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Instress 1976



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Editorial

Instress comes from Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry. As the title of our magazine it expresses the deep, brief experience by which the reader shares in the reality and essence of a creation and realizes an aesthetic union with the creator. The reader then may be moved to create a work of his own which others may share with him. **Instress** is therefore ultimately a positive, continuing and creating experience.

We are continuing the publication of **Instress** magazine for the simple reason that we feel the students at Misericordia have something important to say as developing college students in a swiftly moving world. We are proud of their efforts and accomplishments and feel that the importance of their statements should be known to all.

Growth does not stop with the students; for this reason, our publication also includes faculty contributions. We would like to extend our thanks to all who have contributed to the Spring 1976 issue of **Instress**.

The editors

The Night Marauder

The lowlands lay in dark recess
of clear and deepened black,
that smoothly rolled to reach
the hills, the darkness sliding back
as moonlight stained the curving line
the tree-ranked hilltop etched.

Tall, straight the tree trunks, grayed like ghosts,
stretched hair-like branches high,
Like sentinels on hilltop posts
to guard the wealth of sky.

The night air breathed in cold-shot gasps
as, on the outlying bounds
of coal-black, sleeping sea
there rose, to raid the silent grounds,
A night marauder, swift and fast,
He stalked the kingdom's span.

As Wind he touched the dark sea's edge
that shone like black, clear glass,
Until a million ripples flowed
and formed a surging mass

That rose and heaved and swirled in gusts,
Sped up the hillside's slope
to shiver all the trees,
Engulf the hilltop's skyline scope
Until it swayed, a roaring tide,
Chaotic in its might.

As Clouds the night marauder flew
and robbed the star-filled sky,
Stole from the moon's translucent glow,
Broke silence with his cry.

And then he left the torn night scene,
Dragged off his cloud-thick cloak,
His wind died out in distant wails,
And after his capricious joke,
The sentinels drew up once more
to guard their night domain.

Catherine McCoy '79

To a Spring Wind

Gentle wind between my curtains,
carrying crocus scents on air,
Why does your spring touch surprise me?
Fresh and lithe, earth-born and fair?
Deep shock-blue the heights above me,
Warm and true the shade-wrought sun,
Yet the fields are tombstone whitened,
Marble scratched shows ground's rich dun.

Still I know the wet, green grass scent
in the deep air I inhale,
Poignant, sweet, and surely spring-full—
Could last spring in snow prevail?
Or could my being, now winter-frozen,
Desiring thaw in spring's warm youth,
Regardless of the snow about,
Believing, make your presence Truth?

Catherine McCoy '79

Sea Freedom

Sometimes I wish that I could feel
the ocean air upon my face,
Alone upon a windy shore,
My thoughts reined to a slower pace.

The sand beneath my feet untouched
Except by pipers' jerky runs,
No boat upon the ocean's deck,
No other follower of the sun.

The white moon's sphere would be my lord,
Each star above my sage and guide,
The lifting wind my only priest,
The wild gull's song, my own, new-tried.

Each beat of wave would pulse my veins,
Receding, fading with each breath,
The blue sky's light would serve as sight,
My feelings lost in ocean depth.

My being diffusing from this world
to float between two planes of blue,
My soul released and free to reach,
One death, one birth to life anew.

Catherine McCoy '79

The Sea

Green and clear as liquid emerald,
Deep and cool as shade;
Leafy green as woods in summer,
Smooth, opaque as jade.

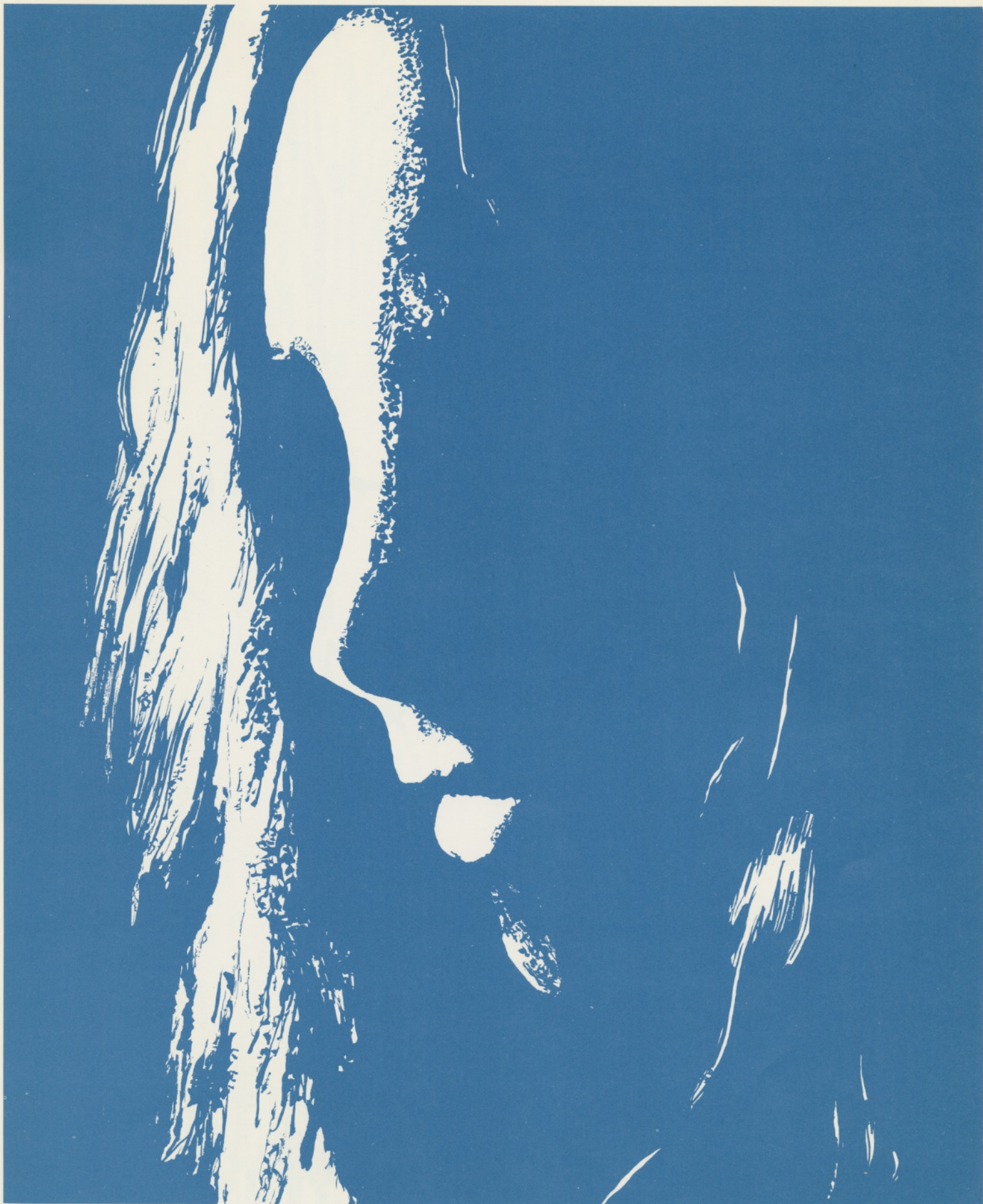
Blue as sapphire stones may be,
Dark as midnight sky;
Icy as an arctic heaven,
Blue-glass sliding high.

