

Misericordia University

Misericordia Digital Commons

Instress: A Journal of the Arts

Digital Collections

2024

Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1989 (Winter)

Misericordia University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress>

Recommended Citation

Misericordia University, "Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1989 (Winter)" (2024). *Instress: A Journal of the Arts*. 8.

<https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress/8>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Digital Collections at Misericordia Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Instress: A Journal of the Arts by an authorized administrator of Misericordia Digital Commons. For more information, please contact mcech@misericordia.edu.

ପଦ୍ମପତ୍ର



ଆଗଷ୍ଟ ୧୯୮୯

Articles or artwork from this magazine may not be reproduced without the written permission of the editors and the author or artist.

Photo	Chris Michael	Cover
French Azilium	Chris Michael	3
Growing Pains	Rebecca Ardoline	4
Young Boys Behind the School	John Woods	4
Shadow Boy	Chris Michael	4
Sunrise Tower	Chris Michael	4
Artwork	Yvonne Brace	5
The Sculptor	Nancy Steffan	5
A Sense of Summer	Abigail Williams	6
A Suddenly Exclusive Community	Peggy Charnick	7
Non-Biodegradable	Chris Michael	7
Spider	Chris Michael	8
A Long, Black Ponytail	Paulina Riera	8
Artwork	Rigoberto Peres	9
Anarchist Ink	John Woods	9
Photos: Playing/Opposum	Chris Michael	10
G.M. Hopkins	Dr. David Wright	11
Centenary Celebration, G.M. Hopkins		12-13
Sketch:	Lena Nahlous	
Lettering:	Karen Springer	
Critics' Comments:	Margaret Dershimer	
Haiku		14-15
Lettering (English & Japanese)	Lena Nahlous	
Photo: Sakurajima	Ann Marie Wilson Denise Cavallini, Kevin Curcio, Margaret Dershimer, John Woods, Lena Nahlous, Karen Anne Springer, Mary Jo Finley, Denise Hartman	
Artwork	Chris Arasteh	15
Orchids #3	Rigoberto Peres	16
A Garden	J. Calderone	16
Artwork	Jim Talluto	17
Memoir	Anya Musto	17
Gilgamesh Remaining	John Woods	18
Beggar in the Night	John Woods	18
Freshman	Nancy Comstock	19
Excursion to Dachau	Mary Ellen Porzuczek	19
The Ogre	John Woods	20
Artwork	Rigoberto Peres	20
Bottle of Tears	Karen Anne Springer	21
Last Call	Chris Michael	21
Metropolis: Dec. 24	Kevin Curcio	21
La Madre	Chris Michael	22
The Museum	John Woods	22
French Azilium	Lena Nahlous	23
<hr/>		
Literary Editor	John Woods	
Layout Editors	Chris Michael, Denise Cavallini Carol Holmes, Rigoberto Peres	
Managers	Karen Anne Springer, Denise Hartman	
Staff	Mary Jo Finley, Kevin Curcio, Margaret Dershimer, Lena Nahlous	
Moderator	Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM	





Growing Pains

Screaming children compete for my attention
All day long.
Evening arrives at last.
They are sent to bed.
The youngest disturbs my peace.
She is hungry.
I give her water and help her back to bed.
She returns,
Crying to be fed.
I hold her close and nurture.
She grows.

Rebecca Ardoline



Young Boys Behind the School

Fire flickers from their fingers,
Breaths of death filter inside.
Smiling rings of smog drift skyward,
Halo over head and hide.

John Woods

The Sculptor

The slabs of unsculpted granite lie in a stoneyard.
Each the same yet different...

Certainly only the sculptor can choose the slab he
wants to sculpt to create the perfect image.

