

# FIORETTI

WHEN ARTISTS BEND THEIR DREAMS AND HANDS  
ALL AGES WITH ONE KEY UNLOCK



VOLUME TWENTY - NINE

# NUMBER ONE



# FIORETTI



MARIAN COLLEGE  
LITERARY ANTHOLOGY



# CONTENTS

## Prose

HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE <u>PISUM SATIUM</u>	8	DAVE SOOTS
A TALE FROM THE LAND OF THE TALL TREES	20	W. DOUGLAS BENGE
OUT THE WINDOW	23	W. DOUGLAS BENGE
THEN AND NOW	37	SYLVIA JOHNSON
THOUGHTS ON LEAVING THE OLD LIBRARY	40	SISTER CLARENCE MARIE, O.S.F.

## Art Work

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# P o e t r y

HIGH ON A CLOUD OF MYSTIC DREAMS	6	KATHLEEN GIESTING
MULTICOLORED IMAGES OF LIGHT AND DARK	7	KATHLEEN GIESTING
RESURRECTION	12	DAVE SOOTS
ALL LOVE IS UNDERGROUND	13	CHRIS PRUITT
LIFE	14	CHRIS PRUITT
I HAVE MADE CONTACT	17	TESS EICHENBERGER
GASLIGHTS MADE OF MAGIC HAZE	18	TESS EICHENBERGER
LOVED ONE	19	SHERRY MEYER
LILY OF THE FIELDS	26	PHIL MCLANE
MY SPIRIT HAS LIVED	28	TERRY ANN PIACENZA
A POET SPEAKS HIS POEMS	29	JOSEPH KEMPF
STONES	30	JOSEPH KEMPF
DAY OF THE RAISIN	31	JOSEPH KEMPF
OAK	32	JOSEPH KEMPF
EVERYONE WILL UNEQUIVOCABLY ADMIT	34	ELLEN DUGAN
TO CATCH A MOMENT OF TIME	35	ELLEN DUGAN
LIKE A DREAM	42	JAMES ASHER
DISTANCE	43	JAMES ASHER
TENNESSEE	44	BILL DIVINE
A PLEA TO PEGASUS	45	BILL DIVINE



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e. Farrell



# HIGH ON A CLOUD OF MYSTIC DREAMS

high on a cloud of mystic dreams

- i look down and see

all those whom i love -

all those who have touched my life

and made it better -

and yet all i see is

division -

strife -

discord -

and i weep that these who mean so much to me

cannot see the lesson they have taught.

*Kathleen Giesting*

# MULTICOLORED IMAGES OF LIGHT AND DARK

Multicolored images of light and dark  
surround my fading senses  
I turn to  
look  
back  
and every remnant of the past is gone  
Ahead  
I see only darkness -  
darkness with a strange welcoming warmth  
coming closer and closer  
engulfing me in its black softness.  
A single shaft of golden light  
pierces my consciousness  
And I stretch out my arms  
to touch its strength  
Suddenly  
my mind is flooded with the knowledge  
of a new day -  
a new way of life.

Kathleen Giesting



# HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE PISUM SATIVUM

-or- THE PEA AND ME

*Pisum sativum* is a leguminous plant, the seed of which is commonly known as the nutritious vegetable, the pea. I love peas and, actually, can't seem to get enough of them. The pea is the center of my vegetable-world and its presence makes the most bland repast a culinary delight. But this has not always been the case. There was a time when I hoped I would never see a pea again. Over the years, our relationship developed, somewhat like that of the boy and girl who live next door to each other as children, swear a mutual hatred for each other, only to one day fall in love. After a long and struggling courtship, today the pea and I are inseparable.

As an infant--so I'm told, as I was much too young to recall--I used to despise peas. A very common practice among infants is to spit out food at random, regardless of whether or not the infant likes or dislikes the food. And like most infants, I, too, spit out my share of food. But when it came to peas, I really outdid myself. My distance record for pea-pelleting still holds strong, which is more than can be said for those perforated walls that serve as a testament to my expertise with peas.

At the age of nine, I developed this hatred further and expanded it to include that dark-green color of the pea. Right after this development, my mother purchased for me a dark-green suit for Easter. I don't



know why she did it. I didn't understand then, and I still don't understand to this day. That suit was the worst thing that had ever happened to me. It made me mean and gloomy--to the point that I began referring to it as my 'sad-green suit'. I couldn't stand to wear that garment, but when I was forced to wear it I did everything possible to tear it or spill-and-stain it. But it would not be intimidated. My only hope was to outgrow it.

During puberty my hatred of the pea was strengthened further. It was during this stage in life that I faced many traumatic experiences with the pea. My mother was a Pea-worshipper. She really was. Mom saw the pea as the source of all life, nectar from the gods, manna from heaven, a kind of One-A-Day Multiple Vitamin. Not a day went by that we didn't see peas on the table. Without my mother, the Green Giant would be nothing today. She created his market, revolutionized his industry. In a word, she made him Jolly. But, she and her peas only made me sick.

Into adolescence the pea campaign continued. I was bombarded with peas. Mom had them everywhere, all the time. We had creamed peas, fried peas, buttered peas, and baked peas. She became very clever at times, and tried to hide them. But I was always cautious. I found them folded in the mashed potatoes, baked in the meat loaf, and even suspended in the jello. She even went so far as to squash them and make icing for a cake. But no matter what trick mom tried, I always



caught on and refused to eat her pea dishes. She frantically tried more and more tricks. Yet, I did not waver.

Finally mom became peaved. When I was fifteen, August of '64 I believe, she gave up. It was a moment I'll never forget. At supper one evening she calmly and quietly announced that she could care less if I never ate another pea as long as I lived. She had done her best to make me aware of some of the finer things in life. It was all right with her if I chose not to accept them. That was it--no more fighting. Well, I received her announcement with mixed emotions. At first, I thought perhaps she didn't love me anymore. Ruling out that idea, I decided that she realized I was a grown man and capable of making my own decisions. It was at this time that I began to formulate my new outlook toward the pea.

At age sixteen, I finally realized what a great thing the pea was. It was at this time that I saw the Good, made my Leap of Faith, and joined the ranks of pea-lovers all over the world. I began slowly, of course. I could never let on at home that I liked peas, not at first anyway. So I sneaked around--ate peas for lunch at school, had them at friends' houses, and even bought them at the TeePee on WeekEnds. At last, I became brave enough to eat them at home one evening. To my surprise, no one noticed. It was not until weeks later that mom casually remarked that 'she didn't think I cared for peas', and this came only after I had asked for a third helping. The great pea controversy was over.

