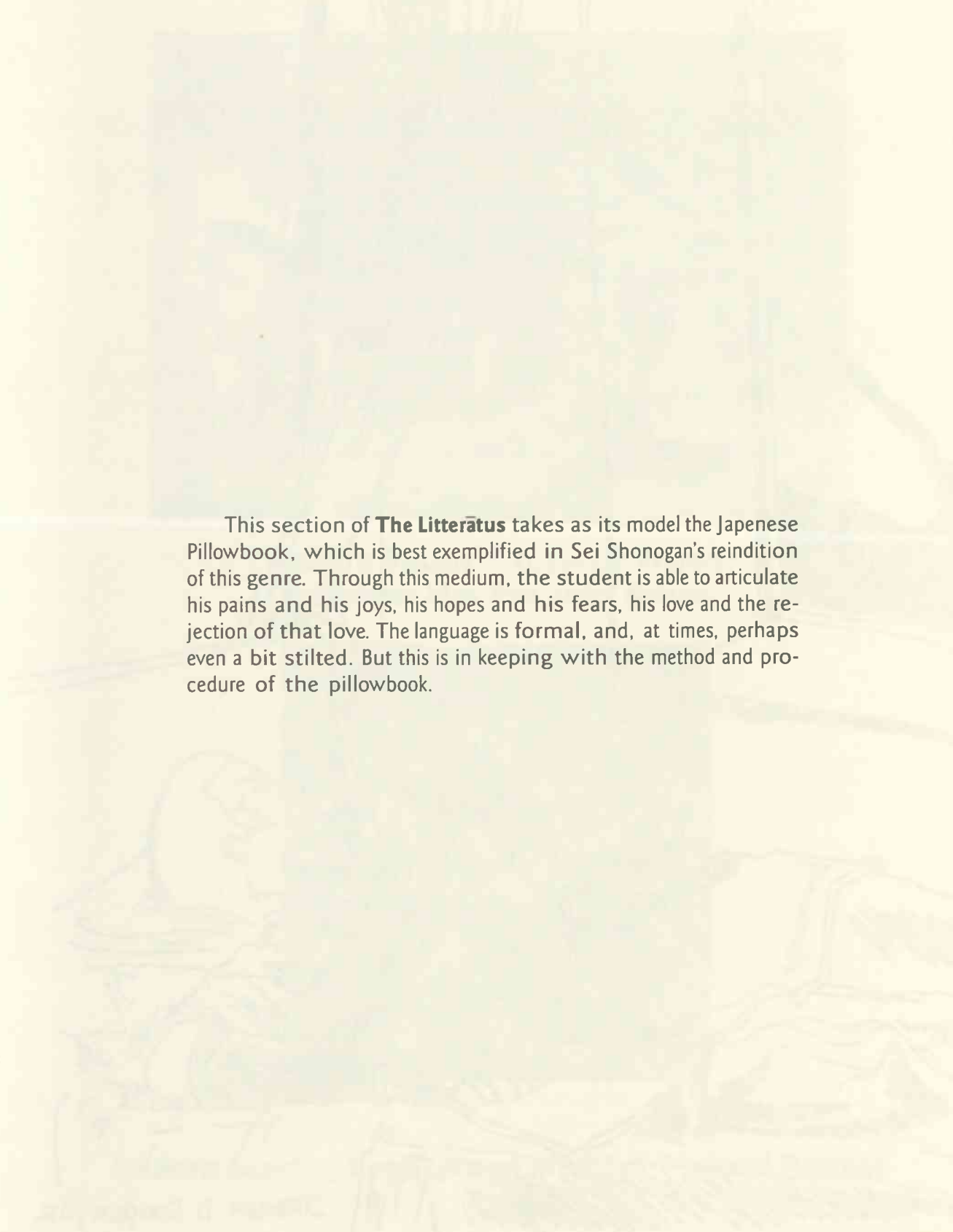


The Pillow Book

“It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them.”