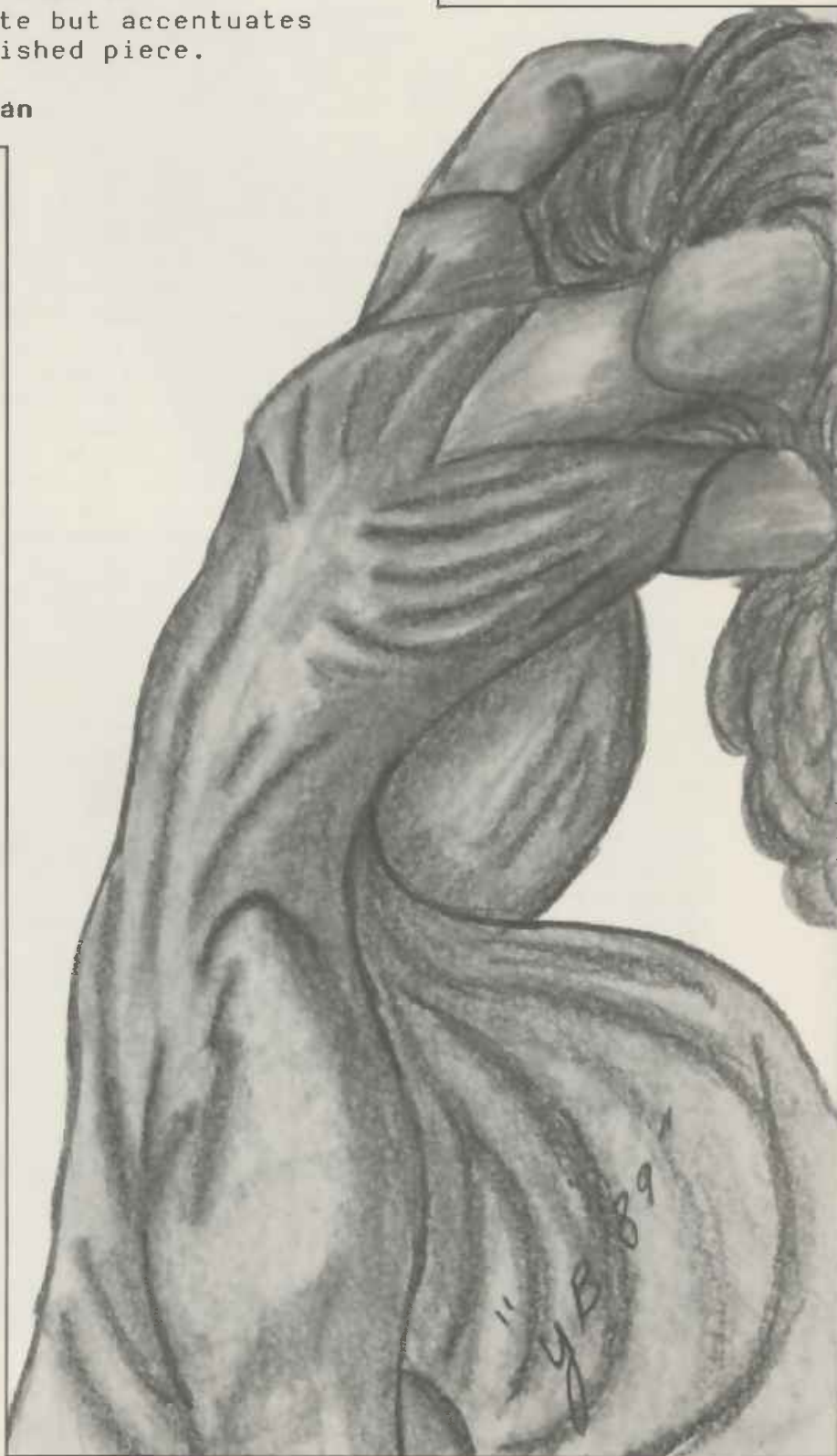
But to the untrained eye, we cannot see
the uniqueness and special attributes each
slab of cold granite possesses.

Notice the sculptor -

so gentle carving with his tools.

Observe how he does not take out the
uniqueness of the granite but accentuates
it into a beautiful finished piece.

Nancy Steffan



A Sense of Summer

It is a warm early summer night, as the sun sets over a beachfront condo on the shore. I'm in the process of getting ready for a fun evening out with my summer friends. In the background I hear my sister chuckle at a joke her friend has just told her; my mother, in the kitchen, is spreading olive oil over luscious jersey tomatoes. A car moves swiftly in the driveway. It is my father arriving from Pennsylvania with a week's assortment of mail and papers among other things. Another summer weekend at the shore has just begun at my home. It is this house on this street on Long Beach Island that has become so familiar to me in the past twenty years, that I now cannot picture my life without it.

On any summer night crowds of people flock around Bay Village, an outside shopping mall with a seaport atmosphere. The sun sets golden and red, assuring those who watch it that tomorrow will be another beautiful beach day. I walk by Foster's, a farm market near the center of town where I took my very first job, hoping to catch a glimpse of my old boss, then realize that he sold his share of the place two years ago. As a strong ocean breeze lifts my hair, I see on the next street a small white house on the corner. My friend Grace used to live there; we used to sit out on the tiny front porch, and talk, and smoke all night long. Her mother sold the house because of rising costs. I wonder who owns it now. Nice lot, worth much today. I make a left on Center Street. Lined with turn-of-century shore homes, this street has really become a tourist attraction. A few lifeguards pass me on their way to lunch. One I know raises his bronzed arm and whistles. At the end of the street I stop at the seashell bar for a refreshing drink. The sun beats down on the poolside bar, Rick the bartender, who has worked there for years, asks me where the time has gone since last summer.

Now it is nighttime. I open up the front screen door, my parents have finished their meal. Mr. Piscopo, a neighbor, is sharing Sambuco with my father. Wall Street Week with Louis Roukiser is the topic of conversation. My mother is in the kitchen showing off a silk dress; my sister looks on with admiration while puffing heavily on a Marlboro. She takes a sip of wine, and turns to me abruptly to ask "Ms. Abby, where are you going this evening?" "To a party," I reply. As soon as I have a chance, I rush out of the kitchen to get money from dad, and then head out the door.

A drunk approaches me to ask if I know where the Hudson House Bar is; as he staggers away, I watch to see, but he has missed it, and he keeps walking on. The Hudson House, a very popular nightspot, is a local hangout, and the people who live in Beach Haven year round would like to keep it that way. In the distance I hear young children on amusement rides at a park down the street. My penny loafers kick a stone that has gotten in their way. A few blocks from my house, teenage boys scream from their convertibles at the girls walking on the sidewalk just ahead. I pass a Beach Haven cop who has pulled over a New York driver for speeding. Up above, the sky crackles with blue, red and white fireworks. I am now on Eighteenth Street, at the white house on the corner where the party is.

