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AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
MARIAN COLLEGE  
PROSE AND VERSE

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# The Hero and the Triangle

One's hero is so much a fabric of one's soul that it is possible to speak of him only in parables. The details of his character are not accidents. He is my own hero because of those details—because he resembles *the* hero. Yet it is important, necessary, that his resemblance be not yet complete, for I must have a role in the drama. *The* hero which I speak of is the hero of the Christian drama, Christ. My hero resem-

bles him.

I said the hero required parables. Perhaps the content of one's romantic dreams might help. One's romantic dreams do tend to concern one's hero image. Here then is the most beautiful love story I have ever heard. It concerns two obscure saints (and I would pray much for one who could supply their names). They were married to each other, she, an early Christian; he, a Roman guard.

**A Marian student gives us her interpretation of what a Christian hero should be and a fresh outlook on love in the spiritual triangle.**

ELSYE MAHERN, '65

One day in the arena as Christians were dying for the faith, he suddenly received the gift of faith. He professed it by kneeling in the blood of the martyrs. Immediately he was seized and imprisoned.

Word of this event was brought to her. She knew that he would die now and then live to life everlasting. She also knew that at last she had a hero. Her prayers of thanksgiving were scarcely finished when she saw him approaching. A pagan husband was one thing, but a Christian who recanted was another. She barred

the door against his entry. But he had only bribed the guard so that he might say good-bye to her. He was martyred for the faith and she spent the rest of her days in the shadow of his tomb.

This story contains every single element important to my hero. We love each other, my hero and I—but we love God more. Still the love and sentiment we have for each other is important to my picture. The nameless saint did come to tell his wife good-bye. I do not understand the Christian who loves God to the exclusion of all sentiment concerning other Christians.

I have given you a picture of how my hero dies. Georges Rouault has painted a picture of how he lives, of how we live, for he is a hero and not a heroine only because I happen to be female and he is that which I am not. The picture is named *Christian Intimacy*. At the left side are two figures facing each other. Their heads are bowed and they seem downcast. There is a line running down between them, separating them, bespeaking the impossibility of expressing spiritual love in this world. In the center of the picture Christ is seated. There is

a loaf of bread, as though in transition from Christ to the figure kneeling before him, or from the figure to Christ. To the side of Christ, but also beside the kneeling figure, is a third figure who is contributing a jug of wine. These central figures, this triangle, could be Christ, my hero and myself.

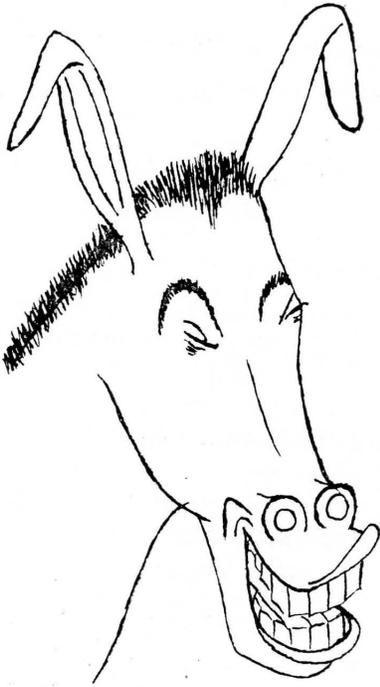
He is my hero only because he refuses to be my hero. He is my hero only because he is God's hero. We avoid the temptation of peering into each other's eyes, as the figures on the side have been doing. He not only refuses to be my hero, he refuses all Superman heroics because Christ refused them by refusing to save Himself from the cross.

In the picture Christ and the kneeling figure are absorbed in each other. Yet the third figure is not excluded for this is the source of the wine which was fermented from the sacrifices entailed in the maturation of love. It is most important to me to be able to make this contribution of wine. It is important that I stand at my hero's side. Looking down on me makes him more of a man and therefore more able to look up to Christ.

My hero is a man, a very rare thing today. His masculinity does not require physical strength, it does not demand crudity. He is so much of a man that he can be tender, he can be compassionate, he can love. His masculinity is greater because of my femininity, and that is important.

My hero is important for what he is not as well as what he is. He must not be complete without me. I must be able to contribute the wine. As I add to him, so he adds to me. He adds to my life, resolve. He adds courage over the long haul. He contributes masculine virtues as I contribute feminine ones. He is at one corner of the base of the triangle, I am at the other. Christ is at the apex.

This spiritual triangle is as old as Christianity. Margaret Mary and Claude traveled it, Francis and Clare, Francis and Jane, Benedict and Scholastica and the nameless Roman guard and his Christian wife—each pair traveled toward Christ giving each other courage on the way, silence when necessary and prayer always. When they arrived at the apex the answer was always the same. There is only one hero: Christ.



# When the Jackass

# BRAVED

When I was still little, one day  
My papa, he takes me aside and say  
That some day when I had been dumb  
In a very special way,  
I would hear the jackass bray.

My papa I knew was not loco,  
But soon I thought maybe he was though  
For the jackass, he always say nothing  
When to market I go  
And listen as my papa told me so.

The days pass and years slip away,  
With twinkling eyes my papa he say:  
“My son, you are a wise man indeed,  
For even to this day,  
Not once have you heard the jackass bray.”

Scoff did I then and thought them lies;  
My papa, he was a fool in sage's disguise.  
The jackass he will never say anything  
Know all men who are wise,  
Even if for a thousand years he tries.

