves communion and appreciation among his fellows, he covets his creative experience.

The modern world strikes the artist as without universals, a secular world where absolute values surrender to relatives (their possibilities forever, it seems, expended in violence and confusion, the movement toward life without meaning), and personal survival becomes primary. The artist heals himself with his creative process; his work becomes, itself, the lacking religion, and the artist holds his pieces dear; not as icons, but as tangible prayers for himself.

Of course the prayers are for man as well, and why the best of Connecticut's creativity reflects in its quality both the identity of the maker and an expression of common human experience.

So in spite of the ambivalent feelings, Connecticut's creative people have every reason to share their process and their product. This issue of *The Quaker Hill Review* features artists whose work succeeds in nurturing them, and in reaching us. It is my hope that *QHR* can continue to publish, next year semesterly, someday in color; and become eventually a product of as well as a vehicle for Connecticut's creativity.

Please address your responses to me, box 1708, or to next year's publisher, Kirk Goetchius, box 472. Enjoy the Review.

Michael Sladden  
New London, April 30

*Funding for the premier issue of The Quaker Hill Review was made possible through the generosity and confidence of Student Government's Finance Committee, Oakes Ames and the President's Discretionary Fund, Brian Rogers and Friends of the Library; and through our four advertisements.*



Number  
An Era

**Alice Lyons**



## **Somehow**

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### **An Epic**

#### **My recent history**

Somehow, I got this notion  
that there was a place  
in my mind (I think)  
where all wanderings end.  
Freedom's there too.  
Call it Ireland.  
I spent lots of time  
in roundabout ways,  
trying to get there.

#### **The dream**

The dream was this: rocks at the edge of the sea.  
Me sitting there, breathing in deep and all that.  
Somehow the sun gets diffused in the misty air  
producing a halo effect on all objects involved.  
After sitting there for hours, I get up  
and walk home, changed.

#### **The reality**

So I got there.  
They didn't lie about the green,  
it's brilliant.  
And Dublin is dear and dirty.  
I found an island  
complete with rocks and sea  
to fit the dream.  
Like an alchemist  
waiting for the change to gold,  
I sat.  
My hair blew in my face and  
I noticed my toenails needed clipping.  
I walked back to the village, changed,  
intent on finding gold toenail clippers.



## For Christine O'Kelly

We used to run in  
out of the mist and,  
after peeling off our raincoats,  
she'd scurry us  
into the steamy kitchen.

We, big and little,  
surrounded the table.  
She served us hot potatoes and  
a nice cut of meat.

She nibbled at things  
here and there, but  
never joined us at  
the table. Only on  
Sundays when we sat  
back and drank coffee.

She'd take a shower while we slept.  
(I think she vacuumed then too.)

One morning she  
didn't get up  
until nine. We all  
sat around the table  
waiting for the porridge.



## Sylents

*"Fading fading dwindling on the air but the fading and the dwindl sending out their sylents roun and roun that circl never slowing to a stilness. Well there realy aint no stilness and where is there. Not Ice you begin to take noatis."*

Russell Hoban, *Riddley Walker*

There's more on this blank paper  
than there is *now*,  
I've marked it and am pushing  
this pregnant sylents around,  
crowding it to the edge of the sheet  
it can jump off and  
*Fly!* It soars around here  
over the pen, up into it,  
weaving with the words,  
hydrogen-bonding with the paper  
like *chine-colle*—the printers  
press papers, Oriental and regular,  
together, inextricable—  
Sylents, you are Oriental  
from the other side of the world  
or my eyes,  
the pen's a Bic regular,  
making circles, circles  
or words that lift and glide  
in sylent speech.



## Poem About the Fireplace

You throw a big log on top  
Of two burning, spitting ones.  
Hot wood bits fly out like comets and  
Plummet, rug-bound. *Quick! Fire!*, I cry.  
You brush them back with your hand.  
Sitting so close our eyes water  
In the orange heat. We gasp at occasional  
Green flames from the young, sappy wood.

And then we're lying back  
Watching flame shadows on the ceiling.  
Our hot faces cool down fast  
In the chill air at floor level.  
Above, rose-amber light washes out  
To the room's darkest corners, and retreats.  
(I snigger at how romantic this seems  
But play along because I love you,  
Seriously, The poem continues . . .)

It must be near dawn and the fire's  
Last coals have changed from dull red  
To black, and now sift down  
Into piles of ash. You say you won't budge,  
That we must stay here forever.  
I chuckle again but say, *Oh let the janitor  
Come in the morning and sweep us up  
With the ashes!*



# State of the Arts: A Conversation with Oakes Ames



M. Sladden

*In the April 14, interview, Dr. Ames makes clear his belief that improvements can be made in quantitative disciplines at the College, without sacrificing the quality of creative arts programs. While the rift grows between pro-arts voices—who do not believe it can or should be done—and those who support the “resource reallocation” philosophy of the Committee on Connecticut’s Future, the president speaks with an optimism bent on soothing both. He speaks also to the benefits of art in education, and education in art. —ms*

**QHR:** *What, in your estimation, is the state of the health of arts at Connecticut College?*

**Ames:** I think they’re healthier than they’ve ever been. I’m impressed with the fact that you’re trying to start this magazine; with the number of students enrolled in the various departments. We’ve had a growth in our Theater department over the last few years, and some very exciting performances. Morris Carnovsky’s involvement with that program has brought a lot to it. We have near-record enrollments in the Dance department.

My impressions of what’s going on in studio art are very positive; the student and faculty shows we’ve seen; we have two new people there. Certainly the concert and musical life of the campus is as alive as its ever been. I have the feeling that there’s as much going on as ever.

**QHR:** *Would you like to see any specific improvements—is there anything in particular that has impressed you?*

**Ames:** Well, what we’ve talked about before is important; and that is that there be more awareness. Just to give you an example, the Music department has a marvelous musician in Peter Sacco, who conducts the College orchestra. He has a quartet of his own, and a trio.

They’ve both performed here before small audiences. I think more people ought to be aware of the quality and excellence of his music and his group. Increasing *the level of awareness* in the College community, of the quality of the creative and performing work that’s going on, will be a very important step.

**QHR:** *Where in your mind does artistic expression fit into a student’s general liberal education?*

**Ames:** There is only so much one can express about what it means to be a human being, through one particular mode of expression—say, through the short-story, the poem or novel . . . by the use of words. And therefore, where the arts are really an important part of liberal education, and where understanding various forms of artistic expression is important, is because these forms are how men and women ‘speak’, in the broadest sense of the word; express themselves, say what life is for them. Through painting, through music, through dance. And this has been true right through history.

Backing up for a moment; if we look on one of the goals of liberal education as trying to understand the human condition, then the arts are just vital to that. If you look back, at



when the arts were such an important element of religious expression, during the Renaissance and before it, you learn a tremendous amount about how people felt about their world then; the role of religion in it; by the study of their art . . . just to give one example.

**QHR:** *Conversely, what would you say to a young artist who was interested in Connecticut College?*

**Ames:** I think I would say to a young artist, that it would be of tremendous value to study art in the context of liberal education; that one's effectiveness as an artist might be greatly increased and broadened by also studying history, english, philosophy, science, and sociology. Because surely the artist wants to be, like the writer, as in touch with the whole world of human activity as possible. I would caution any starting artist against specializing too soon, for just that reason.

**QHR:** *Connecticut is often referred to as an arts school. How did that reputation come to us—do you find any drawback in such a reputation?*

**Ames:** No. I think the reputation has come over a long period of time, through a lot of different factors. The Dance Festival did a lot to publicize us, but I think there were other things too. Many of our former students have a background in the arts here at Connecticut, and certainly the opportunity to study the arts here is part of a Connecticut tradition. It does distinguish us from a lot of other schools. I was talking to . . . and this is typical, this happens a lot . . . to a senior the other day who is a math major, and she also dances. And she said, 'I wouldn't have come to Conn. College if it hadn't been for the dance.' I think there are a lot of students like that. They don't come here necessarily to major in one of the arts, but they've developed the ability and the interest in one of them, before coming to Connecticut, and feel strongly enough about it; they want to continue it, and feel Connecticut's a place where they can do that; and perhaps majoring in a totally different field. This was a recent comment that I heard, but I've heard that many, many times. So I think it makes a difference, and we certainly



M. Sladden

*“Increasing the level of awareness in the College community, of the quality of the creative and performing work that’s going on will be a very important step.”*



are in a period in the country when involvement in the arts, and an appreciation of what they mean to everyone, is far stronger than it used to be . . . in every part of our national life. So I think there are more undergraduates coming into higher education in the country today with an interest in the arts than was true a decade or more ago. That makes Connecticut a good place to come to.

**QHR:** *What are your thoughts when you reflect back on the loss of the American Dance Festival?*

**Ames:** It was a hard thing to lose it. I was worried at the time that it might hurt the efforts of the Dance department. I don't think that it has. If you look at what the Dance department is doing today, it's thriving. The loss of the Dance Festival wasn't as damaging as some of us feared it might be. I don't know how we could have avoided losing it, it was putting tremendous financial demands on the College; it was growing, and the amount of space they needed was more than we could provide. As you know, they got an offer from the business community in Durham, North Carolina for a *million dollars* of endowment. And although being near New York might have been better for the Dance Festival than being down there, there was just nothing we could do about it. It got to the point where they were expanding at a rate we just couldn't adapt to. So I think it was too bad to lose it in the sense that it's always too bad to lose a fine tradition, something that you've had and that's been exciting. But other things have come in to fill that vacuum. The Collaborations program we had here last year was a very good indication of the vitality of the arts on the campus.