Gray and black in shaded study,
Rolling, swelling crests;
Pounding, crashing at the shoreline,
Subtle in its rest.

Lanced by shining shafts of sunlight,
Blade-bright blue on white;
Monument to Time's first child,
Self-consumed in fight.

Catherine McCoy '79





Kathy Schleich '76





Friday nights are funny
some good, most bad,
a sad combination of dried leaves,
memories, summer hope.
Usually spent tucked between
a hopeful or a pleasurable
and ended before the two
become mixed.

Angela Marie Roth '77

How will you remember me?
What will stand out most in your mind?
Brown hair or no hair
Insanity or calmness
Black or zip red
Tears or laughter
Easy dear not so fast
I'm sorry I hadn't noticed
Peeling lashes or bare asses
Ah yes
But please don't mix me up with the others

I don't know what I see or hear, feel any more
Should I turn left or right? Go up? Down?
Maybe I'll just sit here
Let the world go by
Yea

One alone, I'll always be alone
With thousands about me
To love someone, love yourself
Very, very funny
To love me would be difficult
I alone know what is wrong with me
Everyone has told me before
This and that, scaredy cat
But I love you anyway even though I can't

Angela Marie Roth '77

I wonder if you remembered today
one year
one short, long year ago
you walked across my life
one year
you took me with you
next to you
one year
my golden summer shine
faded into a bitter fall
a dark, depressed winter
one year
the laughter in the morning
along with rumped sheets
warm orange juice
one agonizing year
since I kissed you last
you held me then
I had only a shadow of you
one year

Angela Marie Roth '77

Advice to Michelle

From here to there
is far from now,
but near to then.

Jo-Ann Hardisky '77

Whose Love?

Those damned daggers
of anger
They strike swift
and hard

They hold still
Their victims
For many a day and night

Interaction ceases . . .

Blindness

deafness
senselessness prevail . . .

Whose Love will open
the iron doors
of silence?

Jo-Ann Hardisky '77



M.S.

Mary V. Sweeney '79

The Show's Over

Memories of your smile slowly encompass the corners of my mind, and I feel once more, the warmth and love we once shared together.

I remember the way you teased me, but somehow now, I know how much you had to act to love me. Why did these memories that were once so warm and tender, suddenly, turn sour and oh, so wrong?

The actor leaves the stage after a performance, and your warmth leaves after you've finished acting.

The world needs actors to entertain them; I don't need you to entertain me.

Draw the curtains, he's finished acting, and gone.
The show's over.

Diane Zapoticky '79





Deborah Debonis '76



M. M. Proud

Artist's Statement:

This is a zinc plate etching which I did about 1968. It was inspired by the knowledge that somewhere back in the 18th century one of my ancestors married an Indian woman. I have always been fascinated by the strength and courage and determination with which the Indian woman faced her life in the wilderness. I have tried to capture this spirit in "Squaw".



Kathy Schleich '76

Whale Path

Plankton wander
The encompassing womb
Where coral reefs wall
A webbed design
Around each phallic base
With sea-ferns fanning
The darting motley
Of tropical fish
Refugees,
Seeking shelter
From the cartiliginous aggressor.

That world is theirs
Some more, some less
And every current
Gliding, pushing, churning,
A subtle controller
Over the ocean's rhythm.

Brenda Seow '76

I Come Home to My Mother

A cluttered room in semi-darkness trapped,
A musty odour, undisturbed how long?
A gentle, snoozing, peaceful monosong,
A fond, familiar face on which, mapped
Out wrinkles creased so deep release in me
Remorse, a heavy weight for negligence.
Arthritic hands had curbed your competence
In holding me. They rest now on your knee
A gnarled surrender drawn in pain, then sleep.
Your skin the years have stained a mottled brown
Appearing darker in a crinkled frown
Reflecting some uneasy dream. A deep
Escaping sigh, a sudden nervous twitch
You turn your head a little to the right
And raise your bony arm as if to fight
Off griffins daring to approach your reach.
The room is dark now but there is no need
To switch on lamps. I see you still so clear
Exuding warmth that causes me to draw near.
I bend my head upon your lap, so loved.

Brenda Seow '76

A Time of War, A Time of Peace

The tunnelled waves
Crash to completion,
Change to running foam
Hastening a return to form
To crash
And crash
In continual motion.
What angry force
Propels such circular madness
Accompanied by the thunder of Neptune's roar?
Some say,
The moon is full,
The bitch is loose
Throbbing in heat, her bite is deep.
And the screams of
Warsaw,
Dachau,
Hiroshima,
My Lai,
Pierce
The ever-enveloping blackness
Of the mushroomed cloud
That creeps, insidious across the sky.
Eventually, to travel a path
With the echo of a child's wail,
Trailing.

A gentle push
And the sparkling water rushes to the shore
To frolic with the sand
Receding slowly, preparing
To play the game once more.
What sensitive fingers
Set to motion this rhythmic ease
Cradled by Calypso's breeze?
Pick a star,
Bask in
Beethoven,
Dance for Degas,
And dream
To the Bard's sweet sounds.

Brenda Seow '76



Chris Nulton '79

Aftermath II

Aftermath I

Tomorrow they will put you into the ground. The ground, so cold and hard, not at all suitable. They just sit here, as though at a cocktail party, dressed in their Sunday best and smiling. You lie there so far removed. I can only look at you so still and silent, remembering your goodness. I can not cry for they have dressed you in that hideous dress and it is not you that I see. And there they all sit, smiling.

You belong in the kitchen with your supper of crackers and tea. Not dead. Oh, God no. Not dead. Dead means no more stories. Dead means that when I need you to talk to I have to find someone else.

You were joy and love and warmth, in a faded housedress with a favorite navy sweater all covered with fuzzies, thrown about your shoulders. You were rocking, napping, crocheting, cooking, praying. You were full of giving.