Today, at age twenty-one, I can look back over my transformation in a more enlightened manner. I see the basic reason for my change, the center of the issue, was freedom of choice. When it no longer was a requirement to eat peas, they became more inviting. And subsequently, I *chose* to like peas. However, I have no regrets for my earlier outlook toward peas. On the contrary, those early experiences have strengthened our relationship. Without free choice, that beautiful relationship would never had come to be. I would have gone on hating peas, or, at best, I might have decided to passively accept them. But freedom allowed me to make a personal and lasting commitment. Hail freedom! Hail *Pisum sativum*!

*Dave Soots*





# RESURRECTION

i oftentimes wander from the lonely confines of my private nursery, very late at night, out to lose myself among the street-cleaners and the split-shifters, among the swingers and the cabbies, among the whores and the midnight cowboys, who, all of them together with myself, have great doubts about the night.

engulfed in a winding, spiritual subway, i walk as they sweep the previous day's defecation or they wait for the 8-east washington-eastgate--- have you seen it pass?, i walk as they ascend in the glass tomb to the top of the hilton or they cab-nap in the shadow of oliver p. morton, i walk as they peddle their wares along the strip or crouch on the steps of christ church cathederal, all the while, all, all in doubt.

they go their way and i mine, unaware of the other, yet constantly aware of the other, for the night has absorbed us all in its mystique of distrusting fog; i cannot escape the other for i must depend upon him, i cannot depend upon the other for i cannot trust him, yet if i forsake the other then i am alone, all alone, and in the night.

and the night becomes day  
and it is not the same  
but it is ever the same.

*Dave Soots*

# ALL LOVE IS UNDERGROUND

All love is under-  
ground - at a drive-in movie,  
motels, even in

city swimming pools:  
on car/seats, beds, in water  
the pill or condom

or empty bleachers  
Saran Wrap cannot order  
a total defense

against a love-in.  
It can happen in books too,  
hard words pulling us

down stripped to the bone.  
Hand Manuals do not hold  
such risky affairs,

or the snake, gliding:  
In Asia under the moon  
in ditches and swamps

and dark rice paddies,  
officers wade to signal  
triggers, bayonets

thrusting; it's worse than  
attack aborted, retreat  
to the held belly

of a hill before  
the lost and the dying, where  
love is underground.

*Chris Pruitt*

# LIFE

Somewhere between birth and death--

Existing.

A time of frivolous rapture,

a time of ecstasy.

One which seeks contentment

of the heart--

the soul.

Times of pain and wishful

resentment--

human behaviour.

A period of growing, knowing--

not knowing.

Uncertainty.



Living in doubt--existing in ludicrous  
apathy.

Suffering? Taking. (not giving enough)  
And greed overwhelms all virtues  
that may have straightened our  
backs in the bleachers at school.  
Pride?

in what?  
Somewhere between birth and death  
is  
life.

*Chris Pruitt*





# I HAVE MADE CONTACT

I have made contact  
As casually and certainly as one  
Rereads a favorite passage  
When one chooses  
I've always known my place  
People would ask  
Where they belonged  
I could cite a page  
Or  
Recall a book I'd never read  
To set them in  
And on their way.  
You took  
I did not choose to love  
You took, and choice removed  
There was  
More than paper torn--  
A steady reader stumbling  
An author almost born  
I will give; wait  
Contact once came easily  
Today  
An honest touch, an unplanned reach  
Is such a complex thing.

*Jess Eichenberger*



# GASLIGHTS MADE A MAGIC HAZE

Gaslights made a magic haze  
Along Decatur Street  
Sandaling down towards the sea  
Creak slap creak  
I owned it all,  
Decreed that sounds  
Bent leather, bending seas  
That honeysuckle salty tastes  
From Cape things meshed  
Belonged to me.  
I walked until I knew  
The Silver time for gulls and bikes  
Was near -  
The time to share.  
And on that final August night  
I smiled, and left, a magic thief  
The haze for dark Decatur Street  
Now mine, for darker days.

*Jess Eichenberger*

# LOVED ONE

loved one  
whose single word  
lights  
the darkest  
hour...  
whose smallest murmur  
clouds  
the sunshine  
moment...  
whose gentle touch  
warms  
the coldest  
night...  
whose absent hand  
chills  
the warmest  
twilight...  
loved one

*Sherry Meyer*

# A TALE FROM THE LAND OF THE TALL TREES

Once upon a time, long before you were born, there was in the Great North Country a beautiful forest kingdom which was known as the Land of the Tall Trees. This land was the source of all that was lucky and pure and gold. The trees that grew there had become, through the ages, the most famous and best loved trees in the world. Their boughs intermingled with the clouds. So tall did they stand, and so strong were they that the North Wind feared to blow through them. Each tree sheltered one tiny Fairy, for fairies were the citizens of this land. In the center of the forest there was set in a vast clearing, a palace. Within the palace there was a great courtyard, and in the middle of the courtyard sat a old,old man.

His eyes were a dull steel grey and his brow was disfigured with the wrinkles of wisdom. His beard was longer than the journey of the migrating pigeon and as white as the snows of the Arctic Polar Cap. His skin was a deep tan from wind, rain and the sun yet it had begun to show age. His body was also aging but still reminded one of him as a young warrior. His name was Trophopus, King Trophopus, indeed of the Land of the Tall Trees. He was a man -, a mortal, not warlock or waizrd... but he was the wisest man in the entire world. He had ruled the Fairies for as long as anyone could remember and the Fairies loved him deeply. The king had but one advisor since his wife, Neela, had died, and that was the owl, Breed. Breed was an extraordinarily wise bird, as owls go, and was a great help to the king. So wise was he in fact, that his wisdom was as well known as the awesome trees. He had been enchanted by the first Fairy that had ever lived so that he might never die and thus always be able to aid th King of this forest.



Thorphopus had a young son whom the Fairies named Acorn. His eyes were placid blue but not without a deep glimmer of fire that comes with youthful vigor. His body had been well conditioned by the Fairies who had trained him through the years since his mother had passed on. He loved his father, and his respect for him rivaled the sea in depth.