**QHR:** *There is some friction generated when the philosophy of bolstering our quantitative disciplines meets Connecticut's artistic community, who want to see continued commitment and improvement in their spheres. What do you think about that? Do we risk our advantage in the creative disciplines when we pause to haul the others up a rung?*

**Ames:** I don't think so. I can't help but note that mathematics is a highly creative discipline, and also that many mathematicians are very musical . . . something that's been observed, and it's true. But I hear what you're saying, that the College can only do so much if we go into these new areas . . . 'is it going to negatively affect us in the arts?' I don't think it should. We'll certainly try to avoid having that happen, having any diluting of our really special strengths in the arts.

**QHR:** *People in the community seem to be drawn to Connecticut College as an artistic oasis. Is this an image you wish to nurture?*

**Ames:** Yes, I know they are, and I think it's appropriate for an institution, for a college, to be that kind of resource for the community . . . that's something we should continue. The Concert and Artist Series is one way we do that.

**QHR:** *Do you have any parting benediction for our first issue?*

**Ames:** I think what you're doing is very worthwhile. What I said at the beginning, about the importance of heightening awareness of the quality of artistic endeavor on the campus, is something the magazine might do.

**QHR:** *If it can keep going. . .*

**Ames:** Right.

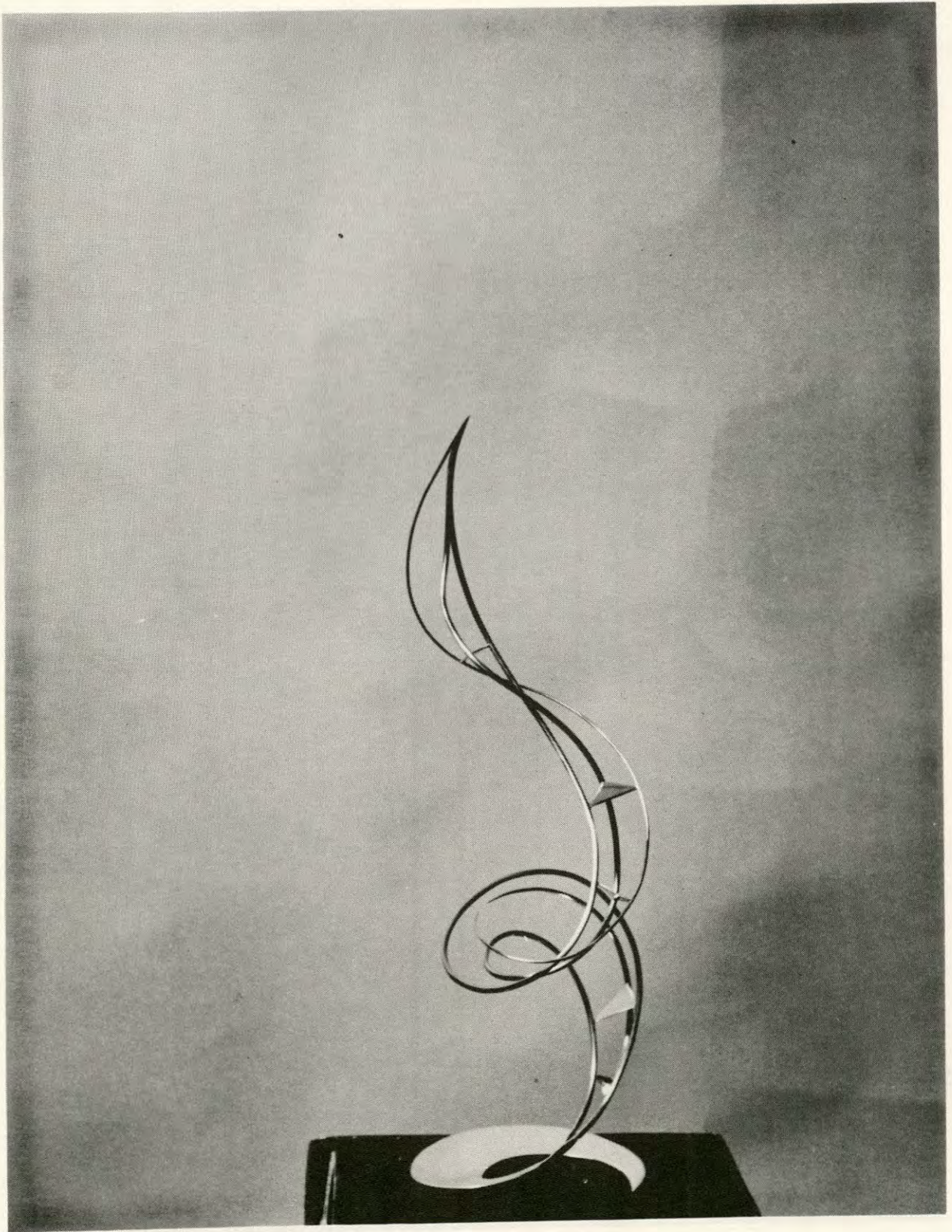


**Kirk Doggett**

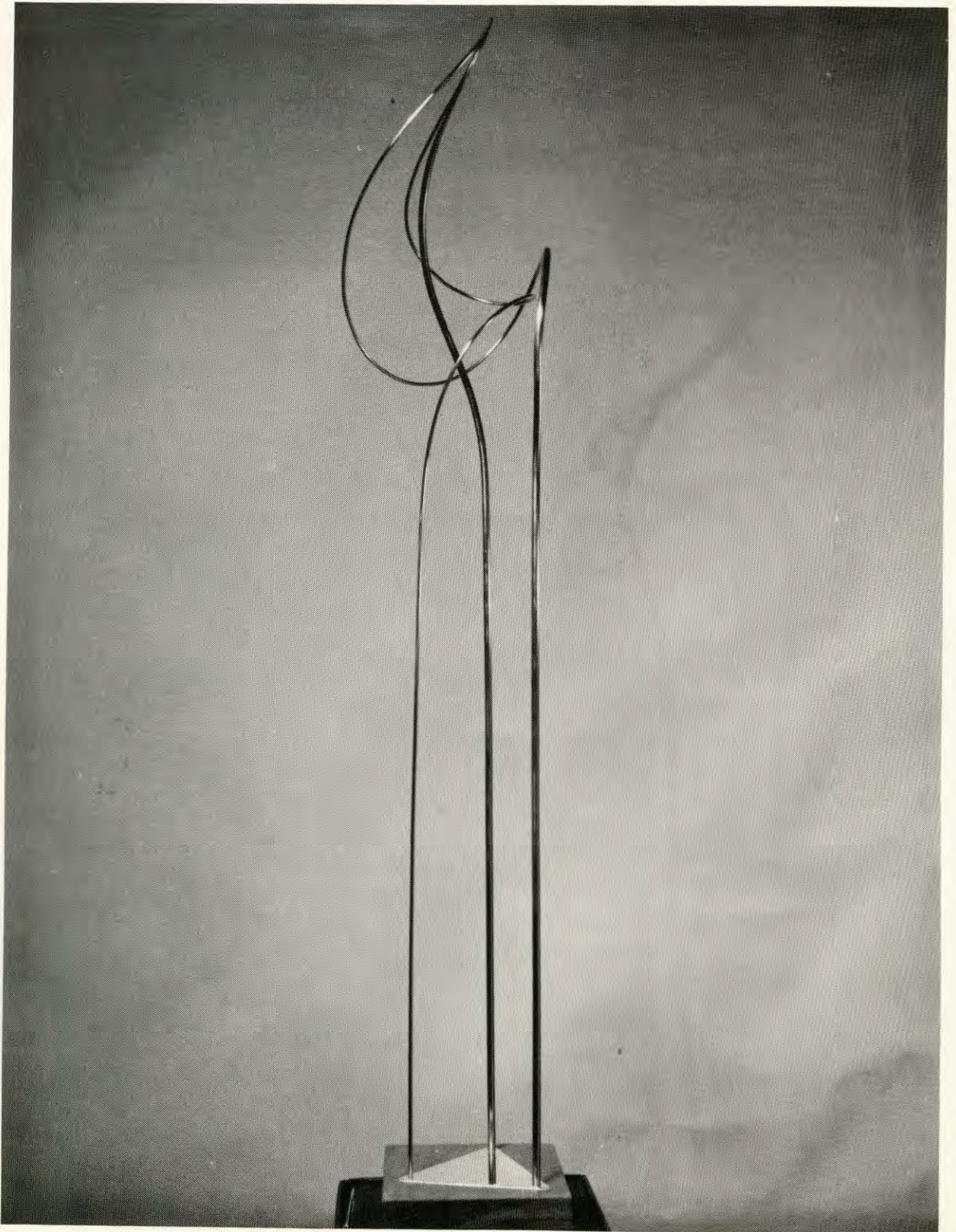














**Ali Moore**



## Talk

Lizzie fingered five pieces of sea glass. She formed them into four rough limbs, one head. She had an imagined boy of plump green legs, a bitty blue head, and arms brown and green. Her fingertip nudged a leg. Then she said, *Talk. Quickly the glass boy found a voice. May I have a bath Lizzie?* She wanted his words to sound lower, like a boy's. *May I have a bath?* He talked better than before but not good enough. She put the blue head atop her tongue. She bathed off its tarnish of salt. *Take me out. I'm clean enough, Lizzie.* The spat-out glass glazed bright blue in her palm. *Little boy misses his head. Because he has none he wants it to come back again.* Lizzie set the piece into its proper place. *Now you're complete, little friend.*

*Please clean the rest of me, Lizzie.* His face gleamed brightly blue amidst the duller glass.