There you sat in that enormous green rocker, legs swinging two inches short of the carpet, arms folded pushing your bosom down flat, always intently watching with those clear, ageless blue eyes. You were talking about death and you were not afraid of it, only afraid that you would live to be a burden.

With your age had come a passion for living more intense than ever. In love with life, you were constantly daring, tempting and teasing, until life itself was denied. But even in dying you managed the dignity and grace with which you had conducted your living. And I cannot cry for you, only for me.

Mary Beth Oldfield '77

This address was given to the Dean's List students at The Honors Convocation, College Misericordia, on February 12, 1976, in Walsh Auditorium.

Sister Ann Miriam, Dr. Downey, members of the administration and faculty, students and student scholars for whom this convocation is being held.

It is indeed an honor to address this august group. Before me I see the intellectual leaders of College Misericordia's student body. You have earned your right to leadership here because College Misericordia is primarily an institute of learning. And it is in learning that you have excelled. You are not here by chance. God has given each of you a talent for learning and you have followed the advice of scripture in going out and multiplying that talent. You have not buried it. You are the "good and faithful servants" whom Christ commended in the gospel.

Multiplying that talent was not an easy task. It took dedication to what you were about, discipline to stay with your work when the going was rough and it took a lot of self-sacrifice. Life on a college campus can be very distracting. It takes a mature person to organize his or her priorities in the light of his values and not be swayed from them in the midst of the conflicting activities and pressures on all sides such as are found in campus life.

Whether or not you become a famous biologist or historian or artist is not important. What is important is that you become the best person you can possibly be. And this takes dedication, discipline and self-sacrifice. Your grades reflect your expertise in certain areas of study, but the intangibles, the things we cannot easily measure, the character traits you are developing are so much more important than the knowledge itself. With these attributes of dedication, discipline and self-sacrifice you are well equipped to set out to conquer the whole realm of knowledge.

Those of us responsible for your education here at Misericordia are dedicated to the cause of providing you with every opportunity to develop your talent in your own particular area of expertise. But as members of a liberal arts institution we are dedicated to something beyond that. We have tried to develop a total program which will enable you to understand and participate fully in life. For this reason we require that you be exposed to as many as possible of the components which are germane to man's existence in the universe. If you cannot relate your studies here to the life you will live when you leave here, we shall both have failed.

In the light of what I have just said, I should like to explain briefly the principles behind the core curriculum of liberal arts.

Through the natural sciences you learn about the universe. You come to understand the sheer complexity of it. You find that the earth on which we live is just one small part of one of its galaxies. At the other end of this immense continuum you learn the infinite complexity of one small cell when you view it through a microscope. Surely, you must be stirred by the magnificent order and harmony of God's universe.

This universe was given by God to man. Man is the highest of the creatures of the universe. Through the social and behavioral sciences you learn about man. Or more specifically, you learn about that part of man which raises him above and sets him in command of all the other creatures of the earth, his rationality. What powers does man have to shape his destiny? What has caused the centuries of men who lived before us to present us with this particular kind of world? What kind of a world are we going to leave behind for those who follow us? These are the questions we seek to answer through the social and behavioral sciences.

Through the sciences—natural, social and behavioral—man arrives at an understanding of his world and himself. Through

the humanities and fine arts he responds to this understanding by creating his ideas, his gods and his images.

Theologians do not theologize, philosophers do not philosophize, historians do not historicize and writers do not write in a vacuum. If one reads the works of the recently deceased Arnold Toynbee, one of the century's great historians, one realizes immediately that this man understood the workings of the universe and the complexity of man. Those humanists—theologians, philosophers, historians, writers—whose works have remained alive through the centuries and whom we refer to today as “great” are great only because their human response was based on a thorough knowledge of the science of man and his universe.

It is a paradox of today's “age of communication” that so few people are equipped with the skills through which they might communicate their ideas. To develop a logical train for thought and then to express it orally or in writing is a great stumbling block to many of today's so-called scholars. Yet the first three and most important of the liberal arts, the trivium, logic, grammar, and rhetoric are concerned with precisely this, developing the skills through which man can express the ideas he has created in response to his universe.

Through the fine arts man creates his images and always in response to his universe. It is possible, and indeed it is often being done, to study the complete history of civilization through the fine arts. The cave paintings, the Egyptian artifacts, the stylized music and theater of the eighteenth century, the pop art, the Pepsi Cola commercials, the computer music of the twentieth century all unveil the secrets of the age in which they were created.

These may seem very high-flown principles on which we maintain we have built the core curriculum. Nevertheless, this is what we have done. If through the natural, social and behavioral sciences you come to

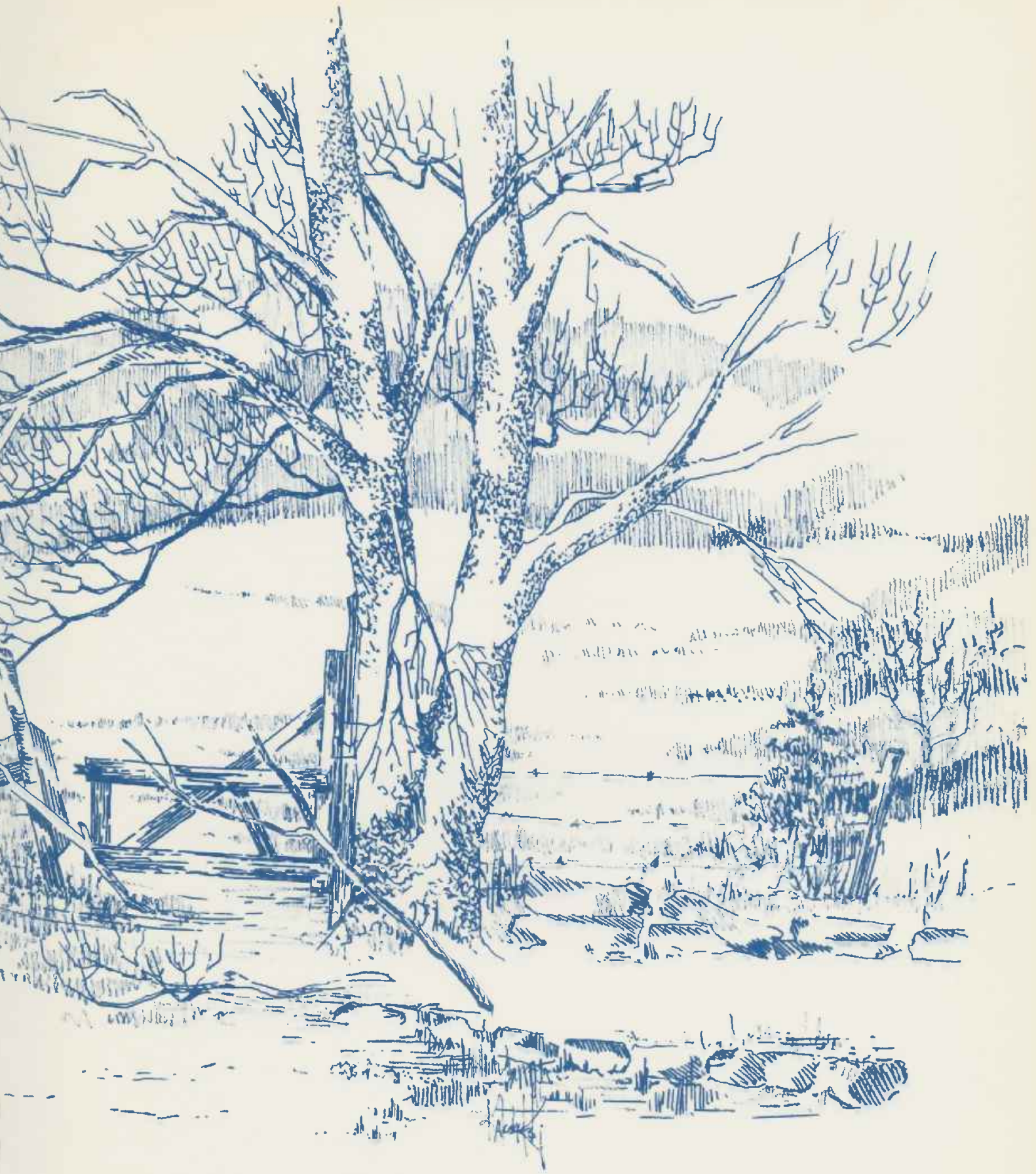
understand your universe and yourself, and if through the humanities and fine arts you respond to this understanding, does it not follow that the deeper your understanding is the more truthful, thus valid, your response will be.

