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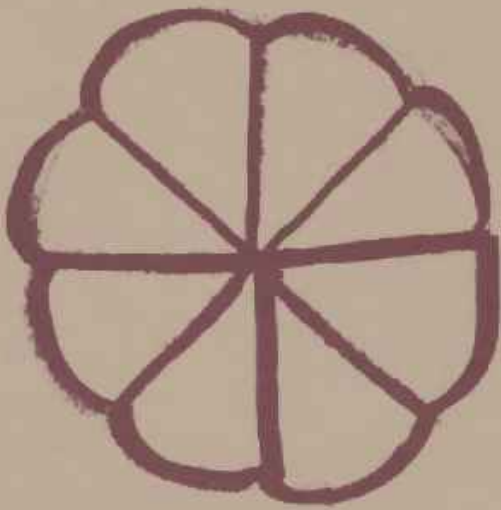
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INSTREES

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Editorial

A seed is a dormant thing, to all appearances, dead. Yet it has within it the potential to give birth to new form and new life. Having undergone its dormancy, INSTRESS is reborn and takes on a new form with the publication of this issue, the first since December, 1968, five long semesters ago. The winter has been long, the seed deeply buried, and we wonder, as the new life bursts forth, about "the force that through the green fuse drives the flower." The wonder, like all wonder, faces us toward mystery, toward paradox, toward the realization that the truth is more to be found in questions than in answers, that endings are in fact beginnings, and that death yields new and glorious life.

Pondering these paradoxes and the promise they offer, the staff of INSTRESS dedicates this "renaissance" issue in a three-fold recognition —

First, to the students of College Misericordia, in their individual, collective, personal, academic, angry, fearful, or serene (though rarely) pursuit of truth through questioning.

Second, to Sister Regina Kelly, out-going Academic Dean, who ends a four-year term of administration, only to begin anew in the classroom, and to make possible such new beginnings as envisioned for CM by her successor.

Third, to Sharon Lynch, Carol Feaster and Rosemary Durso, who shared with us a brief and beautiful season before confronting us with the demanding task of finding in their deaths that new life which transcends questioning and solaces grief.

In thanks and hope, INSTRESS salutes these epiphanies of "force" and presents the driven "flower."

KATHIE NULTON

rain suckling grass
 rolls over fruitless fields
under Mediterranean Sea skies.
snowball clouds splash
 in the eternal depths and heights
 of the waterless ocean
while birds float on feathered bellies
 but soon
the windy tide tugs at their dripping wings
 directing the undertow
 swooping them down to brown beaches
where i sit beneath the umbrella tree
 in awe of the swimming spectacle.



Bernadette Doerr

IN THEORY

In theory
A poem
Is a paper unwound—
The sacred sound
Of our pursuits
In ink,

Or, if we do but reflect
The drift of our dreams,
Who can say that
We are wrong?

Poets are but fools
After all.

Kathie Nulton

REBIRTH

Summertime blossomed and so did
I
We blossomed together
Young, fresh, and alive
Running through the fields
Immersed in flowers and
Fragrance

The leaves turned colors
Fell
And died
We grew stronger and lived
Trying to catch the fading
Life of beauty
The two of us
Together

Winter's cold winds
Blew
But I was warm
In you
And you were warm
In me
Running to catch the snowflakes
On our
Faces

But then spring
Came
Flowers blooming and birds singing
And when you told me
You loved me
I had to say
Goodby.

Sharon Mooney

KATHIE NULTON

"GALLERY"





Anna Fabian



COLLEEN HOGAN

"Wind-up Sailboat"



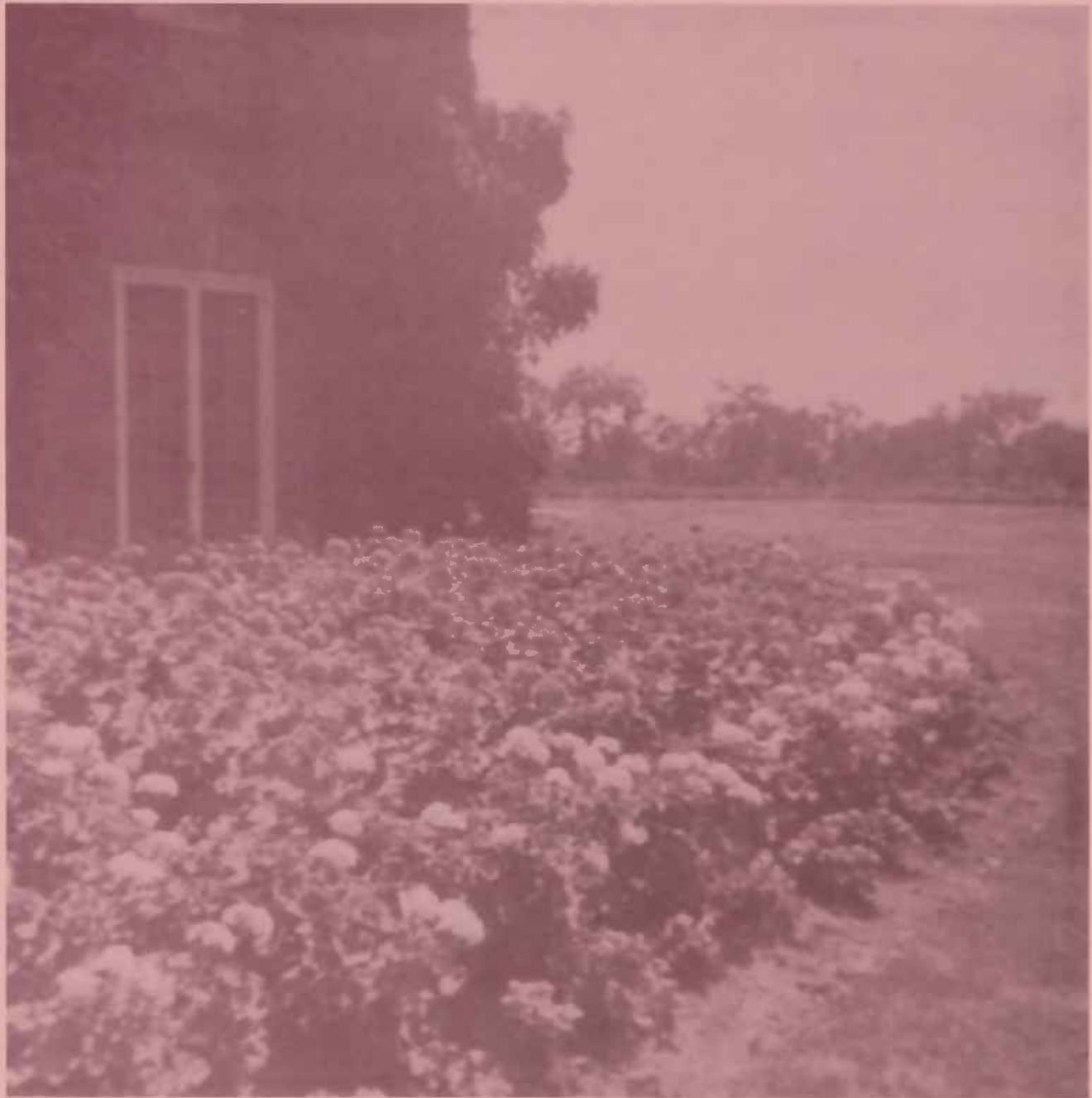
COLLEEN HOGAN

"Rocks"



SHARON MOONEY

"Elkins Park In Winter"



KATHIE NULTON

"Hayfield Farm"

*Address to
the Senior Dinner Dance
February 15, 1969*

*by
Sister
Regina
Kelly*

Recently a sign appeared on the Dean's Bulletin Board at College Misericordia – a bulletin board where official signs and notices appear daily. This sign, however, was non-official, non-directive, non-academic – it consisted of half a dozen words: "Wake Up To A New World." Large and bright enough to attract immediate attention it bore no other message than the cryptic one lettered in splashy colors: "Wake Up To A New World." Everyone saw that sign because it is an unwritten law in most colleges that *everyone* reads the Dean's Bulletin Board *everyday*. It may take a girl many days, it may take her even 4 years of days, to understand what that relatively simply wording means, to understand what it is that we invite her to in college life today.

