Oh day of days, when we can read! The reader and the book.
Either without the other is naught.

EMERSON
The long descent had ended. The terrifying blackness which had seized and swallowed up the others was gone, and now I was alone. Before me lay nothing, so vast, complete, unchanging, that I cannot possibly describe it. Words are for forms or ideas, yet this was neither. Color, shape, size, dimension, notion, expression—all were lacking, but still it possessed some strange positivism that attracted and drew me into its midst.

At what seemed to be the very zenith of emptiness, the flame appeared. One single streak of fire, intensely burning with eerie incandescence, materialized in the void before me. In its shades of brilliance, I saw myself, reflected in every deed and every thought—my very being, from the first moment of conception to the final fractional instant of life in time.

Although I was but a passive audience witnessing my own human tragedy, so vividly mirrored was each intimate detail that I felt sure I was actively existing once more. Over and over again, the tale underscored the chapters of forsaken opportunity, indelibly etching them upon my memory and casting me into the lowest depths of despair.

The vision faded and the flame began to flicker. Then, suddenly, in one fleeting split-second, I caught glimpse of the rapture that is The Life That Is. Desperately, I grasped for it, striving to gain any fragment, however small, that in some way might check my ever-growing state of desolation.

But it was gone.

The flame lost its brilliance and disappeared, not dying but transferring itself into my very soul, renewing its fire a thousandfold, internally blazing as a fierce holocaust, to be eternally fed by my forlorn thoughts of the greatest loss.

This was forever, and I was alone. Before me lay nothing...
T.V. or not T.V.

The T.V. is the wonder of our age,  
"A blessing"—the enthusiastic sage.  
And now our culture reaches far and wide,  
Into each home, each city, each wayside.  
Coast meets coast and scorns the distance 'tween,  
As new worlds open—not just heard but seen.

* * *

Now millions sit in peaceful solitude  
With bloodshot eyes on screen intently glued.  
(Watching Alfred H. display his wit,  
By poking fun at sponsor's little bit.)  
And factory workers still asleep remark,  
"That 'Late Show' really had me in the dark."  
Studying is done on station breaks  
And Junior now flunks every test he takes.  
The social evening really takes a dive  
For all that's said is, "Turn to channel 5."
Charlie Chaplin's come into his own,  
The dial twister, too, is right at home.  
Round the clock they watch the glaring screen  
For fear of missing something to be seen.  
Geritol and pills exhaust their wealth,  
When one night's sleep would soon restore their health.  
Oh, what did Man for centuries sublime,  
"Till T.V. came to help him pass the time!"

* * *

Is the picture really worth the "thousand words"?
Or is television strictly for the birds?

MICHAEL A. JUDD '59

C. L.

The souls of men are spiritual; the words written by men are the substance or body of their souls. These words, in Catholic Literature, are what join men to each other and to their Lord. In this way Catholic Literature is the spiritual enlightenment of all men. Through Catholic Literature, we arrive at a closer relationship to God. We understand Him better and feel closer to Him. This is shown through our moral attitude in life. We love our fellow-man because we realize our relationship to him. We know that all men as creations of one God are brothers in God's family. Catholic Literature lifts our lives on earth to a higher plateau. This plateau brings us much nearer to our spiritual God and much farther from our sensuous desires for material things on earth. It shows us the right paths for our endeavors on earth. It helps us to realize the benefits and the importance of better spiritual life and moral behaviour. Through simple words based on simple truth, it aids us in visualizing the earth and our civilization, simply and truthfully, as a stepping stone to be used by us in our preparation for an eternal life with our Creator.

Once we arrive at these conclusions, the necessity of Catholic Literature becomes apparent to us all. The world we live in today needs a medium by which men can know and accomplish their goal in life. Catholic Literature is this medium, or joining hand, between us and our motivations. It makes our job on earth clear to us and aids us in its accomplishment. In this manner, it can easily be seen that Catholic Literature is our tool. It is also clear, that once we acquire this tool, we will find ourselves prepared and willing to live as Christians or children of Christ.

Knowing God is loving Him. By helping to join us with God, Catholic Literature helps us to know Him better. Knowing God in this manner, we will find it easy to Love and Serve Him in this life. Such a blessing as this becomes priceless to us all in our lives and upon our deaths. Still, this valuable spiritual aid can be found easily, anywhere. Undoubtedly, this is a blessing shed on us through God's generous and loving heart to bring us closer to Him and our fellowmen.