*No, you look older all salty. And after a lick you're clear and shiny, different, and I don't know you.*

*Mmm. So I have a clear head.* He had begun to sound like a boy. *What about the veins and blood, muscle and bone. I won't look at my insides. Lizzie, look and tell me.*

Lizzie dropped her head closer to the sea glass. She began to touch the blue bit.

*Don't pluck my head off.*

*I can if I want, little boy.* But she drew her hand away. After three quick blinks, she stared into the licked face. Words went out her mouth. *No bloody stuff. Your head is watery. Its ice, clear and blue. The color makes me think of far away things, the ocean. Your head is full of jelly fish goo.*

*Lizzie Lizzie. Come into Ma's room.* Ma's voice came from behind. Lizzie remembered that she sat in the middle of her room playing with sea glass. She could just as well have been swimming inside the boy's head. The boy was about to say goodbye.

*Bye bye.*

*Who are you talking to, Lizzie-babes?*

Ma might think the boy was silly. *Nobody.*

The girl stood up, turned saw Ma. A few wisps of hair dangled in front of Ma's face. Her brown eyes gazed to Lizzie who thought

they might have a mad look but the eyes kept open and soft and Lizzie knew she wasn't in trouble. Ma's face looked pretty, round, but had no smile. The little girl skipped to her mother.

*Here I am, Ma.* Lizzie slipped her hand into Ma's damp strong palm.

*That's a good girl. Come to my room.*

Almost everyone lay in the bed. Nestled on Ma's thighs, Lizzie looked about. Ma and Pop and her lay up near the pillows. It was a big bed and Davie lay a long way off, down at the bed's bottom, on a folded blanket. He fiddled with yarn tufts that came out of a quilt covering the bed. Lizzie slipped her fingers through the bottom of a tuft and brought them up. After combing the first tuft, she wanted to crawl over the quilt and pull through all the yarns. But she kept her back snuggled against Ma's thighs.

Ktap tap tap ktap tap tap. Nathan flew down the stairs. Lizzie knew he ran down two steps, grabbed the banister, wound through air down to land on the next flight of stairs, then ran two steps, grabbed, wound, landed.

*Are we going to get an allowance raise or what?* Nathan's voice had come from out in the hall.

A zipping green circle, a grey sneaker, blue jeans, all of Nathan came into the doorway. His grin faded. He made his face plain, then squinted. A hand caught the circle, slipped the string off its middle finger, pocketed the yo-yo.

*Come in Nathan.* Why couldn't the little boy's voice sound deep as Pop's?

Nathan blinked eyes open. He started walking to the bed's bottom. He flicked his eyes away to someone else, fell fluff into the folded blanket.

Lizzie tried to dangle a snippet of yarn whose hairs clung to her knee hairs. The yarn was a spider. She pinched the spider, rolled it into a blue ball, and threw it towards Davie who watched it land in the middle of the bed.

*Missed you. Spider's going to bite a brother.*

*Wha'd you say, Lizzie?* Davie's voice sounded like the little boy's.



*Spider bite her brother.* She pointed to the blue spot.

Again he fiddled the yarn tuft. Maybe he didn't want to play with her; that couldn't be.

*Davie, the yarn is just a spider and I wanted it to land and walk. . .*

*Kids. Ma and I have something to say. We've talked it over. . .*

Pop's words went on, humming low but carrying a screech, high and scared. A tear, the first she'd ever seen on him, hung round and full below a blue eye. The tear looked funny. She wanted to wipe it off, have it spread wet over her fingertip, then run out the room into her's where she'd damp a piece of paper which would dry leaving a darkened ring. She'd have it always to keep on the shelf where all her tiny things lay. And palming the paper, anytime, she could remember how funny the tear looked. It still hung from his skin. A pin prick might send it tumbling down his cheek, down through whiskers, splat on her fingertip. It fell, really fell, leaving a wet streak; gone. Ma's arm held her more firmly.

*. . . and when we thought it might be worse for us to live. . .*

Another tear came where the other had been. Instead of placing it on paper, she'd scoop it with blue sea glass. A clear tear would lay there amidst salt tarnish. She'd look through the drop down to bright watery blues. Maybe they would be like the colors in the boy's head. Quickly, look. The tear might dry, salting the salty glass.

*. . . there is a possibility that after a while your mother and I might live together again, but for now. . .*

Lizzie closed her eyes to live among the blues.

*I walk up down around shiny blue ooze but don't talk no one to hear talk to me listen to the words bounce tumble echo off wet walls what about a scream a cry through my open mouth out into the blue off jelly walls this way and that the cart-wheeling sound would hurt my ears too much I tuck my scream away.*

Pop's humming voice left. Everyone was quiet, but if she lightly listened a hum flitted about. Lizzie felt hot on her skin. She drew her eyelids apart. Davie still watched his fingers comb a yarn tuft. He kept face-down but Nathan gazed at Pop. Nathan looked

different. She wanted to push his mushy cheeks so he'd tickle her. If she poked him, the finger would go a long way into his cheek. His eyes turned towards her. Little black circles, green irises gazed. She didn't know whose eyes lay in his soft face. But Lizzie found out her lips and breath had been making the hum. She talked to his eyes.

*Zippedy zippedy doo Nathan monkey you make me a monkey face or be dippedy dippedy doo.*

He looked down. Ma had started talking.

*Pop'll find an apartment in the city near his work. I'll live here with you kids. Things are not going to change that much. On weekends he'll watch your baseball or wrestle on the back lawn. It'll be mostly the same except he won't live here.*

*Pop, can we still go fishing?* Davie had stopped combing the yarn tuft.

*Certainly. Soon as July comes we'll go. You needn't fret about that.*

*Then it's O.K. by me.* Davie liked to fish a lot.

*Zippedy zippedy doo Nathan on. . .*

*Shush.* Ma's arm squeezed tighter around Lizzie, who wriggled her own toes. At least she moved something.

*And Pop. Nathan and I have a game down at Pierce Park on Saturday. The Saturday after I don't know who plays us. Want me to get my schedule?*

*Let's wait a bit.*

Lizzie breathed in and out her mouth to see how long she'd last without humming. Quiet would please Ma. Nathan looked out the window. She didn't know what he saw. Her breath went in out, swishing like the wind that shook leaves outside. No squirrels jumped branch to branch. Only leaves of green flipped about. A small tear came out of Nathan's eye. The back of his hand rubbed the tear away. Another dripped out and hung.

*Nathan bo bathan fee fie fo fathen Nathan.*

He still looked out the window. Words wouldn't cheer him. Maybe she'd untuck the whole shriek, push it out her mouth, out into Nathan's ear, into their ears, off the walls, down the stairs, over the porch, going away, away till all ears heard it. Everyone would ask where in the world did a screech strong as that come from. She'd be happy enough if Nathan



looked at her with soft eyes of his own. And the scream. Lizzie only knew it came to her when she closed her eyes to live among the blues. They knew nothing about sea glass. Lizzie couldn't scream because if she let it out maybe they'd all look at her without eyes of their own. She tucked it away.

Lizzie heard the hum buzz between silences. Everyone kept too quiet, too hot. She wriggled her toes. A red dot of crayon lay on her sneaker.

*May I go to my room please?* Nathan looked crawly. Maybe he wanted to play his yo-yo upstairs.

*O.K., your mother or I will be up there soon.*

Nathan stepped to the carpet. His face was soft but had a hardness as if he thought the carpet might bite or trip him. He walked across the room, out the door.

*Nathan bo bathan fee fie fo.* Lizzie didn't finish the rhyme because her words sounded too funny in the hot silent room.

*May I go, too?* Davie already stood on the carpet.

*Yes. Why don't we all take a break.*

Lizzie plopped down in the middle of her carpet. She slipped the elastic off one pigtail. Hair on half her head fell loose. She stretched the elastic around thumb and finger, aimed, let fly. It flew. Lizzie turned from the mid-air elastic to sea glass. Four pieces lay clustered. A fifth, the blue bit, lay a little away. The pieces weren't the small boy she talked to. Cold, hard in her hands, they felt like just sea glass. Maybe if she drooled a drop of spit on the blue bit, Lizzie could look inwards and live where the blues were.

*Lizzie-babes.*

Pop stood near the door, smiling, holding out his hands for Lizzie who like to grab them, walk up his legs, up to his belt, then flip backwards, land feet first on the carpet.

*Do you want to flip?*

She shook her head up and down.

*That's the spirit.* Pop walked to her. She dropped the sea glass and filled her hands with his. Lizzie made a quick flip.

*Good girl.* Pop dropped down into a squat. His heavy hands held her shoulders. She wobbled under the weight. Pop's smell made Lizzie want to pinch her nose and run out of the

room, and to push her face far into his chest and smell as best she could. The lace of her sneaker was untied.

*Look up, Peach.*

The lace had a knot near one tip. Pop breathed out warm air.

*Did you understand what we said on the bed?* She felt his eyes looking. One hand squeezed a little tighter, the other left her shoulder.

*Try and look at me.* His finger nudged her chin upwards.

*Pop and Ma have been bad friends lately. Your brothers have fights. Ma and I have them too. And sometimes it's better if the Ma and Pop don't live together for awhile. I'm going to live in the city. . .*

The voice hummed on. His cheeks moved up down and the whiskers made them dark, tiny whiskers which scraped and shocked her at bed time. When Pop wouldn't come for kisses, Ma said, he's working late tonight. Then he'd miss the morning kisses, too. Pop had funny eyes.