It's true we invite each of our girls to "wake up", and it's equally true we invite her "to a new world." What is not spelled out in the sign is that we *invite* her. The sign is not a mandatory injunction: it is not even an imperative sentence. It is an invitation and the college student sometimes in the 4 years she spends here must write out her individual and private R.S.V.P. Her R.S.V.P will appear in many guises – either officially in marks and credits, or, more important, perhaps, unofficially in marks, credits, in attitudes, in ambitions, in hopes and desires and choices that are much too complex to measure.

Let me say first, that we invite her to "Wake Up." Lively and spirited as each girl is, there is deep in her somewhere a new or even semi-emergent self to be awakened to a new and emerging world.

I just finished a very wistful book called *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon*. In it, 3 of the most unlikely human beings decide to live together after they are discharged from the hospital. None of them is cured, each bears on his person the marks of his deformity. Each, however, in the course of the story wakes up to a new world. And the power and the vision and the glory of that new world emanates from the one woman in it, June Moon. The fact that Junie Moon is grotesquely disfigured cannot change her basic nature as a woman, tremendous shaper of a new world, however small and seemingly insignificant that world may appear in the eyes of others.

I find this an intriguing idea, and as Dean of a school dedicated primarily to teaching women, I have become more and more absorbed in the idea of woman as shaper of her own world. A late-late comer to the fascinating world of genetics, I am deeply concerned with predictions geneticists are making for woman's controlling role in human biology in the very near future. Ten years from now, to what new worlds will the women here tonight awaken?

On the basis of the new biological world slowly opening to women is Nobel Prize Winner James Watson's experiments described in his book, *The Double Helix*, on the helical structure of the chromosome. And another is the zoological structure of man as the highest primates in Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape*. These may seem remote concerns for a teacher of poetic, a 16th century scholar whose interests are the uses of rhetoric, an academic administrator whose day is filled with appointments about recurring D's and F's and cumulative grade point averages. But in the world of ideas, all previous systems of thought must be brought to bear on new avenues of thinking.

Conscious of the power you have as women to control or change the biological world a'coming, of what significance in your lives is Misericordia's motto "Valiant Women"? What in your four years here has directly or remotely prepared you for your role as shaper of a new world?

What I'm trying to say is, that intellectually, spiritually and socially, we at Misericordia have put the student on her own. We – and I think I can freely speak now for the administration and the faculty – urge her to waken intellectually to the great world of truth – we want you to waken spiritually to a world in which the truth comes alive; and it very much matters to us that your awakening in the social sense completes you as a person.

Secondly, what is the world we offer her? The world we insist is so new? There are 74 colleges in Pennsylvania – but you as students chose this one. After 4 years here, can you answer the question Why?

Misericordia is *not* a home away from home; it does not presume to substitute itself or its staff for home and Mother. A student will be at home in college *only* if she learns to live in a world where her mind is free and where her mind is required to be independent. College will be a "new world" to her only if she submits to the discipline which frees a mind—course work, class schedules, department requirements. What she does about miniskirts, rock n' roll music, cutting class, or taking notes – all this is her decision, her own private choice. And if we give her these freedoms, we expect her to wake up to a new world of adult responsibility that always results from any uses of freedom. Everywhere today we read of the "New World A'Coming." The phrase has an apocalyptic ring – "And I saw the New Jerusalem" is the tone it sets. We have witnessed and are presently witnessing the psychedelic signs of apocalypse in our daily lives. If I think in 4 year spaces it is because 4 years is the only given measure of time on a college campus. The world to which the college student is invited to awaken is her world which must be recognized, set and solidified in just four years.

Therefore, it is not surprising that the young see only the here and the now. You read the words of Teilhard de Chardin that "Today something is happening to the whole human consciousness: A fresh kind of life is starting." For you, religious experience is, as Leslie Dewart observes in his book *The Future of Belief* religious experience has to be more than a predominant concern with getting to heaven. You look to the world here and now, to the world a'coming with the luminous vision of a Bonhoeffer who uses a term youth really understand when he speaks of the cost of discipleship. You fill your world with banners and beads, with violent color and noise of a guitar, but you have sharply called our attention by song to your deep concern for the "Sounds of Silence."

The young today are caught in the whole pitiful problem of existence – you do not ask us to prove that God exists – you ask us to live our belief in God so that it shows. You ask that the new world a'coming be filled with the theology of hope, with the good news of Eternity, as the Book of Revelation calls it.

Chardin also reminds us that the task before us now, if we would succeed, is to rebuild the earth. Our young people ask us *in whose image and likeness* will we build the new world this time. "O brave new world," Shakespeare says, "that has such people in it," and our *brave new world had better transcend the psychedelic apocalypse of this one.*

In my office hangs a bright banner with just 3 words on it – *Man Can Endure*. They are part of a longer quotation from the prominent German Theologian Karl Rahner who says: "What do grace and glory mean, except that *man can endure*, in the midst of absolute fire, in the midst of incomprehensibility." Discouraged students have looked at that message – *Man Can Endure*, and have asked: "How much and how long? My answer is – that depends on the man, depends on his vision of the world, his hope in the new world of his future. More reflective students have asked, "shouldn't that read: *Man Will Endure*?" And my answer is no – that too depends on man: the message means that with the help of grace and with the promise of glory, man has the capacity to endure. That is the public avowal of the ultimate commitment of Christian man to any world. But the private choice to endure is one of *will*; it is the choice to endure beyond the Apocalypse, beyond the existential limitations of a here and now; transcending all of these in the spirit of revelation itself, that spirit of urgency which one theologian has expressed as:

When, if not now?

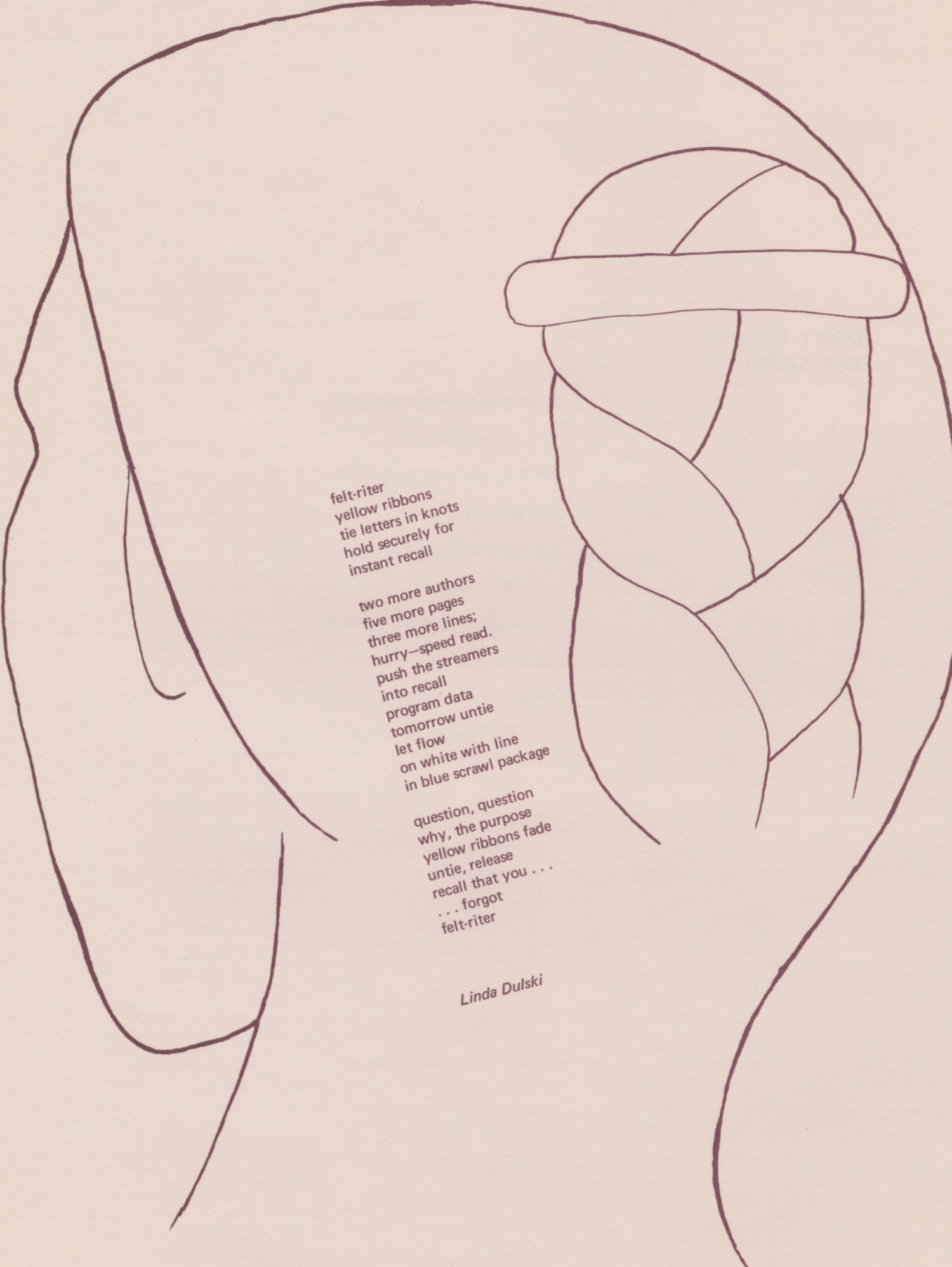
Who, if not you?

