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THE COWARD

*In crowds, dreams, and anterooms
I vie with my inveigling self.
I am the man who ruminates in cramped
quarters
To be calm.
At the rail -- upon the black kneeler,
Before the very bread and Blood
This poundage hard upon the knees
Deters, deters, deters, ----- deters.
Uncertain and afraid I cubby
In this necessary single grief.
No enemy is mine but me.
No enemy is mine but me.
But still I try to try,
I am -- yet I am not I.*

"Dat Ole Davil Sea"

Eugene O'Neill's moral scenery has always been stale--stale because of the denial of human responsibility and guilt. A man's responsibility for his actions is the basis of drama, and consequently to reject it is to court dramatic inertia. For this reason O'Neill's outlook demands embodiment in vigorous action and vivid passion as a compensation for and a relief from this dramatic inertia. Also, the lack of responsibility and the absence of guilt are made plausible by an environment of violent action and reaction (an environment in which reasonable action is impossible). So there is a twofold need for plenty of movement: as a relief from the inertia caused by the denial of human guilt, and as a means of making this absence of guilt plausible. As an indication of this denial of guilt in Anna Christie I quote the following words of Anna to her father: "Sure I forgive you. You ain't to blame. You're just--what you are--like me.

There ain't notnin' to forgive, anyway. It ain't your fault, and it ain't mine, and it ain't his neither. We're all poor nuts, and things happen, and we just get mixed in wrong, that's all."

On the basis of what has just been posited it looks reasonable to suggest that the screen is a better medium for Mr. O' Neill's exploits in inertia than the stage. The screen offers him its manifold motive possibilities. And it has been suggested that these are just what he needs. Unfortunately this particular movie was produced at a time when "talk" had just been introduced into the movies. The consequent preoccupation with "talk" lessened the concern with the possibilities of movement. This lack of concern with the use of motion was clearest in the almost stake-like stasis of the part of the movie that took place in the back room of the bar. In spite of this historical defect the movie does seem to come off as a success, and one of the causes of this success is the screen's natural ability to present effectively O' Neill's backdrop of incessant motion, the sea. This iniversal backdrop of motion gives a basic, vital infusion to the action, and the screen emphasizes this asset.

Beyond being the background and the container of the motion the sea becomes an all-important symbol. Anna and Chris her father represent two points of view about the sea. For Chris the sea is "dat ole davil, sea," an omnipotent, omniscient malevolence, and he cringes at its power, before which the human will is an inert plaything. Here another sort of inertia is underscored, that of the human will. For Anna, on the other hand, the sea is "home," regeneration. Not

that Anna does not recognize the terrible power of the sea, which drains all the energy the human will can offer and leaves it inert; but it is precisely this which she finds admirable. When her father describes the sea deaths of all the men in the family, far from being appalled, Anna exclaims, "Good sports, I'd call 'em." Finally Anna is led to say that if she were a man she would go to sea. This recognition is the first half of Anna's regeneration. By this recognition men are readmitted into her world and given a place, for only men can be sailors. Also, she acknowledges the limitations of her nature as a woman. This recognition later makes possible the second half of her regeneration, a purgation effected through her love for a man of the sea.

Matt Burke lumbers out of the storm onto the coalbarge like a wounded animal. He needs help and love after being battered by his cruel Mistress. Anna (who was a nurse before becoming a prostitute) finds herself nursing and healing the only kind of man she can admire. She cannot receive the direct purgation the sea offers, for only a sailor can receive this, and she is a woman. However, through her love for Matt she can receive a vicarious purgation. Also, by nursing and caring for him she identifies herself with the healing and cleansing power of the sea.

I have used the terms inertia, regeneration, purgation, responsibility in the attempt to throw some light on the action of "Anna Christie." Perhaps these terms themselves need some clarification. In order to clarify I shall use an intuition: there is an overwhelming presence of sloth in "Anna Christie." This sloth arises inevitably from the inability to direct one's energies to an end. Anna's world is the world of necessity, symbolized by the sea, in which the human will cannot direct itself to an end because it is inert and powerless before some exterior force. This sloth

is manifest in all those involved in the action but it is especially Anna's problem to transcend it. The effort to do so is without exception a cause of even greater frustration and wounding of the will. Is there a way out? Anna finds it in the sea. The sea, however, represents inevitable defeat, for all sailors must expect a watery grave. Still, it offers a purgation of the frustration of sloth. The sailor is distinguished from all other men by his ready acceptance of the challenge of the sea. The sea which sucks out all the energy of his will and leaves it inert and defeated also releases it from travail when it (the sea) finds within the will an active submission. In this way "Anna Christie" achieves a remarkable fusion of Comic Exit and Tragic Defeat.