You are probably wondering why in this lengthy explanation I have not once mentioned the fact that College Misericordia is a “Christian liberal arts college in the Catholic tradition”. Surely you would expect a religious teacher to emphasize that on page one. I have saved the best until last. Harvard, Yale, Radcliffe, Swarthmore are all liberal arts colleges. Some were founded, as you know, in the Christian tradition. Our uniqueness is that we are in the Catholic tradition, the tradition that can be summed up in the two great commandments of love of God and love of neighbor. And one cannot claim to do one without the other. There is no room for atheists here. They would be like fish out of water. Our whole atmosphere is permeated with the aura of Christianity, our whole reason for existence is to conduct an institution of higher learning in which every course is built upon Christian principles. If you graduate only as a scholar, you have ignored our greatest gift to you. If you graduate as a scholarly Christian you have accepted and assimilated the most important benefaction we have to offer.

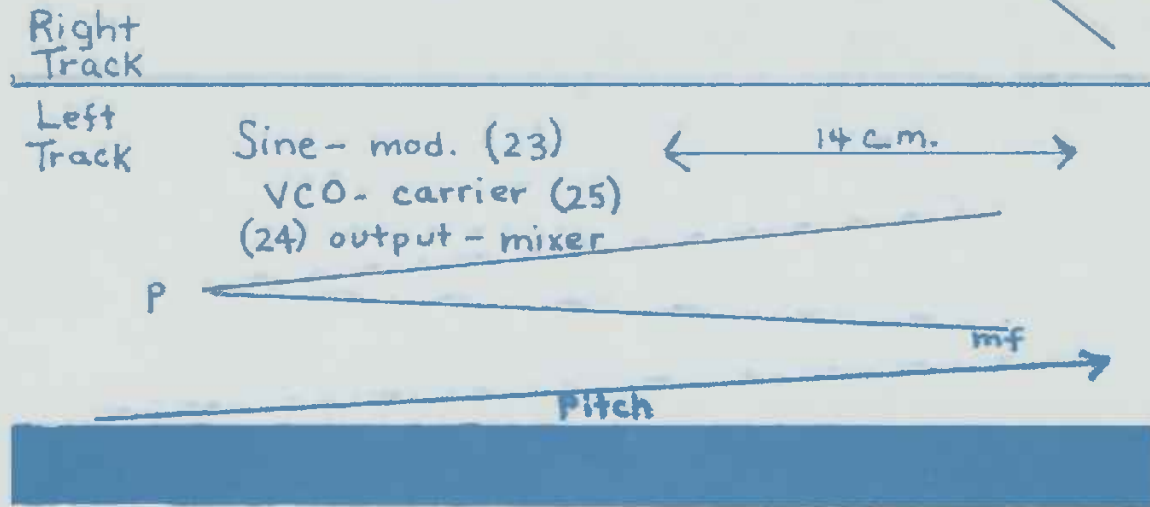
In the beginning of this talk I addressed you as leaders. As I conclude I should like to remind you of the responsibilities of leadership. You have earned your right and now you must accept your responsibilities. You must inspire your fellow students, you must call them forth to absorb the knowledge and understanding you yourselves are coming to possess. In short you must be the leaven which tempers the quality of life here at Misericordia. And when you leave us you must be the leaven which alleviates the sufferings of mankind and directs the course of the future of the universe.

Sister Marie Delores Moore, R.S.M.

