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*INSTRESS*



## Editorial

# INSTRESS

The name *Instress* has been regarded as a curiosity by many who have come into contact with this magazine since its inception some two months ago. Instantly recognizable to any serious student of English poetry, the word has been construed by those unaware or forgetful of Gerard Manley Hopkins as everything from acid indigestion to mental fatigue. The term "instress" is neither.

Hopkins coined the word in his search for terms to identify the distinctive reality of things in the universe in their relation to the observer, and he used it in several of his poems and throughout his notes and correspondence. Unfortunately he never defined it, but critics have ferreted out somewhat vague definitions for us to study.

According to W. A. M. Peters, "instress" is the actualization or realization of the essential energy of an object, and the manner in which it effects the human observer. Alan Heuser, another critic, defines "instress" as the experience or presence of a depth of feeling, emotion or influence brought on by the distinctive reality of a thing — including its essence, accidents and all its connotations.

For the purpose of a magazine title, however, it may be defined as a term expressing a brief, deep *experience* by which the observer (in this case, reader) shares in the reality and essence of a creation and by doing so, realizes an aesthetic union with the creator.

Thus the title: a magazine through which the reader can share the enjoyment of a creation with the author or originator of the creation. More important, the reader may be moved by the experience to create still another work through which others may share with him, and so on — *ad infinitum*.

Since the meaning of the name of the magazine *Instress* has been explained, the next question might be "Why the dedication to Hopkins?" Granted, the magazine has not been so dedicated merely because it borrowed Hopkins' word as its title. Both title and dedication converged at once to the originators of the idea for this publication, and seemed to make a great deal of "sense." A standard was needed for the content of *Instress*, and what more excellent standard than that of Gerard Manley Hopkins?

In his poetry, Hopkins was daringly creative for his time. His rhythms, compound words and knife-sharp images avalanche the thoughts and senses of his readers. What better model for creative efforts? His poetry is bold, fresh, strong, deep and essentially religious. What better standard for expression in this age of renewal?

The most important factor in the consideration of Hopkins as the model for creativity is the strict, conscious adherence to discipline that is evidenced in his poetry and his life. His daring words were tempered by tight metrical patterns. His life of genius was tempered by taut control and voluntary discipline. It is for this reason that *Instress* is dedicated to Gerard Manley Hopkins, and to the idea of creativity which it hopes to foster — his standard of *daring* within *discipline*.

Within these pages, there is the hope to present new and daring thoughts, ideas and approaches to the world at large, always polished by the service of discipline — of mind and of medium. May the readers of this magazine not only experience the "instress" of what it presents, but go on to unprecedented creative heights within their discipline and find their way to enlighten and enrich each other through the pages of *Instress*.

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In this, our first issue, we announce our policy. *Instress* is open to contributions from students in the field and medium of their choice. All material will be presented in the general categories of literature, art, criticism and comment. The staff and editors of *Instress* plan to publish twice this scholastic year, increasing publication to quarterly issues during the 1967-68 year if contributions warrant this.

The purpose of *Instress* is to inspire and provoke constructive original thinking among its reading public. A reader may not always agree with an article, but at least he may take the time to wonder *why* he disagrees. Debate is expected and hoped for; letters to the editor are eagerly awaited.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was a traditionalist turned innovator, a Victorian turned almost modern. His works are like a transitional sentence—necessary to the completion of a whole, awkward in isolation.

The picture of Hopkins' life is one of ecstatic agony—a paradox. A lover of diversity, sensitive to the physical world about him almost to the point of sensuousness, he nevertheless subjected himself to the ascetic regimen of the religious life and its disciplines. The result was a constant struggle between the physical and the spiritual. Outwardly, he reveled in the physical beauty of nature; inwardly, he battled scrupulosity, melancholia, and a certain self-dissatisfaction.

The decision to convert from Anglicanism to Catholicism was a major factor in the formation of the poet, and the decision to become a Jesuit priest broadened and heightened his scope of experience. But with this experience came a self-imposed renunciation of poetry: Hopkins burned his early poems, written while a student at Oxford, and vowed to write no more unless commanded by his community. A superior's request that he write something to mark the occasion of the drowning of five Franciscan nuns resulted in "The Wreck of the Deutschland," and the rebirth of Hopkins, the poet.

Hopkins was many things: priest, teacher, poet, scholar, artist, student of music. His poetry, aside from its innovational qualities, is an amalgamation of the spiritual, intellectual, and artistic. The descriptive minutiae contained in his letters and journals evidence his power and ability to give intellectual form to sense perception.

Although his discoveries in the techniques of poetics were not in themselves new to the English language, they did have an evolutionary effect on later poetry. Few understood the value of Hopkins' work until after his death in 1889. During his lifetime he remained a misunderstood, and misunderstanding, poet. As Harold Whitehall has stated, Hopkins was a victim of "artistic loneliness—loneliness no measure of good will could ever dissipate . . ."

It was many years after his death that his poems were published by a lifetime friend and correspondent, Robert Bridges. A poet himself, Bridges dismissed most of Hopkins' theories but, fortunately, not his poetry. Hopkins explained his theories of "running" and "sprung rhythm" in his journals and letters, and practiced them in his poetry. Coventry Patmore, unknown to himself and to Hopkins, had presented the same basic metrical thesis in his "Essay on English Metrical Law."

Although Hopkins' poetry may appear difficult and unusual at times, it is as disciplined as was the poet, and adheres basically to traditional poetic and metrical forms. His genius manifests itself in the richness of language, the variety and use of poetic and rhetorical devices, and in his renovation of four-stress Anglo-Saxon and medieval metrical patterns.

To the contemporary reader, the most important facet of Hopkins' life is that of poet. Doubtless, his poetry would not be what it is had he not been what he was. He fused his artistic and intellectual genius into a force directed always toward the glorification and adoration of God. According to Whitehall, it was "his ordination of himself to God and his ability to see Christ in all things, that enabled him to attain the depth of insight and the height of poetic expression which are the hallmarks of his genius."

# A Note on Hopkins

*Elizabeth Durland*

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# CONFORMITY

## and the adolescent

Rosemary Dvorsky

The question of conformity has been raised with increasing frequency during the past decade in America. Referred to by such titles as the "Age of Conformity," the "Era of the Organization Man," and the "Bureaucratic Complex," the contemporary American scene has become one in which intellectuals from all disciplines have sought to redefine the place of the individual in society.

For some, the new urban American is personified in "Charlie of Suburbia," a hapless fellow living in the same kind of job, the same loyalty to the organization as the half million other guys of the commuter circuit.

Such studies as William Whyte's *Organization Man* revealed this pattern of conformist living and mourned the loss of the "rugged individual" of American folklore. Modern man had become a bureaucrat caught up in a middle class life where one's individuality no longer counts.

David Riesman, in *The Lonely Crowd*, entitled this personality or character type "other-directed," a term emphasizing the middle class means of adjusting to the social demands of contemporary society - a character type stressing extreme sensitivity and orientation toward others in one's social group. This type of personality, Riesman says, exists now as opposed to the "inner-directed" personality of the rugged individualist whose adjustment to social demands was dictated by inner man rather than "other" man.

With this view of the middle class American in mind, we can attempt to identify the "other-directed" character typology in society and see if, according to Riesman's thesis, it is becoming the mode for achieving conformity among the middle class in American society. Our concern will not be with the broader question of individual freedom versus group conformity, but will explore the way individuals view themselves as conforming in certain situations and to what degrees. From these observations, conclusions or implications with regard to "other directedness" as a personality type will be drawn.

In addition, an attempt will be made to identify another personality type which Riesman describes. This is the autonomous personality — the person not unduly swayed by the group, the one able to think for himself by exercising choice in his behavior to choose, or not to choose, to conform to the social expectations of the group.

Defined, the "other-directed" person is one for whom his contemporaries are the chief source of direction. This goes beyond merely wanting and needing to be liked by some people some of the time. According to Riesman, the peer group becomes all important to the "other-directed" person; the individual watches for signals from these others, and this mode of keeping in touch brings about a close behavioral conformity.

To explore the degree to which a person may be termed "other-directed," hypothetical social situations were set up in a three-part questionnaire of which parts I and II will be explained here.

Because middle class young people are most often stereotyped as "group conformists" (equivalent to "other-directed"), this study was conducted with young adults and teenagers. The sampling consisted of 20 members of a high school psychology

class, age range 15-18, and 31 members of two college psychology classes, age range 19-22.

To obtain a frame of reference from which to proceed, the young people in the sampling were asked to rate themselves as upper, lower, or middle class according to a rated scale of father's occupation and mother's education. The results were: 70 per cent of the high school sample and 71 per cent of the college sample rated themselves as middle class, thus providing a basis on which to test Riesman's hypothesis concerning other-directedness among middle class.

Part I of the questionnaire (Based on Purdue Opinion Polls #34 and 44) consisted of twelve questions. Each question asked the person to decide who influenced him the most — parent, peer group, or self — in three types of situations. An example of each:

*Peer-orientated:* Social activities with the peer group (4 questions).  
"In deciding what to wear to a party, I consider the feelings of \_\_\_\_\_ most important." a. people my own age  
b. parents or people their age  
c. neither one is more important; I decide myself  
d. undecided

*Parent-orientated:* Influence of parents in life decisions (4 questions),

"In determining your political feelings, the feelings or opinions of \_\_\_\_\_ are most important." (a through d as above).

Part II consisted of situations which placed the individual in his peer group and then asked him to indicate the way he felt he would act in terms of degree of conformity. The 23 questions were of two types: positive, which showed individual autonomy or action, and negative, which showed overconformity to the group. An example of each:

Positive: My tastes in music and dress are different from my friends:

\_\_\_ Always \_\_\_ Often \_\_\_ Sometimes \_\_\_ Never \_\_\_ Undecided

Negative: I \_\_\_ Always \_\_\_ Often \_\_\_ Sometimes \_\_\_ Never \_\_\_ Undecided will do something just to make people like me.

Without going into the statistical method employed, the procedure can be explained in terms of how individuals answered the questions in Part I and how this was related to Part II.

In Part I, those individuals who chose "people my own age" in all four of the social activities questions oriented toward the peer group were termed "other-directed" since for them the peer group seemed all important. On the other extreme were individuals who decided for themselves in all or most of these situations. These were termed "most autonomous". The rest fell into groups somewhere in between.

Other			Most
Directed	Dependent	Autonomous	Autonomous
	on Parents		

Part I was then related to Part II which consisted of an additional testing tool called the Likert Scale. The character types ("other-directed," "autonomous," etc.) of Part I were rated as to the degree of conformity in the 23 social situations. If degree of conformity and orientation to the group are related,



it seems logical to assume that the other-directed groups — the ones who were oriented to their peers in Part I — would have a higher degree of conformity and the most autonomous groups would have the lowest degree since in Part I they rated themselves as not looking to the group for the most social situations. To prove this, the scores resulting from Part II should be higher for the most autonomous group as they would answer more questions positively (away from the group), and positive answers are rated higher on the Likert Scale. In the same manner, the other-directed group would answer more questions negatively (toward the group) and thus have lower scores — indicating more conformity.

This was found to be true. However, a look at the graphic drawing of the results gives us some interesting conclusions.

Other				Most
Directed		Autonomous		Autonomous Part I
78.0	High School Sample	73.0	80.6	Degree of
73.0	College Sample	80.8	74.3	Conformity
				Part II

First, in the high school sample, the "other-directed" group scored higher than the autonomous group (78.0-73.0), and in the college sample, the most autonomous group and the "other-directed" group score very closely, with the autonomous group scoring the highest. The conclusion from this is that the situations play a vital role in determining conformity. A person who is most orientated to the group, and whom we have termed "other-directed", can still be autonomous as to the degree to which he will conform completely to the demands of the group at all times. In the same manner, a person who was termed most autonomous could yield to the group in the degree of conformity in different situations.

Thus, while there are undoubtedly other factors contributing to conformity besides those cited, the implications of this study point to the fact that while some young adults may manifest an adjustment to social life through an outward sensitivity to others, termed "other-directedness," there is still room for the personality type which Riesman described as autonomous. In different social situations, it is still man's free will that determines his actions, even in our so-called "Age of Conformity." And if modern urban man is a conformist in certain aspects of life, we must remember that social historians tell us that conformity behavior is not unique to this era or to urban American society.

Of course, general statements with regard to the whole population cannot be made on the basis of so small a study. And there are still critics on the American scene who will cite the fact that young adults and teenagers dress alike, talk alike, listen to the same music, and wear their hair the same way.

Margaret Mead explains these seeming manifestations of overconformity by pointing to the ambiguous status of youth in our society today. There are, first of all, too many young people now when the less-skilled jobs traditionally given to them are proportionally disappearing. The demand for more training leads to a longer educational period with adolescents continuing to keep the status of students. With all this, our treating them as one large homogeneous group increases the need for them to search for some identity, even if only a haircut.