Stewart McRaney

On the Portal of a Garden Gate

*Oh James thou who sees and has seen
Let me enter this garden
Resplendent in its incommensurateness,
May each flower and root
Explain itself,
Or, may I see it
In its perfect order.
Let not my step break the smallest
living thing
That forms this microcosm universe.*

*May the blooms on the bough
And the surging stems
Move and dance in their ordained
cadence
Before my eyes.
That the dripping grape
And the closed bud
May teach me.
That the slow rhythm
The lark of passion
The slippery pace of the snail
Even this may be a window
Through which I pass.*

Fragment of an inscription on a Roman gate found in a deserted village of the Alps.

THE WANDERER

I

Like the rest of mankind
running
away
down a street of
Mass-produced crosses
Tired
vainly searching to find
crucifixion and rest

When he was a kid, he used to go to school in Arizona. It was one of those schools for spoiled Eastern children whose parents were too busy to bring them up themselves. Perhaps he was different or strange, but sometimes he wanted to be alone. Sometimes he liked to walk alone at night, scuffing his feet through the sparse grass, with nothing but sky, mesquite and his thoughts around him.

His hair hung wet; the sails hung wet; everything was sopping, the clothes, the wheel, the binnacle. The fog was so thick that it was like breathing water. Above the sails and mast disappeared into the mist. The ship was running with no lights, as it was approaching French waters. Somewhere to the port, perhaps about thirty five miles, lay Cannes; somewhere ahead lay the twenty mile limit and patrol boats.

There was a sound down in the dog house followed by the blue spurt of a match, then momentarily the soft yellow glow of the kerosene lamp.

"What are you doing up, Mich?"

"Just thought I'd bring you up some coffee and see if the fog was lifting".

"It is a little. I hope we'll find the motor boats."

"Are we on course?"

"I think so."

The water slapped idly against the hull. The mist still clung low to the surface of the seas.

"What's that noise?"

"You're hearing things, Mich."

There was a dull muffled sound through the fog. It could have been our own deisels echoing, but it grew.

"You're right. I hope it's not the French."

"It may be the motor boats. We've been traveling pretty fast."

A dim shape seemed to appear to the starboard, then a hull, then a ship. It moved like a fast launch, but for all we knew it could be a French Motor Torpedo Boat.

"Hallo. Qui est la?" came an ethereal voice.

"Un bateau a voile americain."

"It's OK Freddy. It's me, the Ours."

"Thank God," I said in a low voice, "For a minute I thought that there were the French."

"Damn lucky to find you like this in the fog. Throw us a line so we can make fast," came the voice.

"OK, one minute."

The heavy line scaled through the wet air and thumped on the boat's deck. The two ships drew close and touched. Four men dropped from the high bow onto the deck.

"Have any trouble getting here from Tangiers?"

"No, but cigarettes have jumped to six cents a pack."

"Outrageous! Only nine-hundred percent profit these days. It must be the fault of the Socialists."

"And incidently, old capitalist, how go our earnings in this trade."

"I was hoping you'd forget that, but we do happen to have the francs we owe you."

"Good, we'll need half a million anyway in order to buy more provisions"

"OK, but let's unload quickly. We want to get back before dawn."

"Righto. Hey Mich, open up all the hatches so we can unload."

"I've done it."

"Good. Let's get to work, Ours."

I climbed out of my bunk and shook my head. My mouth tasted of garlic, sour bread and stale wine. The deisel was throbbing aft, and it was light.

"Hey, Mich, what time is it?" I called.

"About two o'clock. There's rice, cheese and wine in the galley if you want it."

"Thanks. Are we going to stop for a swim today?"

"Let's not. We're only about two

hours from the island. We passed Cap Corse about three hours ago."

"Wonderful. I'll be up to take over as soon as I've eaten."

"OK. Bring the dishes up when you come. They haven't been washed lately." give.

I dished out some rice and garlic on a tin plate, poured some wine into a metal cup, and went up to study the charts.

"I see the Italians haven't swept all the mines yet."

"Yeh. The Dutch lost a freighter off here about two weeks ago and are furious. We're pretty well out of them now, though."

The sun glistened clean and clear on the sea.

"What a lovely day!"

"But stinking hot."

"Say, there's a question that I've been wanting to ask you, Mich."

"Go ahead."

"What would you think of quitting this business?"

"Why?"

"Oh hell! We have enough money to live on for years. Let's enjoy it."

"I'm having a good time."

"Oh, I am too; maybe I'm lazy."

