

1972

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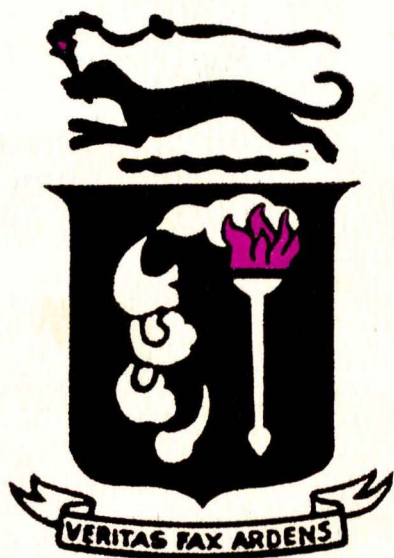
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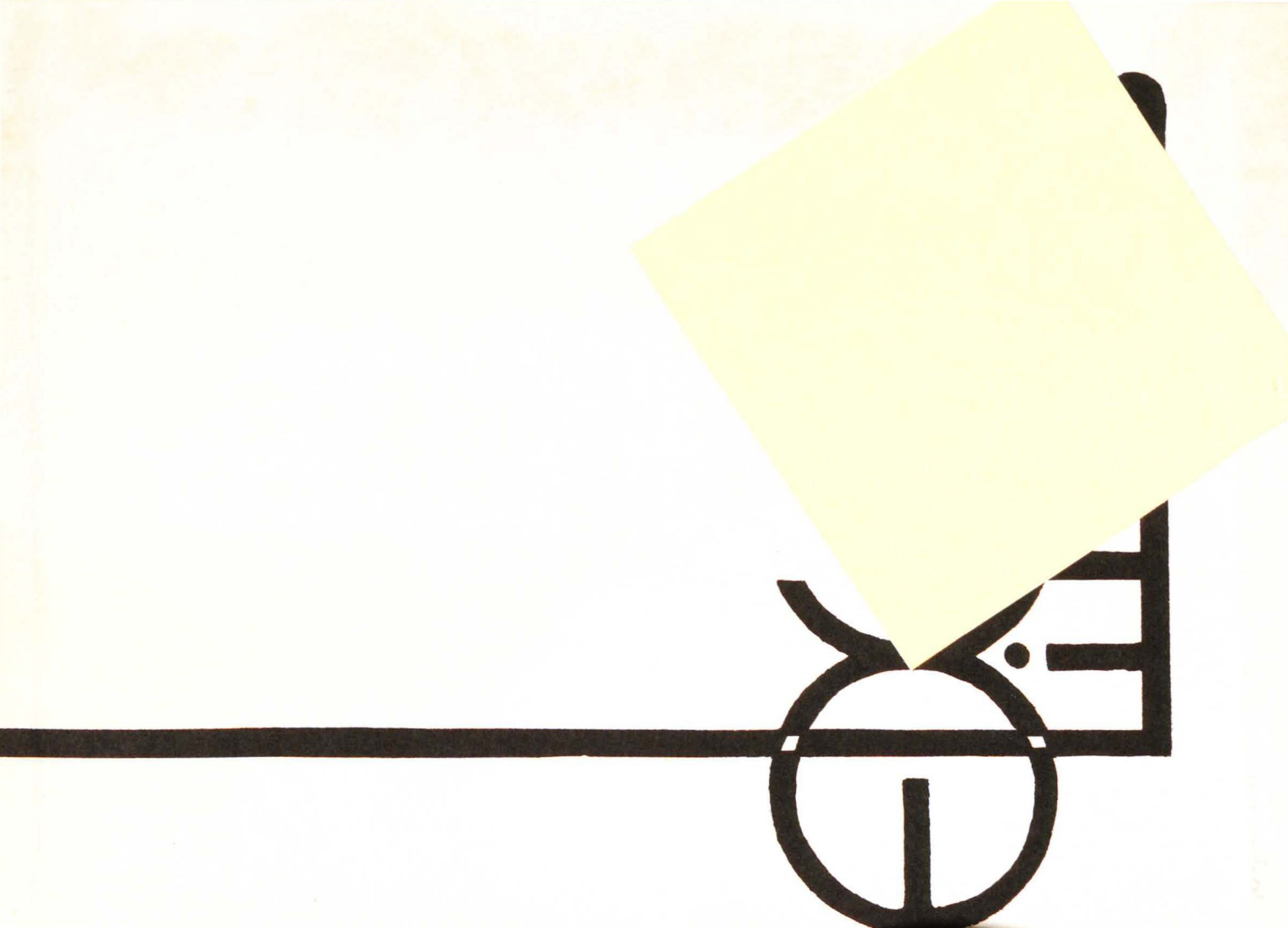
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The Firebrand







The Firebrand

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXXII

Dedicated to Sister M. Nicholas, O.P. with deep appreciation for her devotion to *The Firebrand* throughout the years, and more particularly, for her *gentillesse* and guiding wisdom.

THE FIREBRAND derives its name from Dominican heraldry. The mother of Saint Dominic dreamed that she gave birth not to a child, but to a dog—that with a flaming torch carried in its mouth set fire to the world. Thus, the dog with the torch came to symbolize the burning zeal of Saint Dominic. The legend Veritas Fax Ardens—“Truth a Burning Brand”—exemplifies the Dominican spirit of pursuit and dissemination of truth.

THE FIREBRAND

Editor.....Susan Peterson
Associate Editor..... Jacqueline Forrest
Art Editor.....Michele LaVoy
Business Editor.....Mary Jo Gosso
Advisor.....Sister M. Nicholas, O.P.

STAFF

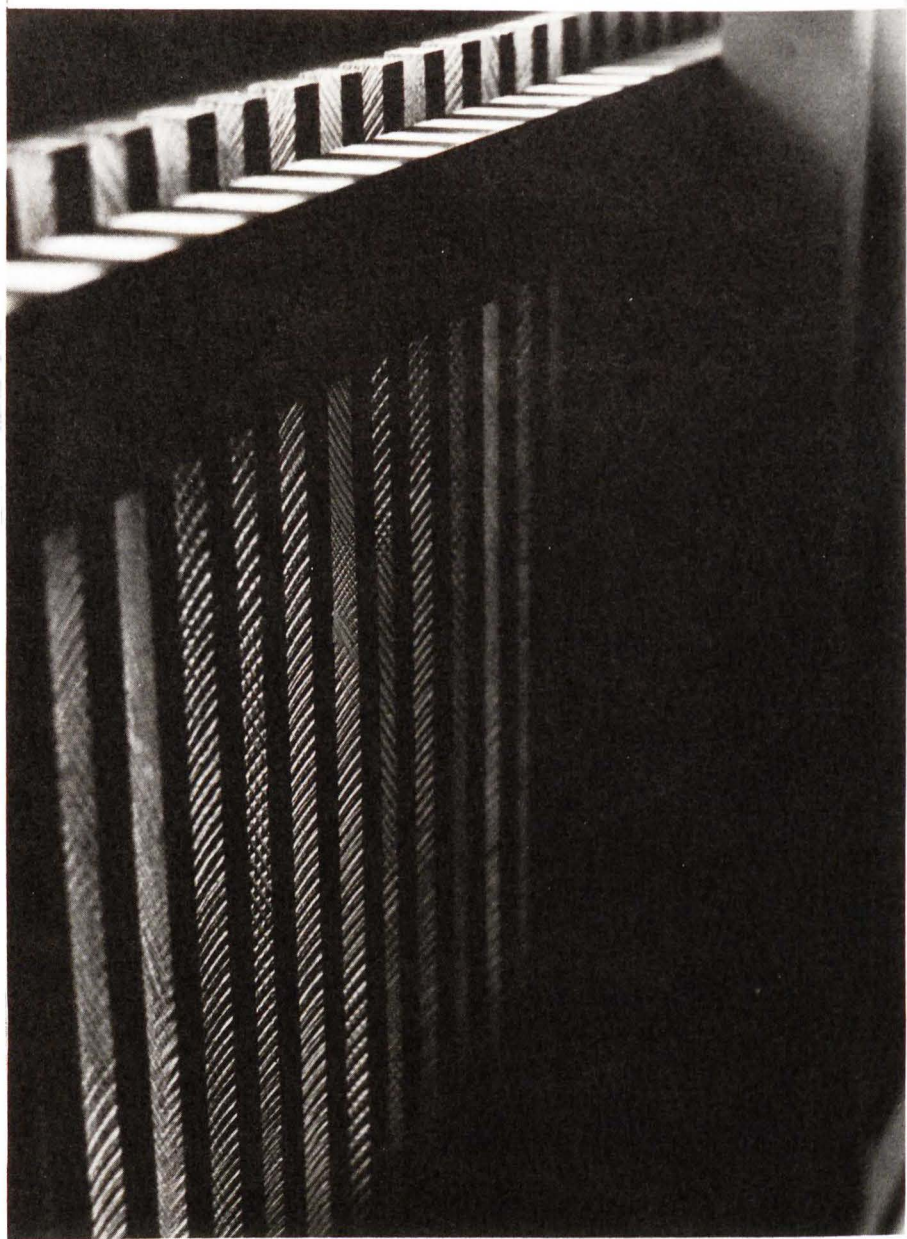
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| Robin Horn | Mary Pat Power |
| Laura LeFave | Maria Tapson |
| | Karen Vogel |

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EDITORIAL

*pity this busy monster, manunkind,
not. Progress is a comfortable disease:*

—e. e. cummings

In the name of progress and all that is good and beautiful, we must abolish the *Firebrand*. The book is only an ego trip for fifty or sixty seniors who do not need any more ego building than what their well intending parents have already abundantly given them. Who cares who 'so and so' is or was in 1972? Who will care in 1982?—Not me, Jack! I mean I am for peace and love and brotherhood and getting it together, but I just can not go the senior graduating silly smile trip. There are more important things to do, places to go, people to meet. Why spend my worthwhile time on an out-dated saccharine sweet memory book? Student funds would be much more wisely spent on a *RELEVANT* book; one with some catchy candidos of nameless girls guzzling beer, chattering on the phone, or standing in hallways seized by spasms of laughter. We could throw in a few poems and have a real literary masterpiece. Then we would really have something that would show what this school is all about. After all, in the immortal words of the last five or so *Firebrand* editors, "Dominican is changing."

Yes, Dominican is changing, but it was changing last year and the year before that and I rather suspect, twenty-

five years ago. So someone's Aunt Edith ('46) thinks the school has become decadent and you think the school lacks vitality. What matters here is *now* and the vitality should come perhaps from the students; certainly not from the buildings, the trees, the books in the library, the wooden bridges, the gravel pathways. The school is alive (or not alive) through you, what you bring to it. But then what does it matter after all? Why put your 'all' into a school, when in *only* four years, you leave and are most likely, forgotten? Separate yourself from it, make your own plans, do not participate! After all, the college lacks vitality and you will eventually escape anyway. But maybe, just maybe, four years does represent some sort of an investment to you. Maybe after four years, you do not want to just leave behind your academic transcript.

* * * * *

Books are important because they endure; they capture a moment, a space of time, a space and a time that in progressing, we must leave behind. It is rather sad to think of spending four years of learning and unlearning, of struggling and enjoying, of complaining and laughing, of failing and succeeding and then just . . . leave. Oh, some with mixed feelings come back for a credential or come back for an occasional alumni banquet, but it is not the same—it never is. So what do we leave with the school and where is there evidence of our having been here at all? Our names are filed away in some cabinet

in Guzman of course, but names change and who checks the files anyway? The class shield hangs in Caleruega, but no matter how intently a person stares at it, it tells little or nothing of the individuals in the class. A tree is planted. Diplomas are received. We walk in procession in academic cap and gown and that is that. Memories are vivid in each mind for a while, but eventually the memories fade, as they always do. The class stands together for the last time on graduation day and then every member departs happily or otherwise in so many different directions.

A tradition (please pardon the expression out there in 'with it' land) at Dominican has been that each graduating class leaves behind a small hardbound book with a picture of each senior, a usually sweet (yes), but hopefully distinctive, descriptive sketch of each senior, and literary and artistic contributions from all four classes. This tradition has come under attack in the past few years. Perhaps the book is old-fashioned and an ego trip for the few. Most certainly the money could be used for something more humanitarian and hence, worthwhile. But the vitality that appears to be lacking at our school does not stem from adherence to a few remaining traditions. Rather, the traditions are of the few things that have any semblance of our being alive, as a community, as a class, as a group of people sharing some common experiences. But what does it all matter after all?

SJP

THE CLASS OF 1972



SISTER MARY BRETT
Upperchurch, Ireland

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

SISTER MARY BRETT

THREE 't's'—teaching, travelling, and talking—serve as initial pictographs of Sister Mary Brett. An outward appearance, somewhat illusory, at times approaching solemnity, hides a delightful wit and dry humor that quite suddenly are revealed—catching many delightfully off-guard.

Sister is devoted to teaching and a special ambition is to instill in her young students some of her own innate curiosity and eagerness for learning. Fascinated with people of all eras, she looks thoughtfully into history and literature being especially attracted to Woodrow Wilson and Robert Frost. She shares as much in Wilson's pronounced sense of justice and high principles as she does in Frost's appreciation for nature.

It is not unusual for Sister to spend a day hiking up Mt. Lassen or just being in the snow. She enjoys a good joke on herself and has been known to share a few of her own prize tricks with friends. Sister always tells a good story, including a new and rather unorthodox rendition of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears"!

Sister Mary not only finds pleasure in relating her own experience but is notably an earnest and careful listener. With a natural benevolence, she attends to many needs, absorbing strength from God and all that is His.



NANCY LUCILLE BROWN

Taft, California

MAJOR: MATH

MINOR: ART

Transferred from Taft Junior College '70

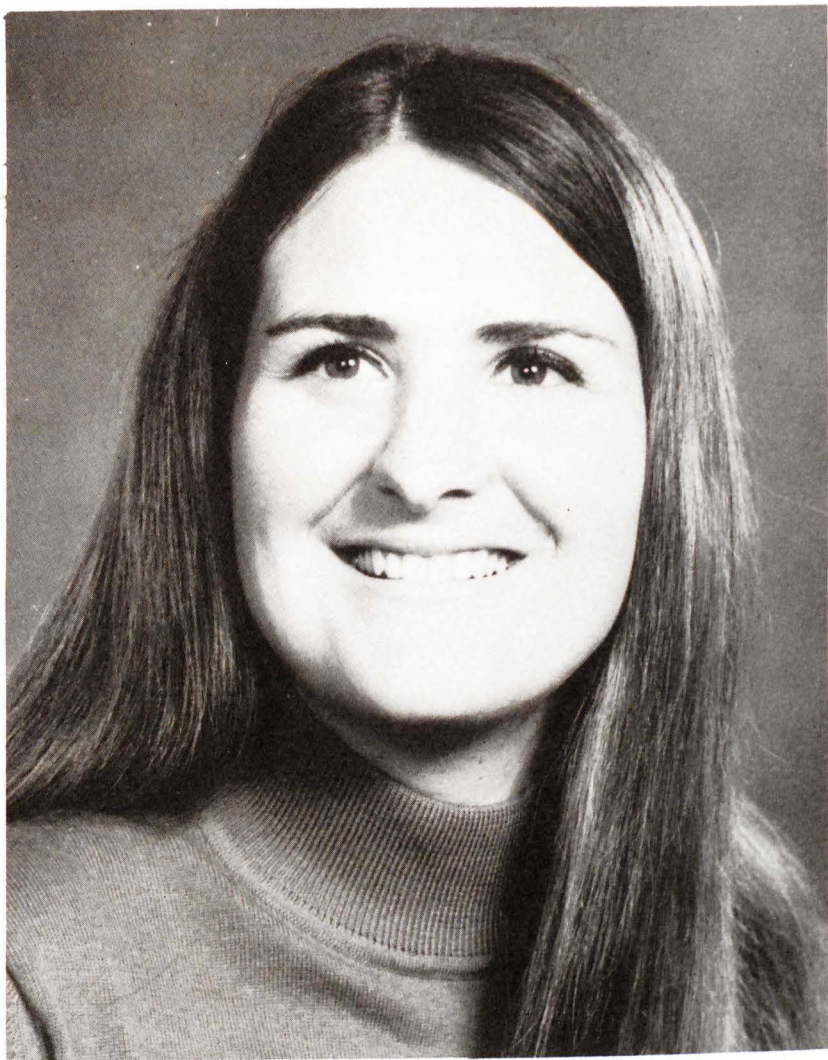
NANCY BROWN

WHIMSICAL AND EASY-GOING, Nancy Brown has a wonderful child-like nature which keeps her from ever getting bored. She readily amuses herself in virtually any type of situation—conversing with herself for a full half hour, examining a simple object with evident endless enchantment or discovering that the bitterness in tea can be drawn out by a plain beet! Almost always the ringleader in some sort of calculated mischief, she executes a carefully tailored prank with mathematical precision and a certain artistic flair.

Nancy is highly perceptive, inquisitive, and observant. Her acute mathematical analysis is even apparent in her drawings and watercolors which also reflect her casual *joie de vivre*.

Somewhat coquettishly confessing that she likes having men around her, Nancy frequently enjoys the company of more than one gentleman. But the little girl in her has a great weakness also for Spritz cookies and pretty dresses as well as a healthy dislike for lies and 'crunchy' bugs.

For the immediate future, Nancy plans to travel and, then, perhaps a career in NASA or in the foreign service. Ultimately, however, she wants to settle down to a more quiet lifestyle, devoting herself to husband and family.



STEPHANIE MICHELE BULICH

Watsonville, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Judicial Council '72
Class Secretary '71
Activities Council '72
House Hearing Committee '71
Italian Club '69, '70

M.U.N. '72
W.A.A. '69, '70, '71
Firebrand Staff '72
Young Democrats '69, '70
Drama Productions '69, '72

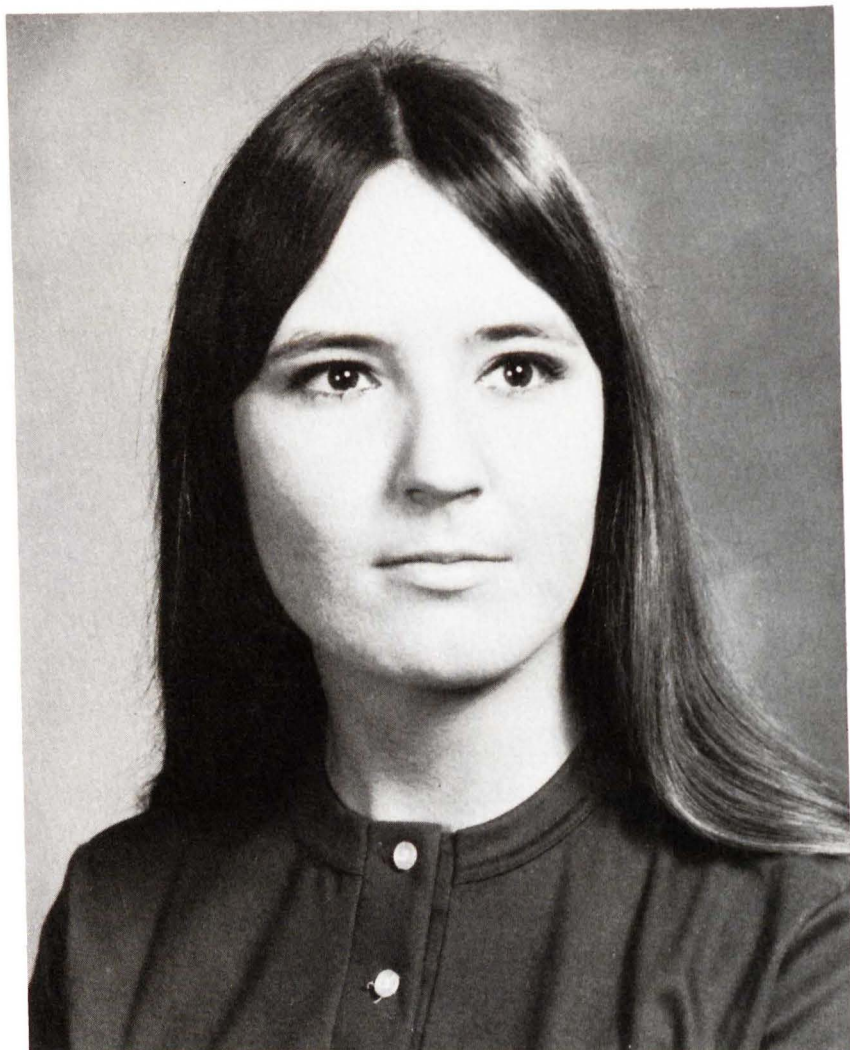
STEPH BULICH

STEPH BOUNCES into a room, bursting with energy. Her long brown hair swishes back and forth, keeping time with her fast pace. Out-spoken, she voices her opinion fearlessly. She keeps her ears always open, and, to the amazement of her friends, finds out the details to gossip, announcements, meetings and sports events before they are actually publicized on campus.

Steph is always willing to help, especially with heavy luggage up two flights of Meadowland's stairs. Hanging out windows shouting enthusiastic greetings to everyone returning from vacations, she has become the class's official 'greeter.' Whether it be teaching ballet classes, tennis, basketball or just organizing a car wash, she throws herself into the work with intense fury and enthusiasm.

The fun-loving Steph is obvious. Her laughter and her "you've gotta be kiddin'" echoes throughout the campus. But there is a quieter side. Steph loves nature and treasures walking through the apple orchard at home. Kicking up dust along the trails, hands firmly planted in pockets, she inspects each tree with love and tenderness. Apples are a big part of her life. Steph prefers eating a Watsonville apple to almost anything else, and blissfully bakes those famous apple pies for party gatherings.

When things pile up, Steph finds a special closeness to the friends that she has made at Dominican. In all she does, Steph goes out to meet the world.



LINDA MARLENE CONKLIN

Watsonville, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

MINOR: EDUCATION AND SPEECH

Community Service '71

Publicity Committee '70, '71

Meadowlands House Hearing Committee '71

Italian Club '69

Focus Staff '70

Firebrand Staff '72

Choral '69, '70

LINDA CONKLIN

NOW ELSE can Linda be described but with such words as feminine, affectionate, and comfortable. Composed of a complex array of moods, she is candidly open to her feelings and to those of others. Often she will be snuggled in a cozy chair talking with a friend and sipping Tab or nibbling French bread. Linda gives others the feeling of not only being listened to, but being truly heard. Emerging momentarily from intent absorption, she will voice a soothing thought in a tone of quiet deliberation.

Linda's responsiveness is not confined to contemplative areas. The idea of going to Candlestick for a baseball or football game can send her flying with enthusiasm. She loves a good party and mere mention is the occasion for hot pink and Cold Duck. If asked to join in a shopping trek to Union or Ghirardelli, her reply will be "Twist my arm!", accented by a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Combining an active, alert mind with a natural curiosity, Linda questions and challenges. She does much more than just study; she experiences learning to the utmost. Traveling by car, plane, or through the multitude of books that surround her, she investigates and probes into a wide variety of interests. Inevitably, her main concerns revolve around people. With friends and friendships being a dominant theme in Conky's life, she holds steadfastly to the idea that "the greatest happiness in life is being loved for yourself."



MARIE THERESE DeLORIMIER

San Marino, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Legislative Conference Representative '70
Resident Assistant '72
House Representative '69, '70
Art Gallery Assistant '72

French Club '69, '70
M.U.N. '70
Poetry Group '72
Tennis Team '72

MARIE DeLORIMIER

“**H**ER NAME is Marie; she’s older than three. She has no fleas” . . . sourire . . . les fleurs . . . without many words. This is our friend, sometimes untouchable, a child of simplicity . . . in our many times together, we yet do not know her.

We have read her poetry. Paradox. Pain. It has told us of questions, perception, anger and doubts, a loneliness of learning. She does not put in audible words the depth of her person, but maybe you have noticed it—in her favorite coat, her favorite hat, her uncertain laughter, sparkling eyes. She is young—a woman.

When you want to become a wholeness through all the changing traveling times you look for truths in people being with you, caring, allowing you to give, giving you a sureness in the person that you are. She has learned of giving much, and of emptiness and of crying. But that is beyond us. We know her in her distance/close—we laugh with her and beg her to be a child for us. That is not always easy—when you want to grow you think beyond your image, and you style to who you can believe you are. We do not always know her, but we can believe in her becoming—and wholeness of her simplicity (and the truth is simple) is before us in our seeing her. Marie, a good deal older than three.



LINDA MARIE DUNNETT

Galt, California

MAJOR: PSYCHOLOGY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Community Service '69
Choral '69

International Students' Club '70, '71, '72
Madrigals '69, '70

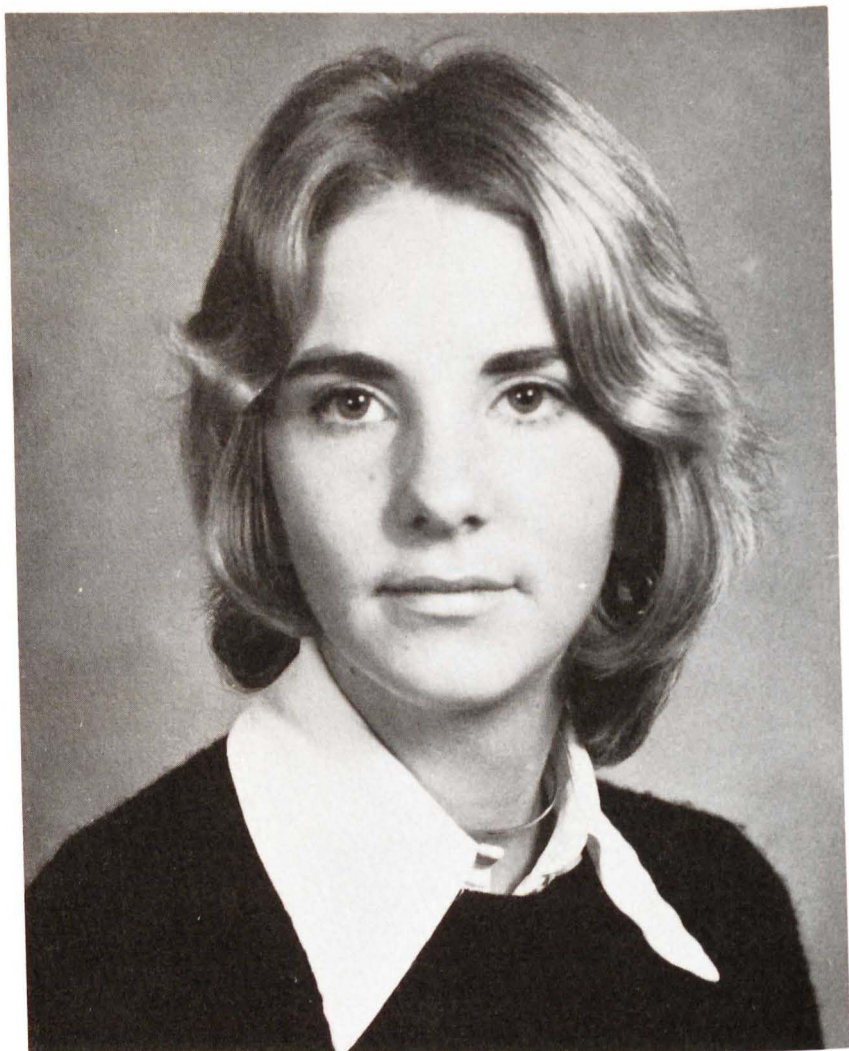
LINDA DUNNETT

A SMALL TOWN GIRL, still sometimes awed, but gracefully accepting the sophistication of the city, Linda finds herself in jeans and sweat-shirt on an archaeology dig and in long, velvet skirts with ruffled lace blouses at formal dinners.

Linda can often be found with close friends seriously discussing the latest in sociological research or laughing hilariously over a game of Canasta. Sometimes she finds it hard not to become overly involved in the problems of those around her and this is when she finds a good book—Walt Whitman or Hermann Hesse—and goes for a long walk by herself.