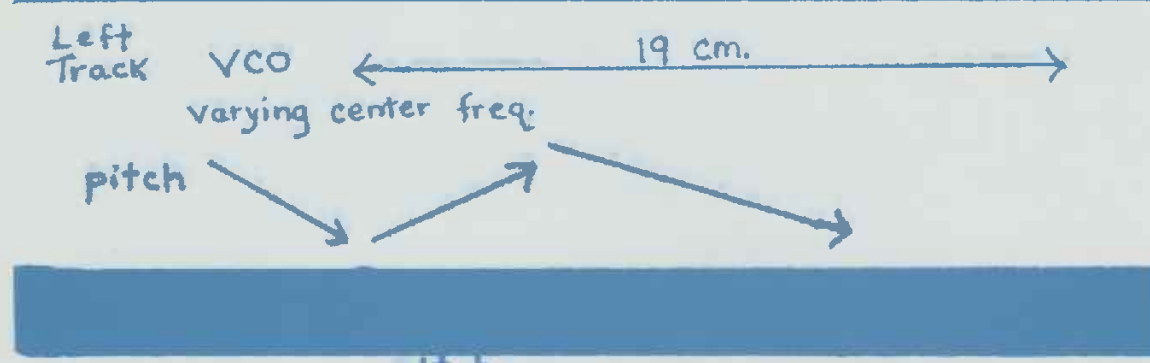




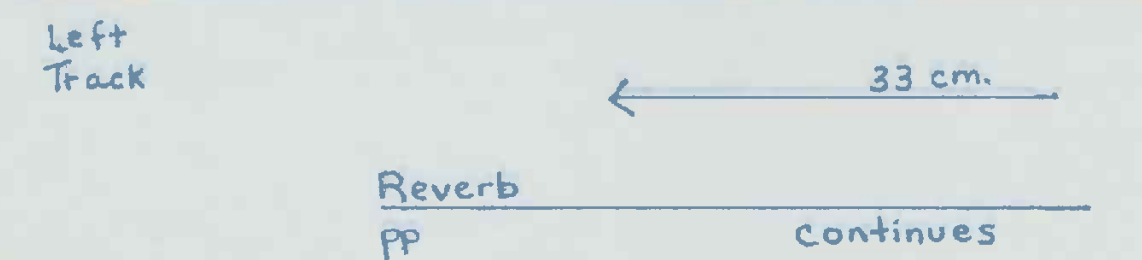
1. Envelope shaper using vibrato
 vary attack and decay
 depress a key



3. Keyboard Bves → variation



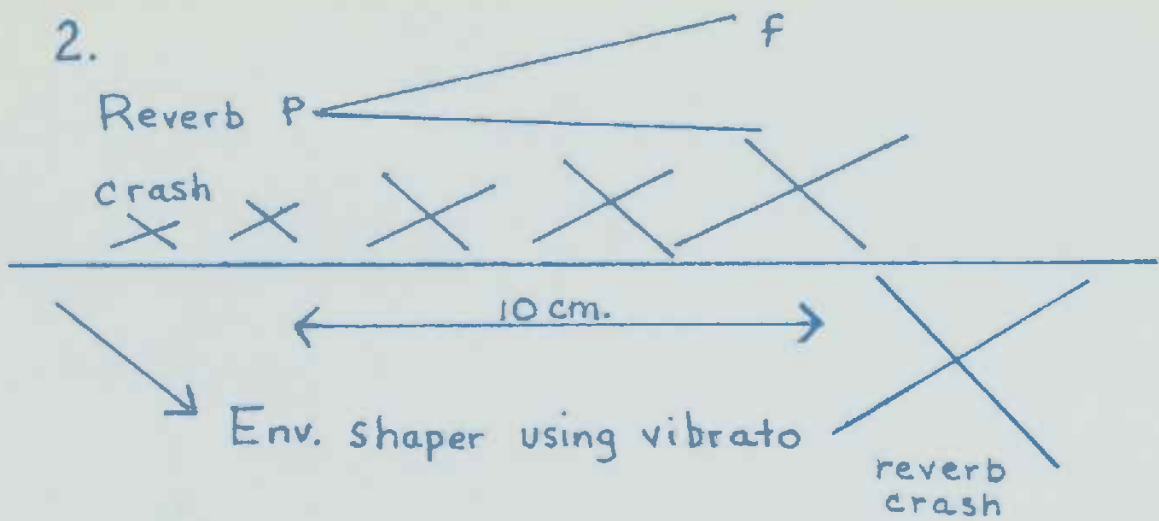
5. pitch tempo slowed



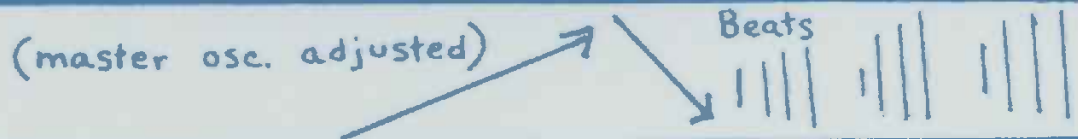
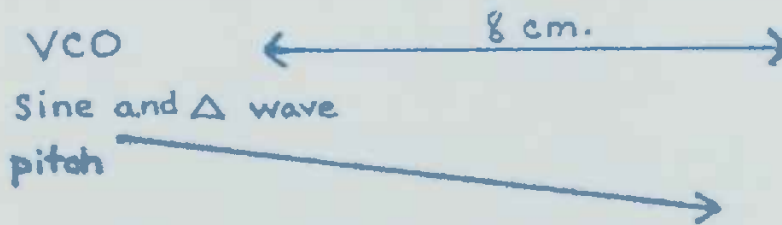
Artist's Statement:

Pictured above is the score of an electronic music composition. The medium used to produce this music is the electronic synthesizer. The synthesizer is a machine capable of creating new and unique sounds that can be used in a variety of ways. These sound are developed on the synthesizer, arranged by the composer, and recorded on tape. Looking at the score, you can see that my composition is divided into five sections which are measured in centimeters. Directions for reproducing the individual sounds heard in each section are written in the score.

2.



4. Keyboard - melody → variation



to end

PP

The Invasion was written to represent a developing problem, the struggle to solve it, and the eventual resolution. The music begins softly, gradually builds to a higher dynamic level and thicker texture, and ends softly at a state of rest, suggesting a solution. It would be necessary to hear the music to understand the desired effect.

Mary Dluzeski '76

Pounding, pouring, pushing
through the newly-sprouted mountain grasses.
Swelling streams into creeks,
Swelling creeks into rivers,
Swelling rivers ominously close to birth.
Still the windows of heaven open
the water continues
to cleanse the earth,
and she continues to weep.

"Rain! Rain!
Rain go away!
Come again another day."

The river lies stagnant over the valley.
People gather on the high ground,
waiting for the dove to return with his olive leaf.

Dazed.
Feeling lucky to have escaped
with their lives and their loved ones.
Not yet awake
Not yet able
to comprehend the meaning of the world "flood".

"River! River!
River recede!
Back to the vein from where you bleed!"

"REBUILD! REBUILD!"

Mud.
Stinking, slimy, mud
on my hands, on my boots;
in every crevice and corner of my house and mind.
Dozers, dump trucks, pay loaders
loading the landfill
with all that was me.

Soldiers directing the misbegotten
guarding the rubble
Sirens blurting out the breaking of the dike
screaming the need for relief and comfort.

Dust.
Dust choking itself
gagging me with the thought of all I've lost,
But I'm refreshed,
renewed by what I need not return to the earth.

The rainbow that sets in the clouds
tokens God's love,
reflects my hope.

Agnes, you've failed!
you've failed to wash out
what we're all about
For our life's lord
was not our house or our Ford.

"Rebuild! Rebuild!"
The prophesy is being fulfilled
as one by one we look to God
and find our way into the Ark.

THE SERPENT DIVIDED

The Serpent joined,
and still it dies.
Still it's head is bruised.

Poor Richard's wisdom and industry,
now useful only in his creator's stove.
A carefully prepared tart,
which we have long since devoured.
Sadly,
the seeds lie unfertilized
in the bottom of our bellies.