"Maybe."

"Maybe I'm honest."

"I doubt it."

"I do too."

The sun was high in the heaven. It was boiling hot, and the sea was smooth. In the distance were the blue peaks of Italy and Elba; behind were the mountains of Corsica.

"Why did you ever leave the states, Mich?"

"I don't know. My family, I guess, and all those sickening pseudo-intellects that drifted from cocktail party to cocktail party."

"Yeh."

"Look! There's a fishing dorey."

"We must be getting close."

"Buen giorno," I shouted.

"Ciao," echoed the voice.

We passed about two hundred meters from him.

"Whatever happened to that Swiss girl, Freddy?"

"Who, Annette?"

"Yeh."

"Oh, we had a fight. I got hurt and left."

"She was a sweet girl."

"I know it now, but it's too late."

"Why were you so hurt?"

"Maybe I loved her."

"I should think then you'd for-

"

"People are like oysters. They have hard shells for the outside world just to keep from being hurt, and unless they really know someone well, they never do open up. Only a friend can hurt you there."

"But if you pour a little sand in an oyster, a pearl is created."

"Maybe. Maybe if you pour a little sand on a person's inner being, something is created, but if you pour too much sand in, you kill it."

"Maybe, you're right."

"Look, there's another fishing

"

"It looks like Giorgio."

A small fishing boat bobbed idly on the water, the mountains behind it giving a picture post-card look.

"Ciao, Giorgio," I shouted.

"Ciao, Mich e Fredi, Come stai?"

"Benone, grazie."

As we passed, he threw a fish on board.

"Buon appetito," he said.

"Mille grazie, ancora, Giorgio," I shouted.

We slid slowly around the point, the barren rock walls dropping directly into the sea. Another fishing boat, and another, then the little town came into view -- small, dirty white houses, one albergio-ristorante and one old fort up on the cliff. As we drew close to the dock, hordes of little children ran towards us, screaming for cigarettes. I threw one of them a hawser, and he made it fast. Then I put the plank ashore. Mich left up on the dock, and tied the painter. I locked the dog house and went ashore.

A fat, greasy man plowed his way through the small children and approached the ship.

"Ciao Fredi."

"Ciao, Toni, come stai?"

"Oh, I is ver good; make much money this time?"

"Enough."

"Come up for a drink later."

"Well, I've got lots to do."

"Carlotta is waiting."

"OK. You win."

"Arividerci."

"Arividerci."

The little kids swarmed round.

"Hey, Joe. Gotta cigarettes for friends?"

"Sure. Take them."

And then I was swamped.

The room was dark, and the air was heavy and hot. Somewhere in the torrid night a man was playing a guitar and singing, and the noise drifted through the open window. Italians love to sing. My handkerchief was wrapped around my arm stopping the blood from a small knife wound. "God damn Toni! I thought. Just then the door opened, letting in a thin, brilliant triangle of light, and Carlotta entered. She was lovely.

"Fredi, you should not insulted Toni. He's quick with his temper and his knife."

"Oh, cut it out. All he wants is our money. If he's so eager, why doesn't he go out and risk his own neck?"

She looked at me, ---threw back her head and laughed. Then she shut the door; ---her breasts moved beneath her loosely buttoned shirt; - she came towards me, her dark face and ruby lips barely discernable.

"Fredi, are you really angry at me?"

"No, not at you."

She moved close; I reached out and put my hands on her bare shoulders-. She unbuttoned her last shirt button-, her blouse fell to her waist, and I felt her warm breasts against me, soft and firm. She pressed closer, and I held her in my arms. Then she pretended to trip, and fell on the bed, pulling me with her.

"Oh Fredi, how angry you are this time," she laughed.

Then she unbuttoned my shirt and put her warm arms around my chest; then she kissed me hard, and moved her thighs next to mine.

"I missed you, Fredi."

"Good."

"How much money thees time?"

"Yeh."

She kissed me hard then, and unbuttoned her skirt down the side. She wasn't wearing any underclothes. By now I'd forgotten the pain in my arm.

"Fredi, are you still mad at Toni?"

"Oh my God. So that's it."

"What?"

"All you want is the money too, isn't it, Carla?"

"Fredi!"

"You'd better go."

"Really Fredi---

"Please get out."

"Ha, you will come crying soon enough."

"Get out!"

"OK. I go to Mich."

She slipped on her skirt and slid out the door. I swung my legs over the edge of the bed and sat for a minute, my head in my hands. I was sorry, -- for myself, and for getting mad. At first I couldn't find one shoe, but it turned up. I opened the door and went into the other room. Carla was on Mich's lap, her shirt unbuttoned and her skirt up to her thighs.