Now I am wrinkled and old and gray;  
All my pride it has flown away,  
And I know what a dunce I was that day.  
My papa, he was a sage in fool's disguise,

For only now can I say  
I am dumb in that special way—  
*Smart* enough to know I am *dumb* enough  
To hear the jackass bray!

JOE KEMPF, '63

"\$2.00 regular, please." Marj was tired, but this was the last stop. One more plea for the church fund drive. She was sure of a generous donation here at the garage. Then she could go home, kick off her shoes, pop a few TV dinners into the oven for her family and just get lazy.

Marj Owens gave a discreet tug to her girdle, pushed a fly-away curl from her 30ish face and bobbed assuredly into the car dealer's showroom. Mr. Wallace grinned when he saw her coming. "I've been looking for you. Today's the last day for the fund drive, isn't it?"

"You bet. You're going to be as generous this year as you were last, aren't you, Chris?"

# ***A Ride to Town***

RITA MOELLER, '64

"Well. . ."

"Now, Chris, I know, times are bad all over, but the church does need repairs and redecorating. I distinctly felt a big fat raindrop fall on my nose last Sunday. We can't set buckets around in our church!"

"Pray for dry weather," retorted the car dealer, "but okay, you'll get your check, soon as I see what I can do for this lady."

Marj inspected the new car model, looked at some color combinations and picked out the one she'd buy, if she had the money, that is. Chris was certainly taking his time with that old lady. Maybe she could help. She gazed curiously.

The woman was tall, almost regal looking, shoulders slightly bent. Her long black coat was worn but clean. A white rose budded over the brim of her black hat. And there amid dignity and conservatism glared the horrible red, purple and brown Indian beaded handbag big enough for five picnic lunches.

Chris was scratching his head. ". . . I really don't know how you could get there—no bus—how about a taxi?"

The sudden inspiration on the part of Mr. Wallace ob-

viously fell on deaf ears. The listener's face was expressionless. She cleared her throat and asked again as if for the first time, "Sir, could you tell me how I can get to Laportsville? You see, that's my home and I've been visiting my niece here and I have to go home, but I don't know how, and my son . . . I have to go home."

With that she smiled a sad thank you and turned to go. The tail of her glance wound around Marj. Before she realized, she heard herself offering to take the old woman to Laportsville. And after it was said, it seemed like the only charitable thing to do.

Although the old one's lips were thinly turned up, her eyes were lifeless. "You're not going out of your way, now, are you? Is Laportsville on your way?"

"You bet. I'll be glad to have you along to keep me company."

Chris looked relieved; perhaps the thought of taking her himself had crossed his mind and now, good ol' Marj had come through. Bless her heart. I'll give her an extra big check.

The two strolled to Marj's small foreign car. Chris watched. The one prodded

weary old feet to carry a load of memories, even sadness. The other bounced along becoming freer and happier with every step that meant life and a good world. Strange that Chris should notice, but the contrast was so striking.

"Do you live in Laportsville?" Marj asked by way of conversation.

"Oh, yes."

"Long?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Sarah."

"Sarah. I had a little girl who died. We called her Sarah. What's your last name?"

"Lubin. There, can I tell them?"

"What?"

"I have to tell them I got a way home."

"Oh, okay." Marj pulled over to the curb and stopped. Three meticulously dressed women were mincing down the tree-shaded sidewalk. Sarah opened the car door.

"I have a way home, now."

The women looking at each other and eyeing Marj turned toward the car. Sarah Lubin was talking again. "Oh, you ain't the ones. If you see my son will you tell him I got a way home?"

"How will we know your son?" the fat one asked.

"Just tell him." Sarah's eyes were beaming now. "Thanks."

Marj's perplexity oozed through her brown eyes and faded away. The old one was absent minded. "Why, look at grandpa—God bless him—he'd misplaced his dentures once. And he could never remember if I was married to Harry or John Owens." She began to ease back and enjoy the daffodils and budding trees in cropped lawns as she drove along. There had always been a kind of rivalry in Glensboro to have the neatest lawn and shrubbery. Wonder who'd win the Garden Club award. Mrs. Wagner had taken home all the prizes the last couple of years; she was president of the club.

She looked over at Sarah. "Is anything wrong?" Mrs. Lubin was peering at the floor, at the back seat, examining her hands.

"I just can't recollect what I done with my pocketbook."

Marj looked, too. Lost. The garage was probably the best place to begin the hunt.

The minute she saw him, Marj knew Chris had discovered the atrocious beaded purse. He had that "who could have

lost a monstrosity like this" look on his face. Sarah's lips smiled, but her eyes had lost their glow. She murmured, "Thanks," then added, "if you see him, tell him I'm home." With this the car door slammed and all Marj could do was shrug her shoulders at the bewildered salesman and start playing chauffeur again.

She'd try a different conversation this time. "How do you like the beautiful weather we've been having?"

"It'd just be all right except for the cold wind coming down off the mountains. That man on the radio said it'd be cold and my rheumatism always acts up when it's cold."

Mountains! There had n't been a mountain in central Illinois for a million years. Marj's blood rushed to her face. She drove faster. It was uncomfortably warm. What kind of woman was this with the dead eyes and the red, purple and brown beaded purse? Who was this creature seated in the bucket seat so close to her? She was mad, of that Marj was sure. But would she do anything — anything rash? She looked not only old now but grotesque. Her hands were claws as she clutched the hor-

rible bag. Her eyes, those beady eyes. She felt Marj's discomfort and creaked her ancient neck to give the driver an achy, supernatural smile.

