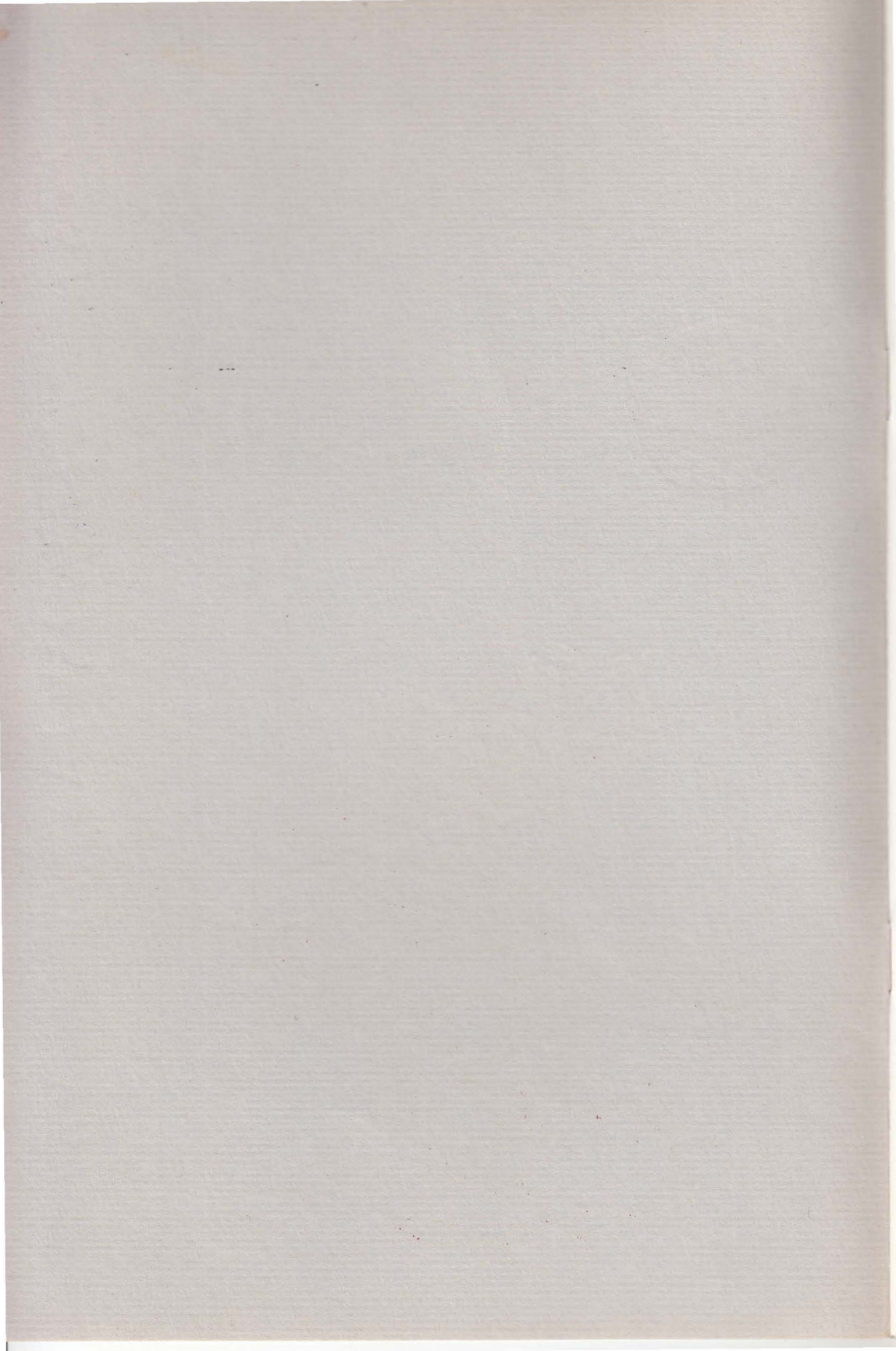


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Manuscript

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What is Art?

In the pages following this prologue, the *Manuscript* staff have attempted to show Art in terms of the printed word and the pictorial representation. Each of the selections illustrates some aspect of Art.

