The Criterion Club announces with pleasure the winner of the 1964 Rinehart Award:

Leila E. Donohue for "Eye Imagery in King Lear"

Honorable Mention to:

"Running Boy" by Frances M. Vaughan
"Comme Pierre" by Julia C. Tressel
"Commentary on Lord of the Flies" by Carla J. Johnson

To the judges for the 1964 Writing Contest, Dr. Louis G. Locke, Mr. Frank Day, and Miss Ethel Smeak, the Club extends grateful appreciation.
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ROGIE

Rogie sat on his bed, tearing a popsicle wrapper into tiny pieces and arranging them carefully so that they formed letters. He was trying to spell the word askew, for it was one he'd first heard that morning, and he liked the sound of it. Somehow a s. q. u. e. didn't look just right. He sighed and began to spell Santa. It was Christmas Eve.

In the next room, his parents were quarreling. Rogie made a conscious effort to push the sound away from him. His whole body strained in the attempt. Their voices were low, except for times when his mother would burst into a series of high, shrill syllables and his father's voice would rise, too. Louder and cold, and then their voices would lower again so that he didn't hear the words, just the sound. And it was the sound that he hated. . . . The angry, hateful sound that he heard so often in the middle of the night, when he'd pull the covers over his head and try to make his mind very, very blank so that he'd be safe from it. Often, he was not able to do this, and he'd begin to talk to himself. Softly, telling himself funny little stories about playing by the ocean and building sand castles and his friend Bill's dog, who licked his face and hands and shook himself with an almost frenzied joy whenever Rogie came to visit, and after a while the sound would stop and he would sleep again: sleep that was fitful with an unconscious dread of being disturbed by the sound once again.

Rogie wished they'd stop. He wanted to give his mother the present he had for her. He thought it was the nicest thing he'd ever seen. He got off the bed and went over to his toy chest to get it out again and look at it.

It was a rock he had found on the beach. Pale white in color, it was as smooth as the round brass knob on his door, and just the right size to hold in one's hand. He had remembered, as he had picked it up, the stories his grandmother told him, when he visited her, of the Firebird, a giant beautiful bird found in Russia in the time of the Czars. Rogie never tired of hearing them; to him the Firebird exemplified all the glamour and wonder of all the yesteryears when the world was nothing but Russia, described in his grandmother's wonderful voice, with her beautiful words and noticeable accent.

He had thought, though, on finding the rock that this could be an egg of the great Firebird. He had picked it up, gingerly almost, with the idea wondrous in his mind. He had held it for a long time and finally, putting it in his jacket pocket, he had started for home.

This had been a long time ago. He had kept it in his room in a purple box from which he had removed all his marbles. He pretended to himself that one day it would hatch, and in the middle of his room the Firebird would stand, full-grown, plumage shining, beautiful beyond imagination. He would tell no one, and at night when the hateful sound began, he would climb on the wonderful back and fly away; far, far over vast lands ruled by Czars, over thick, black forest, and stretching fields, where peasants sang in beautiful old Russian as they worked, as his grandmother sang at night sometimes in front of her great fireplace, holding Rogie's head on her lap and stroking his hair. He had shown it to no one, not even Bill, who was his best friend and to whom he confided almost everything.

As Christmas neared, this year, he began to think about presents for his parents. He'd never given them presents before. But this year Bill had saved his allowance and bought a pair of lovely yellow socks for his dad and a butterfly pin at Woolworth's for his mother. Rogie had gone along to help make the selections. "Aren't you going to buy anything for yours?" Bill had asked. Rogie had felt in his pocket for the two quarters he had there, and after much deliberation, had bought some tobacco for his father's pipe. But he had no more money to buy anything for his mother.

At dinner one night about a week after, Rogie had been concentrating on eating without opening his mouth as he chewed (a feat he found difficult personally), and was not really paying attention to his parents' talk. Suddenly, though, something in his father's voice made him attentive and although he had not heard the words, he saw tears in his mother's eyes and a strange look of hurt on her face. It was brief--both the look and the tears--and Rogie, who never felt anything when they quarrelled or hurt each other but a kind of pushing sensation within himself, felt suddenly, a sharp, almost tangible pang of love for his mother. Right then he decided to give her the rock for Christmas.

Once he'd thought about it, he was extremely excited. He had never dreamed that he would ever think of even showing it to anyone. But as days passed, the thoughts of giving it away, and to his mother, whom for the first time he loved--he wondered why he had not known it before--seemed better than keeping it to himself. He waited, growing more and more impatient and eager.

Now, he sat caressing its smooth surface and smiling a little to himself. He realized that the sound had stopped. He could wait no longer; he'd give it now.

Holding it carefully under the front of his sweater, he went out of his room. He went through the house until he found his mother standing in front of one of the windows in the den. Her back was to him.

"Mother," he said, and felt a sense of tremendous charity, much perhaps as the Three Magi felt on another long ago Christmas Eve.

"I have something for you."
A LINK WITH THE PAST

In the middle of practicing Franz Liszt's "Un Sospiro" one weekend when I was home, I looked up at the small gold frame on the mantle piece in the music room. I stopped my work to go over and pick up the frame to read, as I have read so many times, "Lock of Liszt's hair. Obtained at the master's home in Weimar, June 17, 1884. Presented to Constantin von Sternberg in memory of our master, January 25, 1924... Carl V. Lachmund." I turned it over to read the notarization on the back: "I attest that Franz Liszt's lifelong housekeeper gave me some of his hair after the barber had cut it and that this is part thereof... Carl V. Lachmund, pupil of Liszt for three years. Witnessed by A.G. Mills on January 25, 1924." I looked again at the lock of grey hair. It is coarse and has a slight wave in it. As I looked at the hair I thought of what the pianist had been like and what his playing must have been to make people say, "Rubenstein spoke the truth when he said that in comparison with Liszt all other pianists are children." I remembered again how I had become the proud owner of this lock of hair and numerous other musical treasures.

One summer we went to Philadelphia for a few days as we do every year. However, this time we spent the night with my mother's high school music teacher whom we now affectionately refer to as Grandad. I had never met Grandad, but I felt as if I had known him all my life. He had sent me many books which I found very helpful in my theory and composition classes, and we had been corresponding regularly for about a year.

After we had arrived and got settled, Grandad took us into his studio. The grand piano was in the middle of the room and there was an organ in one corner. I looked around at the walls which were lined with notarized letters, autographs, and photographs of Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Rubenstein, Liszt, and various other musicians. On the piano was a plaster cast of Rubenstein's hand enclosed in a glass case. Hands always fascinated me, so I took some time to study this one. It was a large and strong hand. The fingers were long and graceful, and I thought of the ease Rubenstein must have had in playing tenths. It was truly a beautiful hand.

Next to the glass case was a small and rather unattractive frame. One would not have to try hard to overlook this item, and yet it held some interest for me. I picked it up and examined the lock of Liszt's hair. Somehow this small frame made everything else in the studio seem unimportant to me. Never before had I felt so closely linked with a time past and such a towering figure as I did when I picked up that lock of hair.

I learned later that most of the treasures in Grandad's studio had been given to him by Constantin von Sternberg, a pupil of Liszt and colleague of Grandad's. Sternberg founded the Sternberg School of Music in Philadelphia and Grandad was a professor there along with Efrem Zimbalist, Sr. Sternberg was one of the great concert pianists of the early part of the twentieth century, and it has been said that he came closer than anyone to sounding like his virtuoso teacher.

The Steinway in the studio had been Sternberg's, and he had brought it to this country when he came over from his native Russia. It was a beautiful instrument with an unusual mellow tone and sensitivity. Being able to take lessons on that piano in a studio filled with so many priceless objects was something I shall never forget.

Before we left for the return trip home, Grandad had given me invaluable lessons in technique and most of Sternberg's own music with the pianist's markings still on it. I also had Sternberg's notebook in manuscript containing articles he had written in answer to various musical questions, and articles written by Josef Hoffman. Sternberg's explanations of Liszt's piano technique and teaching methods are things that can never be replaced. Grandad also gave me notes that he and Sternberg had taken when they were students, which are invaluable to anyone studying the piano. I left Philadelphia knowing that I had spent one of the most memorable vacations in my life.

The following summer I went to see Grandad again. When I returned home I had with me a manila envelope containing the lock of Liszt's hair. Now this treasure is sitting on the mantle piece in my music room and the notebooks and music of Sternberg, Hoffman, and Grandad are close by. Having studied with someone who was so closely linked with Franz Liszt and being the possessor of a lock of his hair seems to bring the master and his music closer to this century. I feel almost as if I had known him, and knowing someone who was so close to him is a great privilege.

--Judi Roberts

--Cynthia R. Hicks
EYE IMAGERY IN KING LEAR

The tragedy of King Lear stems from an error of judgment on the part of each protagonist. The subplot, which unfolds parallel to the main plot, heightens the dramatic significance of the play. The hero of each plot, King Lear in the main plot and the Earl of Gloucester in the subplot, possesses a significant tragic flaw: he judges his children by superficialities and appearances rather than by their inward reality and true worth. In both cases, the flattery of the evil child, or children, is valued more highly than is the unspoken love of the good child. Lear and Gloucester lack wisdom and understanding; they are blind to the true feelings of their progeny. By Elizabethan standards, they have not reached the first step in coming to a knowledge of God, for they do not know themselves.

