



the

MOSAIC

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the

MOSAIC

literary journal

INTRODUCTION

The Mosaic, literary journal of Marist College, exists for the benefit of all students in providing both a means of encouragement to those ambitious for intellectual growth and expression, and a vehicle for carrying this expression to all. By means of such an intellectual exchange and proving ground, our college actively sponsors the Christian man of learning whom it hopes and expects to produce.

This man of learning, our contributor, ideally pictured, is some one with a product of his own serious creative effort which he wishes to share with all, which he feels can withstand the test of public scrutiny and impart something of his vision of the world to his fellow men. Both his work and his vision, he feels, are of a literary and intellectual maturity which can be recognized by all, and in which all will be interested. Such an author has attained that degree of union with his fellow men wherein he knows instinctively that the whole man in his reader must be appealed to, and thus regulates his originality accordingly; he is no stranger to the norms of taste.

We hope that *The Mosaic*, composed as it is of many small living expressions of the scholarly life, may in its turn be one facet of the Marist College student's intellectual, emotional, and moral growth towards the ideal of the Christian student, towards the formation of a mind which is truly learned and truly Christian.

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TOYNBEE'S NEXT LEDGE: ONE-WORLD

The next ledge above, unlike the ledge immediately below, is invisible to climbers who are striving to reach it. All that they know is that they feel compelled to risk their necks in the hope of gaining this next ledge and in the faith that the endeavor is worthwhile.

A. J. Toynbee, *Reconsiderations*

If a man who lived a confined life in a small flat of bustling New York City — a man who knew no world but the sooted brick tenement walls and pigeon-burdened TV antennas of his hedged-in existence — were to be transported suddenly to some mountain out of his clime, that man could look back on the panorama of the relationship of his neighborhood to the city, the city to the sea and Hudson, and his own petty existence the vast world about him. In like manner Arnold Toynbee has attempted to step out of his age. The Englishman's history is a gallant effort to see the relationship of the part to the whole without losing sight of the whole; he has worked to relate the ages of human history one to another, to find some observable pattern to history, to indirectly prophesy the future from the pattern of the past. His vision is an overview unequalled scope.

To present history as he sees it, Toynbee breaks it down into what he calls the smallest possible units of study, civilizations. To us these "units" are massive galaxies of ages, with each age and its myriad nations composing a world of study in their individual selves. But Toynbee moves among his dissections of the human spectacle with an easy confidence. He explains their personal morphologies, he demonstrates their common sharing in a universal pattern, and with a wise man's seer instinct, he points a finger towards future probability. He does not see our own age as the ultimate culmination of human progress, but rather as one leaf swirling in the stream of its civilization's durance: "What we propose is to do for civilized societies something of which anthropology is doing for the primitive species." To understand Toynbee as he meant us to comprehend him, we have to grasp the central themes of his history, and especially this point of view that he looks from.

Toynbee looks upon time as a near-eternal scale. The length

of man's existence juxtaposed with the geological limitations — if they can be called limitations — is nearly insignificant, says Toynbee. Within human prepotency he cannot see the beginning of the temporal sequence, nor can he vision the end; he stands as if on a straight line, seeing beyond his left hand no end, and past his right, no end; still, human history is within this no-end to no-end. It is this proper relationship of human history to time that Toynbee often hammers at teacher-like. His viewpoint, his overview, his aim, his perspective, his vision, his outlook, is the history of the human spectacle set within this concept of time, is the study of civilization and their relations to one another within the whole of human history.

Nonetheless, "Toynbee is still a child of his time." Despite his telescopic viewpoint, he is no better at judging contemporary events than contemporary historians, declares Harrison Smith. Irregardless of his sincerity towards objectivity, a man cannot entirely separate himself from the culture in which he was bred. With this Toynbee heartily agrees. Says he, "One cannot ever be quite sure that his impression of the character of his own times is going to be confirmed by the judgment of posterity." If his age mirrors the philosophy of materialism, the Darwinian logic of progress, the benefits of mutual cooperation in business, governmental socialism, and church worship, and the scientism of a shortsighted era pressed with the threat of the Bomb, so Toynbee does reflect its spirit both in unaware acceptance of its modicums and in reaction to them.

The British historian has applied his system in an interpretation of our own day, and of course, his application is structured around his view of the position of Western Civilization in the pattern as a whole. He believes that there will be an establishment of an American-European "universal state," and that, in time, the West along with the Russian Byzantine Civilization will fall — but not necessarily so. In their wake will come the germ of a hoped for "one-world" society. Toynbee seems to believe that the pattern of the evolution of civilizations points to the establishment of his single world-wide society of men different from both the Marxian classless society, and the Augustinian City, but he only describes it as the "next ledge" without precisely defining its character. The "one-world" imminent with the "next ledge" will have for its "rib" the heritage of Modern Western and Byzantine Civilizations; its stimula-

tion will be the "challenge" of the hope of the elimination of want through technology, and of war by each nationality's recognition of their part in the community that is mankind; its survival will be determined presumably by the "response" to this "challenge." Nations are today to civilizations what civilizations will be to the "one-world" federation. Toynbee did not say *ultimate* civilization

This prospect for a unified world will be a challenging opportunity for solidly established peace on our planet, if — IF — it comes about. "The unification of the whole of mankind is undoubtedly, a revolutionary prospect; yet it is not something that is quite without precedent. There have been foretastes of this prospective age of literally world-wide unification in a number of previous local unifications." The onrush of such a world unity has become inevitable because of technology's shrinking of the communication barriers to make the whole world comparable to the size of a Grecian city-state. At present the West is moving toward a super-state, an ecumenical empire, which "he thinks will probably stem from either the Soviet Union, or, preferably from the United States, rather than grow out of the United Nations, although he considers the United Nations an indispensable 'interim instrument,'" comments P. L. Ralph. Nonetheless, Toynbee sternly warns that if a nationalistically-minded world does not change its spots, it will be destroyed as the self-sufficient Greeks were centuries ago.

Our own age of a few generations is one of revolution in social change: we are struggling from individualism to social interdependence because of technology's giant-steps forward. "I see at least three forces at work which are militating against freedom and telling in favor of totalitarianism: the pressure of population, the dangerousness of the high-powered tools with which we have now equipped ourselves, and the demand for social justice. All three forces are driving us toward the regulation and regimentation of life." For these the professor prescribes three cures: birth control, the re-establishment of a religious footing for society, and a world government where free enterprise is varied with socialism. But take warning. Toynbee says "forces", but he is not a determinist. He firmly upholds the uncertainty of the development of history due to the freedom of the human will; he maintains emphatically that his "laws do not govern the causation of history, that human freedom is a

reality, though the freest and most effective of our choices may not always be the particular choice that is nearest in time to the final event." Consequently, Spenglerian, Hegelian, and Marxist influence is here clearly rejected; history is the record of free human acts, not the chronology of predetermined events.

Essentially, Toynbee's theory of history is a universal synthesis of those minutiae of man's story as they have been uncovered and analyzed by innumerable other historians. Through the use of second sources, Toynbee has done in the twentieth century what Ranke would have liked to have done in the nineteenth: he has marshalled together every pertinent, related artifact and synthesized them into one amalgam. In doing so he had made errors, as he candidly admits. In doing so he has mythologized, he has played the religious mystic, he has employed intuition, and he has prophesied. But in the multi-roomed treasury of man's vast bank of knowledge in today's world, there is not too much else a single man can do but to take the work of others on their own authority, risk error, and shape it into some plausible scheme if he is to attempt to intellectualize the whole picture of history. It is up to the historians of the present and the future to judge his facts and to fill in the gaps of his history, but it is not their place to debunk his system before it can be demonstrated to be substantially based on error. Hundreds of minute studies are needed before Toynbee can be either hallowed or condemned.