Art was once demonstrated through the classic form, the isosceles triangle, in which the central figures or most important parts received the greatest emphasis, and all other supplementary parts were reduced accordingly. As the sides of the triangle sloped away from the apex to the base, so the classic form of Art was constructed to slope away from the main point of emphasis to the background so that each aspect received only the attention due it. According to this interpretation the overflow of feelings was not emphasized; instead a refined, objective approach to the subject matter was stressed.

The selections in the *Manuscript*, while in a very general way following these ancient ideas, nevertheless, illustrate the exuberance that is Art. Art breaks out and overflows; it reflects what is in the artist's mind and heart. It involves inspiration, imagination, feeling, skill, and individuality. The inspiration is that initial spark starting the blaze that is Art; imagination adds fuel to it; feeling makes others aware of it; skill measures how well the blaze burns; and individuality is the final characteristic that distinguishes one work from another.

The short story, essays, music, poems, photographs, and paintings on the following pages represent the range of Art at Wilkes College. Each work, regardless of length or weight, is a work of Art (although on a limited range of endeavor, it is true). Each work exhibits the qualities of Art: inspiration, imagination, feeling, skill, and individuality. The short story "The *Late News*" has feeling and spirit; it is an individual expression of a universal feeling. Its subject matter is objective, truthful, and reflects a way of thinking and acting by a more or less typical American soldier. The poem "Springtime" attempts to explain in a few words a universal experience. It manifests a feeling and displays inspiration and imagination. The other mediums, music, painting, and photography, likewise express the imagination and skill which are part of Art.

Follow us then into our magazine in our search for concrete and meaningful expressions of the nature of Art.

The LATE News

By THOMAS I. MYERS

In June, Airman Second Class Jack Rivers gave up hope and decided to go on a binge. He had two weeks of leave time and set out to forget his troubles.

He hitched a ride on a truck going into Manila. Shorty Michaels was the driver. Shorty was the silent type, so Airman Rivers sat back and reviewed the fifteen months he had spent so far at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippine Islands. He recalled how the island of Luzon had looked from the air when the DC-6 winged in over Clark on that sunny April afternoon that now seemed ages ago. The deep purple of the mountains had contrasted vividly with the blue of the distant ocean. The country had seemed lush and living, an island paradise.

A few minutes after the landing, the sensation had gone. The first thing to register had been the heat. A cruel blast of almost stifling air had rushed into the plane with the opening of the hatch. Although he had worn a light summer uniform, Airman Rivers had been drenched in sweat by the time he had thrown his duffel bag onto the waiting luggage truck. It seemed that he'd been sweating since.

The next thought on that first day was that he was still in the Air Force. He looked around him and felt a little less strange. Clark Field was just another U.S. air base. The buildings might have been the same ones he had seen at Lackland, Langley, Chanute, Mitchell, Kiesler, and half a dozen other bases in the States.

The austere appearance of the barracks was also reassuring. A long, T-shaped, two storied brick building, with the odor of disinfectant dominant, showed that it was still the same Air Force.

"Oh, well!" he had murmured, "I'll just have to make the best of it."

And he had, he reflected now. As far as the base went, it was better than most. The work on the flight line wasn't bad; there were the bowling alleys, the EM club, the sports events, the card

games, the ping pong events, the reading, and the mail. They overbalanced the heat, the insects, and the boredom. Or they had for the first year, anyway.

And then something happened to his mail. He still received his mother's letters three or four times a week and his father wrote fairly regularly, but Jeanne hadn't written for the past three months.

Jeanne wasn't the girl next door, but she lived in Hampton, four miles from his home in Wesley, Utah. Jack was in love with her, or thought he was. When he had been home on that last leave before going overseas, Jeanne had sworn that she loved him and promised to wait. Jack had given her a diamond that was worth a month's pay, then hopefully had gone off to do his part in the Cold War.

Jeanne's letters had been a great help during those first months on the island. Gradually, however, the letters became spaced further apart and imperceptibly cooler in tone. Three months ago they had stopped. Jack had haunted the post office at mail calls, but the letter he really wanted never arrived.

So, on this sunny June morning, he sat in the cab of the Air Force truck, trying to forget. About four miles from the base is the town of Angeles. As the truck rolled past the line of bars which marked its main street, Airman Rivers roused himself and said to Michaels, "Hey, Shorty! Let me off here!"