Shakespeare's use of eye imagery emphasizes both Lear's and Gloucester's lack of foresight and understanding in respect to the relative merit of their children. It also increases the dramatic tension by foreshadowing the brutal blinding of Gloucester. The reader is constantly aware of the inward struggle and search for wisdom and truth within each of the protagonists.

The first important example of eye imagery is in Kent's pleading with Lear on Cordelia's behalf: "See better, Lear, and let me still remain/ The true blank of thine eye." (I, i, 158-159). Here, and throughout the entire play, Kent is more perceptive than Lear and, appraising Cordelia according to her true merit, offers to guide Lear's aim more truly.

The Fool serves to direct the King's mind toward truth and away from flattery. After listening to a series of inversions related by the Fool, Lear is bewildered by the possibility of truth in the analogies: "Does any here know me? This is not Lear?/ ...Where are his eyes?" (I, iv, 216-217). The Fool also emphasizes order and the importance of keeping values in proper balance: "...one's nose stands in the middle on's face...to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell he may spy into." (I, v, 17-20)

After Goneril decides to tell her father that his knights are drunken and unruly, in an effort to rid herself eventually of the old king, Albany makes a comment which has meaning with respect to Lear's plight as well as to Goneril's plot: How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell; Striving to better, oft we wear what's well. (I, iv, 336-337)

Lear's original plan to divide his kingdom in order to prevent future strife results in aggression on both sides. Thus, he truly mars that which was well. He fails to see the evil lurking under the surface.

Throughout the first three acts, there is much foreshadowing of Gloucester's impending blindness. Emphasis is placed on the value of the eyes, and several references are made to plucking out one's eyes. In the opening scene, Goneril tells her father that he is "dearer than eyesight" (I, i, 56) to her. When Lear curses Goneril after she has had his knights murdered, he cries out, "Old fond eyes./ Beweep this cause again I'll pluck ye out" (I, iv, 292-293). When he again curses her in Regan's presence, he says: "dart your blinding flames/ Into her scornful eyes!" (II, iv, 160-161), but he tells Regan, ironically, that she shall never have his curse, for "Her eyes are fierce, but thine/ Do comfort, and not burn." (II, iv, 167-168). These references are more numerous immediately preceding the actual blinding. Goneril, learning of the traitor, says, "Pluck out his eyes." (II, vii, 5). Gloucester explains that he has sent Lear to Dover "Because I would not see thy cruel nails/ Pluck out his poor old eyes!" (III, vii, 56-57). Even after the blinding scene, Edmund makes a reference which reemphasizes the horror: "And turn our impressed lances in our eyes" (V, iii, 50).

Before he is blinded, Gloucester comments, "But I shall see/ The winged vengeance overtake such children." (III, vii, 65-66). Cornwall replies, "See't shalt thou never," (III, vii, 67) and plucks out one eye. This is extremely ironical, a direct inversion, since Gloucester does see justice done after he is blinded. Cornwall plucks out the other eye, saying, "Lest it see more, prevent it" (III, vii, 83), but later Gloucester sees much more clearly than he does when he has eyes. It is poetic justice that Cornwall should lose his life immediately after blinding Gloucester. The latter's plea for justice and vengeance on his children, as quoted above, parallels a similar plea, in the main plot, by Lear in reference to his own domestic predicament: "I'll see their trial first." (III, vi, 35).

It is evil in general and the daughters in particular that Lear wishes to place on trial.

Gloucester is punished for his entrance into the Lear plot. Realizing his proper loyalties, he is faithful to Lear, a fact that necessitates his becoming a traitor to the evil forces in power. He becomes very dejected as he perceives the truth regarding the relative merit of his sons, and recognizes his own lack of wisdom:

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumelled when I saw, Full oft 'tis seen
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch
I'd say I had eyes again!

(IV, i, 18-24)
Presented here is the inverse relationship between sight and knowledge. When Gloucester had eyes, he had no wisdom; now that he has no eyes, he is coming to wisdom. His reconciliation with Edgar will make up for his lost eyesight. Thus, he suffers a loss of vision but gains insight.

Several parallels may be drawn between Shakespeare’s King Lear and Sophocles’ Oedipus the King. Oedipus gains insight before he puts his eyes out; Gloucester has his eyes put out before he gains insight. Lear is comparable to Oedipus in that he, too, gains wisdom and grows spiritually before he goes mad. Both plays employ an abundance of eye imagery, their themes being imbued with light and darkness, wisdom and foolishness.

As Gloucester gains wisdom, he becomes aware of suffering and speaks of men who ‘‘... will not see/ Because (they do) not feel’’ (IV, i, 68-69). Had Lear followed his original opinion and feelings in regard to his daughters instead of relying upon that which he perceived on the surface, his tragedy could have been avoided.

Albany realizes the full impact of Goneril’s plans too late in the action to avert the evil consequences. The brutal blinding causes him to experience a change of heart:

Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou showed’st the King
And to revenge thine eyes.

When the King of France and Cordelia arrive in Britain, Lear is filled with shame and ‘‘... by no means/ Will yield to see his daughter.’’ (IV, iii, 40-41). This is a rather ironical statement, since Lear never had ‘‘seen,’’ or understood, his daughter. Cordelia pleads to ‘‘Seek, seek for Him’’ (IV, iv, 17), for even though he had never ‘‘found’’ her, she wishes to find him, because she knows that he craves her love.

Mad Lear and blind Gloucester have much in common; however, Gloucester sees through his blindness before Lear gains insight. Lear lusts after self-knowledge and envies Gloucester’s blindness, if the loss of sight brings wisdom. Lear says earlier, though at the time he thinks he will die at Dover, ‘‘From that place/ I shall no leading need.’’ (IV, i, 77-78). Yet Edgar does lead his father, from despair into enlightenment.

The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

On the cliffs of Dover, Gloucester remarks:

Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit
To end itself by death?

Thus, Edgar spares Gloucester from death in order to bring him to an awareness of the truth. Gloucester says earlier, though at the time he thinks he will die at Dover, ‘‘From that place/ I shall no leading need.’’ (IV, i, 77-78). Yet Edgar does lead his father, from despair into enlightenment.

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. —O, see, see!

Lear does see everything in the end; thus, he undergoes a tremendous enlightenment. The final speech reflects the original misconception of judging by superficialities rather than true worth; it also emphasizes the self-knowledge, wisdom, and insight which Lear gains, even in his madness:

SALVATION OF A THINKING READER

The sages drive exhausted jest
Into my loose-knit brain.
The one last known commands the rest,
And I am sane again.

—Linda E. Clark
WAR

Shells tearing flesh from darkened faces
Of people of a million races
Can't feel the horror of the hell
Through which the broken bodies
Feel their way.

Tanks and cannon lose their knack
And forget the path that takes them back,
And seek the night to curse the ground
For peace that's somehow never found
In the light of day.

In hate, destruction's seeds will grow,
But in our reaping, we cannot sow
A lesson for the ones who must
Turn shells and fighters back to dust,
And cannon back to clay.

--Karen E. Alexander
RUNNING BOY

Watching him run was like watching the chase in an Alfred Hitchcock movie. He had to keep dodging stray dogs and carriages with sleeping babies in them and boys with dripping ice-cream cones. Nobody seemed to notice him, but maybe that was because of the noise and the milling crowds of people. It was just one of those scenes in which a guy with dungarees and a red flannel shirt, running very fast with sneakers and no socks, would not be obtrusive. Besides, if you didn’t have sun glasses you really had to squint to see anything at all. It was just one of those days. And I suppose people were too concerned with their own sweat and the taste of salt on their chapped lips to notice it. Or else they were trying to get their screaming kids to hurry up, and not to pick the cotton candy up off the dirty boardwalk, and to pull their pants up. But I sort of think he was glad people didn’t turn around and stare or anything, or wonder who-the-devil that crazy guy is. I mean maybe he wouldn’t have cared—he was going so fast and all, but all I know is that he had a sensitive face and a sort of helpless expression on it that showed that he wasn’t really enjoying what he was doing—running so fast and getting all sweaty and all. And his straight brown hair bounced limply over his left eye as he ran. He looked like it sort of bothered him because every now and then he would toss his head back and flip it out of his left eye. But it was soon back again. Then there were two dogs right in his path about ten yards in front of him and he started going to the right so as to avoid the path of the dogs since they were sort of fighting and getting all over the place. And then this real old lady who was sort of hunchbacked and had on those black Red-Cross shoes and had a wool shawl around her shoulders even though it must have been ninety degrees, suddenly was there. He hadn’t seen her. He was just about three running steps away from her so he very sharply veered to the left and this little old lady, in a sort of jerky movement, kind of half-ran to the left also. He bumped into her and the old lady seemed surprised and perplexed. She just kept saying “oh no” over and over. She must have said it fifteen times while they were standing there, and the bad thing was she wouldn’t even pause between saying it, but she just kept saying it in the same tone of voice. The guy didn’t say anything. He looked like he wanted to, but he just didn’t. Then he did a funny thing. He reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out two things and put them in the old lady’s white hand. One of the things was a quarter and the other thing was a little tiny horse-shoe on a chain. It looked like it might have come out of a cracker-jack box. I guess the quarter was for another strawberry milkshake. Then the guy ran on. I’m glad I saw that, though. It just sort of made everything seem better—I mean his running and all.