From its delicately phrased pages, Catholic Literature shows us the actual value of human life. It lifts us above our stature as animals of
this earth. It shows us that our souls, through Christianity, are superior to our bodies. It makes us realize that spiritually, we are lifted above our existence on earth. Thus, on this higher plain, we feel our closeness to our God and our fellow men. We realize that material possessions are even less than secondary to our spiritual blessings. Through these premises, Catholic Literature helps to show us the value of life and gives it motivation higher than a mere material existence. In this sense, we are lifted to a higher plateau, one as much closer to God, as it is farther away from sensuous materialism.

Catholic Literature helps us to comprehend the unlimited and unparamounted benefits of a good life on earth. It shows us the good side of our existence, contrasts it with the bad and shows us plainly where each will ultimately lead us. In this manner, it helps us to realize the imperative necessity of using our existence on earth as a stepping stone to bring us closer to God, instead of farther from Him. Catholic Literature has the capability of explaining the intricate patterns of our modern lives to us. It can show us the better alternatives to take when we are faced with a problem. In doing this, Catholic Literature outlines our lives for us as good Christian lives should be. Thus, it enables us to foresee the pitfalls along the path of righteousness and the dire necessity for avoiding them. When we see our lives thus outlined before us, it is easier for us to know the need for and the way to salvation and eternal bliss.

In view of the clear cut facts brought to our attention through the medium of Catholic Literature, we become wholeheartedly thankful for its aid; thankful, because through it, we can see our lives as they really are. And through it, we can grow as Christian men can, and develop our minds spiritually, as each new facet of life is exposed to us. No one can express the importance of Catholic Literature in our society in its highest sense, because it surpasses our means of expression, but we all can and do realize that without it, the world we live in wouldn't be half as decent as it is now. So each of us will be thankful for its guidance and influence deep in our hearts now and when we share God's love with each other in heaven.

ALDRIDGE LEO '60

justice

In youth God-like.
Indestructible, yet not unyielding
Justice but with mercy
Productive, healthy, happy
Yes God-like
Youth, youth, youth. Why does it pass?
Time, time, time. Why does it not stand still?
Happy days, so few, so short, so futile.
So- So- So- So-
In death Man-like
Destructibility and yielding
In death Justice??
Death, decay, debris, deceptive,
Debt, debt, debt
Was it her debt? Justice, Justice . . . .?

In death Man-like
Eyes sightless
Lips speechless.
Breath rattling, rasping, raking, rallying
Rattling, rattling, rattling, rattling . . . . Death.
In death, tears, sorrows, memories! memories!
Memories!
In death — life!!
Rebirth, life, happiness, indestructibility,
JUSTICE.

D. A. MERKEL '57
open thought

Oh Lord,  
Thank You for the night and for the light,  
for the trees and the bees,  
for fences and benches,  
for cars and mars.  
Thank You for all that I have,  
and all You are giving me  
eternally.

PETER MIRABELLA ’57

Whence Comes This Rearing Elephant?

A face, a phrase, a scattered maze of color—as one searches back into the idle haunts of memory, these are the things he recalls. But lo, a rare moment sees a lingering thought, an impression indelibly wrought, pursue us with such vividness that one tastes the past once more. Such an image pursues me now but I know not whence it comes.

A man sits, his eyes staring into a carpet of dust in a dim and dingy garret, his hands carelessly lying upon a rusty typewriter. The man is middle aged, bald at the temples and mustached. A thin piece of paper lazily leans over the back of the typewriter; ashes from a smouldering cigarette flutter to the floor at regular intervals.

Glancing about him, my memory sees a copy of Wordsworth, a tattered dictionary and a small Bible stacked near his feet. With so much vigor and clarity do these impressions strike me that my present surroundings seem more distant. Foiling my mustached memory are four paint besmeared walls and an assortment of indifferently placed articles that lend the appearance of a wanderluster’s repertory. A lion’s skin embraces a trunk filled with gayly colored silks, articles of clothing and glistening mantleware. On the trunk’s side are a score of multicolored stickers, calling cards of the world’s great nations. Next to this is a mysterious teapot of Oriental origin, by its appearance, anyway, that is colored in mixed hues of orange and yellow.

Presently our eyes gaze on a flat wine cask with strips of black leather tied around it, giving it solid structure and rustic appearance. These colors are so clear to me now as if they were once a part of my life. Yet, I cannot now associate these colors, the mustached man, this room with any of my past experience and the vision still persists.

An oblong picture of a soldier is delicately balanced against a twice cracked and often chipped mirror. Lying immediately to the right of this is a tattered military sword with two boondoggles falling from the handle. A leather jacket, a wrinkled tie and an orange kerchief cover a hook extending from the wall.
Across the small room is a desk with a dusty and unused oil lamp upon one of its leaves. Not unlike the cluttered appearance of the rest of the room, the desk holds a pile of typing paper, trinkets and assorted articles. Here we see a rearing china elephant; there—a silver lighter, a pair of field glasses, a revolver, a small mirror, strings, pencils, bottles, pins and orange peels. Then to the smoke encircled lamp and back to the mustached man wanders my piercing memory.

