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### Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1973

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The image shows a book cover with a repeating pattern of horizontal, wavy bands. The bands alternate between a dark, solid black color and a light cream or off-white color. The waves are irregular and flow across the entire surface. In the lower-left quadrant, the word "Instress" is printed in a black, serif typeface. The letters are bold and closely spaced, with a slightly slanted baseline. The overall aesthetic is graphic and minimalist.

*Instress*

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In conjunction with the Jubilee celebrations on campus, scheduled for April, the spring issue of INSTRESS is dedicated to peace. As proof of this magazine's commitment to a positive vision and not merely to an anti-war stance, this issue is printed on recycled paper—waste material processed to leave only three pounds of waste per 100 pounds of reclaimed paper. In addition to student commentary on war and other major issues of our time, we are including as a special feature a fold-out poster in the spirit of our determination to improve the quality of life.

Thanks to the overwhelming response from all segments of the college community, we have been unable to publish a great many submissions in spite of our expanded format. What appears within these pages is representative of the highest achievement in the field of literary endeavor on this campus. We would like to extend our thanks to all who helped to make this possible.

In reply to the many inquiries regarding the name of our magazine, we here reprint the original editorial.

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 originator 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*.

Thursday, March 16, Ellen McCarthy submitted three poems to *Instress* which appear in this issue. Ellen, along with another freshman, Peggy Kitson, and a sophomore, Kathy Sullivan, was killed in an automobile accident March 17, 1972.

## My Need is Clear

Rainbow skies, soft hues of a misty day shattered  
by a clashing stream of colors.  
A lonely road aching of deep or shallow holes.  
Step into them, ride above them—hold yourself  
close to the ground.

Bear them as your mood shifts from gray to green  
with icy blue icicles clutching dark, sleepy mountains  
of time.

You—follow them—towering above the world  
Standing alone without a tear as rainy, melted  
snow water gushes from every eye of life turning  
partially to frozen stars watching lonely you.

And you become a short span of happiness;  
eyes touch the fog; soft, slow winds of rejoicing  
laughter wile away the muggy clouds.  
And again you stand alone blinking through  
tears at the sun peeking its nose  
through a rainbow of hope.

Fantasy, lone; one beautiful thought;  
Minutes lapse into anticipation:  
My need is clear; a face of you to  
share those wonderous games with me  
with the purpose of making this all complete.

Ellen McCarthy, '75





# Reflections on Ten Thousand Miles

Given the following three conditions: a personal President, a daring Dean, and a reciprocating Registrar, combine A, a chance to learn in southern California what could never be experienced on the hill, with B, one disenchanted resident of three years standing, to yield one excited, considerably more informed student endowed with sufficient inspiration to resubmerge into the depths of Misericordia. Achieve this phenomenon by allowing B to complete a fall semester under strain of anticipation (having secured reservations for air travel on the day after Christmas from Avoca to South Bend, Indiana). Outfit B with the appropriate provisions: camera, binoculars, rock hammer, knapsack, hiking boots, snorkel equipment, thermal underwear, etc. and place in a Boeing 737. The remaining mechanism is spontaneous in that it approaches an end point that can never be reached, and the reaction does not balance; A is not regenerated directly but is internalized by B, who will never be the same. But after the most critical period, the first five weeks, return B to Dallas and observe the results of the experiment manifest at that time.

Unfortunately, most of the tangible evidence (marine animal and plant forms) was damaged in transit; but a pickled specimen cannot be compared to the sight of a live one anyway. And what vicarious sights I saw! In addition to hours of work at the shore on a scientific collecting permit, we attended the five shows presented by Marineland of the Pacific, toured Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, the Steinhardt Aquarium in Golden Gate Park at San Francisco, the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History with the La Brea fossil collection, and Griffith Observatory with its 100-inch telescope. Our countless side trips included a dive boat to Santa Catalina Island, the San Diego Zoo, Calico Ghost Town, and Junipero Serra's mission at San Juan Capistrano. While making these forays, we managed to climb Amboy crater (a volcanic cone), go prospecting in abandoned silver mines, study the Grand Canyon in winter, drive through Big Sur State Park, Carmel, and Monterey, and past San Simeon with the William Randolph Hearst estate.

So much more than marine biology and earth science was crammed in along the way, some events simply by virtue of our being there. Due to well-peeled eyeballs, we found sea otters in the shallows, sea lions on off-shore rocks, porpoises alongside our boat, and best of all, a migrating California grey whale breaching. His spout was so tremendous that at first sight it was mistaken for the white sail of a passing boat! The white swallows of Capistrano are also migrating now; they will appear on March 19th to reclaim old nesting sites in the stone church ruins, and remain for the summer. But the discovery for which I have the greatest reverence is the growing Projects Program at Scripps. Aside from our chemical invasion of the ocean, it concentrates on the geophysics and planetary physics of earthquake science, and monitor studies of the upper ocean and lower atmosphere aimed at long-range weather prediction for the entire country. Perhaps even more significant is their Center for Marine Affairs, devoted to international problems concerning future exploration of the deep ocean basins. The End is nowhere in sight. . . .

Brenda Bishop

# INDIAN SUMMER VS. PHILOSOPHY CLASS

Hey! you up there in front of the class!  
Do you realize that you're boring me?  
I can look right out this window past your nose  
And I can see the mountains flaming with  
The Beginning glories of Ceres' despair.  
The reds and oranges and yellows and  
Greens and splash-splashes excite me.

You Don't!

There's one tree, that's my favorite tree. See.  
Every damn leaf is reddy, rusty, rowdy Red  
Its trunk is woody-hued Black, not  
Brown and not Black, but woody-hued Black!

So listen. I think that you should look  
Out of that window. There's not a reason not to.  
The bright, lime green grass is happy  
Cause the lumpy mountain is playing  
Roller-coaster with the good old  
Sky-blue sky and the cloud-white clouds.

So like I'm trying to tell you, look out of  
Your window for just a while. You can  
Pick up your lecture where you stopped.  
But I think you really need to  
Look out of your window before Ceres'  
Beginning glories turn to blank snow.

Mary Anne Grady, '74

Autumn  
falling  
symbol-death  
colorful  
hueish  
season  
at my feet again.

All I've learned about her  
all I remember  
burning  
brownish  
smells  
blanketing  
baskets of leaves  
all vanish today.

The crisp  
crunch  
under my legs;  
cascading  
colors  
past my eyes  
and the cool  
climate  
at my face  
create.

## AUTUMN

Autumn  
assimilation  
assailing  
appleing  
simile  
like beautiful death  
as make-uped green virgins  
imagine  
in hyperbole  
Infinite numbers of leaves  
cover the ground  
jump with the wind.