— George Eliot



This section of **The Litterātus** takes as its model the Japanese Pillowbook, which is best exemplified in Sei Shonogan's rendition of this genre. Through this medium, the student is able to articulate his pains and his joys, his hopes and his fears, his love and the rejection of that love. The language is formal, and, at times, perhaps even a bit stilted. But this is in keeping with the method and procedure of the pillowbook.



JAMES D. COOPER, JR.
RETOUCHED BY SANFORD BIGGERS



**“Failure Busters” Tutorial Project:
A Retreat Idea Put into Action**



Students Leaving Camp Glisson after Fall Weekend Retreat

Springtime In Atlanta

People smiling. The weather grand. Even the dreary Marta buses take on a certain radiance. One's outlook is brightened as the days begin to lengthen. Walking hand in hand with one's lover among the cherry blossoms. Ah, even the worn-out students show signs of renewal. Shorts. Short shorts. Tank tops and no shoes. What a wonderful sight to see the joggers in a mad frenzy, racing through the park! At night, the myriad of lights shining brightly on a crystal clear night. The stars wink and beckon one to stay out a while. There is no greater place to be than in Atlanta in the spring!

— William Boynes, Jr.

Lovable Things

Summertime. Being in the arms of one's lover. The smell of a brand new car. The feel of a crisp one-hundred dollar bill. An **A** on a World Literature project. 4.0 grade point average. Spelman college. An uncrowded Marta train. A weekend free of school work. Daydreaming. Feeling at home. The city at Christmas time. Being Black. Spring break, summer break, Thanksgiving break, Christmas break, coffee break, lunch break. Being a volunteer. Writing a Pillow Book.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Summertime In Newark

Hot and sweaty. Dirty and muggy. The smell of rotting garbage. Kids screeching at the top of their lungs. Broken down people staring out of broken down houses. Rape, theft, murder-crime of all kinds up 300%. People. Litter, Pollution. Dirt piled up for days because sanitation is on strike. 105 degrees and no relief in the forecast. The smiling faces of the powers that be, sitting in air-conditioned television stations, making empty promises that things will be better. Hot times. Summer in the city.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Day In, Day Out

A loud buzzing sound at the crack of dawn starting the day. Tripping over the typewriter left from last night's cramming session. Stumbling into a cold shower. Stepping into today's uniform. Ready to face the day. Teachers nagging. **A** student's bragging. The administration lagging. 12:00 noon. Hustle, bustle, heading to work. "I need this. I need that." "Where is that report?" "Why are you late?" "We need someone to work overtime!" 7:00 p.m. Another bus trip, this time to the library. Exams tomorrow. 12:00 a.m. Quiet trip home. "Had a good day?" the bus driver asks. "No," someone replies . . . "Just another day." OUT.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Things I Like

Small fast cars - blue - black - pencils - hot dogs - hot chocolate
- hamburgers - sleep - tennis - clothes - money - work - sincerity
- truth - friends - pizza - peanut butter & jelly - wheat bread - music
- water - trains - the telephone - Atlanta - Chicago - root beer -
waterbeds - quiet - breakfast - listening - swimming - eyes - legs
- haircuts - green - statistics - Christmas - vacations - Thursdays -
May - January - thoughtfulness - a fireplace - snow - sweaters - heat
- brushes - beer - blankets - motorcycles - driving - walking - con-
versation in early morning hours - "David Letterman" - "Maude"
- "The Jeffersons" - piano - sofas - Marvin Gaye - the beach - par-
ties - baths - GQ - Ebony - Newsweek - Tapper (a video game) -
cinnamon rolls - biscuits - imaginative bedrooms - letters - small
children - babies - being with close friends - night - strawberry milk
- the floor - being me.