Many people stand talking on the large brick-faced porch, holding plastic cups, as I walk up the side stairs. In passing a girl that I recognize, I turn back to greet her, happy to realize that she too has remembered me. Back for another summer, I wouldn't want to be anywhere but LBI in the summertime. She turns away and, as I turn to look around, I wish I could stay here forever.

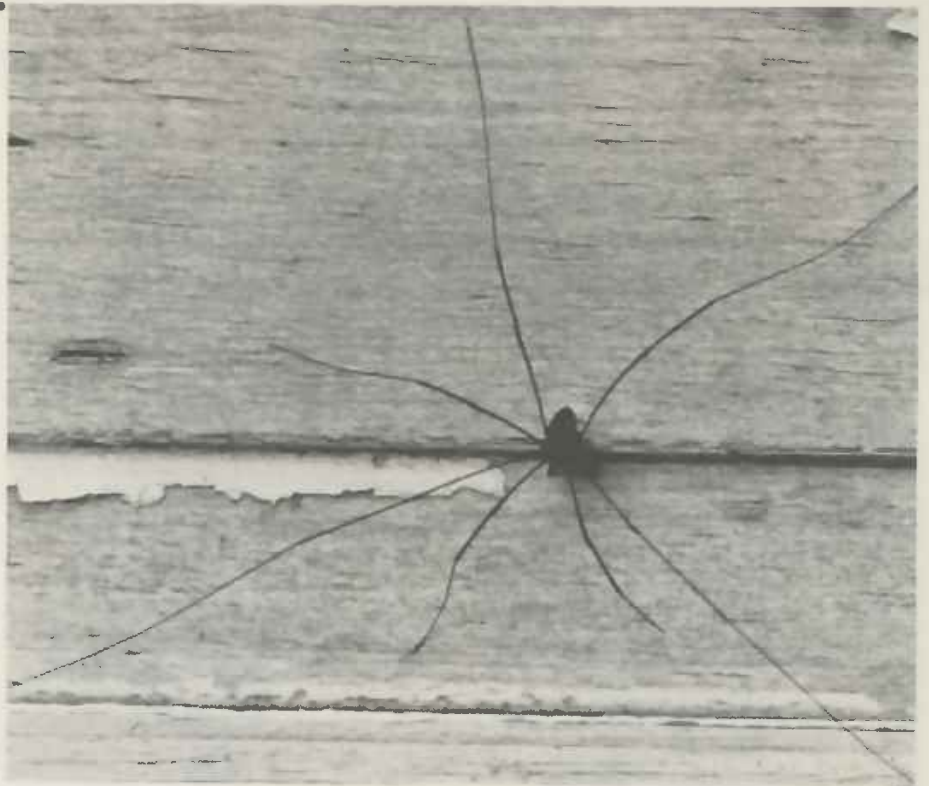
Abigail Williams

A Suddenly Exclusive Community

Bayport, New York, is a quaint little town whose quiet and stately charm has been its undoing. The leisurely pace of daily life in this town has attracted new residents, frantically searching for peace and quiet. Having found a town where life is simple and uncomplicated, these people are quick to import the trappings of the city life they are trying to flee. As a result, roller-rinks, fast food restaurants, shopping centers, and four-lane highways now dominate places where cattails and marsh grass once grew. The broad leafy avenues of the town have beckoned refugees from cement and high-rise apartment buildings seeking a haven in the country. Parcels of land have been cleared, wooded lots have been leveled, all to make way for cramped housing developments that sit exposed to sun and rain on naked plots of brown grass. The unexpected invasion of people seeking to purchase homes or vacant lots has led to an abrupt rise in the cost of houses and a sharp increase in property taxes. The original residents, who can no longer afford to live in a suddenly exclusive community, have been driven out of their homes and away from a unique and lovely way of life. The charm and simplicity of the town has vanished along with the trees and the natives.

Peggy Charnick





A Long, Black Pony Tail

Thin misted memories curtain the night.
A threatening December wind blows through my mind,
as cold water washes over my naked feet.
I am alone.
I stand with my back against the darkness
As the blinding spotlights pin me to the stage.
The pain rises to the surface,
Whispering into my ear, again,
of a past Christmas Eve, of a future Christmas Eve.
It tells me of a brother laboring for life in my arms.
It reminds me of an unconscious body being pulled from a van,
making me wonder again whether the body is dead or alive.
Still, even louder than these whispers, I am forced to
endure once more the shattering cry of pain
bumped out of my father's lips,
out of the ambulance,
out of this world, and back again, to rest finally in me,
forever.
The mist rises without me.
I remain.
Dark reality remains,
blinding my mother's will to live.
I, the oldest child, the youngest adult,
remain.
To be housekeeper, accountant, disciplinarian, student, caretaker,
repairman,
and morale booster.
Somewhere out in the drunken mist
there lives a frightened little eleven-year old girl,
twisting a long black ponytail around her fingers,
waiting to meet me.

Paulina Riera



Anarchist Ink

Anarchist ink imprisoned in our veins,
 Something is dripping drops upon our feet;
 Drawing our breath we stab into our brains.

Dictators cater to conditioned strains
 Of mice and men to master mud-licked streets;
 Anarchist ink imprisoned in our veins.