And all I look upon  
and weep  
sitting in English  
Room 315  
by the window.

Marybeth Cavanaugh, '72

## 9:02 AND HOLDING

While time, suspended, holds at 9:02.  
The sleepy drone of lecture fills my ears.  
A morning innocent of afternoon  
Stirs up my soul to gaze on scenes beyond.  
Far off, a chimney streaks the sky with soot  
That gray, rain-promise clouds consume.  
A trinity of firs stands all aloof,  
Distinct against the mist-enfolded hills.  
(A modulated tone arrests my ear  
But soon subsides; I wander forth anew.)  
As breezy whispers cease to worry leaves,  
Uneasy stillness settles on the scene.  
Small song-birds, flocking, fly on hurried wing.  
And even flowers strain in listening.  
The preternatural hush, impending storm  
And all of nature thrill my soul to joy;  
Forgotten chills traverse my spine. (A chair  
complains; the wonder fades. Class intrudes  
Upon my musing dull prosaic thoughts  
Of mundane things, the vision, vanished.)

Kathie Nulton, '74



"Trees"

Colleen Hogan '74



# The Freshman

Last semester we studied poetry in relation to our the-  
ology course. I found this very interesting, and I hope we  
will also be doing this in other courses. Pat Puchalsky '75

I enjoy reading poetry. I always have. But I used to groan  
along with everyone else when I heard that we were going  
to study poetry. Why all the groans? I didn't mind learning  
about the mechanics of poetry such as meter, rhyme  
scheme and figures of speech. What I did dislike was  
pulling the meaning out of a poem. Alma Noll, '75

I want to improve my writing skills and I would like to  
develop my own style. Since poetry should be an expres-  
sion of the emotions which we feel, then perhaps a course  
of this nature is exactly what we need. Judy Cappucino, '75

Being involved—the cry of our generation—requires us  
to be exposed to the world, and what better way can we  
see it than through a poet's eyes? Our generation is also  
supposedly full of new ideas and opinions, and more aware  
of life than previous generations. One effective way of  
expressing our concern is through poetry, which reaches  
millions of people. Barbara Semkow, '75

Now that I've begun to study poetry, I can better under-  
stand the frustrations of the poet when his work is multi-  
lated by amateur analysts like myself. Patricia Mannick '75

Poetry is a unique world of literature expressing the in-  
terpretation of two complicated worlds, the inner world  
of the poet and the world around him. In his poems the  
poet is able to fuse these worlds together to form a third  
world which at times can be very rational or irrational. Maryrose Mudrack, '75

The poetry of each is distinctive from the others', im-  
mediately identifiable to anyone reasonably familiar with  
poetry as belonging to a certain poet. Not many people  
could confuse William Shakespeare with Carl Sandburg  
or Robert Frost with Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Mollie Spohrer '75

Now that I've begun to study poetry, I question the  
educational system in high schools. Is it necessary to delay  
a true critical analysis of poetry until college? My incli-  
nation would be to answer no, and yet, I was not aware of  
the many aspects of poetry criticism until I began to study  
poetry in my freshman year of college. Although my high  
school does not represent all high school educational  
systems, it is considered to offer the best opportunities  
for educational advancement in the surrounding area. Other  
students in the class have also admitted that their high  
schools didn't put much stress on critically analyzing  
poetry, except when studying the obvious.

Previously, the emphasis was placed on word meanings  
in a poem. It was important to discern the difference  
between the definition of a word directly from the diction-  
ary and the connotation the word was supposed to possess  
when the poet employed it in his writings. Usually, there  
were as many theories on the poet's connotations as there  
were students in the class. Even after discussing the words,  
we very seldom connected them to see the effect on the  
over-all view of the poem.

It's contradictory to dislike poetry in high school and  
enjoy studying it in college. For high school, I read the  
daily assignments to say that I did them. In college, I am  
learning to appreciate the poet's creativity, in his time and  
situation, by analyzing poems from many different aspects.  
Of course, words are the most important part of a poem,  
but who would ever think the positioning of them was very  
deliberate and very carefully planned? Who would ever  
think that two distinct worlds could be formed within one  
poem, according to the meanings of the words used? Who  
would ever think that even the backgrounds to these words  
contribute to create two opposing worlds of existence? Who  
would ever think that a bird could be taken out of the  
animal world and placed in the human world by the use of  
two choice words relating to humans, instead of birds?  
Then, who would think that this same bird could be placed  
in the universal realm by the poet employing several more  
descriptive words? Who would think of these things on  
her own, without training?

So, the question that comes to my mind is, why does a  
person have to wait until going to college to learn these  
things about poetry? If one learns them, then. It seems  
to be such a waste of time. I don't think those four years  
of shunning poetry are necessary. We should be taught to  
think properly about a poem when we are taught that there  
is a literary form called poetry; that what a poet has to  
say is not stated but is subtle; that a beautiful poem about  
flowers may not be about flowers at all, but about some-  
thing flowers symbolize.

In order to achieve this goal, a good teacher is necessary.  
As Maya Angelou said, "A good teacher is a rarity." If  
we don't hire more teachers, with emphasis placed on  
quality and their ability to teach, our educational system  
will continue to decline.

Poetry, like anything else, can be viewed two ways. It  
can be very interesting and enjoyable or it can be a chore to  
study. The deciding factor depends on how well the sub-  
ject is taught.

Cathy Scherer, '75

Dulce Et Decorum Est by Wilfred Owen was the first  
poem this semester that has moved me to the point of  
showing it to other people not in my class. And yet this  
poem is not about love, but war. It is not soothing, but  
disturbing. However, another poem I have shown others is  
Love Poem by John Frederick Nims. Though the woman  
Nims had in mind while writing this poem was clumsy, she  
had a beauty of her own. These two poems I will probably  
always remember.

Mary Cummins '75

Despite a new perception of structural faults inherent in my poetry, I have been haunted by the aching need to express experiences which demand treatment surpassing prose writing. This need, strangled by daily existence, has been reborn, forcing an irrepressible urge to write to rise to the surface of my being. This urge, coupled with my fascination with the beauty and power of words as the vehicle of expression, has crooked its finger at me in temptation to enter the process of creating, "imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

Kathy Brennan, '75

*It always seemed to me that a poem must appear in a poet's mind as if on a printed page. But each word is really chosen with pain to bring across the right effect.*

Bettie Manley, '75

*Experience, then, forms to great degree one's interpretation of a poem. It goes beyond structure to an attempt to give a poem intent and meaning.*

Ann Marie Dranchak, '75

I realize much to my surprise that the same poetry which has given me such pleasure can have its technical aspects, too. For as long as I can remember I kept my interest in something, whether it was reading, sewing, even cooking, only as long as I felt there were no technical aspects in it. Now that I realize poetry will have to be classified in the same category, I know I will have to break my habit.