Things I Hate

Peas - carrots - afternoons - driving during the day - (go-go music)
- golf - snow - concerts - big gatherings - being lied to - phoniness
- confusion - pears - big luxury cars - pink - pens - science - doctors
- Burger King - arrogant people - impatience - (pre-teens) - hard li-
quor - mayonaise - white bread - oranges with seeds - green apples
- cherries - liver - finger nails - mustard - socks - house shoes - most
perfumes - lots of make up - grammar school - the organ - smelly
people - public transportation - airplanes - long car rides - "Love
Boat (The)" - green cars - racism - cliques - vests - ties - restaurants
- writing letters - skateboards - poker - chess - neatness - being dress-
ed ready to go somewhere and having to wait for someone else to
get ready - saying "no" to someone - Hostess Ding-Dongs - anything
with marshmallow fillings - stewed tomatoes - cheddar cheese -
cloudy days - forgetfulness - pickles - escalators - alarm clocks -
cigarettes smoke - cigars - snoring - someone rubbing my hair the
wrong way - birds.

— Rich L. Hooper

Pleasant Things

A dramatic slam dunk that wins a close basketball game. The joy of waking up early on a rainy morning to find that it is Saturday and one can go back to sleep. Receiving the top score on a test which everyone else has failed. Eating pizza during a late night study session. The pleasure of knowing that home is only an hour and forty-five minutes away. Meeting a young lady with a great personality. Making **A** when one thought one earned a **C**. Watching a hummingbird fly from flower to flower. Winning a long game of Chess. Watching color television. Playing football on a cool winter afternoon. Being first in any line--for a change. Solving a Set Theory problem after hours of toil. Reading the **Atlanta Constitution** and seeing that someone has finally recognized racism in the Black Belt. Running swiftly. Realizing that through all of the shortcomings of Morehouse, that special lady is always there.

— Lewis L. Roberts, Jr.

A beautiful Autumn day. A full mailbox. Achieving a goal. The first snow. The last day of Winter. A good grade report. Going home. Leaving home. Economic prosperity. Winning. Doing a good job. A true friend.

— Andre A. Moore

Pleasant Things

A firm handshake. An "A" on an important test or paper. A job well done. A visit to Spelman's campus is most pleasant. The first signs of Spring. Love. A warm shirt fresh from the dryer. A walk in the rain on a summer day. A baby. Loyalty. The courage to stand on one's own chances of winning or losing. The realization of a dream come true.

— Devin Hargrove

Happy Things

The distinct smell of home. The return of a loved one from a long trip. Seeing an old classmate whom one did not know was "dead or alive." The Morehouse football team WINNING. High school graduation.

— Mondibo Kelsey

Happy Things

Buying those new shoes from Berger's after a week of bagging groceries. A dancer who effortlessly glides through the air. Strolling through the park with a gentle, zephyrous wind behind one. The crowd found there around the old man playing his saxophone for passers-by. Birthday cards from friends. A warm embrace. The night before Christmas.

— Curtis V. Goings

Getting a letter from one's family. When one goes to a store and the salesperson gives one too much change. Listening to an old jazz tape on a rainy, Sunday afternoon. Watching an A.C.C. basketball game on television. Eating a piece of homemade chocolate chip cake. Getting a good looking haircut. Going to the store and buying some new clothes. Buying some new clothes that look good and are a good bargain. Playing basketball. Listening to Miles Davis or Earl Klugh records late at night. Watching St. Elsewhere every Wednesday night. Getting up Christmas morning and opening presents under the Christmas tree. Sleeping late on a cold winter morning and waking up to the smell of bacon cooking. Watching Bugs Bunny cartoons on a Saturday morning. Seeing a newborn baby yawn. Watching a Clint Eastwood cowboy movie and knowing that the good guys will always win.