Linda's love for others has led her to pursue sociopsychological studies and her tender understanding and deep regard for humanity is best complemented when she is with special children.

Linda has sought for, and found, the complements to her femininity; a special strength and courage—womanliness.



MARGARET MARY ESSLING

St. Paul, Minnesota

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Legislative Conference Representative '70

Spanish Club '69, '70

PEGGY ESSLING*

—Let me tell you who I am. It's quite plain, but . . . only . . . well . . .

—Ess you are strong; iron ideas, flashing—no, but . . . then again . . . softness: a flustered smile . . . well . . .

—I want you to know that this country is a mess. Listen. And this school! You've got to see! Change. There are some people with ideas that matter. There are changes to be made. Listen. People. These aren't small things. And this small, small school—it has remained aloof from the problems — ivory tower — empty-headed easy robes (white on black)—I don't believe in you. And your actions and your apathy—they are hurting me. I will never forget what you did in blindness to a man who tried to touch you with his truth. Go away from me. I am angry.

—(Ess will lash out at you—honesty. Her ideology—active.) Don't bother us with systems that are large, realities that seem inconvenient to our simple hills and ivy-colored walls. We don't hear you, Peggy. But you know, for all our failures, you have touched us.

—I didn't mean to hurt you, really. And you have helped me; a "thank you for the lift," I'd say, "from there to where I am today." A thank you for painful eyes opened: you've taught me. "But I'm going away with no word of farewell; and there'll be not a trace left behind . . ."

* A dialogue written by Kristi Martin for Peggy Essling with the instruction that the *Firebrand* staff was to change nothing, not even the punctuation, and we haven't.



JACQUELINE ANNE FORREST

Bonita, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Publicity Chairman '70
Junior Class Vice President '71
Executive Board Member '70, '71
Activities Council '71

House Hearing Committee '72
Firebrand Associate Editor '72
Community Service '69, '70, '71
French Club '70

JACKIE FORREST

“JACKIE, PLEASE remind me to get gas before we leave tonight . . .” No sooner does she hear the request than she, with her mysterious and somewhat impish half smile, replies, “Don’t forget to get gas!” And so she responds to all such requests. One could get frustrated by her idiosyncracies except that, later, once words seem forgotten, she softly says, “remember to . . .”

Jackie is better known to her friends as ‘trees.’ If you need a friend to listen to your joys or sorrows, to keep a sacred secret, or to mediate a misunderstanding you will find Jackie either orange with black striped tiger-footed in her room, or multi-colored with dyes from printmaking in the Brown House, or covered elbows to finger tips with various experimental clays in San Marco, or perhaps, alone, experiencing nature and animals in a park filled with trees.

Jackie, like her Indian ancestors, can approach a group of people so quietly that no one sees or hears her. She may seem silent and unaware but if you want to know how people deeply feel or think, ask her. Beware of her too. For suddenly, surprisingly, her silence smolders and erupts into righteous anger when she senses injurious injustice, hypocrisy, or dishonesty.

One imagines Jackie in the future living in a redwood house somewhere surrounded by millions of trees, working on designs for a new international art magazine and drinking Kahlua on the rocks.



CAROL CHRISTINE FORTE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: GENERAL EDUCATION

House Council Committee '69

Community Service '68, '69

Choral '68, '69

Madrigals '69, '70, '71

Drama Productions '68, '69, '70, '71

Italian Club '68, '69

Music Club '68, '69, '70, '71

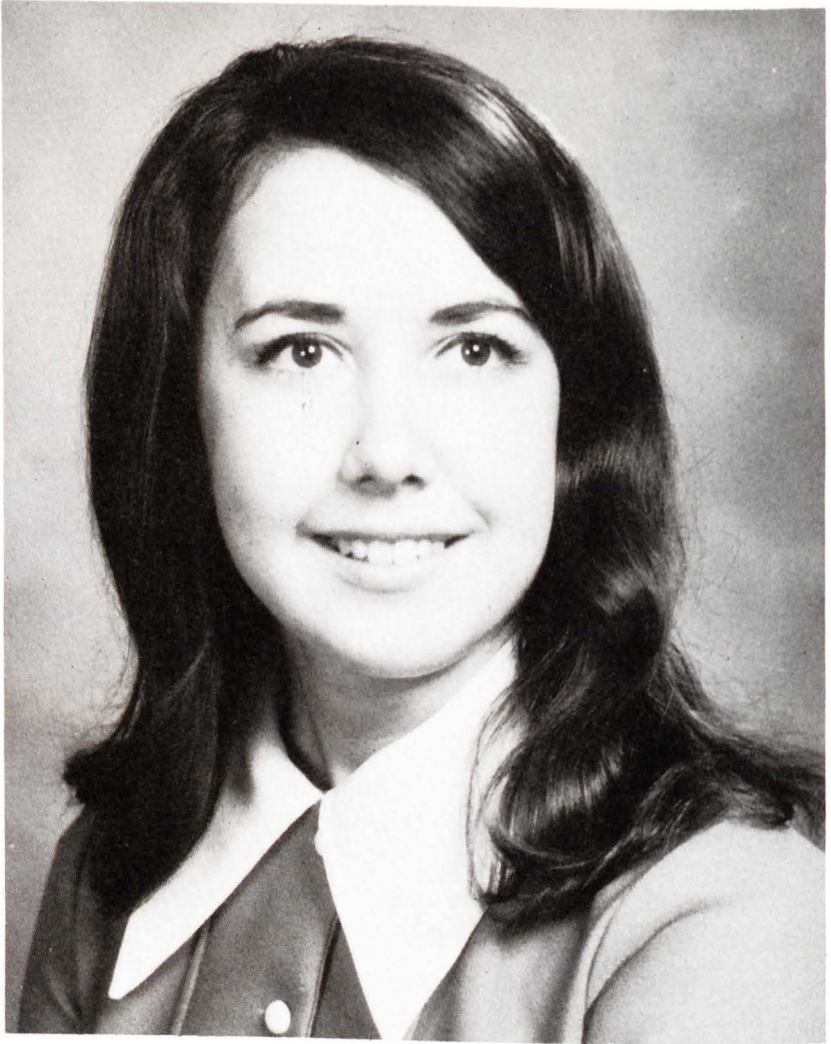
Treasurer '68, '69

S.F. Symphony Forum Representative '71, '72

CAROL FORTE

CAROL'S WARM BROWN EYES mirror a warm and reflective character. A pianist, her playing displays both her love of beauty and her disciplined life. Not that Carol does not enjoy life or have moments of relaxation. Late on Sunday nights, she may be found at home watching television, a green onion in one hand, and a torn piece of Italian bread in the other. Carol's ancestors are Italian. The neighborhood surrounding her quaint three-story flat on Broadway is the source and background of many rich memories and childhood experiences. Bringing grapes in a little red wagon to her grandfather who placed them into presses to make wine is the kind of memory that makes Carol's family ties very strong. Her desire to live life to the fullest is, undoubtedly, derived from her family and is an essential part of her outlook.

A romantic idealist, Carol would perhaps have preferred to have lived in another era on another continent. And, indeed, one can see her, long gowned, making a grand entrance down some wide spiraled stair case. She is quietly certain of her own abilities and of her own integrity as a person. While recognizing that much of life requires restraint and understanding, she sets out with the ambition to be always her best self.



ELLEN JEAN GARGIULO

Novato, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION, EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Marin '70

Executive Board '71

Constitutional Revision Committee '71

House Chairman '71

Firebrand Staff '72

ELLEN GARGIULO

IF ELLEN COULD have her way, most days would be overcast and she would spend them in front of the T.V. eating potato chips. But Ellen is practical and realizes that life is not always the way she wants it to be.

Ellen is conservative in both politics and life style. She appreciates such small things in life as walking through the woods with a friend or just going for a ride with someone she likes. Romantic by nature, she revels in anything that deals with the Elizabethan Age. She is a devout admirer of Shakespeare and Elizabeth I and hopes to visit London and the English countryside in the very near future.

Ellen often appears to be a little naive, especially when she replies "I don't get it" to certain jokes. She does this more to be femininely perverse than to betray any lack of perception. She often amazes her friends with some of her ideas and whimsical comments. Once when she was walking toward the college library with a friend, they noticed the windows had been cleaned. Ellen remarked to her companion that whoever cleaned the windows must have been very tall—a simple comment with childlike overtones that caused her companion to burst into laughter.

Perhaps this is the best way to describe Ellen: she is a person with a serious side, but she is also able to temper that seriousness with the whimsy and sincerity of a child—a quality that enables her to bring pleasure to those around her.



MARY JO CATHERINE GOSSO

Stockton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Firebrand Business Manager '72
Social Committee '69, '70

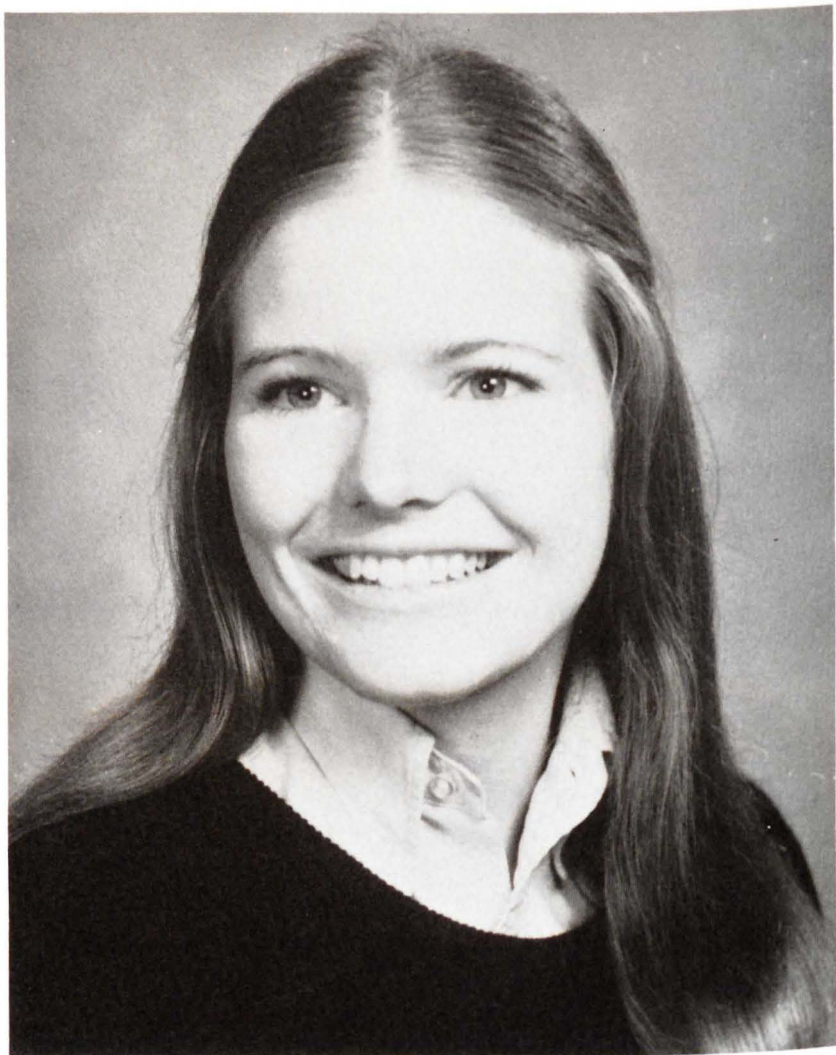
Spanish Club '69
Drama Productions '72

MARY JO GOSSO

MARY Jo wears, most typically, orange and yellow ribbons in her hair to signal her zest for life, the intensity with which she pursues the immediate, the ardor with which she looks to the future. She is a vivacious and self-assured five-foot three, totally alive, totally social. She catches up her friends in her own excitement as she relates the latest escapade that she and 'Shepard' enjoyed in Sausalito or on the ski slope. The fantastic incredibly funny tales are inevitably met with "It could only happen to you Gosso!"

Mary Jo pursues everything with drive and energy. Whether translating a passage from Spanish, interviewing people for a psychology report on drugs, or prancing around as an elf in the St. George play, she throws herself into it body and soul. Mary Jo is nothing if not enthusiastic. She loves to laugh and to ski and to go for freeway drives with 'special friends.' Fun and laughter are the inevitable by-products of her experience.

Though a little girl at heart, Mary Jo's efficient and organized manner gets things done and helps her to meet and resolve the problems of the very real world she encounters. Her confidence is expressed in her belief that no one should be doubtful of his own self-worth. Small in stature though Mary Jo may be, she is altogether present, wholly herself—big hearted, capable of, and deserving, great joy.



SUSAN ANNE GRANT

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

Social Committee '70
Focus '70

Keys '69, '70

Community Service '69, '70
Irish Club '69, '70

SUSAN ANNE GRANT

SUSAN IS QUIETLY well-mannered, neatly groomed, and even beautiful—which is all quite beside the point. From behind the blond goodlooks and quietness of her manner, there emerges an individual with exceptional qualities. Deeply talented, Susan skillfully channels her creative drives and directs her lively imagination to produce both a sensitive and lively art. Although concentrating in ceramics, her sketches are distinguished—an outstanding example is her ink sketch of a world globe composed entirely of human forms. Her pottery, varied and occasionally unique in form, is always adorned with colors like the murals of Chagall. Appreciating both the art of man and of nature, she finds the originality of an Embarcadero Plaza as stimulating as the beauty of a San Rafael sunset.

Susan's feel for the aesthetic blends well with her genial warmth and kindness. Understanding and tolerant, she looks for and perceives the good and the positive in friends and strangers. She hates injustice, is sensitive to criticism, and shys away from black and white judgments. She guards her own integrity and, though filled with compassion, looks and expects justice and righteousness from others. Sue has a good deal of fortitude and endures exertion and the struggle for perfection with admirable perseverance.

Peace, tranquility and fellowship are her values and her hope.



MARILYN JANELLE GURRIES

San Jose, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART

Class Publicity Chairman '69, '70
House Council '71
Community Service '70, '71

Choral '69
Keys '70
Drama Productions '69

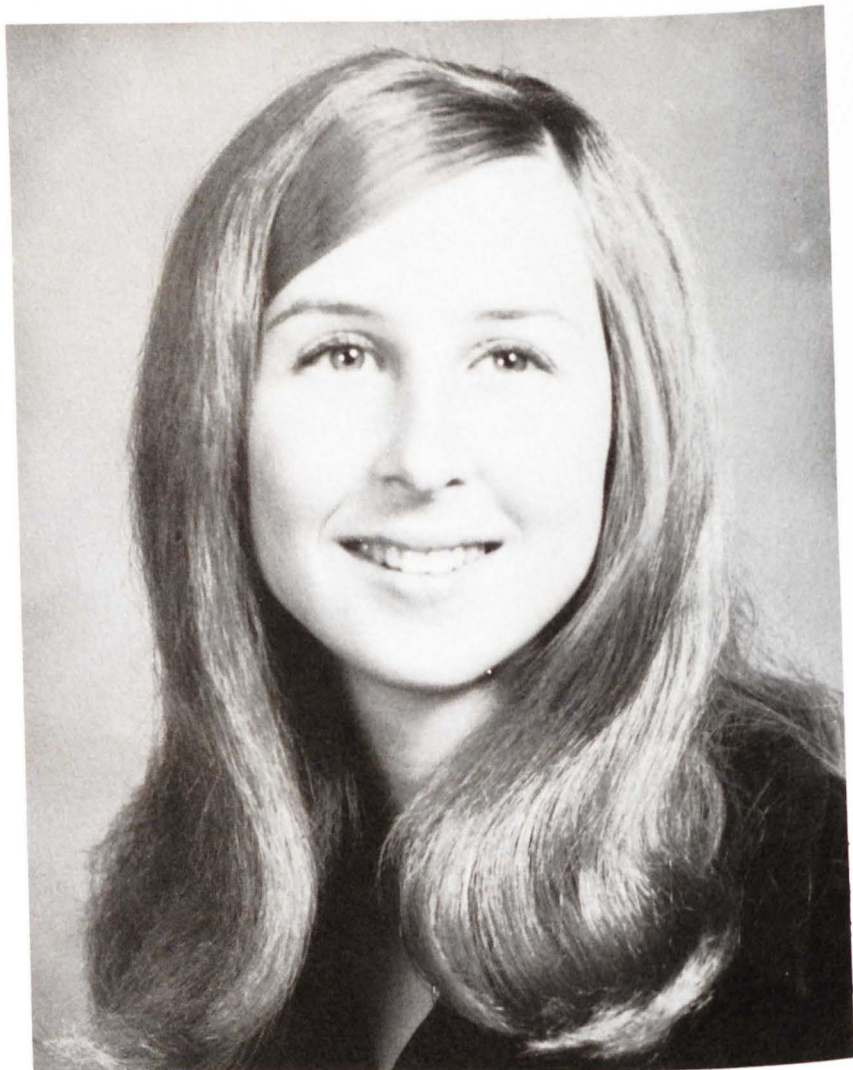
MARILYN GURRIES

A HUNDRED POUNDS of energy, Marilyn packs every moment with excitement. Filled with enthusiasms, extremely impulsive, she does wild things at wild times—like, calling from a phone booth at Ghirardelli Square and making a date to meet Jack Jones at the Fairmont's Venetian Room! She is daring, adventurous and subject to regular spells of flightiness. It is not surprising that she is a spur-of-the-moment girl, ready at any and all hours for a quick trip to Berkeley, Stanford, points east, west, north or south.

Although frequently caught in a world of fun and fantasy, Marilyn has her times of intense seriousness. She yields to the demands of academic life and willingly loses herself in history and especially in art. Despite organization and blueprints, she prefers all-night study sessions in the comfort of Fanjeaux lounge to disciplined routines.

Away from college, much of Marilyn's time is spent with her talented fiancé, planning their future, often working together on their hand-made kitchen table while taking time out for French bread with salami and cheese. Marilyn is imaginative and creative herself; she paints and enjoys "doing artistic things." She has an educated taste and a polished appreciation for simplicity, but in her own work she emphasizes a complex diversity of color.

Marilyn relishes each moment as it passes; she lives with an earnest and sincere vitality—always expecting dreams to come true.



ROBIN LYNNE HORN

Moraga, California


MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Publicity Chairman '71
Activities Council '71
House Council '69, '70

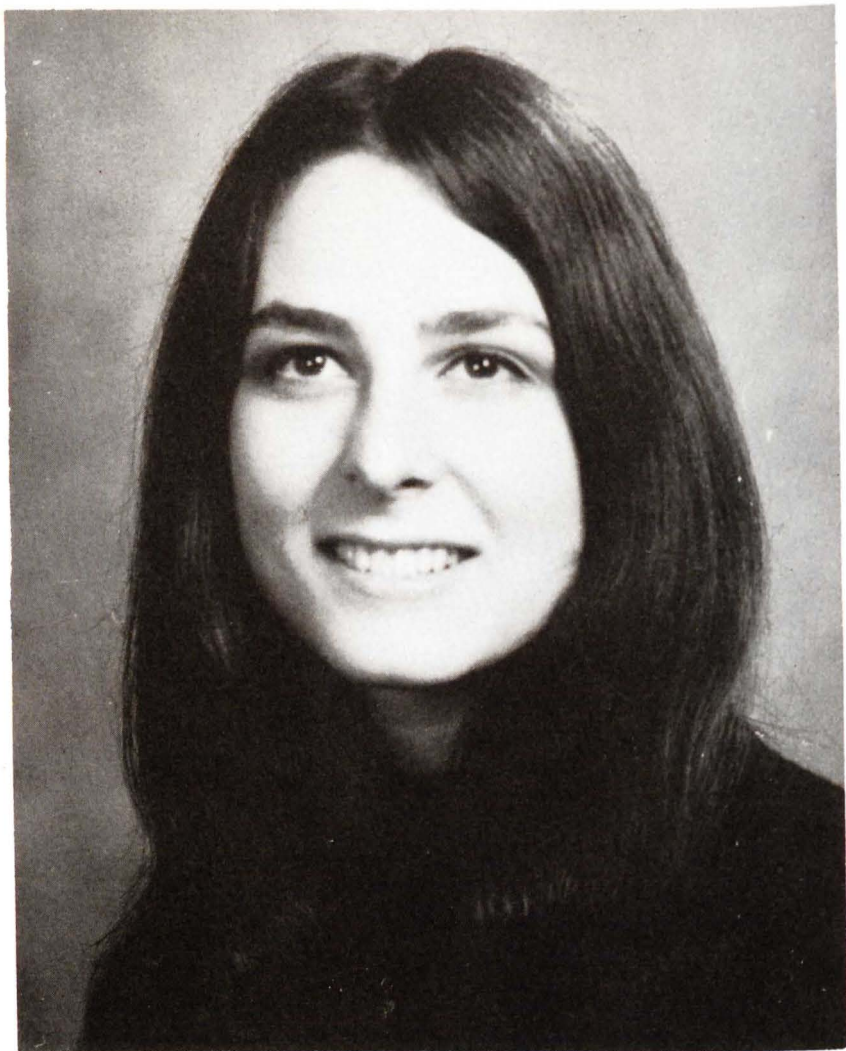
House Hearing Committee '69
Firebrand Staff '72
Choral '69

ROBIN HORN

TOPLIGHT RED! Such is Robin's color after one of her many fits of laughter. Only she can produce tears from those bright blue eyes in times of happiness. At other times, the tears flow easily enough, for Robin is particularly sensitive to the hurt in the world. Sincerity and sweetness go hand in hand with her. There is always the willingness to help in any way she can. Immediately and unhesitatingly she will be by your side with her arm on your shoulder if she sees that you are feeling down. This kindly gesture is a spontaneous reaction in Robin. She unconsciously tries to bring comfort to those who she likes and loves. Selfish, she certainly is not! Being the person she is, she will share with her friends everything from 'Tang' to her crazy, funny experiences.

Her tastes as her values are simple and fundamental. Robin's yes is always immediate to the mention of food of any kind, but she is especially addicted to red-licorice twists, lemon drops, and exotic Oriental dishes. Besides eating, she loves to sew and is, indeed, an excellent seamstress. And although she seldom makes it to the snow, Robin would like to be the first one on her skis to challenge the mountains as soon as the slopes are covered.

If she did not possess such a sweet, soft voice it would be less difficult for one to say no to Robin. Engaging and persuasive, she has a way with her friends that stems from the feeling and love she radiates. For Robin, "... to feel is to live!" Exaggeration? No.



MARGERY HUME

Downey, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: PERFORMING ARTS

House Social Chairman '70

French Club '70

International Club '72

Madrigals '69

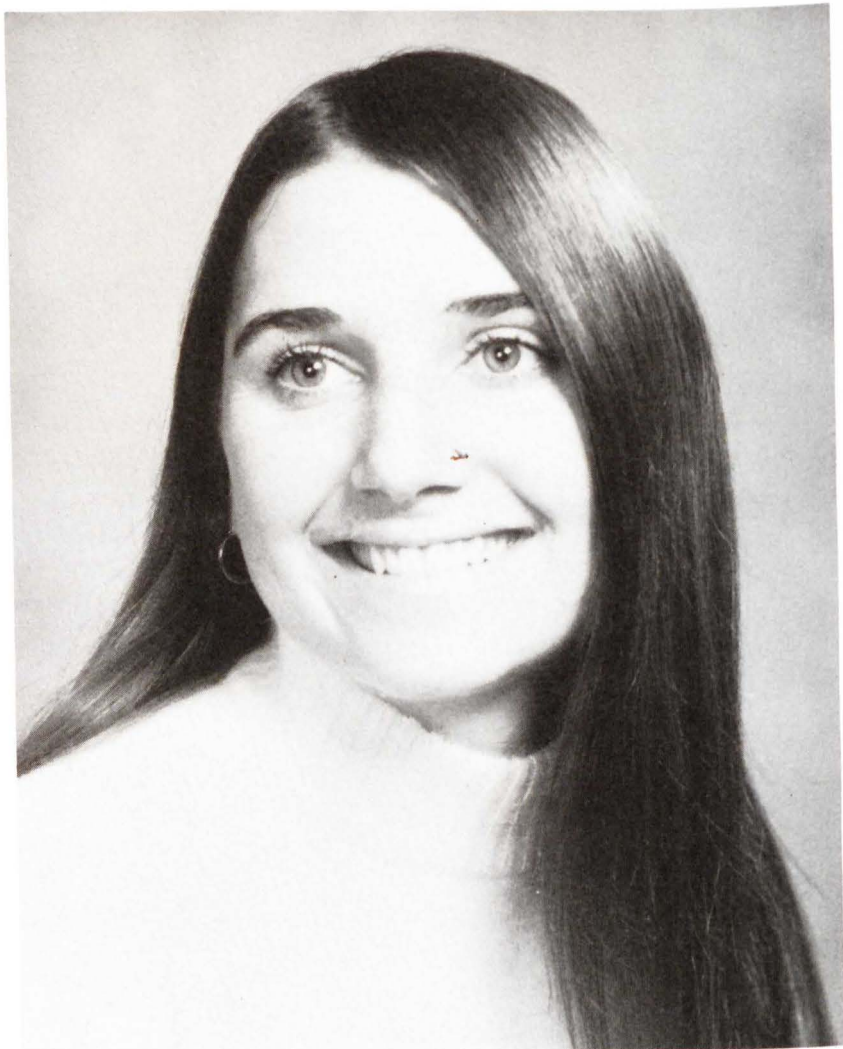
Drama Productions '69, '70

MARGERY HUME

RED ROSES piled high (unarranged, a profusion) in a milk glass vase. She walks to them, arms encircling, careful of the thorns. She is velvet and lace by a warm fire in cozy living room. There are some people for whom all this weight of sensation would mean forbearance. But she is full of after glow even before sunlight.

And so, a few special words on Margie: just looking you don't quite believe. What she is and what she says seem all so full of intensity—living. Can she be that way?—so electric laughter softly eyes, a crying only smiling—"I am what I am" is all she says. But it's true. The depths are all around her. Let her touch you and you're swallowed in her yearning. She learns of people by accepting them as what they are; she does not demand an altered image. Believing in life as she does, she does not seek to alter her impressions. Perhaps she'll go to France again or Spain or Italy or join a travelling circus. Anything is possible.

Tomorrow is tomorrow's day. And now is what she's after.—a little running to catch up, and then a pause, by the fire to say—"Yes, the warmth is relevant. Where shall I place the roses?"