Poetry has been around in one way or another all my life. My first contact with it came when I was an infant. I still remember the songs which were sung to me, in the hope that I would give my parents blessed relief and have my nap. Of course I wasn't aware of it then, but those songs were really poems. They were put to music by loving parents, and they make up some of the most precious memories I'll ever have.

As I grew, poetry grew right along with me. How could I ever forget those silly, wonderful poems we used to make up to go along with our rope jumping. Oh, the times we spent in our secret "club" trying to find rhyming words to make our poems better than those of the other "secret club." I know I'll never forget my excitement and tension as the annual children's program in my church grew near. I would practice my poem during Sunday School with such care, only to get up in front of the congregation and forget most of it. I suppose it was due to my nervousness, but in the eyes of the congregation it made me more angelic.

When I reached high school, I found an old friend waiting there for me. I learned many poems and had a chance to learn about the great people who wrote them. I also got a chance to write my own poetry, and in my opinion, mine was the best around. Later, I realized I was far from right, but I received a great deal of pleasure from writing those poems. It is for this reason that I don't regret the moments spent on dreaming and thinking about what to write.

Now I know I'm ready to learn about the technical side of poetry. I'm ready to separate the good from the bad, and more than that, I know I'll enjoy doing it. Poetry is a wonderful, beautiful addition to any one's life. To mine it is not an addition. It is a functioning part.

Betty Jo Shonk, '75

Poetry is a unique form of literature in many ways, and it follows that the poet himself is a unique person. He possesses not only the ability to write, but to condense his thoughts and to convey them in a more intense way than a writer of non-poetry can.

Kathy Lavelle, '75

*Poems are no longer simple phrases and rhythmic lines to me. They burst forth with concentrated meaning.*

Patricia Biglin, '75

I find myself judging poems almost purely by emotion and not by intellect. Therefore, a great deal of poetry I have enjoyed has been love poetry. I have been raised with an emphasis on love and brotherhood in our society. The commercial market has also emphasized love poetry. Books of love poems seem to be on display more and more. Every card shop I have been in is supplied with "sensitivity cards", which display excerpts from famous love poems. After reading Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?", "Love Poem" by Frederick Nims was an experience.

Linda Procace, '75

*Now that I've begun to STUDY poetry, I am eager for more of an awareness of good poetic qualities.*

Nancy Schiffner, '75

*One must be trained to read and fully comprehend a poem. If one is not trained, he will either be totally confused, or he will think he understands the poems when he actually misses the entire point of the poem.*

Carol Salacka '75

*It is the poet's job and duty to entice the reader to unravel and examine each consecutive layer of poetry.*

Kathy Lawkins

*My present feelings in regard to poetry are still influenced by my past experiences with it. Perhaps, however, as my knowledge and understanding increase, my apprehensions will disappear and I will learn to relax and enjoy it.*

Mary Ann Terek, '75

*I do like poetry. I find it intellectually stimulating. I am fascinated by the images presented by a poet, and I am amazed by the fact that he can convey such images to an average reader like myself.*

Barbara Viluskis '75

The first poetry aside from Mother Goose Rhymes that I recall being exposed to was in elementary school. I still remember the names of two poems: "The Duel," a fight between a gingham dog and a calico cat; and "The Vagabond Song" which dealt with Autumn. I couldn't tell you why they made an impression, but even now those two occasionally have a rematch in my mind.

Kristen Coveleski, '75



Pen and Ink

Mildred Cooney '74



# RUN AWAY, OLD MAN

Run away  
 To your land of unreality  
 of illusions—  
 A land where all things are right  
 and just  
 Where poverty reigns and  
 it's okay  
 because people were born that way  
 Where the air kills  
 living beings  
 because progress cannot be stopped  
 Where murder is the solution to  
 the problem  
 because there is no other solution  
 Where robbery is justified for  
 the rich and  
 not the poor  
 because law costs money  
 Where war is not immoral  
 not unjust  
 not a mistake  
 because this is the United States  
 and  
 the United States is never wrong  
 and  
 the United States is trying to preserve  
 democracy  
 In foreign lands  
 the United States is trying to perpetuate  
 a just and lasting peace  
 In foreign countries  
 the United States is trying to show  
 its brotherhood  
 and concern  
 In foreign countries  
 Never here.  
 So run away  
 old man  
 To your land of glory and freedom  
 To your land of illusions  
 But leave me here  
 until  
 Your land of glory and freedom  
 becomes one  
 Your land of illusions  
 is real  
 Then come and get me  
 But until  
 then  
 Let me in peace, old man  
 Let  
 me  
 love  
 Old man  
 run away

Sharon Mooney '73

# 50 YEARS HENCE, COME BACK OLD MAN

Come back  
 old man  
 And fetch me from a land of reality  
 Take me to your world—  
 A land that is unreal  
 mythical  
 beautiful  
 past  
 The now is ugly  
 steeped in venom  
 waiting to strike its  
 fateful blow  
 to  
 humanity  
 Your land is one of power  
 money  
 equality  
 justice  
 peace  
 understanding  
 love  
 etc.  
 At least it is to you  
 And me.  
 Why are they shouting "Run Away"  
 To me  
 And you?  
 Can it be that you live forever  
 in me  
 And I live forever  
 In them  
 And they live forever  
 In theirs?

is that what youth is all about—  
 Growing old  
 but never dying?  
 Tell me  
 old man  
 Come back and  
 tell  
 me.



Richly paneled in dark wood of fine grain and texture, the room had been furnished in exquisite, if conservative, taste. A crystal chandelier swung gracefully from a delicate golden chain in the center of the high ceiling, and, in the sunlight from the large French window, each tiny prism cast its rainbow-like reflection on the opposite wall. The effect was as though an opalescent fountain had sprung up in the room and spilled out on the carpet as well. The carpet itself was thick and dark, entirely covering the floor of the large room. Three deep leather armchairs stood arrayed about it. One rested in close proximity to the window, the view of which over-looked a small but lovely garden. Another was positioned beside the adjacent wall which was lined with rows of books. The last faced a large mahogany desk around which the whole room seemed to center.

"Will you please wait here, Comrade Martynov?" the attache politely directed. "Ambassador Kirenski will be with you in a moment."

