



YALE BANNER 2016

Volume CLXXV

Editor-in-Chief
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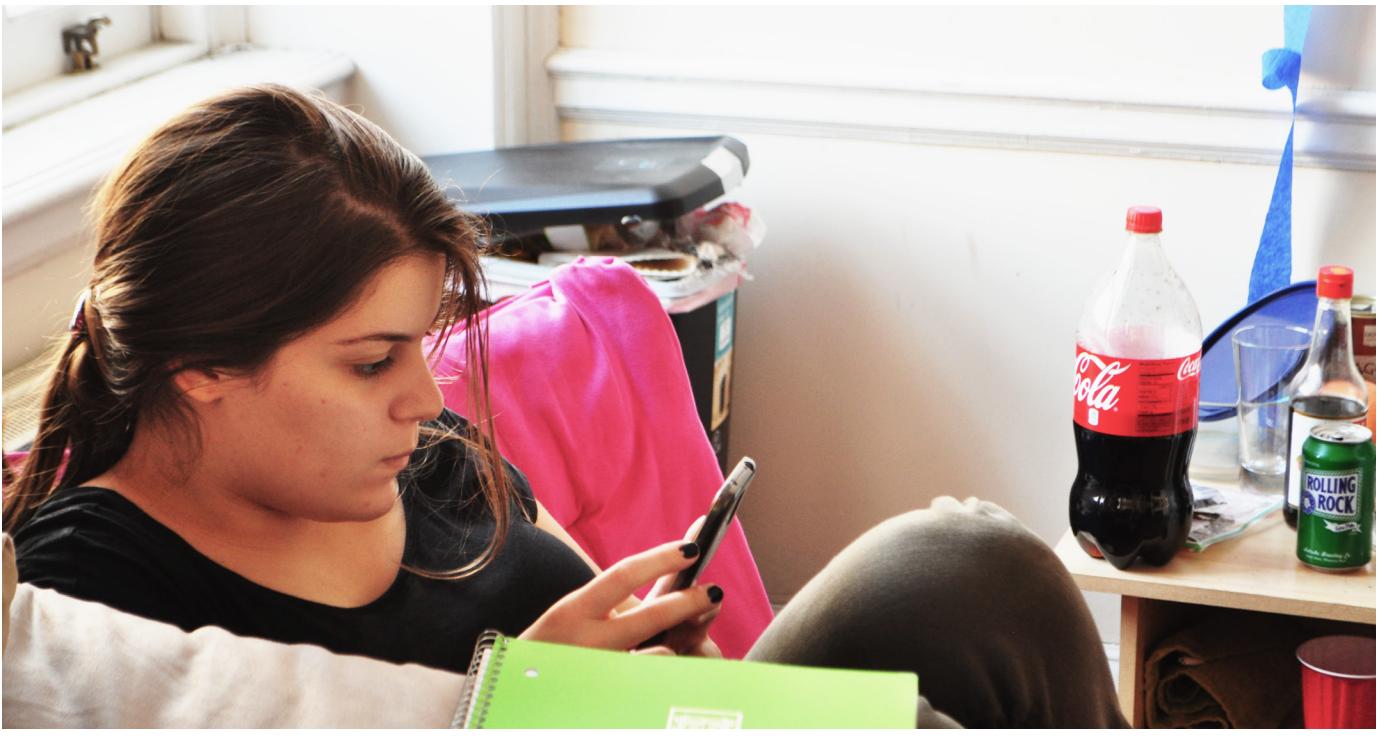
Celebrating the 175th Anniversary of the Yale Banner





PERSPECTIVES

Gowri Kalugotla '16



Something beautiful catches my eye every day at Yale: sprays of winter berries against buildings that were born old, dappled sunlight in the shifting leaves of ancient trees, students cavorting in lawns that lie between watchful walls.