For the present, I think that Toynbee's contribution of a definite pattern of history is of great immediate value, be it right or wrong. It fills in what seems to be a need of our age to re-evaluate itself in relation to the whole of mankind rather than to continue to concentrate on the tiny national interests of our contemporary world. Toynbee reiterates constantly the need for a "one-world" attitude if we are to preserve mankind in our atomic age. Nationalism is selfish, he says, and it must be sacrificed to the good of *mankind*.

In any case, as one critic has put it, Toynbee's pattern is certainly something that future generations will have to contend with, for it may very well be as influential a plan as St. Augustine's. We must give Arnold Toynbee credit for being the first — since Augustine — to attempt to encompass the *whole* of mankind in one sweeping vision. And he may very well be the last to attempt it alone.

BROTHER EUGENE P. ZANNI

GUYS DON'T GET MARRIED; THEY JUST CHANGE MOTHERS

It must be almost fifteen years since I heard that remark. It was on a Saturday afternoon and we were sitting at the bar in Frank Schillen's Little Grill on Central Avenue, two blocks north of the racetrack in Yonkers, New York. Bob Sackett, one of the boys, was going to marry Lettie McLaughlin, one of the girls, next Sunday in St. John's Church. By this time, about half the gang from Frank's had gotten themselves married and some of us who were still hanging around were sort of speculating about how different, and quiet, the place was beginning to seem. Once in awhile, one of the married guys would bring his wife around on a Saturday night - there was a little room to dance in front of the bar and between the tables. But for the most part, once a guy got married, he was pretty much out of circulation. You couldn't ever figure him for sure, for an all night card game, or a late, late round of the joints down in the Bronx, or even a short-notice ride over to the Hudson Theatre in Union City, on a Sunday afternoon, just across the George Washington Bridge. We were warming up to this subject of what a change a guy had to figure on when he took THE jump, when old Frank broke in, in his usual laconic way, and gave us one of his frequent pearls of wisdom - this bit about guys just changing mothers when they got married.

I don't remember much of the debate which followed, just the remark, and, you know, the longer I'm married, the more impressed I am with the truth of Frank's words. He was prophetic - for me anyway. And, I think Cathy and I are a fairly typical couple, raising a typical family in the atmosphere of the typical marital relationship.

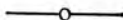
In the years before the fateful step I lived at home with my Father and Mother. My only older sister was married. Things were pretty good for me at the homestead. I had a part-time job while going to school on the G.I. Bill during the evening. Pop took care of the overhead, and Mom was always good for a fin when the change was scarce. I got up late on my days off, always had clean, pressed clothes, and even found my shoes polished, mostly. The cooking was out of this world, and my only concern was seeing to it that I was getting mine. I saw to it.

Cathy tells me, that with minor qualifications, her single days were likewise carefree and with little obligations. Since we've gotten over the honeymoon, however, her way of life, she has informed me, has undergone a series of quiet and some not-so-quiet revolutions. I'm still eating wonderful meals; she's cooking them. I still have clean, pressed clothes; she works this in between diaper changes and the milkman, breadman, and breakfast dishes. My Mother did the cleaning and dusting in my Father's home in Yonkers; Cathy does the cleaning and dusting in our home in New Windsor. If I got sick before I was married, my Mother stopped everything to take care of me. Cathy is a registered nurse who practices in our house on Beattie Road. Mom used to listen when I moaned about that guy I worked for in the A & P store; who do you think listens when I moan about this guy I work for now?

Before I became a father. I knew some kids of relatives, friends, and the people next door. I got a kick out of romping around with them, sometimes — not for real long stretches, mind you, a little of that kind of togetherness goes a long way. Now that I'm a father, I get a kick of romping with our kids, sometimes — and, Cathy says it usually isn't for long stretches, either.

Frank knew what he was talking about he said guys just change mothers when they marry. For the most part, the typical married man makes a relatively small adjustment compared to his wife in taking the matrimonial step. He keeps his job, his friends, his night for bowling, his fishing trips — in fact, most of his lying-around-the-house habits. Cathy says she'll be satisfied just to keep her sanity.

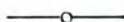
RAY MULLIGAN



AGE OF

Eon-old idiot boy
With a new toy.
How long

BROTHER EUGENE P. ZANNI



THREE IMAGES

I

Quartering on the rolling sea
My ship spews forth the sun-flecked foam,
Then slips
Among the shallow shelves:
To rest.
Then rises once again
To where the spindrift sings.
Sails belly full again
Beneath the wind's full press:
To sail on.
Timbers creak
And rigging strains
To croon soft melodies
Which I alone can hear:
For lone am I
We sail my ship and I
In smaller company
of fish, 'times gulls
No person though
We know
No port have we
Or sail by fixed line,
But as the wind, go where we may
Past points of no return

II

Summer's passing is in its time
Its passing is in its being.
Warm days turning to warmer
Warm days turning to cool.
The living leaves gladden
In their veined vestments they fall.
The passing of Summer is mourned
By children who measure by days;
By elders who measure by years;
By dying who measure not.
Doves call to hear who is left,
To see who will go
The pulsing earth;
Verdure that creeps on velvet shoes,
Softly, fully, greenly.
Living leaves darken, cool, recede;
In parti-color they retire.
The bare earth left, naked.
The promise of Spring,
Promise of life,
Is in the Earth, the root, the bud.
Viable lies.

III

Sea laden air,
The soft swish of surf upon the sand,
Gulls' cries,
Salt tang,
Triton's sphere.
Combind, rolling, surging
Falls the sea.
Billowing breaking, foaming
To rest upon the shore.
Only to return, vagabonds,
Sliding, gurgling, slithering to the sea.
Pebbles crinkling the smoothness of the sand
Echoes amid the roar.

THE REASONS FOR THE LASTING SUCCESS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES

In this article I will attempt to list the reasons for the lasting success of Shakespeare's tragedies. Shakespeare dramatic works have been held in high esteem by almost every generation for three-hundred and fifty years. His works have transcended international boundaries and have, like fine wines, mellowed with age. I believe that his plays are successful because of the character in them. I have selected *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello* to demonstrate my opinions. The conclusions which I have drawn are based upon these three plays, but I believe that they are applicable to all tragedies. I will postulate five traits that the characters in these outstanding dramas have in common and offer them as a norm by which characters in other tragic writings may be judged. If the characters in a tragedy possess all of the traits that I will discuss, the play will be a great tragedy; if they possess only some of the qualities the play will have less of a chance of being successful.

My basic assumption is that the characters in Shakespearean tragedies are different, but yet they are the same. Hamlet is a prince of Denmark, Macbeth is a Scottish nobleman, and Othello is a Moor living in an Italian milieu. Obviously, these men are three distinct individuals, living in three different cultures, but they all have certain qualities in common. In this article I will attempt to show that Shakespeare fulfilled the requirements that a dramatist must fulfill, in regard to characters, in order to write successful drama.