The Russian Revolution's rocks and rains
 Are drained into the sewer doused of heat;
 Drawing our breath we stab into our brains.

While Walden's burning bush is choking grain,
 Something drips on our hand in sweet discreet;
 Anarchist ink imprisoned in our veins.

South Africa crops men into its trains,
 They shuffle on and off the still-warm seats;
 Drawing our breath we stab into our brains.

And you who hear this foolish song of stains,
 And comprehend the rhythm of its beat,
 Something is dripping drops upon our mane,
 Drawing our breath we stab into our brains.

John Woods

Playing



Opossum

INSTRESS has been published by the students of College Misericordia since December of 1966. The title, coined by Gerard Manley Hopkins, signifies the moment the reader achieves complete understanding of the written word. The author, through INSTRESS, conveys to and shares with the reader, an emotionally moving experience.



In Appreciation of Gerard Manley Hopkins

One hundred years ago Gerard Manley Hopkins died at the age of forty-five. Although still not as well known as many other poets, his importance for twentieth-century poetry is considerable and undeniable. The degree to which his fame is limited is due undoubtedly to both his unusual life and his difficult poetic technique.

Born in Stratford, England in 1844 to an affluent Anglican family, Hopkins won a scholarship to study classics at Oxford. Oxford students in the 1860s were passionately involved in a religious revival. Hopkins soon followed the religious leader John Henry Newman from the Church of England to the Roman Catholic Church. Not only did Hopkins convert to Catholicism, he soon became a Jesuit priest.

Although Hopkins consecrated the remainder of his short life to religious devotion, he wrote a number of poems that differed radically from other poetry of his time. In order to explain and justify his novel technique, Hopkins elaborated an aesthetic theory that emphasized a rhythm different from the regular rhythm prevalent among the poetry of his contemporaries. Hopkins counted only the stressed syllables, not all syllables, so that a more musical or conversational sound sprang from the line. Hence the name he used for this method: "sprung rhythm".

Hopkins also developed a philosophy of aesthetics based on his study of the medieval Franciscan philosopher Duns Scotus. Scotus had stressed the individuality of phenomena. From this, Hopkins derived a theory of beauty in which "inscape" described the inner nature of things and "instress" the dynamic element that gives being to them. Thus, poems about natural objects, one of the genres in which Hopkins excelled, could go beyond a description of ordinary appearances to yield unexpected insights.

The most ambitious effort by Hopkins was a lengthy poem that commemorated the tragic death of five nuns in 1875. In "The Wreck of the Deutschland", Hopkins used his technical innovations to tell the story of the ill-fated ship called the Deutschland. Hopkins submitted this poem to a Jesuit journal which declined to print it. This piece and his other poems were not published during his lifetime.

Robert Bridges, a lifelong friend of Hopkins since their meeting at Oxford, published his poems in 1918, nearly thirty years after his death. Rather than seeming dated and old-fashioned, the poems of Hopkins were as fresh and modern as the work just then being done by James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and T.S. Eliot. Like them, Hopkins expanded the ways in which the English language can be used. Through alliteration, internal rhyme, and a freer type of rhythm Hopkins invented a new type of sonnet, one which can bring rare delight to the adventurous reader.

David Wright

As Kingfishers Catch Fire

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
 As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
 Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
 Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
 Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
 Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
 Selves--goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,
 Crying What I do is me: for that I came.

I say more: the just man justices;
 Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces;
 Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is--
 Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
 Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
 To the Father through the features of men's faces.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



Centenary Celebration
 Gerard Manley Hopkins
 1844 - 1889



atch fire, dra
 er in round
 like each tucked
 tongue to fling
 g do one thing
 t being indoors
 itself; myself
 is me: for that

 just man justic
 at keeps all
 what in God's
 hrist plays
 nd lovely
 ough the fea

atch fire, dra
 er in roundy
 like each tucked
 tongue to fling
 g do one thing
 t being indoors
 itself; myself
 is me: for that

 just man justic
 at keeps all
 what in God's
 hrist plays
 nd lovely
 ough the fea

Critics' Comments on

Instress



Hopkins delighted in the observation and grasping of nature. His was a world of impression founded on a keen eye and a delicate ear. Hopkins wanted everything in nature and art to be clear and spiritually pure.

Hopkins felt so strongly about this lucidity, he coined the word "instress." Because instress is a personal experience, it affects everyone differently. Hopkins determined that the word stress originates from Old French, Greek, and Medieval Latin. Further, he understood it to mean force, pressure, strain, emphasis, affliction and straits. Stress, therefore, exerts pressure, leaps into lines, strains into life, and informs the shapes of creatures.

Stress becomes instress when it reaches deep into the origin and gathers a response. In instress the feeling is drawn to an interior oneness, energy is collected in a single moment of emotion.

Instress, therefore, is the shaping force or stemmed feeling within nature and art. It is the feeling stored in the unconscious, in the "well of memory", drawn to a moment of release.

Hopkins' life consisted of excelling, renunciation, and revival. He was an original thinker ahead of his time.