One sight that I look upon with a lot of love is, however, quite hideous. Becca, my roommate of four years now, bought an old sofa for \$50 at Salvo. I hated it from the moment I saw it. It was stained, misshapen, and too big for the room. Over the years, both the size of our rooms and the cache of memories centered on the couch grew. Some of my earliest friendships at Yale were solidified when we took the people who helped move the couch to Ashley's. I watched two of my friends fall in love over the course of nightly conversations on the couch. Many of my best friends have gone from being good friends to close friends by hanging out and falling asleep. I've given and received relationship advice, life coaching, and juicy gossip on the couch. It has seen vomit, tears, blood, some unmentionables, and a whole lot of disinfectant. It is battered, yellowed, and somehow even filthier than it was four years ago.

But it has seen so much of the people and so many of the experiences that I love about this place that I can't help but love it as much as the yellow glow of Branford's windows on a misty night or the austere beauty of Sterling's nave.







PERSPECTIVES

Monica Hannush '16



It's 4:07 AM and I sit gawking at the back of Payne Whitney Gym. We still have a cathedral for a gym, and this is still impressive and strange and 100% what we signed up for. We did, after all, get a lot of what we signed up for. Requisite sleepless daybreaks that were in no way glamorous, sleepless daybreaks that were glamorous as all hell, looking up at Harkness and either laughing or crying.

Yale broke my heart and won it back in the same way: with everything I didn't sign up for. A cat named Wolf that a Pierson friend and I bought off Craigslist on a whim. Piercings we abandoned, friendships we abandoned, twerking with abandon. So many gooey bacon-egg-and-cheeses in that delirious witching hour between Mammoun's closing and Starbucks opening, so many whole-wheat-and-egg-white substitutions for when we felt too fat for Yale. Too many lost water bottles, lost ways, lost marbles. Yale is a marble floor covered in lost marbles, but I imagine the way they reflect the sun as it rises over our cathedral-gym. Look at us. We're blinding.

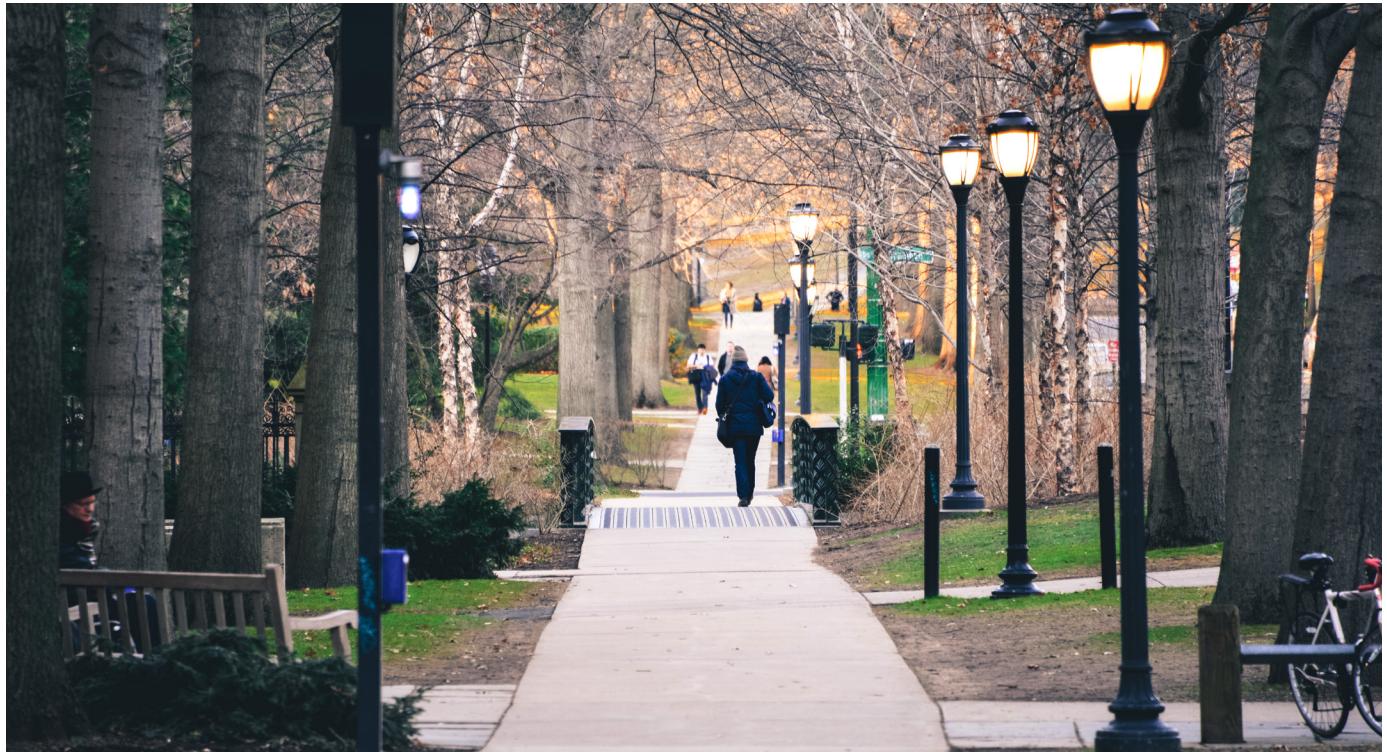
It's 4:07 AM the next morning (true story) and I loll on a friend's couch in Saybrook. My head on her warm shoulder, we breathe. I picture her marble and I picture mine. Chewing over the events of our last months here, we feel as though they're caught in our throats. And we soften with gratitude.