Now there lived in the wild ranges to the south of the forest kingdom a rich and powerful knight called Arnold. Arnold was a strong warrior but not a good and just man. He would stop at nothing to extend his power. For years he had coveted the famous owl, Breed, but had always feared to journey to the Land of the Tall Trees. Now his greed and egotism had overcome his fear. He had decided to take Breed from King Trophopus so that he himself could become the wisest man in the world. He searched the land from top to bottom acquiring the finest armor, the swiftest steed, the keenest sword. He obtained supplies and made ready for battle. Feeling well prepared, he set forth to invade the forest kingdom.

Meanwhile, word had traveled quickly to the Fairies, King Trophopus was in great despair, for though he was wise, he was old and frail and defenseless. As he reached the height of anxiety, into the courtyard strode Acorn, armed and ready for battle.

'Father,' said Acorn in a loud voice, 'the time has come when I, your son, can do something to repay you and the Fairies for your love and kindness. I shall take arms and do battle with the heathern. Arnold.'

King Trophopus was surprised as well as he might be. Even his elf-like attendants were amazed. Seeing he was full ready for battle, the king said in a voice choked with fatherly pride tempered by regal dignity, 'My son, today you are a man. Kneel. O boy, who was called Acorn, be no longer called a boy. Rise Sir Knight, and henceforth be ye known as Sir Oaks.'

Sir Oaks was now fully ready to defend the forest kingdom from the villain, Arnold. His heart yearned to do battle and his wish was not long in coming.

Then, early one spring day while the fog still hanged heavy in the air, Arnold rode into the Land of the Tall Trees. Onward he pressed, with the boldness of a conquering general, until upon entering the great clearing he came face to face with young Sir Oaks armed and ready for a fight.

'Hold,' cried Sir Oaks, 'in the name of the crown!'

'What young idiot is this who stands in the great Arnold's path and would prevent his taking the famous owl?' bellowed Arnold.

'It is I,' returned Oaks, 'Sir Oaks, crown prince of the Land of the Tall Trees. Now get ye hence from my land or prepare to taste my lance.'

'Does the young puppy dare challenge the great Arnold?' roared Arnold.

'Prepare to die, filthy dog!' said Oaks.

The two warriors readied their lances and spurred their horses. They collided with such force that both were hurled from their mounts. Their lances splintered to toothpicks, each man drew his sword. Coming together as two bull elk the knights hacked at each other for two hours. The ground ran crimson with blood as both men suffered great injuries. Both were sorely hampered by their wounds. Ready to faint from loss of blood, Sir Oaks detected his foe beginning to tire and so began a renewed attack. In a final effort Oaks managed to throw himself at Arnold knocking him from his feet. He then unlaced Arnold's helm and slew the blackguard.

Faint from exhaustion and blood loss the mutilated Sir Oaks staggered a few steps and collapsed. Around him appeared a host of Fairies, all grateful for his sacrifice to them. Bearing him up they brought him unto the king and laid him to rest before him. Seeing a gaping slash in the boy's left side, the king realized his wounds were mortal.

'My father,' struggled Oaks, 'I am your son. I have saved you and my friends, Breed, and the Fairies, from the evil of the world. Thank you for your love and goodness.'

Seeing his son, his only son, dying before his eyes was too great a burden for the aged king and he began to sob and shake. When suddenly, as if by magic, came forth the voice of the enchanted Owl, Breed, saying, 'Sir Oaks, crown prince of the Land of the Tall Trees, today you have saved your father, the Fairies and myself - even mankind itself from evil. Sir Oaks, you shall never die but shall live forever with regal pomp and majesty befitting a crown prince. And your seed shall have no number.'

And then, as the Fairies and Trophopus looked on, there appeared where Sir Oaks had lain, a tree. And as they watched, the tree grew until it was larger than any tree in the Great Forest. It grew till those onlookers could no longer see the top. And again came the voice of Breed saying, 'Know ye that from this day forth this tree shall be called Oaks and all that come from it Oaks, and its seed shall be known as Acorn for so also was the young Sir Oaks.'

And from that day to this we have had the mighty oak trees. These trees have helped men build houses, sail the seas and hoist the flag. And the next time you see a mighty oak tree or feel its pleasing shade or comforting strength, know you that in each of these courageous oak trees lives on the spirit of the young ----- SIR OAKS.

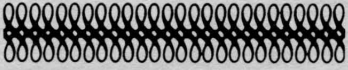
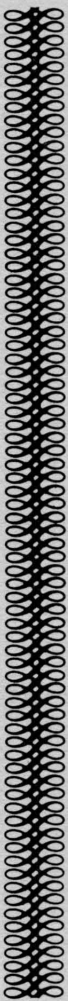
W. Douglas Bengé

# OUT THE WINDOW

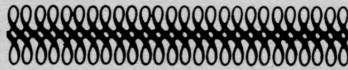
There is darkness. There has been darkness for several hours. And this darkness, laying heavily over the landscape, obscures largely, the features of the terrain. This night the darkness is wet. Fog curls in tenebrous circles while a cold rain slobbers mindlessly on the windows fogged and cleared alternately by my breath. The only light is a hazy glow from some window away and to my left. At the head of the drive leading from the road to my house stands a tree--that is, a tree by light, but in the darkness its knobby, twisted form becomes to the glancing eye, the head of a giant Medusa. And the drive, which is a dull grey in the sun's rays, is now transformed to a strip of black onyx, shiny even through the gloom. There is no smell but of rain in the air, there is no feeling but of chilly drafts, there is no sound but of rain on glass. There is no sight but of whirling wet murk. It is because of this pervading overcast that I was not noticed when, only 47 minutes ago, I left my house, walked to the end of my drive, and stabbed Arthur Dedrick to his death.