--Frances M. Vaughan
REPORT OF AN OBSERVATION

The general opinion among psychiatrists was that the transorbital leukotomy was the only answer to certain recalcitrant forms of mental illness. This procedure did not eliminate disorders of the psyche, nor was it reported to do so, but it did make the patient less conscious of the anxieties that aggravated and prolonged his illness.

The procedure had been sought as a last resort to relieve some of our patients under the bondage of illness, and to provide for them a sort of "total push" program of rehabilitation. One of the pioneers in psychosurgery, Dr. Ralph Waters, was scheduled to perform the operation on a select number of our 2900 patients. The permission of all relatives had been obtained, and we looked forward with great anticipation to the day when the first such operation would be done at our hospital.

To understand some of the significance of the operation, it is important to know something of Dr. Waters. He was a neuropathologist, admittedly second to none. He was an arrogant, self-sufficient, very demonstrative individual, who had amassed a fair fortune with his famous "ice-pick" surgery. His name had become almost a myth in psychiatric circles. He was entirely without humility; he was the eccentric, non-conformist of the medical profession—one who possessed the precise qualifications of a psycho-surgeon.

Each patient was anesthetized in the operating room with electric shock. The patient was strapped securely to the operating table and restrained by four to six persons to prevent bone fractures or falling, should the straps loosen or break. Then greased electrodes were applied to the patient’s temples, and the simple touch of a switch sent 140 volts of electricity charging through the patient’s body for two or three tenths of a second. The patient was thus out of all contact with reality. His reaction to the electricity was an immediate, violent convulsion, a writhing, squirming body movements, as though he were in unbearable pain. The tongue was left bleeding in several places as a result of the involuntary chewing movements that occurred during the climax of the seizure. Gradually, the spasmodic motions subsided and the patient became comatose for one-half to two hours.

With a feeling of utter helplessness, I watched the patient as the seizure ran its course. Surely he must have a strong, healthy heart to withstand such intensive shock. His breathing became stertorous and difficult for a time, and finally his complete exhaustion caused him to collapse into a state of deep coma. I noted that the attendants kept close vigil over him, apprehensive of his response to the dangers of electric shock. After a few moments—which seemed interminable at the time—the patient breathed with considerably more ease, and there was a general relaxation of tension among those on the operating team. How glad I was that the patient could not know just what had taken place!

During the period of coma, the surgeon performed the leukotomy. This operation appeared quite simple and required only a few minutes, but it was a highly skillful process. The plan was to break the orbital ridge or bone above and behind the eyes, thereby releasing tension within the frontal lobes of the brain, in which these centers of tension were located. With an instrument called a leukotome, similar in appearance to a long ice-pick, the surgeon pierced the socket of the eye at the top center, above the eyeball, and with a hammer drove the leukotome in and upward at about a 45-degree angle until it transversed the orbital ridge. It was taken to a 45-degree angle to the right and to the left, then returned to its central position, and gently but firmly raised upward until there was heard the very distinctive crack of the orbital plate. The procedure was then repeated over the other eye.

On several occasions, I was permitted to move the "ice-pick" to the left or to the right. The tissues into which the instrument had been inserted felt soft and pliable, and I had the feeling that any move I made, no matter how carefully and steadily maneuvered, would injure the delicate structures within the cranial vault. I marvelled that any patient could survive this, for each seemed so small, so helpless, so subservient to the sharp instrument. The temporary downward distortion of the eyes was so extreme that it seemed to me nothing short of a miracle could restore them to their sockets again.

The last part of the procedure, in which the orbital plate was fractured, is one I shall never forget. I knew the leukotomy was difficult to raise forcefully enough to break this bone, for it was obvious at this point that the doctor was exerting all his physical strength. The sound of this fracture occurred quite suddenly, and was unlike any other I have ever heard. It was both high and low in pitch, a quick, sharp sound which gave me chills of fear and uneasiness. It seemed to ring of the dangers encountered in breaking so tough and durable a barrier. I witnessed well
over a hundred of these procedures, and never once did I fail to cringe when I heard that unusual sound.

Immediately following the procedure, the patient's eyes became blackened and extremely swollen, and occasionally there was some bleeding from the eye sockets. Within an hour or so following surgery, the patient gave the impression of having been in a very serious fist-fight, with his blackened eyes and his generally very lethargic state. The eyes could not be opened for a day or so, and remained bruised and tender for at least a week. I was thankful that this appeared to be the only discomfort suffered by these patients, and even it did not deter them from getting about almost as though they had been subjected to nothing out of the ordinary.

For each of our patients, the transorbital leukotomy was a turning point. There were several deaths as a result of injury to certain brain cells. A few patients became "vegetable-like," in contrast to pre-operative behavior characterized by overactivity and destructiveness. There were a good many who improved to a state of quite adequate adjustment in the hospital, and others were sufficiently improved to return to a protected home environment. Several patients no longer suffered the intractable pain of cancer or other serious physical ailments. Eight or ten patients recovered completely and were ultimately discharged from the hospital rolls, able to resume their rightful places in society. The good results obtained in this latter group at least somewhat offset the "arm-and-hammer" connotations of psychosurgery.

--Alice E. Liggett

TOAD

I walked the road
And saw a toad,
He winked his eye . . .
Why?

And I walked on
To hill yon,
And looked behind
Nothing to find . . .
Gone -

Later, on a bus
A woman must,
At a boy
For his live toy . . .
Fuss -

But, why the road
Gone the toad
Only a fuss
A must?
He grows.

--Mary S. Ewell
He raised his head slowly from the ground. It ached from the force and terror of the nightmare he had just lived through. He sat for a moment with his head resting on his cupped hands, waiting for the dull ache to subside. He could still feel the horror of his dream but, strangely enough, couldn't remember what it was about. He could only remember the screams that he had heard all around. There were thousands of them, screams of bewilderment, fear, and pure terror, like nothing he had ever heard before. He knew, too, that some of them were his own. They echoed through his skull as a gunshot echoes through a cavern, bouncing off the stone walls.

Finally his head cleared, and he looked slowly around him. He was no longer in the midst of the city, in the crowds and pandemonium of the night before. He was lying alone in a field apparently untouched by human habitation, with nothing around him but the silence and sunlight. From the depths of his memory, he recalled vaguely the place where he was sitting. He felt he had been there before, but when? Where was he? He couldn't remember and for some reason the answers to these questions were very important. "When? Where?" He kept asking these questions over and over again but received no answer. There was no one to give him an answer. He was completely alone.

He gently lowered his body back against the clover and gazed at the sky. He smiled vaguely to himself, "This is all a dream. Soon I'll wake up, back in my bed, and everything will be the same as it was." He stretched, then relaxed and nestled his body into the softness of the clover. The rays of the sun beat against his body, the heat pushing into every muscle, warming and relaxing them. As its warmth seeped through him, he slipped slowly into oblivion. The sun was warm and strong but not so bright that it blinded him or caused his eyes to ache. Vaguely he wondered why. Before he could answer his question, he was asleep.

Adam Smith awoke with the feeling of rebirth. He felt alive, well, and perfectly free. The only unpleasant sensation he felt was a slight ache in his right side. "I must have slept on a rock," he stretched and gazed at the country around him. "Yes, I have been here before, but it was so long ago. I just can't remember. It will come back to me soon. I know this place like the back of my hand. It's funny how waking up will drive things from your mind."

The forest he had noticed the night before seemed much closer. He began walking across the clover field towards it, glancing down at the brilliant red and purple blossoms which seemed to nod and laugh coquettishly in the slight breeze that had sprung up during the night. The forest itself was to Adam the most beautiful wood he had ever seen. The trees rose from the ground like columns on an ancient temple, perfect in shape and as flawless as Olympian sculpture. There was no confused growth of underbrush, just a soft carpet of moss. Wild flowers grew in well-ordered clumps. Wild animals peered from behind the well-shaped bushes and trees, staring at Adam, curious yet unafraid. Small rabbits hopped right in front of him and showed not the slightest trace of fear, even accepted small offerings of food from his hand. Although before, Adam had been a devoted hunter, he now felt no impulse to kill these gentle, fearless creatures. He needed no food as he wasn't hungry, and it would have been unthinkable to kill them merely for sport.

As he walked through the forest he came to a small orchard, or so it seemed. There was one of every tree that Adam had ever seen and even some he hadn't seen. He tasted the fruit of an apple tree and found it to be firm, sweet, and juicy, precisely the way Adam had always liked his apples. He couldn't resist eating another and then a third. Adam had always been fond of apples. Slowly, while eating the third apple, he turned and took stock of this small orchard. "Apples, peaches, pears, cherries... Around the edge there are even blackberry, grape, and strawberry vines, as well as so many others I couldn't begin to name them." Beyond these vines he could see miles and miles of carefully tended fields, all kinds of plants all growing together regardless of temperature, season, or soil. Adam stood on a slight rise, for that was where the orchard ended, and looked out over the fields which stretched before him.

Then, far behind him, he thought he heard someone moving about. He ran rapidly back toward the sound. He was certain the noise was made by a human being, and he was lonely. When he reached the source of the noise, he saw a young, slender girl gazing rapturously at a tree Adam had never seen before. It was not tall and some he hadn't seen. He tasted the fruit of an apple tree and found it to be firm, sweet, and juicy, precisely the way Adam had always liked his apples. He couldn't resist eating another and then a third. Adam had always been fond of apples. Slowly, while eating the third apple, he turned and took stock of this small orchard. "Apples, peaches, pears, cherries... Around the edge there are even blackberry, grape, and strawberry vines, as well as so many others I couldn't begin to name them." Beyond these vines he could see miles and miles of carefully tended fields, all kinds of plants all growing together regardless of temperature, season, or soil. Adam stood on a slight rise, for that was where the orchard ended, and looked out over the fields which stretched before him.