The beloved disciple, who lived the cost of his own discipleship, warned us at the end of his Book of Revelation: "Do not keep the prophecies of this book a secret, because the Time is near." There is a new world a'coming. It belongs to you, particularly in your role of valiant women in the church, among the people of God.

The people of God in Biafra or Berkeley, the people of God in Vietnam or in county prisons, the people of God in outer space or in the inner city. The weary people of God who talk of peace in Paris or the hungry people of God who cry out for bread in Harlem – Blessed are all of these, for theirs is the new world, and it is not just a'coming – it is now upon them: this is truly the day of grace and glory, this is the day for you to decide *the image and likeness*.

John L'Heureux – Women never wholly die; they tease the elements to preserve their one fantastic gift, survive all weather of the heart.

Sister Regina Kelly



felt-riter
yellow ribbons
tie letters in knots
hold securely for
instant recall

two more authors
five more pages
three more lines;
hurry—speed read.
push the streamers
into recall
program data
tomorrow untie
let flow
on white with line
in blue scrawl package

question, question
why, the purpose
yellow ribbons fade
untie, release
recall that you . . .
. . . forgot
felt-riter

Linda Dulski



**DON'T DISTURB
THE SILENCE!**

Music flows from aspiring fingers

Yet all is silent.

Midnight light forms the back-drop

Of a quivering evergreen.

The music stops, it comes again,

Still all is silent.

Cancerous smoke swirls and dances

To the halting music.

The pine worries on, praying to the moon,

Don't disturb the silence!

Mary Anne Grady

by Mary Anne Grady

JAMIE was nineteen, but it didn't make much difference in this hot Viet Nam jungle, because yesterday, today and tomorrow he was expected to be a man, depending on himself and boot-camp training. His platoon, twenty men, had been searching the valley swamps for 'Charles' since six o'clock in the morning, with no results. Mosquitos and ticks covered the soldiers' bodies biting mercilessly. Above, the sun was at its peak, transforming the swamp into a furnace, or — more correctly — into a hell on earth. Jamie was sloughing through the muck underfoot when out of nowhere, bullets flashed and men fell. Firing at the tree-tops, in vain, Jamie realized that the V.C. may as well be invisible. A bullet found a home in Jamie's shoulder, and at the same time, a strong hand on his back dragged him down and a voice commanded him to crawl. Obediently, he crawled through mud and high reeds, following the voice.

TWO BOY-MEN

They had gone about thirty feet when Jamie recognized the voice — Dixie, a tall quiet guy from South Carolina. Dixie must have been hit in the leg, judging by the way he was dragging it. A little further and they would reach high ground with foilage to hide them until it was safe to move again.

Tall grass and dry ground with berry bushes overhead made a decent shelter, considering what was available. Sleep came quickly to Dixie, blocking out pain and fright. Jamie listened to the nocturnal jungle sounds. Dixie had said something about the crickets and bull-frogs reminding him of when he was a kid back home the first time he went hunting, when he and his father had sat in a blind all night.

Just two years ago Jamie was in high school, with no more responsibility than doing his homework. Now, here he was struggling for survival in a land that had no meaning for him, and all because the financial security of this "conflict" was agreeable to men in Washington, D.C., men who disagreed, men who were safe, and far away from sniper bullets and mortar fire. It was little short of insane, that these men and politicians should have the power to keep this war going at its slow, steady pace, and keep reporting, at press conferences and luncheons, how well it was going, while thousands of nineteen-year-olds were dying. Jamie wasn't against dying for his country and his people, but to die from malaria or yellow fever or dysentary in order to preserve a stable economy was something else. Taking a stubby pencil from his pocket, Jamie slowly and carefully drew a dove on the front of his helmet—back at the barracks he would paint it white. But right now, here they lay, two wounded persons, half boys, half men,

alone, hungry, and not knowing what morning would bring.

Dixie shook Jamie, warning him to silence in case they weren't completely alone. An orange and green macaw was screeching his morning song from the bough of a tree nearby. It must have been about 5 a.m. The sky was gray from night and blue from day, with a bright orange glow of dawn pervading all. Through the dense leaves Jamie watched the sunrise, while Dixie studied some dark red berries in his hand. The berries would be their breakfast.

After this slight nourishment, they got down to the matter at hand—the return to camp. First, they picked a dry tree-limb for a makeshift crutch for Dixie and fashioned a sling out of vines to relieve the ache in Jamie's shoulder. Loyalty—or something—drew them back to where they had been ambushed yesterday. The going was slow and painful, but they held their weapons ready and kept a close watch for any movement in their path. Before long they came upon three bloodied bodies. They had been stabbed repeatedly. A sickening nausea came over Jamie. A few minutes later, still shaking from the first sight of the mangled bodies, the boy-men collected the three sets of dog-tags and continued the search for others. It was fruitless.

Stopping to rest every half-hour on the way back to camp was necessary if Dixie was to make it on his injured leg. Already, the leg and Jamie's arm were inflamed, throbbing with pain, and the open wounds were attracting flies. At this slow pace, it would take at least another day to reach camp. Their spirits were lifted a bit — if that was possible — when they reached a deserted campsite. The rest of the platoon must have passed them by during the night. Scraping around, they found a little food, but it wasn't much better than the diet of coconuts and berries they had been on all day.

Two hills had to be crossed. As they were ascending the second hill, the sun slipped out of sight and darkness settled in again. The boy-men were thankful for the night, for the protection and the cool breeze it offered them. From their hill-top vantage point, they saw thylight of campfires in the valley below. To approach the circle of men could mean help and safety—if they were Americans. It would be certain death if they were Viet Cong.

A twig snapped behind them. Spinning round, weapons raised, the boy-men were face to face with a charging V.C. Jamie fired point blank, once, twice . . . the V.C. staggered and dropped dead.

There was no panic. There was no emotion at all now. Escape was primary. They were obviously V.C. campfires,

and they would surely come to investigate the gunfire. Jamie stumbled after Dixie, who had developed a hop-skip by this time. Taking a longer, round-about path, the boy-men managed to elude other Viet Cong. By the time they were clear of the valley, they were totally exhausted. They found thick, protective foliage and took turns sleeping and keeping guard.