In conclusion, the stereotype of conformity attached to the young middle class people of America bears further investigation. It might be well for adults who produce the electric guitars, design the new cars, and create products for "those who think young" to ask themselves where they would be without the "other-directed" young who buy these "other-directed" products and influence their "other-directed" friends to do the same.

Miss Dvorsky, a senior sociology major, conducted this study as a social psychological research project under the direction of Mrs. Martha Whelley, member of the sociology department.

## Orchestration for a Letting Go

The city's mannered marble gloomed  
and faded in a rhythmic neon glow.  
There we stood, stilled in the sullen light,  
embraced around by shimmering night.  
As I watched, your eyes began to know —  
for this farewell, competing music boomed,  
yours and mine both — Frightened at the sound  
I must have caroled a strident song  
which dulled to silence as over us  
the city's marbled manners thrust  
into our chordal love their weird atonal drone.  
Though separate, still your notes in me resound.

*Theresa Kosloski*

He had already been waiting for some time on the outskirts of the crowd of noisy employees impatiently claiming their paychecks, pushing and shoving to get out and into the streets before the evening rush hour.

It was useless for him to elbow forward, he knew from long and bitter experience, his name would be the last one called anyway. As usual he'd be held back just long enough to miss a short and comfortable ride home with his friends.

When he was finally at the door he unluckily barreled right into the personnel supervisor.

"Zelazny, you still here. Good, we need a man to fill in for one of our night attendants. Pick up your gun and holster at the desk and report in to Whitman upon the second floor."

This, thought Joe Zelazny with weary disgust, was the last straw. It was absolutely the worst day he'd ever had. From the very first moment he'd crawled out of bed, things were all screwed up. To really start off great, he was late for the third time this week. All because Madge got up early and turned off the alarm when she went to wake the kids. It didn't matter how many times he told her to let it alone, she still insisted on doing things her way. And those kids, fooling around in the bathroom when they knew darn well he had to shave and get out fast.

Then when he finally reached the stairs he had stumbled and nearly killed himself over one of the kid's toys. Of course Madge was just getting breakfast started. She was already complaining about wasting expensive food just because people were too lazy to get downstairs and eat before it got cold.

"What do you expect," he had snarled, "some kind of superman to fly over to the table on time?"

# Z END

*Sandra Hodun*

Well he should have kept his mouth closed. That was all the excuse she needed to set her off. She started right in with the same old grind.

"What's the use anyway?" she said. "Here I am bothering my head over some crummy job that barely pays enough to live on. There are lots of good positions open, even for someone practically helpless. All that's needed is a man with enough sense and gumption to get off his rear and go out and get them. Look at my brother Fred, he started out with almost nothing but he wasn't satisfied to stay at the bottom. He managed to work his way up to a top job and now he's hobnobbing with the best of them. But that's the whole trouble, some people are just good for sitting around and complaining they're tired. They think they can wait for things to be served to them on a silver platter. Fat chance of that. They end up taking the sort of job nobody in their right mind would accept. It's just my bad luck that I was married to a stinking failure who lets everybody pass him off. No real man would stand for being last, always last."

Nag, nag, nag, that's all he'd ever heard. The same old complaints, word for word. Usually he managed to block out her shrill scolding, but this morning it had been especially nerve-racking. Even the kids sensed something in the air and had started to whine and bicker among themselves. The whole place was in an uproar. He had only had time to snatch a couple of bites, run like the devil out the door, and just barely make his last morning connection. By the time he got to work his head was throbbing and his indigestion had started acting up again.

And then his boss had seen him walk in late. He had coldly looked him over warning that employees who made it a habit to show up last soon had no job to be late for.

The rest of the day had passed miserably. It had been a great relief to get it over with, get paid and start for home. Only he didn't get very far. Now he was stuck all night on another shift.

It just wasn't fair. Resentment gnawed at his innards as he unwillingly retraced his steps. It grew on the great injustice of life in general towards him. Here he was, average sort of guy, reasonably intelligent, not too bad to look at. Maybe he wasn't the mousey, spineless type his wife made him out to be. So why was it that he always ended up at the bottom of the ladder?

It had, he decided after he got his assigned inspection route and settled down into routine methods, quite a lot to do with the luckless surname passed on to him by fate and his ancestors. With the world running on an alphabetical basis, he invariably brought up the rear. This was true for as far back as he could remember. He had always been the helpless victim of a bloody mechanical system. In school, the rollbooks had automatically ordered him to the end of the line. He was the one who got nothing but the left-overs after all the damn Adamses and Joneses had grabbed up what they wanted. It never helped his ego any to be continually ignored when anything special occurred and left forgotten with the thick-witted stragglers of the class. From this childhood obscurity throughout all the rest of his recorded life, he was always, despite success or failure, inevitably, infernally last.

With a massive handicap like this, it was no great wonder that he couldn't do anything really outstanding. It wasn't his fault that he'd been marked for a loser from the very beginning.

The longer he thought about it, the less violent he felt. Instead, a wave of self-pity and psychological depression left him really low. As he moodily took care of his duties, the shadowed twists and turns leading from one black room to another intensified his gloom.

His steps echoed in the dead, isolated, corridors that during lighter hours were jammed with busy important men. Men who controlled with arrogant prosperity, all the little people like himself who never got their chance. The great heavy stillness seemed to whisper derisively behind his back, the sleeping building mocked him. The shadows chorused in his head "Failure! Failure! Always last! Always last!" louder and louder, they scolded, they shrieked!

He froze, then whirled, gun in hand. But there was nothing there. It must be his imagination. He gazed blankly down the quiet halls, then with slowly awakening fascination at the glinting metal in his hand. It would be so easy to take that way out. It was, after all, a quick, painless and absolutely final end. There were many others who had discovered how stupid it was to try to fight their ultimate defeat. They had known what to do. It was all so simple. Just to lift it out like this and quickly pull the trigger . . . But wait! He paused as he suddenly realized his folly. Death wasn't the answer. He'd only end up as the final entry in some official transcript — the last small notice in an obituary column. Instead of being first, he'd only be back where he started, the last one in a distant, endless line. How could he have seriously considered this as a solution. It was just another frustrated dead end.

With a feeling of revulsion, he slowly put the gun away and stumbled down the hall. Somehow his emotions were now under control, and his black despair had disappeared. Self-assurance seemed to grow with his every step, new purpose set back his shoulders, firmed his stance. There had to be a future, something definite ahead of him. He was almost sure of it. Perhaps he could finally track down that success.

He stood, lost in contemplation, his mind far away in a great new world. He never noticed a nearby flash of light, nor the stealthy figures creeping close. But he did hear with sudden horror, the harsh whisper "Get the watchman first".

---

Miss Hodun is a sophomore sociology major.

# *Death of a Salesman:*

## *Reflections On The Statue Of Liberty*

Connie Serensits

Arthur Miller's offering, *Death of a Salesman*, has effectively rekindled the fires on the Olympus of the critics. Willy Loman, the sacrifice, has, like all other creatures of the page, been put to the test before the public and then left to be raked over the coals by the demigods of the literary world. The critics have been arguing the merits of *Death of a Salesman* since Willy Loman sat at the kitchen table for the first time; the major issue boiling down to Miller vs. Aristotle and Willy vs. the world of tradition. Since the critics have yet to align themselves for a definitive frontal attack, the point of consideration here will liken itself to a sneak in the back door of the Salesman's house to look at what Willy is and represents, and also the effect he has on an audience as a somewhat blemished ambassador of America and her ways of life. As an influencing factor of the play's reception, especially by scholars, critics and classically attuned audiences, consideration of American tradition and tragedy will be included.

American tradition, young in its growth, has evolved in a direction prompted by a national optimism, peculiar in its extreme to America. The populace of America continually rejuvenates in dreams of boundless possibilities of achievement, yours for the taking in a land hewn by the people, built up by the people and working now and forever for them. The literature of this land has, not surprisingly, carried its promise and dreams to the neighbors of the world along with tales of its rolling plains, blue skies, monuments to freedom and prosperous inhabitants. This exchange prompts a two-sides-to-the-story motif.

First of all, to clarify, the American population cannot be generally dubbed as a populace of dreamers; however, a close look will find many very comfortable in their station as American stock. The security of stars and stripes forever pervades magnificently. The American way of life has become fascinating to its own and onlooker. Europeans observe, haunted by the ways of the West — in some respects it has achieved the stature of a veritable Utopia-like civilization. The alternative portraits of America have been painted by a representative portion of this country's export literature, the surrealistic impression enticing many (including those who proudly wave the flag on the home-front) to participate in a very romantic vision of the West. And what a vision it has come to be; Leslie A. Fiedler in an essay on our country and culture finds that a national optimism has worked overtime to astonish a world-wide reading public with the thought of a land where death is denied while all else is considered possible.

What torment would seem to have been loosed by Miller in his mediocre salesman. What a blow to victims of the dreams of America to see the collapse of one man's ideal image of himself, more importantly, the collapse of an American's dream which could perhaps intimate a reflection on the civilization which almost automatically prompts the type of image Willy tried so desperately to create.

In *Death of a Salesman* Arthur Miller has given the world an American who failed, a self-destroyed man who is possibly speaking to Americans and the worshippers of their presupposed prosperity. A warning rises in Willy's plight. The critics have come away from his performance chanting "overpowering," "shattering," "unforgettable," and rightfully so. In Willy's creation an American audience has been given a chance to reflect and arrive at a very intimate observation — this could happen to me. Willy Loman can be anyone in America. The effect of this tinge of universality is an audience relegated to the defensive. Audiences pour from Willy's performance with an afterthought — was Willy really responsible for his death or was he a victim of a way of life, an American way, which snatched his soul?

Noteworthy here is the claim that Miller is ultimately trying to undermine democracy in two acts. Sighele Kennedy in his article, "Who Killed the Salesman?" points out that Willy is playing his game with a marked deck and Miller is the villain. The probability of this and numerous other theories of a specialized plot will undoubtedly play on the minds of all the Willys in the audiences of Miller's play; and here is the beauty of every production — the post-performance mental nemesis of Willy's failures.

The second side of the story appears when Willy Loman is exported, his failure enacted before a European audience. Willy's story is now a sledge hammer; with one painful blow a romantic vision is shattered.

With few qualms of conscience it can be said that America has quite a reputation as a land of the free; streets paved with gold, prosperity at every corner. In short it has come to be thought of as an automatic way out of trouble, a land of immediate and unfailing salvation. The Statue of Liberty stands off the shore of this great land, a symbol and a welcome light. No one is denied a chance. However, America's lady of freedom fails to convey a very important part of freedom's message — the air is too thick with the hope of dreams for her to remind the hope-filled of the responsibilities, the obligations to be imposed and especially the possibility of failure in her land.

Willy Loman can, by no stretch of the imagination, compare with the Statue of Liberty as a symbol of America; however, Willy can measure up to exactly what is needed to complete the picture of a way of life. Willy effectively brings to light the often ignored extremity of a gamut of possibilities which the torch of freedom burns to allow. Again, the importance of the staged failure comes in the thoughts provoked by the performance. Worshippers of America's golden soil are forced to re-examine their dreams, to consider another portrait of America along with the gallery of blue-ribbon visions already imprinted on infatuated minds.

Willy is forthright in describing the world which is choking him. His world is the world of Ben; a spirit of the jungle which has grown to be an obsession, enticing Willy to his death. Death because he has failed to walk in and out of the jungle successfully, heralded and unblemished. Willy, too, is a victim of a

dream life in America. He struggles a lifetime knowing a jungle demands his strength and ingenuity but dreamily anticipating that by right of being who he is the jungle will transform itself into a paradise worthy of his imagined efforts. The realism of his plight, the universal application that his story insinuates — here is the greatness of his failure. Miller has been very scrupulous in rendering an 'all-American' Willy. He doesn't have to be a salesman; he could be a bricklayer or a bus driver, the man across the street or you.



Undeniably, Willy Loman has been the beneficiary of more than a normal amount of speculation concerning his classification as a tragic figure. This point need be considered to complete the picture of Willy's cause and effect. His ambassador-like potentialities previously discussed must, in the end, balance with his much debated status as a representative of the tradition of tragedy, a tradition as questionable as Willy's stature initiated by the Classic tragedians. Willy's performance wavers most precariously when put to the Aristotelian test for a tragic hero. The critics have played a rousing game with Willy's failure; comparing, praising, squelching, omitting or squeamishly approving Miller's effort as it contends for a representative position in the realm of serious or, if feasible, tragic literature. Willy, more often than not, fails according to the Classic commandments for tragedy; however, those who are optimistic about his appearance on the literary scene provide a very noble basis for consideration (that of the plausibility of a tragedy of the common man), enticing the interested to the salvation of Miller and his Salesman.