RETROSPECTIVES

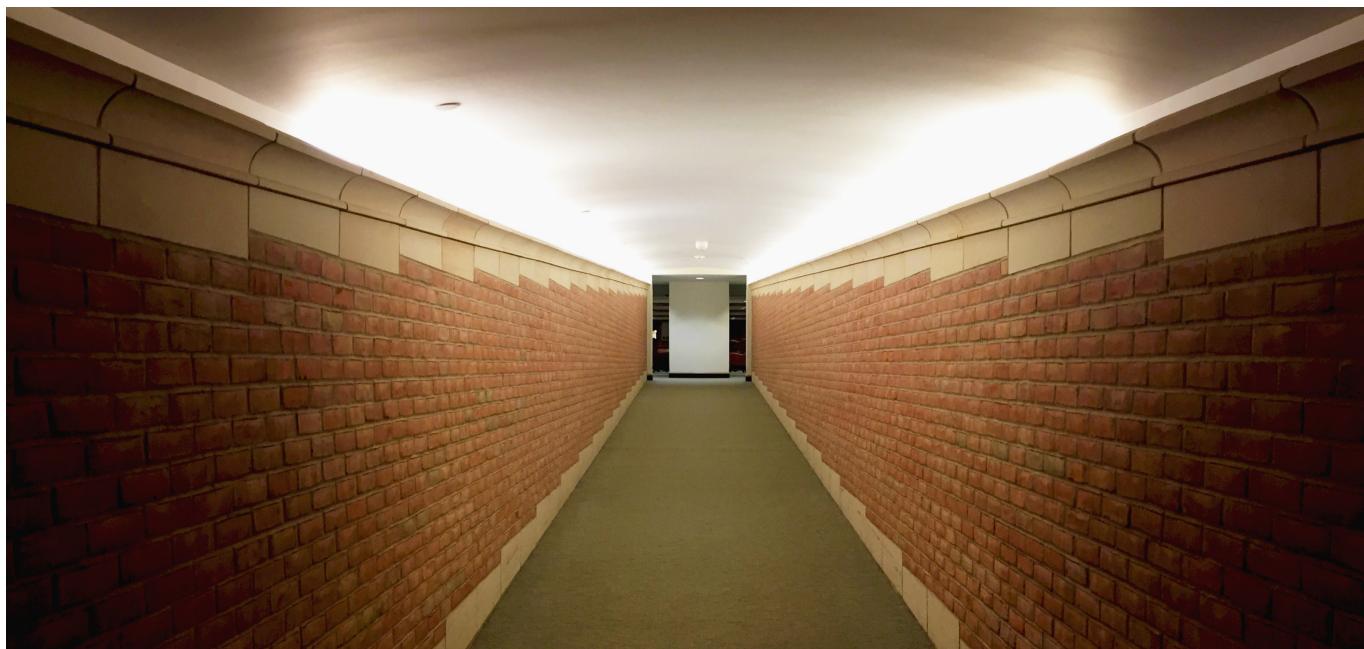