— Tyrone Baines

Favorites of Life

The brotherhood of man. Watching the moon at its closest point to earth, looming above -- shiny, friendly, yet most powerful. James Bond movies. **Native Son.** **The Invisible Man.** An electric guitar producing hot sounds of jazz-fusion at 3:00 a.m. on a Saturday. **Huis Clos.** Les Mouches. Looking at paintings by Toulouse-Lautrec and observing the colors whip head-first into one another. Looking at the paintings of Renoir and seeing the color shimmer off the canvas and into my mind's eye. Attempting to see the Pyramids in one's head and to estimate how large and how high they really are. Reading Benjamin Mays and feeling one's heart swell with pride, one's body fill with resolve, and mind tremble with respect, awe, and love. Holograms. Eating in the Sun-Dial atop the Peachtree Hotel and staring down on the entire city of Atlanta, as far as the eye can see. Listening to records sung by Bessie Smith. Watching Blacks gain footholds in corporate America. Studying when one is motivated and inspired. Seeing morally concerned individuals try as hard as possible to change the world for the better. Watching intricate computer graphics programs come to fruition. The fabulous interior architecture of the Onmi Hotel. Going to a first-rate play. Watching Bill Cosby's excellent television show. Sunday mornings. A good musical. Programming a synthesizer. Liquid flame. Finishing a difficult paper and being satisfied with one's labors. Cereal. And sleep. Sleep is a time of temporary retirement from the world:

I'm not one for Suicide, but I'm all for Sleep,
Both fill the same vial, you see:
One is escape and so is the other,
The first lasts eternity.
Not through vanity but by hope
Do I keep myself in this place;
Sleep gives a chance at the Bold Tomorrow
Suicide leaves naught but Space.
Suicide, then, is a one-shot balm
that certainly will kill your woes;
But Sleep, though weaker, still leaves a chance
A tomorrow to conquer one's foes.

— Trent Anthony Berry

Trying To Understand Women

Trying to understand women is a hopeless endeavor. The only statement which can be made about "All Women" is that "All women are different."

— James H. Shelton, III

That's Frustrating!

Watching others receive praise for one's work. Wanting and working but never having. Loving one who loves another. Being penalized for that over which one has no control. Hurting and not knowing why.

— James H. Shelton, III

Fruitless Things

Studying at the last minute for a major test. Looking to receive letters without having written anyone. Convincing a teacher that one really did lose one's homework. Teaching one who does not want to learn. Pushing a rope. Debating a fool. Taking drugs. Scheming to make a fast buck. Hindsight. Dating a status seeker. Cheating. Lying. Waiting for something good to happen. Drinking and driving. Giving up hope. Procrastinating. Reaping without sowing. Ignoring the mistakes of others. Buying a lottery ticket. Asking one's next-door neighbor to lower the volume of his stereo. Cleaning one's room. Studying in bed.

Basketball

A well-timed block. A graceful spin dribble. A powerful slam-dunk. A deceptive pass. A high-arching jump-shot. The swishing of nets. A thrilling last second shot.

A True Friend

A true friend will give one his last dollar and will not tell one that it is his last. A true friend is there at planting time and at harvest, at high tide as well as low, at sun-up and at sun-down. Above all, a true friend knows one better than you know oneself.

— Gregory Allen

Black Folk

Once slaves, overworked and not paid. Now free, overworked and underpaid. Last hired. First fired. This is the continuing saga of Black Folk. Forced from the motherland, bereft of language and culture, Black Folk survived and built this land called America. Life for Black Folk has always been a struggle, but they are strong. Life for Black Folk has always been unfair, but they have endured. Fortified by a Divine Grace, They, too, have been a chosen people.

— Ronald S. Sullivan

He's Gotta Have It

Playboys and loverboys. Having a girl in five different cities. Having two girls at the same time. One girl calls when one is on the line with another. Going out with a different girl every night of the weekend. Using the same opening line on every girl. Having a date with two girls on the same night. Getting caught.

— Lawrence M. Algee

State of Depression

The loss of a family member. A one-night stand that turns into a lifetime commitment. A long time girlfriend that bears a child for one's best friend back home. Walking down a cold, rainy, desolate street, yet it is filled with thousands of people. The halls of an old high school building that holds a lifetime of priceless memories. A life-long dream that ends with one crucial mistake or misfortune. Failing to return one's love when it is offered, then discovering that it is no longer offered when one finally decides to get involved in the relationship.

— Patrick W. Turner

Depressing Things

Being at home alone on a Friday or a Saturday night. Being stood up. Hearing a love song on the radio when one has just lost one's love. Saying something in jest and having a loved one be hurt by it. Too many problems on one's mind. A relative or close friend becoming ill. This is even more depressing if that person should die.