She laughed. "Back so soon?"

"Go to hell!"

"Better not let Toni hear you."

I reached the door and went out into the street. The fresh air smelled sweet.

I entered a ristorante and bought a bottle of gin, then went down to the ship and cleaned my arm. The alcohol burned, but it cleaned well. Then I lay on my bed and thought. I was sick, and angry, and sorry. Self-pity it's called. Then I remembered that others had been worse off than this. A nig once, back in the States, I remembered. It was four in the morning and damn cold. He sat under a street lamp, his head in his hands; he looked a little drunk.

"Got a dime, buddy?" he asked.

"Sure. You look cold... Take a quarter?"

"Yeah."

And I thought, "Why in Hell aren't you in bed? Why aren't you with some gal, warm and snug, with the covers up to your chin and a roof over your head?"

But the world doesn't run like that.

I got up - grabbed a couple of jerry cans of gasoline, and went up on deck, then hooked a tiny outboard to the dinghy, put in the gasoline and some bread, wine, and cheese, and took

a quarter of the money.

It was a rough ten hours to the mainland, the little boat bobbing and shipping water, but I finally made shore around dawn. A fisherman told me the way to the nearest town. I gave him the boat as a token of my appreciation, and he was surprised as Hell. I guess he tossed it off to those extravagant Americans.

The walk to town wasn't bad after I'd found the coastal path. Porto Ercole was the name of the town. It was little and rather strange, nestled in a small harbour, with two fortified hills at its mouth. The streets are old and narrow, and run up in steps the sides of the hills. All the houses were ancient and incredibly filthy, with the exception of a few new ones built by Mussolini.

I went into the "lateria" and had some ice-cream. It was good and cold and cleaned out some of the lousy taste in my mouth. Then I went outside to wait for the noon bus that connected with the main Genoa-Rome train. The street was hot and dusty and my arm began to hurt. There were thousands of kids and flies.

The bus, a great tinny Fiat, arrived in a rattling cloud of dust and blew its horn. Everybody came running, some who wanted vegetables carried down the line, soldiers and their sweethearts, babies and pregnant mothers. I moved into the back of the bus and sat in a seat next to a window. Soon a baby and a large bag of vegetables were placed in my lap, and a mother with two children moved in.

The bus heaved, rattled and groaned as it moved at a terrifying rate down the road. Everyone was eating and talking, paying no attention whatever to the fearful rate of progress. Finally we reached the main line and they dropped me off at the "stazione". I went in and had a beer.

When the train appeared, I clambered aboard, but the third class was so crowded that only the baggage racks were free. I climbed into one and tried to get to sleep. The car was boiling and filled with people, none of whom had taken a bath in months. Some were eating garlic, some cheese, all drinking wine. With heavily perfumed hair

oil and sweat, the aroma was pretty high. --Finally, I went to sleep. My arm had started to throb.

When I awoke, the train was pulling into Rome. I climbed out of the baggage rack and went into the "stazione."

There was a regiment of Alpine troops there with their plumed hats, knife-edge ski pants, mountain boots, green tunics and carbines -- nothing better looking than an Italian regiment in peacetime; what a pity they can't fight. Or is it?

I hailed a cab and directed him to the "Abergio Conte di Cavour."

I felt sick as I went up to the desk.

"Is Mlle. Annette Gilliard here?"

The Maitre d'hotel regarded me suspiciously.

"Si, but who shall I say is calling?"

"Just Freddy."

"Wait here please, sir."

I sat down heavily in a chair, and then my horizons spun.

I awoke slowly. There was a bed around me, and it was dark outside. One lamp was burning.

"Annette?"

"Please be quiet sir. A doctor is coming."

"Where is Annette?"

"She left just before you arrived. She did not leave an address."

"Oh Christ," I thought, and went back to sleep.

The next morning I searched and asked everywhere, but she had gone, gone and left no address. I couldn't expect her to wait forever, I suppose, -- I'm not that good. When I got out of bed I bought a ticket for home on the 'Vulcania'.

The trip across was uneventful. I was greeted by my family on the dock, who wondered if I had visited all their friends here and there and seen all the sights on the continent. Sure, I saw them all, I said with a smile, but I felt sick inside.

The windshield wipers clacked rhythmically, beating back the waves of water. The West Side Highway stretched forward serpent-like into the wet dark-

ness. To the right lay the dim canyon wall of the city, pinpricked by a myriad of lights.

"Freddy, do you feel well tonight?"

"Quite, why?"