Margaret Dershimer

atch...re, dra
er...m in round
ll... each tucked
to...e to fling
g...one thing
t...being
tself; myself
is me: for th
just man justic
al keeps all
what in God's
hrist plays
nd lovely
ough to fee

atch...re, dra
er...m in roundy
ll... each tucked
to...e to fling
g...one thing
t...being
tself; myself
is me: for th
just man justic
al keeps all
what in God's
hrist plays
nd lovely
ough to fee

HAIKU

As summer storms out,
And while fall blushes forward,
Depression sneaks in.

Denise Cavallini

As the night coals char,
Dew-drops shimmer on the streets,
Waiting for light's touch.

Kevin Curcio

Stirred by the ocean,
Tinges of sadness and joy
Tingle into one.

Margaret Dershimer

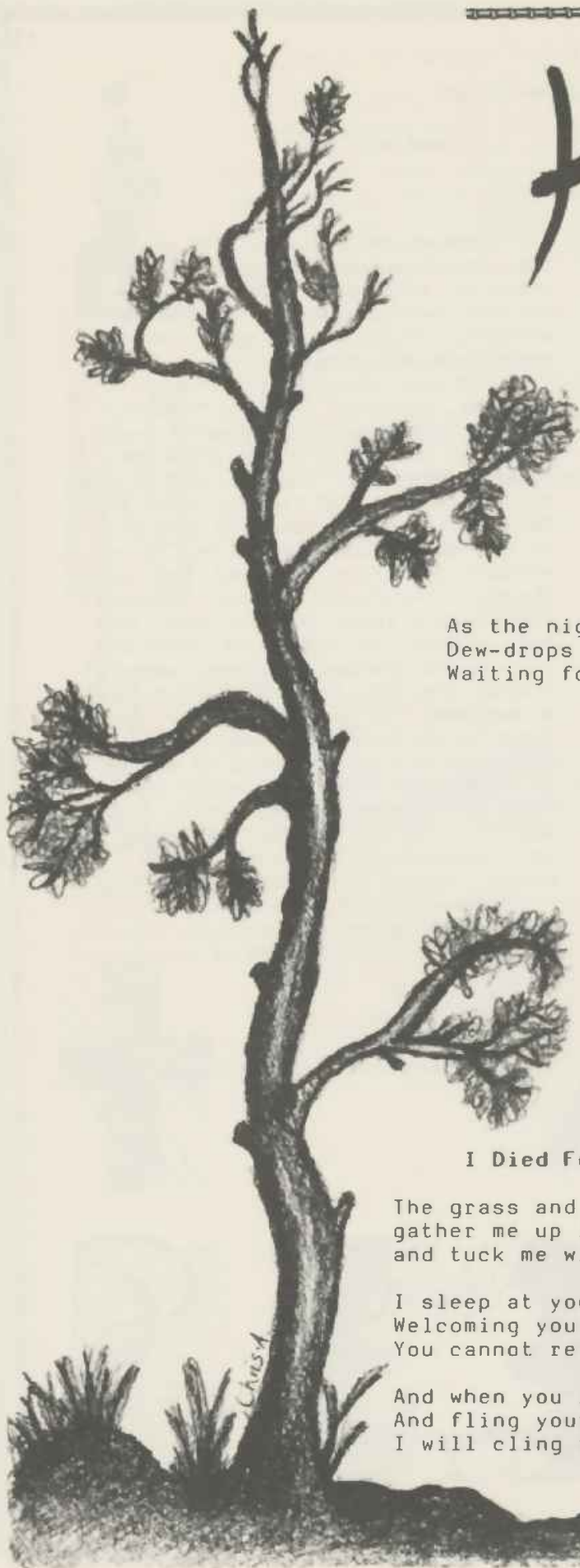
I Died For You

The grass and the rest
gather me up in the night
and tuck me within.

I sleep at your feet
Welcoming you to my bed.
You cannot refuse.

And when you lie down
And fling your soul through the earth
I will cling tightly.

John Woods



Swords of grass crushing
Beneath relentless black boots
Are buried alive.

Lena Nahlous

Gray bearded cloud waves
Wash over the sleeping lands,
Flooding the valley.