The point that cannot be ignored in construing Willy's traumatic effect as an American failure is the fact that he failed as a man, an individual, first, then as a productive member of a society. In other words, it cannot be said that Willy failed merely because he was in America or simply because of the society which harbored such a discontented member. This consideration is not meant to cancel the observations previously stated, but rather to bring to mind another conflict to be faced in the analysis of *Death of a Salesman*. This afterthought does not mar the overall effect of Willy as a universal ambassador of American possibilities of success and failure to the average audience viewing the production for its face value. It can be reasonably deduced that such observations occur to minds specifically educated in the various technicalities of literary tradition, not to the average play-goer who attends dramatic renderings for enjoyment or enrichment.

The influence of the Classic in literature and its proven, inimitable stature provides a barrier without a weak point. Whether or not the rebel-like pleas for a tragedy of the average man and a definitive, substantial blueprint for a modern tragedy will ever be adopted or accepted is questionable.

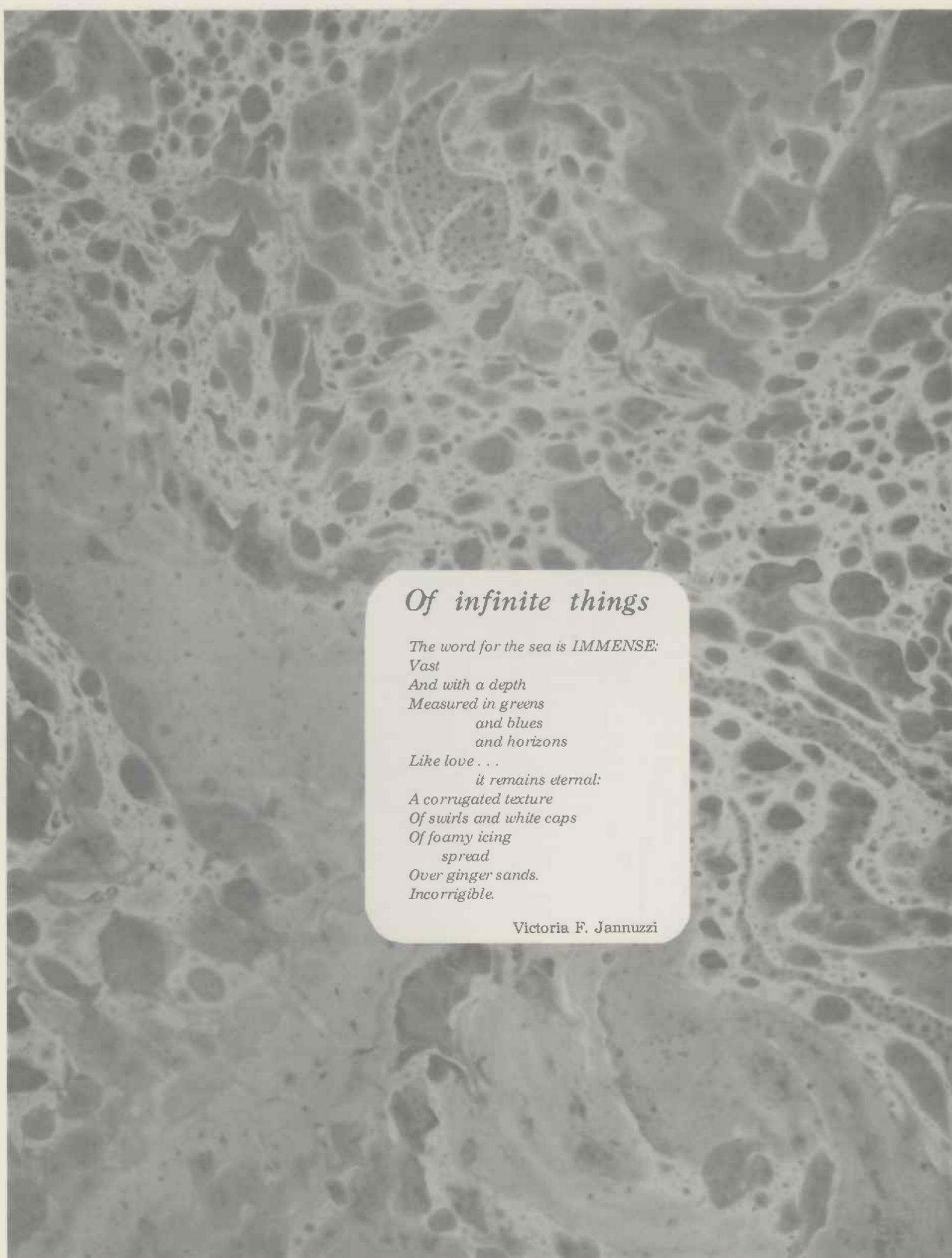
From this look at Willy Loman, sociologically and briefly technical (with regard to the tradition of tragedy) in tone, he can be seen pleading more than one case for Arthur Miller. Maybe he doesn't solve the problems he speaks for, directly in the light of social predicaments and indirectly as Miller's variation of the Classic rule; however, he continues to smolder both in the minds of professional and on-the-spot critics as an instigator of much study and reflection.

In conclusion I offer the one positive outburst of Willy's wife, voiced as she cries for help in reaching her husband. Her words capsule the general theme which has been to characterize Willy Loman as a representative of the too often ignored possibilities of life in America and also as an instigator of thought in the many areas which the play encompasses and ruffles with each performance.

I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money. . . But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person.

---

Miss Serensits is a junior majoring in English. Her critical paper, an exercise in original thinking, was selected to be read at the Lambda Iota Tau, national literary honor society, initiation ceremony, fall 1966.



*Of infinite things*

*The word for the sea is IMMENSE:*

*Vast*

*And with a depth*

*Measured in greens*

*and blues*

*and horizons*

*Like love . . .*

*it remains eternal:*

*A corrugated texture*

*Of swirls and white caps*

*Of foamy icing*

*spread*

*Over ginger sands.*

*Incorrigible.*

Victoria F. Jannuzzi

# ESCAPE

*Elizabeth Durland*

"Hey, Janet, c'mon play catch."

"I don't feel like it, Eddie."

Eddie Martin dragged his bare toes through eight feet of sand to where Janet Adams sat, chin on knees, on a towel. Four years on a football field and basketball court, plus the genes inherited from a long-forgotten ancestor, had given him that grace and physique peculiar to the natural athlete.

Graceful body, beautiful body, and beneath festers a soul to be corrupted and a mind already beginning to rot, thought Janet. Oh sweet Jesus, shut up already. I'm sick of my own rotten mind!

"Hey, kid, you don't look so hot. Ole Johnny givin' you a rough time? Just tell Uncle Eddie everything; he'll take care of pretty little you just like a good uncle should!"

"Oh shut up, Eddie. I'm tired, that's all. It was too hot to sleep last night. I'm too tired to play catch with anybody!"

"Okay, honey, have it your way. See if I give a damn!"

His malicious chuckle as his eyes followed the contours of her half-bare body caused her stomach to lurch sickeningly.

Lecher, eighteen-year-old lecher, she thought. They're all a bunch of sniveling puppies out for big-dog excitement! You're just as bad, worse, Janet Adams, she told herself. You sit here and condemn, but what have you ever done that makes you so God-awful holy? Where are you going, Janet Adams, she pleaded in her mind. What are you going to do? Sit on a beach all your life? Or are you . . .

The thought of what she might do caused her to wrench up-right. She sobbed against her hands, "Oh God!"

The girl beside her turned and muttered, "You say somethin', Jan?"

"No—no, Peggy. I — I — was just clearing my throat."

Go ahead, lie — lie, cheat, steal — it doesn't matter anyway now, she thought. You're going to hell anyway. Oh, you messed things up real good for yourself. There goes college, there goes life, there goes everything, just because you thought you were smart. You made a dirty mockery of your body and laughed at your soul and struck the face of God. But worst of all, you didn't even care, until you got caught in your own trap! You're sick, you're sick, she screamed to herself.

The noon sun scorched the top of her head and little rivulets of perspiration trickled down her neck. Oh, baby, you're gonna burn someday and you're not even gonna have the wetness of your own back to cool you off. You'll just suffer and suffer . . .

"Peggy, I'm going in. Are you coming?"

"No," her lazy tones floated back. "I just oiled my legs."

"Okay." As Janet stood, she felt as though everyone was watching her, condemning her because they all knew what she

had done. She wanted to run, to get into the green darkness of the water where she could hide from their imagined stares. As she stepped among the sprawled bodies, head down, she ran into a group of boys.

"Well, well, if it isn't Janet Adams — Miss Snob Appeal!"

She knew it was Eddie. She glanced desperately at the faces of the boys around him. Did they know? Surely they must; some of them were Johnny's friends. Did he tell? Boys always tell, she thought, and then they're not boys any more — they're men!

"Are you tired, poor little lady?" It was Eddie, mocking her. Why couldn't he leave her alone? Did *he* know? "Why are you so tired? I know why — let me guess!" He held his hands up to silence the group around him. "Because there was a nasty, ole pea under the mattress, right princess? Or maybe there was a mosquito hammering at the window?"

The chuckles of the boys magnified themselves into a roar in her ears. Her hands flew to her throat in a futile effort to choke back the flood of crimson that surged up her neck and into her face. She turned away. As in a mirage, Eddie's face loomed in front of her. She had to get away. She felt her body turn again and her legs were pulling her away, down the beach toward the water.

"Man, what's with her?"

"Ah, she's flaky."

The voices of the boys carried away into the breeze. Already their minds and eyes had found a new interest and Janet Adams was forgotten.

Run, Janet, run. They know your sin and they laughed at you. Oh, God, somebody, help me. Show me where to hide, take me away. No, no, not even God can help me now. I have to get away. Help me get away. As Janet raced toward the water, her thoughts wove tighter and tighter circles until she thought her mind would explode. She had to escape them. Tears cut across her cheeks and sobs wrenched wildly from her throat. Oh, God, she thought, save me from hell, don't let me suffer any more. Don't let me burn!

The strong odor of damp salt filled her nostrils. She could feel something cool and wet surrounding her knees, her stomach, her chest . . . It's not hell, Janet, keep going, it's not hell. It's cool and dark. It doesn't burn . . .

The wet coolness filled her mouth and roared in her ears. Before her eyes was darkness. And it was huge and empty. Just darkness, and coolness . . .

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Miss Durland is a junior English major. *Escape* was awarded first prize in the regional Kappa Gamma Pi creative writing contest.

*Confirmation*

*A breeze, a gust, a shake  
As tree and wind conspire;  
And scarlet leaves flit down  
Like tongues of holy fire*

Elizabeth Durland

*Poem-Planting Season*

*Post-Summer's invaders clip once blue-green wings  
To mere red-skinned drifters that slowed-down Fall flings.  
The blushing renewals of leaf-to-earth vows  
Anticipate kisses beneath winter snows,  
While the pendulum's tock at the click of the hours  
Weighs heavy with heartloads of studium powers.*

*Create! Nature raptures toward what men cry "DIRGE" to,  
Yet her glow and their musings rise and converge to.*

Victoria F. Jannuzzi

## *Ballad*

*O growing-up boy, what shall I do?  
So many long years since I birthed you;  
Years and days I clasped you in joy.  
O what shall I do, my growing-up boy?*

*O growing-up boy, what may I say?  
In brightness of night and darkness of day  
You ran in my dreams where none could see.  
My growing-up boy, O listen to me.*

*O growing-up boy, what do I hear,  
In echoes of time chime to me clear?  
Dusty soft sounds that only I know?  
O growing-up boy, why do you go?*

*What shall you do, my growing-up boy,  
To gladden your sorrow and sadden my joy?  
Did you see what I saw and hear what I said?  
O growing-up boy, I am nearly dead.*

Elizabeth Durland

# L O V E

But why do you love him?

Why do I love him? I can't say for sure.

Maybe I love him for his black, glistening hair. Maybe I love him for strong blue eyes.

Maybe I love him for his intelligence, his wit.

But why do you love him?

Maybe I love him for his determination, his conviction.

Maybe I love him for his courteous attitudes and deeply subtle but widely grinned humor.

Maybe I love him for his brave whisper in the midst of a Beatle riot — "I like Debussy."

Maybe I love him for walks through silken sun-spattered fields.

Maybe I love him for afternoons at the Cloisters.

Maybe I love him for moon-peeping porches.

Maybe I love him for baseball games with prying neighborhood children.

Maybe I love him for tender, manly talks with hopeful grandparents.

Maybe I love him for stumbling but convictive readings of John Donne.

Maybe I love him for his strength which pushes me on to unknown and unavoidable ends.

Maybe I love him for the respect remembered on a dark, snow-infested road.

Maybe I love him for an obliging shoulder rendered to a sobbing child.

Maybe I love him for the love I want to give.

Maybe I love him for his goodness, his anger, his compassion, his soul.

Maybe I love him for the fulfillment I need to feel whole.

Maybe I love him for God Who is so adored by him.

Maybe I love him for countless wonderful reasons. Maybe I love him for a few sacred understandings.

Maybe I love him because I have no other — maybe I love him because I want no other.