Thoughts showed in Marj's brain, bathed her with perspiration and fear. "She's mad . . . maybe they'll think I kidnapped . . . if her son presses charges . . . the money . . . she might get violent . . . she's mad . . ." Her mind screamed, "She's mad, she's mad, she's mad."

Marj checked the flood. She was exaggerating but she was scared. It was cold now. "Must be the cold wind from the mountains," she winced. Would they never reach Laportsville? The seven miles had somehow stretched, infinitely.

Sarah cackled again. "I just love the horizon. Me an' my son used to go to the horizon and look off the world and there were monsters with tails and fires for eyes. My son would smile and I'd just keep on a swingin'. It was fun swingin' out over the edge and laughin' and teasin' the monsters." Then she was silent.

At last. Laportsville. "Just tell me where to let you off." Marj sighed relief.

"Oh, it ain't far to my

house; you don't mind takin' me."

Marj could see it all. There'd be the son — a red monster swinging by his tail from a huge oak tree. But she had no choice.

"Turn here."

"Which way?"

"Uh-h-h, I forget. It don't make any difference. Now, go slow. If I see my house I'll let you know and you can come in for a glass of buttermilk. I like buttermilk, don't you? There it's a house like that one there, but it's white, I think, and that one's yellow."

Marj was frantic. "Why don't you go to the door and knock. Maybe it is your house." She went on silently, "Then I can drive off before she comes back."

"No, I know it's right down this street." But they were practically through the little village. Gradually the new Cristman Restaurant loomed into view. Desperately the little car veered into the parking lot.

"No, I don't live here." Sarah was indignant.

"Well, I have to see a lady who works here. You won't mind waiting for me will you?"

"I believe I'll just go with

you.”

The two walked in, Sarah agawg with the magnificent eating place, Marj aghast with terror of the big mad woman at her side. The young woman spied the phone booth, darted into it and slammed the door, unnoticed by the old one who seemed to be in a new world. With one arm wrapped around the terrible handbag, she scrutinized every green plant. She raised and lowered a venetian blind. She poured sugar from the dispenser. She was about to start on the grand tour of the kitchen when Marj flitted to her and dragged her to a table.

“Would you like some buttermilk?”

“Oh, yes. I love buttermilk.”

Marj ordered. She seemed calmer now. “Mrs. Lubin,” she struggled to keep her words tactful and discreet. “How is your phone listed? I didn’t find any Lubins. If you can tell me the name or the number I can call your son and he can come to pick you up. OK?”

Sarah was shaking her head and a betrayed look was on her face. “That would be a very foolish thing to do, very foolish . . . don’t do that . . . that’s a foolish thing to do.”

“Now, Sarah.” Marj stirred her coffee wonderingly. “Soon you’ll be . . .” But Sarah was gone. She had shot out of her chair still clutching her handbag. Marj chased after her upsetting her hot coffee in the scramble. To the door Sarah flew, Marj on her heels. She lunged for the long black coat. She had her! But the big woman ran on and Marj was left standing with the torn material from Sarah’s coat. She looked at it, then at Sarah who was at the edge of the highway.

“Sarah, Mrs. Lubin, look out!” she screeched, “Sarah, Sa-a-arrah!”

There was the sickening grind of brakes when the truck tried to stop, but too late. She lay on the asphalt, lifeless and stiff, the cause of all Marj’s fear and anxiety.

“Any I. D.?”

The younger officer searched the contents of the bag. “Well, there’s a telegram addressed to a Mrs. John Lubin, Laportsville, Illinois. It’s dated 1944.”

“Wonder why she’s been carrying that around all this time.”

“It’s from the War Department. Says her son Charles was killed in action.”

When one stops to reflect for a moment upon the world about him, it is clearly evident that modern life is conducted at a terrific pace. Although it is undoubtedly *one* race that should be run under a certain maximum speed limit out of due concern for the safety of the contestants, nevertheless the tempo of life has constantly increased throughout history, and, in prospects for the future, outstrips even the wildest imagination. Time may become, literally, more valuable than gold.

In such a vast, complex society which is so unstable and ever in a state of transition man is hard-pressed to find any real, lasting values which offer a precious measure of security. Like a lonely wanderer threading his way through unfamiliar surroundings, searching for a signpost to guarantee him that he is travelling the right road, so man, in his journey through life, needs some stable dependable reality on which to rely in order to guide his life accurately and securely. So much of life is uncertain and unexpected, that it seems to be a mystery novel unwinding its plot through devious and surprising avenues of intrigue which only

reveal their secret coherence in an anticlimactic junction.

The light which is shed upon man's umbrageous path by some eternal objective truth can not be measured in mere foot-candles; it has more im-

# The Legacy

portant, long-range effects which stem from its mere illumination. If fixed upon as a guiding star for his journey, it raises man above the vicissitudes of mere chance and misfortune, elevates his mind and will to a supernatural plane of inner calm and peace, and pro-

vides him with a key to unlock the door guarding the secret of life. For, certainly, it is a secret, hidden from the eyes of the ignorant, extended to those who by constant and serious quest in both thought and deed,

# of Atheism

DAVID E. ARMBORST, '64

have merited the knowledge of it.