The man turns to his typewriter; my vision returns to its fleeting companions. Who was this man, this room, this rearing china elephant? My memory stopped neither to ask or answer this. Whence comes this picture—a movie, novel or play? The answer lies within me now, in the secluded limits of my mind. Whence comes the answer? Perhaps at some time yet to come I shall sit and ask myself, “Have I been here before?”

RICHARD OSTERMANN '59

The laugh, the laugh
The nervous laugh
That betrays the press
Of a kicked stomach
To hide
An anxious cry.

The lust, the lust
The lust
That must be discussed
That kicks
From the womb
Of both man and woman
A nervous laugh.

R. MOORE '57

A Grain of Salt

With some sorrow, we must confess that unkind comment has reached our ears. Several of our “foreign” students, undoubtedly enmeshed in a web of ignorance, have been heard casting somewhat vitriolic criticisms at our citizenry because of a particular policy of this fair city. The brunt of their remarks seems to be directed toward the use of a certain crystalline compound designed to free city streets of snow and ice. These harsh opinions bring a deep pang to the hearts of we natives who have lived here in Nature’s Wonderland all our lives. Being merely victims of circumstance, we feel obliged to set these poor souls aright, placing the responsibility where it properly belongs.

To correct a widespread fallacy, it is not the salt per se which causes the corrosion of our automobiles; rather the blame lies in the so-called “rust-inhibitor” which is personally mixed into it by the City Manager. In 1951, a contract was signed with a certain chemical company to provide the city with inhibitor for the next sixty years. Our devoted councilmen, ever alert, carefully read the small print, but failed to note the large print, which stated the ownership of the company—the Rust-Production Division of General Motors. And as every pink-blooded American well knows, “What’s good for General Motors is good for the country,” not to mention the National Guard.

Besides, the pro-salt movement has the backing of a somewhat influential civic group—the Rochester Police Department. This erstwhile organization has strongly supported its use, maintaining that the clearer the streets, the more prone drivers will be to speed, thereby resulting in additional lira for the city coffers. However, the funds are for a worthy cause—the Department, intensely building its own library, desperately needs financial aid in purchasing a complete backlog of Dick Tracy strips for the collection’s final touch.

So as you see, the citizens of Rochester are quite helpless. Let us hope, therefore, that the “foreigners” we spoke of may soon grasp a keener understanding of the situation and cease tirading us poor natives as if we were the principal cause. And, after all, there is some consolation—the city clerk’s office promises to pay the sum of fifty cents for any corroded fender surrendered to them. This metal is used to produce New York State license plates, known throughout the world for their high standard of quality.

FRANK KAMP '60
A son of my own
"Dad, give me a loan."
A daughter to behold
"My gown is too old."

Not much to desire?
So much to require.

A man's fondest wish
Why should he resist?
'Tis hell on earth
Not to give birth.

DON PANDINA '57

LETTER TO THE . . .

Dear Sam,

Remember me, Sam? I used to be in your French Class. One day I was asked to interview a lady for the Angle. All I was told was that her name was Beebe and that she lived in Connecticut.

After some difficulty I located her. My first question to her was:
"May I ask your first name Miss Beebe?" She replied: "Surely, young, college-type, man, It's Phoebe."

"And your middle initial?"
"B.—Phoebe B. Beebe."

"Phoebe B. Beebe, How about that? . . . That's cool, real west coast cool. That's fun to say, all those "B's"!

Yes, I never got over saying it myself, Phoebe B. Beebe. It's really a gasser."

"What do you do for a living?"
"I own a canal."

"That's interesting, Is it an old canal?"
"No it's a new canal."

"What is it used for?"
"Canoes."

"Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal! Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal . . ."

"Stop saying it for a minute and return to subnormal, sir?"

"Yes, Think you, I'm okey now. By the way, what town are we in?"

"Newgatuck. It's near Sawgatuck."

"No! Not Phoebe B. Beebe and her new canoe canal in Newgatuck near Sawgatuck, Connecticut;"

"Phoebe B. Canal and her new Connecticut near Beebe canoe . . .

The next thing I knew a doctor was adjusting my straitjacket and saying "It's all right, son. You'll be better in no time at all."

Well, Sam, that was six months ago, and I'm still here. I'm afraid that if I don't get out pretty soon, I'll miss too many classes. So, Sam, please try and get me out.