"Of course," Ivan Illyich replied, half-embarrassed at his own admiring approbation of the embassy's appointments.

How long had it been since anyone had called him "Martynov", he wondered. His father, Illya Nickovitch Martynov, had been a major party official with despotic tendencies and a violent temper, a huge bear of a man with thick black hair and coarse features set off by an unruly beard. His mother, Yelena Ivanova, was a beautiful, patient woman, as different from her husband as a diamond from coal. Ivan was the second of six children. A mere four months after he had enrolled in the University, the others—Aleksandr, Olga, Andrey, Sonya and Illya—along with his parents died in their sleep. When news of the purge reached him at the University, he left school and changed his family name to Astrov. Through a friend, he gained a position in the foreign service. And now. . . .

"Greetings, Comrade," a deep voice boomed.

A tall slender man strode to the center of the room, his hand extended in greeting. Carrying himself with a military bearing, attired in a faultlessly-tailored suit, he had a swarthy complexion; his hair was dark but graying at the temples. Ivan perceived that the smile which came so easily to his thin lips did not warm his eyes.

"Greetings, Ambassador."

They shook hands, and for a moment, stood wrapped in silent confrontation—the tall, dark figure of authority and the pale, blond young man whose seemingly-transparent blue eyes met an unspoken challenge in his opponent's steady gaze of steel gray. Unflinchingly, each man stood his ground—a deadlock. Calculating a slight advantage, Kirenski was the first to speak.

"You are much changed since we last met—changed, I might add, in many ways. I believe you know why I have summoned you. . . . But come; even unpleasant topics are better discussed over vodka, are they not?"

From a small cabinet in one corner of the room, behind the desk, he took two glasses of the finest crystal and poured a quantity of vodka into each.

"You know, Ivan Illyich," he began, handing Astrov a glass, "that we have not always viewed your . . . 'activities' favorably. We have been most patient; we have warned you before. Why do you persist in making trouble for us and for yourself? I feel I must admonish you. . . ."

"I have already experienced your 'touching' concern for my welfare," Ivan interrupted sharply, fingering the vestige of a large bruise that still lingered on his brow. . . .

The alley had been dark, but he was late for an appointment, a tryst with Marya. Nothing else mattered, until he felt himself seized roughly from the darkness. A searing pain shot up from the back of his neck. A mere second later, it seemed, he was lying in the street, aching miserably in the morning light. . . .

A dark shadow of displeasure flitted across the Ambassador's features, and passed in the space of a second. "you trained for the foreign service, did you not, Ivan? Yes, then you know that some circumstances warrant such crude tactics. You know what discipline your actions might merit back home. . . . Be realistic; you are expendable. . . . I am certain you understand the implication," he said, taking a sip of vodka.

## Chessgame

"I am certain," Ivan observed, eyeing him keenly, "that you would not risk an international incident to be rid of an annoyance."

A moment of silence ensued. He seemed to have scored a point.

"No, Ivan Illyich," the Ambassador began slowly, "there are more effective ways of dealing with you . . . I think you will be interested to know that Marya Androvena Simonova has been suddenly recalled by the party office . . . ." The Ambassador paused to allow this to register. "But, Ivan Illyich, I am confident that you will make the right decision. Now if you will excuse me, Comrade, I have work to do."

Seating himself at the mahogany desk, the victor watched Ivan exit by the door he had entered.

Kathie Nulton, '74



*Pen and Ink*

*Mildred Cooney '74*

## STORMY

I walk silently,  
  approach sailingly,  
Brushing by, skirt-swishing  
Slinking like a cat—but on two feet.  
Hand hanging—long, beside hip swaying, gently.  
I am Peace . . . seeming . . .

My heart inside—storming.  
My head whirling me,  
Cartilage clashing against cartilage  
Brain (brawn)—mind a roaring sea  
Emerged.  
Battling, breaking, booming!  
Blown-up water rushing against shore  
(shoving away sand particles, bone-marrow).  
Storm brewing,  
Venus thumping,

I move silently on blanketed toes,  
pass by feelingly,  
Breezing-on, eye (lash)-beating  
Blinking like an owl—but without wings.  
Heart within me—full, hot blood swirling through—wildly  
Call me Stormy - being.