But where did you see him?

Maybe I saw him in a fantastic dream where air is warm and clouds are puffy-blown from soft heavenly spider webs.

Maybe I saw him in a muddy hole where cold gales blow war and pain and hate, offering no relief but his peaceful conscience.

But how do you love him?

I love him in a slowly maturing way, a slow love so it can encompass all it can see him in, "all love's dislikes," and all love's favors. It is slow so that it can reach its final realization at the end of love's cycle. It is slow but continually growing. It will never become stale and disenchanted with an uncovered cruel reality or eternal habit.

But do you love him?

Yes.

*Margaret Mancuso*

*a poetic essay*

# CHINA AND CONTAINMENT

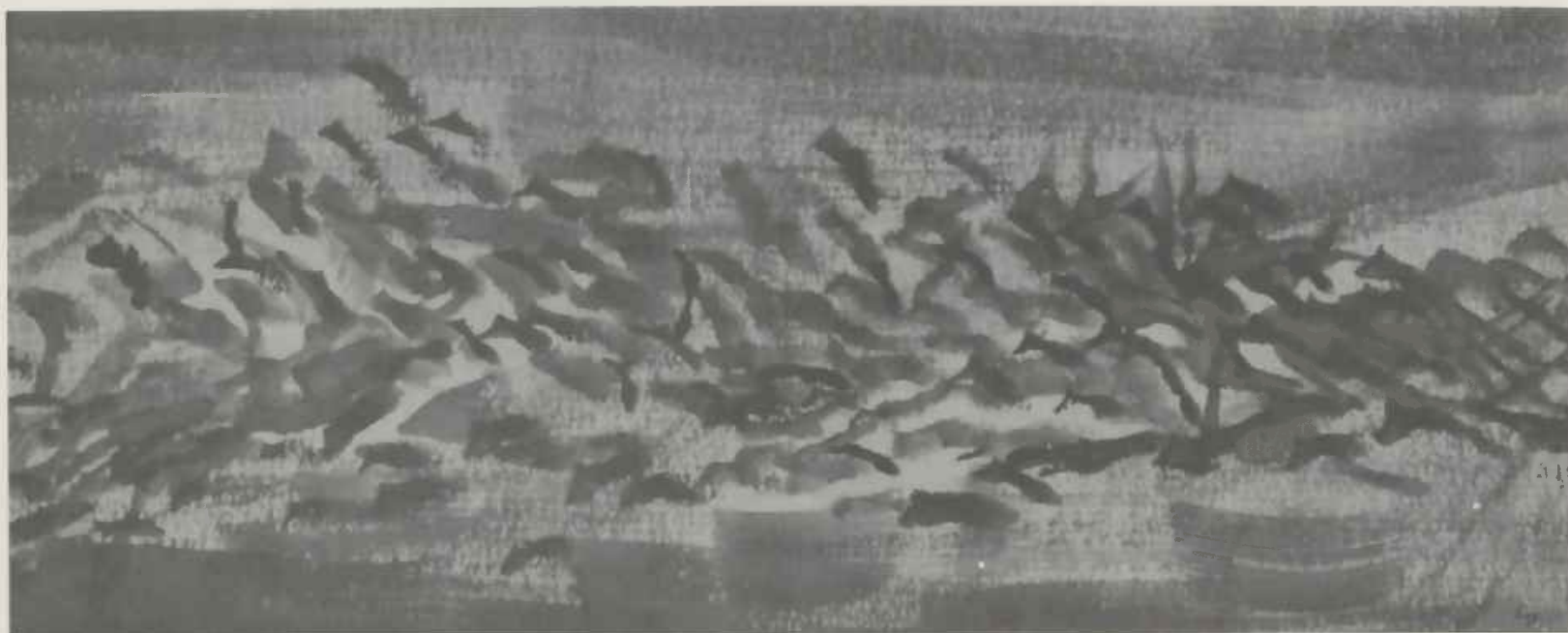
*Maryann Nardone*

"In the ordinary course of events, a peaceful China would be expected to have close relations — political, cultural, and economic — with the countries around its borders and with the United States." Surprisingly enough, this was a statement of Secretary of State Dean Rusk in a policy speech made in the spring of this year, concerning United States' foreign relations with the People's Republic of China. While this may appear to be an unusual statement coming from the secretary of state of an administration which has committed well over 327,000 American troops to South Vietnam, it serves to mirror the conflict existing in the thought and in the direction of United States' foreign policy with regard to China. Secretary Rusk in this speech outlined the essentials of any future policy of the United States toward Communist China. The essential points of this policy are: (1) to aid those resisting Peiping's force, (2) to give economic aid to Asia, (3) to continue the United States' commitments to the Republic of China, (4) to continue to support the Republic of China in the United Nations, (5) to reassure Peiping that the United States does not wish to attack the mainland of China, (6) to avoid thinking that conflict with China is the inevitable state of hostility, (7) to establish more contact with China, (8) to keep open direct diplomatic contacts with Red China in Warsaw, (9) to discuss disarmament and nonproliferation with China, and (10) to continue to study Communist China. Examination of these points with reference to the actions of the United States in Southeast Asia

at the present time reveals how unrealistic and how contradictory is the present foreign policy in Southeast Asia with reference to China.

First, Rusk has stated that the United States will continue to aid those resisting Peiping's force. While noting that yielding to Communist aggression would lead only to increased aggression, he maintains that Red China must be contained as was Russia. There are in this reasoning certain fallacies. First there seems to be a complete identity between Red China and Ho Chi Minh which in reality does not exist. As George Kennan, the author of the containment policy towards Russia, has pointed out, any Communist regime in South Vietnam would undoubtedly follow an independent course. Moreover, the huge amount of aid being given to North Vietnam by the U.S.S.R. will later serve to insure a degree of independence for Vietnam from Red China.

To say that China must be contained as Russia was contained after World War II overlooks the fact that the United States' foreign policy did not adopt a policy of containment until after the Soviet Union controlled Eastern Europe and was threatening Western Europe and the Middle East. Considering the fact that Southeast Asia is for Red China a primary sphere of interest, just as Canada, Latin America and Cuba are for the United States, there is little wonder that in the eyes of the Chinese it is in large part the presence of the military influence of the United States in South Vietnam that is preventing



the unfolding of normal political, cultural and economic relations with its Asian neighbors. Moreover, this essential element of aiding those resisting Peiping's aggression fails to note the high cost at which this policy would come to the United States. George Kennan in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has noted that the United States, while losing the confidence of the Japanese by bombing North Vietnam, is also damaging its relations with Russia. Moreover, Kennan has stated that the total elimination of the Vietcong from South Vietnam would inflict much suffering on the South Vietnamese themselves who would suffer greatly from such guerrilla warfare. In addition, the continuation of such guerrilla warfare could only continue to justify the tactics of men like General Ky in their own country. The type of rule which would exist, one is easily led to believe, would be far from democratic.

While Rusk has mentioned as a second essential element economic aid in Asia, aid which would increase the United States' influence in the area, he has failed to consider the possibility of co-operation with Red China in the development of the area, nor does he consider the role that Japan might play in this development. The task, obviously an important one, is not one which can be handled by the United States alone. To think in those terms would be completely unrealistic, especially at a time when the Congress is unwilling to vote large sums for foreign aid.

Noting that the United States must continue its commitments to the Republic of China (Formosa) and continue to support it in

the United Nations, Secretary Rusk makes no mention of compromise over issues which are of strategic importance to China's foreign and, to its point of view, its domestic policy. It would not leave room for a compromise which would be somewhat favorable to the Red Chinese, but one which would be more in line with the realities of the situation, one which would perhaps allow for admission of Red China to the United Nations and allow for the establishment of an independent nationalist Formosa.

Secretary Rusk wisely favors establishing more contacts with China, as for example selling of grain which would not only be profitable politically to the United States but as economically profitable to the American businessman. Important to consider here is the fact that United States trade policies towards China in the past have done little to weaken the Communists in China. Rather, they have only worked much greater hardship on the Chinese people. This instead of hindering the Communist leaders in China, only benefits them as the policy of containment suggests. United States' trade policies in the past have served to reinforce the Communist position that the outside world is hostile and hence their policies must be preserved to defend the nation.

Mr. Rusk notes that any future policy of the United States should reassure Peiping that the United States does not wish to attack the mainland of China. However, the effect of the bombings in North Vietnam — primarily political moves — must only convince the Chinese that the United States is determined to maintain its influence in the area at the possible cost of attacking China itself.

Secretary Rusk also mentions that the United States should continue to study Communist China. This it seems is being attempted in the more liberal policy of granting prominent people permission to travel in China. While noting that the United States should maintain direct diplomatic contacts with China in Warsaw, study Communist China, and bring it into the talks on disarmament and nonproliferation, Secretary Rusk in his speech has mentioned nothing about the opening of direct diplomatic relations with Communist China itself. This is an impossibility because of other commitments to the Republic of China. Failure to open these diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China would, it would seem, make it most difficult to achieve some of the other aims which he notes.

While Mr. Rusk has noted in this same speech that in Red China the people are growing weary of the present leadership and that most recent reversals in China's foreign policy (especially events in Indonesia and the treaty between India and Pakistan) tend to weaken the Chinese peoples' confidence in their leaders, Mr. Rusk fails to consider a central point in Kennan's essays on containment. A totalitarian regime benefits by the creation of the image of a hostile world about it; this in fact permits the totalitarian leadership to maintain itself in power. This point seems to be supported by the fact that there has been in China the suppression of more "liberal" elements as the purge of men like Peiping's Mayor Peng Chen and most recently the "cultural revolution" in China with the actions of the Red Guard.

It appears that Secretary Rusk's policy or, rather, the Johnson Administration's policy in Southeast Asia, is a contradictory one, and one which sets out to achieve ideal goals without taking into account the realities of the situation. Examination of these points would seem to indicate that another more flexible, more realistic policy is required for the United States in Southeast Asia.



Miss Nardone is a senior majoring in history.

# GALLERY



Swamp

*Sandra Switoyus*



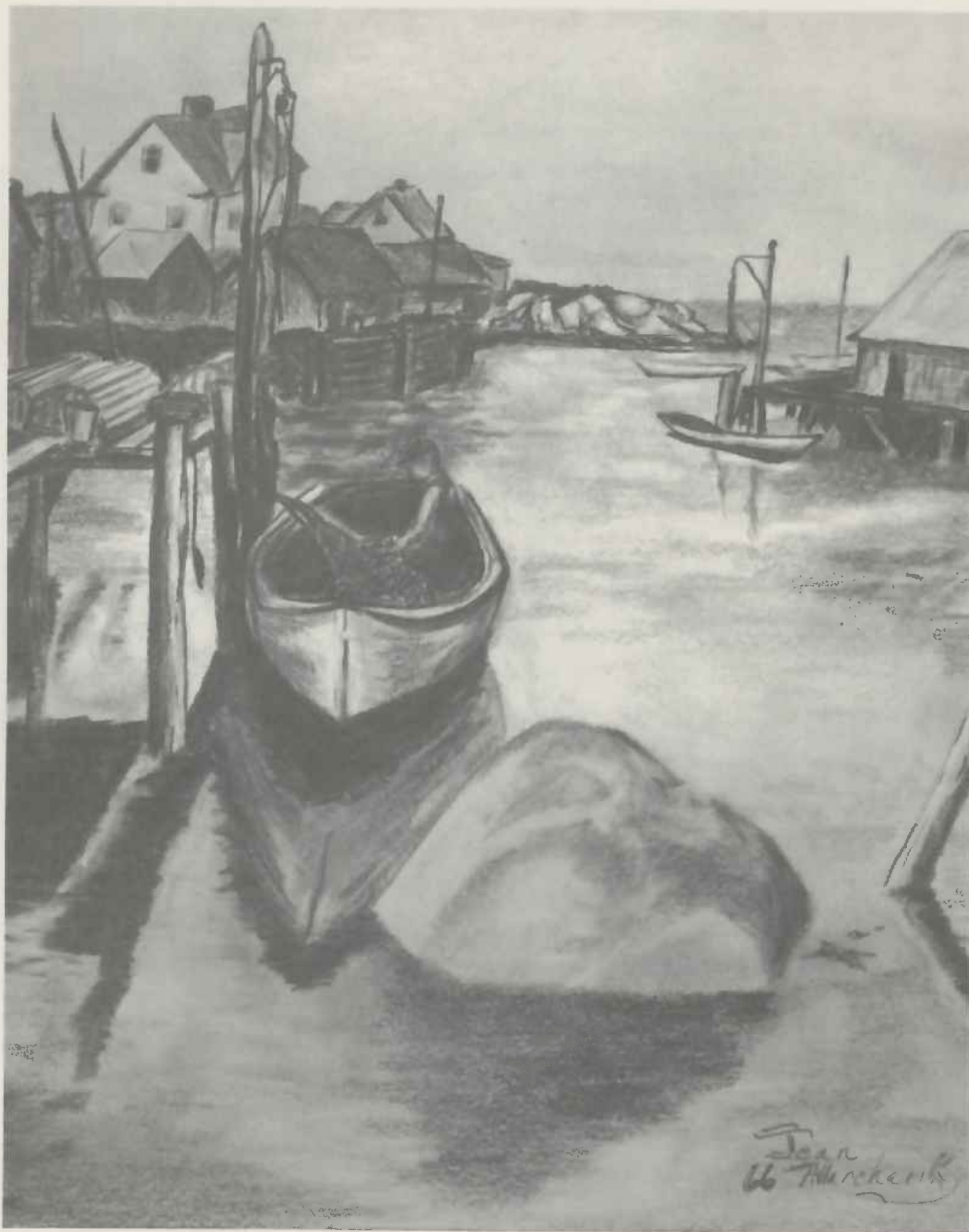
Church and State

*Doris Weinstabl*



Chapel

*Sandra Switoyus*



Fishing Village

Jean Harcharik



Fawn

*Nadine Kadurka*



"Herb"

*Pauline Donohue*



Apocalypse

*Carol Polack*



Slopeside

*Irene Bednar*

# THE TRIP

Patti Whalen

Damn! It's snowing. I wish I could go back to sleep, but the sign outside keeps flapping, hitting the side of the wall with a steady thump. Last night the sign was lit and glowing, but now I can barely see the words through the white. Kelly was lucky to get the job here. The people and the pay are good. I wish the sign would stop banging. Today is the trip.