*. . . days I'll come out to visit and we'll take trips or go to the ice cream store. Does that sound O.K.?*

Lizzie tried to say yes but no word came through her mouth. Only air sounding like the wind hissing outside her window came through. No yeses lay down in the throat. His funny blue eyes watched. Her eyes wouldn't stay looking at his. She lifted her big toe which bulged the sneaker. A yes would stop him from watching so hard. She nodded a yes.

*You're a quiet Peach.* His big hand pushed some blurry hairs off her face. Then five fingertips, heavy and wide, touched her forehead, pushed along the top of her head, down its back. A pig tail caught two fingers. The hand lay everywhere up there. If he wanted, he might squish her head.

*Good Lizzie.* And she saw in her mind him winking. Warm and weighty, the hand lay. It would save Lizzie from anything, a roof falling down, a barking dog, bugs and bees that buzzed about her room when the light went off. The hand didn't know it pulled her hair flat, gently smarting her skin. She hated when strangers lightly tugged hair but his teasing felt good. The hand lifted. Her head opened.

He stood up a long way, walked over to the closet, and lifted out a floppy velvet hat he'd



given her as a seventh birthday present. The brim drooped out over her shoulders. Sometimes she'd put it on to hide herself or to please him or to giggle at in the mirror. *Lizzie, this hat is covered with dirt.* The back of his hand slapped round the brim. Dirt didn't puff off in clouds. *Would you put it on?* He smiled, walking towards her, holding in his hand that funny hat.

Soft velvet circled her head. *Such a spiffy hat.* His voice talked from above. A spatter of dried paint on his blue jeans lowered. Knees bent. He was squatting. She upped the brim down to hide from his eyes so big and blue. Maybe he saw through the hat. *Let me see how pretty you are. Look up, Lizzie girl.* His hands set the brim up in front, down in back, put some hair on her forehead. *There, now don't you look fine.* She closed her eyes and saw orange, then saw circles come in, getting bigger and smaller, circles of blue. A scream started rising from her feet, up to her knees, up. She opened her eyes to see where to let it go, and saw the spatter high up. The scream slowed. *Nathan and Davie wanted me to talk to them.* A big hand nuzzled her cheek. The scream tucked away. *Bye Lizzie-babes.* No bye byes went out the throat, no words no matter how small, only a light wind.

Lizzie sat, fingering sea glass. She clumped the greens and brown. The blue piece lay alone. A green talked to the clump. *Why doesn't blue build a room next to our house and we can knock a hole in the wall and climb through and visit him whenever we want?* Words went through her throat, easily. Lizzie palmed the bit of funny sea glass. She took aim and spat. A drop landed on the salted glass. Lizzie looked through the spit lense inwards to the watery blues.

*I walk I swim around about many of blues soft goo touches and rubs me pushes slides me over here over there I close my eyes to see I see the same the blues the water wet touching ooze pulling softly me never talking in it my words are stuck o where have my little words gone the blues the eyes I want to scream at blue eyes a scream out out smooth full out my mouth no talk to blue until a scream goes out maybe its very end its tail almost all out will form a word.*

*Lizzie.* The little girl blinked, blinked again. *Come to Ma.* Lizzie looked in her palm. A swish went through her mouth. No bye byes went through. She let the glass roll off her palm down to the carpet. *Coming, Ma.* On her scamper to warm brown Ma, the girl paused, waved goodbye to the tidbit.



## P. Stewart Gamble



















THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

1972

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1972

**David Craig Austin**



## The Crack-Up

In the morning, they came:  
nice men in ice cream suits,  
playing Post Office—I played too—  
wrapped and tied, loved by brown paper  
and string.

At noon, they ate the icebox  
and nibbled on the dinette.  
Like good babies, they licked the room  
plate clean and burped up  
checkbooks.

By night, they set me down.  
Sheets and pillowcases—  
I knew it was Siberia—  
stuffed on shelled propaganda. Then,  
with the lights out,

I drew pictures: Mommy, Daddy,  
and the world-reknowned seven beauties.  
Suntan oil and cat eyes, framed  
that way, the way it was  
on holiday.



## **There is Masons Island**

**November, 1979**

There is a sadness in the leaves.  
It settles over the ocean  
and goes on for miles.

This is their language:  
something lost.

And there is a romance in the cold  
of wood and old boats.  
Their bare masts move  
in the wind.

Out of the cove,  
past the old sea wall  
fast between waves,  
there is a point where  
shellfish die and the stones  
are white as clouds.

It sleeps with the fog  
on this late afternoon  
and grows cold  
in the rain.

The sky clears.  
I imagine the wet bridge  
laced with lines  
of tires, crossing  
into town.

I imagine the wet bridge,  
but from here I see the ocean:  
the ocean, the cove.  
The distance between  
the two-this window  
and that bridge-is wide enough  
for me.



## Venus & Mars

Graced with the knowledge of beauty,  
of manners: her white skin-like paper-  
those who have known have left  
their signatures. She leaves  
the ink to dry-perfected  
stasis in disorder.

Her hands, thin as rakes  
defy the laws of gravity. She has  
never allowed them to the cold-  
warming them in kitchens and gloves-  
the kitchens where she has made  
of herself a religion.

The expanse of her legs  
wrapped around the wooden legs  
of chairs, the finely muscular legs  
of lovers. She is up from the bed  
and begins a letter to old friends,  
warmed by the feel of the paper:

I am stronger than when  
we last spoke. I have learned  
to welcome silence. I am going away  
and I am going alone. There is nothing  
to be afraid of. Do not write back.  
In the new country, we are at war.



## Two Ghazals

*Language is born of absence.*

Roland Barthes

1.

The air twists, restless and intemperate.  
Only cartoon characters and children own balloons.

Worn shoes press against sidewalks, as hands  
against the face of someone loved but resistant.

Here is an absence, imagined and absolute-  
an art form: indulging the memory.

I've come back to this neighborhood of strangled whispers.  
They speak of air, of falling bodies and air.

History does not repeat itself. It alters-  
variations on a theme-the furniture of circumstance.

2.

Once, some years back, I lived on an island.  
I dug holes at the shore with blue plastic shovels.

Islands sink slowly down into oceans.  
-Who among us remembers the landscapes of Atlantis?

Maps burn. Geography texts burn.  
-After serving a purpose, nothing tangible stays.

Wood petrifies. Old bones are relics, hard substance.  
-I stand on this worn sidewalk as over a grave.

The child's instrument was lost, or shattered.  
I want, I want a jackhammer.



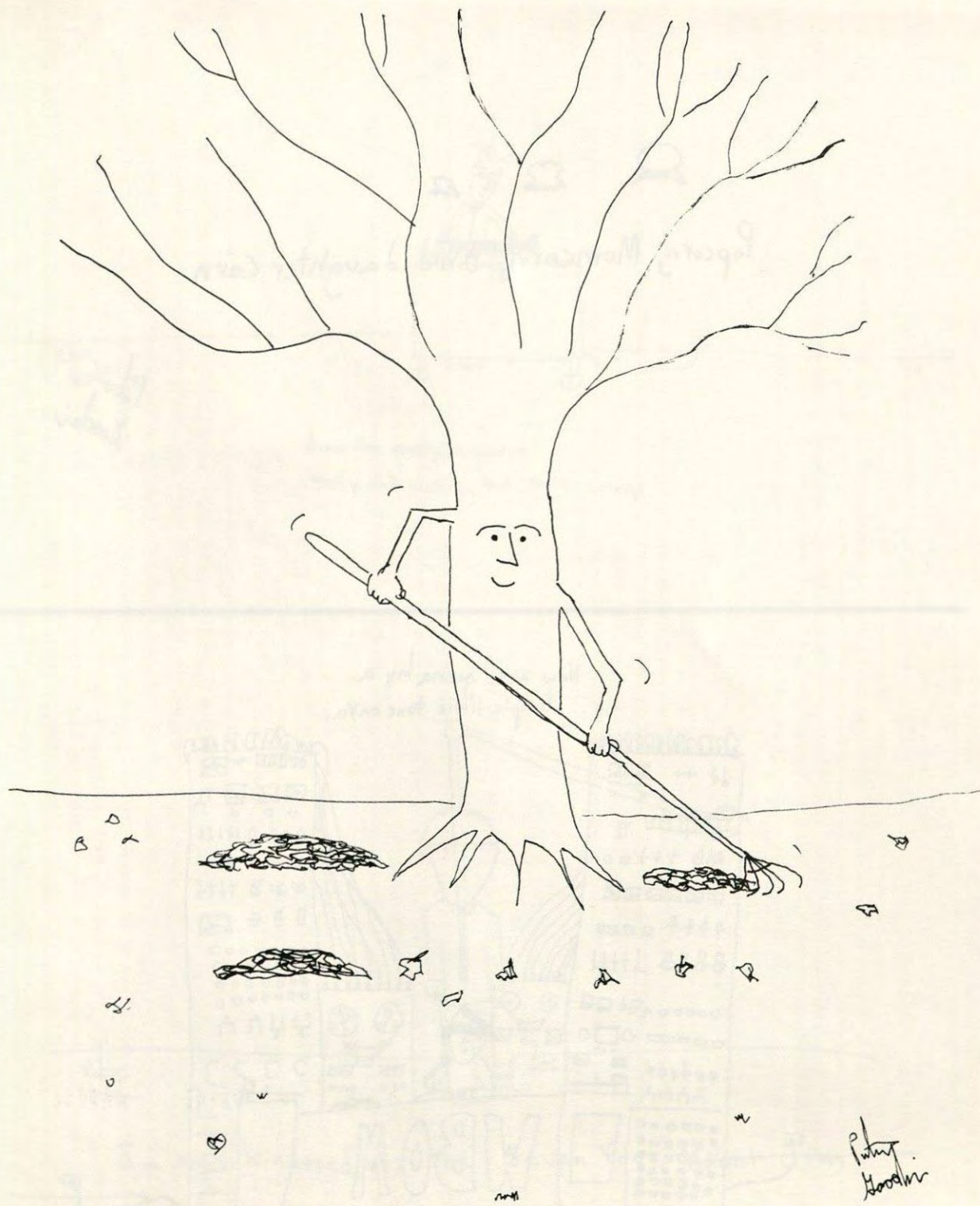
## Two Views

A volume in the series of  
Kohn's Series

The two views, the one from the  
point of view of the author and the  
other from the point of view of the  
reader, are the two main elements  
of the book. The author's view is  
the one which is most important  
and which is most interesting to  
the reader. The reader's view is  
the one which is most important  
and which is most interesting to  
the author. The two views are  
the two main elements of the book.  
The author's view is the one which  
is most important and which is  
most interesting to the reader.  
The reader's view is the one which  
is most important and which is  
most interesting to the author.