GAIL ANNE IMOBERSTEG

Palo Alto, California

MAJOR: HISTORY AND PSYCHOLOGY

MINOR: SPECIAL EDUCATION

Transferred from Towson State College '70
Who's Who Among American Colleges and Universities '71

GAIL IMOBERSTEG

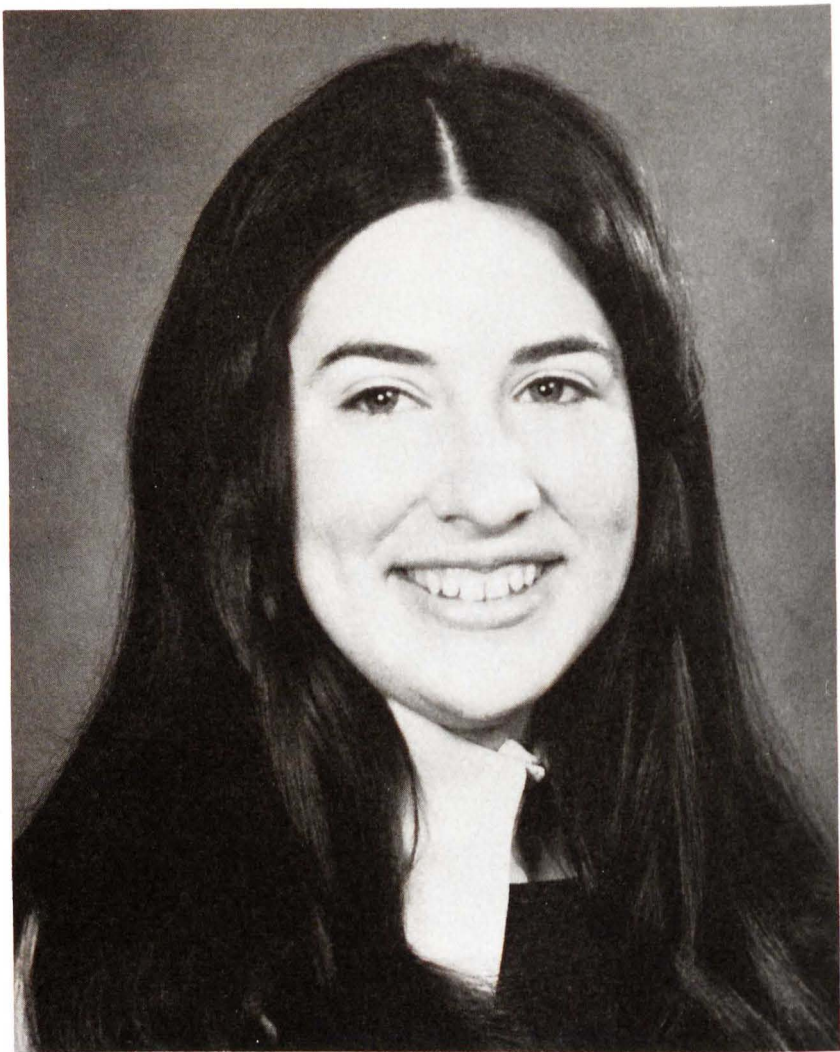
GAIL IS AN INTELLIGENT, positive person who will make a difference—for the better—wherever she goes. She is the kind of person who does many things and does them extremely well.

Tall and attractive, Gail's confidence is not confined to her own abilities. She believes in others; she believes in their right to be what they are. She abhors labeling, particularly of children. Gail wants the best for herself and for each individual she encounters.

Her optimistic smile reflects a warmth and genuine love of the life around her. Gail's friends find in her honesty and sensitivity; a realistic and a distinctive individual. Her fulfillment is found in her complete dedication to teaching children, encouraging a friend, or simply lending her hand and heart to help another human being.

Gail's joy is found in many things: a passage from Arnold, a glimpse of the ocean at sunset and her happiness among close friends.

Is it so small a thing
to have enjoyed the sun
to have lived light in the spring
to have loved
to have thought
to have done?



MARGARET CAECILIA JEFFREY

San Rafael, California
December '71 Graduate

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma '71, '72

Hood Cup '70

Who's Who Among Students in

American Colleges and Universities

Library Committee '70, '71

Focus Photographer '70, '71

Camera Club '69, '70, '71

President '70

Music Club '69

MEG JEFFREY

TO EVERYONE Meg is talkative yet self-contained, with blue eyes and a gentle smile framed by dimples. A methodically well-organized and quiet leader with a will of iron, she has come to be known by some as 'Lady Margaret.' But to those closest to her, she is a sensitive and romantic girl in long skirts and ribbons.

Whether it is working in the Education Department on campus, teaching, studying or just relaxing, Meg's world is one of constant activity. She pursues her academic studies in history, economics and philosophy with a deep sense of responsibility and genuine interest. Her leisure moments, though rare, are filled with concerns in photography, the flute, sewing, CCD, the opera and symphony.

The gentle but dynamic Meg optimistically surveys the world through a wide angle lens. Her future will include teaching and travelling, perhaps revisiting the Greek Islands. And if she could live anywhere in the world, it would be the Big Sur country ". . . and God looked at all he had created and said it is *good*."



MARIA TERESA GOMEZ KAHN

Makati, Rizal Philippines

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Assumption Convent '69
Junior Class Treasurer '71 International Club '70, '71, '72

‘PINKY’ KAHN

MARIA TERESA GOMEZ KAHN, known to everyone as Pinky, seems to beam all over with happiness and good humor—most of the time. But if she is worried, or in a bad mood, woe to the person who crosses her path. Pinky is the nervous type and easily excitable; she worries a lot, talks a lot, does many things a lot. She is an extrovert and a person who likes comfort as is seen in her love of light, comfortable pantsuits and mu-mus. Pinky’s actions spring from an inherent love of life. The world, she describes, as “very interesting and exciting.”

Pinky loves Michelangelo, Gerald Manley Hopkins, and El Greco. She loves horses, dogs, water, all things that are beautiful intrinsically or extrinsically. She loves surrounding herself with her friends and music and if ever you want to find her, look in her room. That is her favorite place on campus; she will probably be there “reading” a Sociology book—and staring off into space.

In actuality, Pinky is a serious student. She devotes much time to collecting data for her sociology projects, much time to reading and thinking, but let Christmas or summer vacation draw near and she is counting the days until she can fly home to the Philippines and relax with her family and eight dogs. Much travelled, Pinky has acquired the art of knowing exactly what to do and when to do it. She wants one day to live in Madrid, to have time for playing the piano, for reading, for keeping up on world events, time for sunshine and happiness.



KATHLEEN HALSEY KEMPTON

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Judicial Council '72

Resident Assistant '72

M.U.N. '70, '71

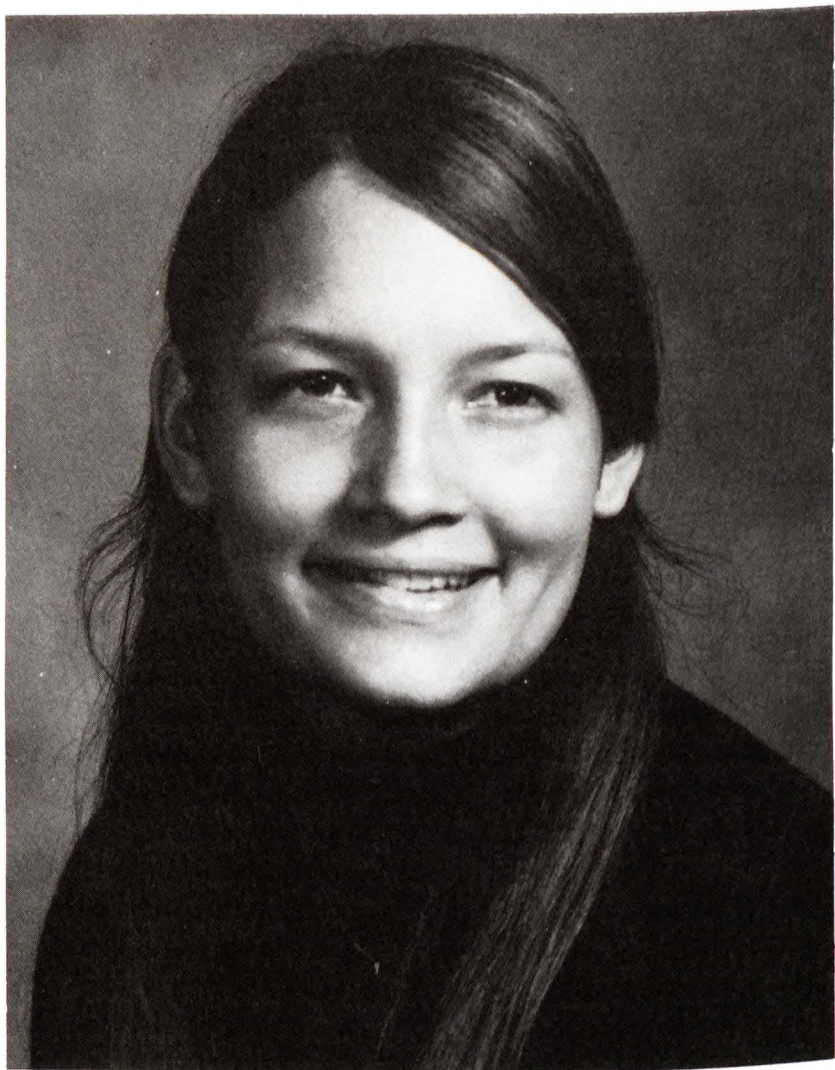
KATHI KEMPTON

WANDERING THROUGH the pottery department you might find Kempí perched on her favorite spot—the potter's wheel—with feet flying and hands lovingly shaping a pot. Then, again, you might find her femininely dressed with her warm raven hair shining and her big expressive eyes twinkling: she is off to hear one of Dr. Dill's lectures . . . "You wouldn't think of going to his class unless dressed for the occasion!"

Kempí is seriously attentive to others; her love for people is genuine. Her effervescent "Hi, there" invites comradeship. The mere sound of her laughter is enough to put a whole room in high spirits. Her soft voice singing, 'For Baby, for Bobby' while accompanying herself on the guitar radiates warmth and compassion. Her greatest fear is that she will make someone unhappy. On and off campus her life leans to adventure; be it picking grapes (and bees) in a vineyard, working summers at King's Castle in Tahoe, firing the kiln for fifteen hours straight, or joining the famous Library Club.

If a potter's wheel had a sail, it would surely carry Kempí away to the green enchanted hills of Ireland. Often you find her slipping into this fantasy while softly strumming her guitar.

Yet for all her dreams, Kempí is not held in a dream world—she is a person very much caught up in the world of now. She walks wide-eyed and her outlook is bright.



MARY PAT KINSEY

Novato, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY, MOVEMENT EDUCATION

MINOR: SPECIAL EDUCATION

Day Student Representative '71

W.A.A. '70, '71, '72

President '70, '71, '72

Madrigals '68, '69, '70

Choral '68

Science Club '69, '70, '71, '72

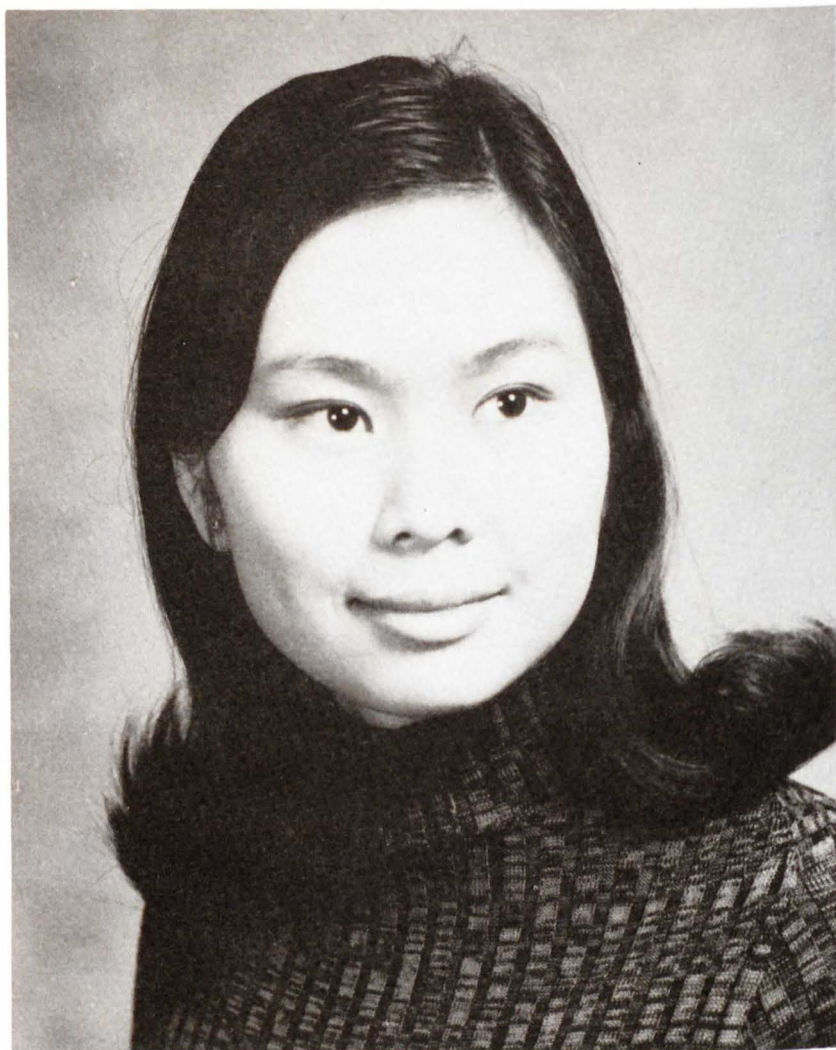
Drama Productions '69, '70, '71

MARY PAT KINSEY

POSSESSING A VARIABLE but predictable temperament, Mary Pat is sure to be laughing on sunny days and sure to be clouded by sadness and deep thoughts on rainy days. She is sensitive to weather and surroundings, and as sensitive to people. Friends are a very important part of herself; details in her relationships are never forgotten—there is a milestone in her memory for every word or happening that strengthened the friendship. She has a true sincere love for people, but she enjoys solitude too. There are so many facets of life which interest her: books, children, animals, physical exercise. Life runs very deep in her; she thoroughly enjoys every activity, every book, every enterprise; and once she starts something, that something remains a part of her until it is finished.

Mary Pat is always occupied, always on the move; and whether working in the lab, in the hospital, working with children, participating in sports, she is caught up, every bit of her, in the involvement. Children are particularly special to her and she to them. They sense immediately her deep love and care and both have an unforgettable time when they get together—sometimes funny and uproarious, sometimes fanciful and imaginative.

Mary Pat enjoys life and anything alive is bound to enjoy Mary Pat.



TINA LAM
Hong Kong, B.C.C.

MAJOR: MUSIC

Transferred from Contra Costa Junior College '69

International Club '69, '70, '71

Madrigals '69, '70

Music Club '69, '70

TINA LAM

TINA IS HAPPIEST when she is singing a Chinese folk song vibrant with life or a Christian hymn at the Missionary Church in Chinatown. She enjoys the classic songs of the Western masters and delights in the lyrical melodies and sweeping rhythms of a Mozart piano concerto.

To know Tina is to know sustained activity. She loves to cook, sew, shop, babysit, practice the piano and puzzle over an analysis of a musical work. Like a theme from a Mozart symphony she is a study in contrasts—at once delicate and strong, lyrical and pulsating, lucid yet hidden.

Tina's soft voice, charming smile, and quiet manner are part of her Oriental grace. Her serenity in understanding and her patience give her joy for each moment and pleasure in simple things. Her eyes speak beauty and charm. Her smile shines with the joy in her heart. "Such wondrous pleasure is life," sings her voice. So willing in her search for the reality behind her dreams, to sacrifice pride for the rewards of humility . . . and giving herself the time to ask you, "Please, will you come into my heart?" Her porcelain strength and gentle spirit need no reply.



MICHELE M. La VOY

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPEECH

S.A.B. Sophomore Representative '70

S.F.A. '71

Legislative Conference Representative, '69

House Hearing Committee Chairman '72

Firebrand Art Editor '72

Community Service '71

Tennis Team '69

Drama Productions '72

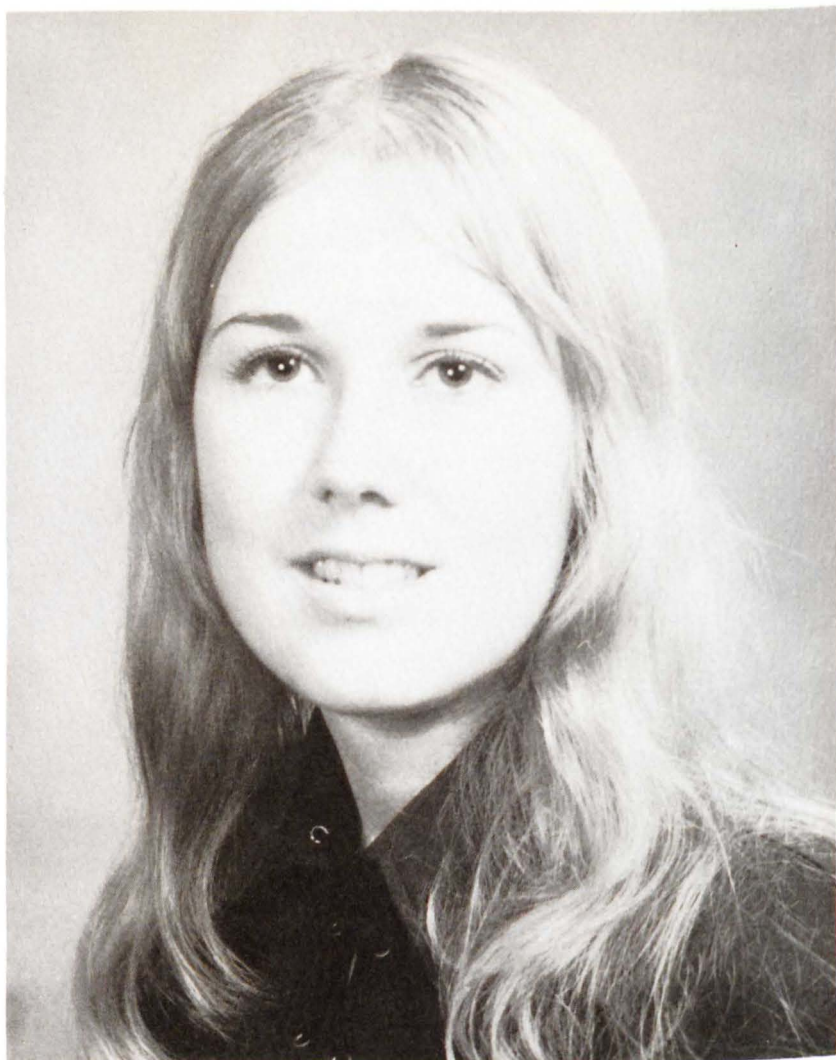
MICHELE La VOY

IN A FEW YEARS one might find Chèle LaVoy standing in the winner's circle receiving a gold medal for the U.S. Speed Skating team. More likely, though, Chèle will be married to a "handsome dude" and living in the Australian Outback. An adventurous and spirited being, Chèle dreams of sailing the South Seas in a schooner, but most of all would like to see the whole of the United States—a dream soon to be realized.

Chèle's world is a place of fascination and wonder, meant to be discovered, not in conventional ways, but in her own special way. Every phase of living is to be tasted to the fullest. Any topic from bike riding to how much tobacco grows in Virginia catches her fancy. Her squeals of delight and vivid, detailed imagination are contagious and so her enchantments have captured the interest of those near her.

With a singular artistic bent, Chèle relishes sitting behind a potter's wheel becoming covered with clay. For her, art is an experience in creation; and Creation is an experience in art. More than just loving nature, she cares for it as she cares for home—because it is her home.

Cherishing true friendships, Chèle returns in kind that which she has been given: consideration, love, and thought. Chèle believes that each person gives her something unique, and her own uniqueness will keep her in the winner's circle.



LAURA LORRAINE LE FAVE

El Cajon, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Gamma Sigma '71, '72

Madrigals '69, '70, '71

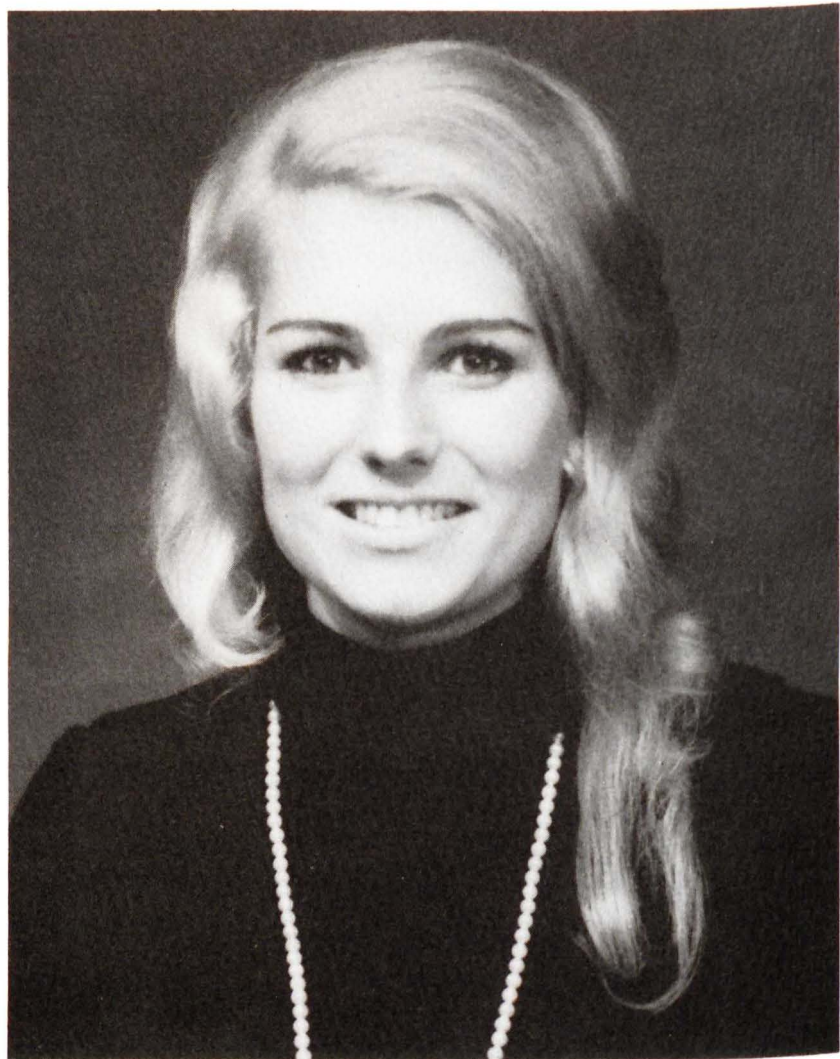
Firebrand Staff '72

LAURA LE FAVE

“*¡C*ante y no llore!” and “*¡mañana!*” seem to best describe the effervescent Laurie. For she laughs as readily at herself as at the world in general. Yet behind the sparkling eyes and teasing irreverences, lurk a sensitive spirit and a questioning mind. Perhaps her complex nature is best illustrated by her tastes. The logic and order of Bach or Mozart are as admired as the romanticism in Goya or the simple beauty of Shakespeare’s verses. She enjoys the security and warmth of Meadowlands as well as the excitement and adventures of traveling. Her love of the informal leads her to take an active role in many a sing-in or twenty-first birthday party. She’s equally at home at a Roundroom “brawl” as at a co-ed party where she can be seen charming many a young man with her merry eyes and outrageous wit.

Conservative in political and social matters, Laurie does not like to become actively involved in public concerns; she prefers rather to keep abreast of current events and to discuss them at a lively bull-session with friends. Yet she cares and her generous nature can be counted on to listen and console whenever a storm is brewing in the heart of a friend. She’s tenacious and won’t let go until she has understood, whether it be a person or an idea.

Laurie brought to Dominican a deep belief in God, the home life and herself. And she departs with these same beliefs, strengthened.



MARIE JACQUES LE GUYADER

Bangkok, Thailand

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: SPANISH

Phi Delta Phi
Executive Board '71
House Hearing Chairman '70

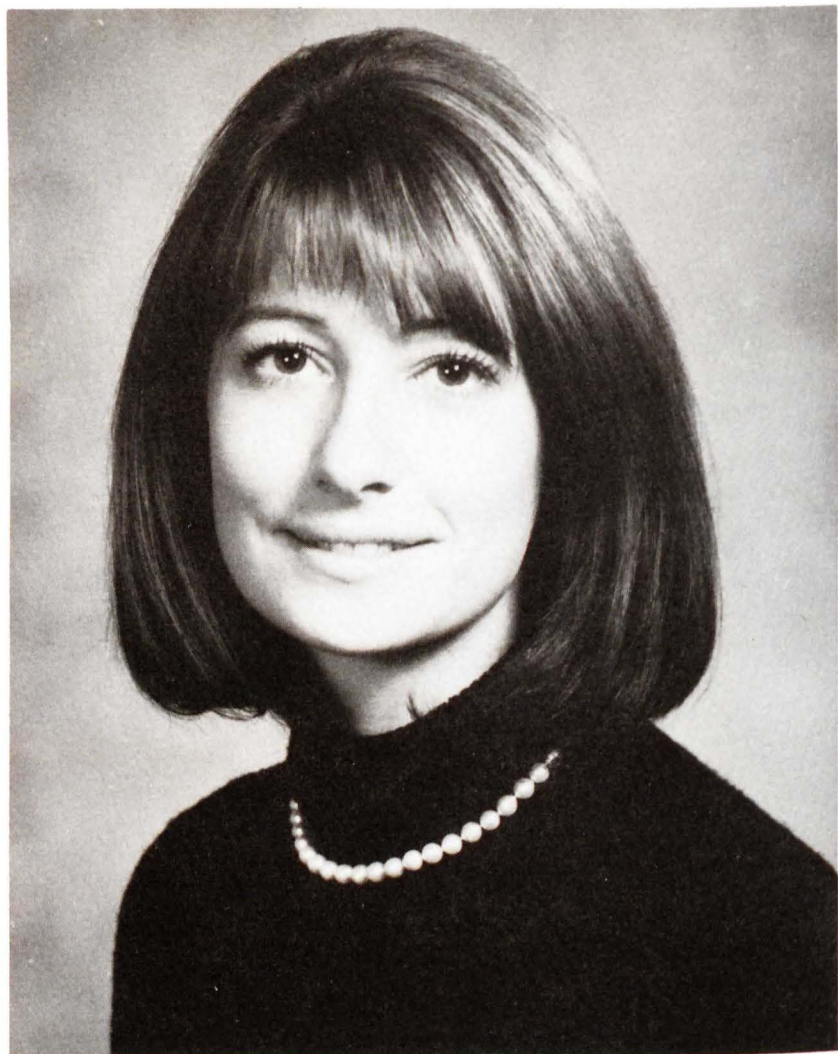
International Students' Club '69, '70, '71
Spanish Club '69, '70, '71
French Club '69, '70, '71

MARIE JACQUES LE GUYADER

MARIE JACQUES reminds one of that “sugar and spice and everything nice” little girl. Her looks are wholly feminine; so are her tastes. She loves nice clothes and flowers. Her favorite hair-do is Louis XIV; she is one who has not followed the current casual fad. And although she is, perhaps, not always impeccably dressed, she always gives the appearance of being so. Her English has just the slightest French accent. Her manners are charming “old world”; she is vivacious, sociable, a little formal, and oh so diplomatic. She dislikes argument and keeps her emotions to herself except occasionally when she swings into rapid-fire exasperated French as she differs with her sister Yannick over some family matter.

Marie Jacques is excited by new experiences, new people, new places. So that even though she fears flying, she is always ready to jump in a plane—and often does. Furthermore, since during her years at DC her family has lived in Thailand and in Uganda, and her grandparents in France, Marie Jacques has seen more of the world than most of us. She is not, however, a person insistent on activity or excitement. On the contrary, she is content studying or lying in the sun or dancing, or just daydreaming.

One suspects that her loyalties are few, but deep.