Waking to a hot morning sun, aching stomachs, and thickening, useless limbs, they resumed their journey back to camp. Even if they wanted berries for breakfast, they wouldn't find any. The bushes were barren. The two had been walking for a time—a measure of time that was irrelevant because for every step taken there were more ahead to take, and time won't measure inches or miles — when they heard the muffled rumblings of jeeps. Cautiously, the boy-men approached the road, but the first jeep had already gone by when they reached it. They continued along the side of the road, but beyond sight, in case this was a V.C. road.

Pain throbbed insistently; the best they could do was try to ignore it. Their faces glowed red from the sun and flies buzzed around the unbandaged wounds.

"You know," said Dixie, "I better get used to depending on crutches. This leg will have to be amputated."

"I doubt it. It hasn't given out on you completely yet."

"The hell it hasn't. Take a good look."

Dixie was right. The leg was swollen way beyond normal proportion and was hanging loosely from his hip.

"Jamie, did you know that you can feel your leg even after it has been cut off?"

"That's what some people say, but it's only imagination."

"My imagination is pretty strong. At night, I imagine that I'm back home, back anywhere, just out of this jungle."

"Did you live on a farm?"

"No. My uncle has a hog farm, but I've always lived in the city. What about you . . . where do you come from?"

"Maine. A little town on the border. If I was born a mile or two further north, I wouldn't be here now."

"Then it must have been fate that . . ."

Dixie broke off abruptly as a motor hummed in the distance. Down the road they saw a jeep, but couldn't distinguish it as American or V.C. Hopeful, yet fearful, they watched it come. It was a Charlie jeep.

Sporadic gunfire followed. The corpses lay in the mid-day sun, a prey for scavengers.

L
O
O
K
A
W
A
Y

Look at yourself, old man.
You're frail and bent
And you have nothing to live for.
You sit here day after day
Waiting for an endless night that never comes.

You say the sea is your friend
And I say it is your hell.
You'll never get your lover back.
The sea is a miser.
She never returns her treasures.

Come away, old man.
Come away and live a life worth living.
Look at me, old man, look at me.
I am old and bent, too.
But I'm strong, old man,
And I can give my strength to you.

Now, old man, before it's too late,
Look away from the sea, old man,
And live for me

Mary Anne Grady



O L D M A N

AN ODE SHORTER THAN HEMINGWAY'S



I see you Old Man with a
leather face
Squatting on the still-warm sand
Strewn with jagged pieces of
sea-wood.
Your old, worn nets are laid out;
I see you mending and
Staring out at the sea.

I think you have seen so much
in that sea, Old Man
It holds the wisdom of the world
in its briny bosom.

Your gnarled hands are warmed
in the sun, Old Man
I see the deep wrinkles
Running across their dark
brown coating
As if they were carved from
wood.

You've worked hard, Old Man
Your back is nearly broken
from the burden
All this you gave without
a word
Old Man, I envy you.

Molly Donnelly

"The task of a college is to weld imagination and experience."

Dr. Timothy Healy

" . . . all mankind is us, whether we like it or not."


Waiting for Godot

"Americans want a stabilized Southeast Asia."

Dr. Roger Hilsman

"Nothing bores like the Word of God made grammar: . . ."

John L'Heureux
"God, Dying"



In morning
you breezed thru
the hallways of my mind
leaving traces
on the billowing curtains

steaming the windows

changing the bleak atmosphere
with air molecules
of fresh living,
sweeping my soul
into the tornado
of your day.

Linda Dulski

FRAN McMANUS



I thought spring was here
 trees blossoming little green buds
 that meant love
 and petals forming on every lip of each perennial
 hugging.
 The sun shone brightly through an uncertain haze.
 It touched none but the big brown earth
 who wept for its disclosure to
 a world so cold and frigid.

AFTER FOUR GLORIOUS DAYS

OF SUNSHINE

8 IN. OF SNOW

As we mortals sloped thru the mud
 and remembered what it meant
 Tiny snowflakes caught our eyelashes (a little ran from my eye)
 and we died again
 on a frozen tundra.

As we lay faces upward
 hearts frozen
 we realized we couldn't live until
 the spring thaw
 left us
 melting into the sloppy mud as
 the toad upon the lily pad sprung
 upwards
 into a somersault,
 landed on his head
 and
 we
 laughed,

Marybeth Cavanaugh





HAI-KU

I'm drunk in a park
And there is love all around
Except in my heart.

Mary Anne Grady

Love's like this hai-ku
There can be just too much of it
Or too little.

Mary Anne Grady

frozen skies thaw
rain
down
down
down
creating puddles
for the earth to go
skinny-dipping in May.

Bernadette Doerr

In English we discussed and dissected
and I mourned for you, William
Percy
George,
etc.

Each student viewed you with a discerning eye
and instead of enjoying
or
contemplating

Flipped her wrist, glanced at her watch and uttered a sigh
of relief that there were
only
ten
minutes
left.

Outside everything you spoke about to us
was alive--remembering
your deaths,
but no one noticed.

As we sat, fidgeting in our seats
a dry voice questioned
and your images were
lost in a fear that I might be called on next.

The bell rang--we sprang from our seats
and you were all forgotten as we
ran through the doors into the sunlit hallways
and green highways
that we followed to our retreats.

I ran across campus, slipped in the mud.
My hand grabbed at it to make a mudpie
which I would have liked to have thrown at so many questioning
profs
that never really appreciated
and only lectured.

So to you all I praise and wonder
who you really were
and
what you really want.

I wish to appease your confusion
with contemporary thoughts of my own
And the next time "he" asks me about you
I'll tell him you only wanted to be
heard
not
dissected
and
impropriety reigned throughout
your lives
but
thanks for the lecture without feeling
only rhetoric.

If I answer thus,
perhaps,
I'll get an F
but
I understand.

Marybeth Cavanaugh

Nancy Kuzma Thaler

Fugue

The first system of the handwritten musical score consists of ten staves. The top staff is in treble clef and begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The second staff is in bass clef. The third staff is in treble clef and contains a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The fifth staff is in treble clef. The sixth staff is in bass clef. The seventh staff is in treble clef. The eighth staff is in bass clef. The ninth staff is in treble clef. The tenth staff is in bass clef.

The second system of the handwritten musical score consists of ten staves. The top staff is in treble clef. The second staff is in bass clef. The third staff is in treble clef. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The fifth staff is in treble clef. The sixth staff is in bass clef. The seventh staff is in treble clef. The eighth staff is in bass clef. The ninth staff is in treble clef. The tenth staff is in bass clef.

SENSIBLE PEOPLE

The old Volkswagen jolted and rattled at eighty kilometers per hour as it sped down the autobahn towards Frankfurt airport. But the noise failed to interrupt the quiet thoughts of the young G.I. and the girl who sat next to him. Each had his own thoughts, but they were thinking of the same thing . . . all that had happened to them in the past week, and how it would affect them in the future.

SENSIBLE PEOPLE

Barbara Clark still could not believe it. Her parents had thought twice before permitting their youngest daughter to spend a month in Europe alone. But they had finally decided that it would be a good experience. Barbara winced as she thought, "That it was!" The first few days had been difficult, with the language problem, and the money. But after that, she started to have fun. The twenty-year-old had enjoyed the attentions and flirtations of the European men – especially the two who had proposed. But they were just playing a game, and Barbara played along, loving it. She was a sensible girl, and she knew what was happening. She had not even really considered love any more seriously than they had. She had too much to do before she "fell-in-love-and-settled-down." End of quote. And this trip was only the beginning.

New places and new people – it was great! Still, she felt somewhat relieved when a familiar face, in the person of her sister-in-law, was there to greet her at Frankfurt. And she was so happy to see her brother in his smart lieutenant's uniform. As much as he hated it, it looked smashing! And her first nephew, Paul . . . this was what she had looked forward to most of all. Of course, an army base had great prospects for romance, but she wanted to see castles on the Rhine, tiny villages, and big churches. If there was time for anything else, fine.

So here she was, with Rick, about to leave to go home. Home? Didn't they say, "Home is where the heart is?"