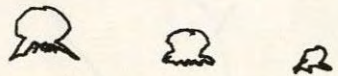
**G. Putnam Goodwin**





John  
Goodwin





# Popcorn, Momcorn, and daughter Corn

Pat Hoodin

Now we're gonna lay a  
Simple little tune on ya.

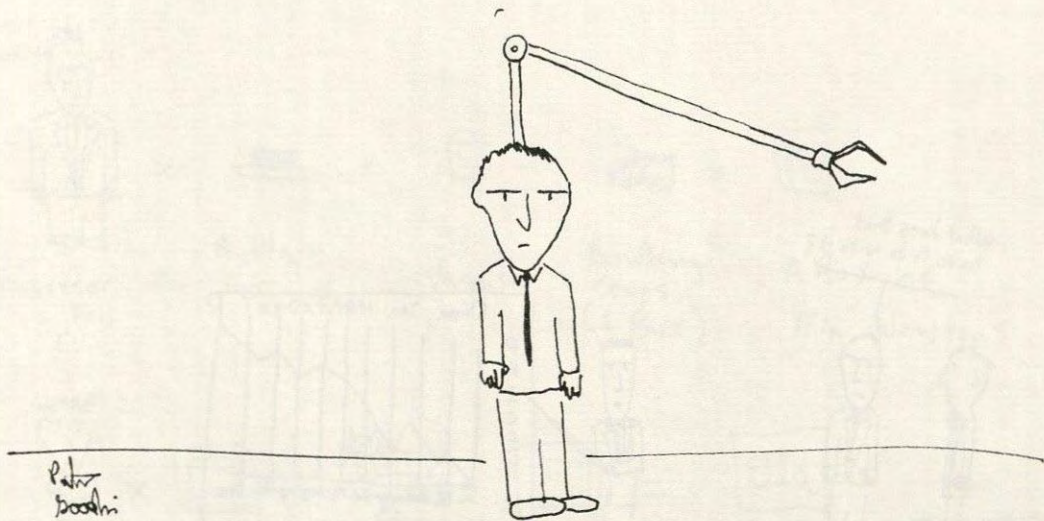






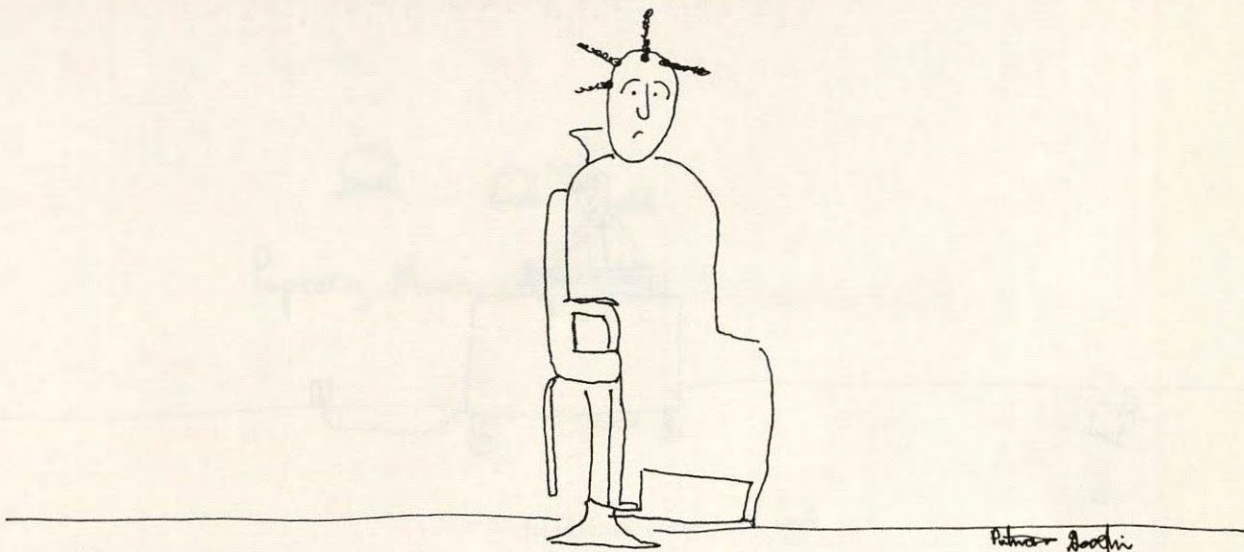
After the nasty accident  
Wally did nothing but Xerox Celery

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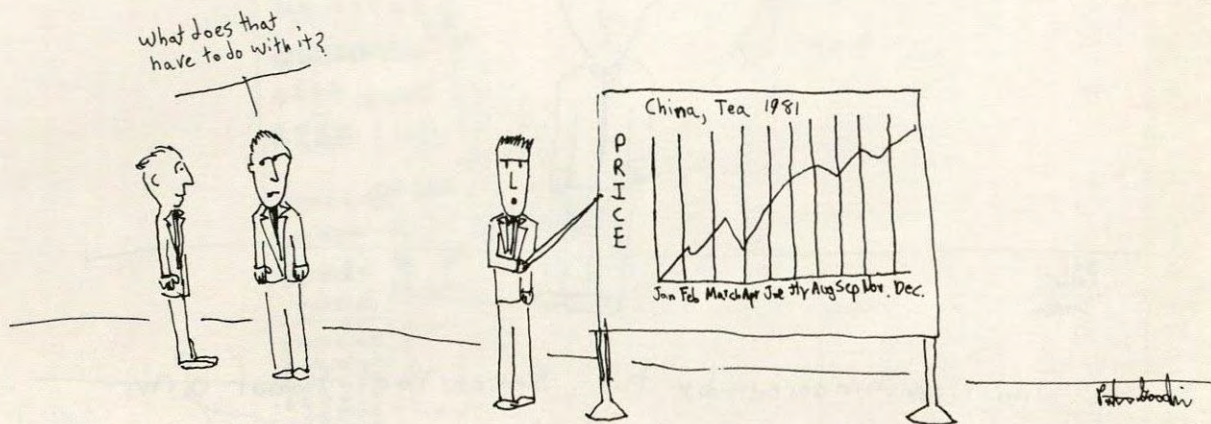


Jim was hindered by the seven foot Robot arm  
forcibly attached to his head by NASA.



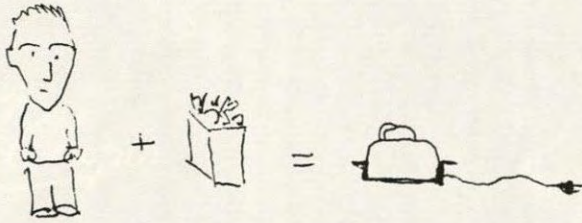


Unsatisfactory Haircut

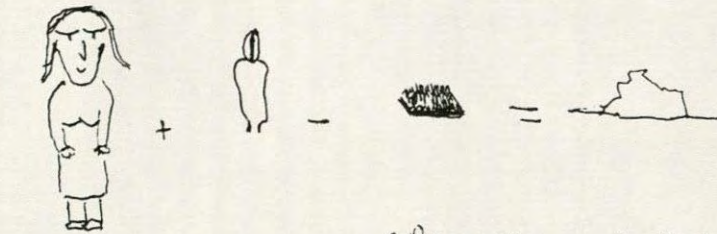




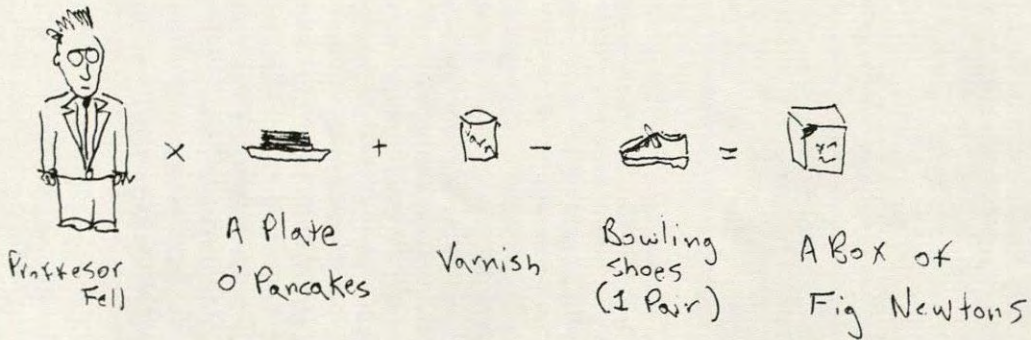
# Equations (The newest math)