Karen Anne Springer

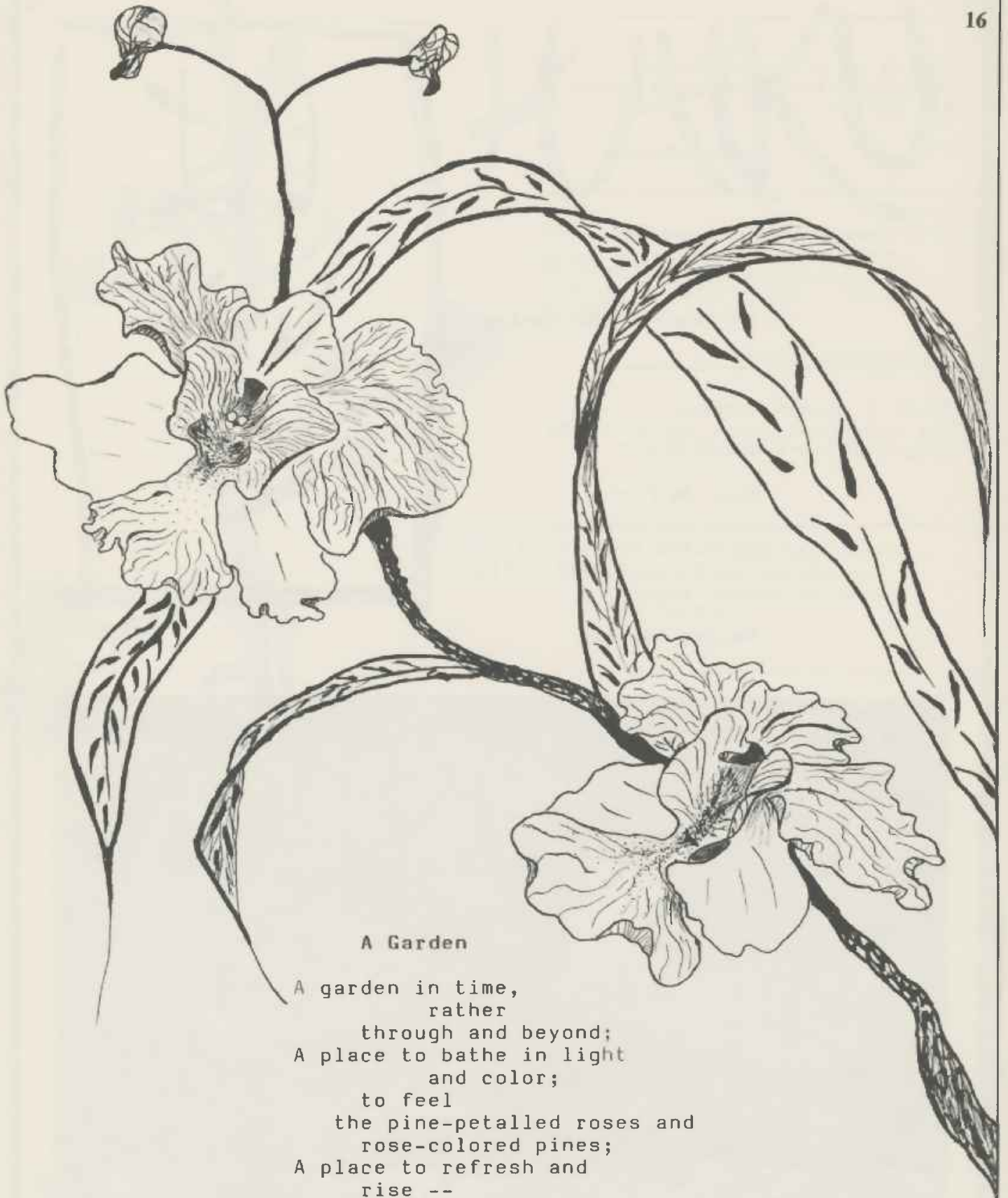
A cat's scream pierces
The frightened dark ear of night
Like a child's dread cry.

Mary Jo Finley

Buck and doe raise fawn,
Peacefully they roam green hills
Hunting season starts.

Denise Hartman





A Garden

A garden in time,
rather
through and beyond;
A place to bathe in light
and color;
to feel
the pine-petalled roses and
rose-colored pines;
A place to refresh and
rise --
back to a world
in need
of sweeter scents.

J. Calderone



Memoir

When I was a little girl, my sister and I would go to a little alcove in the woods behind my house. Winter was our favorite season. Bundled up until we could hardly walk without nearly tipping over, we'd venture out. It was a quiet world, strangely white and echoless, and very secretive. Our tiny legs would get tired trudging through the tall snow, but we'd always find our little place. It was a small opening in the forest surrounded by naked trees. Their scrawny branches, weighed down by the heavy snow, touched the earth. We were sheltered from the wind, and we'd scoot down to make a comfortable seat in a snow-drift. We were afraid to speak lest one of us should shatter the delicate silence. The silence was so thick that it hurt to listen. The only sound was the piercing echo of white on white. We simply sat and worshipped; each snowflake was a miracle for two little girls. We had few worries, and our child minds held deep reverence for the beauty of nature that surrounded us.

Anya Musto



Gilgamesh Remains

Rising with the elusive sun,
 I chase her all day long,
 up
 and down misty
 mountains,
 in and out of damp
 caves,

Across highways,

 and byways,
 under skyways,

 and up skirts.

On freight trains of thought,
 I tramp
 over time

 and through space,

borrowing a bite here,
 stealing a rug there.

By dusk,
 I am flushed by my sweat,

back to earth,

 back to earth,

back to earth

John Woods

Beggar in the Night

The wandering vagabond, Life,
 Rests in me.
 I feed him,
 and clothe him,
 And then let him be.
 He sleeps by my fire,
 And for being kind,
 The morning will find me
 Barefoot, broke, and blind.

John Woods

Freshman

Dear Dad
 I've been in college
 a while now
 and have learned alot
 Like
 Don't eat fried chicken
 in the library
 Don't park where it says Dean
 even if that's your name
 Don't go to the bathroom before Art History
 the pain will keep you awake
 and you were right about the girls.
 Love,

Excursion to Dachau

Nancy Comstock

I woke up that morning, expecting the excursion to Dachau [a concentration camp in Bavaria] to be much like other excursions we had on our trip. So far, our trip had been filled with interesting historical and cultural sights of Europe. We would go to these places wide-eyed and with our cameras ready. I had taken approximately 300 pictures of different points of interest. Out of my 300 photographs, there is not one single picture of Dachau.