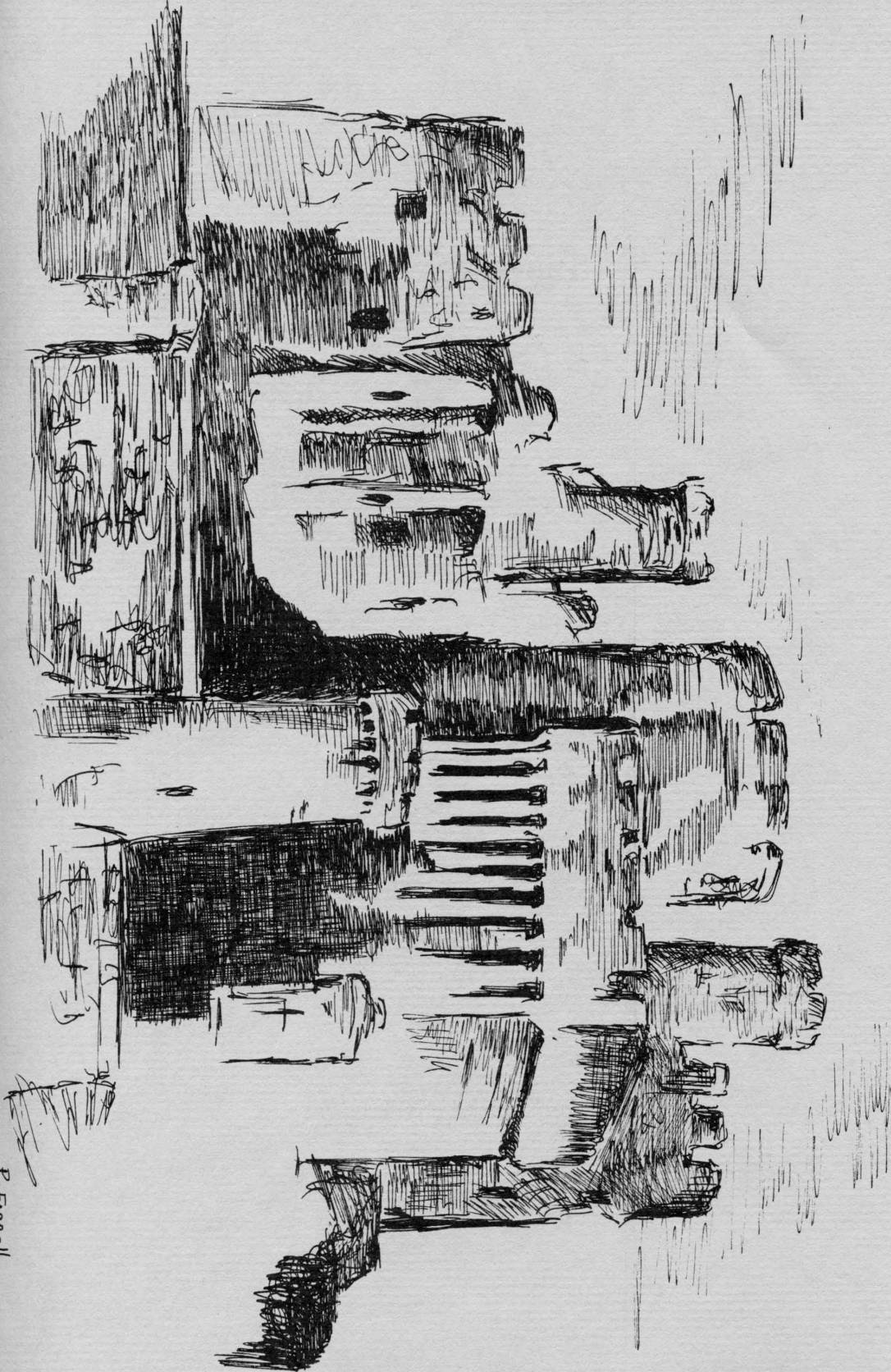
*W. Douglas Bengt*





Thy was conserved with the shade  
Of a castle that stood on high -  
Al this writynge that I sigh -  
And stood eke on so cold a place  
That hete myght hit not defare.





P. Farrell

# LILY OF THE FIELDS

Seasons I have spent  
Hours aching for your breast  
Seasons wasted weeping

Smiling summer's mask removed  
We huddle together for warmth--  
Bundled skeletons,  
Gorging our bellies  
With stolen flesh.  
Stark trees,  
Dead grass  
Cold wind  
Grey leaves with no cover of white  
Dry tears call to the sun  
For in Winter we know what we are.

I have considered  
The lilies of the field  
And although I know  
The fields will feed me if I only dare  
The lilies are braver than I  
In Autumn I watch them die.  
So give me hot meals and soft linen  
Clothes, song,  
And light against the dark.  
Give me these comforts  
And let me forget what I am.



On a smiling August hillside  
I have held you in my arms,  
O lady of incense and chimes  
Lovers naked  
In never-ending sun  
--Cold wind sweeps  
Emptied fields  
Autumn has come and you are gone.

One for fields and one for city  
Summer's lovers take their leave  
And I wish I were a braver man--  
Is your campsite as fine as my room?

You gave me, once, a poem--  
"My storehouse destroyed by fire,  
Nothing now blocks out the moon"  
And I wish I were a braver man,  
I wish I were not what I am.

*Phil McLane*



# MY SPIRIT HAS LIVED, DIED, REBORN

My spirit has lived, died, reborn.

I am now at peace with life,

Ready to accept the new trials,

The many steps down for every one up.

Yet, now I am not afraid; I no longer tremble.

Curiosity has enveloped me.

I don't care whether I am knocked down.

All I know is that very word.

YOU.

*Jeri Ann Piacanza*

# A POET SPEAKS HIS POEMS

It must have been your hair.  
Like Beethoven. Two great wings  
Above your ears. And not even gray.  
I prepared to dislike you,  
Despite your eyes of polished coal.

But when you spoke, they burned.  
Not even using a book, by heart  
You filled the room with words  
That echoed and echoed and refused  
To die in ears and minds.


And what came between  
Was almost as good. That was you,  
Stripped of words and poems  
To hide behind. Stripped of hair  
And skin and last year's tie.

Those things, they were not you,  
As leaf and bark are not the tree.  
No man's heart burns in his hair.  
You were in your eyes, and words,  
Your poems. I saw you there.

*Joseph Kempf*




# STONES



One who was  
my friend  
threw stones  
at owls  
at night.

Till one returned  
to catch him  
full in the eye  
and put it out.

Now he wears  
a patch  
and throws  
only at crows  
in the sun.



*Joseph Kempf*

# DAY OF THE RAISIN

Green was the time  
and golden the hills  
when the siren sun  
sang each morn  
fertile into the skies.

O the earth was a melon  
plump on an August day,  
and the sun ripened  
slow as an orange  
in the amber noon.

The world was an olive  
green on the hill  
or an infant almond  
sweet in its shell.  
Each day was sovereign,  
like the promise of grapes  
turgid with wine.