Sister Stella Baggot, '72

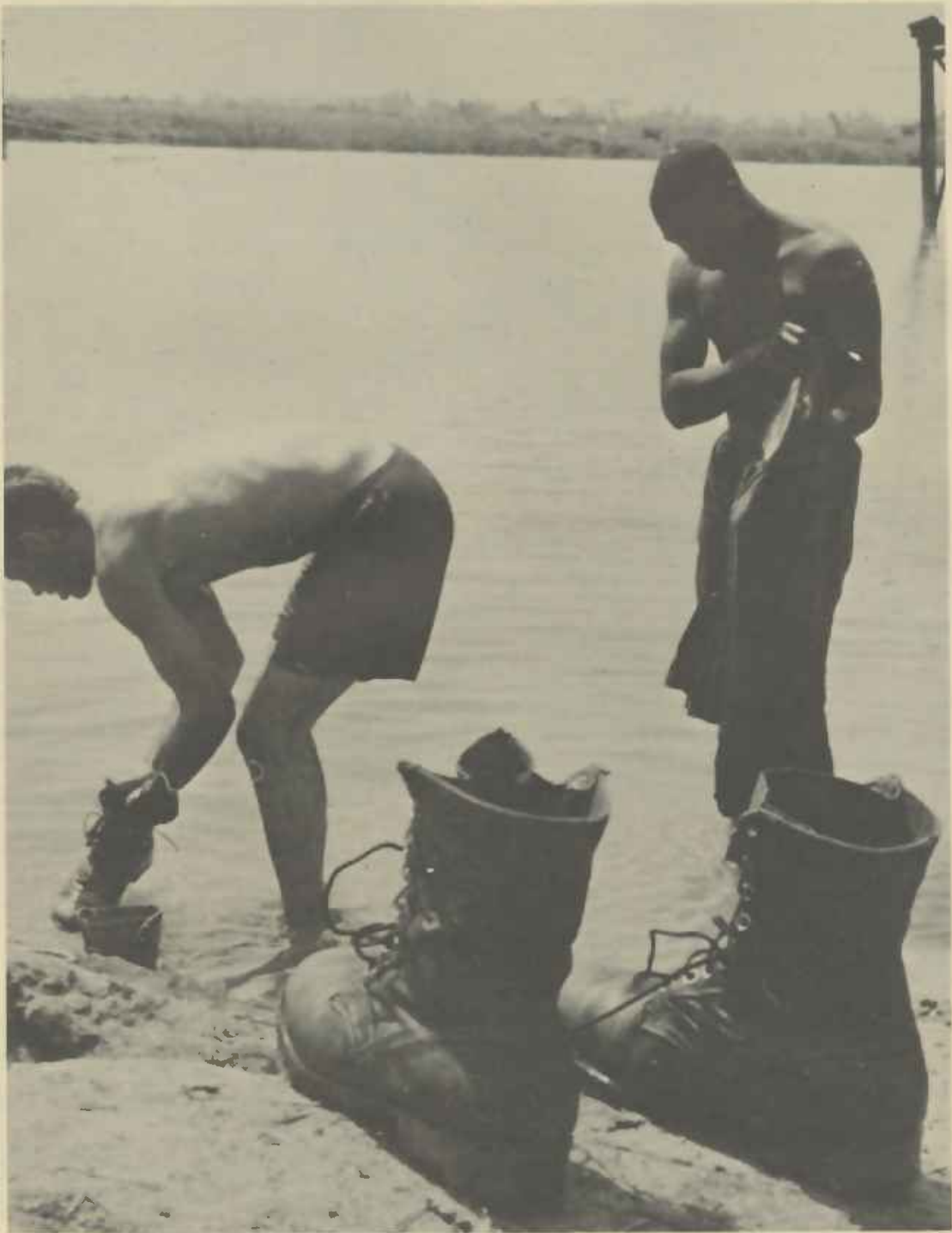


## ON REQUEST

Death came special delivery today,  
As ordered by the young woman.  
The deed was quick,  
And, surgically speaking, flawless:  
The wet human pulp discarded  
With calculated nonchalance.  
No mourners came; no one knew  
The would-be child.  
Ignorant of the momentous event,  
The lunch-hour crowd passed the closed door  
Behind which the relentless clock  
Ticked its hours of might-have-been.

Fran McManus, '73





Army News Features

## WAR

BANG! Bruised fingers scraping scented clouds of smoke  
Cinder blocks, cold and damp beneath you.  
Weary times of dark gloom in boredom  
Solitary man with dreams of secure tomorrow

Shells splattering behind him  
Greeny stick 'em caps in childhood sentiments  
Bang as his eardrums pang.  
Desperate graspings to again find the cold, damp  
cinderblocks of a child's war  
Sitting alone on a curb, bruising fingers.

Ellen McCarthy





"Be

The image shows a book cover with a repeating pattern of horizontal, wavy bands. The bands alternate between a solid black color and a light cream or off-white color. The waves are irregular and flow across the entire surface. In the center of the cover, there is a line of text in a white, stylized, serif font. The text reads: "Realistic: Demand the Impossible" Paris, 1968. The quote is enclosed in double quotation marks. The year "1968" is positioned to the right of the quote, separated by a space. The overall design is minimalist and graphic.

*Realistic: Demand the Impossible" Paris, 1968*

The ability of man to become dehumanized in war is essential for his mental as well as physical survival. This is a frequently recurring theme used in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

As seen through protagonist Paul Bäumer's viewpoint one of man's strongest motivating forces is the desire to live. In order for a man to accomplish this and to cope with the constant strains and fears of war, he must try to forget. A man must forget his past life, whether it was that of a student, teacher or mail clerk, because men in war have no past and possibly no future—they have only the present. He emphasizes the importance of the present by frequently mentioning food, because it is the sustenance of life, physically, but more important mentally. It gives the characters comfort for the present which is the only existing thing for them.

The characters try to find answers to many philosophical and political questions concerning war; they even discuss them at one point, but they realize the futility of it all and return to their duties.

Paul Bäumer sees several men die, because for one reason or another they are reminded of their past. One man sees a tree which reminds him of the orchards back home; he deserts and is killed in the process. Another man, because of his love for animals, is killed trying to put one out of its misery.

The will to live is brought out strongly in the book when Peter is taken to the "Dying Room," as he is leaving he cries that he will return. He is given up as dead by the men in the ward, but several days later he returns. His desire for life was too strong for death to overcome him.

Paul Bäumer becomes humanized when he sees the Russian prisoners. He doesn't understand their language, but he realizes that hunger, pain, weariness and disease have no ethnic origin; they are universal and non discriminative. He gets an even more intimate view of his enemy when he kills a French soldier. Paul sees he is a man just like himself. The situation is made unbearable when he finds the soldier's wallet which includes his name and pictures of his family. He can not justify the killing of this man. Paul Bäumer dies symbolically many times, as one by one all of his friends are killed. Paul's youth and will to live—his life—die. He says that his knowledge of life is very minimal in relation to his knowledge of death.

When his closest and most respected friend, Stanislaus Katzinsky, dies, Paul's last link to life is broken, because Kat represented a fortress to Paul. He knows now that he can not return home because he is broken and aimless, despite his youth. Paul Bäumer is spared a life of mental anguish when he is fatally wounded. Ironically, his death occurs on a quiet day at the front, with the armistice at hand.

Marcy Proch, '75

## WAR

Army News Features





## And all that

Jesus Christ, salesman selling soap  
Poe and Coleridge in for dope  
Socrates stoned with Harry Hope  
While once-woven dreams and future fears  
Unravel all in bloody tears  
Odysseus still is unrivied  
And Caesar has been cancelled live  
Falstaff now has written Will  
Aeneas wants to burn Virgil  
Cigars choke Citharon's holy height  
While Athens clamors "Frank Lloyd Wright!"

(Morning muddy skies  
modulate my muddled mind;  
Amid the murmur of the mare  
the mermaid melody. . .)

The Whitehouse has become a zoo  
Where Dean Donne's bell is tolled for you.  
The center somehow cannot hold  
Yet still retains the shape of old  
Society has been indicted  
The mortal guest comes uninvited  
And all that once could never be  
Is now, with equanimity,  
The present ever more to be--  
The future slain by anarchy.

(Morning modulates the skies  
of my muddy, muddled mind.  
Life is a dream  
Signifying nothing--  
We cannot fail.

The mermaids wake us and we go on dreaming  
our bad dreams  
Until glittering Midas-truth  
Touches us;  
we die.)

Kathie Nulton, '74

Mildred Cooney



# Fugue

Theresa Young '72

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of quarter notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G2, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of quarter notes: A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The top staff (treble clef) contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the bass line features chords and moving lines. A double bar line is present at the end of the system.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The melody includes eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line has chords and eighth-note patterns. The system ends with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass line includes chords and eighth notes. A double bar line is at the end.