The forest he had noticed the night before seemed much closer. He began walking across the clover field towards it, glancing down at the
COMME PIERRE

Peter looked at Jim and said
I hate you I wish you were dead.

Peter looked at Miska and said
I hate you I wish you were dead.

Peter looked at Amos and said
You're black as my pencil lead
I hate you I wish you were dead.

Peter looked at Ling and said
Why are you yellow, not white instead?
Why can you all not be like me?
Then we could have fun and all agree.

Peter gazed at the bird in the tree
Why do you fly, not walk, like me?
Why must caterpillars continually crawl?
Why must leaves come down in the fall?
Why can't everybody be like me?
Then we could have fun and all agree.

Peter was nasty and did as he pleased
He loved himself with the greatest ease.

He sat in his room all alone with himself
And arranged his toys on his toy shelf.
He went to the zoo and saw a bear
An owl, a skunk, and a goat with chin hair.

Peter saw monkeys, and elephants, and ants,
Peacocks, turtles, and horses that pranced.

But none of them liked to do what he liked
So he cycled home on his brand new bike.

What a funny world, Peter said,
As he crawled up into his soft, warm bed
And pulled his covers up over his head.

Peter slept with Peter, sat down next to
Peter, played robbers with Peter, talked to Peter, went on walks with Peter,
had parties with Peter, ate breakfast lunch and dinner with Peter, and everyone agreed.

This is no fun said Peter to Peter.
I'll go to Miska's and try to greet her
And ask her how come she knows so much
About beetles and bugs and butterflies and such.

I'll go see Ling and Amos and Jim
And ask them all about how they've been.

And Peter stopped talking to Peter so much
And reached out his fingers a snowflake to touch.
He wondered how ever did Saturn get rings
And many more, numerous, numberless things.

--Julia C. Tressel
THE WIND I SEEK

I am a child with unwoven hair,  
the wind’s sister.  
Aided by mathematical mind,  
I plot the course of the weather,  
and light into the next town  
where the wind is prophesied to be,,  
where cold gray clouds  
creep between naked limbs,  
where cocks scream at dawn,  
and I awaken,  
forced to make my unknown existence known  
to those who watch a stranger passing.

I am a child, empty, waiting for labels,  
erasing them as they come.  
I sit alone in my dark room.  
In time, I search dark highways for drifted leaves,  
but race with a wind across the pavement before me,  
racing the leaves into the dirt.

I run from room to room,  
known as the running girl.  
I listen to their laugh, their hysteria.  
I gasp from every breath that makes a part of vapor,  
the stench that seeps from the souls of man,  
the rottenness, the corruption, the squalor,  
the throwing off of learned words,  
the blind subjection.

I am a child with lisping feet,  
laughing hysterically, my soul tickles.  
I win the race with tornadoes that slip in insane directions  
across the continent.  
I dance in the frenzy of the drunken earth.  
The seas reflect the movement of the insane.

Silently, I summon the panther.  
The red hyena crumbles.

Earth is dirt.

The panther comes,  
clasps my struggling form,  
and runs away in the night.

--Linda E. Clark
AND THE NIGHT BEGAN

He gazed out of his window that fine autumn day
To watch the small children laugh and play.
Then as the sun crept across the sky
He saw the light quickly fly;
And heard the blackbirds’ mournful cry.
And darkness covered all
And darkness covered all...

He gazed out of his window that clear winter day
And saw the snow, in deep white drifts.
The sight that refreshed him and made him pray,
For God had given him another day—as a gift.
Then the shadows came down once more
And the night began again
And the dark night began again...

He gazed out of his window that early spring day
As the sun sifted down its pure golden ray.
The birds were chirping as loud as they could
While pale green hues crept into the woods.
But shadows came as shadows will come
The mark of another day that was done
As the darkness slowly covered the sun
As the darkness covered the sun...

He gazed out of his window that hot summer day.
It was far too warm for the children to play.
The breezes were still—the earth was dry;
Flowers failed to nod at weary passers-by.
The black was welcomed by all that night.
The coolness it offered was better than light.
The coolness was better than light...

No one gazed out of the window today.
Just yesterday he had passed away.
The things he had thought were pretty to see
Were closed to all, for he held the key
That opened the door of a special kind
Of all those living among the blind.
And darkness covered all
And darkness covered all...

--Mary J. Pond
THE MOST SECRETTEST PLACE

My name is Christopher. I live at Aunt Helen's now. I've lived here on Dunsmore Street for quite some time. Her house is very old and haunting. The boards creak ever so nicely and just seem to slip away beneath your feet, leading you to all kinds of hidden and secret places. The one I like best is far in the top of the house where no one ever goes. It's more fun than anything to go there on dreary winter days when Aunt Helen won't let me play outside. She stays in the front room and tells me to "amuse myself." So I pretend to be playing till she falls asleep. That doesn't take too long. Then, quiet as a mouse, I tiptoe out, leaving her in the big chair in front of the fireplace all wrapped up in her woolen comforter.

I just creep down the hall and up the steps. Sometimes Aunt Helen wakes up suddenly and sees that I'm not there. I can hear her calling me, but I never answer. Soon she falls asleep again. Then it's safe to go the rest of the way. When I get to the very top, which is a long way, I look down over the railing at the ferns as they line the stairs below. The hall gets very narrow and seems to get darker. At the end there's a big table with stone on top. The bottom part curls down like animals' legs and ends with big clawed feet. It looks like it would jump at you if you dared to make the slightest noise. So I'm very quiet.

Right next to the table is the small wooden door with the lock. That's the most secrettest place in the whole house. I guess that's why I like to go there. Sarah and I, she's my sort of friend, used to go there to look for treasures. Sometimes we would find things; sometimes we wouldn't. I remember the first couple of times we went there. She was scared because there were bats, but I wasn't. Dumb old bats never scared me. Now Sarah says she hates playing with dirty old boxes full of trash. She doesn't want to have fun any more. She spends her time with Elizabeth and her dolls.

I don't mind discovering alone; of course, it is more fun when you have someone to show things to. It's sort of scary there sometimes, especially when I can see the plaster and boards where the paper is beginning to peel and flake. That's because Aunt Helen won't have the roof fixed. I wonder why no one cares about that part of the house. She says no one ever sees it so it doesn't matter what it looks like, and I guess she's right.

The door is set back in the wall so you can't see it too well. It looks like a prison door because it is so big and hidden. The lock is very important-looking, but that's silly because it's all rusty and won't stay shut any more. I guess the steps leading to the room were the spookiest part. The boards always sounded like dry saddle leather or like the big steamer I rode on once. Every step I'd take I could feel that boards give a little as though they had sponges right in the middle. Sometimes when I'd run out of things to do I would just stand on them and rock back and forth.

On those gray rainy days the light would come in through the windows and make very faint patterns on the floor. The boxes were mostly stacked against one of the walls, some lay about the room. I'd already been through most of them. I found things like beads made of wood and old lace dressing gowns. One of the crates had a small wooden box in it. I couldn't find the key to it. I guess it got lost a long time ago. Anyhow there wasn't any way that I could get into it so I put it on, the window sill. When I'd get tired of looking through boxes or when I didn't seem to be finding anything I would try to open it. One day when I was holding it to the light to peep in the crack, it slipped out of my hands and broke. It just lay there. I was worried someone might hear me, but no one came. When I turned it over, I could see rings and collar buttons lying on the floor. There was a wide gold band that was very plain and too big for my finger. It had Aunt Helen's name in it. I decided to give it to her even though it was one of the best things I'd ever found.

She had just awakened from her nap when I came down. She looked at me with a gentle smile and asked me where I'd been. She could see the dust on my pants and sleeves. I told her that I had been exploring. She told me to come closer to her and said she bet I'd found something very important because she could see that I had been working hard. I told her I had a present for her but that she would have to close her eyes and hold out her hand if she wanted it. She held it out expectantly as I dropped the ring in. Her eyes sparkled. "Thank you," she said, "I couldn't ask for a nicer present." And she wasn't angry at all.

--Julia E. Mason
A SKETCH OF A DARK CONTINENT

The word "war" was mentioned to me, but to my eight-year-old mind the word conveyed no real image. War was the reason for the two-week delay in Lisbon on our trip to South Africa. At the end of this period, my mother, younger brother, and I were once again aboard a ship en route to meet my father.

I could see the shore from where I stood on deck. The light from the early morning sun helped me to pick out the outline of buildings. My mind concentrated on the geography lesson I had in the third grade. Smiling, I remembered that this was the Cape of Good Hope where once so many ships had been wrecked. My mother was coming toward me holding my brother by the hand and geography was forgotten.

"Mommy," I shouted excitedly, "are there going to be lions and tigers waiting for us?"

"No, Carole darling," she said with a slight laugh, "only your father.

"Won't we see any animals or White Hunters?" I pressed.

"Not in Cape Town."

"In Pretoria then?"

"We'll see what we can do."

I was allowed to stay on deck to watch the tugboats bring the ship to port. In less than an hour we would be on shore. It just didn't seem right that there wouldn't be any animals. My brother and I had discussed many plans about hunting, which included the ideas that he would be a native king and I his queen.