The trip, the trip, it's beginning to sound like an echo. Kelly can't wait. "Free," she said. That's what I'll be, free. School is hundreds of miles away. Not that it matters. Hitchhiking to Vermont, that's swell . . . or is it cool?

The folksinger last night really was interested. Too bad he couldn't come. But, as Kelly said, it's just going to be us. What will the parents think? We are only two girls, alone, and hitching to Mount Snow or maybe Stowe. It doesn't really matter where.

The room is so much her. Many books, few clothes, guitar, all waiting to be moved on. Like me. I want to travel and now I will. I wonder if the snow will prevent us from going. I guess not. Snow and Vermont go hand in hand. So much to see and do — but we'll be hitching.

Kelly said we'll meet many new people. Like last night, there were new people. All different but the same really, common interests I guess. Like a fraternity, only I didn't belong. Today we'll be different. I never hitched before. That girl from Bennington said it was the greatest feeling, like you were your own master. Aren't I anyway?

Kelly and a friend from Antioch went to California last summer. Her dad must be lonely since her mother's death. Maybe not. Kelly is never home much.

The sign outside "Cafe Entre-Nous" beckons me to experience. "I want to experience." Those were the words I used to Chad. My roommate can be rather thick at times. I want to learn.

The boy in the Special Forces had on a green beret. First time I ever saw a member. Potential Viet Nam death, that's all he is. He told me it was silly to hitchhike. Nobody trusts America anymore.

I should wake Kelly up; we want to get an early start. Maybe I'll read for awhile. No, Kelly's stuff mostly includes Steinbeck, Ayn Rand, *The Pooh Perplex* and Albee. They're all too heavy for early morning. I have to read *The Meaning of the First World War* for history. That was a dumb thought. I'm away for awhile. I'm free. No, you are never "entirely free." Who said that? Kelly is free, completely.

I'd like to learn how to play the guitar. The guitar has a scratch on it. That must be an interesting story, I'll have to ask her about it. Kelly has so many stories. I think I hear her waking up. I wonder what is wrong with that sign. Maybe if I close the curtain it will muffle the sound.

No, too lazy, I don't want to get out of bed. Too lazy? Once you get out of bed the day begins. Then the trip, the trip, the trip, the trip, the trip. . . .

"Hey, ready to go?"

"No, Kelly, today I'm . . . today I'm going home."

---

Miss Whalen is a sophomore majoring in speech and drama.

# Uncle Runch

You would've liked my Uncle Runch. The first time that he came to visit us at Briarsville Junction I was thirteen years old. One evening as I sat in my favorite green leather chair devouring the last quarter of an overripe banana, I heard my mother say, "Percy, you have quite an experience awaiting you next week. Your Uncle Runch, 'Tex' Quickson, is coming to visit us, all the way from Sims Creek, Texas."

I'd heard "family talk" concerning this uncle whom I had never met or seen before. Aunt Marcy said she had never met anybody as obnoxious as Runch and that the whole family knew that he wasn't really in the cattle business but did some kind of hired help out West. Having decided to judge Uncle Runch by my own standards (grown-ups sometimes just don't understand some people), I shot the banana peel across the room with the accuracy of a basketball player, but it missed its destination, which was the small wicker basket in the corner.

I was very impressionable in those days and my first encounter with Uncle Runch was one which I won't forget too easily. I had just finished a most unpleasant task — emptying the garbage, and was washing out the can when I saw something which resembled a jeep moving slowly down our street. The most amazing part of it was that the driver was missing! It seemed to be coasting and it came to a dead halt directly in front of our house. A side door fell off as I started to inspect the hunk of metal. A noise in the back startled me, and there I saw a huge Stetson hat emerging from the rumble seat. What I saw under the hat was equally startling. A man, perhaps in his early thirties with bright red hair cropping out from under his overlarge hat, dressed most conspicuously in wranglers, a checked shirt, and tremendously tall boots, was grinning at me with a set of teeth which displayed an enormous gap right on the front uppers.

"Well, howdy there, son! You've got to be Percy Jr. If you're not the spitting image of your daddy!"

"I sure am . . . You've got to be Uncle Runch. What happened to you?"

"Boy, Sassafrass here gets mighty temperamental on a long trip and sometimes she just refuses to go at all. Since we were on a hill I decided to give myself a ride and coast down."

"Wouldn't you like to come in the house?" I asked, deciding to inquire about "Sassafrass" later. "I'm sure Mom will be glad to see you."

"I'm looking forward to seeing the whole family again. You know we haven't been together since before you were born."

"Uncle Runch, let me help you with your luggage."

"I only have my skin with me this trip. I was afraid Sassafrass wouldn't make it."

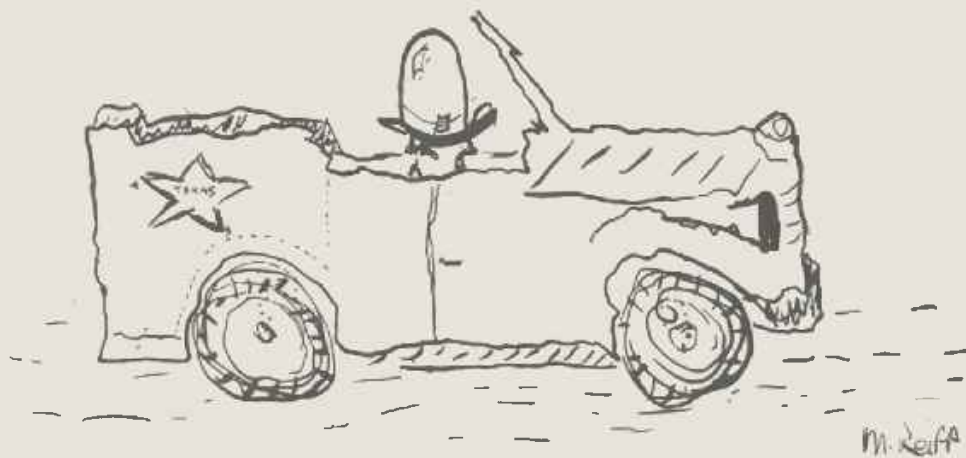
He then grabbed a roll on the front seat of his car and followed me inside. To say I was impressed with my newfound uncle was to say very little.

I thought that no other meal I had, or would ever have, could surpass my first meal with Uncle Runch. I sat there spellbound as he related story upon story. I felt proud indeed to think my uncle had raised himself since the age of fourteen, and had a job where he worked with real cowboys. He had even tangled with a huge grizzly bear one time. That was how he had acquired his "skin" as he called it. It was large, black and hairy and reminded me of my mother's old sealskin coat. During his stay with us he would sleep on nothing else.

That night I was given two priceless gifts: a set of spurs worn by Gabby Hayes' great-grandfather and the other was a badge worn by Texas John Slaughter. I cherished and displayed my presents to all my friends. It was not until years later that I noticed the words "Texas Trinkets" stamped on them both.

We did a lot of things during the week that Uncle Runch spent with us. A whole day was spent shopping for a leopard steering wheel cover for Sassafrass. I'll admit that the clerks were glad to get rid of us after while. Uncle Runch had a very commanding "do it my way" type of persuasion which worked quite effectively, but usually hurt many feelings in the process. I'll never know how the new bank in town could have been built without his help, or how that little old lady could have hailed a taxi. My uncle had quite a resounding whistle even with the gap in his front teeth.

The remaining days were spent at the roller-skating rink. Uncle Runch was crazy about roller-skating, believing it to be the national American sport. I detested the sport ever since I



*The obstreperous Runch*

*meets his match*

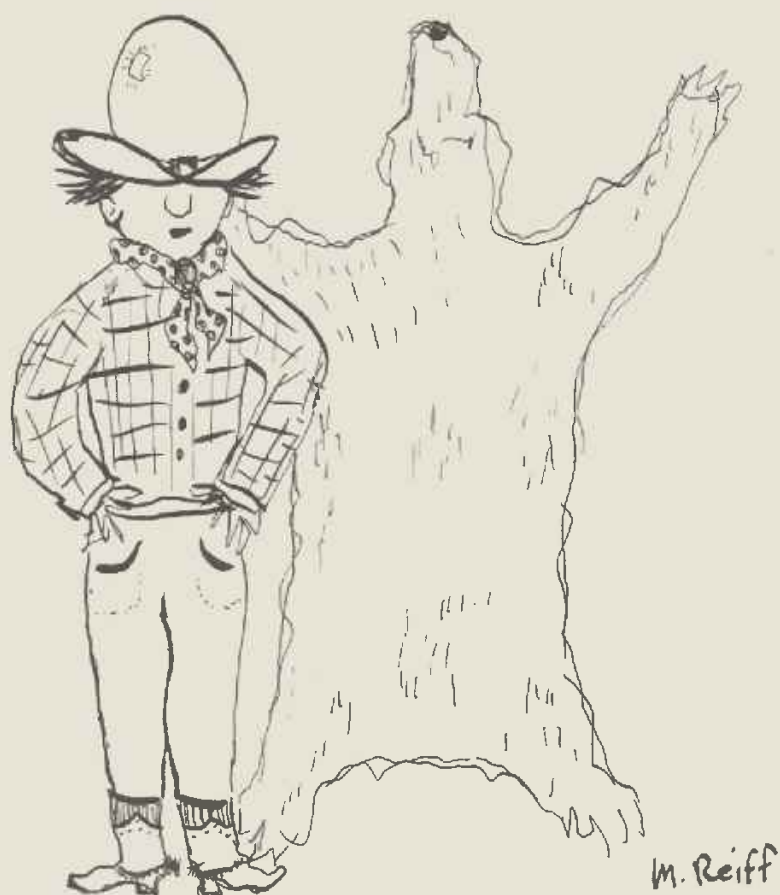


had skated into a hot water pipe a year ago. Personally, I think Uncle Runch's great love was not the rink but Imogene Farkweiser. Imogene was a clerk at one of the local stores and was past president of the Briarsville Lonely Hearts Club. She was always at the rink skating around as if she was looking for someone. One day she found my Uncle Runch. In an effort to meet my uncle Imogene dropped her red and white scarf directly in his path. In retrieving the scarf Runch was hit from behind by three members of the B.P.O.E. Old Timers Skating Club. My uncle went a-flying, headed for the same water pipe that I had wrapped myself around the year before.

They only kept him in the hospital for three days. I think the whole staff of the hospital deserved the purple heart for keeping him that long. Uncle Runch was hurt more emotionally than physically. He moaned, groaned, and complained constantly, especially when Imogene was around. Imogene was terribly sympathetic since she felt the whole incident was her fault. Each day she came to see him and brought with her soup, cakes, pies, cookies and anything else that she had made herself. I guess she was "fattening him up for the kill." I'll admit that she did love to listen to Runch expound on his exploits.

## And Imogene

*Janice Alteri*



Uncle Runch returned to our home for a few days before going back to Texas. He said he had a lot of thinking to do. I imagine that Imogene Farkweiser was one other reason. One day he finally announced that he was going to ask Imogene to go back with him. The thought of the two of them heading for Texas in old Sassafrass was quite exciting. Exciting wasn't quite appropriate; dangerous would have been better.

The next day was a big day for Uncle Runch. He was going to ask Imogene the big question. I didn't think I'd ever see a man as nervous as this uncle of mine. How we managed to push him out our door is a mystery to me.

Uncle Runch was gone the entire day. The suspense was building up in all of us. He returned late that night with a smile wide enough to put your fist through.