II

Rick Davis had been in Giessen for fifteen months. He had advanced quickly with promotions, and he was popular in Charlie battery, but he was lonely. The continual harassment and regulation of life as an enlisted man did not help things. Oh, some of the officers, like Lt. Clark, or Lt. Able, were O.K. guys. But the Colonel-man, he was an army nut, all the way.

And the German people resented the army's presence. They refused to speak English to the soldiers (although they did quite well with the tourists) and made it more difficult for the soldiers to learn German. Rick hated the war in Asia, but he hated Germany more. He felt that his life was being postponed for two years. He still had fourteen months to go here, too, unless the transfer he had requested for Viet Nam came through. Fourteen months before he could return to the world to do what he really wanted to do. Well, at least the army had helped him in that; he knew he wanted his college degree. Beyond that, he had no plans. He had stopped writing to Jackie; she couldn't really understand the man he was now. Anyway, he had no room for any serious involvement with any female – not for quite a while, with four years of school facing him. He wasn't one to go looking for problems. Rick Davis was a sensible young man.

So here he was, with Barbara. And she was leaving, and he didn't want to let her go. How had he let this happen to himself?

III

Barbara interrupted the quiet of their reflections with a tiny, nervous laugh. "Rick," she asked, "Remember the first night?"

He groaned, "How could I forget? In fifteen months here, I successfully avoided any encounters with the German police, and we were both happy that way. One week, and you have to jump in head first!"

They had met at the Battery's Organization Day barbecue. Barbara was sitting there alone with the lieutenant's baby when Rick spotted her. He remembered having heard something about Lt. Clark's sister coming. Why not? He decided to go over and say hello. When he discovered that she had not seen anything of Germany yet, he offered to take her downtown that evening – if the lieutenant had nothing else in mind, of course. Barbara had laughed at that, and said she would love to go. So they went the round of clubs and hofbraus, until they decided to stay at a tiny German club, one of the few places that was not filled with G.I.'s. The music was good, the beer was better, and it was a good night. They enjoyed each other's company like long-time friends. Was there ever a time when they had not known each other? Barbara and Rick, together . . . it seemed very natural.

It was back at the car that the trouble started. Rick opened her door and she slipped in. She noticed that the door of the glove compartment had fallen open, and she absentmindedly slammed it shut. Then she reached under the seat for her purse; she had not felt like bringing it with her into the club. As Rick slid in from his door, she said as calmly as she could, "Rick, you better check under your seat for the cassette. I think we've been robbed."

A quick search confirmed her fear. The car had been pulled apart; even the maps in the glove compartment had been taken. Rick was the first to realize how serious it could be.

"Barbara, did you have your passport with you?"

"Oh no, Rick! I hadn't taken anything out since I got off the plane yesterday. My passport, my health records, my traveller's cheques, my ticket home, a little money . . . what else? Oh Rick, everything! My wallet with my identification, my glasses . . ."

"Come on. We better get to the M.P.'s."

The military police could do nothing but offer sympathy, as well as lecture her on the stupidity of leaving it in the car in the first place. "You'll have to go to the Germans with this one."

There was no one at the police station who spoke English. They tried to explain what had happened with what little German they had between the two of them, but it was useless. They were told to come back on Monday, when the English-speaking detective would be on duty. This was only Friday night.

As they headed back to the base, Barbara thought of all she had to do. It was a good thing her brother loved her, 'cause he was going to be pretty mad. He'd have to drive her to Frankfurt, to the consulate, to the bank, and to the airline.

"My brother's not going to be too happy. Well, at least I'll see Frankfurt."

"Look, I get off at noon tomorrow. I'll come down and get you then, and I'll take you."

"But Rick, it's your only day off."

"You dumb girl. I want to take you. We got into this together; we'll get out of it together. Besides, your brother may get held up tomorrow. An officer's hours aren't too regular. And don't worry about him, we'll tell him in the morning. And don't you DARE start crying!"

Barbara's new independence and confidence had received quite a shaking, and it was with tearful eyes that she gave him a crooked little smile. "And don't you dare yell at me like that!" They were even.

He reached over and gave her hand a comforting squeeze.

Both the bank and the consulate were closed, for it was the Labor Day weekend. The Lufthansa office promised to start tracing her ticket, but it would take time. The consulate told her to come back on Tuesday.

"Well, that's your home away from home, your friendly American consulate, always ready to help the traveler in his distress."

"Rick, he's just the guard. It's not his fault."

"Yeah. Well, let's look around this city while we're here."

They toured sunny Frankfurt, with its trolleys, churches, sidewalk art shows, and all the bustle of any big city, then drove to the nearby Rhine-Maine base for dinner. It had been a happily uneventful day. That is, until the Volkswagen's taillights went out, and the excitable German drivers started honking and yelling as they whizzed by at 100 k's. They pulled over to the side of the road, and found the trouble. Barbara held the cigarette lighter for illumination, while Rick found the weak spot in the wiring and fixed it. As they were about to leave, the German police pulled up. They demanded Rick's license and registration, and examined them suspiciously, demanding to know why they had stopped on the side of the autobahn. Muttering something about those "Amerikans," the police returned their papers and sent them on their way. They arrived home without further incidents.

On Sunday, they took a cruise down the Rhine, and explored an old castle high above the river. Rick went home with her for dinner, and stayed till late.

"Well, I have to get back now. Sure did see a lot of you this weekend, a lot more than I bargained for when I said hi on Friday. Sure was nice, too. I'll see you tomorrow night?"

"Gee, Rick, you better make it late. We're driving to Fulda tomorrow, and it may be around eight o'clock before we get back. But sure, then."

When she woke up on Monday morning and realized that she would not see him all day, the thought gave her an empty feeling. Strange.

When the doorbell rang that evening, she flew to open it. There he was with his big lop-sided grin.

"Hi."

"Hello, sir. Won't you come in?"

He came in, made himself at home while she fixed him a drink. He studied her for a few minutes with a bewildered look, and shook his head. "I didn't get much work done today," he said slowly.

"Too much weekend for you, I guess."

"No, I don't think so. I was too distracted, waiting for eight o'clock to get here."

"Rick, don't be ridiculous."

"I wish I was being ridiculous. But I really missed you today, woman."

She said to herself, "This can't happen. It will only mess things up for both of us. Keep cool, girl. Don't let him know that you were lost all day without him." To him, she said, "Rick, you're far away from home, and lonely. I'm the first American girl you've talked with in a long time. Don't kid yourself, please."

"Barbara . . . oh, never mind."

Every night he came over. They took care of the baby while her brother and sister-in-law took a welcome break at the officers' club. But when he came over for twenty minutes on his lunch break, Barbara knew that things were getting messed up. She wanted to see him, too. That was the problem. Where was her coolness; She turned down dates with other men, knowing that Rick would come. She didn't want anyone else. And she didn't want to think about leaving. Leaving — it was like a shadow hanging over them — a regular sword of Democles.

On Thursday night they went for a long ride. They stopped at a small bratwurst-and-beer stand, and sat there in silence, eating. Rick spoke first.

"Saturday. Less than two days to do. Damn it. I wish none of this had happened. It's been great, I've had a fantastic time, but unfortunately I got to know you too well."

"Why do you say that, Rick?"

"Because, my little rocky mountain canary, I can't just let you go and forget you, or even keep a pleasant memory." He turned and looked at her, then pulled her close to him. "You know what's happening, don't you?"

"Yes. No. Rick, I'm so confused, so afraid . . ."

"Barbara, I love you."

"NO, Rick. Please. I know you really believe that here and now. But when you come home, it'll be a whole different world. I don't know if I love you. And it's senseless to make any commitments."

"Then I don't want you to say anything, just leave it in the potential for now. But no matter what happens between now and then, I want to see you when I come home. Promise me that."

"I promise."

Friday was a good night. After the movies, they went upstairs to her room for the bon-voyage party, just the two of them. She carried the wine and pizza; he carried her. They avoided the subject that was closest and most painful to them — the morning, when he would drive her to the airport. It was not until they were both drowsy with sleep, and Rick had run out of cigarettes, that Barbara had suggested that he leave.