But now is the day of the raisin.  
The melon lies black in the sun,  
its gaping side spilling  
barren seeds over the sand.  
Almonds shrink in their shells  
and olives drop bloated and black,  
rolling down sterile hills  
into a wind-scorched sea.  
Raisins hang wrinkled and brown,  
rattling on sapless vines;  
they clack with stick-like tongues,  
dreaming of harvests old  
and touch of human hands.

*Joseph Kempf*

# OAK

Backing the fleshed earth's spine,  
jeaned buttocks tight against bark,  
she hugs the trunk rising between  
fevered thighs, crushes softness  
beyond self against unyielding fiber,  
welds herself to earth and sky.

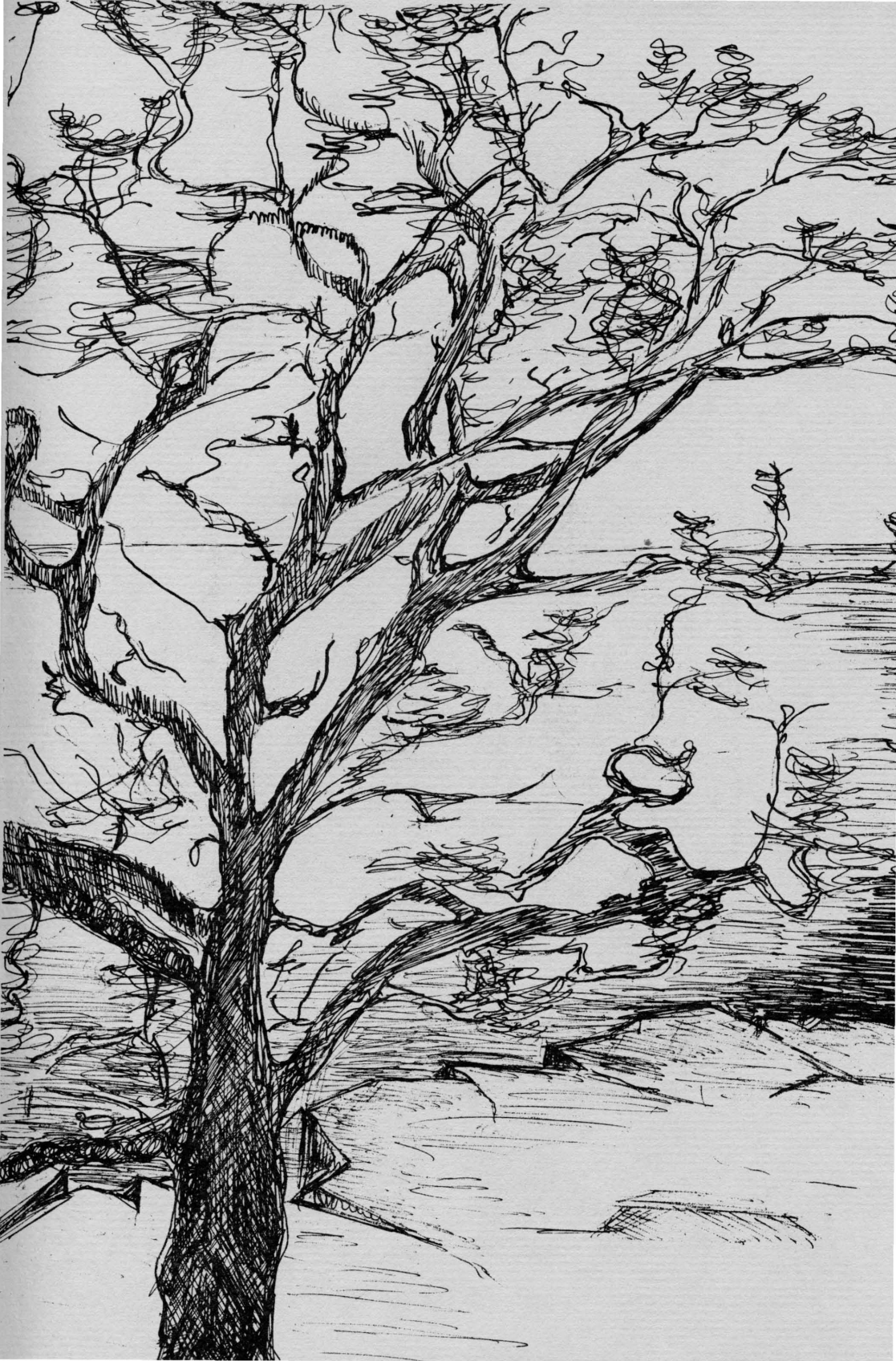
Her hands find the lover,  
fingers score themselves on scored bark.  
She thrusts, thrusts again, heaves  
herself through dreams of root  
and leaves, explodes sap upward  
in green orgasm of bud and branch.

Her feel is feel of green and all  
growing woody things, knows herself  
swollen to earthy greatness,  
full of creation's cosmic lust  
to grow swell extend itself  
beyond mere tree in leafy shade.

The silence is of knowledge  
borne between her thighs, arch  
of silence that stills now even blood,  
calls in quiet crescendo to deepest self.  
She welds herself to earth and sky;  
dreams are acorns pregnant with oak.

*Joseph Kempf*





# EVERYONE WILL UNEQUIVOCABLY ADMIT

Everyone will unequivocally admit  
That Shakespeare is the epitome  
Of literary achievement.  
Undoubtedly, he is the most  
Oft quoted, most respected,  
And e'er most famous author  
In any language---  
Particularly noted for his  
"Immortal verse" and  
Study of human nature.  
Yet, as a student of Shakespeare  
I would ask:  
"How can Shakespeare say  
'brevity is the soul of wit'  
And still take 89 lines to  
Make Hamlet decide and argue  
'To be or not to be'  
Is the question of the play?"