YANNICK MARIE LE GUYADER

Bangkok, Thailand

MAJORS: BIOLOGY AND FRENCH

Pi Delta Phi
Executive Board '72
House Chairman '72

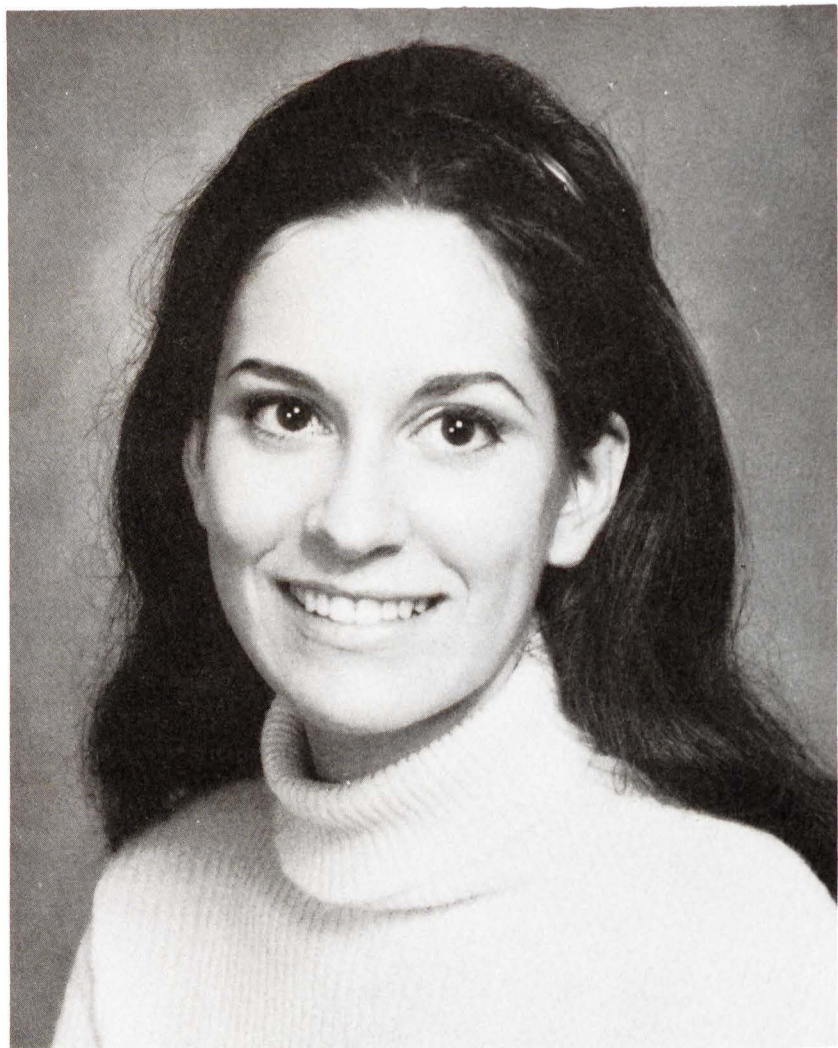
House Social Chairman '71
French Club '69, '70, '71, '72
International Students' Club '69, '70, '71, '72

YANNICK LE GUYADER

THE WORLD has been her play-yard, people have been her school; for a 'neighborhood' there has been her beloved Bangkok, the mysterious Isle of Madagascar; the turbulent University of Paris, her family home in Southern France, sunny California and most recently, her home in Africa. This 'jet-set' living tips her character-scale in favor of diplomacy and leaves her vibrant Gallic humors to fend for themselves. Strong on solidarity and sharp on wit, she is always the first to sweep her International crowd along and straight into her escapades.

Despite all, Yannick is a serious student and spends long hours driving herself to a deeper understanding of the work at hand. Although French is one of her major subjects, she pursues the scientific world with a meticulous organization that is astounding. Impatient with all things, she none the less spends considerable time listening to her friends. Those friends acknowledge her wisdom and find her encouragement as infectious as her laughter.

Petite, poised, and intent, she is a non-stop conversationalist, a party enthusiast and a gracious hostess. Perhaps her love of Napoleon and Jack Kennedy have alike engendered her philosophy toward this "small crazy world." Idealism generates her dream and intent to use her talents to help others. It may be that her greatest charm and quality is being able to recognize goodness in others and in wanting to help others recognize goodness in themselves.



JANICE MARIE LOCOCO

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ITALIAN

Activities Council '72

Focus '70

Catholic College Youth Represen-
tative of Archdiocesan Pastoral
Council '70, '71, '72

Fellowship Committee '71, '72

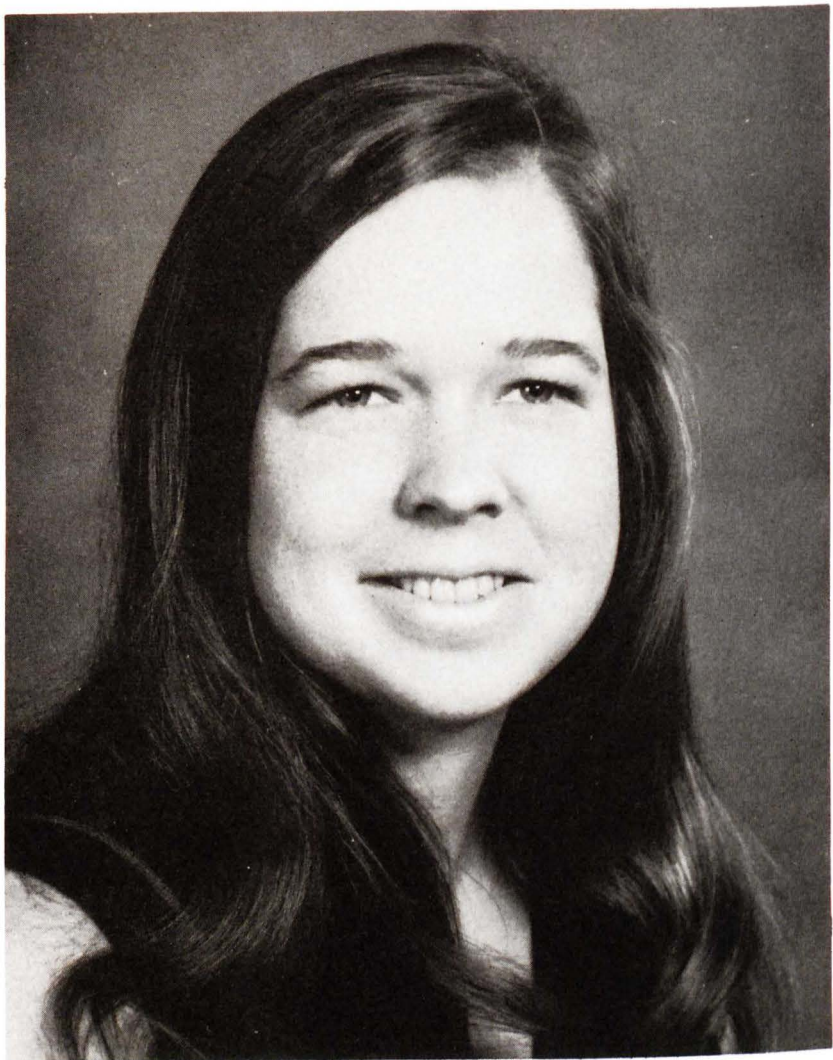
Italian Club '71, '72

Music Club '72

JAN LOCOCO

IN MANY WAYS Jan is like Fanjeaux, the hall in which she lives. Fanjeaux, with its ivy-covered walls, tower rooms, and wooden staircase, reminds one of the romantic past. So likewise does Jan. She is an incurable romantic who, while seeking to do something about the darker side of human existence, tends to keep seeing the beautiful. She is tenderhearted and sympathetic to the troubled. Her need to help others, to be involved, is best exemplified in her two years of service on the Pastoral Council of the San Francisco Archdiocese.

There is perhaps in Jan a built-in duality. One day you may see her in jeans, the next day in a skirt down to her toes. One moment she will be listening to Debussy or Chopin, the next moment enjoying Lennon and McCartney. She enjoys working, and works hard, but she enjoys playing even more. Whether spending a Saturday night in the City or a lazy afternoon along the Sonoma coast, Jan takes intense pleasure in living.



KATHLEEN MARY LYNCH

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Social Committee '70

Secretary of House Council '69

Tennis Team '70, '72

French Club '69

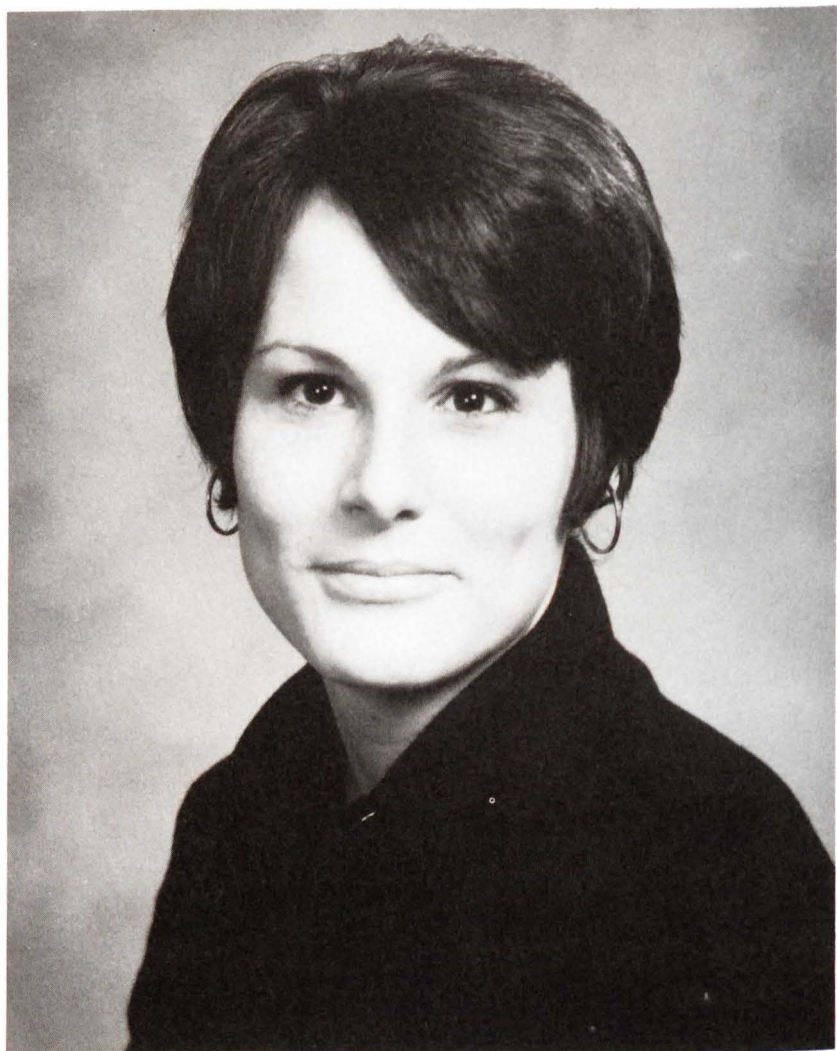
International Club '72

KATHIE LYNCH

KATHIE IS THE GIRL in navy blue with the little side-smile, the girl in love with espresso coffee, Flemish art, African cuisine, and Marcel Proust. Kathie wonders and wonders more: looking, watching, deducing, deciding. She lets new ideas first melt into her and only then does she reject or accept.

Seemingly separated from that which surrounds her, Kathie is in fact, very much involved with her world. However, one is never quite sure what lies behind her blue eyes that light up with laughter or seem to perceive with pensive observation. Although she may lean she never depends. She is a distinctive individual, very much herself, soft-spoken and unpredictable. Her hands speak abstractly yet simply, making her view understandable to others.

Kathie is not one to let a good thing pass her by. And so she spent a summer touring Europe and her junior year in France. She has come now to realize that a whole new aspect of understanding is discovered if one is aware of another language; she dreams of being able to speak several languages in addition to her English and French. Kathie wants ultimately to become involved in museum work, to continue learning, and to be able to quietly pursue her interests in culture and communication.



LESLEY C. MATUSEK

Portland, Oregon

MINOR: HISTORY

MAJOR: ART

House Council '69, '70, '71

Social Chairman '69

House Chairman '70

House Hearing Committee '71

Social Committee '69, '70, '71

Community Service '70

International Students' Club '70, '71

Young Republicans '69, '70

Tennis Team '70

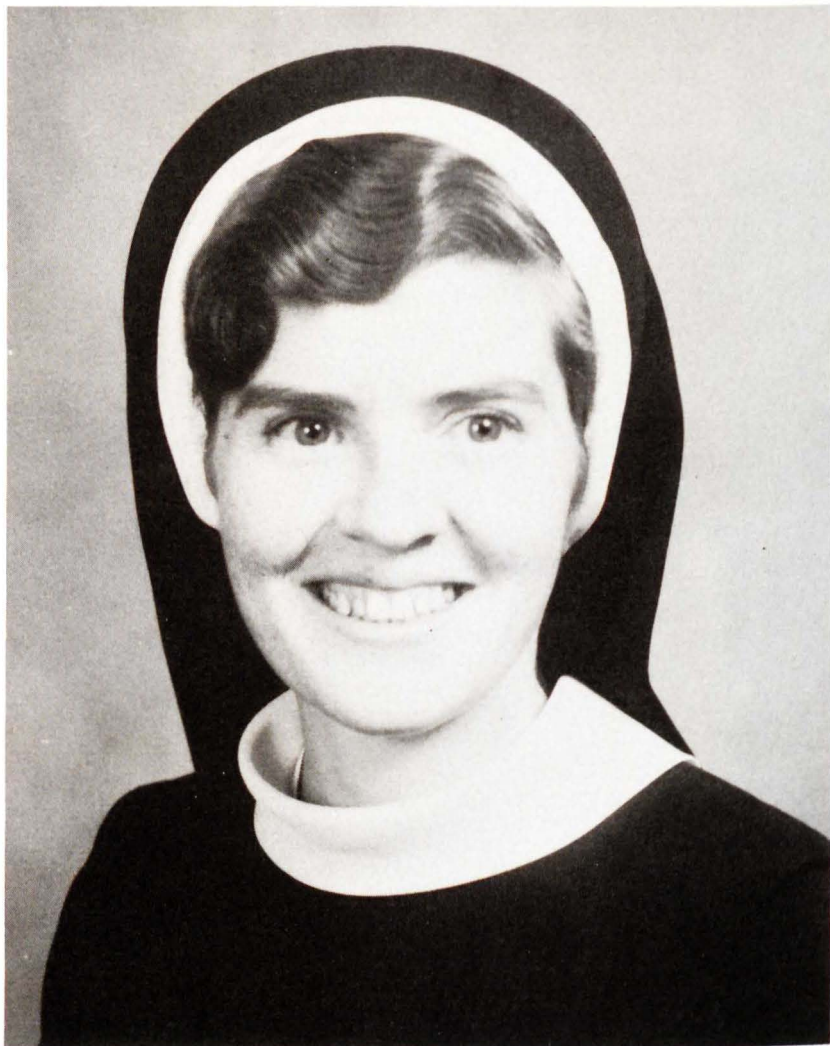
LESLEY MATUSEK

LES IS A BLITHE breezy compendium of energy. Mobilized against boredom and the hum-drum, her life at Pennafort has been a series of entrances and exits. There is nothing static about her. Whether marshalling her friends for an off-campus party, channeling the energies of a house meeting into the proper direction, or just immersed in preparing a silk screen for an art class, she displays unbounded enthusiasm and sublime assurance. She is quite matchless.

Les finds life's diversity intriguing and engaging, worthy of spending every waking moment in exploration of its meaning. And she does. Contemplating Picasso at the San Francisco Museum of Art, or pouring through an anthology of Romantic poetry, she is bent on perceiving the meaning, and perceiving to grow.

Not unaffected by the 'march of events,' Les contemplates the world with concern and candor. On the whole, she is optimistic and thinks the world somehow capable of substantial change toward greater harmony. But she is by no means a full fledged idealist; she tempers her views with common sense and a hard-headed realism.

Eyes flashing, hands articulating, Les is eager to participate; she is always available to listen, console, encourage and praise; when things or people go awry, her energies can flare up in indignant protest. But the conflagration is quickly out. Hopeful and confident Les approaches the future with purpose, eager to "make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes . . ."



SISTER SUSAN McCARTHY
Ennis, County Clare, Ireland

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE
MINOR: ENGLISH

SISTER SUSAN McCARTHY, S.M.

SISTER SUSAN can best be described by Kahlil Gibran's line, "The sea is a self boundless and measureless." A friendly and charming redhead, Sister is measureless in the giving of herself and boundless in her outlook. Realistic about life and herself, she is happy in being what she is, and in accepting her limitations patiently. An enthusiast for what is right, she is disturbed by injustice, especially toward the defenseless. Like the sea, Sister can become angry and stubborn when in turmoil, but turns gentle and kind when the storm ceases.

Whether collecting shells, playing a rousing game, experimenting in decoupages, or delighting in *pie à la mode*, Sister enjoys herself thoroughly. But her special love is for small children, and teaching them brings her many challenges and much contentment. A conscientious and sensitive person, she responds openly to their needs as well as to those adults who come her way.

Viewing the world as an exhilarating place to be, Sister dreams of travelling to Australia or Peru. Conceivably her future could be as she sees it: journeying in the Andes, going from mission to mission.

She is greatly influenced by St. John's Gospel and this is evident in her life style. Having Christ as the center of her life, she strives to serve Him through love for, and fidelity to, His Word, finding courage in His promise:

I am the light of the world.

No follower of mine shall ever walk in darkness;

No, he shall possess the light of life.



MARGARET MARY McCORKLE

Lakewood, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: AMERICAN LITERATURE

Transferred from California State College at Long Beach '70

Firebrand Staff '71, '72

International Students' Club '72

MARGARET McCORKLE

MARGO IS a doctor's daughter—interested in all things medical—especially in her chosen field of medical records. She hopes to work in a hospital, but emphasizes that any long-range ideas of permanence in that or any other realm of work seem unreasonable to her. With a flair for writing and a love for the fine arts, it would not be too difficult to envision Margo tucked away on her country estate surrounded by good music and art as the thoughts flowed from mind onto paper. Rachmaninoff, El Greco, and many more such greats would be with her as she utilized her special talents of imagination and humor to create gifts appreciated by peers as well as by her favorite people—children.

When at home, Margo is encircled by nine brothers and sisters. Her family is a source of much joy and happiness. Finding them excellent company and close friends, she still has come to value quiet hillsides, bubbling streams and the solemnity of redwoods. Nature offers relaxation and aesthetic enjoyment.

Margo's other side is her 'rowdy' self—a good times, good people person. Admittedly not as impetuous as in previous years, she still enjoys a boisterous party and late nights. An evening out with friends, fine food, and stimulating conversation is as inviting as a fire on a rainy night.

Margo is many-faceted and sometimes her solitude or excitability can be overpowering, but she has learned to balance these. An honest and forthright friend, she is sensitive to others' needs and is loyal in her love.



MARY ELIZABETH McKENZIE

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Transferred from College of Marin '69

Class Vice-President '72
Activities Council '72

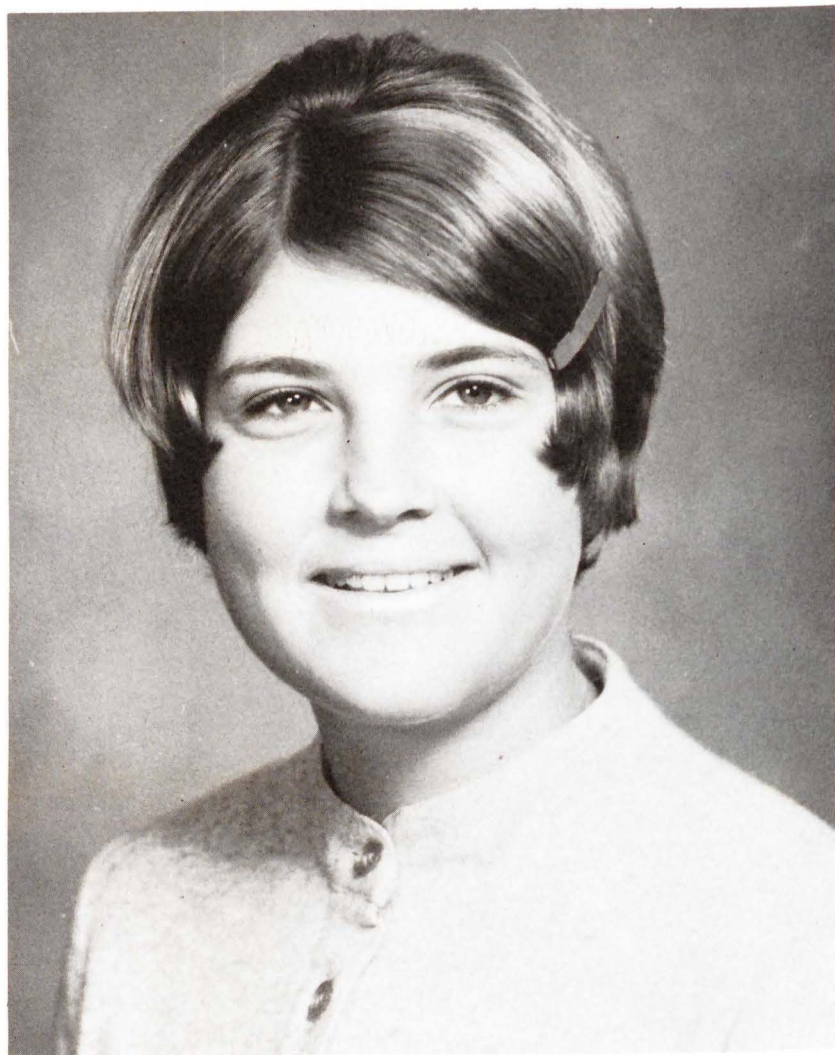
Science Club '70, '71, '72

Focus Staff '70
Firebrand Staff '72

MARY BETH McKENZIE

MARY BETH SAYS "I like to wear pretty things that make me feel like a girl." And she does. A happy smile and an infectious laugh complement her dress and her lovely features. No, she is not a major in home economics, but in biology. Wonderingly, one watches her dash about going to labs and classes and doing all those extra things she volunteered to worry about and to work on. She is eagerness and dedication. There is no hurdle too big for her to conquer. In the biology lab, where she spends a good deal of her time, she dons a spotless white coat and plunges into the world of microbes and other little "beings." An occasional anxious look will cross her face, but more often a gratified sigh or a light laugh is heard. And if an explanation were needed, she might say simply, "I like it."

Except for her addiction to biology, one might say that Mary Beth is abnormally normal. She likes all the human things—warm fires, friendships, laughter—and detests all the inhuman ones—injustice, intolerances, all that might be summed up as "man's inhumanity to man." On the whole she finds the world an exciting place in which to live and often a very pleasant one. Accepting herself and the world as itself, Mary Beth expects to make the very best from what both have to offer. One suspects that she will go through life brightening another's day, offering the thoughtful word and gentle strength.



SANDRA SUE MICHAEL

Stockton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Who's Who Among American
Colleges and Universities '71

ASDC President '72

ASDC Vice-President '71

Freshman Class President '69

Executive Board Member '69, '71, '72

Legislative Conference Chairman '70

Meadowlands House Hearing Commit

Carillon News Editor '72

Community Service '70

Irish Club President '70

SANDY MICHAEL

THINK GIGGLE. Think bicycle adventure. Think mussed hair, candid smile—and you think Sandy Michael. Sandy is filled with a laughter that spreads, a laughter that brings others her understanding and appreciation for the simple glories of life—in nature, in her friends, in her total world.

Her little kid smile would seem to belie involvement in all that she loves. One has trouble deciding whether Sandy is best described as a do-gooder or a good-doer. She is, in fact, both. Sandy likes to believe she is a 'traditionalist' and she is in her basic love for what has preceded her. She uses the past as a base from which to deal with her present and future. She is open to ideas and to people. She likes people and, more often than not, finds goodness hidden in places that pessimism and impatience bars from others. She is hurt by inconsideration and disrespect which come as a surprise, and crash in upon her innocence. She is the perpetual volunteer, spontaneous organizer, and self-appointed cheerer.

One detects in Sandy a desire to be 'whatever' completely. There is no room for less than total commitment in her life and she, at times, seems restless searching for her spot. There are so many people and places waiting for her touch of light, her happier outlook, her fun-loving attitudes about life. Our Sandy, full of good sense and with a tinge of lunacy is a bright and shining Christian, and a deep one too.



TARRIE LEIGH MITCHELL

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

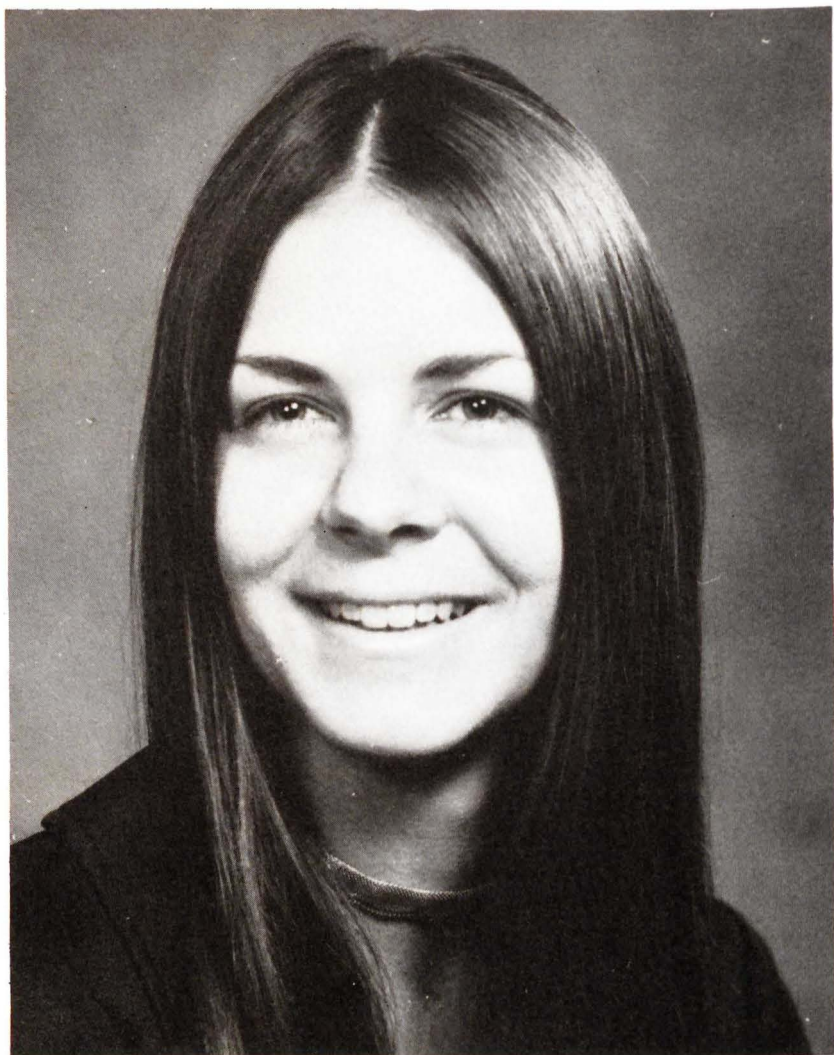
Transferred from Yuba College '70
Firebrand Staff '72

TARRIE MITCHELL

TARRIE IS TURNED ON by long walks, rugged beaches, laughter, little brothers, and just people. A combination of Thinker and Listener, she is always willing to attend to someone else's problems, though she keeps her own anxieties inside. Whenever a patient ear, a ride downtown, or cough syrup in the middle of the night is needed, Tarrie comes to the rescue. In her own quiet way, she brightens the days of her friends with little "have a happy day" notes or simply with a smile or by sharing in their joys and sorrows. Forever practical, never flustered, Tarrie experiences each day with a calm and unruffled disposition. But her grave exterior is frequently betrayed by a warm, impish smile which quite suddenly becomes infectious laughter.

Tarrie relishes a good sense of humor; in fact she counts it a vital necessity. Optimistic, she believes that eventually all things will resolve themselves—even term papers! When a crisis arises, Tare copes with her philosophical, idealistic, practical attitude; if the situation allows, she procrastinates.

The chief popcorn-popper of Pennafort is nothing if not good natured and philanthropic. With a genuine concern for both body and soul, Tarrie will undoubtedly continue to nurture her love for people and to follow the lead of the "Spirit."