Before going into any discussion of characters it is necessary to point out that a character is not exactly the same in each production. The lines are the same in every presentation, perhaps it might be better to say that they should be the same, but how they are said is different. Different directors, working with different actors, make the same character appear in a variety of ways. The playwright had a particular character in mind, but the director and actor may offer us a character that is entirely different. A villain can almost be made to appear as a "good-guy", or at least a likeable "bad-guy". Casting, movement, tonal inflection, and facial make-up all have an important effect on audience interpretation, especially in this era when great lite-

rary works are being televised or filmed. A director might cast an effeminate actor as Hamlet and have him make certain actions whenever Gertrude is on stage with the result that we get the impression that perhaps the poor boy has an Oedipus complex. Claudius, on the other hand, might be cast as a pleasant-looking fellow with an athletic build, soft spoken, and graying at the temples. Such a Claudius would not have the external appearance of a villain, and this might soften the audience's attitude toward him so that it might begin to think that this fine fellow could not be all bad and it is that sissy Hamlet that is causing all of the trouble. Thus, a director can interpret the playwright's material and produce an entirely different play.

The above are all problems that can be expected to be encountered if a production has been seen. If you are reading the plays you have the lines as they were written and you must form your own mental pictures. The reader's interpretation also may not do justice to the playwright's characters. To feel the emotion that good drama is capable of generating it is imperative that a live production be seen. The printed word, when read, has a negligible ability to produce emotion. The intonation of the actor gives the word life. In producing an emotional reaction it is not what is said that is of primary importance, but rather, how it is said. To illustrate this point the word *you* is useful. Taken out of context it has no real meaning, but it will qualify my premise. You? You. You! The average person will ignore the punctuation and will read the three words as though they were the same. In a production an actor leaves no doubt which word was in the script. If a question is asked the tonal inflection will denote this. If it is an exclamatory sentence the actor will spit the words out and this immediately communicates a strong emotion to the audience. Movements on stage are also very important in arousing the audience's passions. An actor screaming *You!* and making a menacing gesture is certainly more capable of stimulating emotions than is the printed word. To study a particular character a careful analysis of his lines should be included. The conclusions I draw are based upon reading and seeing the plays under discussion.

For the past thirty or forty years the American Theatre has had its greatest successes in what is generally called "musical

comedy." Those shows which have had the longest runs on Broadway have been filled with singing, dancing, extravagant costuming, elaborate sets, and as little acting and plot development as possible. Broadway's latest triumph, *Subways Are For Sleeping*, exceeds the above "requirements" because, as several critics have pointed out, it has no real connecting theme and really is more of a review than a musical comedy. I have heard it said on several occasions that America's only contribution to the theatre is a musical comedy. I am not going to argue this point, it may be true, but it does not help to explain why so many people attend a "heavy" drama. When I use the term heavy drama I have Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, or *Othello* in mind. Whenever these productions are offered by a qualified company there is a "sell-out" for a night or several weeks, depending upon the population of the area. This phenomenon might be explained by the fact that critics, college professors, and educated men in general all praise William Shakespeare until, to the average person, he is more like a god than a man. Many people see the same Shakespearean plays several times. The typical white-collar worker might be tempted to attend a Shakespearean production because it is "the thing to do", but I do not believe that he will go to see another, let alone the same play, unless there is some reason for all of the praise. The magic elixir found in Shakespeare's plays is the skill with which he presents his characters.

In the eighteenth century an intellectual movement was begun that has caused the period to become known as the "age of reason." Scientific knowledge became the only kind of knowledge worth having. This type of thinking infiltrated the theatre

In the nineteenth century the arts had to prove themselves reasonable and useful. An economist, Jevons, pointed out that the only true value is extrinsic value, that is, a thing has no value unless something can be gotten out of it. The populace accepted this theory wholeheartedly and the theatre was forced to accept it for pecuniary reasons, if for no other. This meant that future drama would be the accumulation of fact upon fact until some degree of truth was arrived at.

In the drama of today the emotion we feel is a remembered emotion, not a new one. According to the doctrines of realism a playwright must ask us to verify what he offers out of our own experience. He puts us in a position whereby we com-

pare what he has done with what we already know and in so doing we form a sentimental relationship with his character. Is this not the case with O'Neill's plays? O'Neill's works are enjoyable, but his characters are people that I already know. This is true of all of his plays, but especially of *The Iceman Cometh*. I have met them in some bar, or have read about them in an account in the *Daily News*, or have given them dimes or cigarettes on the corner.

There is another kind of theatrical experience, the kind we have in coming to know Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth. Very few of us, if any, have ever known a person whose uncle killed his father and then married his mother, yet we can know Hamlet. There is a strong emotional response, it is unique, it is not a response evoked by past experience, and it will have little effect on our everyday life. We would not even dare attempt to apply the actions of the Prince of Denmark in the problems that we encounter in our own sometimes stormy intra-family relationships. We do not depart with utilitarian knowledge; rather, all we get from a Shakespearean drama is an experience that is emotionally stimulating while the action is taking place on the stage, and only while the action is taking place. After we have left the theatre we do not feel the same emotions that we felt when the blood-stained Macbeth enters and Lady Macbeth says simply, "My husband!" The characters are the important things in Shakespeare's dramas; it is the characters that make his works great. In Shakespearean tragedy scenery and costuming are non-essential because we become so absorbed in the characters that we are interested in only what they do and say, and not in how they are dressed and where they are. For example, there was a television production of *Hamlet* about two or three years that was set in nineteenth century Prussia. Naturally this necessitated different set designs and costumes, but the emotional response was still felt. The characters, Hamlet and Claudius, are outstanding regardless of the garb they wear or the set in which they are placed.

It is not necessary to state that Shakespeare "borrowed" his plots. He often wrote two or three plays in a year, but in his case, haste did not necessarily make waste. He would take a folk-tale or a play by some other man and add a little here, take a little from there, and then offer it to the public. Generally, when an artist copies another man's work his efforts are

considered inferior and cheap because they lack "inspiration." Somehow Will produced plays that are masterpieces, and the original works are forgotten by all but Shakespearean scholars. His plots are almost all very simple—in fact, prose summaries would not cause any one to want to read the plays themselves. How can this be? Can a simple plot, stolen at that, be greater than all other drama? Never! But this is what has happened. It has happened because Shakespeare was a master, a master of characterization. He had the ability to present a protagonist, and secondary characters, with a minimum of words and a maximum of dramatic effect. It is as though he abstracted from the non-essentials of a character and presented only what was needed to make him intelligible to us: his humanity. Shakespeare's characters are so appealing because they have the same desires and faults that we have. We all have, to a limited degree of course, Macbeth's desire to get ahead, Othello's nobility and jealousy, Iago's cunning, and Hamlet's indecision.

Any piece of good fiction must contain a conflict of some sort. A man can be pitted against nature, or he can do combat with another man, or he can be the victim of an internal struggle. Shakespeare never has his characters battle the elements, but it is difficult to decide which of the other two types of conflict he used in these tragedies. Shakespeare always has two characters opposing each other, but the internal conflicts of a character are also present. In *Macbeth*, is the key struggle between Macbeth and Malcolm and his followers, or is it between conscience and human desire run rampant? Is the conflict in *Othello* between Iago and Othello, or is it really a case of Othello being torn between his inborn belief in the honesty and sincerity of his friends, and the way facts seem to present themselves? Is Hamlet fighting Claudius, or is his an internal problem of honor? In the three questions arised above there is definitely a struggle between characters, but I believe that the real conflict, the conflict that makes these tragedies great, is the internal one. Each character fights with himself and in the end his worst enemy is himself. Othello was good in every respect save one; he was jealous. When jealousy took control of his reason he was destroyed. Macbeth had his character flaw, as did Hamlet. Because this internal struggle on the part of the character is by nature personal, we are affected by it more strongly. We all have our personal problems and this is

why we can feel the emotion of a character who is undergoing personal torment greater than if the conflict was external.