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. The melody is mostly eighth notes, and the bass line features chords and eighth-note patterns. The system ends with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the bass line has chords and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

"Ah, come on now, Suzanne. It's fun."

"There's nothing to be scared of. It's just an old house. Nobody lives in it any more except an old hermit and half the time he's never there."

"... And nobody ever goes near the place."

"We've done it lots of times before. What? You can't because it's a school night. Ha!"

"But, Suzanne, we're going Friday night. Friday's not a school night."

"Look, you guys," Suzanne said. "Today's Thursday. How 'bout if I tell you tomorrow after school?"

"Oh, you're just stalling for time now. You'll never go. You're scared. You're a scarty cat."

The children started laughing and taunting.

"Scarty cat Susie, scarty cat Susie."

Suzanne walked away, the laughter ringing in her ears.

Suzanne Stevenson is twelve years old; not too tall, not too short; not too fat, not too thin; nothing that would distinguish her from other people. She is the type of average person who can blend in with a crowd and never be found again.

Normally, on a day like today Suzanne would have taken her time going home, since she was a nature lover. It was a lovely spring day: sun shining brightly, sky a deep, deep blue with a sprinkling of white fleecy clouds; tulips, daffodils, crocuses—all in full bloom, trees, just a hint of green. Her father waited for her.

"What took you so long to get home from school today?"

"I was playing with my school friends."

"Playing with your friends," roared her father.

"I don't have much homework tonight, Father," she quivered.

## II

"Well, Suzanne? It's Friday now. Are you coming with us or not?"

"We're giving you one more chance. We told you, we go there all the time. There's no danger. What? Oh, forget about your father for once, will ya? Must you always do what he says? Have some fun for once. How 'bout it? Tonight at 9:00—We'll meet you on the corner."

Suzanne looked about her. Everyone was staring at her, waiting for her answer. "It's my last chance," she thought. "If I say yes, I'll become part of the group in reality. No more namecalling, no more laughter. But what happens if I get caught there?" thought Suzanne. "I won't though; the kids said there would be no one there. It would be so easy." Her mind whirled and whirled. Suddenly, without really knowing what she was doing, she answered.

"All right, I'll go."

Her friends stared at her and several mouths dropped open. They really did not believe she would actually go through with it.

"Okay," one girl replied, "we'll see you later on. Don't forget!"

Now Suzanne walked home on cloud nine. She had finally made a decision on her own. She was accepted, at least partially. All that remained to be done was to actually go through with it.

"Suzanne, your mother and I are going out tonight and Terry is coming over to babysit. I want you in bed at 8:30."

"8:30, do I have to go to bed that early? Besides, I'm old enough not to need a sitter."

## Friday's Child

"Don't have any homework? What about your notes, you can always review them."

"I'm sorry, I forgot about them."

"Well, go up to your room now and get started . . . and don't come down until your mother calls you for dinner."

Suzanne rushed up the stairs and into her room, shut and locked the door behind her, sat on her bed, and breathed a sigh of relief. She had gotten off easier than she had expected. Even to this day she was still terribly frightened of her father. But she was in her room now, safe and sound.

It was her sanctuary, a place to get away from her everyday problems and the world in general. She had two walls full of books—from side to side, from top to bottom. The majority of these books were adventure stories, stories in which the child heroes are not afraid to do anything. Suzanne liked to put herself into these characters' places, imagining herself doing things she herself would never dare to do.

Suddenly there was sound all around her.

"Scarty cat Susie, scarty cat Susie."

It grew in intensity.

"Scarty cat Susie, scarty cat Susie."

Faster and faster till she thought she would scream. Then it stopped, as suddenly as it started. The now familiar commands of her father rang about her.

"Your homework, you must do your homework."

"It's a school night; you must stay in."

"I don't care what other kids do, if you stay at home you won't get into trouble."

Suzanne thought back to a time just a few months ago when her parents told her that they were going to move. How excited she had been. "I can make a new start in life. I can throw away my inhibitions, do the things I have always wanted to do, but couldn't because of my father. I can make new friends, and they won't know the type of person I have been." But somehow things had not turned out that way. In just the few months she had lived here she was already getting a reputation for being a spoilsport, a coward, and a snob. She had not changed; she remained the same: never taking a dare, never being bold, never doing anything that was in the slightest bit wrong. In the back of her mind she knew that she would probably never escape her father's influence.

"You're only twelve years old, Suzanne. Your mother and I would feel better knowing someone is here," said her father.

"How am I going to get out of the house?" she thought. "It would have been hard enough with Mother and Father home. With a babysitter there is always the possibility that she will come up later to check on me—then . . . chaos, if I'm gone." Suzanne looked out her window. "There's a tree in good position but can I climb it?" An argument was going on in her mind between her conscience (formed by her father) which said that she should stay home and her inner self which desperately wanted her to go adventuring. Neither her conscience nor her inner self made any progress. Suzanne remembered what her friends had said: that there was no danger of being caught and that they had done it themselves before. This was the edge her inner self needed, and with that thought, her conscience was defeated, or at least temporarily thrown aback. There was nothing left but to wait.

"What's the matter, Suzanne, are you sick?" asked her mother. "You aren't eating your dinner."

"No; Mother, nothing's the matter; I'm just not hungry."

"You'd better eat or you'll get no dessert," said her father.

Suzanne said nothing but the food had no taste at all for her, and her stomach felt queer, like it was tied up in knots.

Terry, the babysitter, came and her parents left. At 8:30 Suzanne went to bed but lay there awake. At 8:45 she would have to leave. With each minute that passed, Suzanne became more and more scared. Her conscience, which had remained quiet for most of the evening, began to bother her again. All the reasons for staying home went round and round in her head: her parents finding out, the police seeing the kids at the old house, Terry, the hermit. Finally, 8:45 arrived, then 8:46, 8:47. Suzanne remained in her bed. Then, at 8:55, she got up and walked, not to her closet to get her coat, but to the bookshelf. She picked out a book and began reading.

Adele Lemmel '75





Wonderland

Colleen Hogan '74



# Timeless Never-Never Land

In every child-turned man there remains a certain part of the youth. Unreached stars and fulfilled dreams, patched hurts and open sores are the human inheritance which, psychologists say, the average human represses from his consciousness in order to function normally. Therefore, in mute compliance, most persons follow this advice, living adequately today with an eye towards an even more comfortable tomorrow. But, there are exceptions. These few insist on maintaining unswerving naiveté, in spite of the abundance of enlightened skepticism.

These men of childhood are impetuous characters of ready, if not hasty, faith.

They do not merely accept belief; they embrace it, become part of it. Thus, Peter walks on the water and an impossibly handicapped Helen Keller becomes legend for her success.