Here is where the atheist reaps the rewards of his total rejection of the Almighty. Once started upon the path of disbelief and cynicism, some redemption should still be left open to him. But, he has al-

ready run the full course, has chosen irrevocably between belief and disbelief, for, when he claims rejection of the Eternal, he has reached an ultimate which admits of no compromise, which, by its very nature, is all inclusive, and so determines his response to all the other objects of his environment. Means become perverted into ends, pragmatism replaces morality, and confusion reigns triumphant.

Atheism is perhaps more an outgrowth of troubled, confused times than vice-versa, for man, with his human, imperfect intellect, is strongly influenced by his immediate environs, and so may change or not, according the degree and direction of his response, while nature has at least this certainty: it is sure to be in a constant state of change regardless of human determination. Man, ever incredulous and cynical, requires abundant proofs and frequent reminders of the existence and Providence of God, or else his short memory will fail him, and, like the Israelites in the desert, he will readily turn to lesser, but more concrete, spiritual substitutes in search of contentment and security. And just as

certainly will his golden calf be shattered by the ultimate, awful reality of truth.

For, paradoxically, the greatest measure of inner calm and peace is to be found not in the obvious environs of laxity and serenity, but where it would be least expected — in the midst of strife and torment—the strife and torment of man's spiritual conflicts. Somehow, miraculously perhaps, the turbulence of man's war to subdue and control his passions and inclinations effects a wondrous quietude in his restless spirit. It is this peace of mind and spirit, provided by religious inspiration, which transcends the bounds of materiality and creates an atmosphere conducive to sane, healthy mental development.

It is, indeed, strange that an age which was born in the emeshments of international "power politics" and reared in an atmosphere of intensified political pragmatism should witness a decline in the relative importance of religion. Every possible aspect of modern life which can contribute to the advancement of the power and glory of the State is utilized for such purposes. Religion has always been a powerful factor

in society. Men have fought and died for their respective religious beliefs, and countless others have dedicated their lives to administering religious rites to their fellowmen; famous artists and authors have been borne to the peak of success on the wings of religious inspiration; human history is inextricably bound up with the birth of a tiny Child in the little town of Bethlehem one wintry night over nineteen and a half centuries ago. Perhaps it is precisely because religion is such a powerful, vital, and yet, indefinite force among mankind that it is ignored by some either through a desire to escape personal inconvenience or through fear of uncertain, possibly rebellious, results.

And yet, it cannot be wholly ignored. If cast out from internal contact by man, it still surrounds him externally in the atmosphere in which he lives, the air which he breathes, and the friends he keeps. Cynics may ridicule religion, atheists may deny it, tyrants may persecute it; and still it outlives man's puny efforts to destroy it, separated from him by that greatest of all gaps—the celestial chasm dividing time and infinity, matter and spirit.

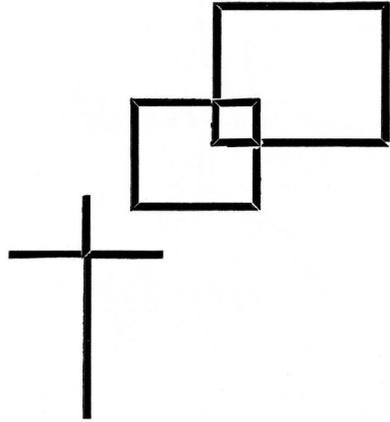
An  
Almost  
Empty  
Cup



JUDY FARMER, '65

A cup of coffee, lukewarm and half depleted, sits unwanted and alone. The coffee has that detestable neither-cold-nor-hot feeling. An oily design has formed on the few remaining sips, making the bottom barely visible. The taste, now stale and bitter, constricts one's throat, and causes one's tongue to feel rough against the roof of one's mouth. A dainty honeycomb substance lines the side of the cup. The liquid reflects various hues, dirty browns and mournful purples which blend carelessly together, each getting darker as it merges near the center. A single drop of coffee which has escaped, and leisurely trickled down the curved side, and a faint smudge of lipstick, decorate the outside of the cup. The edge of the cup has been chipped by a careless user and feels rough and prickly to the lips. These significant marks could, for an imaginative few, tell something about the cup—the chip, a scar of difficult times; the drop of coffee, a muddy tear shed for a few happy moments which can never be recaptured; the lipstick, the remnant of a lost friend. The cup—like a tired, weatherworn old man, alone on some forgotten road — sits cheerless and dejected.

P  
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The sweetness  
of life ..

of love . . .

## *Little Things*

He says he'll perform stupendous deeds,  
But forgets little things—the things she needs:  
Little things like noticing her hair,  
Or opening a door with chivalrous care;  
Calling her early to ask for a date,  
Making certain not to be late;  
Being truthful, comforting, sincere;  
Whispering words hers alone to hear.

These thoughtful things expressing his love  
Mean more than the treasures boasted of.  
These are the things she'll keep in her heart  
Should his promises fade and depart.

KATHLEEN STAPLETON, '65

# of friendship . . .

## I Saw a Friend

I saw a friend in need of comfort.

I wanted to console him,

to stand by him,

to protect him,

to sympathize with him.

But he spurned my efforts and left me standing there—  
Bewildered.

Later he came back to seek me.

He wanted to appease me,

to soothe my mind,

to dry my tears,

to beg forgiveness.

But I recalled the freshly-given wound and left him standing  
there—

Alone.

and departing . . .