CHRISTINE ELIZABETH NERVO

Healdsburg, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Sophomore Class President '70 International Students' Club '70, '72
M.U.N. '68, '69, '70

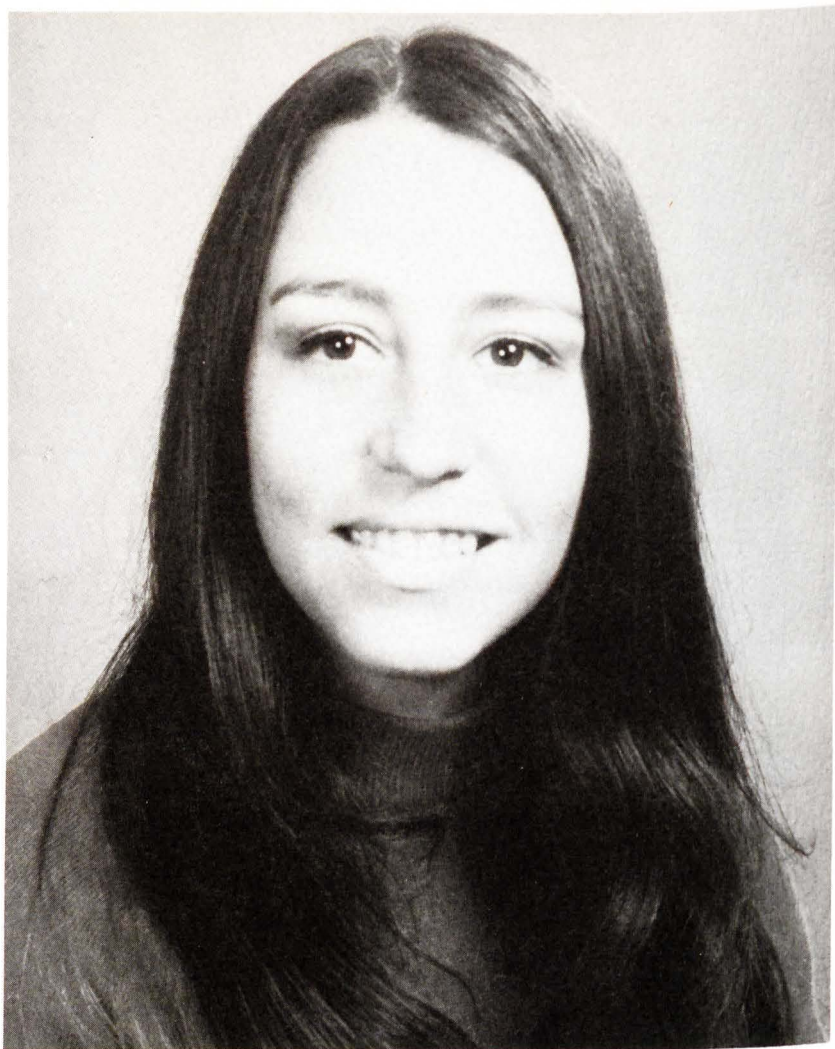
CHRIS NERVO

CHRIS IS THOROUGH in everything she does and rarely lets anyone down, including herself. Her life is organized and disciplined for the sake of attaining her goals. A girl of principle, she firmly stands her ground to defend her beliefs and ideals. For all that, Chris manages a great deal of fun.

Her mind is as lively as her personality. She is a careful and perceptive thinker. She looks at a situation from all possible angles; then she acts. In dealing with people, Chris is concerned and diplomatic. She humors others or excuses them, while at the same time she is very critical of her own character vowing daily to change and improve.

Chris' appearance supports all that her inner character portrays. She is meticulous in her dress, always in crisp good taste. And now after spending her Junior year in France, her taste has been enhanced by acquiring the more sophisticated French styles. All of which has led to an impression of "chic and charmant"—a compliment to Chris's petiteness.

International relations or some form of foreign diplomacy demanding a use of French is her professional goal. Hence her desire to return to France where her friends eagerly await the return of "La Petite Américaine." Chris finds no trouble in relating to all kinds of people, in adapting herself to different situations and cultures. She appreciates what separates and what binds. She realizes that she can learn from each person and each facet of life that she encounters. She listens and sees. Little escapes Chris Nervo.



JUDI ANN OJEDA

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Sophomore Representative S.F.A. '70

Assistant Editor of *Interim* '70

Drama Productions '69

Community Service '70

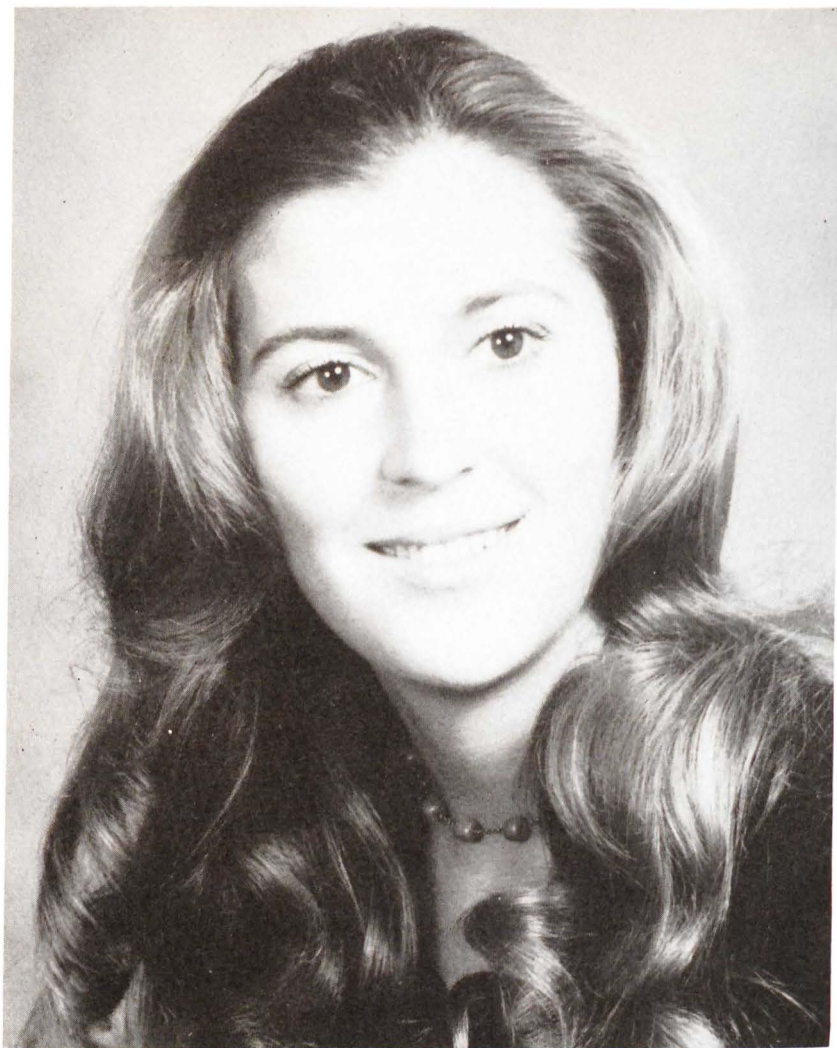
Choral '69

JUDI OJEDA

JUDI PROJECTS herself first in conversation. She is the modern fiery independent. With fixed eyes and determined but trembling heart, Judi is ready to unleash the truth be it good or bad. Her intent and focus is all on the right or wrong of the case. If new evidence appears, she finds it difficult to change her views; she is determined and a bit headstrong. Nor does Judi approve of being told that she is wrong, especially when she knows that she is not. But she is ever willing to listen.

Judi leans toward the active and adventurous—always ready for a party or a skiing trip. There is also the Judi who loves comfort—the comfort of lounging in pajamas in the comfortable carpeted Fanjeaux living room surrounded by friends and an atmosphere of fun and good humor. The active Judi, laughing and talking with friends, masks, perhaps, the more serious side, the side that sees the world as very confused. Basic, however, is her highly developed comic sense which is always there ready to correct, to lighten or cut down to size any impending crisis.

Judi is first of all honest and she believes honesty to be the format of friendship. Sharing secrets and discovering herself while discovering others, she firmly believes “Trusting friends are true friends.” Generously giving of her time and self to others, Judi proves not only to be a trust-worthy friend, but one who wishes to spend part of her life, at least, in serving others.



LUCIA OSPINA
Bogota, D.E., Colombia

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Universidad de Los Andes '70

Pennafort Social Chairman '72

International Club '71, '72
Secretary '71
President '72

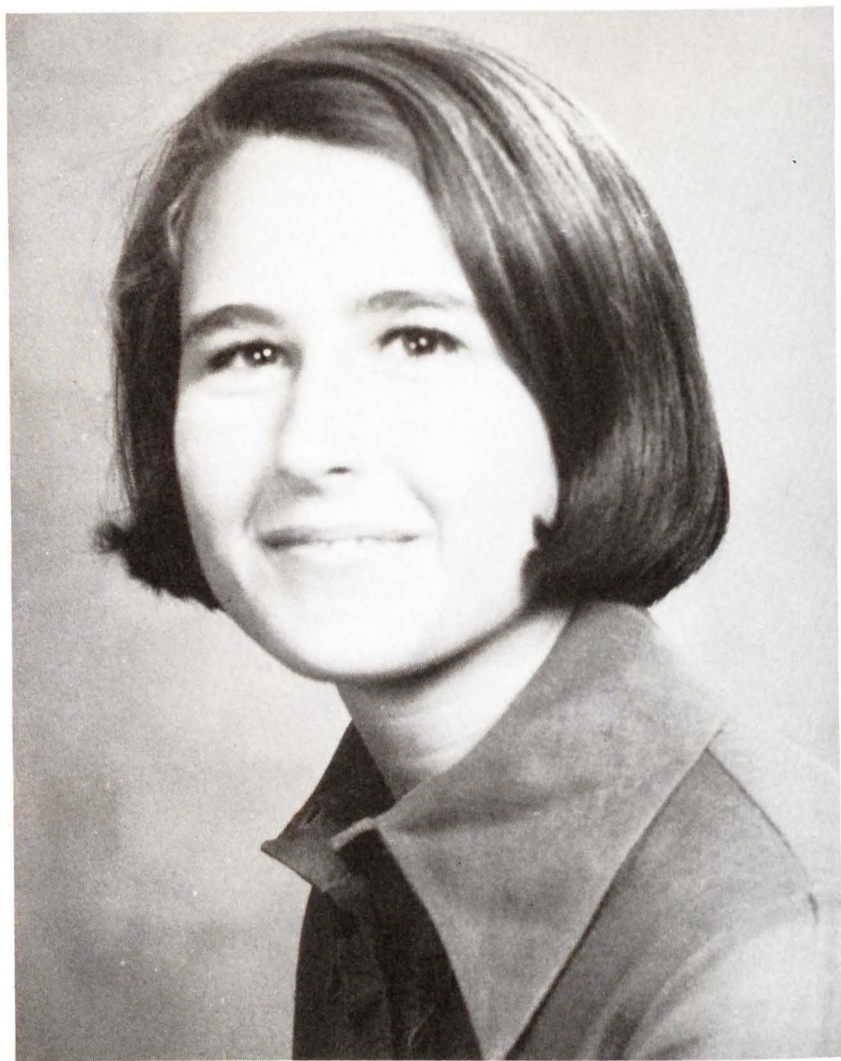
LUCY OSPINA

LUCY HAILS from Bogota, Colombia. Her major is history, and for some reason she is particularly adamant about Latin American history. She is seen quite often sashaying around campus, chattering like a magpie and interjecting "Oh, my God!" at every surprise. "Buttercup," as she is endearingly called, is nutty about classical music, reading, and playing volleyball. She dislikes washing dishes and short guys—especially washing dishes *for* short guys. Napoleon, Michelangelo and Jose Asuncion Silva are her favorite people—an unusual combination!

Definitely an extrovert, she spends hours writing letters. Of course, when her correspondence is not answered, she may be found in her room draped in scarves and stomping out a flamenco in frustration.

Lucy, with all her vivacity, possesses a serious side to her personality. She views her homeland with a critical and intelligent eye. Lucy views the world as "... too large for me to know it and too small for me to see it."

Lucy adores travelling and looks forward to flying all over the world after graduation. She enjoys flying so much that she is continually falling down stairs trying to prove that Colombia has its own Peter Pan. So far she has not been successful, but as she always says, "Where there is a will, there is a way."



DEBORAH JEAN PADEL

Redding, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Judicial Council '72

Junior Class President '71

Executive Board Member '71

Meadowlands House Secretary-Treas

Focus Staff '71

Community Service '70, '71

Drama Productions '72

DEB PADEL

DEB'S WAY OF LIFE bespeaks her feminine grace and a certain quiet authority. She is poised in almost every situation and when called upon to lead a group of people, does it with ease and diplomacy. Perhaps the reason people like Deb is that she really likes them, and expects them to do their best, although her tolerance for human frailty seems boundless.

Deb lives maturely with herself, as well as with others. She is happy with her life, with her chosen career of helping orthopedically handicapped children, and with her pottery. When she encounters a personal problem she handles it with an objective analysis which is almost masculine in its practicality.

But Deb is not entirely predictable — not by any means. Her quietly confident manner is punctuated by moments of completely non-rational whimsy. It is at these times that Deb shows her devilish love for the unexpected and the imaginative. Her a-grammatical use of the Queen's English for example, is a source of woeful resignation to her, but a source of unparalleled delight and amusement to her friends, who are favored with such expressions as 'party city' and 'scope out the sitch.'

Deb is deeply involved in all that she really likes and considers worthwhile: in her pottery; in her political science minor; in her avocation, music; and with her friends. Her only special ambition is 'being happy.' She'll achieve it too, in her own earthy, decisive, practical way.



SUSAN JEANNE PETERSON

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Contra Costa Junior College '70

Firebrand Editor '72

SUE PETERSON

SUE CLAIMS to see the world through disenchanted eyes; she repudiates vague optimisms, worn out clichés, empty dreams. Having learned early to live independently and to view human relationships with some suspicion, she resents any involvement in community living. With quiet dignity, she protects her image of 'being her own person.' Sue is not, however, without a social conscience. She possesses a delicate and super-sonic sensitivity to injustice of every kind and reacts against even the most subtle pressuring whether from the mob or the establishment. A person of strong integrity, Sue accepts responsibilities and sees them through to the end. She will do what must be done, pleasant or unpleasant. And this is true academically as well as socially. A perfectionist, however, she would rather not hand in an assignment at all than to turn in a sketchy effort. Nor is Sue without social intelligence. Quite the contrary; she is poised, gracious, responsive and seems to know always the competent means to the desired end.

Sue maintains that she has "no dreams to fulfill"; she hates, she says, taking dusty walks through the country, detests dirty animals, whining children, and wilted red roses. The point is that she is sent red roses and that she has many friends who respect her private self, her aloofness and who are strengthened by her quiet courage and amused by her cryptic remarks. One suspects that under several layers, Sue is probably an idealist who sees too clearly the gulf between what is and what ought to be. In the interim, she wishes not to be betrayed into happiness.



MARY FRANCESCA PIUMA
Pismo Beach, California

MAJOR: SPEECH
MINOR: ENGLISH

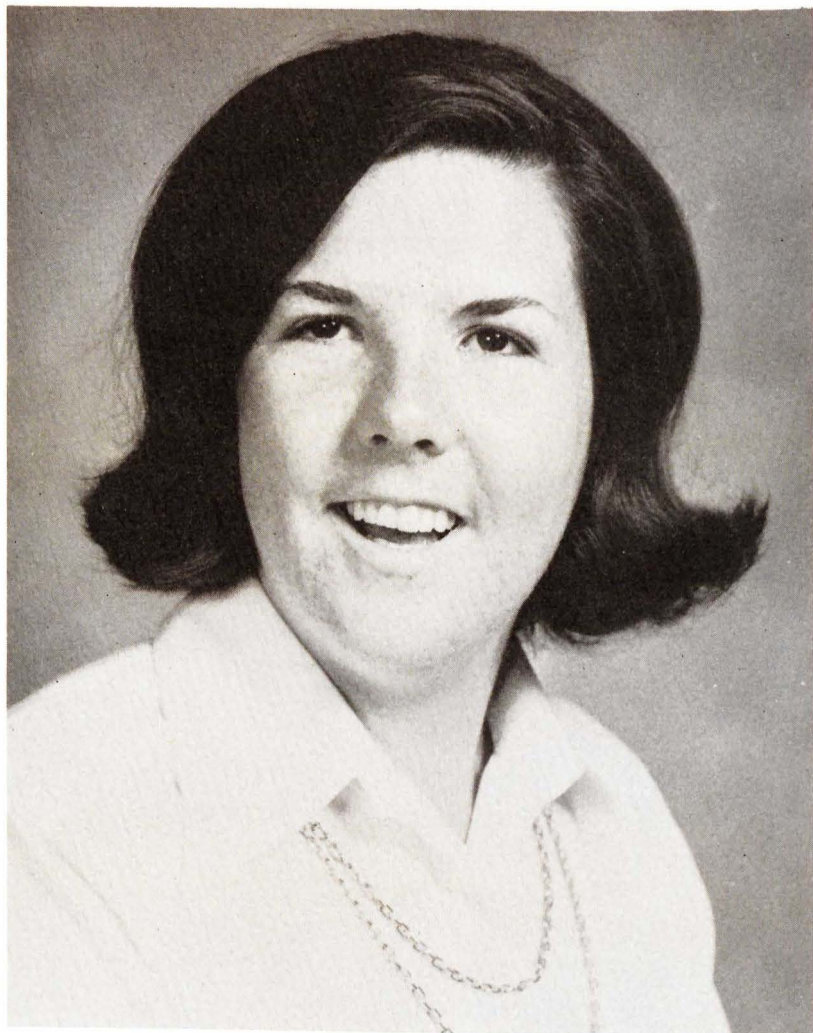
CHESCA PIUMA

CHESCA COMES from Pismo Beach—The Clam Capitol of the World!—as she will proudly be the first to tell you. Chesca is an intense, vivid individual. One gets the impression that there is a volcano slowly erupting within her—she is enthusiastic, almost passionate about the people or things or places in which she becomes involved. Her moods swing from one extreme to the other. She may meet you with almost unbounding good humor or with a quiet, simmering anger.

Chesca has a distinctive knack for eliciting laughter from her friends. Whether she is doing her impersonation of Shirley Temple “On the Good Ship Lollipop” or claiming that her most cherished dream is to have a tree that grows croutons or merely slapping some lemon meringue pie in an unsuspecting face, people respond to her spontaneous humor (especially the one with pie on her face). Chesca’s wit is often shaded with a somewhat cynical comment on the way she views the world. She is definitely not content with the *status quo* and will openly declare war on the establishment when she senses injustice.

Chesca is a searching person with an insatiable curiosity. She always wants to know what others think and, moreover, *why* they think that way. And she will plague you with questions too; until she gets some satisfactory answers.

Hands in pockets, in heavy hiking boots prepared for anything, Chesca is impatiently ready to move out into other worlds to discover and explore more ideas, more people, and more ‘who’ she is.



MARY PATRICIA POWER

Helena, Montana

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma '71, '72
Who's Who Among American
Colleges and Universities '71
Executive Board '70, '72
House Chairman '72

House Council '69, '71, '72
Focus Staff '70
Carillon '69, '70
Editor '70
Firebrand Staff '72

MARY PAT POWER

HERE SHE IS—the familiar face in the crowd—smiling, waving, and calling you by name. Her smile breaks from initial recognition into boisterous laughter as she recalls some small incident in your mutual history. A native of Montana, Mary Pat has the calm manner and instinctive wisdom inherent in the best “woodsy” tradition. She is at her happiest, or so she says, rigged in jeans and T-shirt, cruising Placid Lake in her motored rowboat.

Getting to know Mary Pat as a friend is an experience all its own. Though she swears she is bored by people who say ‘nothing,’ if you are her friend she will be there with rapt attention. If her thoughts run in direct conflict with your own, no need to feel threatened. She conveys an inward understanding of opposing points of view and is supportive even when criticizing.

Mary Pat is hard to imagine without an impish sparkle in her eye and an agreeable “I’ll drink to that” attitude. She claims to have inherited from her Flathead-Irish background, an introvert personality with extrovert qualities. What other combination could come up with an April Fool’s candlelighting?

Whether offering her cookery talents at Bolinas, whether finishing up some editorial job or just solving the problems of the world, Mary Pat is involved. Serious, practical, dependable, friendly, and concerned, she lives comfortably with the challenge: “Each day, a new day; each day, a life.”



LUELLA PRESTON
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

LUELLA PRESTON

LU HAS quite a vigorous history behind her. She is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing, she served in the Korean War as a USN nurse, she has inspected airplanes for the Army, she was a camp nurse for the Girl Scouts, and she took care of Esquimaux in Newfoundland.

Lu's husband is a retired Navy Commander, now a law student. They have two teen-age children and Lu surprisingly finds the time to explore the academic world of Dominican College. She claims that she “. . . swims like a fish, water skiis like a maniac; hates kids in hordes; loves to read Winston Churchill and oddly enough, *Mad* magazine; loves ballet and symphonies; hates rock music.”

Lu claims that she is quiet until you know her; and that when you know her you will find that she has a ‘ha-ha’ funny sense of humor. Currently, she finds the intellectual life somewhat formal and she misses the zany antics of Navy life.

Lu's advice for the year is “. . . Old mothers should not despair—they should get up and go to Dominican.” With her many interests and her varied background of experience, one wonders when or how Lu would ever find the time to even think of age or despair. Whatever her own age, Lu will undoubtedly go on making vigorous history.



KAY MARIE QUELLA

Las Vegas, Nevada

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Class Treasurer '69

Activities Committee '71

Lectures, Concerts and Exhibit Comm

House Hearing Committee Chairman

House Hearing Committee '70

Chairman of Community Service '71

Choral '69

Drama Productions '72

KAY QUELLA

KAY IS like a warm summer's day; tall, tanned and vivacious, eagerly looking forward to the hot summer months when she can literally 'bake' in the Las Vegas heat.

Kay is blessed with the 'gift of gab.' She can spin a tale into the night or expound for hours on more serious matters; yet she is quite content to sit cross-legged on her green carpet listening to the problems of others. Sensitive and concerned, she ponders over the most minute difficulty until the correct solution has been reached, even if it takes away time saved for reading that book. A procrastinator when it comes to school work, organized—but only to a point, she miraculously manages to have all papers written and assignments in by the dead line.

After a long hard day of student teaching, Kay spends the evenings yearning for Daiqueries, but eating pepperoni pizzas, running down to the corner market for Larraburu Sourdough French Bread and 'two scoops of jamoca on a cake cone.' The goodies devoured, she is ready to snuggle up under warm covers with 'Dumb Dumb' her faithful brown teddy bear.

Graduation and marriage are important events for Kay. Graduation means meeting the challenging world and facing its responsibilities. Through marriage, Kay will continue to give, accepting new responsibilities, making new decisions, and enjoying every minute of it.



LAURA ANNE RISHWAIN

Stockton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Social Committee '70

Pennafort Social Chairman '71

Drama Productions '72

Community Service '69

Italian Club '70

LAURA RISHWAIN

LAURA IS SMALL but strong of will. It is little wonder that Napoleon is her favorite historical figure. She has, on a feminine scale, something of his dynamism. Striving always to be "more patient," she moves along at high speed leaving a trail of friends behind who do not have the energy to keep up with her. Independent and confident, sometimes audacious, Laura sees the world through glasses of rosey hue; and so confident is she of her vision that one is tempted to accept her view.

Retaining much of the spontaneity of a child, Laura responds wholeheartedly to fantasy whether it be in the form of a football game, her pal Mickey Mouse, or a myth of Italy. Although sentimentally collecting memories of the past and apprehensively awaiting the future, Laura certainly does not neglect the present. Her vivacity conceals a conscientious and often probing nature. The duality of this nature is reflected in the sensitive vacillation of her moods.

Friendship is a significant part of Laura's life and with characteristic warmth and sincerity she shares and offers it to others. Her sensitivity allows her to perceive with clarity the inner source of emotions, to feel deeply, to share in the joy and sadness of others. Kahlil Gibran says it all for her:

. . . And in the sweetness of friendship let there be
laughter, and sharing of pleasures.

For in the dew of little things the heart finds its
morning and is refreshed.



PAMELA JANE RYAN

Anaheim, California

MAJORS: HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Class Vice-President '70

House Council '69

House Hearing Committee '71

House Secretary-Treasurer '70

Carillon Staff '69

International Students Club '70, '71, '72

Irish Club '69, '70

M.U.N. '69, '70

PAMELA JANE RYAN

PAMELA JANE RYAN is the essence of modern femininity. Carrying herself with sophistication and grace, she cultivates a dramatic flair with lean-looking midis, long earrings—all worn with elegance. Notable is the distinctive sound of her voice which bears the refinement of her mother's British accent. Pamela wears a strong individuality. Confident of her opinions, she articulates skillfully her carefully considered and intelligent arguments. She is a woman who reasons well. Very rarely does her native impatience and quickness of temper ruffle the calm surface.

Enthusiastic about her History and Political Science majors, Pamela works toward an eventual Ph.D. in political theory. She deplores ignorance and works to do something about it. Pamela thinks knowledge is to be applied, not just gathered and assimilated.

Pamela's concerns range far beyond erudition. So, likewise, do her interests and taste. Her favorite political personality is William F. Buckley, Jr. She lives and studies as if she were planning to set things right. As her more learned friends say, "Pamela Jane Ryan is *sui generis*."



NORIKO SANO

Tokyo, Japan

MAJOR: MUSIC

Transferred from Seisen Women's College '71

International Students' Club '71, '72

Orchestra

NORIKO SANO

NORIKO IS a vivacious, inspiring, young violinist who has many deep insights into this foreign world around her. She sees the earth as a place where people with different cultures live with similar emotions and problems. Much interested in people, Norika is also delighted with nature. In October her text books are full of autumn leaves that she has picked up here and there about the campus. She is adept at skiing and tennis, at weaving and sewing. With seeming ease, she has absorbed our American ways into her stricter Japanese customs. Typically, she likes to wear either a casual kimono or a pair of slacks; to eat sushi or a McDonald's hamburger.

Noriko is a gentle person who adjusts quietly to new people, new places, new situations. Courteous and dignified, she has always a thoughtful and gracious remark. When she first came to America, she tended to be quiet since she was still struggling with "her language barrier." Now she is catching up and becoming more outspoken; she is making friends and endearing herself to all who pass her way. Her interests and concerns exclude nothing and no one, but her highest endeavor is for Bach Chaconne and the violin.

Noriko is a tenacious worker and works to find a higher fulfillment. But each fulfillment for Noriko is only a glimpse into another more interesting brighter promise.



SUSAN ROSE SCARPA
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

SAB '71
Class Treasurer '70
Class Social Committee '69

Social Committee '69, '70
Fanjeaux Social Committee '72
Irish Club '69, '70

SUE SCARPA

SUE IS DOMINICAN's own three-ring circus, a carousel of off-key music, a kaleidoscope of impish words, a clown with a dozen over-used jokes to which the overwhelming audience response is "Oh Scarpa!" Nothing daunted, the one man show goes on and the room resounds with her laughter which ranges from a cackle to a snort and all are enveloped in her contagious happiness.

She is Fanjeaux's maestro, the leader of the flat and infamous house-choir, who like a true performer fears only being alone in the world. Her one complaint is that "no one takes anything I say seriously." Could it be that sunshine and laughter are seldom taken seriously?

Underneath the T-shirt, the jeans, the old jokes, and the exuberant laugh, there is a serious side which enjoys American novels and Neil Young. Sue sees the world as "people with differences of opinion" and thus she strives to be more tolerant. She refers to herself, however, as the "little North Beach Italian." Certainly, friends and family are the inner-most circle of her colorful fastmoving life. She finds family most important, together with a young Italian who remains forever her spellbound audience and admirer. There are also innumerable friends. All people, as a matter of fact, are drawn into her three-ring world where she is master of ceremonies, clown and enchantress.