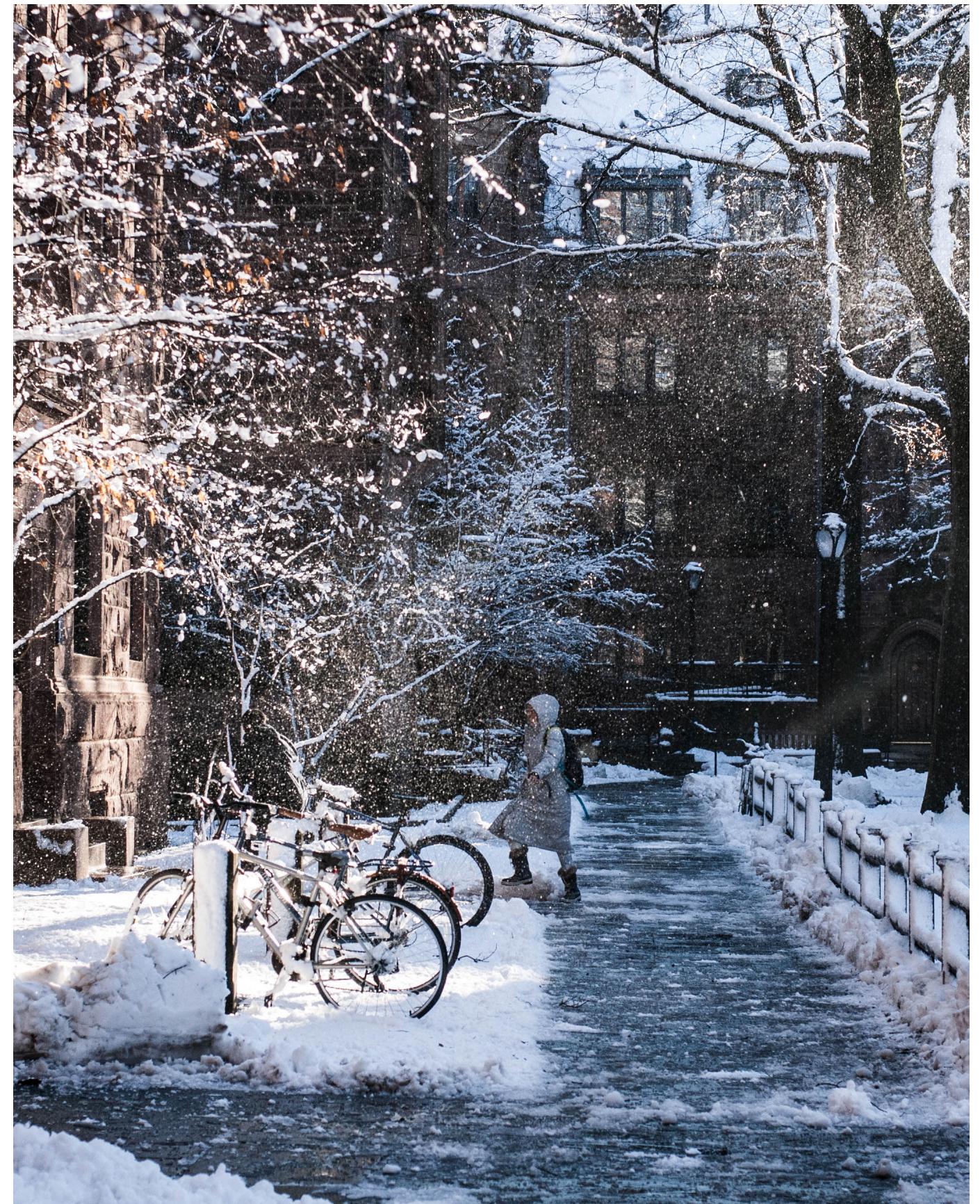
Peter Norman '98