Another feature that is common to the tragedies under discussion is character contrast. In *Othello* we have the trusting Othello and at the same time we have the cunning, calculating Iago. In *Hamlet* Claudius is an unscrupulous man and Hamlet is a man of honor and principle. The hero is always basically a good man and this makes his downfall and death all the more tragic. We do not feel any great remorse when Claudius dies because he had no redeeming qualities, but Hamlet's death moves us. If the Moor would have succeeded in his attempt to kill Iago a highly responsive audience might have greeted this action with a cheer, but Othello's death moves any audience. If Hamlet and Othello did not possess the virtues that they had, and if they did not have Claudius and Iago as antagonists, that feeling, that atmosphere, which is the essence of tragedy would be lost.

Shakespeare was not aware of psychology, at least not as we know it today, but nevertheless his characters are not drab, lifeless individuals; they are human in every sense of the word. Shakespeare was a shrewd observer of human actions and thoughts. He realized that human emotion is a complex mixture and wrote in such a manner that his characters run the gamut of human emotion. His characters are not always stately or simple and not always serious or humorous. He understood men and had the ability, more so than any other playwright, to synthesize their actions to produce great drama.

As I have already stated there is a character contrast, but equally important is this contrast, this diversity, within a given character. Macbeth was not always the villain we see in the later scenes. It is true that during his conversation with the witches we get an indication that he is ambitious, but we have no reason to believe that he will become a ruthless killer. By virtue of the fact that he was made Thane of Cowdor by the king one can conclude that the man had some merit. Because the king slept in his house and believed himself safe there is little reason to doubt Macbeth's loyalty before his conversation with the witches. He wants to be king, he believes the witches' prophecy, but he hesitates to kill the king because he is in his house. Certainly this is indicative of a certain sense of honor. I think that if Duncan was in another nobleman's house Mac-

beth might not have hesitated at all. He kills his king and then takes the necessary measures to ensure his retention of the kingship for his life and for his descendents. When Lady Macbeth goes insane he is kind and gentle with her. Thus we have a complex Macbeth: as they play opens he is a good man, as it progresses he becomes a murderer, and later he is a compassionate husband and at the same time he is a tyrant.

Othello also exhibits the complexity characteristic of human emotion. Quotations from the play will demonstrate this more aptly than prose statements. In *Othello* (I, ii, 59-61), the Moor is confronted by the outraged Brabantio who **wants to kill him**. Othello could easily have killed him, **but instead** says:

Keep up your bright swords, for **the dew will rust them**.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

He later says of Desdemona, "Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!" Certainly he is no longer calm or gentle.

In the fifth act he becomes a raving madman:

Cold, cold my girl!

Even like thy chastity, O cursed, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulfur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
(V, ii, 274-279)

In the scene in which he dies he is once again gentle and noble:

Soft you; a word or two before you go...
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme. (V, ii, 338-46)

Another reason for the success of Shakespeare's tragedies is the fact that his characters are men of spirit. They fight, and keep on fighting until they reach their tragic ends. If Macbeth would have given up after he had killed Duncan there would be no play; if he had crumbled after he saw Banquo's ghost there would have been a play, but it would

not be the great drama that it is. Because Macbeth fought for so long he is a strong character, dramatically speaking, and because Lady Macbeth crumbled mentally and may have committed suicide, she is weak. Macbeth continued to plot and fight in the hope that he could overcome the witches' prophecy, and when Birnam wood did come to Dunsinane he said:

Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? while I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. (V. vii, 30-33)

His last words were. "Lay on Macduff!/And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'" Macbeth lost this encounter but he is a great character in literature because of his tenacity, because he would not give up.

Iago is an out and out villain. He has none of the qualities that make him admirable in the eyes of the audience, but he is good dramatic material because he is a fighter. He hates the Moor and sets out to destroy him. Othello's innate nobility prevents Iago from being successful in the beginning, but he kept scheming against Othello's goodness and ultimately succeeded.

Claudius also fought to keep his position. He sent Hamlet to England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, but this attempt to rid himself of his nephew was unsuccessful. He then arranged for Laertes to duel with Hamlet. If Laertes' swordsmanship could not kill Hamlet then the poisoned sword might, if not this, then the cup of poison would. The untiring spirit of such a character contributes greatly to the success of a play.

In concluding this article, let me briefly summarize the five traits that the characters possess which I believe to be the reasons for the lasting success of Shakespeare's tragedies.

The protagonists are undeniably human. They have the same vices and virtues, to a greater or lesser degree, that we all have. We can appreciate the downfall of the "hero" because it is a result of a weakness within him, and we all have our weaknesses.

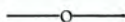
There is a struggle between two characters, but the major conflict is an internal one. Because it is internal it is capable of producing a greater emotional impact upon the audience.

In each play there is a character that is good and one that is evil. This contrast helps to increase the tragic atmosphere and makes the death of the character all the more moving.

The characters are not emotionally static. Their change of moods makes them like living people and this helps to bring about empathy. Because the people in the audience are able to identify themselves with a character an intimate bond is formed between the two so that the emotions are more easily stimulated.

The characters in the play are men of spirit, men who fight to get what they want until they have gasped their last breath. These men may be villains but because they will not accept defeat while there is life in them they contribute greatly to the success of the play.

WILLIAM MORAN



A METAPHYSIC

To act or not to be

Imperfection through potency.

Essence and existence being one,

And one, necessarily, exceeding two.

It's, primarily, our forms that matter.

"But what is gained by such silly patter?"

"True reality through transcendent thought."

"I find more reality in the Jabberwok."

ROBERT SNYDER

AND THEY SHALL WIN

Here in the land of zombie, in the land of the living dead,
Through the snow of an ancient land they tread,
To the state-owned mine, on the state-owned land,
These state-owned men.

I

The icy blast of a gusty northern wind drives the snow on relentlessly, swirling, drifting and filling the nooks and hollows of this barren Siberian waste. Its silent body covers the tracks of the early morning risers, and like death wipes out the memory of those who have gone before. And Camp 29 like the eternal snow of this frozen wasteland also performs its job, covering the footsteps of those who are unlucky enough to enter the portals of this far-flung outpost. Political prisoners, enemies of the state, comprise the guest-list of the community. Here there are no births but only deaths as the population rises and falls from day unto day. The peasants of the state call this the land of the zombie; the inmates, the living dead. Few leave its confines except to enter into a new state — the state of death.

Unlike concentration or labor camps scattered about other parts of the slave empire, you find no barbed wire, no towers, no elaborate cortege of the military beating a path through the snow on parade before their posts. There are no search-lights nor are there any dogs. Here the barren ice and snow serve these purposes, their icy hands enveloping the would-be escapee. Against this frozen background ten wooden buildings rise above the snow like the dry and weathered fingers of an old man pointing to the sky. Thin wisps of smoke rise upward from soot-blackened chimneys against the dull gray overcast. Here and there the rattle and clank of a converted half-track bites its way through the newly fallen snow, moving toward some unknown destination away from the boundaries of the Camp, or as on some mornings, dropping one or two gray and stiff bodies into the mortuary of snow located near the perimeter of the camp.