*Ellen Dugan*

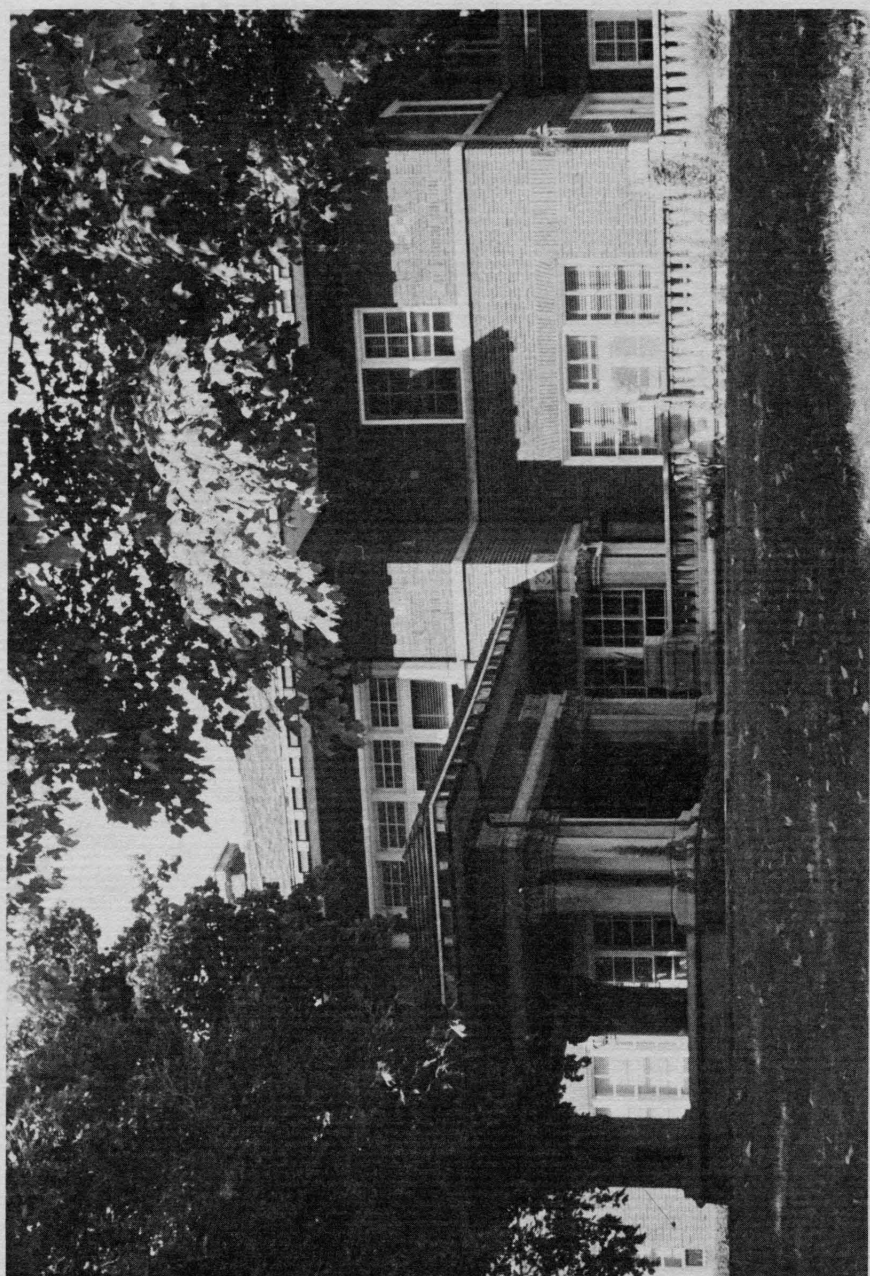
# TO CATCH A MOMENT OF TIME

To catch a moment of time  
And hold it for awhile...  
The cold wind on a dark night  
A kiss, a gift, a smile.

A fleeting second here then gone  
As the night gives way to dawn.

*Ellen Dugan*





# THEN AND NOW

Reprinted from *Fioretti* Volume XV, Number 1 (1957-1958)

How much difference does the passing of time really make in this world of ours? Have people and places changed much in the last fifty years? 'Yes, of course, things have changed! At least, I think. . . but no, wait, I'm not sure. I guess I really don't know.' Well, shall we try to find out? Let's consider a certain place, particular people and a period of time and compare the present with the past.

A random selection from an Indianapolis map, and we have a place, 3200 Cold Spring Road. The year? Well, 1935 is a good enough start. In 1935, this address was known as Riverdale estate, home of Mr. James Allison, industrialist, millionaire and philanthropist well known throughout Indiana. When the fabulous mansion was built in 1912, it was an object of much interest and speculation. Local citizens gasped at rumors of inlaid oak floors, a marble aviary, huge stone fireplaces and a private telephone system. The description of the Allison home remained rumor until 1936, when activity began to stir at Riverdale. The house had been unoccupied for a number of years, its owner spending most of his time in Florida before his death in 1928. Now it was announced that the estate had been purchased by the Sisters of Saint Francis of Oldenburg to be used as a Catholic college for girls.

Well, that was quite a change, and in just two years' time. A millionaire's palatial home was transformed into a girls' college. Riverdale was now Marian College and the mansion was Marian Hall. In the original library, with its pressed-leather walls and fantastic pottery fireplace, Sister Mary John, the first dean of Marian, had her office. Across the hall was the chapel of Mary Immaculate, once the music room, where one of the finest organs in Indianapolis had been played for the entertainment of guests. The solarium, which stretched across one side of the house and overlooked two of the five lakes, became the library. Madonna Hall Reading Room was located in the white, marble aviary, in the center of which was a large pool. The various other rooms-five bedrooms, dining room, parlors-were made into lecture halls, offices, and art and music studios.

What about the people who were the first occupants of Marian Hall? What were Marian's first students like? Well, in September 1937, the student body numbered thirty and by October of that year it was ninety strong. The girls attended liberal arts classes and their athletic endeavors included swimming, hiking, archery and riding over the bridle paths on the campus. In 1938, the first issue of the school paper was published. It was called the *Phoenix* after the statues of the legendary bird found guarding the steps into the reading room. The early copies of the

*Phoenix* can give us some fascinating facts about Marian's first students. For instance, in 1941, the *Phoenix* staff took a poll to discover the most popular pastime at Marian. These were the results: dancing was the first on the list, with the Tommy Dorsey and the Glenn Miller orchestras the favorites. Many an evening was spent listening to the radio in 1941 for this pastime was runner-up and most students tuned in to Jack Benny's Jello Hour and the College of Musical Knowledge. Reading such books as *Magnificent Obsession* and *Madame Curie* was next and sports was lowest as a favorite occupation of only four percent of the girls. Apceial events such as dances, plays, chili suppers and rummage sales were highlights in the social life of these years.