"Why did we just get up and leave the 'Club Samoa'? We left everyone without any warning."

"I paid, didn't I?"

"Yes -- but why did we leave?"

"That's something I can't explain, Sal. I wanted to leave, and we left."

But I could explain. It wasn't any cheap New York night club, or a London one, or with some garlic smelling Italian girl: that wasn't what I wanted. It was some emptiness that had to be filled, but I didn't know with what.

Sometimes I could hide this emptiness by covering it with a stronger emotion -- fear, for example -- I had tried that. I used to race my little two seater from Paris to Geneva. Danger and fear, they go together. Fear is the anticipation of danger. It exaggerates and distorts, twists and magnifies; it is by far the worse of the two. Fear turns one's veins to ice; danger makes the hot blood surge. Fear leaves one spent and wrung out; danger sharpens one's senses. Yet they go together.

I had seen the road disappear before me into the infinity of the night. I had sensed the feeling of security and danger mingled in the snug cabin. A cigarette, the dashlights glowing a pale green --- the long motor vibrating smoothly, the small bumps in the road, all gave the sense of security. But in the background lay the hint of danger, the needles of the RPM counter and speedometer fluctuating at the top, the trees dazzling in the headlights, hurtling by, their branches groping into the night.

To have the machine go completely out of control and to have the complete frustration of knowing that all your actions are in vain, horizons spinning up a little Viennese prostitute. She and nothing but eternity on either side, the moment of impact, the splintering of wood and glass, the twisting of steel, --- all this was tame indeed in comparison to the anticipation. And when it was over, the thought of having his Nazi friends were wrong. She was beaten death at its own game, with the

odds against you, that was the most exhilarating of all.

But then it was over; the adrenalin drained out of your system, and where were you? Worse off than you were before. Maybe you could reach the same heights again, but what was the use. Always there was the anti-climax.

"Freddy, you don't seem too happy."

"I don't know what it is."

"You don't have to. It's a state of being, not of thought."

"Maybe."

"Maybe nothing. It's mind over matter. You can kill any state of being by thought, but why do it?"

"Maybe you're right."

And I knew that she was right, because once I was happy, or at least content. It sounds a little foolish and trite now, but it was Annette who caused it. She was so blonde, and blue-eyed, very cute and very Swiss, tremendously expressive eyes, game for any flights of madness, and warm as a summer evening. She had a bit of a limp from a skiing accident, but it gave me some sort of pleasure even to be able to help her along. She was so damn brave, --- and so damn cute.

But I guess I changed, and maybe she did too.

It's funny how some people can change. Sem-sem was one of these. Sem-sem thought he was smart and a cynic. Sem-sem thought he was a big time operator, but Sem-sem was a little myopic shit.

All year he bragged and blustered, lied and layed with various 750 franc sluts, and soon everyone knew that he was a conceited liar, and Sem-sem felt alone. Then he walked to Austria.

Sem-sem, who had always felt himself to be a member of the master race, revelled in the company of all the "ex" Nazis, who told him how bright he was. Sem-sem loved it. He hadn't heard that in a long time. But one night, after visiting one of his friends, he picked up a little Viennese prostitute. She was cute and lively, and Sem-sem, for the first time in his life, fell in love with someone else. What's more, she fell in love with him.

True, she was Jewish, but maybe his Nazi friends were wrong. She was sweet and decent; just a kid who'd had

a lot of hard raps and had taken to the lights from the bridge. How magnificent, streets, and very pretty. A great and yet, it seemed to lack something. An change came over Sem-sem. He gave up aura of impersonality seemed to cling lying and bragging, gave up his master like the rainy mist. race ideas, gave up sleeping with every cheap tart around, and even wanted to get married.

Then, back in the states, his father, a well-meaning old soul; somehow got wind of the idea. "A Viennese prostitute wants to marry my son! Has he gone mad?"

Well, he sent frantic cables demanding that Sem-sem come back immediately. Sem-sem hesitated a while, then went broke, and finally returned home.

So now Sem-sem has forgotten nearly all. He brags a bit more, is more bitter, more cynical, boastful, and even a bigger shit than before.

I hope that I haven't changed that much, but people can change - like cigarette smoke - with the wind.

Life is something like a cigarette. When it burns out, it is dead, but while it burns the smoke pours out. Ideas are like the smoke from a cigarette. They seep out and drift in nebulous spirals, slowly circling by their own route to the top, blending with the smoke from other lives to give that hue to the era in which we live. Some reach the same conclusions, but none ever trace exactly the same route, nor do any ever go directly to the point, but only by a tortuous, spiralling process, each different, do they finally reach a conclusion and merge with the others.