And, as if to complete the macabre scene, large holes dot the surroundings, like mouths agape with metallic tongues of rail stretching forward from their black esophagi. These

are the mines, where salt is chipped in the chill interiors and carted to waiting tractors. And while sale pours from a million shakers this morning, existence at Camp 29 goes on.

It was on such a morning that the enemies of the state awoke from their drugged sleep of fatigue by the harsh yell of a burly guard applying his lead-filled billy to the soles of feet not so quick to rise. Once awake and fed on the black bread and porridge of the peasant they were marched off to the mines through the snow, its cold tongue licking at feet which protruded through torn and broken leather. Halting at the mouth of the subterranean passageway they were divided up into working parties and sent on their way through the numerous channels hewed out of the white cubical crystals which sparkled in the glare of an occasional naked bulb erected to illuminate the way through these damp and gloomy recesses. Dispersed two hundred feet below, the parties divided into groups of three, one digging the salt with a short-handled pick from the walls of the small cavern while the other two loaded it into bags which they carried through the tunnel and put into an iron car whose contents were later taken to the depository in the compound.

II

Miklovich Barenslav swung his short pick against the shiny white crystals embedded in the wall before him. Crack! Salt chips tumbled to his feet like so many diamonds shimmering in the false light of the electric lamp hanging near his head. Crack! His muscles rippled with each swing through his drab gray peasant's uniform, his body hardened from the swing of the axe fourteen hours a day for five months. The light threw a grotesque shadow against the wall of his six-foot frame, and sweat formed in little beads upon his brow, trickling down his forehead, the salt stinging his eyes. Miklovich was but twenty-six when he entered Camp 29 as a political prisoner from Munsik (in Georgia) and so for the next fifteen years Camp 29 was home unless the regime toppled or another unforeseen event occurred.

Crack! The axe bit its steel tooth into the surface of the wall and the beads of sweat streaked the grime-covered face and mingled in the dirty black beard above which two red rimmed eyes peered neither to the left nor the right. Miklo

paused in work as his two companions, the carriers, returned to the place where he was carving crystals from the wall. Pavlov Smergrev had been here the longest of the three, in fact a little over a year to which his thin wiry stature, his hollowed-out consumptive look, and spasms of a hacking cough attested. His fellow carrier, Gustuv Ludman, a short and squat Hungarian Jew had been here the shortest time of all. A brief two months before, like Miklovich and Pavlov, he had been accused and convicted of reactionary teachings and crimes against the state.

Miklo wiped the sweat and grime from his brow with the sleeve of his shirt as he paused in work and watched Gustuv and Pavlov merge from the shadows of the dimly-lit corridor and come within view toting empty bags slung over their shoulders.

Silence was the order while at work but seldom obeyed at these depths. Yet any conversation was comprised of subdued tones as respect for a precaution against the billy of the single guard who controlled the movements of the thirty who worked this section of the mine.

Pavlov's hollow cough resounded against the walls and echoed back and forth through the narrow confines. "Your cough gets worse my friend. Have you seen the guard at the hut about medicine?" Miklo's voice asked.

"It seems that you are not here as long as I thought you were. I expect that from my friend Gustuv here but not you Miklo." Pavlov's hand clenched his chest as a fit of coughing began. "I asked a few months ago and was clubbed for my pains. I don't ask now."

"But surely they'll send you out of here to a hospital for that cough Pavlov," replied Gustuv.

"No, no my friend, that's your youth speaking. There is only one way I'll leave this stinking hole and that's stiff like the rest."

"But Pavlov," pleaded Gustuv, "can you just give up. You must have some hope, something somewhere. How can you be so resigned that it will end right here once and for all?"

"Gustuv," answered Pavlov, wiping spittle from his gray streaked beard, "I came here with six others and now all are

dead except me. Look at me, Gustuv. I am thirty-nine and have the look of one ninety. Soon I too will be dead. The people are driven from place to place like animals. They own nothing and want for everything; food, clothing, a home of their own, anything which they can call their own. Their own children denounce their mothers and fathers in the street. They're afraid to answer a knock at the door for fear it's the MVD coming for them. And still you ask me why I don't have hope for a future. There's no future, here or anywhere. Why then should I be concerned of dying here or anywhere else? Is it not all the same?"

"You're right Pavlov." said Miklo. "It doesn't matter where you die, the dirt is no different here than elsewhere. But I think you're forgetting something more important. You talk only of death." Pavlov moved his mouth as if to speak. "No, don't stop me." Miklo paused. "How should I put it. Everyone is moved by the fear of death. We have seen so much of it that we accept it without really trying to do much about it. Is this important? Certainly we'll all die someday. More important is the way we die. Should we die like animals groveling in the dust of the mine or on our feet like men fighting for what we believe in. Here's the hope which perhaps Gustuv spoke of. The hope that we and others will stand on our feet and for once fight back. And this applies even more to us. For if we, who live with brutality, insults, filth and disease can stand on our feet and fight back just once, then there's hope. Hope that others also think as we do and if that exists then there is a future - but it belongs to us." Crack! Miklo's pick crunched against the wall. "Enough of this for now, let's get back to work before the guard comes."

III

The work continued through the afternoon, Pavlov accompanied by Gustav carrying his sack of salt with spasmodic fits of coughing. Miklo continued knocking the shiny mineral from the wall, resting now and then to wipe the sweat from his calloused hands upon his trouser legs.

Suddenly Miklovich heard his name called from around the curve of the tunnel. Stopping, he cocked his head in the direction from which it had come. Again he heard it, and axe in hand he started down the passage. As he rounded

the bend in the tunnel wall, the shadowy light revealed Pavlov lying unconscious upon the mine floor, Gustuv bending over him and attempting to revive the silent form.

Running to the prostrate body, Miklo asked, "What happened," "We were just coming from the main tunnel, stammered Gustuv, "and he just keeled over. I tried to get him up but he's out cold. What should we do Miklo?"

"I don't know but..." Miklo's reply was cut short by the gruff voice of the mine guard whose large form and scowl moved towards them out of the shadows.

"What's this?" he asked.

"We were walking from the cart when he fell unconscious." replied Gustuv.

"Faker!" snarled the guard, slamming the toe of his boot into the still body. "Get up you!"

Miklo moved to stop him, grabbing the arm with which he grasped Pavlov in an effort to yank him to his feet. The guard shoke loose automatically from Miklo's grasp and pivoting quickly around, brought his club in a slanting arc across Miklo's face.

Crunch! the sound of tissue and bone yielding to wood. The force sent Miklo backwards, crashing against the mine wall and slamming to the floor, his pick flying from his grip and clattering to the floor with a metallic clank. Miklo lay against the wall, his hand to his twisted nose from which a bright red stream of blood flowed profusely. Gustuv crouched against the opposite wall away from the obvious anger of the guard who resumed his threats and insults accompanied by sharp kicks and prods with his club in his attempt to raise Pavlov's unconscious form.

Miklo regained his senses quickly as the fire of a thousand years of tyranny leapt into his eyes. Spitting blood through clenched and broken teeth, he moved cat-like; and chest heaving, he grabbed the pick tightly in a grip of steel as he rose behind the unprotected rear of the guard. In one movement he brought the pick in a sweeping arc, cutting the air as its blunt point plunged beneath the military blouse between the shoulder blades into the soft tissue, muscle and bone of the guard's back. The guard's face registered an instant of

surprise as a gurgling sound issued from deep within his throat and he dropped lifeless across Pavlov, a crimson stain mingling with the olive drab of the uniform around the hilt of the pick which stuck from his back.