"Why? I have an overnight, might as well use it . . . don't have to be back until formation. Anyway, it's cold out. You don't want me to drive all the way back to the barracks in the cold night air, when I don't have a jacket. No, I'll stay here with you tonight, if you don't mind." He sounded almost cocky, but his eyes questioned her, searching.

Barbara responded in the role she had long ago been instructed to play.

"Well, I do mind. Rick, are you crazy? No, I think you better go home." But her voice failed to carry it with a tone of conviction.

"Look, how often have we been together this week? Did I ever give you any trouble? I know how you feel, and what you want, and I love you . . . no hassle, I promise."

How could she say no? She put aside her role-playing; there was so little time left for them.

He left at six that morning to report for revile and formation, but he was back by nine. They left for the airport an hour later.

IV

As she boarded her plane, Barbara was thinking of the lonely guy she had left standing by the customs agent. She was going to miss him. Even when she was back at school, with all the guys there. He was certainly someone special. Just how special, only time could tell.

Rick watched her until she entered the plane. He walked slowly to the car, and the two hour trip home took him more than six hours. He drove on and on, thinking. She hadn't said it, but he knew. She would wait for him, at least give him a chance to prove himself in that world, too. Until then . . . well, there were always letters, and hopes for an early discharge.

The Brotherhood assembles,
from all the corners and nooks of life;
politician, student, worker;
a look,
 a sign,
 a word, gains
recognition, acceptance, invitation
 to enter.

Welcome.
The room is dark, and
pungently smoke-filled;
tapestried walls muffle any discord;
Lights flicker, music whines,
but the community is silent in contented comfort.
The pipe (of peace) has passed.
The journey has begun.

Now,
Sounds flash, red and blue,
Lights thunder in pounding rhythms;
Senses quiver, alive, and
Spirits fly upward, escaping time and space
 earth and confusion
 sorrow and disillusionment.

A New World.
Each brother seeks, longingly,
for his own supreme moment, "kairos."
Searching gives them oneness.
Each mind grows, creating
 a gay funhouse or a peaceful paradise.
Each pitches his own tent;
 but they are all together in the same camping ground.

Reality is transformed;
Each one is contentedly aware
of being fully alive.
"may peace be within your walls . . ."
Together, individuals, secure in each other,
Together, in silent communication,
Understanding, strength, and
Ecstatic peace
reign.

Marilyn J. Ryan

Address
to
the
Class
of
'74

"All those things are happening in the world that could not happen." These words were written by Ann O'Hara MacCormick of the New York Times following the signing of the Munich Pact in the autumn of 1938. Mrs. MacCormick knew, of course, that things don't happen that can't happen, but she wanted to dramatize the obvious fact that many things are happening today which could not happen if we retain our past view of the world, if we continue to think from premises of a world that is passing away. ALL THOSE THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THE WORLD THAT COULD NOT HAPPEN. I see it and sense it in the campus scene today. There is an unusual juxtaposition of dissimilar and discontinuous objects and attitudes that perhaps could not have happened before. Even nature is mimicking the mood with her disconcerting juxtaposition of autumn fire and winter now.

We wear the somber robes of the scholar—remnant of an age long gone, but we will soon toss our mortarboards into the air and fling off our perhaps borrowed gowns (as soon as the pictures are taken) and emerge our 20th century selves again in colors that mix and match with the autumn brilliance.

We have bowed our heads toward country and toward God, but tomorrow we will cry against the war and claim exemption from theology class on grounds of non-religion. We mark today a beginning already begun and hardly dare imagine a future which eye has not seen nor ear heard. And through all this we seem to wear grave faces, but we are not quite sure. Are our grave faces masks to match the somber costumes that we wear? Or do our forced smiles shield ambivalent moods? This strange juxtaposition of the dark and the light; the affirmation and the negation; the past, the present and the future; the discontinuous and the ambiguous is the stuff of celebration—of festivity.

Corita Kent, contemporary artist, tells us that celebration, while using the everyday stuff of life takes us out of the dailyness of life. "To celebrate," she says, "is to explain who we are and to say YES ceremonially."

Who are we saying we are? And what are we affirming? What does our short-lived ceremonial bow to the past, to country, and to God tell of who we are and what we are affirming? Are we wearing medieval symbols empty of content to the 20th century? Is our walk through ritual a walk through the ruins of the past? Some would say YES:—the clinging to the outward signs of the past whole affirming a different present is sheer hypocrisy . . . But I say not. I see more. We are beyond the days of nostalgia for the past or of seeing the present as mere continuity of the past. Today we affirm ceremonially who we are by admitting that the juxtaposition of the two need not be self-contradictory. Neither the past nor the present become our idols. In fact, the juxtaposition of two seeming opposites—the medieval garb over contemporary dress, the prayer of the unbeliever, the pledge of allegiance to a government criticized yield challenging and often comic effects which awaken us to look more closely for the real and for possibilities for the future. We are led to mutual calling into question of attitudes, values, ways of living, and we make space in our minds for tomorrow's things . . . we make possible all those things that could not happen.

We have in our ceremony this afternoon taken the garb of the wise man of the middle ages and placed it upon the shoulders of a young 20th century woman. Now you know who we are! What medieval monk ever dreamed the possibility? In our celebration, we say YES, THIS IS WHAT WE AFFIRM. Perhaps this seems not so now . . . woman's liberation through education is not the invention of the 70's. This is true.

However, the ambiguity in the occasion, the grave and smiling faces, the mixture of belief and disbelief, of allegiance and disobedience, which is in the air, if not too obviously present in the structure of the ceremony, tells me that we are not so sure what the academic life or life itself is or is for.

This week's *TIME MAGAZINE* reports on the Open Admission Policy in the City University of New York. In the opening paragraph the question is raised: WHAT ARE COLLEGES FOR? Throughout the article we read: "often members of minority groups, look upon the college degree as tickets to U.S. affluence and status" . . . and "if you don't go to college, you just get any old job," and "a college degree is worth roughly \$4,000 a year more in earning power than a high school diploma." (October 19, 1970, pp. 63-64.)

Our age — and many young women on this campus — are both still somewhat bound to the work ethic philosophy which sees college education as preparation for work and for earning power. Yet the medievals — and the Greeks before them — saw learning as leisure activity — as play — if I may use the word — as something good in itself which need not have a purpose beyond itself. I challenge this class of 1974 to juxtapose these two "Opposing" attitudes — work and play — in their approach not only to their four years of college education but their entire lives, and to sort out a way to make those things happen in the world which could not happen.

The student with the work-ethic attitude to study works to "Produce something" — a set of notes, a grade on a report card, admission into an honor society, a new car from dad, a job. Her life is divided into neat pockets of time — clock time (chronos) and space. The ringing of one bell — we should eliminate them — signals the time to start thinking history in room 323, and the ringing of another time to start thinking mathematics in room 121. Efficiency rules and one spends the minimum amount of time getting work done within the confines of the specific assignment given. Such a student is future oriented. The present is lived totally for the sake of the future . . . the immediate future of the end of work for the day . . . the interim future of the weekend of fun and frivolity, and the remote future of the end of college days — in order — amazingly — to BEGIN TO WORK. Persons, too, are divided into types according to the work they perform . . . there is the registrar and the dean, the president and the chaplain, the "A" student and the "D" students, the mathematics major and the music major. College becomes a series of tasks to be done within set times and spaces, in cooperation with or opposition to certain functionaries, for the purpose of preparing one's self for WORK! In contrast, the medieval and Greek mind took the "play attitude" toward learning. Four years of college for them would be four years of leisure time. By play and leisure they did not mean the trivial, the insincere, the frivolous, the parties and the games, nor did they mean that kind of frivolousness that Jean Cocteau described in terms of one's taking oneself too seriously, so seriously that one will burn buildings to make one's point. Roger Callois, in his book *MAN, PLAY AND GAMES*, describes play in these words:

" . . . one is led to define play as a free activity in which man finds himself immune to any apprehension regarding his acts."

(Can you not worry about your Marks?????)

In play man defines its impact. He establishes its condition and conclusion."