Sincerely,

Jim

P. S. Drop into the office and tell them not to hold up the Angle any longer on my account.

JIM KNOX '60
HOLD ON, FRIEND

There are times when a man can work continuously for long periods of time without accomplishing anything. His whole body can exert itself in tremendous physical effort and yet his goal is never reached, and there are other times when a man can stop working and by merely pausing for awhile accomplish wonders.

What is there about that pause that revitalizes and nourishes the human organism? Is its purpose merely to rest the tired and over-worked nerves and muscles? No doubt, this is an important and essential reason, but is it the only one? Can true progress really be attained by periodic organic rests or are those wonders accomplished by the addition of something else which takes place during the pause?

It is the writer's contention that the certain "something else" which helps to direct a man toward his goal is thought. A man must stop to think about what he is going to do next, if he rushes madly ahead, working vigorously, taking on every responsibility that is offered to him without reflecting on his ability to fulfill the obligations to achieve success, then that man is an unsteered ship roaming aimless over the waters. Thought is the compass which directs our course and we can't just set the compass at the start of the trip and then disregard it. We must stop and check it constantly or lose our direction.

And if during a pause, we find that we really haven't got the fuel or supplies to complete the journey, then we can still turn back or rechart our course towards a more reasonable end. Too often a man will engage himself in an activity which is beyond his capabilities and because of stubborn pride refuse to consider his position or do anything about it. And too often, this results in utter failure and disappointment both to himself and to those who may depend upon him.

It is also absolutely true that thought alone will gain little unless it is put into practice. We can't just sit and think! We cannot separate the mental from the physical, the two must supplement and complement each other. If they do work together, if work allows for thought and vice versa, then men could achieve the ideals which they are capable of, and change the goals which they are not capable of toward more useful ends.

GUY PILATO '58

AN ANALYSIS

Molière, complying with the demands of Louis XIV of France, presented in 1670 a remarkable parody on Turkish customs and language. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme has brought the plaudits of critics and audiences alike since that time. The play or piece is composed of three acts of character comedy in the folly on Monsieur Jourdain, and two of exaggeration and parody in the events leading up to and the Turkish ceremony. The action develops through a series of episodes rather than a well knit, unified intrigue. Superimposed on the satire on society is a whole-hearted humor prompted by the ignorance and credulity of the central figure, Jourdain, a tradesman who wishes to become a gentleman. He is not an arbitrary figure or character type, but a real human being with exaggerated idiosyncrasies. Molière had associated with this type character in his father's shop. Some critics say that the author would have liked to write of this subject with a more exalted humor, but hurriedly debased it to farce in an effort to suit the wishes of the king.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" embraces the many aspects of the 17th century Classical Comedy. We find the Farce exemplified in the battle of the masters (Act II, Scene XVI) and in the cress display of the reverence shown Dorimene (Act III, Scene XVI); the Comédie Ballet—typified by the ballet music in the tailor scene (Act II), the music of the banquet scene (Act IV), the Turkish ceremony (Act IV) and the ballet between acts; the Comédie de Caractère—in the ridiculousness of M. Jourdain—The rich Bourgeois attempts to become a man of nobility by aping the habits of the nobility; the Comédie de Moeurs—displayed in the subtle attacks on Parisian society.

The question is—with which elements of the Comédie was Molière most concerned in the presentation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"?

Superficially it appears that the Comédie de Caractère is best illustrated in this play since it is M. Jourdain's folly which gives rise to the play and provides the foundation upon which the true construction is built. But if we analyze the purpose for which the play was written, and take into consideration the wit of Molière, we come to the realization that the underlying motive was farther reaching than a superficial character sketch, and intended for more than the mere folly of the immediate audience.

Actually "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is more indicative of the Comédie de Moeurs. King Louis XIV had been humiliated before the public by a Turkish ambassador who scorned his court and the hospitality shown him at Versailles. Molière's favor to his king was to create a Comedy poking fun at the Turks. (The source of his ideas was undoubtedly provided by "La Source" written by Rotrou in 1645). This "whiplash on society" would certainly seize the opportunity to point his finger at many other absurdities in the 17th century Parisian society.

ROY F. ENGELS '57
Nauseological Entities

If your car is twitching steadily,
You can hardly hold a pipe,
Then you've gotten something deadly...
You're hysterical in type.

If you're frightened of your wife,
And you fear your boss as well,
You'll be a coward all your life
And an anxiety case as well.

If you're laughing at us all
And not trying to be a cynic,
Then have yourself a ball...
You're completely hebephrenic.

If your friend, to make a living
Has to steal, connive and fight,
Call him with no misgiving
An idiot, and you'll be right.

DICK OSTERMAN '59