

## The Beach

Marilyn Quillen

**C**LOSE your eyes and picture a lonely beach. Relax and allow your mind to wander, touching here and there for an instant, but not settling on a definite image. Think, to yourself, of utter peace, and your mind will begin, of its own accord, to assimilate more concrete ideas of this lonely, lovely place. In my own reverie this is more of a state of mind than an actual picture, yet, at the same time, it is a definite place.

Stretching before me for miles is nothing but sand, air, and sea. The land curves gently out to my left, out into the ocean. Somewhere there is a point, obscured by the ocean spray, which is the land's furthestmost penetration into the sea. I am walking slowly toward that point, with no sense of urgency, for I know that ultimately I will reach it. My approach disturbs the denizens of the air, causing them to wheel and dip with raucous cries, only to settle farther on down the beach. Unmeaningly I drive the gulls before me until the border of their particular part of beach is reached, and they double back over my head, far beyond my reach. The air is fresh with a tang of salt that is good, and the wind is the essence of this thing, this feeling of peace.

The beach almost assumes the identity of a person, so varied are her moods. In the early morning she basks in the sunlight as one lies abed upon first awakening, deliciously contemplating the forthcoming day. Then the beach is suffused in a sort of golden light, and pillars of clouds are mirrored in the still water. Her mood then is passive, awaiting the middle of the day when everything takes on an intensity. The water becomes restless as the tides come in; the air loses its golden tint and heat waves dance endlessly off into the distance. As noon passes into evening, everything seems refreshed. The breeze from the water comes alive once more, speeding the message of approaching twilight. On many such days the beach is a friendly place—indeed, a friend.

Everyone has a place in which his thoughts must be pondered, and the beach is such a place for me. Mundane things are brushed away as easily as grains of sand. There I am at peace.

## "Teen-age"—The Term

J. C. Urlain

**I** WAS twelve and impressed—or rather, astonished. Turkey: my mind pictured it. Boys, my age, walking the streets with winsome harems and corpulent children—their own! An incredible spectacle.