Gustuv walked over to the corpse and lifting its head by the hair, spit into the sightless eyes. "Butcher!" he cried, dragging the body from atop of Pavlov. "What'll we do now Miklo? When they come for us we're dead."

"No! Gustuv. This time I won't wait. Must we crawl forever before them. No, I won't wait for them to come, not wait for death like a cringing animal trapped in his lair. If die we must, then let it be erect. Freedom is not bought with words but deeds. Let us stand this once. Let's fight rather than give up without hope like Pavlov here."

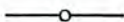
"But Miklo it's impossible. Just think..."

"Gustuv, there are thirty here who would rather fight like men than die like dogs. And maybe not even that many. But it is a start, the beginning. If we don't act now, then Pavlov is right, there is no future. Probably we'll fail here but there will be others again and again and maybe they will all fail but in the end we shall win."

Miklo bent over, lifting Pavlov's dead weight upright. Gustav held back as Milko started down the corridor. Miklo turned facing him.

"Come along, what do you want to do, live forever?" And with Pavlov between them they walked down the tunnel towards the other men.

CHARLES R. CASSIDY



PICTURE AT A WINDOW

Heat is breathing in the air,
men hurry, in a daze,
sleeping, waking, always thus.
My life is but an instant,
haste vanishes in the dust.

BROTHER JAMES HEANY

RUSSO-BYZANTINE ART - THE IKON

Probably the only true authentic form of Russian art is that type which can be called "folk." The embroidery of southern Russia, the Ukrain, is known the world over for its simplicity of design and brightness of color, and, as a marriage of both of these, its extreme beauty. Another of the more famous types of Russian art is the Easter egg. Days, and often weeks, of patient work are placed into the intricate designs of these objects. A simple stylus and beeswax are the only tools of application for the design, and onion skins and berries are the dyes. Yet, these eggs are masterpieces in their own way, and they are an intricate part of the lives of the Russian people. The egg to them represents Christ, for the shell is the tomb in which Christ was placed after His death; the white, the shroud; the yellow the body of Christ. To fully understand the art of Russia, one must first understand the simplicity of Russian life and thought. For us, complex Americans, this is rather hard, for although we might comprehend simplicity, Russian simplicity is a complex merger of simple thought and profound religion.

Everyone who is somewhat familiar with world history realizes the lack of culture that dominated the history of Russia before Peter the Great. Before his time, in terms of culture, Russia was dead. Peter, wishing to bring his country up to the standards of those countries to the east and west of Russia, traveled himself, and sent men out to return with artists, writers, poets, composers and men with just plain good ideas. Probably the area that was enriched most was that of art. It was influenced by the men brought back from Byzantium, the kingdom of faith, of spiritual intoxication and of immortality. These men were not chosen for their artistic talents but rather for their form of Christianity. Peter had traveled to the west of his empire, and probably while in France or Germany saw the religious rites of the Christianity influenced by Rome. Peter traveled to the east, to Greece and to Byzantium, and there too, he saw religious rites. One can almost imagine the flash of brightness that entered his eyes when he first entered a church in Byzantium and saw the clouds of incense rising before the picture-dotted "ikonistasis." Being Russian, and having that typical love for such things of emotional beauty, Peter chose

this rite in which he and his empire would worship. The art, the feeling, the spiritual essence pleased his natural desire to honor God.

The Byzantine artists that come to Russia painted in their own style. Eventually, this style left the true conformity of the Greeks and entered another form which might be called "Russo-Byzantine Art". It is this art which is now being discussed.

Perhaps the best way to begin a discussion on this type of art is to write about the artist. The largest part of these artists were men who had dedicated their lives to the service of God as monks. These monks of Russia had chosen this particular state because of a sincere love of God, a deep spiritual love which was inborn. This love is expressed in their art. It was not the intention of the Russian monk to paint a rosy-cheeked, pudgy pink plump child which he would entitle "The Infant Saviour", nor did he intend to portray smooth, sweet skin on a man who fasted and did penance for most of his life, such as St. John the Baptist. The monk did not paint for the man-carnal, but rather for the man-spiritual. It is for this reason that, in order to put himself into the right disposition to do this type of work, and to make himself worthy, the monk fasted and prayed the psalms before starting an ikon. To bring out the spiritual with paint, the man must himself be spiritual. The job of the artist-monk was not just to paint, but also to teach by his works. He used the picture method, for it was the only one understood by the uneducated people for whom he painted.

Many who look at a Russian ikon tend to be scornful and critical. "It has no depth!" or "It is distorted!", are statements often heard. Has it really no depth? Examine any one of these works and see all the spiritual depth that is in the eyes alone. These eyes, these large eyes, express a myriad of emotions. They show, especially in ikons of the Virgin, love, sorrow, joy. They pour forth what could never be said. The hands also are often "distorted" in such a way that they look over-large. But this for a reason. They are meant to show the hands which can be grasped by a returning son to a loving mother; to show the hands which are a symbol of giving friendship. The Russians knew that after Christ Himself, Mary was their truest friend. The Russian spirituality places Mary above the other

saints, and this too plays a great part in the art concerning her. It is for this reason that they rejected the Raphael-like Madonna for something less human and more divine.

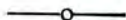
The colors which are used in this type of art also play an important part in its makeup. The deep dark maroon-red and almost navy-blue worn by the Virgin are representative of His divinity. Although the colors of the garments worn by Christ and His mother always remains the same, those worn by the apostles and other saints can and do change to fit the mood of the ikon.

In almost everything, one gets out of a thing as much as he puts into it. If one wishes horror from an ikon, that is exactly what he will get from the "grotesque" figures. Yet, if one wishes inspiration from these sacred images one cannot help but get it. Love of one's spouse increases as one gets to know that person in a more intimate way. Love of this style of art, yes, a love not just a liking, comes from a knowledge of God, His mother, and things divine. Russian ikons not only inspire love, but are a form of this emotion in what they give, and in what they are.

A selection from the writings of the contemporary Greek ikon artist, Fotis Knotoglous, can best sum up the convictions which I have tried to make clear.

"Most people have the idea that Byzantine art was good for its time, just as Egyptian, Assyrian, ancient Greek, Gothic, Italian Renaissance were good for theirs. But in truth, Byzantine art has eternal value, like Christianity, which expresses (as no other form of art can), the union of God and man. And just as the religion of Christ has been, and shall always be the truth for the human soul and heart, so also is Byzantine art. It will always speak to souls that feel the deep mysteries of religion and the cosmos. Byzantine art does not grow old, it is always new, like the religion of Christ."

MICHAEL PERRY



A WINTER'S PENSIVE MOMENT

Simply a drop of precipitation

Very deliberate
an act of creation

Design
so unique.