(Can you say why you are taking certain courses? Why you have come to college at all? Are they your own reasons or someone else's?)

"From this the man at play derives his ease, calm and good humor, which are not merely natural but even obligatory."

(What this campus needs is a good sense of humor.)

"It is point of honor with him not to show that he takes the game too seriously, even in the event of ruin or defeat."

(Can you, even in giving your all — flunk a course GRACEFULLY? — or are you so "work bound" that you too define yourself in terms of your academic successes or failures? Can you pray with T.S. Eliot? "Teach us to care and not to care; teach us to sit still?")

Hugo Rahner, contemporary theologian, describes play in this way:

"To play is to yield oneself to a kind of magic, to enact to oneself the absolutely other, to pre-empt the future, to give the lie to the inconvenient world of fact."

(Can you lose yourself in your music, your art, your history, your philosophy, so that you forget the work-a-day world?)

"In play earthly realities become, of a sudden, things of the transient moment, presently left behind, then disposed of and buried in the past."

(Can you question the "unquestionable" and challenge the unchallengeable and leave behind the myths of the past and of the present?)

"In play the mind is prepared to accept the unimagined and incredible, to enter a world where different laws apply."

(Can you follow the argument where it leads even if it leads to darkness and to doubt, or to the hitherto undreamed of? Can you accept that students learn from students . . . and that teachers learn from students too? Is yours the book bound brain that thinks there is no learning being done if there are no notes being taken? Can you imagine other ways to discover truth? Can you accept the teacher who speaks of more than his "subject matter"?????????)

And finally "to play is to be relieved of all the weights that bear it down, to be free, kingly, unfettered, and divine."

HAVE you that DIVINE FREEDOM WHICH DOES THINGS "JUST BECAUSE" . . . which does not look for purpose beyond the doing . . . a rose is a rose is a rose?

PLATO, a Greek philosopher, contrasts the work and play attitude toward learning in the following quotation.

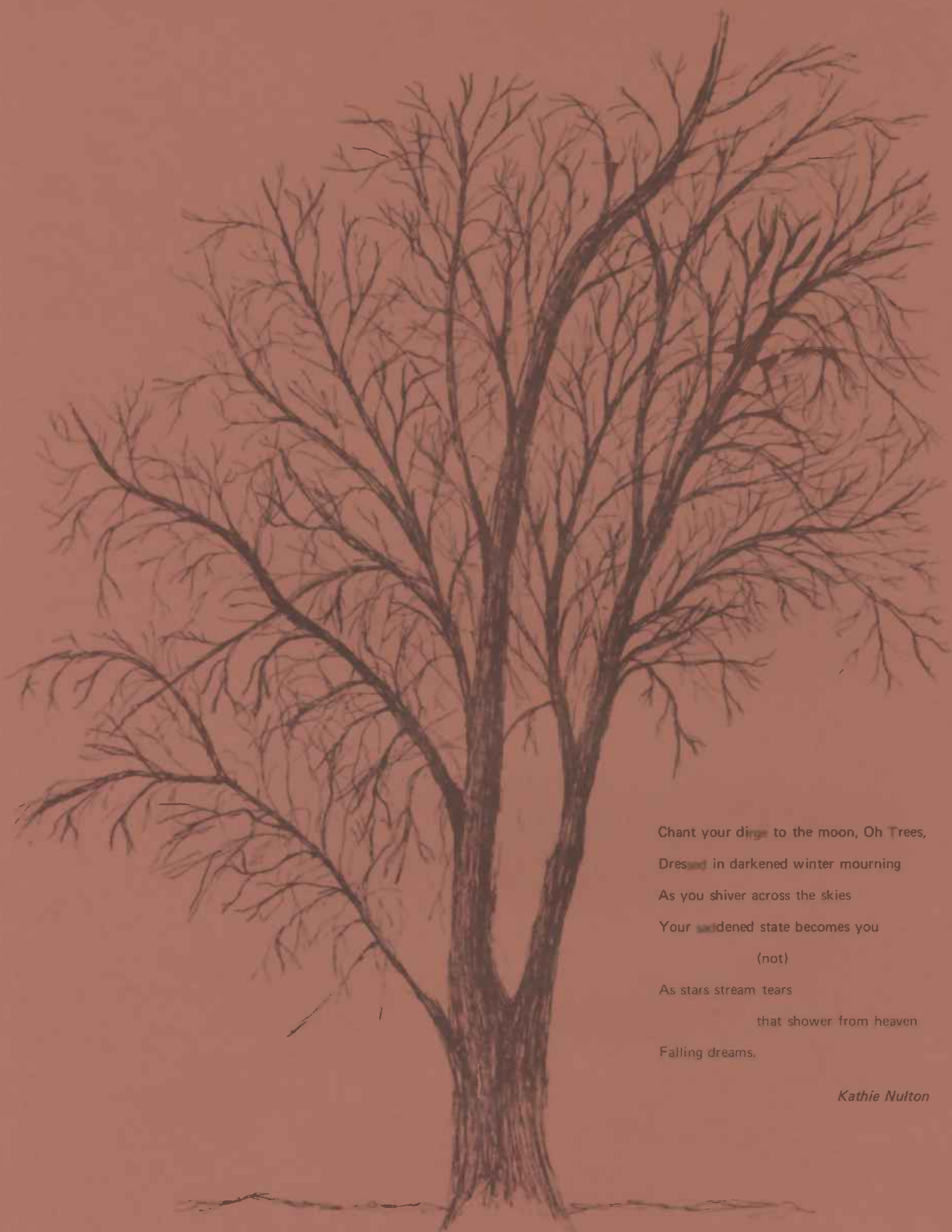
"The free man always has time at his disposal to converse in peace at his leisure. HE will pass, as we are doing now, from one argument to another— . . . Like us (Plato is philosophizing with a friend) he will leave the old for a fresh one which takes his fancy more, and he does not care how long or short the discussion may be, IF ONLY IT ATTAINS THE TRUTH. The orator is always talking against time, hurried by the clock; there is not space to enlarge upon any subject he chooses, but the adversary (shall we say teacher) stands over him ready to recite a schedule of the points to which he must confine himself. He is a slave disputing before a master sitting in judgment and his personal concerns are always at stake, sometimes even his life (IF I DON'T PASS THIS COURSE . . . I FAIL AND WILL HAVE TO LEAVE SCHOOL!) Hence he acquires a tense and bitter shrewdness; he knows how to flatter his mentor and earn his good graces, but his mind is narrow and crooked . . . He has not caught the accent of discourse that will rightly celebrate the true life of happiness for gods and men."

The Spirit of Play puts us in the company of the free man, and the philosopher—and even in the company of the gods. St. Gregory of Nazianzen speaks of the creative wisdom of the play of God.

"For the Logos on high plays, stirring the whole cosmos back and forth as he wills, into shapes of every kind."

The Spirit of play in the intellectual life is a god-like activity because it is free and creative and good in itself. God created the world — just for the fun of it.

If I were to choose I would choose the play attitude, for the best preparation for the future is to live the present fully. But if it is so that we cannot take the either/or attitude . . . that the practicalities of life must still be attended to, then I challenge you, . . . again . . . class of 1974, to examine the possibilities of the juxtaposition of the two attitudes of work and play and make all those things happen in the world that could not happen.



Chant your dirge to the moon, Oh Trees,
Dressed in darkened winter mourning
As you shiver across the skies
Your solidened state becomes you
 (not)
As stars stream tears
 that shower from heaven
Falling dreams.

Kathie Nulton

ANNA FABIAN

We met when our faces squashed against the store window noticed
 our bone
 structures diminished into a
 oink
 and a pug.
 I laughed to see you
 squinting into the display
 that I had arranged so neatly
 and concisely not for myself but for the
 customers.
 I wanted you to come in and perhaps if my salesmanship was good you'd be
 hooked
 on the super-duper electric coffee stirrer
 with attachments for cream and
 sugar.
 You looked in a childlike fashion at such an elaborate mechanism.