SUSAN PATRICIA SHEPARD

Alameda, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ART

Class Social Chairman '71
Carillon Business Manager '70
Madrigals '69, '70

M.U.N. '69, '70
Chairman '70
Drama Productions '69, '70, '71, '72

SUSAN SHEPARD

PRACTICAL JOKES, chocolate, and Sue's constant search for low-heeled shoes, together with her sensitive dramatic nature, create the paradox of a little girl in an adult world. Sue's femininity enhanced with the sophistication of a child and her statuesque figure intrigue and captivate.

Sue is rather shy upon first meeting, but her vibrant personality sparked with imagination and energy create an exhilarating atmosphere around her circle of friends. She plans parties and ski trips with zeal. With as much energy, she artistically paints and draws. Her artistic endeavors tend to be large in size. A six foot painting presents no problem to her, except that her roommate sometimes wishes that Sue would enjoy being creative on a smaller scale.

Orange and yellow decorations, Joan Walsh Anglund figures, a large cushioned rocking chair and a racing turtle named "Arthur" occupy the room where Sue and her sidekick Mary Jo dream up their next hilarious adventure.

A genuine person, communicating warmth and sincerity to her friends, Sue has found the intrinsic secret to a harmonious heart.



DIXIE BLACK SHIPP

Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Stanford University

DIXIE SHIPP

DIXIE IS SMALL and energetic like a swallow, and like a swallow finds it difficult to sit still for five minutes, much less a whole class hour. But she is also a determined woman—eager to learn, eager to explore people and ideas, eager to be moving in the realm of wonder—so she *makes* herself sit still. Dixie approaches her subjects with a lively interest and some awe, being frustrated with the knowledge that she will never know *everything*.

Dixie has the endearing quality of possessing a combination of child-like spontaneity and mature wisdom. Friends immediately sense that they are encountering a genuine person—kind and caring and friendly without being syrupy sweet. Her comments in and out of a classroom are listened to attentively, because what she has to say is most often perceptively true.

Dixie is not just a student. Her interests go out in many areas. She is a homemaker, finding pleasure in sewing, cooking, knitting, and her children. She is a dancer and dancing allows her to burn up some of her boundless energy and to show off her talents outside the academic sphere.

Dixie is caught up in the excitement of learning. She is dynamic without being overbearing, she is kind without being too sweet, she is humorous without demanding an audience. She is liked by both teachers and students without *trying*. Dixie is a good person to know.



SISTER MAGDALENA SIMAS, O.P.

Santa Clara, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

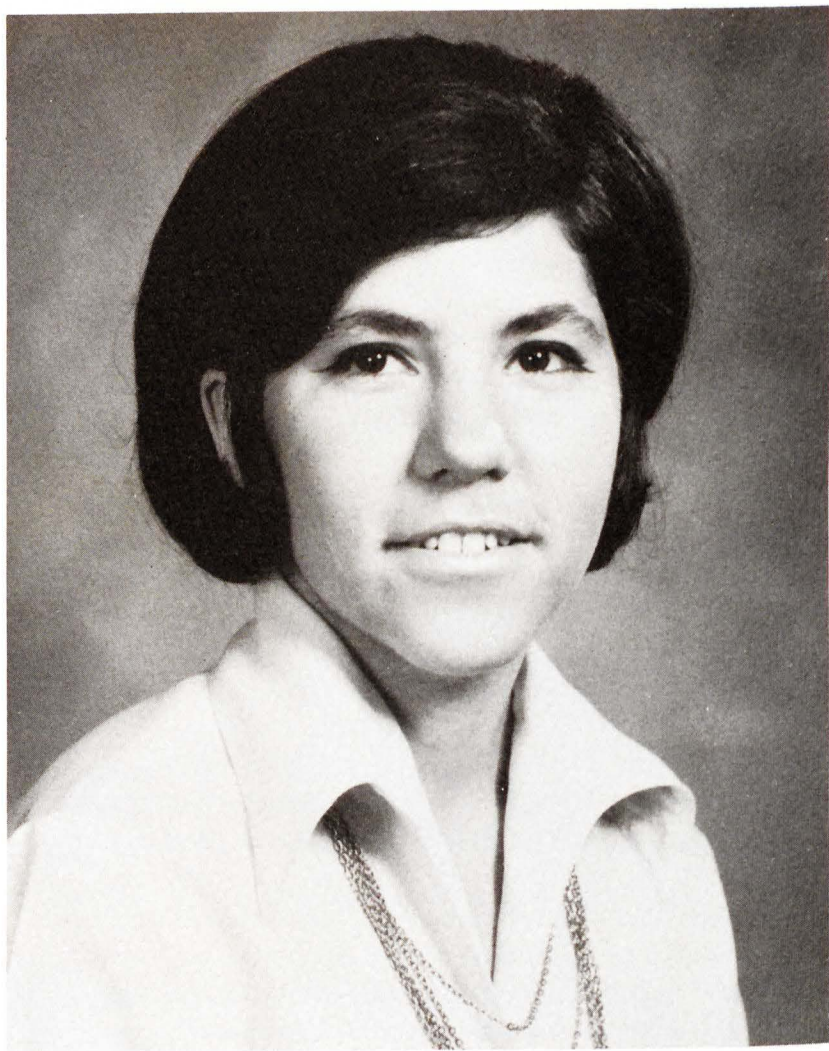
SISTER MAGDALENA MARIE SIMAS, O.P.

SISTER MAGDALENA is yellow roses, sunshine, lemon meringue pie, and springtime. Her favorite things reflect her personality—a little paradoxical, always intriguing. Through creating banners or sending accordian-pleated messages, she shares her rejoicing. She will often borrow music to fit her Spirit-filled lyrics and would like to borrow Joan Baez's voice to sing them!

Sister rarely waits to see what lies ahead—she runs to meet each fresh day head-on. Gliding along with Amazing Grace and wingéd feet, she occasionally executes a crash landing for which she has earned notable distinction in Pennafort east wing!

Her warm, engaging smile is pleasantly contagious and is a natural invitation for all who pass by to come in and to laugh, to talk, to frolic. Her delightful humor, whimsical comments, and charming antics often serve to mask a depth not always visible—a secluded inner sanctum in which she harbors reflections and perspectives. There she keeps the considerations of such men as Thomas Merton and Gandhi as well as the ideas of the East.

Sister Magdalena refuses to be identified as any 'type' of person and, in turn, does not put others into ready-made roles. Combining a deep respect for the individual being and an unaffected concern for the perplexities of others, she endeavors to expand and grow in her dedication to her Lord and His people.



JEAN SMITH

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

MINORS: EDUCATION AND ART HISTORY

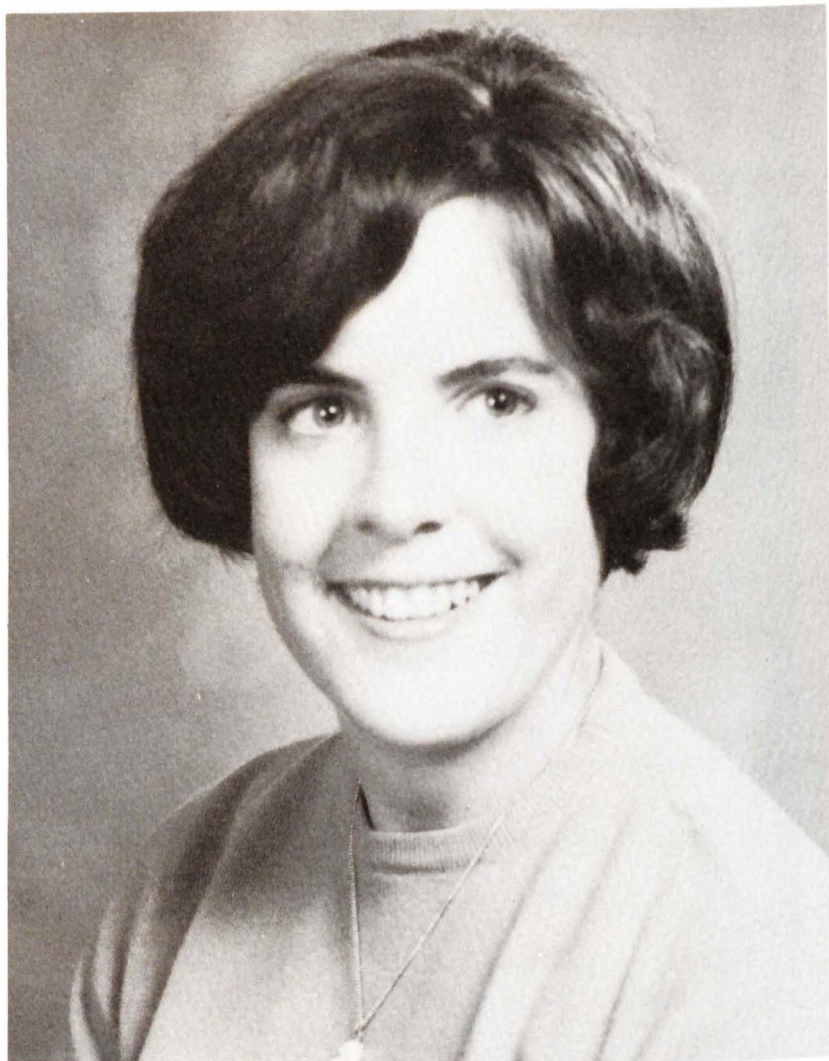
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| Gamma Sigma '71, '72 | Executive Board '72 |
| Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities '71 | Religious Activities Committee '70 |
| A.S.D.C. Vice President '72 | Special Events '70 |
| Activities Council Chairman '72 | Special Events Committee '70 |
| Class Second Vice President '72 | <i>Carillon</i> Staff '70 |
| | Community Service '69, '70 |
| | M.U.N. '71 |

JEAN SMITH

JEAN IS constantly on the move. If there is a job to be done, she is the person who can do it. From organizing a campus blood-bank to setting up and decorating a Christmas tree in Caleruega, Jean sees what needs to be done, does it enthusiastically, and carries it through to the last detail. Although a day-student, she is seen around campus so much that people frequently ask her in which dorm she lives. The truth is that Jean somehow manages school work, a part-time job, family gatherings, committee meetings and has energy to spare for trips to her favorite city—San Francisco, of course—or for impromptu parties at her home or elsewhere.

There are even times when Jean takes a rest from ‘doing.’ Then she will sit down for a long talk with friends. Here her varied interests become even more apparent. Matisse, Michelangelo, and a personal love for architecture are excitedly discussed with appropriate hand-gestures to illustrate what she has to say. At such moments one would never guess that her secret ambition is to be an entertainer. However, with the slightest amount of persuasion (or no persuasion at all), Jean will jump up to perform.

Jean is thoroughly Italian—and proud of it. Her trip two years ago to Europe, and to Italy in particular, was a high and colorful point in her life. A return trip as soon as possible is a sizable part of her future plans. In the meantime, Jean will continue to enjoy life, sensitive to the beauty of the world and wanting to spread the joy she finds in living.



MARIA ISABELLA TAPSON

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Carillon Staff '70
Firebrand Staff '72
Community Service '70

Young Democrats '69, '70

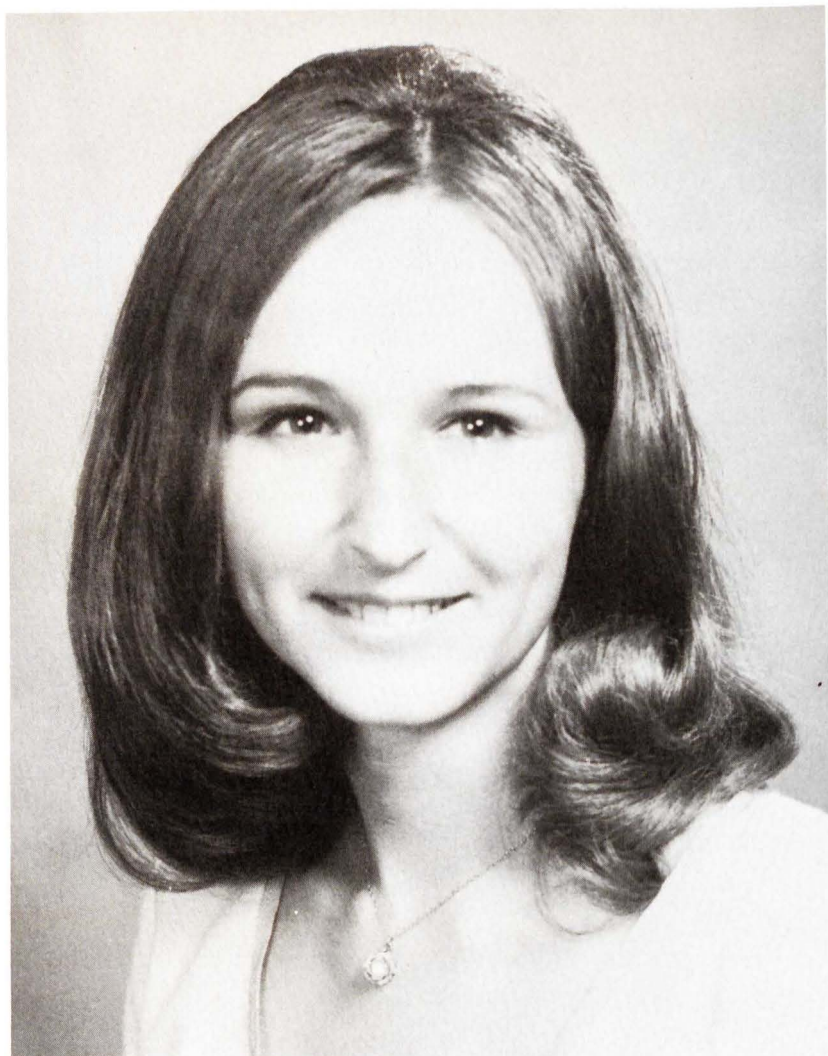
French Club '70
Irish Club '70
M.U.N. '70, '71, '72

MARIA TAPSON

MARIA VIEWS THE WORLD from the inside out — a world that moves too fast for her to jump on and move with it. Quiet and shy, Maria is always looking to outgoing people to bring the best out in herself. Indeed, good friends are a vital part of her life. Although not a leader, she has the gift of supporting others by recognizing their need for individual respect. Maria is a dependable contributor to any and all activities in which she becomes involved.

When Maria stands apart from the group, she finds enjoyment in the solitude of nature unspoiled by the fast moving pace of society. A hot day will find her basking in the sun on a Pacific Ocean beach. A weekend will find her at Bolinas, enjoying the relaxing atmosphere with friends where acceptance is a way of life. And she is able to escape the bustle of campus activity in the quiet of Meadowlands living room.

Maria depends upon traditions to give her the security she needs. She finds in Dominican traditions a stability which helps her adapt to the rapid movement of the world. Having gained more self-confidence through the acceptance and love of her friends, Maria wants to embark on a working career in France and fulfill her desire to travel, making, she hopes, “. . . a difference in someone's life.”



MARCIA ANN TARLETON

Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: PSYCHOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from University of California at Davis '70

MARCIA TARLETON

MARCI IS IMPULSIVE, out-going, petite. An attractive mixture of dispositions and inclinations, she has not room for boredom or lethargy. There is about her a pleasant flexibility of tone. On the one hand, as a psychology major she has a penchant for James Joyce, Van Gogh, and cats. On the other hand, reading, sewing, playing the piano are also pleasures, to say nothing of a good game of cards with friends.

Fundamentally, Marci loves home and everyday friends. She likes to entertain and relishes the advent of an 'occasion' to give a party, but will improvise if no such opportunity seems about to appear on the horizon. All types of homes hold a fascination for her. She is intrigued by their history and by the kinds of people the houses have sheltered. Marci can think of no joy greater than to have the opportunity of restoring the old McDonald House in Santa Rosa to its past elegance.

The world outside of Sonoma is, perhaps, peripheral to Marci's basic contentment, but certainly not unimportant. A semester with the World Campus Afloat magnified an already whetted appetite for exploring varied cultures and ways of life. Ceylon especially captivated her. Other lands, other people, fascinate Marci by their uniqueness; she is held by what sets one person, one nation, apart from another. Wanting to travel and teach, she hopes to teach abroad, but at the moment views that hope as still a dream. But it is not impossible; Marci has a history of making dreams come true.



SISTER MARY DOMINIC TORRES, S.M.

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: SPANISH

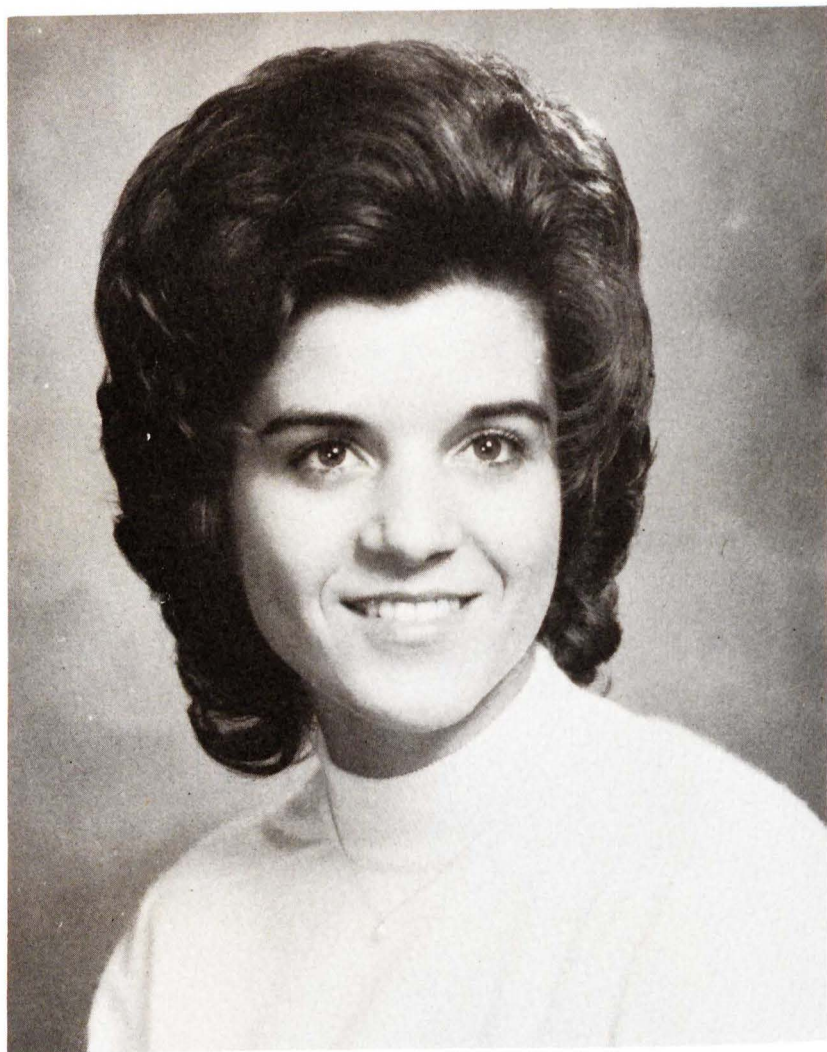
SISTER MARY DOMINIC TORRES, S.M.

SISTER MARY DOMINIC has a warm smile that breaks effortlessly into a broad and generous glow. It is all-encompassing and impartial—a smile that includes all and warms all. It mirrors her friendly and genial nature.

Even Sister's first-graders find no "communication gap." She is one with them jumping rope and teaching reading. Creative herself, she possesses a knack for drawing out her students' natural talent and for directing their imaginative efforts. Sister flourishes in the artistic sphere: she has a gift for making banners and takes delight in exploring and experimenting with camera and film. She loves music and loves even more to teach her little students to sing and to share their joy with her joy.

Sister also appreciates God the artist. She likes nothing better than to walk in the woods or on the seashore, most especially when it is raining. She enjoys nature in its vastness as well as in its most delicate role; she grows ecstatic over the smallest and most fragile of wildflowers as well as at the great curve of Mount Tam in the sunset.

For all her virtues, Sister is human—and never more human than when teasing her friends. But being extraordinarily alert to the vibrations and sensitivities of others, she never goes beyond the bounds of fun and good humor. All Sister's actions are, in truth, based upon her great love of God and man.



LINDA CHARLENE ULLRICH
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: PSYCHOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH/EDUCATION

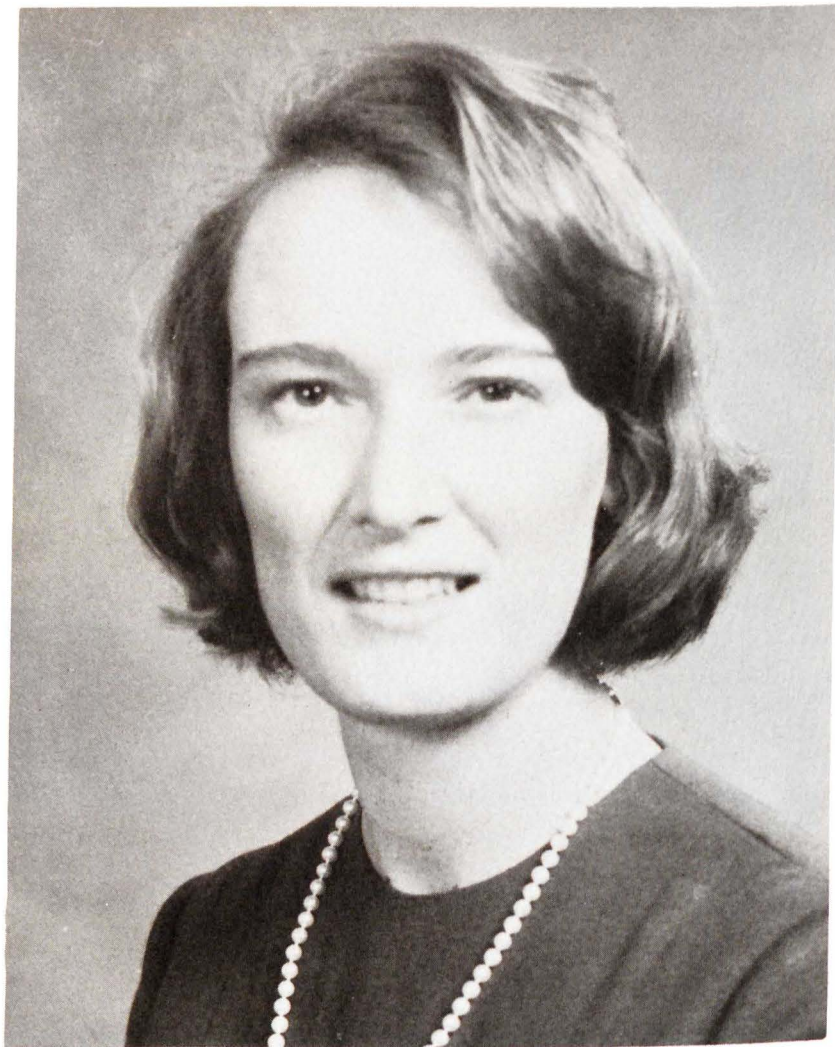
Transferred from Solano College '69

LINDA ULLRICH

LINDA'S REACTION to the surprises of the day is an invariable 'Oh!' but the 'Oh!' is sighed or said in a hundred different ways—an index to the versatile but subtly modulated ways of her personality. Linda is quiet, decorous, orderly, but not unperturbable. She is as meticulous about her appearance as she is about life. Neither her desires nor her dreams are extravagant. A hard worker, Linda pursues only practical dreams and leaves the other kind to the less ambitious. Commuting daily from Vallejo to San Rafael to attend college, she sees graduation as an achievement and as a beginning, a new place from which to continue her interests. Her immediate goal is to obtain a teaching credential, after that to have her own fourth or fifth grade to teach.

Next to her family and her immediate friends, Linda's affection centers in the green vineyards, lovely mountains and clear lakes of Napa Valley. She is fundamentally a home-girl finding pleasure in gardening, building dog houses (for her two special dogs, of course), repairing plumbing and electrical appliances, finding bargains and sewing.

With a twinkle-in-her-friendly eye, Linda sees much, endures much, enjoys much. With quiet faith and fear of little more than 'high-bridges,' she wants to work hard for happiness and peace.



KAREN CHRISTINE VOGEL

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: GERMAN

Gamma Sigma '71, '72
Who's Who in American Colleges
and Universities '71
Pi Delta Phi, French Honor
Society '71, '72

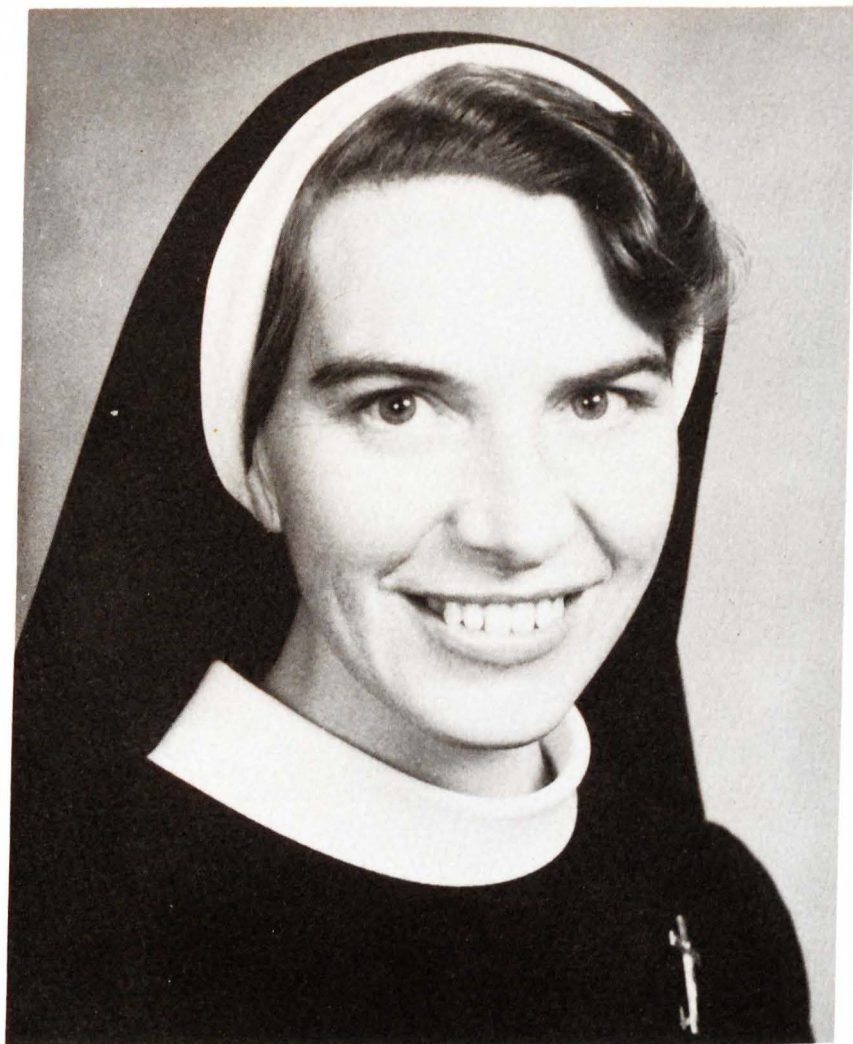
Focus '70, '71
Photography Editor '70
Firebrand Staff '71, '72

KAREN VOGEL

HERE IS a basic dichotomy in Karen: she lives in two worlds, an outer world of graceful French sophistication and "gentillesse," and her inner world of quiet, strong German stability. True, she appreciates the finer things of life: long beautiful dresses, the impressionistic ecstasies of Claude Monet, and the simple elegance of her beautiful home. And yet there is nothing she loves more than homely, healthy, domestic things: soft fluffy cats, peace and quiet, chocolate chip cookies, cozy evenings at home with Shakespeare, Tchaikovsky and a compatible contemporary.