The perfection we seek

Could other than He fashion
it so

Perfect
exquisite
a glistening globe

reminds me
I'm thought of too
as that which falls
the wintry dew

BROTHER JOHN KING

THE DEATH OF A DAY-NURSE

The chill wind of March blew unmercifully against John Peters' face. It was a typical March day, cold in what it displayed, yet pleasantly warm in all that implied. In his youth, John would have enjoyed such a day. He would have run ahead swiftly, to see what stood ahead. But today, sixty years old, his once black hair white, his sparkling eyes dulled, there were few highways that John had not explored. He had taught college for many years, enjoying each with a fervor signifying youth. All that was now gone. He was a lover of books, indeed authors were his closest, his only, friends. Today, he saw that Conrad had not lied when he spoke of youth as fleeting. Shakespeare too, as if to warn John of a coming day, assured him that life had many acts. He had formed his outlooks on life through books. To him, books were slices of life, stories of man as man, as himself, as an individual. He had envisioned Tom Sawyer as typical of the American youth, pipe in one hand, fishing pole in the other. To him, Noel Airmann and Marjorie Margenstern were typical young lovers, caught between life and living, virtue and vice.

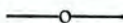
As a teacher, John had tried to impress his students with this love of books and knowledge. But they had laughed. They had called him "Old Ironheart". He was not friendly or outgoing they had remarked. John Peters reflected. He was a gnarled old man of sixty, alone in a merciless world.

The cold wind continued to blow with vigor. John did not notice this. He had not wanted it to be this way. He had planned to be kind to his students, a friend, a companion. But yet this was to be secondary. John could still remember fragments of his college thesis on why he wished to teach: "...The teacher is like a botanist, he will lie down, or bend over backwards to witness the miracle of birth, to see the fruit burst forth in a moment of glory from the insignificant stem. So too will I, John Peters, do all possible to advance learning, to see my young student, terrified, small, insignificant, burst forth one graduation day, many years hence, a learned man, nurtured on my soil. Thus must I be fertile, for a young plant cannot live on arid soil..." How resolute he had been then. He was a child then, looking at a wasteland yet seeing growth, looking at the darkness yet seeing light. He had hoped to be

the cactus in that wasteland, hard on the surface, yet full of life within, and aid to all who *sought* him. Where had time gone? In the while, he had seen pimple-faced youths mature into doctors, lawyers, teachers, religious. So too, had he seen gangly pimple-faced youths grow into gangly pimple-faced adults. This then was life. This was its clue. Life was fleeting, temporal, and thus imperfect. Science had yet to invent the machine of perpetual motion, nor life the perpetually perfect vocation. The bitter must be taken with the sweet, the good with the bad. For every success there must be a failure. True, he would sometimes meet obstacles. This is to be expected. At least, he had the thrill, perhaps not so transitory, of seeing the miracle of birth. Poor Ray Evans, three years in succession voted 'he most popular teacher, he had yet to witness the miracle.

John Peters hastened his step. The cold wind felt pleasant on his numbed cheek. He had seen the miracle before, and would see it again. Up ahead, there was a store he had not seen, a street he had passed by unwittingly. Yes there were still many miracles for John Peters, unpopular, perhaps unloved, to see. He was now sure. Next class he would assign *Ulysses*.

JOSEPH CAVANO



HOW FORTUNATE THE FROG

Sunning or soaking, peeping or croaking
Or leaping from log to log,
His life may be short, but then it's pure sport!
How fortunate, the Frog!
He needn't earn wages, he hasn't for ages.
Nor depend upon folks, like a dog.
Does he fear the dark? His life is a lark!
How fortunate the Frog!
What rules must he keep? Does he ever lose sleep?
Does he wish he were once more a 'wog?
Does he ever sham? He don't give a damn!
How fortunate, the Frog!

JOSEPH ROBILLARD

FOREVER A STRANGER

"Yes, of course, sit down, even if only for a little while, companionship is good of an evening. What greater shame than to miss sharing the enjoyment of such a sunset. Look, Down in the valley beneath us the sounds of evening are beginning to call, the mantle of quiet is beginning to slip over the ruckus of the day, to cloak all in silence and contemplation, . . . indeed, a suitable occupation for two such old men as we. All the shouts of the playing field have passed, and nothing remains now but the lull of stillness creeping slowly over the hills, even down there extending dark fingers among the oaks, even here among the gnarled old pines and their silent blanket of furry needles. The breeze is running cooler now, rustling in and out among the pines, bearing scents fragrant with whisperings of the evenings when old men do not here sit to talk of life gone by. Then there are more scents, there is no chill in it to dull the blood, but within breathes the fragrance of the earth beneath, the rough dry earth, the damp earth newly-softened by rain in the night, the rushing grass, the trees swaying rhythmically overhead with the coming of the night wind. Yes, dawn came, a day rose out of the east, reached its noon, and fell slowly to the west. Now it is setting, and the flaming vault of the heavens has melted, swaddling all in the flowing folds of twilight. The clouds are crimson, but soon they too will be dark, and gone in the night. The last few, the most golden rays of the sun fall here with us among the crooked pines, warm, sweet, the only light of the day a man can gaze into.

"Do you remember what it felt like to be young, I know I think of it often, so often in fact, that I'm almost afraid to speak of it anymore. But, you too are old, and know the feeling well; I am sure you will not mind if I tell you a story, a little poem let us call it. For indeed, someone must listen to old men.

"Yes, a wonderful feeling to be young, to feel the blood coursing through your veins, to know the charm of the things of life. I remember myself as a rather scholarly lad, always with the books, my mother's doing of course. Nevertheless. I was strong, and even today I can sometimes walk for almost a day without stopping. Socially I got along, but we certainly weren't a very lively bunch. You know, now that I think of it more, I realize that I must have been a rather moody fellow,

given to fits of temperament and such like. Perhaps it was the middle life which smoothed it off, but now I see it more clearly. Why, I could get so involved in argument as to merely shout to hear my voice arguing. Often in this mood I did nonsensical things. Once I even threw a shoe at my mother for having misplaced one of my books. A pity we don't see these things earlier.

"Well, I do want to tell you of something which happened to me then, something even death may not erase. You know, I call these stories my little poems, and I told them even when I was young, but then they wouldn't listen to them, my friends, and now that I am old they hear, but do not listen.

"It was in the summer then too, just as now. I had gone to the coast for a rest, since the city and college had gotten me down during the winter. The spot was charming, with an appeal which only the true artist would possibly appreciate. I could not be lonely there, for although the company wasn't of the best, there lay the whole world of the sea near me, the azure blue which has drawn men throughout the centuries to seek on it the secrets of the mystery of life. I was a young god then, and in my lustihood thought I could pit my strength against the might of the sea as it rose and fell in the tide about my feet.

"Yes, the sea was magnificent, beyond almost the power of words to tell; and yet, I could not really grasp it, believe in its grandeur. With the dawn came the sun, heralded by the spears of the coming day, piercing the clouds, beginning to pour out light on the serene waters beneath. This, far out to the east, where no land lay, no men to till the land, only the sea, endless reaches of undulating expanse flowing along in perfect harmony, the fabric of a world which man would forever be foreign. During the days I took long walks upon the cliffs which stood at its edge like a dam restraining the waters. From the summit of my walk I could view them all, growing sheer up out of the sea, standing, stark, huge, naked, in unbowed defiance. They looked to me then as the mute sentinels of mankind, warriors destined to strive for eternity with the rollers which milled and swept and clashed at their feet. From my height it seemed as though no matter what ages had come and gone, no matter what could be coming, these would there

stand, above the sea, longer than men would stand upon the earth.

“The days of my vacation passed quickly, and I began to feel stronger. The old power of living was with me, the shaggy rock, the brightness of the sky above, the blue of the land above and beyond. Life was blissful, transformed into myriad tiny rainbows of gaiety which one by one filled the air with their colored beams, bursting above my head in bubbles of radiance. No dark light could come into my life, no stifling ogre of the world. Life was mine to enjoy, to keep, or to throw off when its satisfaction had passed. And so the time fled by, a cloth of dazzling threads reflected from the face of the sea. And yet, ever and anon the waves lapped at the base of the cliffs to which I took my solitary, windswept joy.