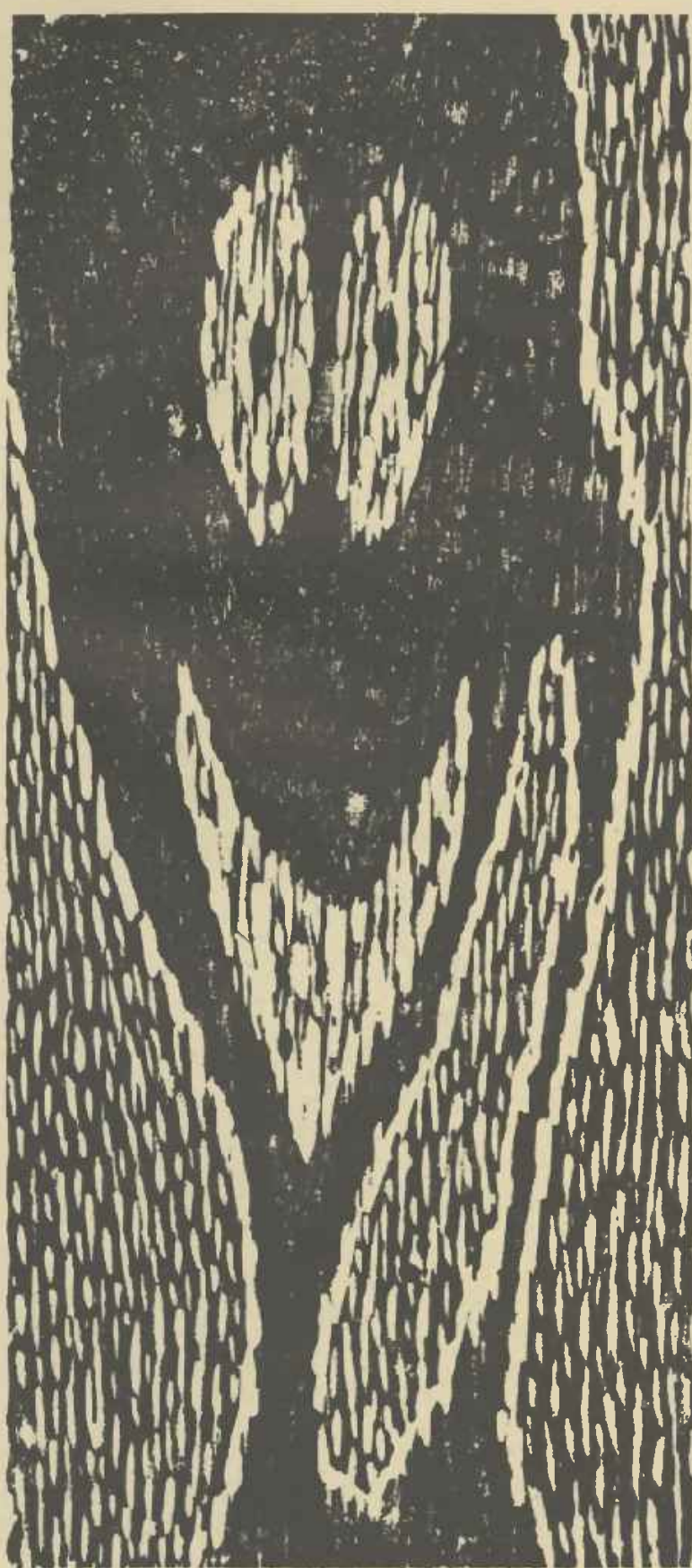
These are the comic figures: the Bob Hope who travels around the world to make half-smiles appear on scarred faces; the Pope John who opens the windows and never bothers to install the screens.

The forever-young and enraptured by the challenge of a present which preserves yesterday's truths and incorporates the same in a dynamic future. And so, Don Quixote engages in determined combat with a windmill giant and Mr. Blue flies kites from his penthouse piano crate.

Many childhood champions are untitled: the nameless urbanites who smile on subways; the imaginative scholars who can make a campus their world without ignoring the universe. They take their truisms from *Velveteen Rabbit* which society deems utter absurdity. They cause the sophisticates to laugh at their lack of social *savoir faire*. The simple ones grasp life with a frightening tenacity, while the elite nurse anticipatory ulcers. The average man labels this folly and predicts tragedy.

A non-violent Martin Luther King is shot; a torn figure on Calvary declares amnesty for his executioners. . . . Yet their memories survive. Scientifically speaking, they have been declared dead and buried, and, yet, they thrive . . .

Fran McManus '73



"Yuk, Yuk, Yuk!"

Anna Fabian '73

# Josquin des Prez

## The Man Hath Music.

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

These words were written by William Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1, Line 83, in the year 1596. However, a man born approximately one hundred and fifty years prior to this date would have inherently agreed with the master playwright. This man was Josquin Des Prez.

Much controversy encircles Josquin's birth place and birth date. According to Grove, he was born c.1445 in Condé in Hainault; Gustave Reese agrees with Grove's date, but places the location at Prez near Condé; 1450 in a town called Hainault is the date and locality given by Rossi and Rafferty finally, Bauer and Peyser claim that Josquin was born in Condé in the year 1442. Josquin's early life also has the air of ambiguity. He served as a choirboy at the Collegiate Church at St. Quentin, later becoming canon and Choirmaster there. However, the dates from which Josquin served in these various positions is uncertain. "... since the dates of his service at the Papal Chapel were incorrectly recorded." Around the year 1475, Josquin gave his services at the court of Duke Sforza in Milan, Italy, and from there became a member of the Papal Chapel at the Vatican. After this sojourn to Rome, Josquin contributed to the court of Louis XII. Much can be gained concerning Josquin's disposition from two incidents which occurred during this time. It seemed that Louis XII had promised Josquin a position at one of the local churches while Josquin was to serve at the royal court. However, the king did not complete his portion of the bargain so Josquin composed a matet, on the 119th Psalm the first line of which read: "Deal bountifully with thy servant that I may live." This same line was reiterated in the music to such an extent that the point was made quite obvious to the king. The second incident concerning Josquin and the king dealt with a piece composed, in part, for the king himself to sing. King Louis asked Josquin to compose a song in which he might sing a part. The final piece was a cannon for the upper two voices; the part for King Louis, called the *vox regio*, was one constant note held throughout the composition. Josquin, however, sang the bass line which consisted of an "... alternating root and fifth of the chord so that on every other note he reinforced the pitch of the king to help hold His Majesty true to his part."