"Well, Uncle Runch, did she say yes?"

"Percy, don't ever let a woman rope you into something you can't handle." I was stunned. What did all this talk about women and ropes have to do with Imogene?

"I don't know what you mean, Uncle Runch. Did she say no?"

"Heck no, boy. I no sooner mentioned the word marriage and she started to take right over. She decided we could get married in the spring just so cousin Tildy Macfarland could make the wedding. Then she decided we'd live in the city so she could get to work on time for a change. My ears were ringing with orders before two minutes was up! I tell you boy, it must have been a weak moment that I thought of taking her for a wife. Just give me my skin and Sassafrass and I will be heading for home."

I never saw Imogene in town after that. Uncle Runch never could write too well and so we didn't hear from him till the day we received the telegram. It simply said, "We're coming out to see you soon. Stop. Don't fuss. Stop. Imogene has her own skin now. Stop."

Miss Alteri is a junior English major.

Off Off-Broadway

Engaged in arty conversation,  
Matrons and lean collegians vie  
Through cutting, clever condemnation  
To vivisect the author's why.

*Theresa Kosloski*

Why get mad at God, I said.  
Dirty murderous human race,  
Hardly wonder why He's dead  
Just ask Him why you're not  
instead

Sell your soul to save your face;  
Join the rising tide of man  
Locked in cell of tightened space,  
Safe from wrath and free of grace,

Doing all you may and all you can  
To save yourself and fellow man  
From God's fell clutch and circumstance.

Cool It, Babe

When are you going to learn to dance?

*Elizabeth Durland*

I cannot stop for death young man  
Too busy I to die:  
I have to stitch a rosary  
And clean an apple pie

The Pious Hausfrau

And there are dresses to be baked  
And furniture to say;  
Let others 'take it easy' dead,  
I haven't time today!

*Katherine Monahan*

My lines seem far from Byronesque,  
My Shakespeare likeness nil;  
My compound words are Hopkins-less  
No matter how I drill.

Follow The Classical Roads

And Frost would be appalled at how  
I smote his lovely wood.  
With much thought on their labors long,  
I came, I saw, THEY stood.

*Mavourneen Connelly*

Of the extraordinary I do not speak, but of the timeless space of madness which illumines anyone's life:

There hadn't been too much to do that summer. It was the fleeting time between high school and college — a time in which futures were being planned and ties broken and nobody really cared. The end was tantalizingly close, heralded by an entire week of misrule — a gargantuan fair. I met him, or rather renewed his acquaintance there. I'd always thought him terribly aloof, with his imposing hornrims and herringbone, but August had transformed him into a bronze-faced seersucker Pan. He was singing "Du, Du Liegst Mir im Herzen" above the blare of a German band and I laughed at him at first, then joined him in a chorus of makeshift harmony. He bought me a soda and a giant soft pretzel and said he liked my dress and won me a huge purple elephant to prove it. It was pizza-hot. The Ferris Wheel streaked the blackness of the sky — the stars and stripes forever.

"Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror — but you are eternity and you are the mirror." He closed the book and stood up slowly, saying he had to go. It was only midnight, I said, but he insisted. His father would worry, because the fair closed at eleven. But he'd leave the book if I liked it so much. He'd pick it up another time. He came back the next night and the next, but I'd always make poor excuses and say I hadn't finished the book, even though I'd thoroughly digested it. I wanted him to come back, though I wasn't sure why. Sometimes he'd arrive unbearably sarcastic, and "laughing at all I dared to praise," other times pensive or raucous — always mercurial. There was suddenly so much to think about and read about and care about — and not care about. We gave and learned so much in one week, and then it was over, because he stopped coming. My father returned the book after I left for school and I gradually dismissed Eternity and her mirror for things of import.

The doorbell clanged violently and he stood there, taunting me with a handful of fresh snow. How ironic that Christmas should finally unite us when one believed so much and the other didn't care . . . we caroled on Christmas eve and ended singing "Du, Du," because he wasn't sure of "Silent Night." We all felt slightly sacreligious, but it was fun to see him sweeping through the snow in a flowing grey coachman's robe, which he had stolen from a long-ago production of *A Christmas Carol*, and to be hoisted aloft in the arms of a grey-garbed "Masked Avenger." I began to wonder vaguely if the rest of the world knew what it was missing. My world was rapidly



# CUT THE ROPE AND BE FREE

Anne Lavery

narrowing with its center in the mind of a brilliant young eccentric who professed to know himself least of all.

His letters were sporadic and infrequent, varying in length from thirteen words to a dissertation of the dramatic value of MacLeish's *J.B.*, which he had just discovered, and in content to wherever his current enthusiasm lay. My formerly infrequent trips home became more numerous.

Another summer spun by in a whirl of naval bases, ghettos, and art museums. We visited Washington on a soggy August morning and ate lunch in our trenchcoats by a reflecting pool. He planted a peach stone and resolved that we would return twenty years hence to cull its fruit.

The myriad fair sprang forth again from the dust of the little leaguers' shoes, "bigger and better than ever," according to the touring amplification system of the roaring Lions Club. I saw him there one evening, but only for a moment. For him it was that year between high school and college when futures were being planned and ties broken but nobody really cared. I didn't really care. I had outgrown such madness.

He left for school in a flurry of hollow farewell parties, most of which I missed, because I didn't know many of his friends. He promised everyone he'd write but they knew and he knew he wouldn't.

He didn't write me either and at first it bothered me greatly, but as before, I found something else to fill the tremendous gap between his infrequent calls or letters. I didn't quite know why, but I was growing independent of his influence. The well-knit circle I was guarding so zealously was rapidly fraying. I watched with amazement.

"I like you very much," he once said to me, "but there is one thing you don't have—madness. One needs a little madness or else he never dare cut the rope and be free."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Zorba the Greek."

I smiled. He never could free himself of his own green world. I stopped writing and seeing him.

"I was wondering if something happened—please write," a curt letter requested. I didn't. I won't.

"Banish him and banish all the world."

I do. I will.

---

Miss Lavery is a junior English major. Her essay was awarded a certificate of merit in the Atlantic Monthly creative writing contest, 1966, and was chosen to be read at the fall 1966 Lambda Iota Tau initiation ceremony.



# Babe In Arms

— music and lyrics by *Annette Oshinskie*

moderate calypso

Lit-tle Ba-by Je-sus, so sweet and so brave. Ah, my

Lord you came just to save us all. Ma-ry had that

Ba-by, aye, Lord she was good. Love and bra-ve-ry both brought her Ma-ther-hood.

Sleep, Oh Ba-by. Sleep and rest. There is much that you must do, live, work and die —.

Lit-tle Ba-by Je-sus, Nes-tle close to your Mom. Grow and live with joy,

you're just a lit-tle boy, such a lit-tle boy —.

• Basic accompaniment

• copyright 1966

Carol is a curious word. It has many divergent meanings and connotations which have led to a misunderstanding of the original term and a misinterpretation of it as it is used today.

The true carols, the ones with which we are most familiar, are the traditional English carols. Dating from the fifteenth century, the English carols were settings for combined melodies consisting of a rather stiff stanza-refrain-stanza pattern. It is interesting and significant to note that even the earliest carols were not necessarily secular or half-sacred treatments of Yul-tide themes. They correspond only slightly to the French *noel*, but are consistently confused with it because of the recurring cry of "Nowell" — an occurrence which is now generally realized as an exclamation of joy.



## ET THERE BE SONG

Theresa Kosloski

In its purest sense, the word carol means just that: a song of joy or praise, but we, in our curious ways, have attached exclusively seasonal connotations to it. Consider the sounds of the word: the harsh crack of the *c*, the gradual softening and sliding with the vowel into the second syllable. Hearing it, we think quite naturally of crackling fires and popcorn, the crunch of wrapping paper and ribbon candy, and the crinkle of tinsel, a sensation which is pleasantly visual as well as audible. . . .

Yet the roots of the word suggest a more becoming formality. There is a primitive charm to the old meaning, "to dance in a ring to the accompaniment of song." One senses the ceremonial as well as festive aspects and is gladdened by them, or should be. There are no raucous seasonal connotations to the Greek *choraules*, a flute player who accompanied the choral dance, but rather a dignity and a precision which may be lacking in the contemporary conception of the carol.

We have retained a ritual for the Christmas season: at the caroling session, there is always snow, faces are always glowing in the lamplight, and voices dare not rise over a hoarse, though

reverent, chortle. . . . It is too easy to miss, or dismiss in this contrived setting, the joyousness and praise that are elemental to the carol. We are, in fact, more used to letting "Silver Bells" get us into what we call the spirit of the season.

Again, carol is a curious word. . . . Misunderstood negatively, it leads to sentimentality, commercialism, a host of glittering, inappropriate images. Misunderstood positively, its meaning expands in our time to include a wide range of personalized music, most notably folk music. Lullabies, even in the fifteenth century, were called carols and are included in that category most appropriately today. And spirituals, heavy in folk flavor, are carols for any season. . . .

The contemporary Christmas carol is deeply, happily involved with and evolved from a sense of personal joy: "Do You Hear What I Hear?" extends itself from singer to listener in a spur-of-a-joyous-moment communication. The firmest models for new

carols are, oddly enough, the oldest ones which, although their stanza-refrain-stanza pattern has for the most part been outdated and outsophisticated, correspond in their simplicity to folk adaptations. The best of the new carols have graceful melodies which often fragment and intertwine lovely folk melodies with lyrics equally beautiful and straightforward.

The contemporary carol presented on the opposite page is an interesting example of this synthesis: its fusing of a moderate calypso rhythm with a colloquial treatment of an old lullaby theme is at once a freeing and a committing medium. It is free from heavy-handed tradition, yet its message is a command to us as well as the infant Jesus — to grow with joy as we live. It is impossible to miss the composer's obvious joy. We will read the words and pick out the melody, however clumsily, and hear what she heard, and be glad.

---

Miss Kosloski is a junior English major

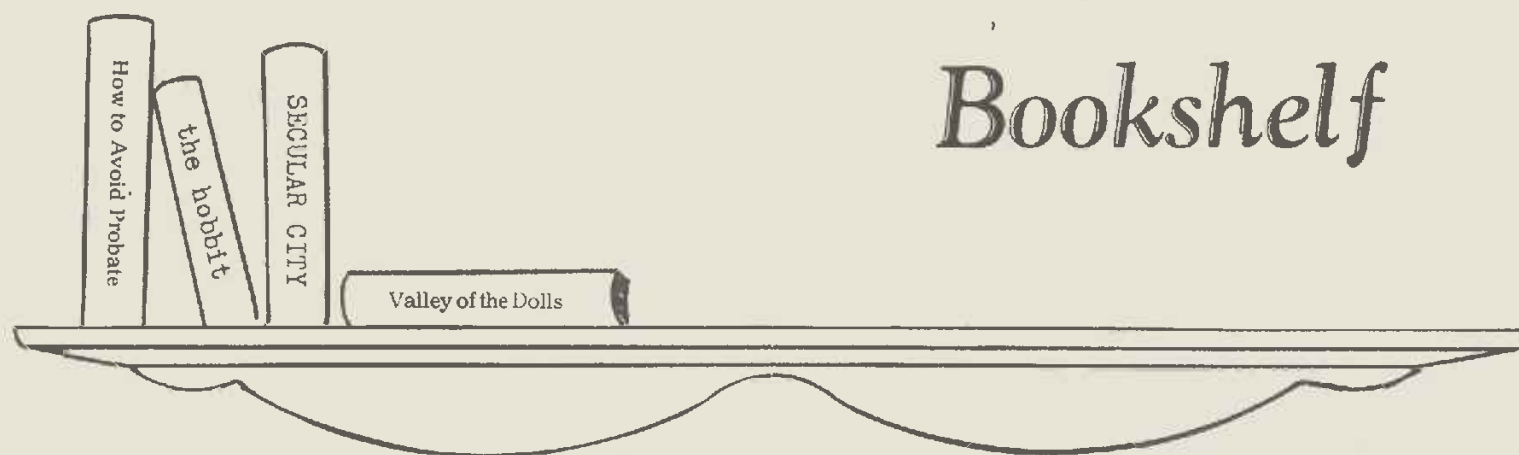
Miss Oshinski is a student in art. She received a Bachelor of Music degree from College Misericordia.



## UNTHOUGHTFUL THINKS

I wonder why I wonder —  
They tell me what to  
do  
you realize how small you  
are  
you small in mind and soul  
as I must be-  
lieve  
me  
alone  
I cried and decried  
the wilting of petunias in octo-  
ber  
it's cold in an empty mind  
ful  
not of wonder  
BUT  
unempty mind not full of no-  
thing.  
I wonder why I wonder?