## Season of Farewell

It's the end now.

Now we must say good-bye

Quietly,

Quickly,

Before the tears flow

Life is dead now.

Spring is gone forever,

Fading,

Freezing,

In the breath of autumn.

We will leave now.

We will go our separate ways

Smiling,

Sighing.

Hush now — tears start.

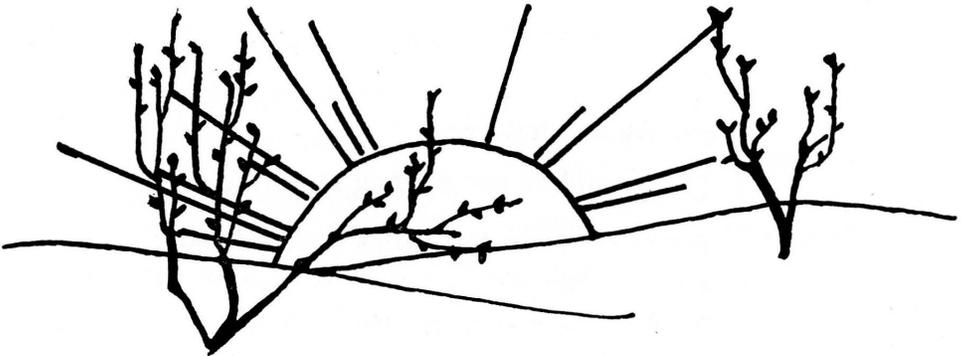
DEANNA METZNER, '62

# of nature . . .

## S U N S E T

Colors, colors,  
Red, yellow, blue;  
A wisp of cloud,  
Expanse of sky,  
Moving, moving,  
Ever moving  
Down, down.  
Colors in glorious splendor,  
Red, green, blue,  
Drifting, drifting,  
Ever drifting  
Down, down.  
Colors, colors,  
Indigo, violet, grey,  
Fading, fading,  
Fading into night.

JANE JOHNSON, '62



# *A Secret Shared*

A drop  
in a pool of crystal dreams kept—  
kept for years,  
held in the  
reflection of the moon on a violet.

The sky wept  
and its tears  
fell to the earth  
while  
mist covered petals  
carried the smell of woods and  
new leaves.

Sounds  
that the rain makes  
echo in an empty sky  
and hold an ancient story  
that they cannot share with earth.  
We hear only the soft patter  
until a breeze stirs and there is music.  
We hear the sound of a million harps.

LA VERNE GRAY, '65

# *Affinity*

The grass  
stretches out in dark folds,  
as if some earthly queen  
carelessly  
tossed her emerald velvet cloak  
to the ground.

But even this rich coverlet  
cannot hide the soft,  
purple-petaled violets  
which bend their heads with simple grace.  
Diamonds  
left by a gentle shower  
slide  
down their slender legs  
to trickle away,  
caressing the land.

GRETCHEN SIEDLING, '64

An Allegory —

# FLUXIE and the PRINCE

(with apologies to Plato)

PAT MATKOVIC, '63

Once upon a time there was a girl named Fluxie (one of those finite, mutable, material, complex realities) who was very impoverished. In fact, she was so destitute that she was almost pure potentiality, an epitome of prime matter. In the light of these facts she was as-

sociated with all that is corruptible and evil.

Her appearance was complete chaos; she sadly needed some order in her dress and hair. Fluxie's character was marked by impulsiveness—in fact, her activities and attitude changed so often that it was evident that she would never amount to anything substantial. Of course, all of these qualities were more degrading because of Fluxie's mysterious origin. No one knew where the poor child came from; many people however, formed all sorts of weird theories to explain her origin.

One fine eon, a certain prince happened to visit the castle in which poor Fluxie lived. Upon the Prince's arrival, everyone rushed to greet this fine, stalwart specimen of substantiality. The Prince had a wonderful ability to create impressions. Some people marveled over his dignity and neatness; others saw a fiery temper. Some on-lookers thought his character was rather watery. One near-sighted lady lamented over the fact that she could only distinguish an indeterminate blur. She was interrupted by an elderly gentleman with an abacus, who exclaimed over the

Prince's coat made of geometrically arranged numbers.

Fluxie, though, was nowhere to be seen. She was busy at her daily duties (if one may define the act of leaving the mead-hall and tapestries in disorder a duty).

When he arrived, the Prince was struck by the extremely untidy appearance of the mead-hall. In a dignified, composed voice he said, "This disorder hints of an indeterminate secluded somewhere. Bring her to me so that she may partake of my order."

No sooner was this announced than Fluxie appeared—her omnipresence was another of her annoying qualities.

The Prince said: "Ah, this is the girl with so much potentiality."

Fluxie tripped to the Prince; her movements were very awkward, due to an absence of any kind of control, even motor control. People tried to help her but she kept eluding their grasp.

The Prince scrutinized Fluxie. "My dear, what a state you are in! You sadly need order, but I don't think you lack principle. You are just the changeable, disorderly reality

who will make me happy, who will gratify my deep-seated psychological desire to feel needed. Will you marry me?"

Fluxie said yes. Before she could change her mind, Father Demi-Urge was summoned, and he united the two in holy matrimony. Fluxie and the Prince, to everyone's surprise, lived happily ever after. A few eons later, a child was born to them—a little girl with brown hair, watery eyes, and blue-tinted cheeks. Her name was Terra.