When we had landed Mommy was told by a man with a bushy beard that Daddy was unable to come because he had an assignment. I was bitterly disappointed. The bushy-bearded man gave us all presents from Daddy. This man was to drive us to our new home in Pretoria.

I took the bushy-bearded man aside and in a whisper, because I didn't want to hurt Mommy's feelings, asked: "Are there any animals around here?"

He smiled, flashing yellow-stained teeth.

"No. The nearest place is Krugar National Park."

"Park! Is that a zoo?"

"Not really. The animals aren't confined. The people can go there to see them but they have to stay in their cars."

"That doesn't sound like much fun." I wasn't at all sure I was going to like this place. No animals and what animals they did have were in a park. This didn't seem like Deepest Darkest Africa to me.

The house I was to call my home for the next six years was spacious. What really intrigued me, though, was the yard with the chicken coop, the pond, the mulberry trees, the bamboo patch, and the rabbit cage. Daddy promised to buy us a rabbit. Mommy introduced us to the native housekeeper and the gardener-handyman. They seemed as if they would make jolly playmates for Ted and me. I took Lou-Lou, the housekeeper, aside to ask her about animals, but I received the same answer as from Mommy and the bushy-bearded man. After all this I decided to give up on animals.

It wasn't long before we began to make friends. Next door there was a boy my age. He would stand on the stone wall which separated our yards and yell: "Ek es nay bon fayone!" Though Ted and I didn't know what it meant, we concluded it wasn't very complimentary since the boy accompanied these words by sticking out his tongue. We discussed asking Mommy for a translation, but since there was a chance it might be obscene we ran the risk of being scolded. After the taunts had continued for three days, Ted and I decided to ask Lou-Lou. Laughingly, she told us that it meant "I'm not afraid of you." Armed with this knowledge, Ted and I waited for the boy to appear. Before he opened his mouth we shouted, "Ek es nay bon fay one either!" After that Ted, Doug, and I became friends.

It was some weeks later that my brother and I learned what fine pipes could be made out of bamboo. With much planning and fear, we were able to confiscate three cigarettes from Daddy's room. This smoking would never have been discovered if I had been more careful with the matches. But I ended up burning down the tree house that Doug, Ted, and I had built. Because of that small incident, for which our behinds were sorely taxed, Ted and Doug would not allow me into the new tree-house they had built. Not to be outdone, I enlisted the help of two other girls up the street and we built a treehouse of our own. One afternoon Ted came tearing into the house and trembling, told us that they would never go back to the tree house again. They had found a tarantula. Secretly, I thought that it served them right.

Ted and I were playing in the yard under Daddy and Mommy's window when I nudged Ted to listen to their voices.

"Yes, their customs are a lot different from ours, Doris. One is their marriage. No woman is allowed to marry until she has proven that she is able to have children."

"What's this?"

"That's right, dear. In a way it's like Social Security. You see, the natives feel that if they spend all their lives providing for their children that it is the children's duty to look after them when they are old. This is why the woman must prove that she is fertile."

I frowned at Ted and he at me. It didn't make
much sense to us. We went on playing.

Even after two months I hadn't really gotten over my disappointment at not finding any wild animals. Excitement ran through my body at my parents' mention of Kruger National Park. At least it wouldn't be exactly like a zoo. It was Lou-Lou who contributed to my excitement about the trip. I had begun eating with her once in a while. The natives ate meale-meale, a porridge-like substance, with meat flavoring. I had acquired a taste for the dish. It was at an evening meal with Lou-Lou that I was told about the Jungle Man.

"Once many, many years ago," Lou-Lou began in a chanting voice, "there was a huge man who got angry at his village. Some say that he was crazy; others say that he was a brave, fearless man. The Jungle Man wandered around for many days until he came to a cave which he made his home. He was as swift as an antelope and as strong as a bear. As the years passed, he hunted and found peace in his new home. He wore skins of animals and decorated his cave with skins and furs. The animals that he couldn't catch with his bare hands he shot with his bow and arrow. Jungle Man made friends with some of the animals. The zebra he used to take him long distances..." Lou-Lou's voice trailed off. I urged her to go on. "He was a good man, Carole. But then one day he came upon a sign. This sign proclaimed that a park was going to be made out of the area he called his home. He felt despair."

"What happened to him? Did he have to leave?"

"He wouldn't leave. When he saw the white men, he would run away. Work was begun on the park."

"I thought it wasn't fenced in."

"It isn't. The white men wanted to make roads for easy travelling. They began to hunt him down."

"That doesn't seem fair."

"It was the law. A couple of years went by. A few times they nearly caught him, but he always managed to get away. One day, though, they set a trap for him by his favorite water hole. By the time he saw them he was nearly trapped. He managed to evade them and began to run for safety. He would have gotten away if he hadn't tripped and broken his ankle."

"They got him."

"Yes. They took him away. But I heard last year that he had escaped and had gone back to his home."

"He could be at the park now?" I asked in great excitement.

"He could be. You look for him, Carole." I promised Lou-Lou that I would do just that and then ran off to tell Ted about the Jungle Man.

The motor trip lasted over five hours. The sign over the gate poles read KRUGAR NATIONAL PARK. There were no fences. I had seen some farms on the way up and asked my daddy how the farmers protected themselves. The only time a farmer could shoot an animal, Daddy told me, was if it came on his land. I could imagine the farm family with shotguns and rifles. Maybe a girl my age would scream: "Daddy, lion." And across the field a huge female lion would be running toward the cattle. The house would be filled with great activity. The children would run into the house. Or maybe the girl wouldn't see the lion and it was a man-eater on the loose. No, I liked the cattle-eater better.

"Carole," my brother said, breaking into my thoughts, "look where we'll be sleeping."

I followed his pointing finger to a fenced-in compound. There were six house-like things called "roundavles" made out of thatch. As the day drew to a close, fires were lit. Natives came to beat on drums. Hugging my pillow I heard the distant roar of lions, the chatter of monkeys, the call of wild birds. To me this was my Deepest Darkest Africa.

--Joanne F. May

HAIKU

Your leaving will trace
Jet trails across my mind's sky
Taut white scars on blue.

--Maryann Franzoni

20
In commenting on Lord of the Flies, William Golding has stated that "the whole book is symbolic in nature except the rescue in the end." Images and allusions do abound in so many descriptions that the reader is often uncertain whether or not a dual meaning is intended. This paper attempts to show that in Golding's systematic use of color and his specific descriptions of the boys' appearance can be found clues to the allegory of Lord of the Flies.

All the characters are introduced as typical British school boys, aged three to twelve, wearing the customary school uniforms. As British they are engrained in a long tradition of rigid self-control and autonomy. The boys easily divide into two groups: the "littluns," small, unkempt boys who do little but gorge themselves on fruit and play all day, and the "bigguns," older children who are each distinguished by specific character traits.

The children are first seen as a group when they gather on the platform in response to the sound of the conch. This assembly is also used to introduce the evil faction:

... something dark was fumbling along... darkness (that) was not all shadows but mostly clothing. The creature was a party of boys, marching approximately in step in two parallel lines and dressed in strangely eccentric clothing... each boy wore a square black cap... Their bodies, from throat to ankle, were hidden by black cloaks... (p. 16)

Although this group of boys, a choir, discard their cloaks and become hunters, they remain a unit. As a choir they lifted angel voices (p.123) to the glory of God, but as hunters unified by their black caps they symbolize evil forces whose greatest joy is the passion of the kill.

Ralph, Piggy, and Simon are isolated from the rest, each in his own way: Ralph as chief is raised above the others; Piggy is set apart by obesity and glasses; Simon, often alone by choice, is rejected because of his fraility and shyness. Simon and Piggy are both isolated from the first, but it is only gradually that Ralph is quietly and then openly separated from the group in spirit as well as physically. Each boy in turn is the target of Jack's hatred.

In introducing each character, Golding gives a brief physical description and a coinciding clue to his character. Always included is the hair color: black for the antagonist Roger and the mysterious Simon, blond for the industrious Ralph and the peaceful Samneric, and red for the fiery, zealous Jack. Golding describes Roger in terms that immediately suggest villainy: "the shock of black hair, down his nape and low on his forehead, seemed to suit his gloomy face and made what had seemed at first an unsociable remoteness into something forbidding." (p. 55) Ralph appears as a gentle, care-free fellow with fair hair, friendly blue eyes, and "a mildness about his mouth and eyes that proclaimed no devil!" (p. 8) His neutral, even character is matched by the grey shirt he wears although both grow soiled and rough in time. The twins, Samneric, are introduced as "two boys, bullet-headed and with hair like tow, (who) flung themselves down and lay grinning and panting at Ralph like dogs." (p. 16) They sustain this image by their faithfulness to Ralph and their eager good nature until the end. Piggy's physique and character are in a way contrary. Although almost sightless without glasses, and continually cleaning his glasses, he can see extremely well with his mind. His asthma and obesity hinder his body activity, yet his brain moves faster than any other on the island. In his treatment of Simon, as in his characterization of Piggy, Golding uses contrary elements. Though weak, given to fainting spells and extremely timid before assemblies, Simon is one of the strongest forces in the book. His simpleton's name belies the fact that he is the only one on the island who fully realizes what the beast is.