Why would I not take pictures of such an infamous place that had a major impact on the world? After all, we sightseers are a literal meaning of the word. We go on vacations to far away, exotic places to see sights, not to reflect on their significance to society or to take in their beauty, or least of all, to philosophize their meaning. Part of seeing these sights is snapping multitudinous pictures so when the traveler returns home, his/her friends will be amazed, perhaps even dumbfounded, and marvel at the fact that he/she had been there.

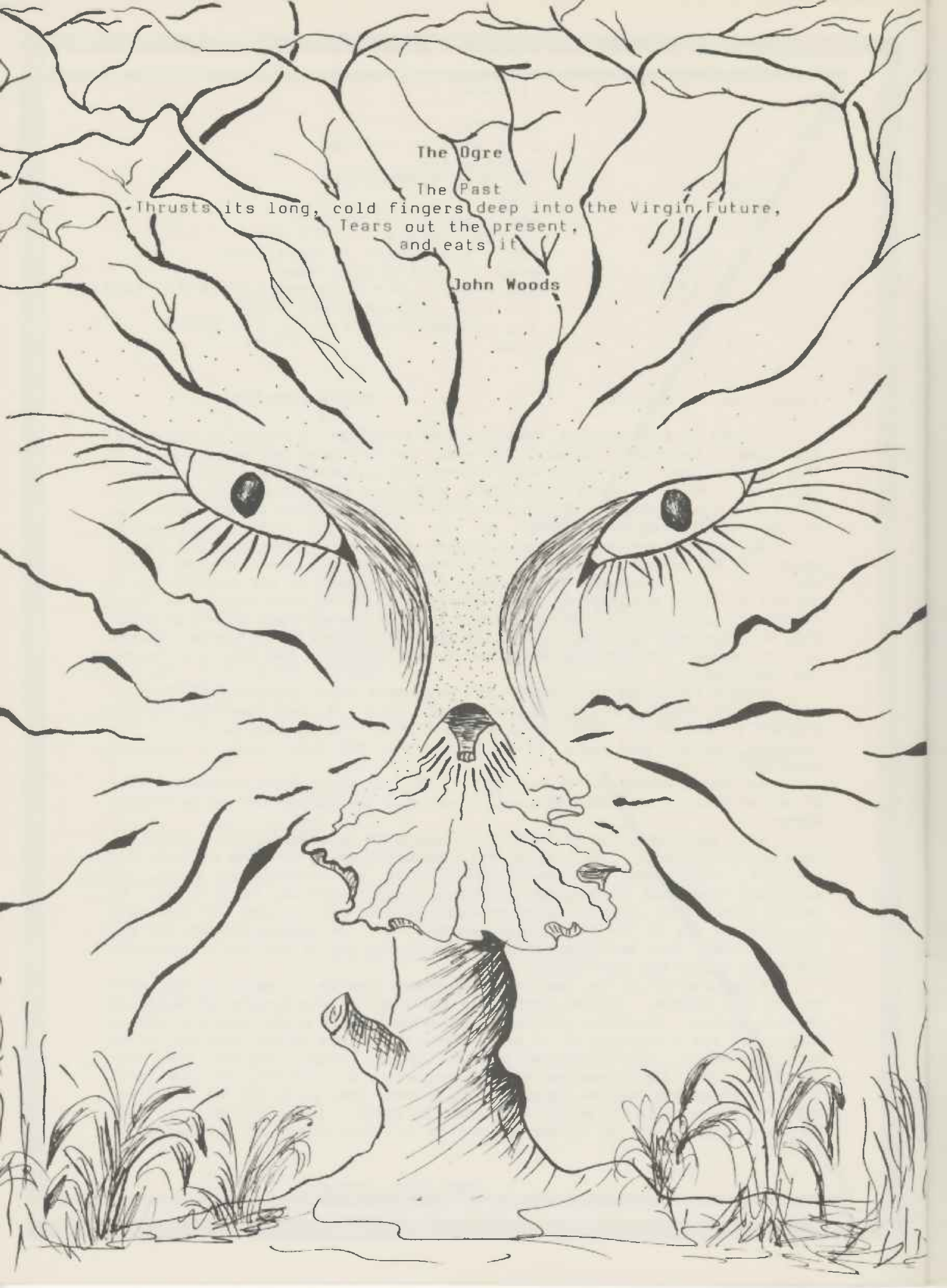
Walker Percy was very astute in his comment about sightseers. He said, "Instead of looking at it, he photographs it." A long time ago, people stopped experiencing sights in order to capture the essence on film. For instance, on my particular trip, Dachau was the only sight I actually experienced.

How did I manage to "recover it"? I did not necessarily accomplish this by any of Percy's methods. However, I was able to "recover it" in an unusual manner.

As I approached the gates with my camera at my side, I knew I would not take any photographs. My friends and I walked through the camp silently and solemnly. There were hundreds of people there, but scarcely any sound. We saw where thousands of Jews had worked in order to prolong their lives. We walked through the cold barracks in which five or more persons had been made to sleep in one of the hard, tiny, wooden beds. We passed through the gas chambers where Jews had been suffocated to death, and we saw the incinerators where the bodies had been burned.