Terra was a very gratifying offspring; she had her mother's defects and her father's virtues. Some far-sighted people remarked that Terra resembled her father more, but these were in the minority.

Terra grew up to be a fine specimen of rotundity, with only one really annoying habit—that of running in circles all the time. Terra eventually moved to her own castle, which she remodeled into a hostel filled with youth (Terra fondly

calls them her children) who are working to obtain means to continue their journey. These children are rather peculiar; probably due to a lack of vitamins they seem like faint shadows flitting about. Their eyes have an unusual cast, as if they were staring into space.

Terra has a big heart. Her castle is bursting at the stones with adopted children, but Terra never refuses any of the travelers. Of course, all eventually continue their trip to the land of Happy Thoughts. Some, however, don't have enough money and return to Terra. To the disappointment of everyone's curiosity, these children are radically changed and are rather tongue-tied in telling of their adventures.

What happened to Fluxie and the Prince? They are still living happily ever after. People with abstract glints in their eyes can even see them today. Fluxie's curiosity has overcome the Prince's reserve: now they both get into everything.

# ***TONI***

Leaves fast falling from swaying trees, a  
Chilly North Wind churning, tossing,  
Swirling the leaves in its path,  
Piling them high in the gutters; the  
Next breath sends them frolicking,  
Dancing, tumbling across broken  
Sidewalks; past narrow dark doorways;  
Past dirty listless children, hovering there;  
The street vendor wheeling the cart of picked-over  
Fruit; past the open window where sat Toni.  
Toni, pallid, pinched and hollow cheeked,  
Glancing with eyes dull and lifeless at  
The motley array, indifferent, emotionless. An  
Emaciated hand brushes aside a dark lock,  
Fallen low over his brow. "Mummy, when  
Will spring come?" pathetic, listless. "Hush,  
Antonio mio. Spring will soon be here. A few  
More days. Then we go to the country, you and I,  
And the sunshine and the fresh air will make you  
Well and strong again."

Leaves still dance across broken sidewalks.  
Toni hears but does not see. Smokey fog,  
Thick, turbid, settled down, blotted the feeble rays  
Struggling through rows of narrow tenements, dark  
Ugly, squalid, Toni sighs, and dreams of sunshine,  
Days drag. Winds grow more violent. Leaves  
No longer dance but whirl madly in a burning frenzy.  
Dirty children squat no more in dim doorways.  
Passers-by hurry past the now-closed window,  
Pulling their wraps tightly about them. A flake of snow,  
And soon the ground is covered with the white stuff.  
For a time the ugly little street loses some  
Of its ugliness. But no! Not for long. Dense  
Soot-laden smoke belched from factory chimneys  
Blackens, smothers the snow, trodden under foot,  
And Toni gazes anew at a bleak and dismal world.  
Every day the plaintive query—"When will spring be here?"  
Every day the same reply—"Just a few more days, querido;  
We must be patient."

And spring does come. A green meadow under the smiling sun;  
Phlox and buttercups in profusion; a tiny brook  
Bubbling down the hillside, past the weeping-willow  
Sentinel: A solitary figure, bent low, shoulders  
Bowed in grief, lovingly placing a bouquet of  
Honeysuckle and wild roses on a bare mound of earth.  
"You did not wait till the spring, Antonio mio.  
But no mind. You have your spring, eternal spring."

THERESA MEYER, '64



Little empty things enter my being  
And wrap their bittersweet tentacles  
About my lonely soul,  
Encasing it in a gray shroud of lead.

Mesmeric fiends bury their fangs  
In the autumn leaves of my heart,  
Darkening the panes of my eyes,  
Smothering the sweet cacophony of the Universe.

Gossamer world!  
Escape not my dulled senses,  
But flow into the labyrinth of my me—  
Reflect upon the once shimmering mirror  
Of my blighted heart—  
Imprint yourself upon the silver nitrate  
Of my brain!  
Come softly creeping  
Into the echoing passages of consciousness  
And etch your myriad mosaics  
Across the charred wasteland of my soul!

Oh fly not away  
Silver bird of ecstasy!  
Grasp the paralyzing bands of steel  
With your gilded beak  
And rip the emptiness from me  
With your ivory talons!

Then, oh splendid nimbus,  
Revitalize the sepulchral strings  
Of my numbed lyre  
And let me sing of your splendor  
That sears the smoking embers  
Smoldering within the depths of my spirit.

Then feather the leaden air  
And soar to jewelled skies  
Where diamonds hang suspended from golden threads  
And rubies burn in pools of liquid ebony!

There, o withered hollow things,  
Will I loose my tortured soul from you  
And bathe my spirit in emerald springs—  
Where diamond fishes frolic in perfumed pools  
And velvet voices of flutes  
Mingle with harps and silver strings!

JOE KEMPF, '63

# Tears

Tears of the young

bursting from tiny hurts even now healing  
joy-covering mask soon torn aside by nimble fingers,  
smiled upon.

Tears of the old

trickling from deep, often probed wounds,  
cup of serenity and time-tried endurance held by gnarled  
hands,  
honored.

Tears of the flighty

gushing from imagined injuries, here today and gone  
tomorrow,  
representing nothing in their transparency, dried by  
handkerchiefs worn thin,  
ignored.

Tears of the grave

rending from unhealed scars aching at cruelty and injustice  
mighty urn of righteous sorrow borne by strong shoulders,  
wondered at.