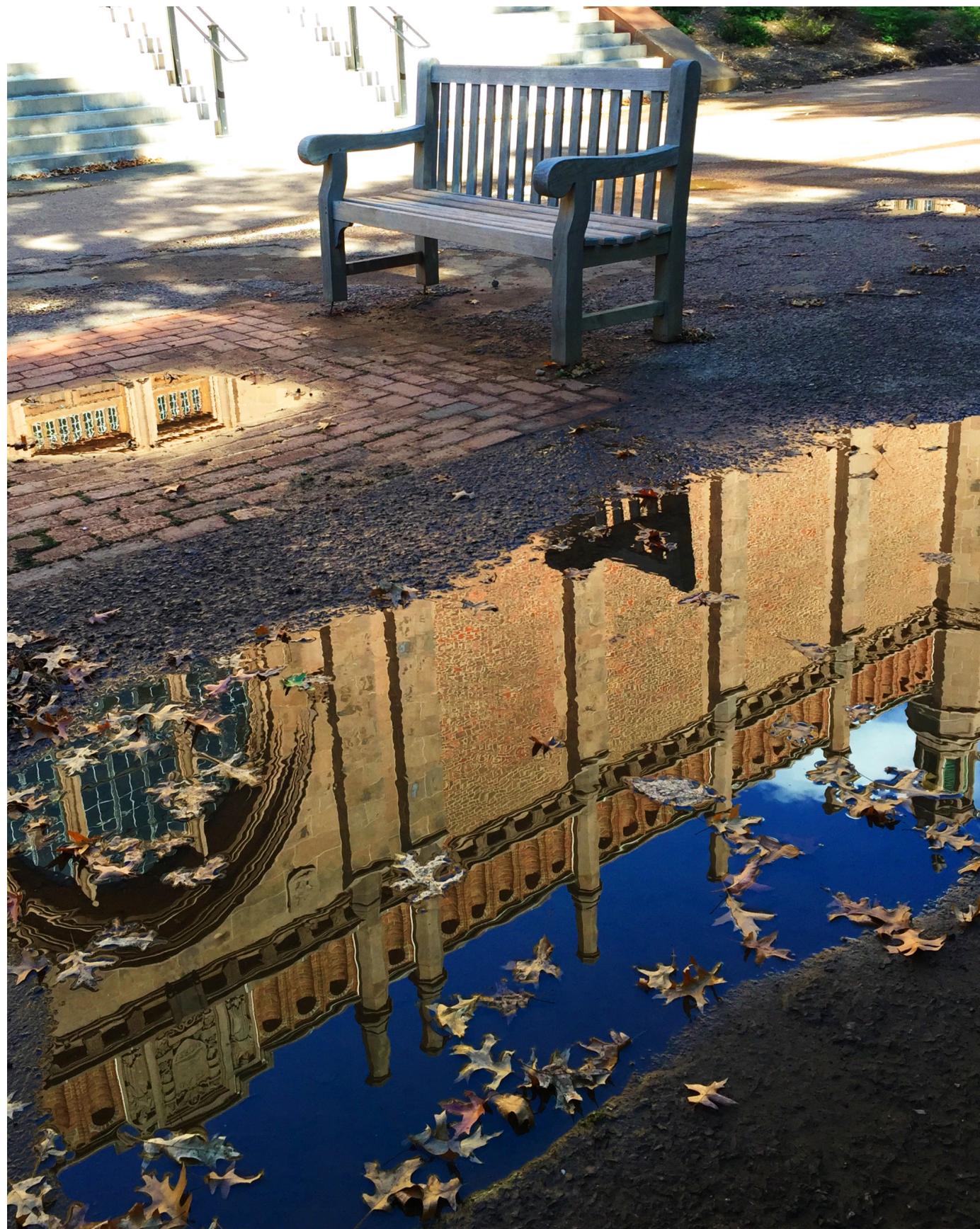
Time does not exist for Yale students as it does for other people, my most poetic friend mused. Our constant state of lateness and hurriedness may become clichéd, but it is never routine; our prostration before the next most indispensable test or achievement hides us from the ordinary. And when we are hidden from the ordinary, we are estranged from the sublime of daily existence. We should rebel! She urged, and pulled me along to spend an ordinary evening in New Haven reading Wallace Stevens's "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven."