Cigarettes can change - with the wind, if you like - and so perhaps can people.

I hope I haven't changed that much.

"Got a dime, Baby?"

"Yes. Wait a minute. Here's one."

"Thanks."

"What a lovely bridge. Especially tonight in the rain."

"Yeh. In an efficient sort of way."

And it was too, even in the rain-- a wonderful symbol of American civilization, ultra-modern, well lit, four lanes of concrete each way. Below, the black water, splattered by the black water, splattered by the rain, slowly surged past, dimly reflecting the

"Could this have been made by human hands?" I thought.

"There's the toll station up there."

"I see it."

I pulled up. There was a brief dazzle of light. He took my dime and rang a bell, and we were through.

"Only two more hours till we reach the country now."

"I hope this rain doesn't turn to snow."

"Yeh, I do like snow, though,"

What a cleansing thing snow is. All the dirt, all the grime is covered by one blanket of pure white. Easy, isn't it? Too bad the dirty parts of life can't be done away with like that.

Almost all people are escapists. They have to be. Most don't like to admit it, but they are by one means or another just the same. They like to feel secure and the best way to feel secure is not to recognize any actions outside the little realm of daily occurrences.

Security and liberty. How opposite they are! If you want one you have to give up some of the other. Where lies the happy medium?

How paradoxical is our situation. We seem to have no security, and liberty, too, is fast vanishing. Neither exists beyond the next couple of cogs in this great machine we call a world. A war every twenty years, Dictators, Proletariats, and church leaders dying in far away lands. Atomic, Artillery, Ack-ack, Air force, Bacteria, Blitzkrieg, Bombers, Buzz bombs, Carriers, Clauswitz, Concentration Camps. There is the slowly growing smoke of burning houses on the horizon, of homes and of people, of ideals and of ideas. Already the smoke is in our nostrils. Security and liberty, have they disappeared from this earth? I don't know.

You can't escape everything all the time. Call it what you will, conscience perhaps, but something drags you back to reality.

There was a Canadian girl that I knew damned well in Europe. She darned our socks, mended our clothes, and so on. She was one of our little group.

Well, before she left Canada she in Berne. A Jodlerfest was on, and the as madly in love with some boy, promised sincerely to marry him, and went away, heart pounding. But, well you know the effect of the continental scheme of things on young girls thousands of miles from home. She hadn't been in Europe two months when she met an Austrian Count who gave her a whirl and then after that a couple of others. However, by Christmas time she had settled down to one man, a hell of a nice American who'd been there since the end of the war. She lived with him, slept with him, cooked for him, skied with him, studied with him; none of us cared as he was a hell of a nice guy. She was his, body and soul.

However, every time we'd go into a little Swiss cafe after skiing, she would ask the accordionist to play a tango, - "Jalousie." It's a lovely tune. There's something about it that is warm and living; it seems to throb and pulsate like hot blood. Just the same it did seem rather strange that she should ask for it every time, almost as though it were a religious rite, and so one day I asked her why it was that she always requested it.

"It was Dun's favorite tune," she said. And it was as simple as that. The American knew and didn't mind, a sort of tacit understanding, if you will. It was her little twinge of conscience perhaps, perhaps just memory.

The rain had turned to sleet, then to snow. The motor purred smoothly, cutting through the unearthly silence of soft whiteness that blanketed all. Pretty little New England towns slid by, ghost like in the white darkness, the long rows of elms snow covered. Visibility was low, but I knew the road.

"How wonderfully peaceful and clean," I said.

"And just in time for Christmas."

"Like Switzerland."

"I think I'll take a nap, Freddy; wake me before we arrive."

And her head drooped slowly to my shoulder.

I remembered those nights with Annette so well just before Christmas

dels of the boys down out of the mountains. The Cafe de la Paix was packed that night. All the Schwytzerdeutch were a little high and beery. A big dark room, a three piece orchestra of piano, drums and an accordion, lots of beer and singing Swiss. The American member of the Afrika Korps shared the table with us. I got a little drunk that night, and a little sentimental, but not too drunk to realize that I loved her, and that she loved me. The drive, later on, to a little hotel way back up in the mountains when she fell asleep on my shoulder, was I content? I was then. Driving one armed was slightly difficult in the mountains, but to have that cute little blonde head, asleep and trusting, it was worth it.

"Oh Hell, I mustn't dwell on memories. I'm cold and tired."

The roads were well cleared; every twenty minutes a State of Connecticut scraper went by. The air was cold, but inside the snug little cabin was another world. The long motor moaning, the heater purring, the wind buffeting against the side curtains, the dim monotony of a white road stretching out endlessly, I was a bit sleepy.