Tears of the hypocrite

twisting from putrid rivers poisoned by lie,  
mark of the kiss of Judas adorning crafty lips,  
scorned.

Tears of the honest

coursing from oceans of loyalty,  
ointment of time-scorning truth refreshing smooth and  
ageless faces,  
admired.

Tears of the selfish

steeping from decayed wants,  
whine-ridden voice of pride gasping from throats strangled  
with greed,  
despised.

Tears of the selfless

springing from lakes of love,  
gems cut by sacrifice and polished by calloused hands,  
cherished.

Tears of the Virgin

welling from depths of compassion,  
delight of Divinity, hope of humanity,  
beauty indescribable, holiness immeasurable,  
exalted.

PAT MATKOVIC, '63

a satire —

# A Death Ray for the Kiddies

JOE KEMPF, '63

The tall Senator, all elbows and knees, slouched back in his chair and it seemed as if his metallic gray hair relaxed with him. He clasped his hands over the drab olive of his corduroy suit and began to revolve his thumbs slowly around one another — first in one direction, then the other. Peering from beneath the cliffs of his shaggy eyebrows, he surveyed the three men sitting across the table from him with a feeling of amusement rather akin to pity. How could the government choose men such as these for a conference as important as this?, he marvelled. But the crass ignorance of the state de-

partment had long ago lost its novelty for him.

Directly across the gleaming surface of the table was General Harold Taylor, the highest ranking officer in the United States Army, second in command only to the President himself. The general was far more disturbing even than the average general, bad as that was, observed the Senator with a wry sort of appreciation. Noticing suddenly that he was being watched, the general coughed twice and nervously began to fumble with the blank pages before him.

To the general's right was a short, bird-like little man, perpetually engaged in pushing his gold-rimmed spectacles back upon the bridge of his nose—whether they needed the adjustment or not. The Senator recognized this bald-eagle-like creature from a not-so-good caricature he had seen on the cover of Time magazine. Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for outstanding achievement in the field of radiation, he recalled with an imperceptible shrug of the eyebrow. At least the man's accomplished something, acknowledged the Senator—nothing like most of these goons.

Consciously preoccupied with the magnanimous task of drawing the tip of his mustache to impeccable perfection was the President's personal advisor, Frederick E. Manly. He was oblivious to everyone and everything in the room except the point he was able to impart to the growth on his upper lip. When the general coughed, the President's personal advisor would condescend to a slight "Ugh, germs!" grimace for a moment, and then return to the occupation of preening his male ego before his private and imaginary mirror. The worst grab came, however, realized the Senator, when one was forced to gaze upon the reflection of the President's right-hand man in the polished tabletop. Even *one* abortion like him was more than the universe should have been forced to bear, thought the Senator sadly. Closing his eyes, he silently offered his condolences to the rest of humanity.

On the Senator's side of the table were the three other men who, together with the Senator, made up the Agency for the Exchange of Scientific Information; men who, like himself, were too intelligent and had to be placed in positions

where they could do no damage. The AESI, for all practical purposes a useless body, was just such a perfect pigeonhole where "smart" young could be stored until they dropped from public attention and became powerless to "interfere" with the capable plans laid by more capable men.

The Senator, however, was unique in the group, for he alone suspected that something extraordinary would take place in the room that day. He suspected, yet he wished he were like the rest of the men around him who didn't. He wanted to squeeze the world from his eyes like they did and ignore the foolishness and bungling that kept the nations of the earth at each other's throats. At times he found himself wishing the ridiculous agency of which he was head would be abolished and each of the puppets sent his merry way to oblivion. But no one saw fit to do so, and the "competent" statesmen snickered behind their backs at the good joke they had played on their "smart" young friends.

But the Senator bided his time, meanwhile becoming an expert on such priceless scientific information as the proper

technique for shearing an Akaya, a goat-like beast with smelly hair which survives only in the Ural Mountains. But the Senator waited, his thumbs revolving—

Then, three months ago, Russia had shocked the world with the announcement that it had developed a deadly ray, previously unknown to man. Russia's scientists described the ray as the most potent force ever unleashed by humanity, capable of converting microscopic particles of matter into unimaginable quantities of kinetic energy.

With the news, the United States and Great Britain seemed to shrivel on the map; espionage agents shook their crew-cut heads and stared dumbly at one another; cursing generals and incoherent politicians pounded their polished desktops and demanded a-c-t-i-o-n; newspapers editorialized; men on street corners argued violently; senators campaigned for motherhood; toy manufacturers made fortunes on death ray disintegrators; scientists prayed to their slide rules and puzzled furiously—and the Senator twiddled his thumbs and smiled.

But the general reaction,

which can only be described as confusion in search of direction, was orderly compared to the melee which ensued when, six weeks later, Russia announced that it was ready to reveal to the world the secret of the death ray. Jaws dropped when this was followed by a third announcement that the information would be made known through the Agency for the Exchange of Scientific Information.

Western egos began a cautious re-inflation; espionage agents (some of whom had nearly spied themselves to death during the preceding six weeks) exhaled lungfuls of relief; generals collapsed on their glittering desktops; newspapers continued to editorialize (some pro, some con); men on street corners stopped arguing and started swinging; politicians abandoned motherhood for brotherhood; death ray disintegrators got bigger and more elaborate (so did the bank accounts of the toy manufacturers); and most scientists merely read the papers, while a few were quoted by them as being "on the verge" of the death ray discovery themselves. They were highly indignant that the secret was now going

to be gotten in a highly dishonorable way.