By tracing the stages of dishabille of the boys, one can follow the changes in their characters as they gradually shed their civilized qualities and replace them with savage ones. The initial joy of being released from adult authority prompts the boys to taste the luxury of nakedness although they soon relent after feeling the smart of sunburn. Of all the boys' hair only Piggy's remains short. That of the others grows long and shaggy, eventually hindering their vision and indicating another step toward savagery. Ralph, in inspecting himself at one point, discovers that he badly needs a soapy bath, a haircut, and a toothbrush. (p. 104) He also surveys the other boys...

... With the memory of his sometime clean self as a standard... They were dirty, not with the spectacular dirt of boys who have fallen into mud or been brought down hard on a rainy day. Not one of them was an obvious subject for a shower, and yet--hair, much too long, tangled here and there, knotted round a dead leaf or a twig; faces cleaned fairly well by the process of eating and sweating but marked in the less accessible angles with a kind of shadow: clothes, worn away, stiff like his own with sweat, put on, not for decorum or comfort but out of custom; the skin of the body, scurfy with brine -- (p. 102)
Everyone has sunk to some degree of squalor and has little or no desire for cleanliness. All of them run around nearly naked "twitching rags into place" (p. 107) until Jack breaks away and forms his own "tribe" which discards the rags completely.

To replace the manufactured cloth the boys smear colored clay on their bodies and faces in imitation of primitive man, the mud providing the link with nature which set the humans free from their civilization. Hidden by the colored masks, the boys can express their wildest nature with the reassurance of anonymity. Golding uses the sea to comment on their characters. Simon was small and skinny with coarse black hair, dark coloring, and extremely bright eyes before the night of his death. (p. 50) The sea is not the only outside force used by Golding to strengthen the descriptions of the boys. From the first, the assembly platform was bathed in strange shadows which added unreality to the assemblies which were senseless meetings ending in laughter and daydreams. The assembly after the crisis of the killing of the first pig is different:

Normally the underside of the green roof was lit by a tangle of golden reflections, and their faces were lit upside down. . . . But now the sun was slanting in at one side so that the shadows were where they ought to be. (p. 71)

Ralph's lecture in this assembly focuses the boys' living conditions properly, but the assembly ends in a revolt by Jack who rushes to the beach followed by all but the outsiders. Chanting and dancing the figures form a "dense black mass that revolved," (p. 85) This step verifies Ralph's statements and points the way to the break and eventual savagery under Jack's rule.

The blending of Samneric with the darkness of Castle Rock is the last step before Jack's hatred of Ralph is fulfilled in the hunt. "The two (on guard) . . . seemed nothing more than a dark extension of the rock. A star appeared like a silver shape beneath the steady march of Samneric. The bright figures form a dense black mass that revolved." (p. 103) Golding uses the star to symbolize the flicker of the hope and spirit that have been struggling to exist in Ralph's mind. Crushed by the realization of his solitude the boy allows his spirit to sag for a minute, but then revives it to sustain him to the end.

The last description of the boys as the officer sees them is disappointing after the climactic tension of the hunt.

A semicircle of little boys, their bodies streaked with colored clay, sharp sticks in their hands, were standing on the beach making no noise at all. (p. 185)

Golding has represented these characters so strongly that the comparison with the adult world seems understated.

The scenes on the island are now transferred
to the entire world through the link of the officer and his cruiser as he ventures forth in his uniform to play war games. His "tribe" will pit itself wholeheartedly against another while the world assembly ends in a macabre dance, and the "tribes" retreat to their fortresses to sharpen their toy weapons in preparation for the big "hunt."

Golding makes many comments on the nature of man, specific and general, obvious and disguised. From the allusions I have deciphered and from his own comments on page 189, his picture of the human race is a pessimistic one: men are basically evil, their only disguise is an attempt at order called civilization, and their future is black unless they are rescued by some powerful force which will subdue their evil natures.

--Carla J. Johnson
COCKTAIL PARTY AND NAUSEA

While T. S. Eliot's work can hardly be described as being cheerfully optimistic, it does seem rather hopeful when compared with that of Jean-Paul Sartre. However, there are some definite parallels to be found between The Cocktail Party by Eliot and Nausea by Sartre. Both Celia Copeland of The Cocktail Party and Antoine Roquentin of Nausea are obsessed by the meaninglessness and futility of existence, but the solution for Celia, while horrifying, is infinitely more decisive and complete than that for Ronquentin.

Eliot's work depicts a way of life that expresses itself ritualistically in that most glaringly empty of institutions, the cocktail party. Edward and Lavinia Chamberlayne, though given a free choice, choose not to relinquish that way of life, thus illustrating a favorite thesis of Sartre: Man is incapable of recognizing complete liberty of action, and therefore he remains chained to his past.

In the first act of The Cocktail Party, it is evident that Celia Copeland and Edward Chamberlayne have been having an affair, and that Chamberlayne's wife has left him, though not, it later turns out, as a result of her discovery of this liaison. Edward wants his wife to come back, and yet he is not at all sure that he even remembers her correctly. He says, "Since I saw her this morning when we had breakfast, I no longer remember what my wife is like. I am not quite sure that I could describe her if I had to ask the police to search for her." Though certainly less insipid than Edward, Roquentin is also a man troubled by his inability to join the past with the present: "I have never before had such a strong feeling that I was devoid of secret dimensions, confined within the limits of my body, from which airy thoughts float up like bubbles. I build memories with my present self. I am cast out, forsaken in the present; I vainly try to rejoin the past: I cannot escape."

Both Celia and Roquentin search desperately for something that will give value to existence, and yet their respective perplexities are strikingly different. Celia is plagued by the feeling that life and the world she lives in are merely delusions. For Roquentin, however, existence is no delusion; it is agonizing reality. He is subject to what he terms "nausea" which occurs with the sensation of everything being sickeningly and overwhelmingly real to him. Sometimes it abates, but it is always there. At the climax of the book, Roquentin experiences a sort of revelation by the seashore in which he realizes that he, everything in the world, and the world itself are, and will always be "de trop."

Celia makes a choice which ends, for her, the unreality and lack of purpose in her life. She joins a nursing order which aids the native inhabitants of a distant island and is eventually crucified, though the cause for which she has died remains hazy. For Roquentin there is no such choice to be made. He accepts his "nausea," learns to live with it, and, in the end, he is able to derive some measure of hope from a jazz tune which, alone, has been able to dispel the nausea. He comes to feel that the song has justified the composer's and the singer's existences, and he determines to write a book in order to justify his own.

Both Celia and Roquentin made their respective choices after discovering that there is no great solace to be found in human relationships. Celia's discovery came with the realization that her affair with Edward was, in many ways, a compound of her own illusions and desires. Roquentin's came with his being rejected for the last time by his mistress, with whom he was very much in love, but who has "outlived herself." In making their choices, Celia and Roquentin did something to alleviate the absurdity and futility of existence. Though the cause for which she died remains obscure, Celia has justified her existence to herself. For Roquentin, and for Sartre, the decision will never be quite so clear-cut. And yet, Roquentin is also changed by his decision to write. He had been given a rather paltry reason for existing, but it is far more than he ever dreamed of having. Edward and Lavinia's choice results in a cocktail party, which they must relive and re-give endlessly.

--Carol Dale Sonenshein
SOMETIME AGO

Coming down from the mountains one day, I saw an old man praying by the side of the road. I stood hidden by the trees, several yards from where he knelt. I saw his lips move, but his voice was inaudible. Then I noticed that his eyes were full of tears. They ran down his face and dropped onto the dry earth where he knelt. His eyes were fixed on the mountain from which I had just come. His lips ceased to move, but he remained in the kneeling position for some time. Then slowly he rose and came toward the spot where I was waiting. His eyes were cast down at the road as he shuffled past.

I stepped out, but he did not seem to notice me. "Old man," I said. "Did you not see me?"

"He stopped and turned slowly. "But no. My eyes grow dim in my old age. Forgive me, Sire. What is it you wish?"

"Come sit with me and talk. I will share my meal with you."

"Why do this for me? I do not know you, stranger."

"Demarcus, do you always pray here before entering the city? Is this your custom?"

"Yes, each day. But of what interest can that be to you?"

"I do not understand the meaning of this act. To whom do you pray?"

"Why, to God -- of course."

"Does he live in the mountains?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"I do not know."

"Does he live, as the man from Nazareth said, within your heart?"

"I do not know."

"But is it not possible that he dwells there?"

"Yes."

"Has this God spoken to you?"

"I feel that he has."

"And what did he say?"

"He spoke not as you would speak, for his voice came from within. He gave me peace, and my heart was lightened."

"But what did he say?"

"He spoke thus: 'Go to the mountain where you pray each day. A man, a stranger, will come to you in ignorance. Answer all that he asks so he too may know and understand. Listen to him as you listen now, for he speaks truth which can no longer be kept from the world."

"And did this stranger come?"

"Aye, he is come."

"As I watched you praying I thought I saw tears fall from your eyes. If this God gave you peace, why were you sad at his words?"

"Tears are not all of sorrow born."

"Then, why?"

"They came as relief, not pain. Now is the realization of my life's purpose. Soon I will be gone."

"Do you mean that you were born to talk with this stranger? That seems so small a reason to exist."

"My son, there are things we must accept as truth. It is not for us to decide the greatness of our deeds."

"But how do you know that this is truly your purpose? Couldn't you be mistaken?"

"One man's purpose may seem small in the eyes of another, but in the eyes of God all purposes fulfilled are of equal value."

"But what of the wicked? Are their purposes designated by your God also?"

"It is written that the Lord hath made all things for himself. Yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."