One nation under God,
the mainspring of a watch
wearing out much too fast,

Divided,
with divisions, deeper yet.

Jim Sutton '76

There's a naked man on my roof,
Screaming.
I'm not sure what he wants.
In the midst of our conversation
he screams loudest.
Can you hear him?
He's trying to get your attention.
He's trying to get my attention.
I believe I knew him once,
But I will not bother with him now.

He's so exhausting:
He screams,
I prefer to whisper.
He endures,
I passively resign.
He expects,
I do not.
I have come to accept the foolishness
of that.

* * * *

Ask your naked companion if what he says matters.
I'm sure he'll reply emphatically,
Yes, it must!

I, too, have had to deal with such a fool of my own.
Why he even suggested that my cup of water
would add to the volume of the great ocean.

Can you imagine that?

Such a lovely flower!
fits perfectly in the palm of my hand.

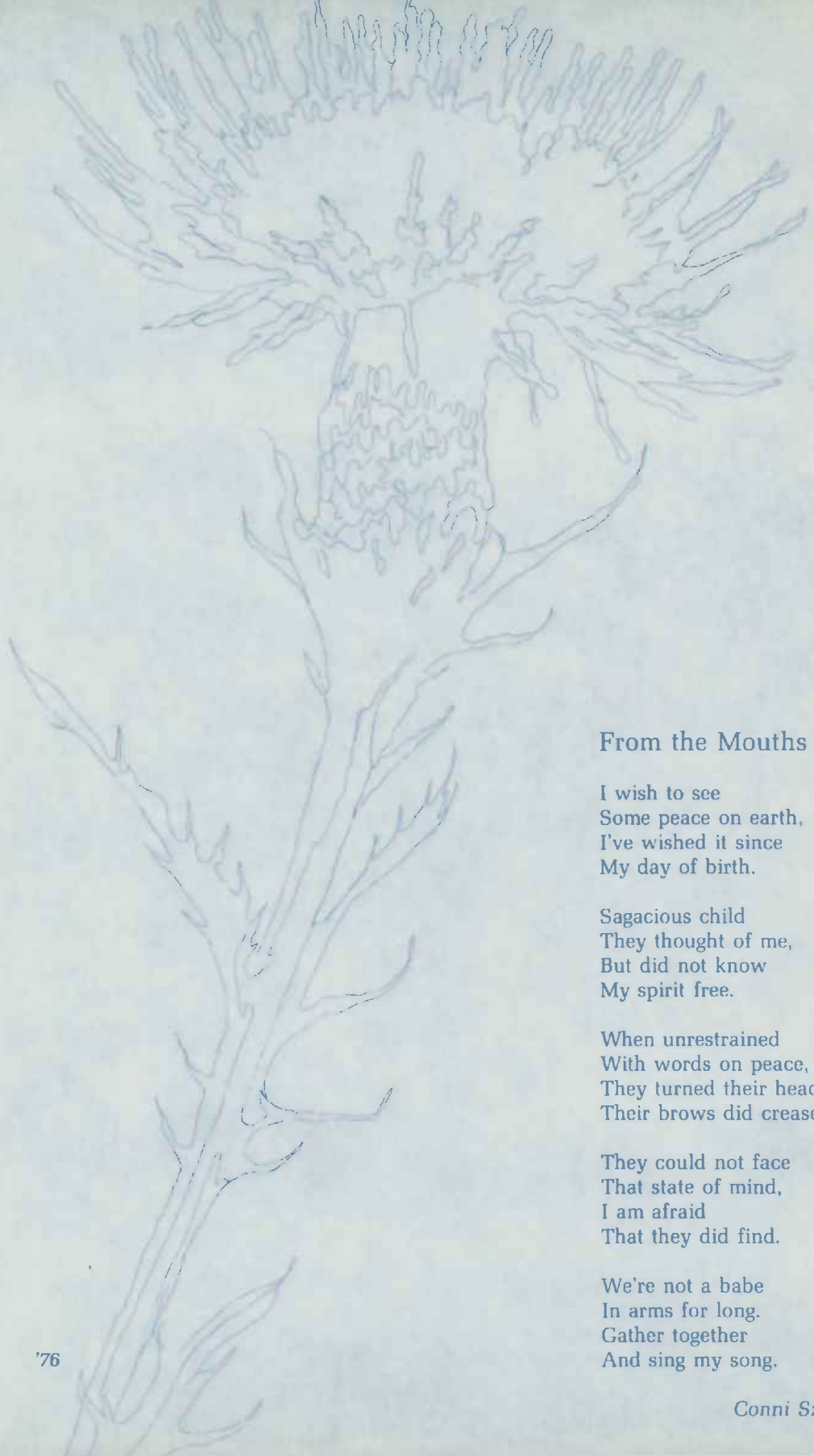
Jim Sutton '76

Remember, we both have roots
that we don't dare foresake.
relax and enjoy me, but—
No! Please don't . . .
Now you've ripped me from my stem!
How will I survive?

A lily growing wild in the field,
Imagine that, and so marvelously arrayed.
But I must be going,
Before my car is towed away.

His muscles are tightening!
Sweat flows,
His hand is trembling,
Fingers are beginning to close!
Oh my God! No! No!
This is not how it goes . . .

Jim Sutton '76



From the Mouths of Babes

I wish to see
Some peace on earth,
I've wished it since
My day of birth.

Sagacious child
They thought of me,
But did not know
My spirit free.

When unrestrained
With words on peace,
They turned their heads
Their brows did crease.

They could not face
That state of mind,
I am afraid
That they did find.

We're not a babe
In arms for long.
Gather together
And sing my song.



Karen Lukowski '76



Martha Hendriksen '77

THE AMUSEMENT PARK

Today was the day Mommy and Daddy helped to bring me here. They drove me through this dark tunnel, and along this beautiful country road. And they brought me here, here, to the amusement park. They left me off at the gate, gave me a huge wad of orange tickets, and told me to enjoy myself. I wanted them to come with me, but they said they could not. They told me I would never listen to them anyway; I had to learn for myself. They kissed me good-bye and they drove away, I thought I saw my mother cry.

But, no matter, I would have fun. I laughed as I ran merrily away towards the colors and lights. I met some other kids on my way to the ferris wheel.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi back!" said one little girl. "I'm Patty, and this is Kathy, Beth, and well, names aren't important. You'll get to know us as we go along."

"I'm Anne," I said.

"Where are you going?" asked Kathy.

"Well, I was on my way to the ferris wheel," I said.

"So are we. Come along with us, Anne," said Patty.

"Okay," I said.