The man on the corner was happy, but a few diplomats, some thinking statesmen, a handful of politicians and a few newspapermen completely familiar with Russian tactics were at least intelligent enough to be puzzled and a little wary of the Russians' overly-friendly proposal. But they merely scratched their pates, and wrinkled their brows in deep consternation, made beautifully ambiguous speeches and statements for the press to release, and went no further. "We shall see," they wagged their heads and sagely predicted.

"Yes, we shall see," agreed the Senator—

Preparations were begun immediately and a special site was chosen for the conference—a secluded village in Maine, with no distinction other than it was extremely remote and boasted a landing field upon which the battery of newsmen could converge. Top intelligence men had conferred with the President and his advisors and all had agreed that it was too great a risk to hold the meeting at the Pentagon, in New York, or close to any great metropolis. What would

happen if the Russian delegates carried some fantastic sort of weapon or decided to turn the death ray on the United States? Would they have any defense for it? It was risk enough to have the Russians in the country, it was unthinkable to allow them to get within striking distance of our cities! The site in Maine finally had been agreed upon.

Overnight, the town became the focal point of the nation. Every one of its 746 inhabitants was interviewed by at least one radio or TV network. It was amazing how a detailed history (for perhaps the most un-historical village in the country) could be fabricated in a day. The bewildered town and its equally bewildered residents had a preview of the population explosion which experts were predicting was still 50 years away — an increase of 200% within a week. Half of that number was created by a wandering group of discontented transients who no longer found it exciting to watch three-million-dollar rockets vanish over Cape Canaveral's sandy shores in a poof of smoke. The other half was due to newly-arrived newsmen and security police, who appeared

suddenly on the scene in ever-increasing numbers.

The official Russian delegation arrived in New York on a 4-engine jet liner the day before the conference. The delegation consisted of one man. There were no bodyguards, no recognizable top officials, not even any top scientists. Just one very lonely looking, fat little man bundled up in a heavy black overcoat, topped in a black derby and carrying a small, black briefcase. The crowd of thousands was so unprepared for the sight that it forgot to cheer; the band dropped to a sickly whine and finally faded out altogether among the feathery snowflakes, and the American delegation merely stared, waiting uncomprehending for someone else to emerge from the huge, steel beast.

The Senator extended his hand through the snowflakes and introduced himself. The Russian acknowledged with a brief nod of the head and introduced himself in return. He was immediately whisked away by security police, through the mob of newsmen, popping flashbulbs and wet snowflakes, to a black Cadillac guarded by six patrolmen on motorcycles

and countless plainclothes security police. Only then did the throng come back to life. A gathering wave of whispers, borne along by a few nervous titters, broke into an angry tumult of indignation and gradually diminished, leaving only a few security police shivering beneath the outstretched wings of the giant jet liner with a black hammer and sickle painted on its side—

The press, and subsequently the man on the street, queried in front page cartoons of a funny little man in a black coat with a huge question mark all but obliterating him. Was this the man who was to impart to the world the secret of "the most potent force ever unleashed by man? Are we the victims of a giant hoax?" they screamed. Politicians bellowed fraud and toy manufacturers committed suicide as the bottom dropped out of the death-ray disintegrator market.

The entrance of the Russian delegate into the conference room was signified by the cessation of movement of the Senator's thumbs. The rotund little man dropped his hat beside the chair, draped his heavy overcoat across an unoccupied chair, bowed slightly to the

American delegates, and sat down, placing his black briefcase carefully before him. Every eye at the table fell on the briefcase, gazing with intent fascination, as though trying to plumb its mysterious depths.

The spell was broken by several rasping coughs from the general. There were brief introductions, scrapings of chairs, noddings of heads, and the Senator turned the meeting over to the delegate from Russia. All eyes turned to the squat, funny little man at the end of the table. Even the President's personal advisor ceased fondling his mustache. The professor was so excited, it seemed to the Senator, that momentarily his eyeballs would launch themselves through his thick, goggle-like glasses. The general coughed once more and smiled apologetically to everyone, looking disgustingly like, thought the Senator, a drunk movie producer.

"Gentlemen," began the Russian in his heavily-accented but impeccable English, "I am sure we all know the purpose of this meeting; I think, therefore, it will be permissible to dispense with the preliminaries. You, gentlemen, and your government want the secret of the new ray announced by my

country several months ago—the 'death ray' I understand you have insisted on calling it. Very well, I am prepared to impart to you the information which will make the secret known to the entire world. There will also be a very brief demonstration, if you will permit me—"

Reaching into his briefcase, the Russian drew forth a small metal instrument which looked like one of the death ray disintegrators selling for 69 cents (and more) at the department stores. The Americans leaned forward; the professor's lower lip trembled.

"May I—?" whispered the thin little man, his eyes pleading, voice reverent.

"In a moment," smiled the Russian delegate. "Harmless looking isn't it gentlemen?" he remarked, turning the pistol over slowly in his hands. "And why shouldn't it be?" he questioned the intent ring of faces, "for it is, you know." The Russian flipped the pistol into his right hand, aimed briefly, and fired. A long, thin stream of water arched across the table, splashing with a metallic laugh against the trash basket in the corner of the room, running in swift jerks to the floor.