Later in the week at Joe's Diner
 (or was it Dunkin' Donuts)
 I sat near you at the counter (the one with the twirling, whirling seats)
 and I passed down the sugar.
 Oh! how I wished I had the
 super-duper electric coffee stirrer with
 attachments
 for cream and sugar!!!

I took the container
 and passed it down
 and grabbed your hand.
 "Let me pour" I heard myself say
 and ever since I stand
 in the display
 window
 Instead of the super-duper
 electric
 coffee stirrer
 with
 attachments
 for cream and sugar.

Marybeth Cavanaugh

Note: Some months ago, faculty members were asked to comment upon a proposed "Evaluation Report" form which is aimed at an "Objective" evaluation of faculty competence and performance. Assuming that such "objective" evaluation is quite impossible in principle, I borrowed a few of the evaluative criteria suggested in the report form and applied them to that notorious rascal, Socrates. My evaluation of this "corrupter of the youth" is based upon known "facts" concerning his teaching style. On the basis of these facts, I came to the conclusion that such a dangerous individual has no place in the College Misericordia community. I also suggest at the end of my report that we begin to look into the activities of another equally dangerous individual, namely Jesus of Nazareth—a hippie radical from Galilee who, passing himself off as a rabbi, is preaching subversive doctrines among the people. Should this Jesus ever apply for a teaching position at this college, he would most likely receive an even rougher treatment on the basis of our evaluation criteria than has old Socrates.

George Francis Cronk
Instructor in Philosophy

To: Academic Policies Committee

From: George Francis Cronk, Instructor in Philosophy

Re: Comments on "Evaluation Report" Form

EVALUATION REPORT

NAME Socrates

DEPARTMENT The evaluatee says that he does not wish to be restricted to any single department (This is the first mark against him)

1. Personal Appearance. **VERY UNSATISFACTORY.**

He wears the same dirty sheet everyday and often goes without shoes. His beard and hair are always in a disheveled condition, and his posture and gait leave a great deal to be desired. No respect for the dress-code.

2. Professional attitude. **UNKNOWN.**

He claims that he is an amateur rather than a professional. In fact, he often makes rather disparaging remarks about academic specialists and about teachers who take money for their services. Very unrealistic.

3. Ability to "get along" with other faculty members. **UNSATISFACTORY.**

The rascal is always raising unpleasant questions. No one, not even the highly respected Protagoras, has escaped Mr. Socrates's interrogations. He has even challenged the Administration to give rational justifications for their policies and general demeanor. And he refuses to discuss the weather or snow-tires at all!!!

4. Cooperation within the department. UNSATISFACTORY.

As mentioned above he refuses to admit the existence of departments. He has gone so far as to suggest that poets should study science and that scientists should study poetry! He is, rumor has it, more interested in interdisciplinary men than he is in interdisciplinary courses. A potential trouble-maker, I'd say.

5. Scholarly influence upon the students. UNSATISFACTORY.

He does no research and has published nothing. He says that he has scribbled a few poems, but has misplaced them. He does not encourage his students to write in a scholarly way. He will not lecture, and a few students have complained of not being able to get a nice full batch of notes in his courses. He simply "raps" with his young charges and confuses them with his incessant questions. They say that he begins each discussion by stating that he is utterly ignorant and knows nothing worth teaching; what's worse, is that he tells the students that the *entire faculty* is equally ignorant and that students should not depend upon their teachers in the search for truth!! This, as I see it, is no way to instill motivation and discipline in young people, not to mention a sense of respect for authority and tradition.

6. Participation at faculty and departmental meetings. UNSATISFACTORY.

He always tries to turn such meetings into drinking parties ("symposia," he calls them). He insists on discussing such subjects as erotic love, politics, and art and thinks that the re-naming of the college newspaper by maverick students is a small matter! In my view, Mr. Socrates has no capacity for discriminating between the significant and the insignificant. Incidentally, he has also wondered publicly why *faculty* meetings are always set up and run by administrators.

I believe that I have gone far enough with this evaluation to indicate that Mr. Socrates's performance is far from adequate. It has also been called to my attention that he is currently under indictment for the subversive activities of corrupting our youth (and we who have known him as a colleague may well believe it!) and denying the gods (he *does* press so on the question of evidence). Thus, in addition to his shoddy teaching and professional performance, he has now opened up the possibility of scandal. We must, I say, sever our ties with this unsavory fellow, or the reputation of our institution is bound to suffer from publicity stemming from the trial.

REAPPOINTMENT NOT RECOMMENDED

Question to the Committee: Is there such a thing as a set of "objective" criteria for evaluation???

Recommendation to the Committee: We should turn next to the very serious matter of this beatnik or hippie from Galilee who is, at this very moment, travelling among the people, dressed in rags, long hair and beard, preaching subversion . . .

Chairs, transfigured

The dark went up and stopped abruptly,
Three ribbons were cast in the scene.
The lower, a ripply dark, yet crystal blue.
The second, a strip of dull silver
Graced in the center by a pearl.
The top was a black velvet, speckled white.

I've seen it but once.
It may or may not appear again
But I won't look for it.
The first time was unique.
I leave it as my mind holds it.

Mary Anne Grady

Love

so vast and so complete

Illumines days

and lonely nights

Is tolerant with loveless fools

And awaits white winters

when finally

the time

will be

NOW.

Kathie Nulton

Pro Patria

(for William L. Calley Jr.)

America
is an end-of-world place
standing off
"to the West"
of Old World magnificence

"to the West" —that is manifest destiny

but what is our latent destiny?
when our urge "to the West" is spent, will we be pacific?

we stand around a lot these days
together, but with nothing in common
looking for ourselves in crowds

the world becomes a ghostly carnival
empty, but garish
and we are ghosts

we look
we look
and we look
our desperation breeds compulsion
and we demand satisfaction, but to no avail,
for we are disconnected

creation out of chaos
chaos out of creation
dust emerges into man and man creates more dust
searching for his foundations
dancing in a whirl of light
exploding his implosion
popping his load in an effort to bemuse the muses
in the hope of profaning the gods

and so

Prometheus created America
in his own image created he it
a dusty beast trying to ignore its dust

Jesus has grown sad

they came to build a city on a hill
a polity of virtue
a community of visible saints

and we are visible

but now
the young pope wears ear-phones
and listens for messages with new techniques
via new media
his antennae sensitized by new images

the old pope, of course, is a scandal
but he still wears his tiara
and glues his buttocks to his medieval throne
his countenance is still shrewd
as he contemplates the dimensions of hermaphroditic impotence

he also demands satisfaction, but to no avail,
for he too is disconnected—
he has no ear-phones

shall we bathe?
can deodorants remedy this condition?
an anti-perspirant soap, perhaps?
is there no purgative?
no cleanser?

let us move on

the counterpoint is frightening
due to its modernity

as you can see, we're all friends here
nothing to hide, but also nothing to say
we merely stand in exposition
each one of us a revelation of our collective spirit

witnesses all
defendants all
prosecutors all

we are also judges and juries

are we also executioners?
is that our latent destiny?

turmoil abounds
upheaval and tumult suggest themselves
there is commotion here
a hint of original chaos whence sprang creation

can we escape our dust?
can we envision perfection?
can we turn inward, toward the perfect furniture of our minds?
can we leave all the vast, dusty space behind?

by god, America, there is no dust in here!
and no tumult!
it is no longer necessary to demand satisfaction,
for we are disconnected

I turned
to hear you whisper
I love you
And I knew
what you wanted me
to say.
Everything was just right
before you
ruined it
by expecting too much,
or did I,
by wanting nothing?

Bernadette Doerr

Don't turn around
for sandy memories
have the habit of
blinding eyes with saltwater.
Remember only
that you lived,
grasped the red balloon
and charged
up
the
hill
taking a little
of the
beach—
weaving a path.
When the balloon
breaks
the shredded squares
will scatter with the wind
and saltwater
will trickle slowly
on the surface
wetting the soil in
good-bye
fertilizing the sand
for hello.

Linda Dulski



COLLEEN HOGAN