Off we went, giggling and talking like the carefree children we were. Round and round we rode, alternately high above the rainbow colors and winking lights, then rocking in our seats in the midst of the garish beauty. Finally we tired of this fun, there were too many other exciting things to do and see.

"Come on," Patty said, "this is not fun anymore. Let's run over to the roller coaster and try it."

"Yes!" we all screamed excitedly.

So off we flew, to try the next of the innumerable pleasures which awaited us in this fairyland. Everyone ran on ahead of me, and as I tried to catch up, my foot caught in a piece of loose pavement, and I tumbled over into a pile of gravel. No one stopped to help me; the girls were out of sight by this time. I never saw them again. I had cut my knee quite badly, and I began crying. I must have been sobbing for ten minutes, when this beautiful lady came up to me.

"Hi, my name is Bunny. It seems you've hurt yourself," she said.

"Yes, my knee hurts so terribly—and all my friends have gone on without me," I sobbed to her. But as I looked up into her wide brown eyes, my tears ceased. I had no reason to cry any longer because here was the helper of children, and I need not be afraid any more. No one told me, I just knew.

The helper of children fixed my cut so tenderly, and smiled at me. I smiled back and couldn't resist giving her a hug and a kiss. She then patted my behind, and I skipped off with a happy laugh to find some more fun.

On my way to the ice cream stand, I met Danny. We stood and talked as we ordered our treat, then licked and slurped at the drippy white cones. It was as if we had always been friends. After we finished, we walked down to the big blue lake and fed the ducks. He showed me where the pretty flowers grew in a secret place in the woods, and gave me the shiniest rock he could find, and then he kissed me. I blushed, and we both laughed. Afterwards, we walked around the park and tried different rides together. We laughed and were happy.

Suddenly, he told me it was time for him to leave. I began to cry.

"Why do you have to go?" I asked him through my tears.

"It would do me no good to explain it to you," Danny said. "It's just something you have to find out for yourself. When it comes time for you to leave, you will understand."

"How could you leave this lovely place?" I asked. "There is so much more fun to be had here. How could you bear to leave?"

But he would say no more to explain.

"Come, walk with me to the gate," he said.

"If you must leave then, will you come back in a little while?" I entreated.

"No, Anne, the gate only opens out. Once you go through it, you can never come back inside. Nor would you want to return," Danny told me.

He pushed the gate open and disappeared into the frightening aperture. I began to cry again when I heard the final sound of the gate slamming shut. A crochety old man, who was trying to move a cart past, started to yell at me to get out of the way of his transit. I started to run, and because the tears dimmed my sight, I flew headlong into Bunny's arms.

"O Bunny," I sobbed, "why did Danny have to leave?"

"Because he realized it was time; he would no longer be happy here," Bunny told me.

"But, how could someone be unhappy here? There are rides to ride, and popcorn and candy cotton to eat! There is only fun to be had here!" I said.

Bunny said nothing, but brushed the hair out of my eyes, and kissed me on the forehead. My tears were dry by this time, and so I smiled at Bunny and started off again.

As I walked around the park, I met Meg, Missy, Katie and Jo. We were friends immediately; and sat laughing, with a candy apple in one hand, and a box of popcorn in the other. Then I took them to the lake, and showed them the ducks, and the secret flower garden. I searched on the ground and found four shiny stones like the one Danny had given me. I gave one to each of my new friends; but the brightest one of all went to Meg. We played tag in the flower patch for awhile, until Meg was stung by a bee. She didn't cry or anything, but I could tell it hurt terribly. So I ran off to find Bunny, and brought her back to help my friend. She took care of Meg, and then sat down to talk to us for a bit.

"Bunny," I said, "what made Danny decide to leave?"

"Everyone must decide when it is their time to leave. But some of the children never leave here; they stay and grow old and cranky, like the man who yelled at you," Bunny told us.

"What are you talking about?" Meg wanted to know.

So I explained to her about Danny and the gate.

"I never want to leave here!" Meg declared. "I don't care what Danny did or why. I think we should all stay here together!"

"Yes, let's all stay!" Katie and Jo screamed.

"That will be up to each one of you," Bunny said.

"But why do you stay here then, if everyone else must leave?" Meg asked Bunny.

"Because she is the helper of children," I whispered into Meg's ear. She smiled slowly, with dawning understanding; but the others merely looked puzzled.

"I must leave you girls now," Bunny said. "But please come and find me if you need anything." And off she went. Probably to help some other child I thought to myself.

"Let's go ride on the merry-go-round," Katie screamed.

We all nodded emphatically in agreement, and set off in the direction of that wonderful contraption. Round and round we rode, giggling and screaming with excitement. We went round so many times I began to get sick to my stomach. Meg didn't look too well either; but the others seemed to be having a good time. I looked out into the blurred sea of faces, and thought I saw Bunny nod and smile at me. Suddenly I realized why Danny had left. No one told me; no one could have told me. I just knew.

I jumped from the spinning ride, and heard Meg land beside me. We looked at each other and nodded. Bunny was there with her quiet smile, and kissed us each good-bye. We headed off towards the gate.

I pushed the gate open and started out. Meg hesitated a minute and said to me:

"Anne, what about the others?"

"They'll come after us when they're ready," I said, and kept going.

Change

A million poets will tell us
in a million ways
even that many times
that we will change

But for that many times and each
different way
and from poets reaching from there to forever
we never grasp the meaning
we unhand the thought
from our jungled minds
never shall we be faced with such
a reality of ourselves.

We change, we should,
it is time's ever flowing way
of passing life through the soul.

Drifting from thought to thought,
second by second,
everything is change.
Accept that at this very moment
you are change and only then
will a change be witnessed by you
visible only to the inner being
you possess.

Mary Beth Olsavsky '78





3:00 cometh

2:35 in philosophy
pondering the existential and free
understanding deludes me
as i can in no way fathom
life in a nazi camp

my vicarious experiences do little
to clarify things
and actual experiences in a camp
are not to be had at this time
as my calendar is quite full

aside from which
the occupation is long since past
as is mr. camus
who might have been considered
quite an excellent tour guide

all in all
aside from a lack of money
which does not qualify as adversity
the tyrannical pressures seem
to be bearing down lightly

Joe Donahue '79

Mary Beth Oldfield '77



Tedi Marshall '77



Stand Still, Time

Stand still, time and wait for me,
There's so much I want to do and see.

Why do I have to be the one?
To have to die when I'm so young?

There's a world out there, that I never knew,
And never will, my life is through.

I'll always have you to remember and love;
Please help me to understand things when I feel blue.
I need you.

CLOCK . . . STOP TICKING!
BELLS . . . STOP RINGING!