Furd + His Groceries = The toaster



Betty + Firetongs - A Piece of turf = A Meteor



Professor Fell × A Plate o' Pancakes + Varnish - Bowling Shoes (1 Pair) = A Box of Fig Newtons

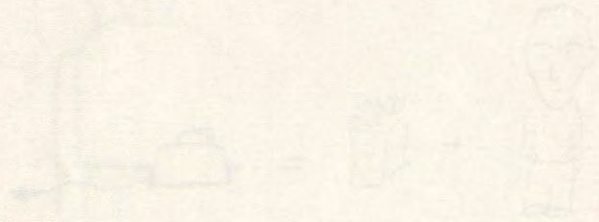


Tim the Wonder Bar Squared × An Etcha Sketch +  $\frac{\text{A Kitty}}{\text{A Tennis Ball}}$  - The Square Root of a linoleum tile = 1 Ella Fitzgerald Record

*Handwritten signature*



Functions (The newest math)



The house is the function

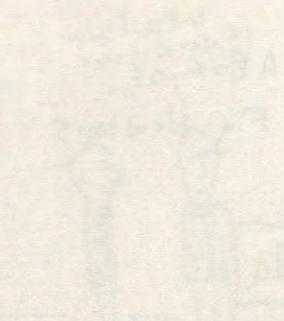
and



A function

is

defined by



defined by

the function

**Laura J. Killam**

174



*F Chopin*

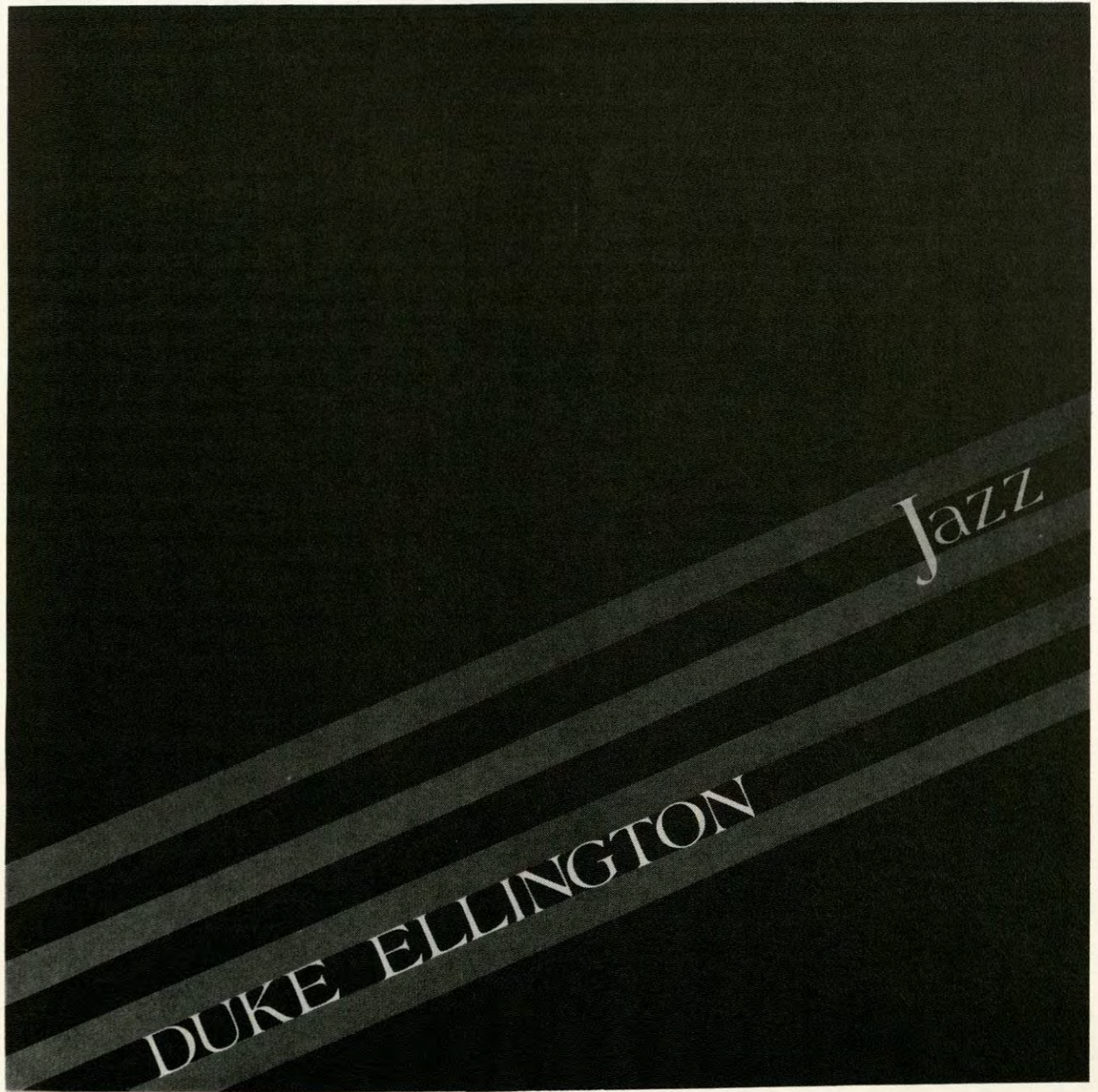






3-D









AMERICAN  
JAZZ

U.S.A.  
20¢



## Alison Rogers



## Transgressions

*"surely, surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows! surely, surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement, the chastisement of our peace, was upon him."*

Handel's Messiah

"Oh my God, this is *so* weird," Lisa (ahhh, Jenny shrieked) squeaked. Lightning momentarily made white snow electrically whiter, and thunder drowned out The Clash. In her room, Jenny, Drew and Jeff gasped and exclaimed in an unintelligent babble.

"I mean (God is dead, Jeff screamed), it's April sixth, you know? Wasn't it sixty degrees a few days ago?"

Again lightning flashed. (hey, someone shouted) A deafening crack followed almost immediately.

"Ahhh," Jenny shrieked, and threw herself on Drew.

"God is dead," Jeff (oh my God, this is so weird) screamed. He laughed in the maniacal way that he'd made his trademark and muttered to himself, incoherent to the others, "God is dead. Ha. (I can't believe) God is dead." Did that seem funny enough to repeat? He'd try it on them again when things were quieter and they could hear him.

"I can't believe it's April sixth, you guys. Is there really a blizzard going on out there, and thunder and lightning, now, in the middle of the afternoon?" Lisa reached over to (God is-no, not now, too noisy) turn up her stereo.

\* \* \* \* \*

Safe in his office, the college president tried to remember what he was supposed to remember. He swiveled on his latest-in-office-furnishings chair to the IBM Selectric behind him, hovered a finger over the "on" button, and then glanced with uncertainty to his littered desk. No, he didn't need to type anything. He swiveled back to hundreds of scraps of paper with notes on them. Well, if

he couldn't remember what was to get done at this minute, he'd just do something else until it came to him. —Call Aron— a note said on the top of one of the piles. Right. On polished wheels he skated, sitting, to his push-button phone. Beep, beep, beep, beepbeep, beepbeep. "Bom, bom, bom, bombom, bombom," the president hummed as the phone rang. Funny how some numbers tapped out a familiar tune. Aron's reminded him of something from Handel—what were the words that followed that opening bombom bombom part? Ah, yes.

"Surely . . . surely . . ." he rumbled, and paused. On the other end, the phone was picked up. "Aron, hello. Was I supposed to get in touch with you? No? But I've got a note here . . . ?"

Tucked away behind a blinded window, the president never saw the rare wintry lightning. The vague rumbles became part of a crashing orchestra in his head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Running away from the loud and deaf people next door, a black figure dashed through whiteness. It imagined the scene; camera stills froze moments as it floundered through snow drifts and skated uncontrolledly across bared icy patches. The black shawl tied babushka-style around the head and peacoat suddenly whipped away in the gale, turning around in midair like a laser-initiated holograph. The black square folded over snowflakes moving aimlessly up, down and sideways, and finally settled in slow, crazed motion to the ground, or what Cori only knew as the ground because her feet could distinguish it as a flat plane in the midst of white, swirling space.

For an instant the white world was shockingly silvered by lightning. Several seconds later the accompanying thunderclap sounded, and as if conducted by an omnipotent director, the chapel bell followed with a single, soulful half hour note. The movie was due to begin at 2:30. Cori captured the image of her shawl, and found it to be her shawl.



—Hope they wait for people delayed by the snow.

She tried to move faster on what she guessed to be a sidewalk, but a wind gusted fiercely and fought her advancement. She found the steps to Jackson Hall and clung to the railing. While descending, the thought came to her that her film professor might not have made it to class.

—If they've cancelled this film, I'll be so disappointed.

Once inside the door, blizzard noises were muffled by glass. Her phrased thoughts were too loud, like someone shouting at a suddenly stilled party. Switching from words to pictures, she panned the hallway. Empty. A sound track was faintly audible from the doorway ahead; "The African Queen" had started. Cori hurried to the door, blizzard-blind in the dimness. Down a few steps and around the corner, she came face to face with larger than life Humphrey Bogart sitting uncomfortably at Katherine Hepburn's table in an anglicized African hut. He grinned a sickly grin and apologized for his chortling stomach juices. Cori knew then that it would be a good flick. Her eyes on the screen, she felt for the back of the nearest chair. She could see nothing in the auditorium except Hepburn's chiselled cheekbones, Bogey's whiskers, and the lush greenery of the set. Her hand recognized the back of the corner seat, and she slipped down two steps to move carefully into it. She sat . . .