"But I do not understand what you say. Are not the wicked to be condemned and punished for the evil that they do?"

"Sire, what man do you know that has done only evil?"

"There are none, but still. . . ."

"If there are none, then does it not follow that there is some good in all?"

"Yes, but if all are good then will not all be rewarded?"

"Yea, he that is good and observes the laws of God shall have the rewards of the Kingdom of God."

"I ask you, Demarcus, do not some men possess more good than others?"

"Sire, good is a thing apart. It comes not in degrees but is whole wherever it appears. Therefore, all who do good are of equal virtue. Our good deeds are not as money to bring us what we desire, rather they are the stones with which we
build our houses.''

"But then would not one man's house be larger than another?"

"Each man builds his house according to his needs. It is the needs of men that differ, and I am not envious of another man's needs. But Sire, I do not know your name. Who are you?"

"I do not have a name. I am one among the nameless many who seek the truth of God."

"Why do you seek it here with me?"

"Because you are old and wise among your people."

"But I am older than old; my mind is that of a child."

"Old Man, is it not from children that we often learn the most apparent truths? And are not the old, on reverting to child-like behavior, able to reveal many of the truths and fallacies of life?"

"I had not thought of things in this way. But it is of no matter for soon I will be in Heaven, God willing."

"You say this with doubts. Are you not sure of your destination? Would you begin a journey with no idea of its end? How could you prepare yourself for the trip?"

"Sire, it is not for us to judge our destination, lest in our preparation we underestimate our needs and fall short of our goal."

"Demarcus, you are prepared. And I say further, that each man is prepared."

"Still there are those who sit idly by. How can a man be prepared when he has made no preparation at all?"

"When a man does these things, he does them in secret. It is not the duty of one man to discover the secrets of another."

"It would seem, Sire, that you say there is no hell."

"Hell is the place of the wicked, but you said yourself that there is good in all."

"I do not understand."

"Men are given to petty emotions, and one would be better than another. But I say to you that Hell is a creation of man. He feels that he is better than his neighbor because he has sown more seeds or reaped more grain. If I place myself above my neighbor in worldly things, is it not easy then to do likewise in spiritual things? Truly the creations of men matter not in the Kingdom of God. All men in living prepare their way, though their ways are not all the same. Demarcus, it is true that you are old. This no man can deny. In growing old, have your thoughts often turned to death?"

"We all in moments of fear turn to thoughts of death."

"Are these the only times that you have thought of death?"

"There were others, when I was a boy, but then they were fanciful thoughts."

"And to what conclusions did you come?"

"I cannot say for it was long ago. It has been said that in death one's soul finds paradise."

"Those who spoke thus did so because they were in oppression and needed hope to live. Death, being wrapped in mystery, was chosen by them to fulfill this hope. They saw in death all things that were not possible while living. Now the time of oppression is ending."

"Then tell me, Sire, what will death bring?"

"It will bring what was before your birth."

"But I remember nothing."

"Did you fear birth?"

"No."

"Then why fear death if it is only a returning to what was before?"

"But what then are Heaven and the Kingdom of God? Where are they?"

"These two are one the same. Remember when I asked whether your God spoke to you or not. And you answered, 'Yes, He spoke from within.' Was not that the voice of your heavenly Father?"

"Aye, I see. But then if this be the truth, why was it kept so long from the peoples of the world?"

"Because they were not ready. Even now there are those who will not accept it. For truth is often hard to understand. You said there was a stranger whose coming would fulfill your purpose, and who was this stranger of whom you spoke?"

"Sire, you are no longer a stranger." And with this the old man rose and continued on his way.

--Julia E. Mason
A MODERN J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

John Alexander surveyed the tear in the jacket of his second-best brown suit. It wasn’t severe, but would require a trip to the little tailor shop down the street.

John laid the coat carefully over the foot of his old-fashioned iron bed. The chair and bed, a battered chest of drawers, and an antique washstand composed the furnishings in the neat but rundown room he rented from a coarse, bleached-blond landlady. A door next to the dresser led to the other room, a combination living-room-kitchen. These two rooms made up John’s living quarters. He occasionally took all of his meals at the corner dinette.

John’s days were spent in the branch bank four blocks from his boarding house where he was employed as a teller. The job was good for those first days after World War I, when men were returning in droves from overseas, trying to find jobs anywhere they could. The army had rejected John—something about being undersized.

In the afternoon John walked home from work, no matter what the weather was like. He carried a huge black umbrella during rainy spells, and winter found him in a grey tweed overcoat. But he could usually be seen in his habitual brown suit, not exactly the latest style, but always neatly pressed with a white initialed handkerchief in the breast pocket. Brown wool in winter, light-weight brown cotton in summer.

John’s evenings were spent reading newspapers after dinner, mainly the Wall Street Journal, listening to the radio, or perhaps catching up on the latest best-seller. Twice a week he took his shirts and socks by the Chinese laundry around the corner. Mr. and Mrs. Lu and their seven children were pleasant people who always did a thorough job for their most regular customer. Each night John came by they greeted him with the same joke, “Ah, good evening Mistah Alexandah. No tichee, no laundry!” John habitually smiled at the Lus’ hilarious laughter, took his brown paper package, and left.

Every other Friday night John treated himself to a trip to the fights. He wasn’t much of a boxing enthusiast, but he enjoyed the thick smoke, the sound of peanut shells being opened, and the ruddy faces of the yelling men around him.

John Alexander had few friends, some lived in his boarding house, but most were at the bank. Some of his co-workers occasionally took in a fight with him, but he usually went alone.

Mr. Everett was the president of John’s bank. His daughter, Elaine, came in several times a week, theoretically to see her father, but actually she came to see John. She was a small girl who had been sent to all the most exclusive schools and had a good background. She and John had been seeing each other for several months. Together they had been to all the movie theaters within a five-block radius of the bank, and had eaten food of every nationality—Chinese, Italian, Spanish, even Russian. Some said they were in love; others were doubtful. Elaine wanted little from life and John seemed to offer all she needed.

But John had never got up the courage to ask her to marry him, although she had given him plenty of opportunities when they had stopped by jewelry shops to gaze at the diamond ring displays.

John gazed out the window at the setting sun. Here the sun disappeared early behind the large tenement buildings. He looked back at his torn jacket. Perhaps he’d take it by the tailor’s tonight. His glance fell on the antique washstand. It was the only thing his parents had left him. It had been in the family for years. Maybe if he sold it to a good antique dealer, he could get enough money to buy Elaine a ring. He’d have to telephone a good dealer tomorrow for an appraisal, but tomorrow was Friday and there would be a long line of pay checks waiting to be cashed.

Well, maybe Saturday . . .

John picked up his paper and sat by the window to read the editorials . . .

--Brenda J. Wright

MASKS

I see my comrades
silent
behind masks
with hidden labels

“Made in U.S.A.”

--Linda E. Clark

27
THE RAINBOW

We've surely come a long, long way
Since our meeting on that day,
It seems our feet, without our will
Slipped over life's care-worn sill.
Our shoes led us over houses high;
We climbed our rainbow to the sky.

Sometimes we trod in rosy hue,
Other days our hearts walked blue.
And there were times of purple fun,
We walked on gold right to the sun.
But no matter what the shade,
Together our souls skipped up the grade.

Alas, I guess even rainbows end
When carelessly you reach a bend
And reaching for the other's hand,
You see that all alone you stand.
I wish no one need have to find
That a fragile rainbow can be unkind.

You turn, you cry, you blindly seek
But suddenly the sky is bleak;
The golden threads have spun their last,
The others blacken and hold you fast.
Your arms reach out, but nothing's there.
Where rainbows were, there's only air.

--Ann E. Agnew

IMAGE

The sun-lit golden apples
Nestling in wicker
Against a blue-checked cloth
Are less lovely
Than you, my love.

--Maryann Franzoni
A TRAIN CALLED DEATH

Mr. Jones was staring determinedly out of the window into the infinite darkness outside of the train, trying to ignore the snoring of the man seated next to him. Nothing annoyed him so much as being forced to listen to someone snore especially through the nose as this man did. Even the pleasure of his fine cigar could not dispel his annoyance. Outside there was no diversion at all from the irritating nasal breathing of Mr. Smith, his seat companion. The two men had never met before being assigned seats on this train, and Mr. Jones's annoyance began when Mr. Smith sat beside him instead of sitting by himself.

Mr. Smith slowly roused himself from his slumber and rubbed his eyes. He yawned, allowing the breath to rattle in his throat, and stretched, then sat upright in his seat. Congenially he turned to Mr. Jones and said, "Nothing like a little nap to make a man feel like a new person. This train is so smooth I slept like a log. Did you manage to get some sleep? I hope I didn't spread out all over the seat. I usually do."

Mr. Jones uttered a short "No!" and resumed his scrutiny of the darkness outside, trying to give Mr. Smith the impression that he had no desire for conversation. Mr. Smith never was good at taking hints and continued to rattle on.

"I'd like to go back and see my daughter. I feel like it's been so long since I saw her and her husband. The stationmaster said that we would not be allowed to go back to see anyone. Silly sort of rule, I think, but then, rules must be obeyed. Otherwise, where would we be?"