I refuse to hear your message.
I refuse to know what you are telling me.
What time is it? Oh, yes.
Now I know. Just one more minute . . .
Stand still, time.

Diane Zapoticky '79

Joe Donahue '79

Joe Donahue

College Life on Third Floor Alumnae

Turn down the music, it's too loud!
I have to study. (I'm not proud)
I'm half asleep, my eyes are red.
There's not a brain left in my head.

Lead foot Leonard, alias Pat,
There to help us and ask "How's that?"
"Miss Timinski," our little Beth
Looks at our tongues and smells our breaths.

The phone rings, "Hey is that for me?"
You've a new dress – do let me see.
Can I borrow your History notes?
Do you remember all those quotes?

Going to supper? Or is it too late?
Nope. I'm trying to lose some weight.
Have to cram for an exam this week.
Oh! Darn these shoes, they're bound to squeak.

Bedlam from somewhere on the floor
So you go pounding on their door.
A mini party greets you there
"Have some popcorn—don't despair!"

The saying is "Let's be cool, man,"
Number thirty—she surely can.
Some yodel, some snore, some cry, some sing,
Some will giggle over anything.

Bathrobes are gone with much mischief,
And you're left clothed with no fig leaf.
Come, let's throw her in the shower
And clothe her next in lots of powder.

How the snow falls down upon us!
(Causes some to get bronchitis),
Going to classes with sopping feet
Ending with coldness in our seat.

Uniforms come with much glee
For the nurses who hope to be.
Pictures were taken with no fuss.
Our big sisters are proud of us.

Up comes the Inaugural Ball.
Oh my date! He's so tall.
Beautiful girls and handsome guys
Watching each other with starry eyes.

The friendships that shall surely last
Back in the memories of our past.
Some friendships dissolve and new ones form.
Life passes swiftly in the dorm.

Portrait of a Housewife

Daytime television, specifically soap-operas, have as much commercial time as program time. Surprisingly enough, these commercial interruptions are very often more interesting than the programs themselves. Or is that surprising?

Advertisers are aiming their brand-names, slogans, mottos and jingles at the housewife, mother, cleaning lady, baby-sitter. They are very little concerned with the wife and lover. Noon through four o'clock is apron strings and curler time, when all dutiful wives have their heads in their ovens, hands in the toilet bowl and bulging bodies are stuffed into housecoats.

According to the man on the television (which she really doesn't have the time to watch), she should wash her hair with "Tegrim Medicated Shampoo" first thing in the morning. No mother needs to be told how flakey she is. Next the dedicated mother washes her family's clothes in all temperature "Smear Detergent" and softens them with "Dowsey Fabric Softener"; (don't ask her how she got them white; just ask her how she got them soft). While the clothes are in the wash she runs right out to do some comparison shopping at "Super Slaver".

Soon she is home again and takes a break for a cup of "Grim Coffee" (decaffeinated, of course, so she won't get the shakes) and spreads "Barkay Margarine" on her toast instead of butter.

Following her quick snack the housewife sprays "Gory Rug Cleaner" on the rugs throughout the entire house (might as well do them all since it only takes an hour). While she waits for the rugs to clean themselves, she might as well clean the windows with "Glass Pus Cleaner" to let all the sunshine in.



Oh no! The kids will be home from school soon and there is not anything to snack on. "Pundt Cake" saves the day! Well, good thing "Mr. Knuckle" did his thing in the oven last night.

Dinner, now that is always a problem. She finally decides on "Stove Pipe Stuffing" instead of potatoes and "Shook and Cook" chicken. Of course, she could fry the chicken in "Frisco" because it isn't greasy and all the oil comes back except one tablespoon, but "Shook and Cook" is much easier.

Let's see now, "Sara Gee" instead of baking again for desert. Oh yes, she forgot to clean the toilet bowl with "Sandi-Flush" to avoid scrubbing. The babies should also be diapered in "Kimpies" (who wants dirty diapers in a "Sandi-Flush" toilet?)

Hubby will be home soon. Oh what a day! It is almost time for an "Adviance" night but first she has to get rid of her terrific headache with fast-acting, pain-relieving "Expeldrin" tablets. After all, who wants to come home to a crabby wife?

See the girl with the happy smile, the permanent smile, never frowning.

If only you'd look beneath the smile and see the face of a lonely, desperate girl trying to make it when all the odds are against her.

Her life started in the usual way and her years were happy and uneventful until she woke up and saw that life was not as it seemed.

She reached out to discover new things, but was constantly pulled by a force which demanded obedience.

She fought to make this force see that she was still obedient, but searching.

But it would not listen.

She broke away to a new place.

She blossomed and grew, but knew that the end would come.

And she dreaded it.

The force would then again rule her and stifle her.

And the thought of it tore her apart.

She yearned to be free . . . but knew it would never happen.

So she puts on the facade of the clown; happy and cheerful,

wishing others could see the heartache and the misery of being.

Joyce McDonough '76

Evolution

Lovers tread gently into your soul
stealing your thoughts
making you whole

Mixing and mingling they soon take control
breaking the solitude
upsetting your role

Tearing confusion bubbles and bursts
ebbing and flowing
leaving lips pursed

The memory of nights spent all alone
encourage a tear
loosen a moan

Butterfly wings thumping within
urge you to fly
before you begin

Loneliness reaches and tentacles cling
drawing you outward
suggesting a fling

Waves of indecision abruptly recede
life gets a chance
if only from need

Troubles and problems are pushed out of sight
washed on the shore
lost in the night

Lovers tread gently into your soul
stealing your thoughts
making you whole

Mary Beth Oldfield '77

230

self-assurance
do you want a salad?
self-image
junk in my coffee
self-fulfillment
love cannot be expressed in words
self-love
none here but maybe it hasn't been
found yet
self-self
me

Lynn Pistolas '78

260

And it's the 20th century
Bombs bursting over our heads.
Can you write a poem about bread?
It comes in all shapes and sizes
different colored wrappers
hold it quite together
some even are squeezable
but don't push too hard
or it will be tough to make a
fine all-American sandwich
do you realize how hard it is
to squish peanut butter and jelly
on bread that falls apart?
How many times have you ripped bread apart
applying hard butter to it?
I'll bet my loaf on the fact
that you squeezed too hard
bread is like a person—push it or
squeeze it too hard and it falls apart
into a million pieces

Lynn Pistolas '78

219

reincarnation
maybe next time
I'll be a dog
live a good easy
calm life—
I won't be a vicious dog
but a good family dog
I won't allow them to spoil me
I have to just be myself
and struggle
to communicate with them
a small black
and white
mutt
that's what I want to be
instead of the bastard I am now
and the bitch that the rest of the world is

Lynn Pistolas '78



Neil Brown '76