"Hey." A hiss sent her springing back. Proper Katherine Hepburn poured the tea.

"Sorry," Cori whispered to the body in the corner seat. Bogey rumbled. She moved back to the steps, rustled off her coat, and sat, leaning against the wall. The remote sun burned and sultry was the african afternoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

For an instant the white world was shockingly silvered by lightning. The Reverend Aron Taylor mused, despaired, wept without tears. alone in a pew in his echoing responsibility. He could tell that it was snowing hard on the other side of the stained glass. Aron saw all, heard all, and was utterly alone.

The thunderclap and following bell tone begged for interpretation. Aron decided to articulate the symbolism: "In a raging tempest,

God is present and protective."

—No, you idiot. It's just 2:30.

There were no lights on in the chapel. He hadn't wanted to make it appear inviting because he needed solitude. He had more than solitude; he had isolation. This (get away) was not exactly a novel sentiment, however.

—Stop brooding. Think, reason, wonder, pray; do not brood.

Aron rose, and a wind keened through a crack somewhere in the stone wall. The chapel was cold, and stiffened, he shuffled to his pulpit. He faced rows and rows of empty pews that faded into fague dimness at the back of the chapel. He spoke aloud; one word: "Grief."

And then: "Sorrow."

There was no reply. He turned and pulled his scarf tighter around his neck.

—Must get rid of this chill. Warmer in the office downstairs.

He shuffled down stairs. A sound was faintly audible from the doorway ahead; it was his phone. He got to it quickly, and as he picked it up and murmured the automatic "Hello," he noticed that the room was not warm.

"No. I never called you, or requested that you call me. Do you know another Aron?"

"Say, why are you calling me now anyway? I was looking out the window a little before 2:30, and I noticed all the other parents gathering to pick up their children. You can't have gotten Chris and returned to your office already. What? Mmm, thought so. You're welcome. Talk to you later."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, we've got you all snug and ready to go," Chris's nursery school student teacher tucked the ends of his mittens under his jacket cuffs and pulled his scarf tighter around his neck.

"Can I go out in the snow?" Chris begged.

"Has the thunderstorm stopped?" the teacher asked herself vaguely, glancing out the window. "I haven't heard thunder in the past ten minutes. Guess it has. Yes, you run along outside and play," she said to Chris, patting his bottom. "Your daddy is a little late, but I'm sure he'll be right here to pick you up. You just be sure to stay in front of the building, okay."



"I mean it, Chris. You wait for your daddy to come."

The campus chapel, next to the nursery school run by the child development department, had tolled the half hour bell about fifteen minutes ago, signaling the end of nursery school for April sixth. Chris was the only child left. The student teacher fondly watched him waddle out the front door and then she whipped out a thick textbook. Test later this afternoon. There was a good chance that it would be cancelled, but she had to study anyway.

Outside, the chortling boy turned his face up to catch snowdrops on his tongue. A wind gust suddenly pulled his breath away, and he gasped, pulling it back. Captured, his breath stayed in his mouth because his mouth snapped shut. Chris decided not to lick any more snow from the air. He looked around and couldn't distinguish much in the swirling snow clouds. He eyed the door; no one was there. One booted foot felt for the edge of the step, and pressed down to the next. The other warm foot followed. Again, one foot and then the other. He made his way slowly down the snowy stairs and then slipped down two steps at the bottom. The padded roundness that was Chris licked snow from the baby drift that he'd plopped into. With a little difficulty because of layers of thick clothes, he got to his feet. A dark figure ahead caught his eye; "Daddy!" he cried, and toddled toward it. The wind took his voiced breath as it had before, and he gasped again. In the whiteness, his daddy didn't come any closer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"God has not forsaken this place," Katherine Hepburn said sweetly in response to Humphrey Bogart's comment. A fly buzzed. Cori shifted, uncomfortable on the stairs. She could discern seats and bodies in the room now, and there were no empty places as far as she could tell.

—Lots of auditors for this particular class. A Bogey and Hepburn movie will bring a crowd in through anything.

She rearranged herself again.

—Guess it has.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let's (let's go) go outside," Lisa suggested

excitedly.

"I don't know if it's safe out there." Jenny still clung to Drew and he had his arm around her as if he meant to protect her. She looked up at him; "Do you think it's safe to go out in the snow?"

"Sure, sure," he said "The thunderstorm stopped. Now it's just snowing hard."

"Yeah, let's go out in the snow." Jeff rolled off Lisa's bed as he advocated her suggestion, and fell on the floor. The others laughed at him. He got up and moved to the door. "Meet you (I don't know if it's safe out there) in five minutes avec snow gear."

\* \* \* \* \*

—Knew it was something important.

The president rushed about his office, picking up a scarf here, plucking a hat from a hook there, swinging on his coat as he ran out the door. The fur-trimmed edge caught a precarious pile of papers, and as the president ran down the hall, white scraps rose like an aimless cloud into the air and fluttered in slow motion to the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maybe a walk would ease the uncertainty and bring him back to belief. It had worked before; nature, in all of its precise mirages, had usually been the catalyst that eventually sent faith fluttering his way. Aron layered on sweaters, socks, pants, a jacket, and ventured down the hall to the exit. The thunder and lightning had ended a good twenty minutes ago. He stepped hesitantly out the side door of the chapel and passed under the arbored walkway that led to the road. He could distinguish the dorm across the street, but no life was visible.

—Probably the only person foolish enough to take a walk at this time.

He fought the winds. He had hoped for a trudge toward Jackson Hall, across a wide expanse of field that lay between it and the nursery school, chapel and dorm. He leaned into the gale, but he was too weak, to skeptical.

"I'm not that God damn old!" he cried, suddenly fierce and angry at life.



Above, the bell chimed thrice. He abandoned his quest and turned, letting the blizzard winds push him farther and farther down the road, away from the chapel.

Chris's grin was long since gone. He couldn't find the nursery school, and his daddy had been only a tree.

The wind howled at him and he cringed. He began to trudge up a hill on a kind of a sidewalk. The little boy walked slowly, but sturdily; he needed to find his daddy. After he had been walking for a while, three bells rang near him, deep and promising.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three bells rang near them, unheard.

"Stop it!" Jenny shouted, laughing, to Drew, who was bombarding her with snowballs.

The four students screamed and laughed in simple exuberance. They didn't stray far from each other in the white oblivion. When first out of the dorm, Lisa had run excitedly across the street toward the chapel and on the way, had vanished. They had only been able to find each other by shouting and locating voices. Lisa eventually recrossed the street, and since then they hadn't drifted past the dorm hedges. Afraid to separate again, they screamed (stop it) in mock despair and fiercely threw (get away) each other into the snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near him, three bells called the hour. the president translated the notes to a time.

—3:00 p.m. He's been outside for about fifteen minutes. Now could she have let him go? But it's my fault. I should have been there on time. Why didn't he stay on the porch? Where is he? Where is he?

The president screamed desperately, "Chris! Chris!" He fought the winds, stumbling from drift to tree to wall. he cringed, terrified for his son and himself. "Chris!" he screamed, virtually voiceless in competition with the blizzard. "Where are you?"

Having propelled the frightened student teacher in one direction, he raced frantically in the other, passing the chapel's front.

"Stop it!" A tiny echo of a voice drifted his way on a gust of snow. Someone else was out in the storm. The president turned, rushed

toward the voice, blind in the blowing ice.

It cleared for a moment and he saw four people ahead. "Hey!" he shouted, leaping toward them. "Hey, you! Help!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You! Help!

Jeff thrashed about in the snow, pushing the other three away from him. "Somebody just called for help," he choked. "Get away. Who's out there? Get off!"

Jenny, Drew and Lisa scrambled to their feet, allowing Jeff, who'd been at the bottom of the pile, to get up. Just then, their president materialized, leaping out of blowing ice to confront them.

"My five year old son is lost in this storm," he gasped. "You've got to help me find him. You two go down the road that way, and you two head toward the library. I'll start toward Jackson Hall."

Subdued, frightened, the students followed his orders, scattering to their appointed directions in the swirling snow. All five searchers roamed silently (quieter now; let's see if they laugh; God is—no, not a time to joke, I guess), attempting to muster hope as if it could be collected like random snowflakes. They could not complete a transgression of skepticism. A child lost in such a storm did not have much of a chance. The little boy would probably get chilled quickly, and he'd been out in the snow for close to a half hour already. How terribly ironic if someone could not be found, lost in such a small and relatively heavily populated area.

\* \* \* \* \*

A small, warm figure plodded through whiteness. Chris didn't know where he was going, but occasionally he glimpsed a big building set solidly ahead in white, whirling space. He had lost a mitten, but he kept that hand in his pocket, and picked up snow to lap with the other. The pretty snow blew gently, and vital was the child, and chilled were the hopeless searchers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cori glanced at the red, glowing numbers on



her watch. 3:15. Uncomfortable and thirsty, she decided to forsake Hepburn and Bogey for a moment. She rose, silent in the darkness, stepped up twice and then, around the corner, a few more times.

Bending over the water fountain, she slurped a long, cool draught.

—Katherine Hepburn would demand tea.

She smiled, secure, alone in the echoing hallway. The sound of a wind brought her to the glass doors which looked out upon the courtyard and stairs leading to the field. No narrative accompanied this immaculate scene.

The snow seemed to be blowing more gently. It had coated objects thickly and softened them, rounding the sharp and smoothing the graceless.

The image changed; a figure appeared at the top of the stairs, sometimes visible and sometimes obscured by the floating snow.

—It's a little boy! Why is a child out alone in this weather?!

Cori rushed out the door, heedless of the cold. She raced up the steps to the child, lifted him, and carried him to shelter.