Karen's concern for the feelings of others amounts to an almost personal responsibility which she takes for their happiness. To the lucky ones who are receptive enough to Karen's subtle appeal for their friendship, she opens herself up slowly but surely, revealing therein a world of urbane wisdom and sensitive understanding of the ups and downs of the human condition. She wants very much to "become" a Christian, but in the eyes of people who know her very well, she has long since passed them by on the road to the total Christian life.

Karen has that marvelous kind of mind which allows her, with an almost careless ease, to grasp complicated ideas and make them her own. Someday she hopes to write something really worth reading. Karen has much to give to the world that she sees "through a veil of pessimism pierced occasionally by a ray of optimism."



SISTER MARY BERNADETTE WARD

Barrhead, Scotland

MAJOR: HISTORY

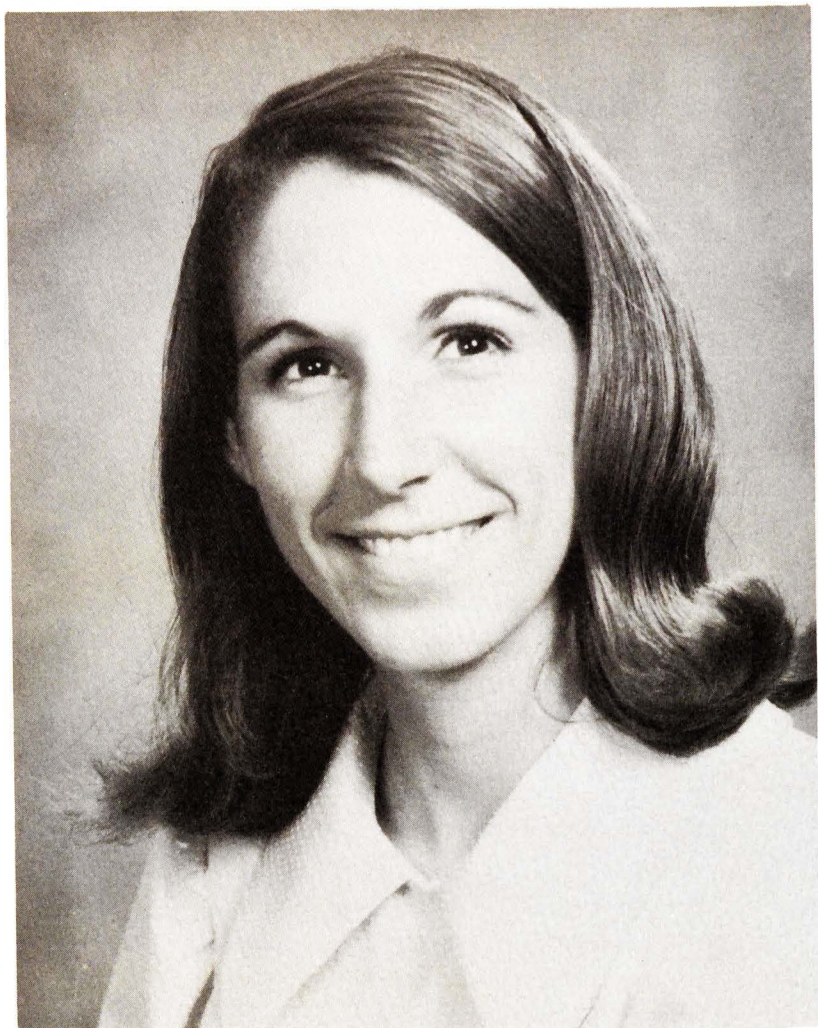
MINOR: MUSIC

SISTER MARY BERNADETTE WARD

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE with Sister Mary Bernadette makes it clear that her determination, her idealism and her search for perfection are as r-r-r-real as the Scottish “rrrs” that permeate her conversation and are as natural as the soft heather that carpets the hills of her beloved homeland.

Her love of Scotland is equalled only by her love for people. Laughter and festivity are as necessary to her life as are moments of thoughtful quiet. She enjoys being with her friends—sharing ideas, singing and playing the guitar, or just wondering at the humorous ironic side of life. Quick of wit, she is also quick to show her deep loyalty and sympathy for those in need. Thoughtfulness and sensitivity are striking characteristics of her daily pattern of life.

Whether studying, dancing, or ‘Probe’-ing, this Scots’ innate drive coupled with a rare discipline produces success. She is most impressed by the achievements of those who overcome human limitations through their selfless efforts of avoiding self-pity or cynicism. Beethoven, Abelard, and Eleanor of Aquitaine are favorite personalities who illustrate her admiration of people who can grow through personal trials and soar to the heights of personal greatness. Day by day, Sister Bernadette conscientiously strives toward a deeper and more fully realized spirituality. Her strong faith is imprinted upon many—as unobtrusively as the sea engraves the rocks and sand of her Hebridean Islands.



MARGARET R. WARNER

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma '71, '72

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities '71

Freshman Class Advisor '71

Senior Class President '72

Activities Council '71, '72

Constitutional Revision Committee

Carillon Feature Editor '71, '72

Community Service '69, '70, '71

Drama Productions '72

PEGGY WARNER

PEG COMES TO LIFE in the company of close friends. Her nonchalant charming funny manner is likely to explode into a spontaneous dance across the Round room floor at the mere suggestion of John Wayne or a trip to Bolinas. Notorious for fun, Peg is daring enough to wear Army fatigues and to carry a rifle to Dr. Dill's World War II History lectures.

The world of music and people revolve around her. When not dancing, Peg strums her guitar with fervor, and leads a song that usually has thirteen verses, all of which she has committed to memory. People are easily drawn to her comfortable manner; she enjoys being happy, young and lyrical and contagiously spreads the feeling to all who enter "Round Room City."

A day at the beach reveals Peg's quieter side. Through and with nature, she comes to grips with the world. Whether it be a long strenuous hike along a wide beach or a day filled with horseback riding, Peg manages to solve her problems quietly. She is a person led by the heart, but common sense follows close behind.

Adventurous is an accurate description of Peg; she is a day dreamer who longs to visit Africa and the South Seas. A favorite song, "the Drifter," sums up her yearning to travel and to challenge new experiences. She hopes to someday make her daydreams a reality by working for *National Geographic*. On whatever path Peg sets out, it will be on a quest for, and a celebration of life.



CAROL WOLF

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: AMERICAN LITERATURE

Transferred from San Francisco City College '70

Resident Assistant '72

CAROL WOLF

CAROL IS A LOVER of excitement, of people, of plans, but the nicest thing about her is that she can do without them too. Poised and gracious, she is at ease and in command of the social situation—formal or informal. Her background of activities—ice-skating, skiing, surfing, hobnobbing with celebrities in Cuba, Hawaii, Sun Valley—are good for hours of social spellbinding. But at the center, there is a well of deep silence; her Wordsworthian feeling that “the world is too much with us” forces her from time to time to draw aside and gather her inner resources. It is this need for what is ultimately vital and real which brought her back to study.

All the zest once put into ice-skating, Carol now puts into learning—into classes, books, talking with friends, attending poetry readings. But, most typically, Carol is doing it herself curled up in the ordered peace of her “castle” burrowing into her latest literature assignment—and getting caught up in the excitement of it all or beginning to panic if there is a quiz or exam in the proximate future. Nerves are a part of her classroom equipment but panic is kept in abeyance by sheer self-will and Christian optimism. When occasionally ‘it all seems just too much’ she escapes to the beach or to Mt. Tam. Or, she may lose her own problems in her concern for others. Compassionate and kind, she is willing to spend hours listening, encouraging, supporting. Her help, however, never edges over to usurp an individual’s prerogatives. Carol is all for the virtues of self-determination and self-discipline. She speaks out of experience.



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Treasurer

JEAN SMITH
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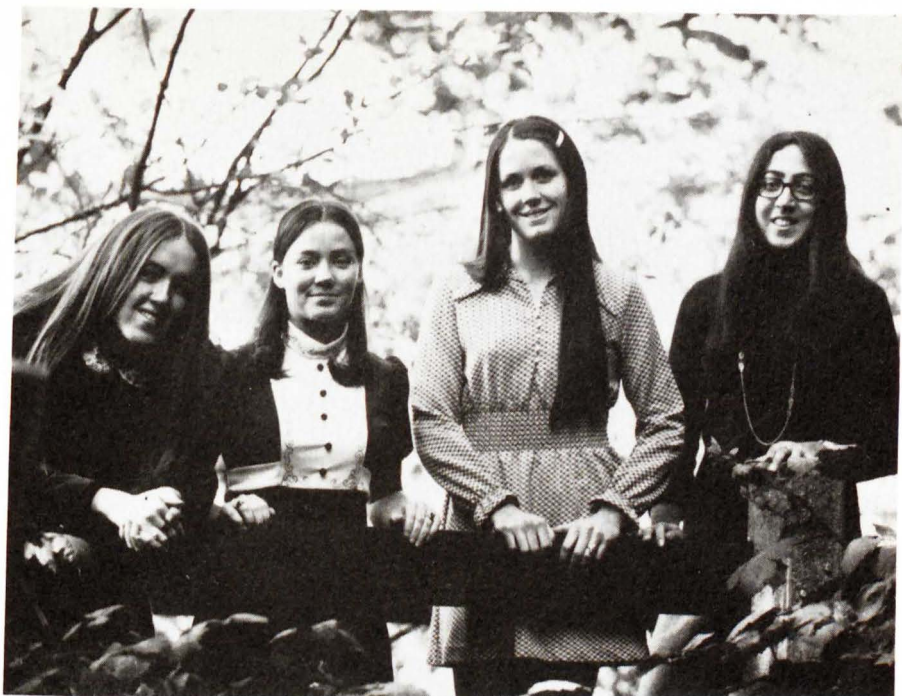
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CLASS OF 1973



PEGGY WARNER

President

MARY BETH MCKENZIE

Vice President

TARRIE MITCHELL

Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS OF 1972



A TRIBUTE TO A CERTAIN PROFESSOR

The day comes

Always he will walk along, walk along, walk along

Solemnly trying not to show, not to show, not to show

All he knows, all he knows, all he knows

That is the rhythm of his steps, of his steps, of his steps

I have marked them out

The class comes

He cannot walk; he must sit, he must sit, he must sit

Solemnly hiding all he knows, all he knows, all he knows

But watch and listen to his voice, to his voice, to his
voice!

Sometimes his soul sneaks out of him, out of him, out of
him

And into the room

Regina Arnold '74

RETURN TO COLLEGE

Anyone returning to college at forty should prepare for a unique experience. I'm sure all colleges create their own aura: at Dominican there is one of controlled tranquility, overlaid with a little academic hysteria (term paper is due tomorrow, etc.). At any rate, just tranquility was the overwhelming impression I had two years ago when I began as a full-time student after a twenty-year break in my college education. The first weeks were flooded with impressions that added up to a pleasant confusion: the drift was "Who am I and what am I *doing* here?" To my housewife's eye and ear, tuned to the needs and demands of four children, it was too *quiet* here. I felt a vague guilt at being turned loose in this pastoral setting with no demands being made on me. I told myself "whatever is happening, it's not happening here."

The classes were exciting but strange. For several weeks I struggled to reconcile the feelings of a ten-year-old who is eager to please but is not sure of the rules, with the fact that I was a mature adult. Gradually I came to a kind of mental compromise: in matters of classroom decorum I felt like—say, a responsible 20-year-old which was a considerable improvement, but still left an odd gap with reality. Other early difficulties included learning to sit still for several hours at a time,

how to take an examination without severe trauma, and how to face the fact that I looked like everybody's mother and was treated accordingly (a smile from one, a sneer from another; that's life). Before long, the rhythm of being a student began to feel natural. I realized that I was out of touch with what *was* happening here, and that forgotten kinds of demands were being made on me. I soon learned that I would get back as much as I gave.

The best part of going back to college at forty is learning. Here the age differential was all in my favor. As an English major, I was enthusiastic about everything. Another returning student, Carolyn Dunn, told me that the first class she took at Dominican—History of the English Novel, with Sister Martin—made her think she “had died and gone to heaven.” I felt the same way. I wanted to learn *everything*. That first semester I was absolutely dazzled by *The Scarlet Letter* and *Huckleberry Finn*, but they were only the beginning. Sister Nicholas, Sister Martin, and Dr. Wills always had some literary marvel to bring forth. Shakespeare and Chaucer, of course, left me limp with awe. Dr. Dill kept talking about the history of *somewhere* (it really didn't matter *where*; I discovered it was all one long, complex story). I kept listening and trying to fit it all together. It does come together a bit, here at the end, but the gaps are enormous. I feel sad to realize I'll *never* read Latin or Greek like Sister Richard, I'll *never* know history like Dr. Dill and certainly I'll never know English literature like that

formidable group of scholars that hover around room 21 in Guzman. So it comes to this: it has been a battle without victory, but Carlyle says *battle* is the “first, indispensable thing.” (See, I have learned to drop names intelligently.) And I have enriched my life here, immeasurably, doing battle with all kinds of learning.

Dixie Shipp '72

BALANDRA (The Shell Sand)

Broken crustacean bodies

Swept here by the great flood, and left

Lie in piles from the cactus to the bay,

Becoming powder in the sun.

Cavan Holliday '72

THE SCARF

Vermillioned scarf lounging across the chair brim
Like a tired dancer, drowsing and drifting, bending and
dreaming
Despondently resting, shifting pose
To slide on the quiet refrain of a breezy whim.

What on the reverberating chords can match the flows
Of droop-armed aimlessness and the long-necked
leaning
A reel so dulcid of pliant limb
And what to the swirling and teeming
Could strum to your tempered streaming?

Successively pursuing a gust to climb
I race to hurl twirling on some murmuring chime
Till we spin passing the hurricaine's screaming.

Mary Rowan '75

Reprinted from *Carillon*



L'ARRIVEE DU PRINTEMPS

Je voudrais vous dire ce qui est arrivé. La plus merveilleuse des choses c'est que j'ai vu le retour du printemps. Le printemps s'était caché de longues mois, mais, enfin, il était là pour m'étonner et pour me ravir. Cette semaine, plus éblouissant que jamais, le printemps était à Cassis, à Aix, au Mont Ste. Victoire, éveillé de nouveau. Là à Cassis il me semblait que l'hiver était cassé dans des milliards de morceaux de glace brisée, portés par le vent, tombés aux pieds des arbres, étincelés sur les vagues d'une mer verte claire. Là à Aix était le souvenir de l'hiver: son souffle froid chantait une chanson mélancolique et mourante. Le ciel nu des nuages, bleu pâle et froid, a aperçu l'arrivée du printemps. Et puis, sur le Mont Ste. Victoire, j'étais sûre. Les petites fleurs pourpres me le montraient; les fleurs des arbres, la verdure des arbustes, la couleur fraîche de la terre, tout cela avait affirmé mon espoir. J'étais là; je sais que c'est vrai; le printemps est arrivé, et une partie de ma vie en France est passée.

Margery Hume '72



CARROLL IN WONDERLAND

Alice has been a political satire—*Alice* has been a metaphysical treatise—*Alice* has been a Freudian journey through Lewis Carroll's subconscious. *Alice* is, by nature of its broad fantasy and symbol, illimitable. Thus, it has become known as "Everybody's Alice."¹ But, those very same traits which make *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* a highly vulnerable target for the critics also defy a conclusive analysis. As Carroll once said, "The why of this book cannot and need not be put into words."² I do not intend to discuss the "why" of the book—to impose a conscious motive or purpose on Mr. Carroll. However, I would, for the moment, like to discuss its inescapable "when." *Alice*, her author, and the dream combine to make a delightful, imaginatively nonsensical, never-to-be-forgotten children's classic and a very viable bit of "Victoriana."

Although the story is set in Wonderland, the well-brought-up, upper-middle-class *Alice* carries into her dream world vestiges of the tangible properties of nineteenth-century, bourgeois England. Indeed, much of the charm of the story can be attributed to Carroll's interpolations of the homely and commonplace into the fantastic world of *Alice's* subconscious. Colorfully Victorian paraphernalia—pocket-watches, waistcoats, orange marmalade, lessons, household pets, gloves, fans, comfits,

nannys, cucumber-frames, tea and cakes, bread and butter, tarts, and quadrilles—place Alice's adventure irrevocably in the century in which it was conceived.

Perhaps even more emphatically Victorian is Alice's social posture as she attempts to deal with the creatures inhabiting the world she discovers down the rabbit-hole. Alice approaches the residents of Wonderland with a stubborn sense of propriety—

“What *is* a caucus race?” said Alice; not that she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.”—

with finger-shaking admonitions—

“You should learn not to make personal remarks,” said Alice with some severity: “It's very rude.”—

and with nanny-inspired value judgments—

“I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it on riddles.”

Alice has also absorbed the Victorian attitude toward poverty; thus her complacent remark,

“I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh, ever so many lessons to learn.”

Such a statement is embarrassingly anachronistic in our conscience-stricken age.

If our heroine's dream is a nightmare, its “nightmarishness” consists in Alice's sense of isolation and loss of identity. Alice's feeling of aloneness in Wonderland is strikingly parallel to Carlyle's description of alienation in Victorian England.

To be cut off, to be left solitary: to have a world alien,
not your world; all a hostile camp; not a home at all,
of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are!

(*Past and Present*, Bk. IV, Chap. 6)

One result of the alienation was prolonged introspection and conversation with oneself, another expression of the "maladie du siècle." While Alice is still secure in her sense of decorum, her likes and dislikes, there remains one thing in Wonderland about which she is very uncertain—herself. So we have her mono-dia-logues:

"Let me think; was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is 'Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle.'"

If it is perfectly natural for a little girl, finding herself in another world, to lose and wonder about her identity, it would be a rare little girl who would recognize the confusion as "the great puzzle." It appears that Carroll surfaces here, and echoes, in a light and humorous manner, the distress of the age. Alice's growing, shrinking, and distorting underlines her initial "who am I" statement, indicating that even when she is relatively sure she is Alice, her dimensions are in no way settled. She remains ill-defined as the Pigeon in Wonderland reminds her when he accuses her of being a serpent.

"But I'm not a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'm a—" "Well! What are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something!" "I—I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day.

Indeed, even before Alice fell down the rabbit-hole she played identity games for, as Carroll tells us, "this curious child was fond of pretending to be two people." Florence Becker Lennon, Carroll's most noted biographer, suggests that "Dodgson may have had fleeting doubts about his own identity."³ In a schizoid age, an age which prompted the fictional dual personality, it is interesting that our Mr. Carroll was really the "Mr. Hyde" of Mr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, professor of mathematics, who in his later life refused to accept letters addressed to him by the pen name he used only for his works of fantasy.⁴

"Wonderland" is perhaps a fitting epithet for the century in which many interesting things began happening to the concept of truth and reality. In spite of the fact that in the beginning of the Victorian era many philosophies were competing for acceptance and that the traditional framework of thought was breaking down, there did remain one certainty—the existence, somewhere, of an absolute truth and the existence here and now, of a certain Puritan rigidity in matters of morals. Walter Houghton in *The Victorian Frame of Mind 1830-1870*, writes:

The emphasis on moral character allowed little or no consideration for intellectual and aesthetic virtues; and the moral side itself was judged without regard to the mixed nature of human beings, or the relative gravity of moral failings. (p. 184)

As if to exemplify this rigidity and this puritan frame of mind there is in Wonderland the Duchess with her inevitable "moral" and the Queen with her "Off with his head."

However, after 1870, a number of things converged to

suggest the relativity of knowledge, here described by Pater:

Truth itself is but a possibility, realizable not as a general conclusion, but rather as the elusive effect of a particular personal experience. (*Plato*, pp. 156-7).

Although the first of the "Alice" books was published in 1865, Carroll seems to anticipate this new relativism. Wonderland is, after all, a very relative place where three inches is a "wretched" height for Alice but a "very good height indeed" for the caterpillar; the Duchess' baby makes a "dreadfully ugly" child but a "rather handsome" pig; madness is normalcy, and what would seem curious in Victorian England is a matter of fact in Wonderland. Carroll's characterization of time as a person who can be appeased, and therefore controlled, or alienated (as in the case of the Mad Hatter for whom it is always six o'clock) suggests Carlyle's conception of time as a transcendent thing which, rather than existing as a reality itself, blinds us to reality. Carroll's portrayal of time and space as fluid and relative foresees what we, in the twentieth century, accept as fact.

If truth is a relative thing, it follows (or precedes) that the mind is subjective. According to Pater, "Personal experience," that is, subjective experience, is the only reality—"each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of the world."⁵ Again, Pater wrote after the Alice books, but it is very probable that Charles Dodgson, professor of mathematics, unlike the typical Victorian who held on to the notion of the mind as a valid instrument of truth lacked confidence in human reason. The fantasy of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is overlaid with syllogisms, which arriving at ridiculous conclusions, seem to say that the mind cannot be trusted.

"And how do you know that you're mad?" "To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?" "I suppose so," said Alice. "Well, then," the cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

Pater's concept of reality as "... impressions, unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them . . ."⁶ is very much the reality of Lewis Carroll's "dream-child moving through a land/Of wonders wild and new."

If Carroll's classic is fabricated and pleasurable nonsense, perhaps it is an outgrowth of the uncontrived and agonized "yes" and "no" nonsense of the Victorian Age.

Oh, say it, all who think it,
Look straight, and never blink it!
If it is so, let it be so;
But the plot has counterplot,
It may be, and yet be not.

(Arthur Hugh Clough, *Poems*, p. 44)

And if Carroll's nonsense is indeed, an offspring of the agony, perhaps it was also a remedy for it. As G. K. Chesterton said, "Nonsense is a way of looking at existence that is akin to religious humility and wonder."⁷

Notes

¹Martin Gardner, *The Annotated Alice* (New York, 1960), pp. 7-8.

²Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass* (New York, 1965), back flap. All Carroll quotations throughout the paper will be taken from this edition.

³Florence Becker Lennon, *Victoria Through the Looking-Glass: The Life of Lewis Carroll* (New York, 1945), p. 123.

⁴C. L. Bennet, Introduction to Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass* (New York, 1965), pp. 7-8.

⁵"The Renaissance: La Gioconda," in *Prose of the Victorian Period*, ed. by William E. Buckler (Boston, 1958), p. 551.

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷Gardner, *Annotated*, p. 14.

Carol Lee Paisley '72



A little ode
Celebrating
An early rain
And lamenting
Dying crickets

Regina Arnold '74



ON THE BIRTH OF MY DAUGHTER

O Little Bird, you fly you
Do O Sweet and Cheeping,
To this nest of glances (this my
Gaze making pillows of whimsy
And odor of gingerdoll
Music of moondust and doves
For your dainty
Alighting) ; But
Fly into my clutter of passions
Where feathers of memory
Flutter and form to a shape
To a chamber that rings of your
Mother; But fly,
How you fly, to the deep
Need of me, deep
To my fathering heart
To the fathering flights of my mind
That would lighten this grey world of Men
That would fashion a sky bright with Birds, little
Birds, Birds delicate as Angels,
Beautiful as little
Girls!

John Savant
Feb. 2, 1972



NOSTALGIA IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

I really don't think that I am all *that* old—(a few years short of being a quarter of a century)—but it is sad to think that I remember when . . . being in love didn't have anything to do with being sorry. I remember when God was still Alive (before *Time* magazine told me differently in blood red letters on a black background cover) . . . and before Jesus became a Superstar. I remember when I would have cried if I had seen

Santa Claus in a helicopter instead of a sleigh. I remember when Elvis Presley seemed like an old man and the Beatles seemed to be good friends. I remember when Volkswagens looked funny instead of just common. I remember wearing dresses to school and a time when my brothers owned more pairs of jeans than I did. I remember Marcus Welby before he became a doctor and was only an insurance salesman. I remember riding on the ferry boats to and from Marin County before the Richmond-San Rafael bridge was built. I remember before Dr. Rubin told me everything (he thought) I would want to know. I remember the prophet Bob Dylan saying that you can't trust anyone over thirty (Poor Bobby—never thought that you would get there yourself, did you?!) I remember when I stared at some of the people on Telegraph Avenue instead of them staring at *me*. I remember when freaks were found in the circus. I remember when music and toothbrushes were not electric. I remember having romantic notions of the moon before Neil put his foot down. I remember John Kennedy smiling and waving at a Charter Day ceremony in Berkeley. I remember when you could put your hang-ups in the dryer and all would be well. I remember not knowing that I needed liberation. I remember when Dominican College was thought to be a finishing school (during finals and term-paper deadlines, it still seems so). I remember thinking that *I* would *never* be *old* enough to reminisce.

Sue Peterson '72

INVOLUNTARY

If I had time I'd tell you of
brothers and christmas
and being a child
warm and inside
the stained colors of stockings and singing
and Dad's teddybear-land tales
and being so sure
of the impossibility
of growing up

If I had time I'd tell you of
a thousand untouched faces
and of one
red-sweatered memory
moving distantly inside
coming to meet me then gone
in a smile;
a moment heard at
a gushing-river foot-bridge
was mine
and his
and we didn't think of today

If I had time I'd tell you of
yellow leaves patterned
against a dark wet road:
the shiny wet winter's-coming feeling
of late afternoon;
simple, small shapes patterned,
shiny
smelling of after-rain
and being alone

If I had time I'd tell you of
running through flurries of leaves
and being swept up into their unending lives
a symphony I'd heard before
in another time
in another place
(when i felt i could touch
a gigantesque white mountain)
when presence was white
in the unbroken sound of wind and breathing
in the colors of small flowers and climbing:
If I had time.

Marie deLorimier '72



FOR MY BROTHER

In Southern France
The sun is shining
... Through a sapphire sky.
It's Nearly-Spring ...
That time when
 Winter
 Grows
 Weary
And her greyness is
 Soon-to-be-forgotten.
A beginning,
An ending,
And always
 There
 Is
 Today,
And Tomorrow,
 And
The remembered
 Laughter
 of
 Yesterday.

Precious, Precious

Time ...

Time ...

Time

Smooths over the edges
 of Memory
And leads to new paths.

Margery Hume '72

THE ETHNOCENTRIC APPROACH TO AMERICAN LITERATURE AT DOMINICAN COLLEGE

It seems reasonable to assume that survey courses in American Literature should summarize the richness and variety of the literary contributions of a cross section of the best American writers. Best does not emanate from the tastes, personal bias, or ethnocentrism of a few individuals, but flows from the ethnic, social, psychological, philosophical and economic diversity which is the essence of America. In other words the survey course in American literature should not be called survey unless it is representative of the diversity which is America.

Last summer I enrolled in a survey course in American Literature at Dominican College. The course did not treat, even indirectly, the work of a single black American poet or prose writer. Unbelievable, but painfully true.

No American Anthology is complete which fails to include the works of black American literary figures who have made significant contributions. How could any poetry anthology fail to include the poems of Gwendolyn Brooks who won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1949, and was the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing in 1946 and 1947. David Littlejohn* says of Miss Brooks:

. . . totally a poet, totally dedicated to her craft. Miss Brooks appears only to pretend to talk of things and of people; her real love is words. The inlay work of words, the précieux sonics, the lapidary insets of jeweled images (like those of Gerard Manley Hopkins) can, in excess, squeeze out life and impact altogether, and all but give the lie to the passions professed in the verbs.¹

Langston Hughes is another poet of some stature who certainly has a place among *American* poets. Littlejohn states:

. . . His voice is as sure, his manner as original, his position as secure as, say, Edwin Arlington Robinson's or Robinson Jeffers . . . By molding his verse always on the sound of Negro talk, the rhythms of Negro music, by retaining his own keen honesty and directness, his poetic sense and ironic intelligence, he has maintained through four decades a readable newness distinctly his own.²

Countee Cullen, another twentieth-century poet:

. . . could carve easily metered, run-on lines with a sophisticated and polished placing of words, an exact and unforced precision of accent, in the best manner of Tennyson or Keats. He could actually build sonnets, sonnets that worked, crisply and easily, on the stock sixteenth-century Renaissance love themes."³

Similarly, just as any poetry anthology is incomplete without black poets, no discussion and study of the American novel is complete without the inclusion of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, Richard Wright's *Native Son*, or James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*. In addition to being a fine novelist, Baldwin is magnificent as an essayist. Benjamin Quarles** states:

As a rule, these authors wrote in a vein of protest, evoking the experience of deprivation and travail, whether the locale be a ghetto in Chicago, a shipyard in California, or a storefront in Harlem. . . .