The road moved more rapidly for a few miles, then again grew monotonous. The white fences disappeared endlessly into the night. The road went on and on, and on.

"I'd better speed it up if I want to reach home awake," I thought.

"The girl asleep, the heater, - warm inside, -- cold outside, wipers moving, warm, -- cold inside, -- home for Christmas---."

Falls Village, Conn., Dec. 26.

Two young people who had been missing for three days were found dead this morning in their MG upside down in a culvert. Both had been killed instantly. Snow had concealed the car.

The snow still fell, like the snows of yesteryear, covering all. Two lives, filled with memories and tales, were gone. Soon it would be spring

again; the trees would bloom; the birds would raise new families, and all would be forgotten, covered by a new wave of life, covered by yet another snow which was to come. Where are the snows of yesteryear? Who cares? There will always be more.

*'Ou elles sont, ne de cest an.
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine:
Mais ou sont les neiges de antant?'*

Francois Villon (1465)

Fred Wildman

EXHIBITION

We have just been treated to an exhibition of pictures by our fellow member of the college community, Josephine Thoms. The exhibition proved to be an intimate collection of drawings and paintings of her art school days over the last five years. It offered an unusual opportunity for one to trace in her work the growing awareness of pictorial possibilities in her surroundings. Jo Thoms is a slight little person with a gentle smile and a far-away look. Viewing her pictures one wonders at the vigor packed into many of them. Not only are some canvasses of large dimension but large in thought concept. From a casual view of the less than two dozen pictures, one's first impression is of considerable variety in subject and technique. On further study you begin to realize an exploring spirit prompting the expression of interesting experience and gradually you are drawn into a pleasing journey thru widely differing countryside with varying emotions each turn in the road. We find ourselves exploring with the artist, these experiences which have stimulated a creative urge in sensitive mind and becoming one with that mind in the pleasure of its creation. It is true that there is immaturity in some of the work but there is certainly displayed an honest effort to grasp and

express those things which deeply interest and the variety in the work stamps the artist as youthfull and full of wonder at the life all about her.

One might be somewhat concerned that the exhibition hardly displays what is termed a style, which one thinks of in an artist's work as a sort of individuality running thru all the pictures and by which they may be more easily recognized as the work of the particular artist. Unless one is very discerning, a recognized style is generally something in the technique or the way of painting which is characteristic of the individual, but the more important consideration in this connection is an individual style of thought expression which is related to the creation of symbols in conveying the ideas. In Jo Thom's work there is evidence of style in this way of looking at it. Consider "Waiting for Spring" and "Queen" and "Sunflowers". We find here that spiritual likeness or signature if you like, which stamps them in the style of this artist. The "Composition with Ten Figures" and the large abstraction "Still-Life with Mask" and perhaps the "Midnight" are thus recognized by their individual style. In the catalogue handed out at the reception the artist is quoted as "bemoaning" the fact that she has not been able to discover a theory in which she might settle down to some consistent style. Well, that is all right and understandable when one realizes the difficulties in the technique of painting for any artist, but when we discover as we most certainly do here, such thought and emotional qualities as displayed by Jo Thom's work, we may be safe in feeling that she need not be too concerned about discovering a consistent style. Her pictures express her as the individual which she is.

We must not overlook the fact that the Graphic Arts Committee is due a great deal of credit for their splendid work this year in making the exhibition program a success. The high light of the season was the beautifully staged reception arranged for the opening of

POSTPONEMENT OF EPIPHANY

Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, translator and poet, addressed those St. John's students who could manage to fit the college lecture into their week end activities. It was a lecture of promise -- promise of reward and promise of enlightenment. The promise of reward to come to those persevering in the study of Greek and Latin certainly bears periodic repetition, and Mr. Fitzgerald's recounting of the gradual blossoming for him of the glory of the classical masters is a testament for which we should be grateful. When he told us of his discovery one day of some beautiful lines in the Aeneid, lines which before had never shone with this new-found beauty, and of the encouragement which this gave him to continue, I thought of a similar experience which I had had recently trying to read parts of the first book of the Iliad. Since I unfortunately was not able to obtain Mr. Fitzgerald's selections of poetry, I should like to submit in their stead these two lines from Homer as an example, I hope, of what the lecturer meant. Thetis appears to Achilles and finds him weeping. "Τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρενας ἴκετο πένθος; ἔξωδα μὴ κεύθε νόω ἵνα εἶδόμεν ἄμω." "My son, why are you weeping? What is it that grieves you? Keep it not from me, but tell me, that we may know it together." Moving and beautiful lines. Listen to the soft and gentle sound of the αἰ, ω, εὔ, the complementary words φρένας and πένθος, the slowing and emphasizing effect of the initial accents on the last three words. Thetis asks though she knows; she asks as a comforter. Two lines from the whole of Greek literature. And Mr. Fitzgerald continues to find pleasure and delight. Here is solace