— Don R. Shegog

Annoying Things

Relentless interrogation. A whining child gasping for air. Unwarranted insults. An alarm clock that works too well. The city boy who blatantly abuses one's property and excuses it by saying, "I thought you said I could" Cigarette smoke in a car with all the windows rolled up. Toilet stalls with no tissue. The heater that fails to operate in November, December, or January, yet radiates heat profusely in March, April, and May.

— Curtis V. Goings

The noise chalk makes against a freshly washed blackboard. Being the only one who can type in a group when there is a fifty-page report due. Waking up thirty minutes late for class when one's roommate left an hour before. Arguing with someone who knows that he is wrong but will not admit it. Watching the climactic scene of a film when the television station goes to a commercial. Missing the Bill Cosby Show. Viewing President Reagan making a speech on a social problem which he knows nothing about. Going out of one's way to help a friend who does not appreciate one's efforts.

— Lewis L. Roberts, Jr.

Embarrassing Things

How embarrassing it is to walk halfway down a crowded corridor after leaving the bathroom, only to realize that a lengthy piece of toilet tissue is mysteriously attached to the end of one's shoe. Embarrassing indeed! It is most embarrassing to go to the chalkboard in one's Calculus class, confident that one has the right answer, only to discover that one has solved the wrong problem. It is equally embarrassing for one to wake up in the morning and try to dress while half asleep and discover later in the day that one's green and white shirt really does not match the orange pants that one is wearing.

More embarrassing things: Showing up dressed informally at a formal event. Wearing obviously mismatched socks. Not knowing the words to "Dear Old Morehouse" on Founder's Day. Returning to a store that terminated one's employment there to purchase a few items. Asking a pretty young lady for a dance at the biggest party of the year and being turned down. Asking her friend and being rejected again. Wearing clothes that are out-of-style. Forgetting the name of a friend who approaches but casually covering it up by saying, "Heeeeeey" (instead of "Hey, Mike" or "Hey, Lisa").

— Leslie E. Allen

Sad Things

Seeing a terminally ill baby. Going to funerals. Going to Calculus class at 8:00 every morning. Seeing a mother slap a little baby for crying in the department store. Teenage pregnancy. Knowing that some kids do not get presents at Christmas time. Losing a favorite record or tape. Drinking the last part of a double chocolate milkshake on a hot summer day.

— Tyrone Baines

Painful Experiences

The death of a sibling. The death of a parent. Love and concern given but never returned. Trauma - finding out you are adopted when you were not supposed to know and had been told otherwise. Being denied a college education because of financial difficulties. The death of a friend by suicide. Realizing that the direction in life chosen leads nowhere but to dead ends.

— Will Otis Cobb, Jr.

Troubling Things

A war without a cause. A disease without a cure. An unborn baby killed before it can take its first breath of life. An integrated society with segregated thinking. A bright young mind destroyed by drugs. A family without love. A fertile country with starving people. A child alone for Christmas. A society where all are equal yet none are treated fairly. Trying to love thy neighbor although thy neighbor is a racist. Turning the other cheek with fear that it may be blown away. Going to bed with the fear that tomorrow may never come. Nuclear war being seen as a means to an end. The cruel realization that this is a cold, hard world.

Hateful Things

Receiving a telephone call just as one is falling asleep; Being in the presence of one who is a chain smoker; Most hateful is a female chain smoker. Being in the presence of one who must use profanity in every clause; Being in a room filled with noisy people. One who criticizes others for the way they believe; One who only wishes to talk about himself; One who is indecisive; One who preaches much, but who lives little that he preaches. One who is always willing to give advice, but never willing to accept any; One who is a constant complainer; One who enjoys criticizing you around others. One who would rather cheat than study; One who would rather steal than work. One who clears one's throat at the dinner table; Sitting next to someone with a awful body odor; Someone who has a terrible mouth odor. One who spits on the cement; One who throws old chewing gum on the cement.