For all the social content of their pages, these novelists were more than mere chroniclers of hate and frustration. The tragic mood they evoked sprang basically from an underlying belief in the great ideals for which their country stood . . . These Negro writers thought of their characters as authentic Americans. . . .⁴

If you doubt that black literature reflects American life examine the following titles: *Invisible Man*, *Native Son*, *The Fire Next Time*, *Black Boy*, *Nobody Knows My Name*, *No Day of Triumph*, *Manchild in the Promised Land*, and *Blood in My Eye*. Do the titles suggest a message? Well, they should. But just how deep the message is can be ascertained only by studying the content of these and hundreds upon hundreds of other eloquent and gifted contributions of black Americans to American literature.

My primary argument here is not for the establishment of a course in Black American Literature, which Dominican does in fact offer, and I see nothing wrong with Black Studies courses as long as there is the appropriate academic and scholarly emphasis. My purpose in writing this little piece is to plead for the inclusion of black writers in American literature. That is the logical place for them to be.

*M.A., Ph.D. from Harvard and Assistant Professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley. He is a caucasian.

**Professor of History at Morgan State College, Baltimore, author of *Frederick Douglass*, *The Negro in the American Revolution*, *The Negro in the Civil War*, and *Lincoln and the Negro*.

Notes.

¹David Littlejohn, *Black on White—A Critical Survey of Writing by American Negroes* (New York: The Viking Press, 1966), 89.

²*Ibid.* 54.

³*Ibid.* 55.

⁴Benjamin Quarles, *The Negro in the Making of America* (New York: Collier Books, 1964), 248-49.

Marie Martin '72



SUNLIGHT

Can I share with you the sunlight?

Strands of sunlight that stretch
from parted grey clouds and sparkle
across my shoulders into a golden

pool
of
light
and
shadow.

Tranquility like a warm, sure hand embraces me . . .

Envelopes me softly

And seems to throb a slow, steady heartbeat.

A pocket in the coat of chaos,

Worn and frayed in one corner

Where I'm sure to leak out soon . . .

To cling frightened and alone

On the bodies of so many others

Who can't rest in a protected place

Because they can't believe any exist.

Margery Hume '72



WILBUR

Il était une fois dans le pays de Notsosmart un dragon qui s'appelait Wilbur. Wilbur, le dragon, habitait dans les lisières de la ville dans une caverne qu'il avait décorée lui-même dans toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel. Chaque jour Wilbur faisait une promenade dans la forêt autour de Notsosmart pour trouver des fleurs pour sa table. Et, chaque jour de plus à quatre heures il prenait du thé et des gâteaux.

Vous avez raison si vous pensez que Wilbur n'était pas un dragon ordinaire. C'était un dragon amical et il aurait bien aimé avoir des visiteurs avec qui il aurait pu partager son thé. Wilbur n'aimait rien plus que le bavardage. Ainsi chaque après-midi il mettait deux couverts à sa table. Mais chaque jour il attendait en vain et personne ne venait.

Les autres dragons ne viendraient pas parcequ'ils n'aimaient pas bien Wilbur, un dragon qui n'aimait pas respirer le feu (Cela lui brûlait la gorge!) et qui aurait voulu être l'ami des gens de Notsosmart.

Pendant des siècles la besogne des dragons avait été de tourmenter les gens et de ne jamais lier amitié avec eux. Les temps étaient assez durs avec moins de garçons qui devenaient chevaliers et moins de filles qui devenaient princesses sans un dragon comme Wilbur. Et bien sûr Wilbur n'avait pas réussi à l'école des dragons. Wilbur ne pouvait pas cracher une grande flamme et il ne pouvait ni brûler des villes ni cacher son départ par sa fumée. Il ne pouvait ni sécher des lacs dans un souffle de feu ni épouvanter les chevaliers; il ne pouvait épouvanter personne. Il n'avait aucun succès comme dragon. Ainsi Wilbur vivait tranquillement dans les lisières de Notsosmart. Rien ne lui manquait sauf le bavardage local.

Mais les gens de Notsosmart avaient peur de Wilbur parcequ'on doit avoir peur des dragons. Ils organisèrent une grande réunion à l'hôtel de ville pour discuter leur dragon. Ils décidèrent que Herbert, le chevalier de la ville, devait aller le tuer. Herbert n'aimait pas être le chevalier de la ville mais son père et son grand-père l'avaient été et il n'avait pas eu de choix. Il n'aimait pas se battre et il haïssait aussi les chevaux. (Il préférerait marcher!) Chaque jour il priait le bon Dieu pour qu'aucune jeune fille ne soit enlevée ni dragons aperçus et ainsi il

pourrait rester chez lui pour jouer avec ses inventions toute la journée. Mais un jour pendant que toute la ville le regardait, il revêtit son armure et enfourcha son cheval et il se rendit semblant de peur aux lisières de la ville.

“Venez ici, Dragon!” chuchota Herbert à la porte de la caverne.

Wilbur ne pouvait pas croire qu’il y avait quelqu’un à sa porte et il alla vite saluer son visiteur.

“Entrez,” dit-il. “Puis-je vous offrir du thé et des gâteaux?”

Herbert était choqué.

“Quelle sorte de dragon êtes-vous?!” demanda-t-il.

“Je suis amical. Que savez-vous des commérages locaux?”

Ainsi Herbert passa toute la matinée avec Wilbur.

Pendant ce temps, les gens de Notsosmart pensaient qu’il était mort, et ils craignaient que le dragon ne vienne maintenant brûler la ville.

Mais finalement Herbert revint. Quand il essaya de raconter l’histoire de Wilbur, le dragon amical, toute de la ville se mit en colère.

“Tu es un lâche!” dirent-ils. “Tu n’y es pas allé! Tu mens!”

Herbert quitta la ville. Il décida d’habiter avec Wilbur. Ainsi, Wilbur aurait un compagnon et Herbert pourrait travailler toute la journée sur ses inventions.

Bientôt la ville oublia Herbert et Wilbur. Les années passèrent jusqu’à un certain hiver. Il faisait si froid que

la ville n'avait pas assez de bois dans sa forêt pour se réchauffer. Chaque jour les gens voyaient la fumée au-dessus de la caverne. Peut-être qu'Herbert n'avait pas menti. Peut-être il y avait vraiment un dragon amical dans cette caverne et Herbert et lui se tenaient chaud.

La ville envoya un comité pour voir Herbert et Wilbur. Il les trouva au chaud et à l'aise dans leur caverne.

"Aidez-nous, s'il vous plaît. Nous avons froid."

Herbert regarda Wilbur. Wilbur regarda Herbert.

"Qu'est-ce que tu penses, Wilbur?"

"Cela me semble possible." dit Wilbur.

"Vous avez de la chance. Je viens d'inventer un système de chauffage mais j'ai besoin de Wilbur. Je ferai un grand tuyau. Il liera toutes les maisons de Notsosmart. Au milieu, dans une grande maison, il y aura le tuyau principal. La, Wilbur et moi habiterons. Wilbur aspirera son souffle de feu, qui est très faible, dans le tuyau. Voilà le chauffage central. Pour le récompenser de son travail, les bavardages locaux devront être raconté a Wilbur."

Ainsi Wilbur et Herbert devinrent les héros de la ville et la ville Notsosmart devint la ville Sosmart.

Mary Frances Jeffrey '71

LA PHOTOGRAPHIE DE FRANCOIS

naïvely considered
another dimension
a shape
height, width, depth
your space

and this small thin
papery thing
which I hold
owns your image
and I can hold
two dimensions
of you.

But
I cannot hold your tender handfelt touch
nor see your fiery outraged proud eyes flash
nor see your smile

Yet
I've not lost you
I hold you more
eyes closed.

Marie de Lorimier '72



NACINIMOD

Once upon a time in a far, far away place there was a little country called Nacinimod. Nacinimod was surrounded by towering trees and luxurious green grass and huge brown mountains. It had little wooden bridges and hard gravel pathways and quaint little buildings and some elegant large buildings.

There were predominantly two factions of people living in Nacinimod: the Black and Whites and the Blue Demins. The Black and Whites were generally quiet, orderly and sweet (unless the Blue Demins were being exceptionally rambunctious and then some faint frowns would appear). The Black and Whites were also in control as they were older and much wiser than the Blue Demins. The Blue Demins were generally a rather silly and discontented lot, but they did have strength in numbers as they formed the large majority. Sometimes one could hear a huge burst of laughter from the Blue Demins as far away as Leafarnas, the nearest neighboring country, which just goes to show how boisterous those Blue Demins could be and how much the Black and Whites had to put up with.

The head of the Black and Whites was a rather aloof, but highly esteemed personage that the Blue Demins rarely saw except on Great Occasions such as the announcement of the arrival of a new species of Blue Demins or whenever the Originators came to visit the Blue Demins

for a weekend. The head of the Blue Demins (who curiously enough, rarely was seen in Blue Denim) was a very pleasant little person that could both smile and frown and was friendly to both the large factions and the few minorities living in Nacinimod.

The main sport of the Black and Whites was reading. They loved to read Scissalc most of all because Scissalc told of Great Men, Great Thoughts, and Great Feelings. The favorite sport of the Blue Demins on the other hand, was drinking reeb and eating azzip. Although it was decidedly true that the Black and Whites enjoyed reading more than the Blue Demins ever did, they were able to exert a wondrous influence over these Blue Demins by an enchantment called Sedarg, which they regularly, at stipulated intervals cast upon the heads of the Blue Demins. The spell of Sedarg made the Blue Demins read and read and read. It was true, though that they tended to read more on week beginnings rather than on week ends being unable to resist the temptation of drinking reeb and eating azzip for longer than five days at a time.

There were a few Blue Demins though, who unfortunately, got sick of drinking reeb and eating azzip and found instead reading Scissalc a most wonderful thing, even when the spell of Sedarg began to wear off. As the spell wore off on all the Blue Demins at more or less the same time, they looked with distain at their fellow Blue Deminers who were taking so much pleasure in something other than drinking reeb and eating azzip. They

labeled the traitors as “blue colds” and left them alone. This appeared to be a great misfortune for quite some time for these Blue Demins, because of course, they were separated from the mainstream of life in Nacinimod.

Then one day, a singularly surprising event happened. The Blue Demins found that they must leave Nacinimod and go far away as Leafarnas or even more distant lands (apparently they had known this for several years, but had poured so much reeb into their systems that they had quite forgotten that they had to depart from the land after training in the Black and White sport).

A Great Ceremony took place and every Blue Demin was given an amolpid and good wishes from the Black and Whites who knew that they could never use the spell of Sedarg on *these* Blue Demins ever again. The majority of the Blue Demins were very sad on this day, for some were vaguely aware that their best reeb drinking and azzip eating days were over and some were just vaguely aware. But those few Blue Demins who had been outcasts, were strangely enough, the happiest of all at the Great Ceremony, for a spell of Noitacude had somehow passed onto them from so much reading of Scissalc and they knew they had something substantial to nourish themselves with in new countries.

Sue Peterson '72





THE FIELD OF ITH

It was a beautiful day. The birds were flying above in a clear blue sky. The flowers were blossoming many lovely colors in the huge green field of Ith. The winds were blowing softly through the grass. It was a moving world, and yet so peaceful.

From behind the trees came running three small boys. Each was carrying a kite. They lifted the kites into the air and ran as fast as they could with the kites following higher and higher. Suddenly they plopped down in the green field with their kites flying freely above them.

Lying there together they began to talk. "I like to come here," Johnny said, "because there's no one in your way. Just us playing together with our kites."

As Kevin was rolling in the tall grass, he yelled "Yeah, me too."

Jimmy was being very quiet and Johnny and Kevin noticed it. Almost in unison they asked, "Is something wrong?" Jimmy looked at them both and began to tell them what was wrong.

"My mother was crying last night and my father was upset too."

"Why?" said Johnny without letting him finish.

"Well," Jimmy continued, "they got a telegram saying my brother would not be home again. I know he is dead, but they wouldn't tell me that. They don't think I could understand. My brother went to America and couldn't find a job so he enlisted in the Navy. They're fighting somewhere, you know."

“Yeah,” Kevin said as they nodded their heads.

Kevin bowed his head and said, very softly, “My brother was killed in that war too. He became a citizen, but later he said you couldn’t be happy there. He wrote us and said they don’t like black people in America. Well, um,” Kevin swallowed hard, “they haven’t found him yet.”

There was silence over the field as they looked at one another.

Johnny began to speak now. “My brother was there too. They said his jeep overturned. He was trying to get out of the line of fire. His birthday was yesterday. My mother cried too.”

They were all lying down looking into the blue sky. Jimmy said, “I wonder if we’ll all die in a war?”

“Not if we stay here in Ith” said Kevin. “Here it doesn’t matter what color you are and there’s no war.”

Jimmy sat up and said, “Let’s make a pact that we’ll always stay together in Ith.”

Kevin turned to them and said, “And we won’t care what color we are, black, yellow, or white, just that we’re friends.”

They looked at each other and the pact was sealed.

They lay there for quite a while looking up at their kites still flying high in the sky. After a while they got up and ran happily through the field with their kites flying behind.

There are so few fields left.

Kathleen Murphy '71

A LETTER

Dominican College
San Rafael, California
March 15, 1972

Dear Ramona:

It is with some reluctance that I write to you, not having written for so long, for many reasons.

The truth is that I have had a rather exciting and unusual experience which I feel compelled to share and who better, my dear cousin, than you to share it with. It has been some time now since the experience was fresh, but I believe I can still relate it to you with enthusiasm; at any rate, I shall allow you to be the judge of that.

On February the 18th of this year, I went to my very first poetry reading. The occasion for the reading being a benefit for the farm workers. The occasion of my attending said reading simply that I had an assignment to write about a contemporary American poet — Robert Creeley by name. It so happened that he was to be one of the readers that night. Now, as you know, I (up to now) know little or nothing about American poetry, least of all, contemporary American poetry or poets. Well, I got a full dose that night. There were fourteen poets and we (about 3000 of us) were crammed into the Longshoreman's Hall like so many "Charlie Tunas" and it was long, over four hours. Those four hours for me were to be most rewarding.

As you know, cousin dear, I am not afraid to be aggressive if I want something. Well, I did want something; I wanted to meet and arrange an interview with Robert Creeley. Much to the amazement of my two companions, I picked myself up (after his reading of course) and literally wormed my way through all those bodies—in chairs, on the floor (some prone, others standing)—through television equipment over to the stairs where he was seated. Once there I became a bit nervous and after waiting for some time was about to show a yellow streak and give up, when intermission was called giving me the idea that this was meant to be and that I should take the advantage. So, without further consideration, I did just that, I approached him. Oh, how happy I am that I did!

Would you believe, I blurted out, “Mr. Creeley, I wonder if it would be at all possible to have an interview with you in the near future?” He said, “What kind of an interview did you have in mind?” (Oh, I forgot to tell you that I was dressed rather traditionally while the other 99% of the audience were more in the flower dress of today—so I am sure he thought I was from the “Ladies Home Journal” or some such straight publication. At any rate I replied, “Oh I am a student at Dominican College in San Rafael and I am an English major currently taking a course in Contemporary American Poets and I have to do a paper on a current poet and I chose you.” (There is no punctuation in the preceding sentence because there was no break in my speech; it was all said in one breath

as he noted.) With that, he threw his arms around me and hugged me and thanked me. He said, a fair amount had been written about him, but this was the first college paper. He was so warm and friendly and he introduced me to Allen Ginsberg, Robert Duncan and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. We talked of poetry all during the break. Then he gave me his phone number and address at Bolinas and said "Call me over the week end and we will set a day and time for you to come over and have your interview. I'll be happy to help you in any way I can."

Well, cousin dear, you can imagine I didn't drive home to San Rafael, I flew. The words "I met a poet last night" kept running through my head. On the following evening, while on phone duty, I was still hearing that refrain and with pen in hand, the following poem emerged.

For Robert Creely

February 19, 1972

I met a poet last night
The touch of his hand
 seemed the touch of immortality.

He was warm, loving
He was real.

I sensed life, love—
 Love for all created

A total being
Reaching out
Being reached

Accepting, expecting
open to all, open for all.

I met a poet last night
I met reality—
Immortality.

Well, Ramona, that is about all I have time to say for now, but I will write again soon and tell you about the interview. This will enable you to experience the whole thing more or less in the same spacial span as I did. Until the next account, I remain

Your loving cousin,

Carol Wolf '72



UNTITLED

Children with yellow balloons tugging at their chubby
wrists

romp together in a luscious park.

A multitude of humans sit and soak orange sun
on a white grainy beach.

A baby cuddles in a blue fluffy blanket
on a rolling lap of Grandmother.

I sit in a velvet green meadow, not alone
but with you.

In Love.

Cathy Lavaroni '74

Reprinted from *Carillon*





ISHMAEL'S MEMORIES

It seems so long ago when I a pledge
For whalemén signed at old Nantucket's edge
And shipped aboard the Pequod's noble deck—
Now gone with all her hands, a splintered wreck.

* * *

In hope of more than my three hundredth lay
We hoisted sail that icy Christmas Day.
Less mindful of my body than my soul
I'd man the top mast midst the water's roll.

And all around me stretched seductive seas
That challenged me to delve their mysteries.
Transfixed I was by nighttime, jeweled bright,
By day, the smiling sun's bewitching light.

And there, by day or night, Philosophy
Conducted classes for the soul of me.
On deck the education of my mind
Was heedful not to pause and fall behind.

* * *

And now I bob about the boundless seas
On Queenqueg's coffin with my memories.
Ah friend, who evermore to me did give
Good things—to think that you no longer live!

You pass before my eyes in sweet array
Of savage daring, savage saving. Yea!
My tattooed cannibal, where there was need
Your strange and vital body did the deed.

* * *

I hear the rash bravado cry of Flask
As all his whaleboat crew he urged to task.
And in the distance there a cloud is seen
Where Stubb with pipe and crew and whale have been.

Then Stubb with pipe between his teeth did rail,
“Now pull, me hearties, softly pull us to that whale.”
Then Tash, the harpooneer leaped swiftly to the rear
And bowlike pulled, then loosed, his quivering spear.



Into the whale his harpoon neatly sang.
Incensed, the monstrous life gigantic sprang
And lashed the boat, the sea, in one mad whirl,
In waves of foam which over them did curl.

Thus swamped, this huge Leviathan did flee
And tow them through a half a mile of sea
Until a slackening was felt as Tash
And Stubb changed places. Then in just a flash

Stubb threw his darts and churned his awful lance,
Which found the well of life amidst a dance
Of death in flurries consummated by
A spurt of blood which shot into the sky.

And standing steadily amongst the gore
Was Stubb with teeth on pipe just as before.

* * *

As midnight's moon stares down at my lone plight
My memory unfolds another night
When first I saw the magic of that whale
Who traced for us a misty, vapor trail.

* * *

And there upon the vast, smooth, watery plain
A phantom beckoned with his silvery mane
And bade us follow him, and follow him
We did that night straight to the moon's bright rim.

When o'er the far horizon dawn soon peered
And stared away the night, that strange and weird
Nocturnal wraith had vanished from our sight,
Returning to enchant us, other magic nights.

We knew not why this phantom we must heed,
Compelled—a wake upon a wake, his lead.
The answer's here before my eyes
Where men and voices were, now there's sighs.

You spirit spout of beauteous mystery
I've met the death you hid beneath the sea.
Enshrined in God's great temple you reside
O'er sacrificial corpses now you glide.

As hand and hand against man's vanity,
You taunt with monster strength, necessity,
And fate, and chance. A man with Ahab's pride
Could he resist to pierce your marbled side?

* * *

The lap of waves against my ghostly float
Are Starbuck's words as Ahab manned his boat—
His voice, the one unhelped restraining plea
(Except for Pip, in his insanity).

"My Captain, do not do this monstrous thing
That ruin to yourself and crew will bring.
Cast not your lot with death and that white whale.
Let love and life make bitter vengeance pale!"

As Ahab turned away I heard him sigh,
"Imperial sphinx, with human blood gone dry,
Your life is now a desert you command.
Your purpose will not yield to mortal hand."

Though Ahab's back was turned away from me
I heard his voice a mirror of the sea,
Caress the air in melancholy tone,
Then squall-like turn to wild, tumultuous moan.



"Aye, Starbuck's eyes and mine became as one
As kindred spirit's home with wife and son
Revealed itself with human warmth so dear.
He begged me turn away from perils near.

And little Pip, poor perished soul gone mad,
A tenderness I feel for this poor lad.
In madness matched are we—the one from fear,
And me from vengeance with fulfillment near.

Until the sweet repayment I shall mete
To Moby Dick, the thoughts that o'er me sweep
Invade my soul and drive humanity
Away and fill me up with black insanity.

A thousand sharks reside behind my brow,
All clothed in thoughts which force my prow
To part a sea of men with merciless will,
As scythes through fields of wheat in thoughtless skill.

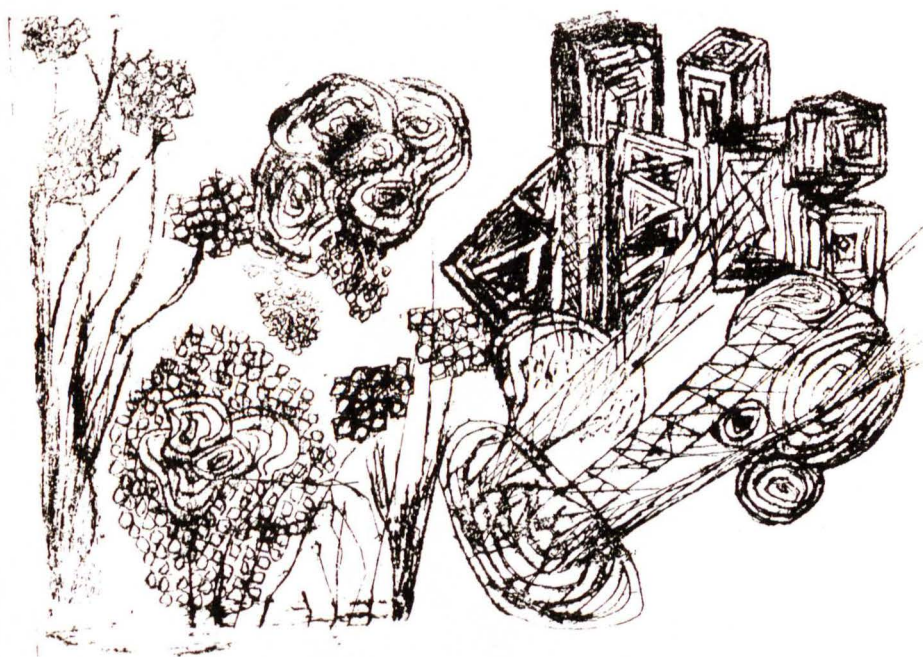
That huge white wrinkled forehead, twisted jaw,
Appear to fill my mind with savage law.
And wakeful even to my ravaged limb,
Possessed I am with thoughts and deeds of him."

* * *

Now gone the rest who rashly pledged to chase
Old Ahab's whale. His tragic, haunted face
Appears to me where last he wheeled and dove,
Entrapped in lines of death the white whale towed.

But hark! Is that a ghostship I descry,
Whose sails are silhouetted 'gainst the sky?

Cynthia Mobraaten '73





THE FIREBRAND

For several reasons we have thought it fitting to reprint the 1926 *Firebrand* editorial. It is a lovely editorial in itself; it was written within the first ten years of the college's beginnings; and, more than that, it somehow underlines the reasons why this *Firebrand* of 1972 must be the last *Firebrand*—at least, until a new and more gracious cycle or generation comes round again.

The 1926 editorial is full of pride in what has already been done, of hope and promise in what is yet to be done. A college beginning with such energies was bound to succeed, and it has. But as always with progress there have been losses and gains. In 1926 there were eight graduates. In May, 1972, there will be some ninety-five students listed on the Commencement Program. Of those ninety-five, fifty-eight students chose to be remembered in the *Firebrand*. The reasons are many: some were busy the week the pictures were taken, some could not afford the money for the picture, some are against yearbooks in general, some are against the *Firebrand* in particular, some are older students who are finishing at Dominican, not because it is their choice of college, but simply because it is the only four year college in the area—a yearbook is not among their concerns. So, *The Firebrand*, we think must go. In the end, we can perhaps just say it is the times. The day of yearbooks across the country is

over; students are finding relevancy elsewhere. But, then, *The Firebrand* was never just an ordinary yearbook. No, but it took an extraordinary amount of hardwork from a few people to put it out each year; it demanded great generosity, much rewriting, editing, perfecting, and even a willingness some nights to do without much sleep. This year there were still a few who were willing to give themselves to the project, and we are grateful. SMN

FIREBRAND EDITORIAL

1926

When we are distinguished grey-haired alumnae coming back to see our grand-daughters graduate we shall be glad that we were here during the first ten years of the College's growth. Our granddaughters will take for granted the position and traditions of the College. They will proudly uphold the traditions as their own, but we will say that we helped to make those traditions. Ours was the thrilling task of creating the spirit and personality of the College; we were here when Dominican College of San Rafael was leaving the convent boarding school stage and becoming a woman's College, when the freedom and privileges granted us were startling for a convent college. They will fail to see why such privileges were startling. They will enjoy them; but they will not know the excitement of privileges yielded as a daring experiment. They will ask how Dominican College grew to be the place

they know. Then we shall say that there were two elements in her character. First, there was the spirit of true learning that the Faculty gave the College and the spirit of freedom with which we began. We shall tell how from the first the ideal of the College was to have a Student Body that didn't have to be told what to do and what not to do, that the founders courageously stuck to that ideal even when it seemed that people did need a hundred little rules with penalties to keep them in order. Then we shall say that we did the rest ourselves, that we returned such love and loyalty that our College could not help growing.

For if Dominican College is to become the place we dream of, it must be because of the love and loyalty of the Students. The faculty and administration have given us all they can, they have given us a lovely place to live in and a wealth of opportunity, but it is the students who must build up the spirit of the College.

Just at present we feel much too sophisticated to love our College. We feel that it is a bit young to be enthusiastic about anything. We smile indulgently at our fathers and brothers who give their Alma Mater tender love and loyalty. Their College may be a tumble down old shack of a place but they see beyond the buildings and grounds; they revere and are grateful to the men who teach them. They point with pride to their fellow alumni. Their College may have a small Student Body and terrible athletic records, but when our fathers and brothers were there they went out for teams no matter how bad they were.

If they were too bad to play they carried water. But men are simple that way; just because it happens to be their College they are fiercely loyal to it. But we haven't come to our College because it is a family tradition; our College isn't that old. We have chosen it deliberately because it offers us what we want in music or English or mathematics or because we yearn for knowledge.

We should rather live at home, but Dominican College has what we want. We view our Alma Mater objectively, not as if she were our own. Most of us take all she offers and return nothing. It is time for us to lose that attitude. We must return something for all we receive. It is only when we have done something for our College that we feel that it is ours. The people that give up week-ends to rehearse a play, that tear their hair trying to get the *Meadowlark* out, that hold Student Body offices and lie awake at night over the mental and spiritual welfare of each student can never view their College impersonally again. They have done something out of love for the College. They belong to the College and the College belongs to them.

When we stop thinking about Dominican College merely as an institution with beautiful grounds and exceptional opportunities, and begin to think of it as our own College it will cease to be a new College with great possibilities and begin to be the College of which our granddaughters will be proud.

Claire Graham '27

Claire Graham Smith died on January 21, 1972. From the day of her graduation in 1927 until her death, she remained a vital, active, loyal alumna of the college. The 1926 editorial was a true expression of her spirit.



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