“One day, wanting to see the combers more closely, I brought lunch, and reading, and clambered down the cliffs to a spot where I could watch them come in, one by one, ripping along the length of the coastline. It had been hard getting down, and so I had no relish for going up again soon. The morning was unusually still, and the sun had risen in a haze from the east; the clouds had been higher and more resplendent than ever before at dawn, bloodying the whole eastern sky. Contented, though I sat reading for the greater part of the morning.

“Over all it seemed there lay a profound quiet, tremulous, waiting. The sun shown but dimly, in a rather grimy way, as though oppressed by a slight haze. Even the sea had turned to gray, the usual hard glitterings soft,—not as lovely now.

“The afternoon progressed, and wind rose in the south. At first only a fleck appeared on the horizon, but then with great sweeping strokes the wind began to paint the rim of the southern sky with a web of cloud, moving, little by little, to the north. I sat and watched, entranced by the imperceptible rapidity of it all. It became a game to close and open my eyes, measuring their advance by a distant promontory. The little waves which had washed softly in and out on the little strips of soft sand which sat at the base of the rocks here and there grew larger, no longer rolling petulantly about in confused misdirection, but now little by little taking form, swelling and receding together slowly.

"The cloud front moved along, up from the south, sweeping all before it and that continual but undetectable motion, wiping away the last vestiges of blue, blanketing all in dull metallic gray. The sea had changed color and rolled itself into greater magnitude and purpose, growing in gray like the sky. The peaks of the combers no longer held the glinting sun rays at their tips, and with the end of the afternoon's ending the evening began to come. All the afternoon I had watched the waves tumbling beneath me, from the first wavelets licking the high rock walls in the early morning, the awesome stillness, through the growing of the wind and the storm, until now. The cliffs as I had known them had seemed to me eternal. But, what were these mighty rocks to do against a force which rolled more incessantly and more eternally than they at their bases. Day by day, rolling and climbing, peaking and bursting, slowly receding, they had beat from the first moments of time, and would for all time. Some day no matter how eternal the rocks, they would be worn down, would crumble, would fall in shattered brittle lumps. Even before, when the little waves had gamboled there among the gaunt hollows, how smooth the rock had been, how easy the blending of the two, a unity, not a barrier. Here there was contained a oneness which no man could ever grasp within his lifetime, a unity which none could ever learn, but the ages in which man lived. Indeed, how could I learn such a secret, what could I do against such a force, for it would flow just as incessantly for eons after men had forgotten my name, had forgotten these very cliffs. I was no longer the master of my soul.

"As I watched, the tongues of salty bitterness became rollers rising far out of the sea, sweeping the coast, crashing along its length with the wind behind them. Night began, darker and darker, storm and violent wind. The rollers were higher, taller, crested with foam, and in their immense weight burst full upon the rocks in the darkness with a deafening thunder. Up and under they rolled, pitched, burst, tumbling along the bulk of the boulders in rumbling fury, rebounding up almost to my very perch. I cried out in my fear, terrified, and began to clamber back up the cliffs, clutching at the rocks with desperate fingers, fleeing from the sea, the wind, from the deadly eternally of the ocean. Along the heights I ran, slipping and stumbling, shrinking against the stone next to me where the

path dangerously skirted the brink, until, exhausted, I came home to the light, leaving the sea and the darkness behind me.”
“Yes.”

“Yes, the charm of youth.”

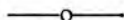
“And, what a shame that life is over for us.”

“Yes, we are old men.”

* * *

And when they had gone, the pines remained, alone.

BROTHER JAMES HEANY



THE PRIZEFIGHTER

The sharp sound of the gong,
Muscles flexed and bodies strong
Charging one another with single purpose:
Strike the foe - not to displease us.
Much is given, much received.
Had the fighter been deceived?
Where lies the glory bright
Promised for immortal fights?
Blood-bespattered canvas white;
Cheering shouts of fiend's delight'
Boos mingled with the curses
Till the crowd at last disperses.
Stillness in the dressing room;
Atmosphere of despair and gloom.
Why this desire to reign:
It's in the blood - it's in the vein.

BROTHER ERNEST BELAND

A SUMMER SHOWER

The sun was high, and a silhouette the shape of a house was clearly etched on the burnt macadam. Shrivelling in this shaded sanctuary stood a sun-sheltered tree, as silent and motionless as her scorched and sweltering sisters across the street. On the porch, a collie, smothered in his suffocating fur, rolled slowly over and back in a hot and restless sleep. All around, sultry life was taking a sweaty siesta and a dream-like silence prevailed.

Then a cloud crossed the sun; shadows melted on the street, and a stifled sky started to bleed. A soft breeze gently caressed the fevered town—and with it the wet kiss of rain. The collie tenderly withdrew his swollen tongue as though he were sampling a tonic. Trees, warned by the wind, stirred and rustled in readiness for the overdue shower. The thirsty street drank to excess and became bloated and blacker. It was raining heavily now. Cars, like refreshed athletes, moves faster as they splash along the sizzling street. Carefree boys with up-turned faces blink as the crystals explode on their cheeks. A teen-age girl with a creased and clinging scarf hurries along, her head bent as though in embarrassed apology for curls that failed. The wind exhales and waves of water come waltzing forward. Raindrops, like descending daggers diving downward, shimmer and sway in the struggling sunlight. Frustrated wiper-blades, like epileptic metronomes, tirelessly scatter the wet debris.

Pushed by the wind, the rain passes, and slowly the sun reappears. The trees, dripping fresh and revitalized, have donned a renewed devotion to their duties. Little brown rivers of atmospheric blood embrace their concrete banks as they wrinkle, and rush, and swirl—and diminish. Shadows replace reflections on the drying street and the only sounds are those of an excited dog barking, and greedy drains gargling.

As it plods past a panting nimbus, the sun seems to hesitate, and smile caustically; but the cheated cloud is unafraid and follows to retort,

“She waits for me, my lady Earth,
Smiles and waits and sighs:
I’ll say her nay and hide away,
Then take her by surprise.”

—*Mary Mapes Dodge*

GERRY MARMION

ON THE BRIDGE

I

The blue, blue, blue,
One white-puffed blue,
The clear eternal blue
Patch-blues
The Muddy motion
of the flow.

The flow, flow, flow,
Shadow-patched blue-surfaced flow,
The deep earthy flow
Sweeps all
Beneath the bridge
But the shadow.

II

And O!
Summer-jilted, chill-bewitched,
Scarlet-brown gypsies
Rustle in rhythm free movement —
Twisting and turning,
And
Spiraling and burning
In light and in shadow,
Through light and through shadow —
Down and around
And
Round and down —
Through light and through shadow —
Till passion is peace on the flow.

III

Autumn's cool breezes hands and ears and face
As spirit dances at chance glances at gypsies' dancing grace.
Nature's beauty, a dancing beauty, a faithless beauty is quick
to pass
As swift as a shimmer in light-bright-pale-green grass.
The dust dry road leads from the bridge and flow
And like leaves leaving trees now I must go.
When hearts stop in beauty progress is the loss
For roads were made to wander and bridges made to cross.

BROTHER JAMES GARA