Cold food; An unsanitary person inviting one over for dinner; Finding hair in one's food. Cold, rainy weather; Having to have to take a cold shower in cold weather because there is no hot water.

— Terence Merritt

Hateful Things

Waiting for a person who is late. One who borrows things and does not return them. People who talk constantly in the library while one is studying for a major exam. An empty beer mug. Accidentally erasing a favorite tape. Being awakened in the middle of a good dream. Having a cold in the summer. Making a careless error on an exam. Having a fight with one's girlfriend. Finding that someone has eaten the last brownie being saved for later.

— Robert A. Hymes

When one is in a hurry and the train gets stuck between stations--every station. One arrives on time to a meeting to discover that it takes place the next day. Inviting one's lover to a quiet evening at home only to be disturbed by a little sister. Hateful! Having to carry home bulky packages since one does not own a car. Rushing to get home to view one's favorite television show. At the door it is remembered that one's keys were left at the office. Waking up at 9:00 a.m. and having an 8:00 class.

— William Boynes, Jr.

A Newly Washed Car on a Rainy Day

It is such a grave misfortune to be compelled to drive one's newly washed car on a rainy day. Splash, splosh, spit, splat goes the dirt filled water as it gives one's car a new "washing". One grits his teeth and proceeds onward, longing for the first chance to wash the car again and to drive preferably on a dry, sunny day for all to see.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Morehouse College on a Rainy Day

Disaster! All of Morehouse's sidewalks and walking areas turn into a big drainage system on a rainy day. Nowhere is there to be found a single walking spot without an enormous puddle of water through which to tread while on one's way across campus. From Brawley Hall to Mays Hall stretches the Atlantic Ocean on a rainy day. High and low, near and far---the grounds become the Fulton County Drainage Plant with the least drop of rain. Even the grass areas are flooded to their capacity with the waterful blessing from above. Could this be only at Morehouse? What a disaster.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

After Failing An Examination

It is always a depressing moment when one has learned that one has failed an examination. This is the case even when one knows that one did not study, and that there was little hope of passing the examination in the first place. Immediately after the notice of failure, one experiences self doubt and uneasiness. Soon one begins to rationalize reasons for the unhappy mark, and one begins to place the blame on others: Incompetent teachers. Roommates who made too much noise. Insensitive friends. Then one consoles oneself with the thought that others failed the examination, too. (Misery loves company!) Eventually, the blame comes back on oneself, and one determines to do better on the next examination.

Noel H. Whelchel

Having Prepared for the Class Lecture

It is so delightful to sit in a class lecture when one has prepared thoroughly by doing the assigned outside reading. Each statement, term, or phrase uttered by the professor is heard with brilliant familiarity. Questions and hypothetical situations which long to be shared with others who are listening begin to formulate in one's mind. Such a pleasure and a feeling of accomplishment it is to know that one is ready to answer any question posed on the assigned material. Needless to say, this is bliss which will be culminated by the appearance of a big fat "A" on one's report card.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Familiar Sayings of Various Languages

Que sera, sera. What's up? Take a chill pill. Servus. Was ist? That's water under the bridge. Chip off of the old block does not fly far. Bet it up! Why are you going off on me like that? Il ne faus pas. It's like totally awesome man! 10-4 Good Buddy, the "pig" is ten miles behind, Roger. Du bist ein faul fur die insel. I could have her with chips. She is a brickhouse. He's a hunk! ?Que pasa? C'est la vie. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Tu es la jeune fille de mes reveses. Mir ist egal.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Dorm Life

Having to listen to one's neighbor's loud rap music. Taking cold showers. Inadequate heat in the winter months. Constant interruptions all day long. Waiting for a roommate to go to sleep and turn off all the lights. Lack of privacy. Having to arise early in the morning before one's paper is stolen. Late night study sessions. Living with a rat. Never being lonely. Mukasa giving a seminar. Comradary.