But all was not fun and laughter in those days, Marianites had their serious side and there was plenty to be serious about. The threat of a world war was creeping into their lives and they were very much conscious of its danger. This threat was recognized in the first issue of the *Phoenix* in the spring of 1938. Hitler had begun his march through Europe and the editor of the paper urged united prayer to hold this destruction in check. When the world was swept into war, Marian was carried along with it. The *Phoenix* expressed its concern in many ways. Reports and editorials on the war effort dominated lighter things. The students questioned their own place in the upside down world, holding pens and books while others carried guns. So they picked up knitting needles, bandages and shovels and joined the battle. Sweaters, and socks were knitted and sent overseas, first aid was practiced and victory gardens were planted on the campus.

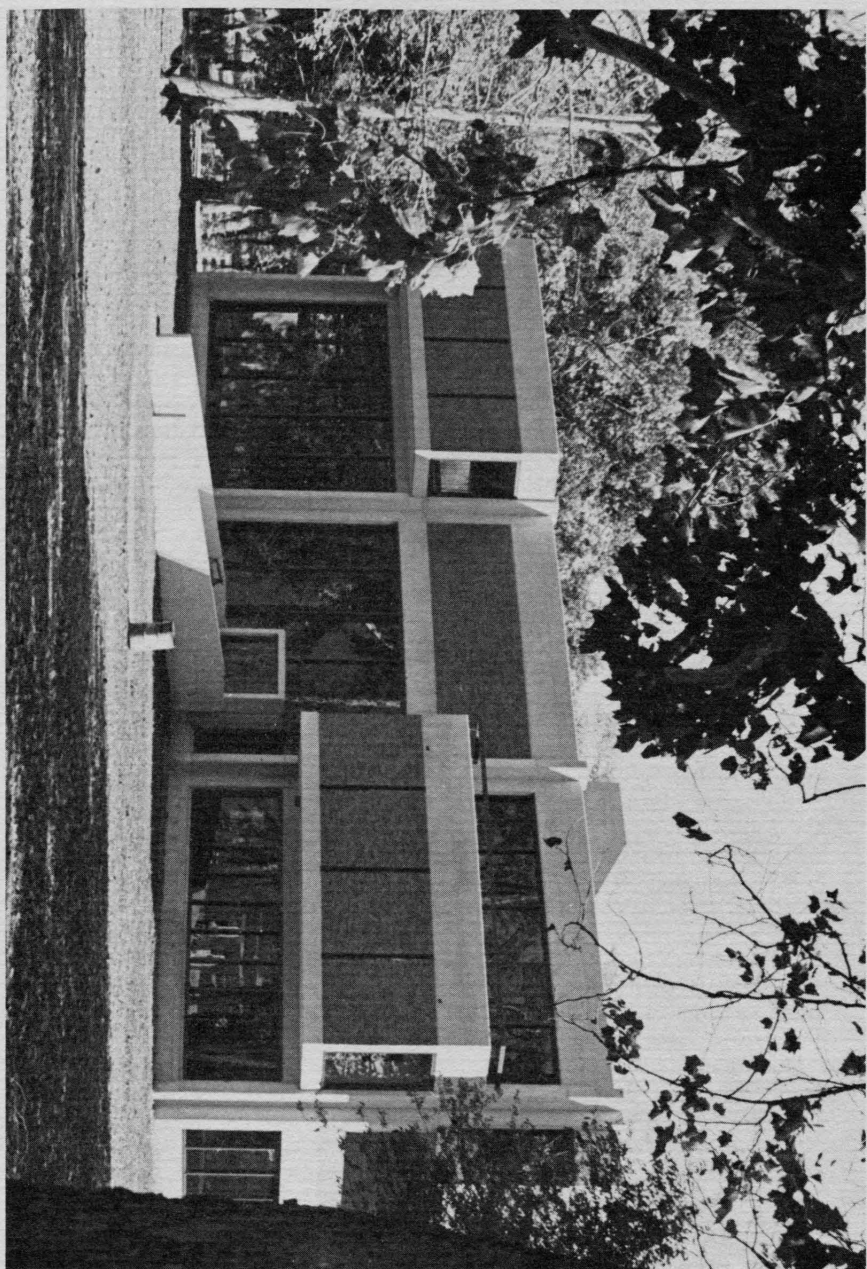
Let's leave the past for awhile. We know the Allies won the war and we're sure that Marianshared in the victory as she shared in the battle. But let's return to the present, here and now. We've followed a particular group of people living in a certain place for about ten years. Now we can ask our question again. How much difference does the passing of time really make?

The girls who loved to dance to Glenn Miller's music and listen to the Jello Hour have their counterparts in the girls and boys who are still devoted to both dancing and Glenn Miller, but have forsaken the Jello entertainers for Pat Boone and his cohorts. The occupants of Marian Hall no longer canter around the campus on horseback. Smooth roads replace bridle paths and the roar of a car motor is heard instead of the cllop of horse's hooves. The war has almost been forgotten. The terrible events which so concerned the students of the 1940's are now met in a history book for Marianites, of the 1950's face other, different problems.

Considering all these contrasts, we would have to say 'Yes' in answer to our question. Things have changed. We are different people living in a different world. But. . . think again. Are we really so different? Granted that the things around us and the situations we face have changed. But do people, human beings, ever really change? Are Marian College and its students in 1958 drastically different from the Marian of years gone by? I'm not so sure they are.

*Sylvia Johnson*





# THOUGHTS ON LEAVING THE OLD LIBRARY

What are the thoughts that come to the mind of one who has spent the days of many years in the building now outgrown? Too many to mention them all, but here are some of the memories that linger . . .

- . . . the story of the house itself in its various roles---Allison home, the first administration and classroom building of Marian College, part of it used as the home of the Sisters who found themselves sleeping quarters in the third floor attic, the growth of the library into all the available space.
- . . . the very great privilege of having the chapel in the building for several years, in the room later known as the browsing room, and the blessing of having the companionship of the sacramental presence of Christ.
- . . . the beauty of the view from the windows---lake, fields, trees---spring's first green promise, summer's colorful and lavish treasures, autumn's glorious, flaming trees, the unmatched beauty of a snowy day, and always the lake, in its varied moods.
- . . . even the thought of the busy chipmunks, who periodically and systematically made their appearance in the ceiling of the stack room, their sharp teeth finding a way to gnaw their way through, and their small beady eyes looking down a bit quizzically at the persons beneath.
- . . . but above all, the students who have come and gone, the eager ones, the reluctant ones, those who came early and those who stayed late, the ones who found the library a good place to be and who learned to love it.
- . . . and the student assistants who became friends and were good enough to share their dreams and hopes with one who would always follow them with prayer.

