

1965

Madras

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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.