After encircling the camp once, we headed towards the main barrack which serves as a museum. Inside, there were thousands of photographs of Nazis and Jews at Dachau. There was one particular picture that still haunts my memory today. It was a close-up of an elderly Jewish man who looked immensely thin, worn, and weary. The expression on his face was saying, "Why have they done this to us?" There was no anger, vengeance, or self-pity in his face. Instead, there was only an expression of sadness that words can not describe. We stood there a little while, too upset to speak. This picture alone made Dachau an experience for me and "recovered it" from being just another sight to see.

Mary Ellen Porzuczek



The Ogre

The Past

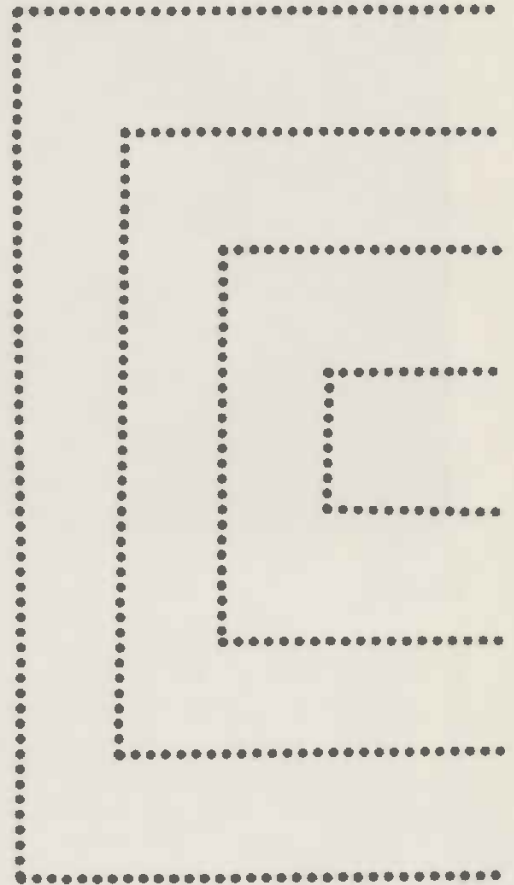
Thrusts its long, cold fingers deep into the Virgin Future,
Tears out the present,
and eats it.

John Woods

The well-aged bottle of wine's
Once tempting taste and sweet-smelling breath;
Offends the cold, night air

All the years forgotten;
Emptied out of a drunk's eye
In a deluge of innocent tears.

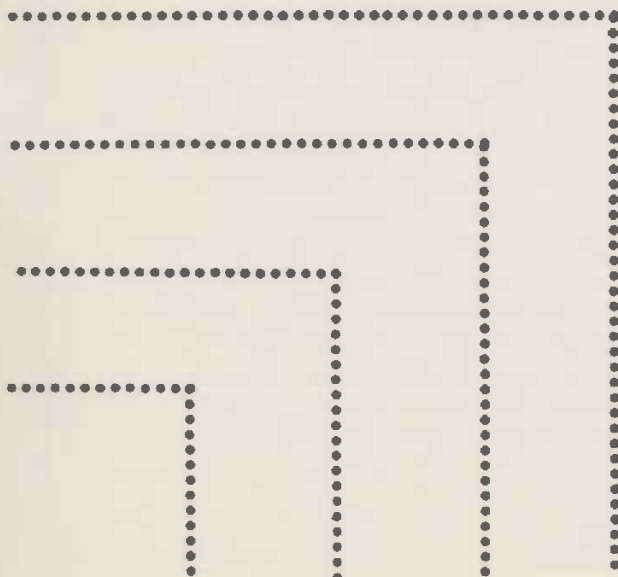
Karen Anne Springer



Metropolis: Dec. '24

Tall gray buildings,
Millions of people high.
Despair, hatred, remorse,
And other noises
Are resurrected from graves of memory
By the rumble of subway trains.
"Got a dime"
"Want to buy some"
"It's good stuff"
Mist and rain engulf me,
Deliver me from this place.
Silent night, Holy night
Get lost!
Rudolph's nose drips red blood
He wants cocaine.

Kevin Curcio





"The Museum"

New York City ... Great place to be ... If you're a pinball. And I was. I bumped and jolted my way from the Metropolitan Museum of Art on 82nd Street all the way down and around to about 42nd Street. It was here that I saw him ... From a distance. He was sitting all the way down to the ground, supporting his back on a building going all the way up to the sky. He was alone ... except for an empty can that sat in front of his feet, begging for anything. I slowed my pace to look more closely at him. "My God", I thought, "He can't be any older than I am. Who the hell does he think he is that I'm gonna give him something I have to break my back to earn." I drew nearer. I noticed that not only were we of approximately the same age, but that there was a striking physical resemblance between me and him, as well. He was about my height, about my build, with the same long, tangling hair as I. I wondered if at one time, his mother, like mine, had tried to drag him into the barber shop ... and respectability. When I came as close to where he sat as only a few feet, I stopped. Not intentionally meaning to be rude, I stopped ... and I stared. I read a cardboard sign he had noosed around his neck. And then I understood. The sign simply read, "Dying of AIDS ... Need only 24 dollars to make it home." Other signs that scabbed his arms and boned his face proved the other to be true. I reached in my pocket and pulled out well over the amount he needed. I looked at him again. I looked at the money. Without even thinking, I stuffed it back in my pocket and quickly walked away.

John Woods