- ... surely, too, a thought of thankfulness for the hours of doing the work that forms one stone in the building of the education of Marian's students. After all, not every player in an orchestra plays first violin, but each one is necessary for the perfect rendition of the composer's achievement.
- ... It is good to know that the building, strongly built and beautiful in its workmanship, can look forward to a renewal of its life and its beauty through a projected restoration. The memories and the books go with us to the new building, calling for adjustment, advancement, and continued service.

*Sister Clarence Marie, O.S.F.*





# LIKE A DREAM

All so like a dream  
Sings that voice  
All so like a dream  
Enchanted

Wine  
And enchantment  
Touch  
As lips press 'gainst lips  
Wine-warm hands  
Entwine  
Warm in intoxicating  
Embrace

Deep  
And embracement  
Of the sea  
Dark velvet, Star-fire light  
Gulfs under stark stillness  
Of the  
Night

All so like a dream  
Dreams that night  
Embracing wine-warm enchantment  
of the Night

*James Asher*

# DISTANCE

*Rock and jagged shines morning sun just new from iced sleep. As the sea tumbles and froths on shores yet unknown but known. No time yet in timeless passage eons iron pass past. The eagle bounds takes flight. And circles. Silently reaps them strewn about fields green and golden once now brown and. Blackened with once what was crimson flowed endlessly like the sea flowed swiftly then slowly revulets. Dried with maddened crusted. Enraptures.*

*Raged and fierce born of Chaos tears wildly into the awesome night. Void darkened sightless rage the storm exploding life. Sulphuric vapor sears void time time for what as rains down fire and rock molten flows over jagged mountain tops. Stops in silence cold barren and still wheat sways gently in chanting breeze. Filing past time not lost but captured in rapture of secret thoughts not. Tops of candles light the night voices chanting silence stops. Stillness settles filing past the grave time lost but now.*

*Breathed barren to the sky jagged mountain tops brushed but grave. Overhead the eagle soars under protection of fluffed clouds die as white rises up held high to the skies then the night. Eyes see cold and frozen in time. Ago flows now grown splendid wide and light in golden fields and green taken flight the eagle landing upon the forest tops beyond a distance mountains and streams fire blazes now. How yellow, blue, crimson of flame darkens silent in roaring rage billows smoke cloudlike silence reigns over blackened stillness graded frost.*

*Gleaming mountain tops bright blinding sightless the eagle soars to the heights dives silently secret thoughts feel pangs of birth not sought as time dies green near mountain tops below frost pines tower to the heights the eagle splendid in flight. Stop.*

*On jagged rock atop fire ravaged mountain still, silent, and blackened lies the eagle eyes white iced sleep. Endless passage cold to the sea yet unknown. Endless passage timeless paths silently lead to the shore. Paths lost unknown. In the distance tops of candles light the night voices chanting silence. Stop. In the distance thunder rumbles. Voices silent stop. Raged and fierce born is chaos the morning sun bursts cataclysm upon jagged rock.*

*James Asher*

# TENNESSEE

In the early morning of late summer  
Cold in the Southern summer's valley  
Cold and dark and newly suspended  
From the former hour's deadness of darkest night  
The universe celebrates in peace;  
In toasting, and tossing sequenced confetti  
Towards the hazy blackness of deepest vision.  
And the Milky Way straddles the horizons.

Verging on morning's metaphor, the sun, lingering in grey shadow behind morning drapes of leisure clouds, anticipates an entrance in a starless sky. By the shore, the open wood fire's smoke cuts through the fog - the fog creeping dense along the bank, gliding denser atop the lake, weaving densest through the trees on the surrounding hills.

The first sounds are those of which fish do jump.

It's understandable, I guess.  
Or funny, I know  
That your time won't win the largest life  
Or lose, by death, the smallest part of me.

*Bill Divine*



# A PLEA TO PEGASUS

*Hail on the morn's warm golden sun, and  
Ride, ride, climb with the wind to the sky  
On the breeze's back -- black blowing mane onward;  
Pegasus, guide your mount.  
For a while in the mist of fortune's face,  
Smiling, let her with grace the poet meet.  
Led 'round with rays to the very door--  
Past Helicon, and Hippocrene runs beneath.*

*Bellerophon moves the spirit on--  
Fearless, straining to grasp the golden bit  
And reins that know no humble way to curb  
The curs-ed image, screaming and spitting  
Blood and fire from the heart of a favored man.  
The Plain lies well in sight below the clouds  
Like an empty grave on the poet's page,  
Or like a barren grassland, grovelling--  
Stretched in painful memories of the height.*

*The name Bellerophon is writ and forgot  
Though his image stands still in the spring,  
And runs like a frieze of his feats -- through  
The pool broke open by your dustless hoof--  
Making us call you, Pegaus, back again:*

*Descend, sweep, hurl like a kingfisher deep crypt  
Below to absorb the form of your ancient equestrein.  
Then rise, aspire, and spray the waters wide--  
As the new-soaked poets clutch to your slapping mane;  
Snatch to the down of your wing-beating stroke--  
Soar, burst through, vent and scatter the clouds.*

*And later, if the sun calls you closer alone,  
Drop your fare to the fate of Bellerophon--  
But let drop from the height where music was once:  
Hail on the morn's warm golden sun, and  
Ride, ride, climb with the wind to the sky  
On the breeze's back -- black blowing mane onward;  
Pegasus, guide your mount.*

*Where music was once:  
Past Helicon,  
And Hippocrene runs beneath.*

*Bill Divine*



When artists bend their dreams  
and hands

All ages with one key unlock,






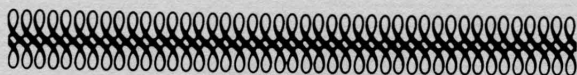
And Master Shakespeare's

Yellow sands

Are on the shores of Paumanok.







. . . The couple advanced further into this pavilion of the night till they stood in its midst.

"It is Stonehenge", said Clare.

"The heathen temple, You mean?"

"Yes, older than the centuries; older than the D'Arbervilles."

from Thomas Hardy's TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