the Josephine Thom's exhibition. It was held in the Great Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 15th. A large and enthusiastic crowd attended, including most of the college community and many guests from amongst the townspeople. Study of the pictures was enlivened by a delicious punch and the artist was much gratified with the keen interest displayed in her work. A number of the pictures were purchased by students and others. After the showing in the Great Hall, the pictures were hung in the Junior Common Room for a period of two weeks.

-Townsend Morgan

*I keeping open house, sends out his song
Through the open doors, across the lawn, the hedge
Along the highways to the ears of the long
Journeys, inviting, saying, saying,
Merge
With I, yes join him, hear him out,
include
And be included--and yet depart, refreshed
And started over...since you must leave...and I
He shall perform another deeper thrust
And sing his song, my own, and still keep wide
The doors for he--I--outlast all who will
Arrive, and none so far has ever stayed
(Where are You? Where) to show I am not indestructible
If he is destructible, does it mean, To love?
Does it mean the ungettable (?) goal for which I strive?*

-Ballard

Emotion.

*Naked, pure, cold, a brazen Buddha's impassive stare.
Simple movement; eternal, timeless energy.*

Quiescence amongst the nothingness, solitude.

*What love accrues from liquid air,
Sweating tears on the brazen cheeks?*

-George Robert Contos

for those of us still learning and re-learning paradigms.

I had hoped he would talk more of translation and read more poetry, perhaps lines less uniform than those he chose. Lines of violence and irony and humor. However, his subject was "The Ethics and the Tragic Epiphany", and so he moved on to Aristotle. And here we learned of an allegiance, Mr. Fitzgerald's preference for Aristotle over Plato, which, of course, interested many of us. Plato apparently "gets to heaven too fast", as I think he put it himself, and Aristotle is more at grips with man's "reality", again his word. One wondered of what this judgement was born. A valid judgement certainly, but whence came it and why? And here arose our second promise, that of possible further enlightenment at the question period. It was a longer question period than usual and just as rambling as usual, but it had moments of delight and insight. The "neat" exchange between the lecturer and Mr. Klein on epiphany in poetry itself and in the tragedy proper, the

showing forth (of the gods or the recognition) characterizing the addition to language that makes it poetry. The promise hovered in view again with Mr. Bart's hopeful and concise exchange in which he suggested the dramatic form of the dialogues offers possibly a better opportunity for understanding than the treatise form of Aristotle. Mr. Fitzgerald seemed only to make his choice more explicit and to leave unexplored what could have been one of the clarifications of the evening. All in all, it was remarked, a very personal lecture.

The discussion, when it was probing the problems of Oedipus, did foretell another lecture, one in which Mr. Fitzgerald's intimate acquaintance with Sophocles could be shown to our better advantage and one in which he might further explore his insight about the riddle of the Sphinx, that is, whether the riddle should have been or actually was, "What is man?"

G. Miller

FUNERAL

*We in the trenches between void
and the dry, black dust
count the heads of the drowning man
and drop past the willow's roots
into the ebullient clay . . .
while somewhere a tree stands
unnoticed through the passing night.*

*Once while the wind moved
there had been a season of sympathy
out of the snail's heart
as it beat past the graveyard
between the invisible slopes . . .
while beating the rhythm of glaciers
and rain drops.*

*Where in the dust do the slopes shape,
sighing their grace to the ocean waves
where rests in some low, heavy darkness
the smooth heart of the wind's great
flow.
O heart, compel this month-time, dim
under
the high pulse, from the roots and
the dust's slow hour.*

*I knelt within the pew and heard the
Mass*

For Father Michael.

*Kneeling there I eyed
The robe-draped coffin, singly in the
passage,
Eye-stroked the ones who knew him.*

*No one cried,
But, each recalled---a recollection
minus tears---
The incensed Sundays past of those few
years
When all would wait the 'Ite' of the
priest,
The pulpit verbs, the Sign.*

Gone now.

Deceased.

*Now encoffined in a chapel aisle,
A cause for black-tied men to step in
file,
For nails unpainted to peruse a purse,
For pagan petals in a pagan hearse.*

O, Father, rise!

*In this, your robe-draped birth,
Arise God-high upon our man-high earth!*