— Robert A. Hymes

Roaches

Something must have gone awry in evolution for there now exists the roach, a creature for which there is no apparent useful activity. If evolution was not the means by which life was created on earth, the God must have been in a cantankerous mood when he thought of the roach. With an anatomy so grotesque that even the greatest naturalist must admit that there is no other sight so horrid, the roach is easily the most disgusting creature in the world. With twitching antennae, a gnawing oral cavity, and a heaving abdomen, the roach crawls into the world of humans, wreaking havoc in its path. When confronted by humans the roach sometimes stands its ground, trying to assert ownership over a particularly fruitful domain---what abhorrent creatures.

— Forbes Barnwell

Homecoming Weekend

Plans for Homecoming weekend begin during the summer. Hotel reservations are made and friends are invited to stay for the weekend. Once fall starts there are periodic homecoming committee meetings and speculations on who would perform in the homecoming concert. By mid to late October everyone is anticipating the big weekend. Many of the faculty members who are Alumni of the College spend a little class time talking of homecoming when they were students and how they are looking forward to seeing their old classmates. Yet these same teachers assign tests, quizzes, and papers that are due the Monday after homecoming. The pre-homecoming excitement comes to a peak the weekend before homecoming. During this time there are no parties or social activities of any kind, but it is a "quiet before the storm". Finally, after much anticipation the Homecoming Week begins, and it is full of parties, socials, pep rallies, concerts, forums, and many other events. The "climax" of the week is the football game on Saturday afternoon where many Alumni gather and reminisce. After the game there are all night parties at every hotel and club in the city. The worst part of homecoming is the following Monday morning when one realizes that it is really over and that not only is one behind in one's schoolwork, but is will be another year before the next homecoming week. One feels like a child going to sleep on the day after Christmas.

— Tyrone Baines

The Second Tuesday in November

The second Tuesday in November is election day. This is a very interesting time of year. In fact, it is the only time the politicians are accessible. They come out to kiss little babies, make rhetorical speeches, beg for contributions; and, most of all, to beg for one's vote. They also appear in churches to give the impression that they are religious people. These same politicians always seem to be able to manage a smile, for they love to get their faces on television and get a great deal of publicity. After the election, however, those politicians that are elected seem to disappear. One never sees them in church until the next election. However, undaunted by this, a small percentage of the population dutifully casts their votes for one of the candidates. It is most profitable to win such elections; however, woe befalls those that lose. Almost invariably they have a huge debt to pay.

— James Dickens

Questions of Life

Who will you be when you grow up? What does the future hold for you? Why is white associated with good while black is associated with bad? Will there ever be a black president? How did the world begin? Is there life on other planets? Did man really go to the moon? Is a fetus a human being? Do ghosts exist? Do we really exist? Do we really exist or are we a figment of someone's imagination? Is death the end of life as we know it, or is there something else? Is there a fountain of youth? Will there be a brighter tomorrow? Is there a God? Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

— Randell A. Cain, Jr.

Those Who Have Lived a Good Life

I have known many an old people who have lived a good life, have given generously, and have loved their fellowman. And now that they are old they have no one. Not even the federal government, who is trying to decrease monies allotted for social security, is on their side. Family, friends, nor distant relatives are nowhere to be found. These elderly people have no one to bring them a glass of cool refreshing water or to bring them good words of cheer when they are sick.

Then comes death and the eventual distribution of all their material wealth left behind. And then comes the relatives, enemies, friends, and distant relatives, too!

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

CEREBRAL AEROBICS

By Damon C. Dixon

The following puzzles are patterned after modern colloquialisms with which we are all familiar. Test your wit and see how many you can solve without looking at the answers.

1) IECEXCEPT

2) 1

3) MIND
MATTER

4) S F R
D I
N E

5) MILONELION

6) MORE

7) BB/ (BB)

8) PPOD

9) IT345

10) LIFEIIITIME

11) HABIRDND = BU2SH

Answers

- 1) I before E except after C
- 2) Hole in One
- 3) Mind over Matter
- 4) Circle of Friends
- 5) One in a Million
- 6) Morehouse
- 7) To be, or not to be
- 8) Two peas in a pod
- 9) tea for two
- 10) for once in a lifetime
- 11) a bird in hand is worth two in the bush