*Elizabeth Durland*



# Bookshelf

Confronted with the vast selection of books available today, it is necessary to define a standard by which to choose books for review. The usual method, employed by national magazines, is that of reviewing the most recently published works. Ordinarily on an undergraduate level, a similar method would not be feasible, for two reasons. All of the most recently published books may not be accessible to students, or student reviewers may lack the proper background to review some of the selections effectively.

It would seem most desirable to review current books of which many readers may be unaware. However, there are books of great merit and interest which may have been published ten or more years ago. Can reviewers afford to ignore them?

In an effort to establish a standard of procedure for book reviews, this magazine will review: (1) worthwhile works of fiction and non-fiction, regardless of publication date; (2) books that have received unusual attention or acclaim of the national or international level; (3) a featured group of books belonging to a certain *genre* or category considered worthy of attention.

By reviewing books included in the three classifications listed above, the magazine will attempt to bring genuinely interesting books to the attention of its readers. The first listing will insure the inclusion of a variety of valuable selections; the second will treat the books that "everyone is talking about." The third listing will spotlight a category of books, and attempt a study of them in a feature article. The feature study in this issue, for example, is the Best Seller List.

Hopefully, readers will find the system beneficial and valuable, as an insight into what books are available, what might be worth reading, and why.

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*The Secular City* (Macmillan, 1965, \$4.95) by Harvey Cox is an impressive book - if one is impressed by Christianity.

The residues of tribal and town life, mythology and superstition, and esoteric metaphysics irritate modern man more than they find acceptance with him. Thank God! Since the time of tribal life, according to Cox, man has realized that God is not the sun or the moon; since the transition period of town life, man has refused to accept a God who is only a metaphysical abstraction. Secular man is presented with a number of alternatives from which he can draw the directing force of his life; but his choice is made difficult by the interference of residues of town and tribal prejudices.

Anonymity and mobility are two important liberalizing qualities of life in the secular city. The freedom that they provide could be abused, as well as be abuses, if they were not recognized in the context of a world where "... God comes in the future-becoming-present where human freedom functions." This future-present-history theology is what Cox calls a theology of social change.

If the presence of God is recognized as that of a loving father who raises his children and steps to the background to permit them the opportunity to actualize the potentials he has given them, then secular man will place more significance on his own responsibility for making history. Cox makes a special effort to provide secular man with the widest lee-way possible in developing a secular style of living. He is actually indulgent of human freedom; he thereby places man on a precipice where he can either abuse human freedom and fall, or experience the tension of creative activity.

Cox is an eschatologist. This is a blessing, for he can be a source of faith and optimism for secular man engaged in the discipline of the secular city. But there are difficulties secular man must face while he is building the secular city. Cox starts with the fact of God's presence in history - especially in the life of the God-Man Christ. This reader thinks Cox may be supposing too much. The fact of Christ, which is preliminary to full human freedom, has been admitted but not fully accepted. Only after Christ is accepted can secular man celebrate the liberties of *The Secular City*.

Patricia Dabbs

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Miss Dabbs is a junior majoring in sociology.

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*The Hobbit*, by J. R. R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin, 1938, \$3.95) is a fascinating entry into the "otherworld" of myth and legend.

Bilbo Baggins was slightly less than three feet tall and lived in a hole in the ground. A conservative creature, he was never of adventurous inclination, even though a bit of daring Took blood still coursed through his veins. Bilbo was a hobbit, not quite-dwarf, nor elf, furry, and possessing amazing eyesight. He lived in the Shire, a region northwest of the Old World and east of the Sea, where his Took and Baggins ancestors had lived for centuries even before the coming of Man.

Bilbo had never really invited Thorin Oakenshield and Company nor Gandalf the Wizard to dinner that evening. But they came just the same, came and devoured the entire meal he had so zealously prepared. (Hobbits eat frequently, usually six

times a day.) His hobbitish hospitality quite naturally prevented him from even politely showing them the door, though he fervently wished afterward that he had.

They were a strange crew, Thorin and Co. And they sought Bilbo with an even stranger request. Would Bilbo mind accompanying them in quest of a dragon's lair? Bilbo almost laughed with surprise, but Thorin silenced him with an imposing explanation: Smaug, the great winged reptile, had somehow acquired, no, *stolen* the hoard of riches of the dwarf-kings and was sitting in triumph upon it that very moment somewhere in the Misty Mountains. Thorin explained that since he himself was a descendent of the dwarf kings, the treasure quite naturally belonged to him. And quite naturally, Smaug the dragon must be robbed, with Bilbo's help as burglar, he finished matter-of-factly.

Somehow the dwarves persuaded the hobbit to accompany them, which was an amazing thing in itself, for such folk were barely on speaking terms, traditionally. They found and indirectly destroyed the dragon, but a much more important find was Bilbo's alone — an enchanted ring.

*The Hobbit* is essentially a preface to Tolkien's major work, *The Lord of the Rings*. He describes his intention as an attempt at a "really long story that would hold the attention of the readers, amuse them, delight them, excite them or deeply move them."

He has succeeded. Tolkien's dedication to the revival of Icelandic folk legend has come to print in charming fiction. The work reads like a fairy tale, the literary conventions coming through effortlessly and convincingly. The author professes no "message" or inner meaning in his work: "It is neither allegorical nor topical." The emphasis, he insists, is upon history and its "applicability" rather than fiction's "allegory". Thus the story is one from which the reader is free to draw his own conclusions, rather than being bound to ferret out whatever the

author has placed within it.

*The Hobbit* is an effective popularization of a literary *genre* previously confined solely to inclusion in English literary anthologies, and a well-written reminder of the Nordic heritage of the English tongue and culture.

Anne Lavery

Miss Lavery is a junior English major.

Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*, (Bernard Geis Associates, 1966, \$5.95) a long-lasting best seller, exploits the adventures of three girls in New York. The characters are stock and so is the location, the only difference is that Susann presents two new ingredients of modern times: sleeping, and pep pills called "dolls."

The main character, Anne Wells, is the girl from the small town hoping to make good in the big city. She has stars in her eyes and her claws out for the most attractive man in town. Naturally, Anne must have a good friend and this position is filled by Neely O'Hara. Later, Neely will turn against Anne, but that is just one of the problems of life that can be solved by a "doll." Of course, one can't forget the third character, Jennifer, the dumb blonde whose heart is almost as big as her measurements. All of these characters are blended together with just enough sex to keep the reader interested.

Sex may be presented in a novel if it is necessary to the plot. The only necessity that Susann seems to find is to give the reader something to focus on while trying to ignore the plot and the literary value. Sex has a second value; it makes the book longer. Cut out the sex and the book could be reduced by half, so could the price.

Unfortunately, if this is the type of literature that reaches the top position of the Best Seller List, anyone that enjoys good literature may have to take a few "dolls" herself to get through the book.

Miss Gibson is a senior English major.

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In connection with this review, Miss Souchik discussed the book with Attorney Donald McFadden, assistant professor at College Misericordia.

*How to Avoid Probate* by Norman F. Dacey (Crown, 1965, \$4.95) is, as the author himself calls it, a "do-it-yourself kit" on how to administer one's own estate. The magic key to this wonder is a little thing called the *inter vivos*, or living trust.

How does it work? According to Dacey, one signs a paper stating that he is holding property in trust for another. When the signer dies, the property is immediately transferred without fuss, bother, or probate to the "other" person.

This living trust is a legitimate and also a successful means of avoiding probate, and the procedure Dacey advocates is *generally* correct. However, his method will not hold up in all jurisdictions. There are legal implications that are involved and cannot be easily overlooked. For example, individual state laws that govern the matter must be taken into consideration. A lawyer might say that Dacey's application of the *inter vivos* trust is an oversimplification, somewhat like reading a book on heart surgery and then trying to perform the operation.

Mr. Dacey is particularly hard on lawyers. He blames them for the deplorable condition of the probate courts. After all, he says, "a judge is simply a lawyer who knew a governor" and it is the judges who are in a position of granting guardianships and appraiserships to incompetent friends. Even though all legislators are not lawyers and all lawyers are not legislators, he blames lawyers for the cumbersome probate laws. He insinuates that lawyers either will not advise their clients to put their estates in trust or, if they do, will jump at the chance to become the trustee, thereby getting a nice financial return for very little work. (Attorney McFadden commented that most lawyers probably wouldn't involve themselves this way simply because of the heavy responsibility and the demanding paper work.)

Dacey's explanation on why probate should be avoided is not as adequate as some advertisements of his book would lead one to believe. It is an amalgamation of facts and quotes put together without all the necessary effective, coherent thought. There is no doubt that there is something wrong with probate in some areas, but Dacey's material lacks the completeness needed in such an explanation.

One must always remember that this topic does have legal implications and that Dacey's method is a guide, not a foolproof system for avoiding probate. Few "do-it-yourself" plans are totally adequate, except for amateur jobs.

Judy Souchik

Miss Souchik is a senior majoring in history.

## The Best Seller List Reconsidered

Katherine Monahan

Millions of dollars are sacrificed annually by publishers to secure places for literary and sub-literary offerings on the altar of Best Seller-dom.

Periodicals engaged in naming Best Sellers base their calculations on the reports of a representative sampling of book stores, the number of which varies in the two most influential lists from 125 to 35. The former is the *New York Times Book Review* sampling; the latter that of *Book Week*, featured in the *New York World Journal Tribune*, *Chicago Sun-Times* and *Washington Post*.

The state, and often the mere existence, of the Best Seller List is periodically decried by serious writers, publishers and booksellers alike. According to one critical report, economically motivated bookstores often recommend titles simply because the stores are overstocked with a

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particular book and hope to make sales move more quickly. Works occasionally reach the List because booksellers personally like them, in spite of sales.

Recommendations may also be influenced by the favorable forecasts of minor reviewers, who in turn are influenced by skillful book advertising and public relations.

How reliable is the Best Seller List then? According to some critics, it is fortunately not very accurate. Most of the recommendations for the major lists are taken from reputable, select bookstores, and do not reflect books successful in the corner drugstores and discount houses. This is considered a blessing by some since the List would probably contain a depressing display of sub-sub-literary works if these sources were used.

Each year, however, brings to a few fortunate authors and publishers the bountiful blessings of the Best Seller List, and renews the question of what constitutes a Best Seller.

Some books can be assured a reception of instant interest. Those presently being published on Churchill, and the ever-popular Kennedy sagas practically sell themselves because they treat the public heroes. Others reach the heights of success by the less demanding route of the sex-sex-violence syndrome found in such favorites as Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls* and Harold Robbins' *The Adventurers*. These books also employ the device of an almost-recognizable character presentation, adding that note of scandal which some readers cannot resist.

Another book which has reached the Best Seller List somewhat accidentally is *Human Sexual Response* by Doctors Masters and Johnson. The highly technical, eleven-year physiological study was intended as a guidebook for professionals, but unfortunately has been exploited into financial success.

A current reading vogue may also be responsible for the rise of some books, as in the case of Cornelius Ryan's *The Last Battle* and Rebecca West's new spy-intrigued novel *The*

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*Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber  
Sunlit pallets never thrive;  
Morns abed and daylight slumber  
Were not meant for man alive.*

*Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;  
Breath's a ware that will not keep.  
Up, lad: when the journey's over  
There'll be time enough to sleep.*

A. E. Housman

CLASS OF 1968

*Birds Fall Down.* These offerings are reputedly of value: Ryan's as a thoroughly researched documentary on the fate of Berlin after World War II, and West's as a skillful and hauntingly Russian book by a non-Russian author.

Still another category of popularity is that of the "how to" or money-making-saving books, of which the most recent Best Seller is Norman Dacey's *How To Avoid Probate*.

Finally, there is a highly regarded, but not always successful, method of attaining Best Seller standing known as writing a book of value. *Herzog* by Saul Bellow is the outstanding example, and the proof that it *can* be done. Eric Berne's *Games People Play* is another long-time Best Seller which has offered something valuable to its readers. Currently, reviewers are prophesying similar stardom to John Barth's highly symbolistic *Giles Goat-Boy*, a novel which has been compared to James Joyce's great *Ulysses*.

What's in a name? Best Seller List may or may not be a valid title for the census of successful books, and such a census may or may not be a valid approach to current reading. The better lists of the *Times Book Review* and *Book Week* have studied the situation and made efforts to improve their presentation. The reader will note that with the listing of Best Seller List with a note that books listed are not necessarily the *best* books, and marks those which it deems of "special interest."

Book lovers may be confident that in many cases the industry is attempting to improve itself in numerous ways. Perhaps the Best Seller List will be obsolete in a few years; perhaps it will improve considerably as an educated nation's reading taste improves. Presently, the only reliable standard available to the reader is the opinion of a favorite reviewer or personal taste.

Miss Monahan is a junior English major.

Not out of his bliss  
Springs the stress felt  
Nor first from heaven (and few know this)  
Swings the stroke dealt —  
Stroke and a stress that stars and storms deliver,  
That guilt is hushed by, hearts are flushed by and melt —  
But it rides time like riding a river  
(And here the faithful waver, the faithless fable and miss).