So I, still concentrating more on the stain on my shirt from dinner and the demands of past and future, straggled with her to Wooster Square, where we took turns reading in the lamplight. It was evening. We were in New Haven. We were not ordinary. I read the lines, haltingly at first, but slowly their rhythm affected me. I can't say I reached an epiphany: as we walked out of the square, the trees were still trees, their being still the being of trees. As we walked back to my apartment to escape the air and brew tea, though I realized that the infinite(simal) distance between our experience and rapturous chaos would never be lesser (or greater). Striding through that brisk air, slicing through time, I became still and content.

Excerpt from Yale Banner 1998, Vol. CLVII, p. 58







RETROSPECTIVES

Maya Lin '81

High points and low points? Something about being a senior with one last semester, and there being a tinge of relief in this knowledge that makes all of it seem much more pleasant than when it was actually happening at times, and there were the new haven monsoons, and drowning between the cracks in the cobblestones on the old campus and wondering why you hadn't gone somewhere else, anywhere else, knowing that things couldn't get worse, as you sat in class, flooding the floors with all that collected rain, and you couldn't understand what the professor was saying, but it really didn't matter anyway, and you hadn't had time to make it to breakfast but that was all before the strike, and the donut and ant rations courtesy of mother yale including the rebate that sent you to claire's or yorkside, but no matter most of the time was spent on crew, and that was all fine and well, since misery does love company, and all of us cold and wet, and some of us tired, did love the company, and everything was nice and different or at least different... and moving into your residential college sophomore year wasn't old or intolerable at that point and work was becoming less of a nuisance as you realized how little you could deal with it, and there were more important things, like roller-skating and funny hats, and that was all before it was fashionable, and kresge specials were enough to grate on everyone's ears especially at three in the morning, and the eating binges to prove that growth did continue after the freshman ten, and heavenly hash and onion rings became staples, and life was simple as such, and junior term with things becoming redundant and work demanding attention and care at times, and visions of life after yale beginning to surface between all those all-nighters, and escaping to denmark for a term, and one last year, with all the friends before you graduated, and vague memories of how you thought all those seniors used to look so much older and now you're one of them and now how you are supposed to feel and things are as they will be, which seems a bit circular, but it passes the time, and so does yale.

Excerpt from Yale Banner 1981, Vol. CXL, p. 73





PERSPECTIVES

Tori Campbell '16



With Gratitude to the Beinecke Library and the Jonathan Edwards Center

Another hill, another, 'til I wonder what
outwalks all mercy
as the grass waves with joy
because it knows what speech
to pour forth this cold morning.

East Rock sits on my left shoulder
and my right holds a stacked column
of hateful chimney smoke
I won't return to either
for a while, I'll carry both,
perhaps forever.

We only wanted cider, asked
to drink it now, finding Water
instead. Finding that I am no fortress;
has stone the ears to hear such things?

We each will shoulder through
his cold December, hands dark
with inkblots. books crafted
of weariness flash with
flesh made parchment
flesh made Word.

They fountain in, pour into
a sunrise too cold to keen
herself to brightness—
dare I sing her quiet song
which stains along these branches?

Yale's boy and me, untuned to grace,
which lends its harmonies against the dark—

These images are known by body,
sung in bread, wine and soul
and drawn in filaments
thinner than a spider's web.
All these beauties called
alive to me here. I cannot—
will not— shrink to
throw them upwards.