## Pieces: an Essay on Dance



David Dodge

by Julia Stahlgren

Dance is about more than bodies. Bodies are about more than arms and legs. Bodies mean connections: connections between muscles and bones, between nerves and skin, between heart and blood vessels, feelings and touches, thoughts and words; between soul and face, between inside and outside.

Reflecting on my experience in dance, talking with other dancers, and rereading my dance journals, I have come to believe that dance is finding and exploring and employing connections. Anyone who has taken a dance class at Connecticut has been asked to keep a journal—not a log of daily exercises, but a plane on which to make or record insights. My

journals hold reactions, decisions, excitement and fear, and they consistently recognize and illustrate countless links between body and soul.

The following are excerpts from dance journals I have kept this year. I offer them as comments on, and illustrations of connections. I hope they communicate without explanatory notes or interpretation.

“The department is geared for the individual; it maintains demanding physical standards, yet rarely are the minds and souls of our dancers denied entrance into the studio.”

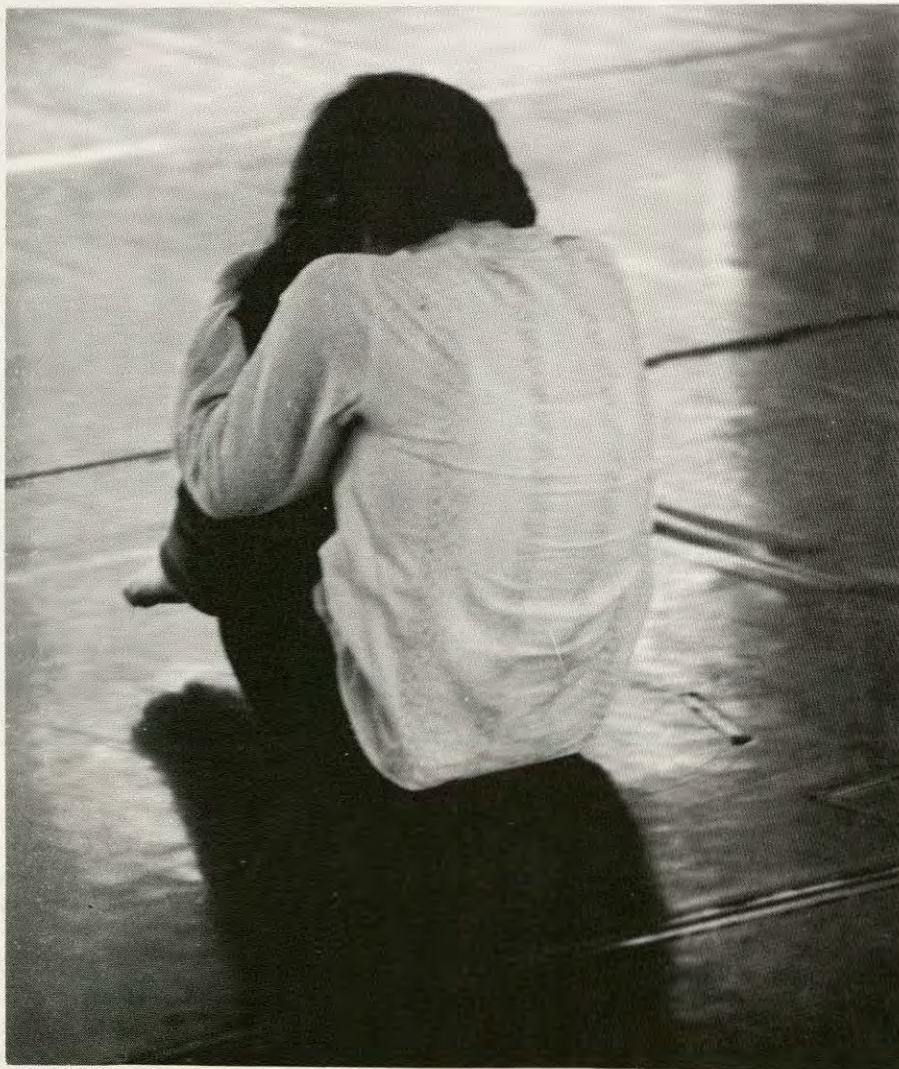
“At the end of class, when we were all lying on the floor, winding down, as Andy played, I felt devastated.



All that movement felt so wrong on my body. I felt so clumsy and my body felt so distant from me. But I didn't keep thinking about the class. Both arms were flung, draped across my face. I kept imagining myself hugging my friends in a series of different circumstances-hugging them for comfort, in reunion, in fun and games, and most prominently in fare-well. I thought about myself as a senior at Connecticut; I felt scared and sad and very alone."

Communication is most essential in this world. But it is difficult, not only because it is hard to learn the means, but it is terrifying and complicated to really get in touch with what you want and need to communicate."

"The 'double suicide' section was powerful. The falls, the contrast between limp and stiff bodies, the holding and carrying and dragging all seemed so futile and tragic.



"I have learned a lot about how I perceive things and how I express myself, and how I feel things."

"So often this semester, I have been struck by what choreography, creating art, is about. It's more about living, being a whole person, and thus having the strength to always be you, share yourself, and express yourself.

Despite the pain, the terror, the trauma, the disaster, human bodies always fit together beautifully. The physical closeness of two bodies looks right, and one being alive, moving, while another clearly is not seems scary, pathetic. Such a strong sense of loss in this section."

"Back to back; front to back; front to front; now I



view all my relationships in terms of those basic positions; with the amendment that in between those, one often stumbles upon a side to side."

"Her strength as a choreographer is, in part, her sensitivity to people. How she got us to work for her, and draw parts of us out so that the peice might be truly human. Without the proper mood, mind-set, emotional quality, the movement is stunted, vague and less exciting. This piece has given me a strong, strong sense of the connection between a dancer's inward and outward life."

Others have been making connections too. Jan Henkelman, a senior dance major, wrote this last summer.

"My response to viewing a dance choreographed and performed by Bill T. Jones. Jones was participant in the American Dance Festival's "Emerging Generations" series of dance concerts:

His statement was so much. The fact that the piece was full of statements was a statement in itself: that life can not be segmented. He needed to say it all at once. We needed to see the "wholeness", to recognize the interconnection of life.

He said much more than I could grasp, but I am

young.

People near me said it wasn't well crafted, the dancers didn't appear sure of their movement; some of the partnering was awkward; the dance was an insensitive assault to the audience. It was an assault I say, but on society, and we are part of that.

I was angry to hear all of those trivial comments about such a powerful dance. They failed to recognize the importance of his message because it did not fit into their view of what a "dance" should be. But for me, that is what art is all about—finding new and individual ways to express ideas, not following one recipe, but making new recipes! There is much more to art, much more to dance, than levels, space, time, theme, intention, and movement which fits into a mold. Intention is the key, conscious and unconscious. A dance which merely satisfies the "choreographic list" does not work. It needs the extra-mysterious element that makes art fresh and exciting—the voice of the individual, yet of all humanity."

Dance is important to me, not simply or solely as physical exercise but because it involves and combines so many layers of the individual. As Doris Humphrey wrote in *The Art of Making Dances*, "It is a wordless art of the physical body, always speaking in its own ways of human beings, no matter how abstracted."



## Artists' Notes/Words of Thanks

**Laura J. Killam**, Malvern, Pa—"I try to exploit the graphic character of everyday objects not usually recognized as art forms. In this series of pieces I worked with the design possibilities found in musical themes."

**G. Putnam Goodwin**—"My first cartoon was part of a letter to my sister Maida. It showed a mediaval jester, juggling in front of a not-amused king, saying 'I mean take my wench . . . please'. I won't rest until I'm rejected by the *New Yorker* forty times."

**Alison Rogers**—Alison was awarded the Hamilton M. Smyser Prize for excellence in creative fiction, on April 23.

**David Craig Austin**, Uncasville, CT—"The earliest piece, *The Crack-Up*, dates from the winter of 1978. *Venus and Mars* was written while living in New York, just east of Edna St. Vincent Millay's narrow home and west of W.H. Auden's on St. Mark's Place. The most recent, *Two Ghazals* (1981), is modeled after contemporary variations on the little-known Indian form of the same name. I would like to acknowledge William Meredith and Alfred Corn for their criticisms and encouragement; and M.L. too."

**Alice Lyons**, Franklin Lakes, NJ—Allie has been writing poems for the last four years. In the fall of 1980 she studied in Dublin. She will receive her B.A. in European History this spring.

**P. Stewart Gamble**—"These photographs are some of my earliest attempts with the 2¼. There is a naturalness about them, an unselfconsciousness, that I like. I'm trying to get back to that."

**Ali Moore**—"In reading and writing stories I meet new characters. And when lonesome, I often start chatting to them. Just yesterday I was talking to myself . . . um . . . to a friend, and he sung out a few lines of poetry:

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
My family is tops  
This is for true."

**Kirk Doggett**—Sculptures: p 14/11"; p 15/15"; p 16/36". "Art is the embodiment of imagination." (while shaving)

**Julia Stahlgren**—"I'd like to take this opportunity to make a statement about El Salvador . . .

**John Philip Pearson**—"A radio with wings? C'mon Percy! Well, it seemed like a crisp and snappy graphic. Luckily it worked . . . and damn well too!

ms—toallwhohelpedthankyousomuchyouknowwhoyouaresoshouldeveryoneelse:liddyclaudie linda'sboxstew'scamerasandyandericmichaelharveyandtheemily's91.5joanneb.andherthousand-friendsrasandthecasa'sninos . . . "art is good".





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