To this question Mr. Jones did not even bother to reply. This discourtesy did not seem to bother Mr. Smith in the least. In fact, he seemed totally unaware of the rebuff. Mr. Smith's bowdlerized language softened into a smile, and his eyes took on that far-away dreamy look that they assumed when he thought of his daughter and his grandchildren. He loved them all dearly. Everyone said of Mr. Smith, "What a wonderful grandfather that man makes. Always giving his grandchildren things, always taking them places. My, what a lucky bunch of children. And his daughter is so lovely. Always doing some kind of work for the church or Red Cross, even with all those children. Work somehow becomes her."

Across the aisle and two seats up from Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones sat Mrs. Greene. She had been seated in the car when the two men arrived. Mr. Jones had taken in her gray hair and her wrinkled face in a glance and looked away. "Just another old relic taking up space on this earth. Thousands of them. Ridiculous of the government to consider taking care of them on my money and prolonging their misery. Better that they die off right away."

Mr. Smith, following Mr. Jones down the aisle, had stopped a moment before the old woman. He had smiled his pleasantest "Good morning" as he stooped to pick up the black leather book that had slid from her lap and neatly bowed as he returned it to her. She thanked him with all the sweetness of her age.

Now Mr. Smith glanced again at this old woman. He turned to Mr. Jones and said, without caring whether his companion was paying attention or not, "See that old woman up there? She certainly has a beautiful face. Those lines were put in her face by many smiles; you can tell when you look at her. I bet she's had many children and possibly many grandchildren. I do hope my daughter will look like that and not tired and drawn as many old women look. It's really a shame when a person's life leaves no better lines in his face than that. Look at these pictures of my daughter and her children. Can't you see the happiness in her face? I've tried all my life to make her happy. She really is a beautiful woman. The children are just like her, too. Not an ugly duckling in the bunch. All clever kids."

Mr. Jones glanced swiftly at the pictures to be polite. He nodded in agreement with all Mr. Smith's words, but his eyes were cold. In his mind he was thinking "Disgusting, noisy, old fool. Why can't you be quiet and let me ride in peace? This senseless talking is about to drive me out of my mind. Can't you stop this prattle? What do I care for an old hag and your frumpy daughter and her brats?" As he looked at Mr. Smith, his nose rose into the air the barest fraction of an inch and the nostrils spread slightly. He turned away, his face never changing expression.

The old woman, Mrs. Greene, sat very still, her back still straight from years in a back-board when she was young. She looked straight in front, not really looking at anything in the car but at something that was very far away—in time. "Yes, Harold, I remember everything now very clearly. I remember it all so very well. When you were with me, we were always making memories together. How worried you were when Jim was on the way. Always helping me around and fetching things for me. It was so silly, you know, I was perfectly strong and didn't have a bit of trouble. All your worries were for nothing. Not a bit of trouble, ever. Not even with six children. Now that I'm all alone, Harold, those memories are all I have. But I won't be alone for long now, and we can make new and better memories when I join you." She absentmindedly fingered the red edges of the well-worn book she held in her lap while her thoughts wandered ahead to her destination. "Soon I will see Harold. And he will be there, too. He and Harold. How alike they must be. I wonder what life with Him will be like? He would certainly have around Him only
happiness. And Harold and I will have each other. That in itself would be happiness."

In the very front of the car sat a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Browne. As the woman casually raised her left arm, the gold on her new band shone in the dim light of the train. They were talking quietly, with their heads close together, about the trip to Europe which would be their honeymoon. "When the boat sails, Sugar, we'll have nothing but fourteen days of sea-life to rest and relax and be together and alone. I'm looking forward to it so much. You know, we've never really been alone. When I first started dating you we were always going out. Then, after the engagement was announced, there were all those blasted parties and all those damn people separating us. This ship is fabulous. It's the most luxurious ship afloat. They have everything imaginable for the comfort of the passengers. Here, Love, just look at the folder I have."

Mrs. Browne turned a troubled face to her husband. "Yes, Darling, it looks grand. But the ship is safe, isn't it? The man did say it was brand new. If it hasn't sailed before, maybe we shouldn't take a ship that's so new. I had a horrible dream last night of being pushed under the water and not being able to come up."

Gently her husband put his arms around her and kissed her cheek. In low murmurs he calmed her fears and convinced her that dreams were ridiculous. After all, wasn't it Freud himself who said they were nothing but the fears in your subconscious coming out? It didn't make sense to believe in dreams when they are nothing but your own imaginings.

Just then the conductor came into the car. "Last stop, Elysia, in ten minutes. Time to get your tickets for the last leg of your journey."

He approached both Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith. Mr. Jones took a heavy red ticket embossed in gold. In fancy script it read "To the pleasure-filled land of Hades." Mr. Smith's ticket was plain white with simple black letters printed on it that read "Zion." Mrs. Greene also took one of the plain white cards, and her face began to shine with the force of love as she realized how close she was to her destination. As the conductor approached the young couple, the light of Elysia could already be seen. He offered them the tickets, but they couldn't decide. As the train drew closer to the station, the young man consulted the travel plans given him before they left for Europe. They told him nothing. Before they could decide, the train pulled into the station and stopped. The conductor said to them, "Now you must take the red tickets. I have none of the white ones available."

All five people left the car. First Mr. Jones. He strode to the tunnel that led to the sleek gold-plated subway that would take him to Hades. There were red plush carpets and red velvet seats and all the best cigars available free. He was to occupy a private compartment with no one to prattle in his ear. Mr. Smith left the train with Mrs. Greene on his arm. They walked across the platform to where a very small train waited. Mr. Smith glanced at the engine, uncertain as to whether it could make the steep winding grade until he saw the shining, clear, powerful machine. He and Mrs. Greene climbed quickly aboard. The young couple hesitated before following Mr. Jones into the tunnel, but when they saw their own blue and gold compartment filled with flowers, candy, and champagne, they fairly danced down the steps. What a perfect place to spend a honeymoon!

--Ruth L. Rinker

HAIKU

A misty tea glass
Once breathed upon and finally
Bursting into tears.

--Donald J. Willard

30
FIDELIO: A PARADOX FOR MODERN SINGERS

Fidelio, Beethoven's only opera, gave Beethoven the most pleasure and worst pains of all his works. He even said, "Of all my children, this is the one that cost me the worst birth pangs, the one that brought me the most sorrow; and for that reason it is the one most dear to me. Before all others I hold it worthy of being preserved and used for the science of art...." Written three times with four overtures, the work was begun in 1803. The sketches in his notebook follow this order: after the "G Major Piano Concerto" came the "Prisoner's Chorus" and Florestan's aria, then sketches for the "Appasionata" Sonata, followed by Leonora's and Florestan's duet, and finally Leonora's aria. A fragment of an aria was written eighteen times in eighteen different ways. "For twenty-two lines of vocal music there are sixteen pages of studies...." Both press and public hated its first performance. Beethoven was prevailed upon by the Princess of Lichnowsky to shorten the work for her sake and the sake of her mother. Unwillingly he cut three entire numbers and many phrases from other numbers. Then he wrote Leonora Overture No. 3. He finally agreed to call his opera Fidelio, but this never suited him as well as Leonora had. The next year this slashed form was presented - "Complete failure!" The critics loathed the overture! They hated the modulations. When the theater manager pointed out that the boxes were full, but not the popular seats as in Mozart's day, he cried, "I do not write for the crowds. I write for musicians." Seven years later after a paltry bit of political writing, he again cut the score, wrote the Fidelio overture, and presented it to the public. At last it passed public opinion and succeeded. It wasn't until 1824 that the actress Wilhelmine Schroeder-Dervient gave it its crowning touch by taking it through Europe and to Paris where Berlioz heard it. Beethoven never lived to see the "uncompromised, and uncompromising" first edition of Leonora revived. He always felt it was the "dearest child of his sorrow."

Now let us look to see why this great work has been, and still is to some degree, a complete flop! Waltershausen has said that the opera has been misinterpreted. Florestan is not a young man, but a virile, stodic man of 40—reserved. Leonora, on the other hand, is not a buxom Brunhilde, but a frail young woman. Waltershausen points out that the singers of Beethoven's day were not as specialized as they are in our day. They were not limited to one register. "Leonora is a heroine only through love and could not maintain herself at this tension for long; she is broken, she faints. The slenderness of the figure alone justifies the costume she wears, that becomes grotesque upon the visceral amplitude of our Vallahalla Gargamells." As a woman who loves her husband so much, Leonora, dressed as a young boy, goes to the prison where her husband is being held during the Terro. What Waltershausen has said is true. Indeed "The slenderness of the figure alone justifies the costume she wears." In fact she is so "handsome" in this garb that the prisonkeeper's daughter falls in love with her. It would follow, then, that her voice would sound like a healthy young man's—masculine--feminine; strong--frail; tenor--soprano. In fact Beethoven was quite fortunate that such a singer as Schroeder-Dervient was living in his lifetime. Today with all our facilities of the Metropolitan Opera, the N.B.C. Opera, the San Francisco Opera, and all the numerous travelling companies in the United States, we still seem to lack the singers who can completely fit this role. It is just as Beethoven said. This work is almost doomed to be left "for the science of art." The production is almost never produced artistically, and yet it is a milestone in opera history. No, this opera must be left almost entirely to the theorists between births of such unusual singers!

2 P. 211.
3 P. 215.

--Grace C. Cosby
SEASONS

budding leaves,
growing--
infatuation--
   Spring!

warm sun,
glowing--
fulfillment--
   Summer.

bright leaves,
falling--
apprehension--
   Autumn.

cold wind,
calling--
emptiness--
   Winter.

--Frances Baber