Gerard Manley Hopkins

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## Toward Unity

Christine Pasko

This is the age of the specialist: the expert who knows all there is to know about one area of his chosen field. In many instances, the specialist has so confined himself to his own area of concentration, that he is unaware of other aspects of his own field, and almost totally oblivious to related fields of study. This is the nature of the crisis in the fine arts today.

Music and literature are indeed closely related. Their respective histories are almost identical in origin. Their relation is especially evident in lyric poetry.

Lyric poetry retains the elements of poetry, which evidence its origin, in musical expression: singing, chanting, and recitation to musical accompaniment. The musical element is intrinsic to the work intellectually and aesthetically: it becomes the focal point for the poet's perceptions as they are given a verbalized form to convey emotional and rational values.

The first lyric poem came about when men discovered the pleasure that arises from combining words in a coherent, meaningful sequence with the almost physical process of uttering rhythmical and tonal sounds to convey feelings.

Egyptian and Hebrew lyrics had origins in religious activity. The first songs were probably composed to suit on occasion of celebration or of mourning.

The purpose of Greek music was the enrichment of poetic ideas and poetic contours through the systematic organization of elements of pitch in verbal accent, and of rhythm already extant in Greek speech. The Greek melic poem was intended to be sung to musical accompaniment, as contrasted with the iambic and elegiac poems, which were chanted.

The first church lyrics were hymns patterned on the Hebrew Psalter and the Greek hymns. Lyrics again were composed to be sung or chanted.

Lyrics thus became a generic term for any poem which was composed to be sung. This was the meaning which it retained until the Renaissance.

After 1400, the separation of poetry and music became apparent with the rise of such primarily melodic forms as the madrigal, glee, catch and round. In spite of the later efforts of writers, primarily poets and not composers - Hopkins, Yeats, Swinburne - the lyric since the Renaissance remained a verbal rather than a musical discipline.

Recently, we have witnessed the beginning of another type of poetry having a relation to music. That is jazz poetry which, with its insistent rhythms, easily lends itself to jazz accompaniment. After several centuries of estrangement, music and poetry are beginning to intertwine once more.

The history of lyric poetry evidences the intrinsic relation between literature and music. Their origin is the same, and their development followed much the same path. If music and poetry can unite, why cannot the fine arts departments do likewise?

According to Leon C. Karel, whose article "Teacher Education in the Related Arts" appeared in the October, 1966, issue of the *Music Educators Journal*, "The arts are divided and compart-

In order to encourage original thinking and creative opinion, this magazine has inaugurated the "Arena" as a forum for critical essays and comment by students. The editorial board reserves the right to include only those essays which evidence sufficient thought, research and logical unity to be considered worthwhile.

The "Arena" will be a regular feature, presenting provocative essays with which the reader may agree or disagree as he chooses.

mentalized to the point where they have become total strangers to one another. Music and literature, for example, are very closely related, both being based on sound and time-span . . . No attempt is made to compare these two arts or to apply lessons learned in one area to the other. In fact, one is led to believe that music and literature teachers do not realize that they are teaching sister arts."

To promote greater understanding of the arts, there should be a general education course for all students in which the arts could be combined meaningfully. The arts could be presented historically, or by means of their common principles.

For the sake of the arts, the departments themselves should and

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must come closer together. There is such a wealth of ideas that students of music and of literature can share. Let us take steps to meet on common ground and together explore the many facets of knowledge which the fine arts offer.

Miss Pasko is a junior music major. Her related field is English.

## Commentary on Women

Victoria Jannuzzi

Christianity, states Sydney Callahan, involves the crashing of cultural idols. Necessarily, it must maintain its members and doctrines in perpetually renewing motion. The recent controversy — no, more specifically, the evolutionary crisis — that has opened the question of modern woman in society is one of those cultural idols in the process of being demolished. And quite a chunk was ripped off by Mrs. Callahan's *The Illusion of Eve*, written precisely on the premise that Christianity should be aware of the woman's important place in its newly-forming liturgy, and should appropriate due category for her. *The Illusion of Eve* could, incidentally, be the best book on vocational, especially marital, guidance for young women today.

Unlike her contemporaries, however, she has not written to advocate the emancipation of her sex; what she artfully spotlights is the need for women in more responsible Christian roles outside the family. This is the realistic dilemma for the female sex, the problem actually confronting all conscientious women on their own level. The character of modern woman, with her liberal education, cultural advantages, and cosmopolitan environment both deserves and designates more than the old sentimental concept of women — servile, humble and fair — once demanded. Her new identity, still cramped in the latter position, results in a waste of precious talent that humanity cannot afford.

Sydney Callahan discusses, for example, the two extremist schools of thought on the subject of women, with an eye to a satisfying combination of the best aspects of both viewpoints. The "environmentalists" want to develop woman to her fullest potentials in individual natures, while the "eternal feminists" emphasize the roles of sex, beauty, creativity and stability in the home. Both seem to have perfected images of woman, if in opposite theories. What repudiates whole acceptance of either opinion, however, are their separately shaded flaws. The first denies the primary function of Christian marriage and parenthood, while the second fails to complement femininity with intellectual expansion, stressing the outrageously perverted assumption that femininity diminishes with intellectual growth. If

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woman were deprived of the full capacities of the mind by nature, those same functions given to men, it would be understandable that the intellectualism would have no place in femininity, that it would be adverse to natural law. But women have always shown equal potency on matters of the mind. The fallacy stated above has evolved from cultural prejudice.

But Christian society itself even further hinders woman's development. If it maintains its conception of Mary as a sweet, retiring heart-of-the-home myth, then she will continue to be a highly inadequate patron of woman. The above is NOT her true motif. Scripture, claims Mrs. Callahan, says nothing whatsoever about Mary's sweetness. She is actually all courage, initiative, strength and efficiency. Thinking of the miracle conception, the visit to Elizabeth, the first childbirth while far from home and help, and the sorrowful mysteries engulfing this child which his mother had to endure, undoubtedly convinces any skeptic that Mary was far from retiring. Mary in this more human state of perfection is the model for contemporary women of any age.

Further, the biblical quotations hurled at women to "keep their places" may be quoted correctly, but must also be recognized as worthless out of context. One can find pages full of such phrases; but subsequent paragraphs could follow as well, listing proofs from the Bible that substantiate more truthfully that Christ meant women to be quite differently employed. By Christ's coming, all men and women are measured in the way in which they follow Him and live by His teaching. As St. Paul (Gal. 4: 27-28) instructs:

For all you who have been baptized in Christ, put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither slave nor freeman; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus.

In the early Church, the days of struggle and revolution of new, heretical ideas, women were welcomed in service, and worked with unsurpassed strength and will toward the spread of the true Church, as is evident in reading of the early woman martyrs and saints. Why should it be unfeasible now, in the days of

modern Church renewal, for women to rise with men against the danger to faith with the same courage their ancestors showed? For what sentimental reason cannot they be afforded a dignified opportunity? There are women who have worked for too long for the same goals of Christianity side by side with Church authority; yet these same men have shown merely spite and scorn for their involvement.

The ultimate answer to woman's role beside man actually found in scripture is encouraging: a mutual, reciprocal relationship between them, which, in the end, is subordinate to their primary relation to God. While masculine and feminine remain separate, they are reconciled in a higher perfection; they are incomplete, while separate, without a polarized, complementary relationship to the opposite sex.

What dignity is there in opposite-sex beings, then? Mrs. Callahan defines sex, explaining its function accordingly: sex is a high and central good of creation; neither a rite nor a sin. The sex education of children should be centered around preparation for family life as a theme and their guiding goal. When sex becomes a game that one wins or loses, the value of the person is lost.

Every Christian woman should resolve, Mrs. Callahan insists, never to use her charm, beauty, or sex appeal to manipulate another person. That the sex drive naturally evolves toward oneness, rather than multiple conflict, verifies the mutual, reciprocal relationship of male and female. The very perfection of sexual intercourse requires a letting-go, a complete unself-conscious obliteration.

A loving marriage today cannot thrive on outmoded lines of command and hierarchy of one sex over the other. Husbands and wives should be striving for the same goal of personality, complementing one another in individual talents and competencies. It is especially significant that for this last endeavor, social attitudes are not to blame; the attitude of the individual couple determines whether or not they will be competing or cooperating in marriage. Opposites attract, states a well-worn phrase, and so they do. And the reason for it is the propensity of each opposite incomplete part to form a one, with its adjacent partner, and not to exist in contradiction to one another.

Intrinsic to this sexual harmony are the accidental growth of companionship, communication and culture. The married grow best in grace when there is an open free interchange of communications and a single standard of perfection as a goal. Realization of these theories will indicate how poor male-female relationships have been in known cultures. Most church authorities, as previously noted, are unwilling to accept woman as mature and equal to man spiritually. Especially so of instructor-minister; they are too wrapped up in a typical Mother's-Day sermon approach to female souls. They fail to equate WOMEN with BRETHREN, as Christ meant it. For years, for example, seminarians have little or no contact with any society of women, and are consequently unprepared to administer appropriate, relevant advice either in the confessional or in daily ways to live their religion.

It is relatively easy for young women in a single society to acclimate themselves to self-development. Their time and the library's are scheduled co-advantageously. Habits of study and activity formed at that stage, however, tend to fall apart when there are husband and family to un-regulate schedules. There appears to be a choice, then, of two roads to scholarly or creative pursuit in mother society: either cram in everything cultural while one is yet single and carefree, or be satisfied with whatever kind of person chance creates, however half-baked.

Both are unacceptable to any woman of genuine integrity. There is never a point in our lives that can be called one of sufficient knowledge. Facts are only relative in importance to their usefulness in a given age. Theories and arts involve new

experiences every "now" moment of the present and past combined. And unless a woman involves herself in the "now" of knowledge, her education will be passe, finally stunted. To educate a new generation, continual re-education is obligatory.

There are levels of satisfaction, however, which prevent the coordinate woman from falling to those pressures of society which trap the working being into mass production and mediate achievements — all of which in the end make higher goals impossible. Such pressures, found unfortunately in all facets of life, to which bright or talented individuals are especially prone, will defeat the woman's purpose in continuing such work. Satisfaction, whether in housework or creative work, comes mostly from the assurance that the rest of the world exists outside, and that this work is the medium by which one gets to it. For woman in marriage, child-bearing and -raising is a privilege. To some, their satisfaction comes merely in realizing this virtue of sharing. When their years of raising children are over, they reapply the same principle of meaningful life-sharing on a community level, for instance, volunteer charity work, or foster child care.

But there are some women who would balance life by extending their intellectual talents beyond the home. These make use of another virtue of modern women: disciplined, creative study that requires solitude and control in the midst of family traffic. It can be done. The creative woman makes time by sacrificing the usual escapist activities of housewives. Where most women waste enormous amounts of time, she applies a period of relaxation to higher pursuits. She is not time-pressured. She is organized, and she is a perfectionist. Her every movement is always in mind of a further goal. She reads, for instance, a journal instead of a magazine, and she listens to a symphony rather than a soap opera. Father Sertillange in his *Intellectual Life* allows intellectual activity only two hours per day. Self-discipline during so short a period is concentrated to the point of rewarding production. This could not be more conducive to the mother-scholar, who has merely two standards to live by. The first has been mentioned: organization of time and effort. The second is equally important for progress: that she never read or work at a lower level of comprehension than the highest point she has ever attained.

If the woman is to be at once mother and individual, to dedicate herself to her own development, while still for the sake

of her family as well as her own, then not only ethical, but inherent, is the Christian attitude — Sydney Callahan terms it "responsibility" — to limit families to provide the existing children with an abundant life. But what does "abundant" imply? It means fullness, and happiness, and loving attention, and an opportunity for successfully forming their own places in life. What irony then, if the children of a large family obtain abundance, while the one or two children of the small family are neglected for less naturally important matters!

Is Sydney Callahan proposing too unreasonable a demand on women? Hardly, it seems. There are factors, of course, definitive to a balanced family and working life which should primarily be considered: energy levels of the woman, her education, the family's economic circumstance, and the family's personalities. If these are all conducive to her use of time, however, there is no reason short of procrastination, that she cannot duly actualize herself. Where privileges and rights are more and more opened to her, she must carry the consequent responsibilities, for each person is endowed with potential gifts that he may develop them and return them to his Donor. Woman's acceptance in equal society will only come with the recognition that her talents are needed by the world, in a more perfected measure.

We are women. We — you the reader, I the writer — are part of a growing academic environment whose role has begun finally to expand itself to dignified proportions. There has been born for us, at last, a tangible use for the betterment of educational and cultural opportunities, a recognizable need for our own personal improvement. If we can take the risk of involving our total selves, if we can dedicate our lives to being complete human beings, we should be pursuing lives indicative of solid Christian fulfillment from which we, our children, and our environment will reap interminable rewards. Challenge, anyone?

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*the college paper with a purpose*

"Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to prefer the latter."

Thomas Jefferson



