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## To V. F.

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To V.F.

**Cover Page Footnote**

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## To V. F.

I that saw the world unrisen  
Lie in deepest slumber still  
Cried from anguish in this prison  
Still an empty void to fill.

Then a light fell on the darkness  
Light of love and light of peace  
Sea of light was love so boundless  
Will to live will never cease.

I that found my soul unrisen  
Found a light so bright to guide  
Laugh that now there is no prison  
Only love to find inside.

JOSEPH G. GENDUSO

# Madras

By RAY PAVELSKY

The three was not so much the plastic unitedness of "trio" as three individuals moving, vibrating about one another and their invisible nucleus, (a veritable god-figure: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I will be, in the midst of them").

The pattern of their moving, ever-changing stances reflected the nature of their god: sometimes swaying together, close, then ebbing apart, turning, a harmony and bitter-sweet discord of motion.

It was a love-symbol: when a tone was needed, it gave itself, fulfilling the moment. And sometimes there were the most rare and only-could-be clefts of silence, small, dark nights of tone-soul which gave that soul its needed need, and its meaning.

And the banjo was being tickled to life and he hurried in excited ups and downs around the graceful, still guitar who stood with her heart beating, saying yes.