These two anecdotes give an indication of the amount of versatility present within the man Josquin Des Prez. It is estimated that Josquin composed nineteen Masses, fifty secular pieces, and over one hundred fifty motets with sacred words. According to Blume in *Renaissance and Baroque Music*, the texture of Josquin's Masses, motets, and chansons is perfectly homogeneous, except where some *cantus firmus* is emphasized or canons are incorporated. In Josquin's music, the setting is greatly influenced by the text; "... organization, construction, choice of motifs (insofar as this is free) for the first time manifestly serve interpretation of the word; a pregnant, grammatically correct textual declamation, in metrical texts often metered too, indicates the full breakthrough of humanism in music." In the motets of Josquin this statement is brought forth to its fullest extent for it is here that Josquin achieved the epitome of unity between word and tone. However, the *cantus firmus* became less important in Josquin's motets than it had been with previous composers. Blume states that "the greatest value is set on declamation, expression, and (on occasion) pictorial representation; texture extends from subtle counterpoint to the pure homophony and homorhythm of the lauda."

Another form of music in which Josquin exemplified his talents was that of the *frottola*. The *frottola* was a particular type of poetry and music originating in Northern Italy during the late 15th and early 16th centuries. In its poetic style the *frottola* is comprised of stanzas of three or four double-lines each, with a refrain of two double-lines before and after each stanza. The music was always composed of several brief portions which were arranged and repeated in several manners, the following example being frequent:

Text: r r s s r r

Music: a b a b a b

(R stands for two lines of the refrain, s for two lines of the stanza). The style of the *frottola* is primarily chordal in three or four parts, the upper voice maintaining the melody. They were, perhaps, performed as songs with accompaniment, the lower parts being played on instruments. The musical selection placed at the end of this paper is an example of a *frottola* composed by Josquin Des Prez. From this selection it may be derived, although speaking in an anachrostical manner, that Josquin primarily employed root positions chords within a homophonic tone texture. The meter of this selection is frequently changed from c to 3/2 and the rhythm is quick and varied. Textually, it is a frivolous and humorous piece and affords opportunity for some text-painting. This may be seen on the second line, second, third, and fourth measures where the word "long" encompasses a mellismatic-like effect.

From even a brief view of the life and works of Josquin Des Prez, it may well be assumed that:

He was a man with music in himself  
Who was mov'd with concord of sweet sound,  
Let such a man be trusted!

# COMMENTS TO ACCOMPANY

The photographs shown here represent my first venture into the field of fashion photography. They were taken over two years ago to help publicize the Home Economics Club's annual fashion show. The whole assignment included slides to be shown during the show as well as the publicity pictures.



Kathy Kameen '73

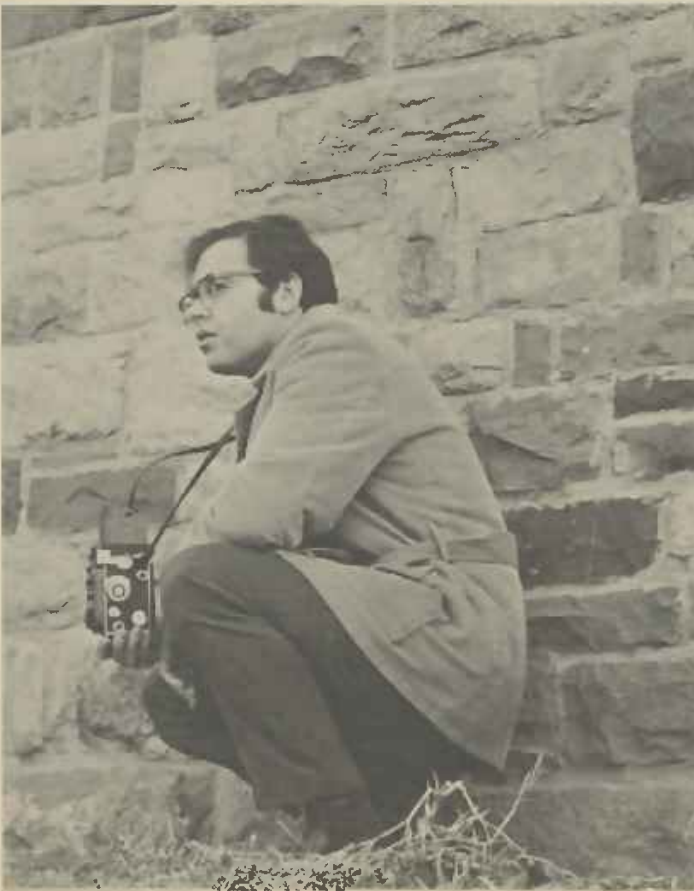


# FASHION PHOTOGRAPHERS

Fashion photography is quite a jump from my initial photographic interest, scenics. (But then again fashion work can get rather scenic.) The step in the evolution from outdoor work to fashion work was portraiture. I think the effects of both still strongly influence my work. I still take a fashion shot as I would a portrait. That is, I concentrate on getting a photograph of the woman: I try to capture a mood, a facet of her personality, or perhaps some particular emotion that I have at the moment. The clothes are secondary; they aid in setting the mood or enhancing the model. I suspect that the designer who is interested in showing off his designs might not like my work. I believe that fashions should aid in enhancing the woman, not the reverse, so perhaps my approach has some validity. I enjoy shooting portraits and fashion work outdoors. I get my best ideas for shots outdoors and I do not have to worry about moving lights around. My biggest worry with regard to outdoor lighting is the sun. Harsh shadows are bad, but there are ways of getting around this problem such as shooting in open shade or placing the model with her back to the sun. Shooting indoors has one advantage; you have total control of the environment, which in my case is a small studio in my basement. It is far from ideal so I still prefer working outdoors.



Linda Jensen '73



Ten years ago, I would never have guessed that I would be doing this sort of work. My earliest recollections (perhaps false) of fashion photographs are of emaciated models in stiff unnatural poses. Fortunately, at least for male observers, things seem to have changed. The models of today look healthier and the photography is more creative. So much so I understand, that some designers complain that their designs are not given the attention they deserve.

How far I'll go in this type of photography remains to be seen. Opportunity is a big problem. One just doesn't run up to a girl and ask her to pose for fashion work. I've been fortunate in getting an occasional opportunity at Misericordia and at a Scranton department store. I suspect that fashion photography must remain a small but pleasant part of my work.

Vincent Maier  
Chairman, Department of  
Math and Physics





*"Resurrection"*

*Sister Jo Anne Marie Jones, R.S.M. '72*



*"Mrs. K. At the Wheel"*

*Art Miller*