"Okay, but I thought you wanted to go into Manila."

"I was, but I changed my mind. Wanna see what's around here. See you in two weeks. Thanks for the lift."

Angeles is a small town and doesn't offer much to the serviceman except its sixty-eight bars and the inhabitants thereof. It is also a rough town, on the edge of the mountain district. Most of its life comes from the Philippine civilians who work at Clark and the farmers and back-country dwellers who come into town to trade. It was usually not healthy to make trouble with the customers in the bars, so most sensible servicemen gave the town a wide berth.

Jack Rivers was one of four customers in the first bar. It was just past noon; the bartender and three old Filipinos playing with

a deck of mutilated pasteboards in a corner of the dim, dirty room looked up as he entered.

"Gimme a *San Miguel!*" Airman Rivers ordered. The bartender shuffled over and set down a glass and a bottle of beer. Rivers ignored the glass and raised the bottle to his lips. There were too many men who had had cases of "the G.I.'s" from using glasses in these places. Thirstily he drained half the contents and set the bottle down. By the time the bottle was empty, a dark-skinned native girl sauntered through the rear door. She was the inevitable *hostess*.

She was a typical Filipino. Less than five feet in height, her body was rather bottom-heavy, to judge by American standards. The girl's features were plain and rather harsh, but the occupation she engaged in was undoubtedly responsible for that.

"Hallo, Joe!" was her opening gambit. "Awful early, aintcha?"

Rivers bought her a drink and had another beer himself. She soon got on his nerves. The airman picked up his blue overseas cap from the bar, placed it on his close-cropped blonde hair at the prescribed angle, and lifted his stocky frame off the stool. The dark-skinned girl coaxed him to stay, but finally gave up as he brushed her away and sauntered through the doorway. "Not yet," he thought aloud. "I'm not drunk yet!"

The bars lining the street were all nearly identical. Occasionally one would have an ancient juke box to assault his ears with raucous American hillbilly noises or even more raucous Philippine noises. The scene was virtually the same in each of the dives, the lone discrepancy being a new deck of cards (*appropriated* from Clark) in the fourth place Rivers visited. The girls varied in size, shape, and coloring, but the approach didn't.

Rivers' reaction to the approach altered gradually. The effect varied directly to the proportion of alcohol in his system. From the "Get the hell outa here" attitude of the first bar, he had progressed (or regressed, as you will) to the receptive stage. This was eleven stops later.

After seven bottles of the very potent *San Miguel*, Rivers had switched to the drink the Filipinos passed off as rum. The only thing

that can be said for Philippine rum is that it *is* an alcoholic beverage. In fact, it's probably more exact to call it an *alcoholic's* beverage. The name on the bottle is *Cana* and it's what the bartender will pour if you ask for "a rat poison."

There were two girls with the airman now. Rivers' five foot, ten-inch frame towered over the smaller of the two. The taller girl's head reached his chin.

The taller and better looking of the two was well-built for a Filipino. Her figure was fair by American standards, although she had the occupational stamp of the professional hostess, a *rice-belly*. Her face was lean, although her features were rather soft. She spoke with the typical jargon Filipinos used for English. Her name was Remy; she was twenty-six years old, and appeared to be thirty-five.

The shorter of the two was called Nita. Nita was plump. Her pendulous bosom fought against the cheap brassiere she wore under her dirty, white blouse. She was younger than Remy by two years, but appeared even older. Nita had been working the bars longer than Remy.

The girls did most of the talking for the group. Mostly it was confined to requests for more drinks. The conversation was hardly stimulating, that is, intellectually stimulating. The language barrier was one factor, but the alcoholic barrier was even greater. The airman had been in this bar for an hour and a half, the record for the day. It was now late in the afternoon.

Two Air Policemen came in and ordered Airman Rivers to put his uniform in order. Rivers buttoned his pocket buttons and rolled down his sleeves. The AP's looked at the airman's leave papers, decided they were in order, and returned them. They took him aside and warned him not to be caught out of uniform again.

"And take it easy on the drinks for a while," the first one admonished.

"Get something to eat, too. We don't want to have to haul you in, with your leave just starting," the second added.

Airman Second Class Rivers sank down in the nearest chair after the AP's left. Remy wandered over.

"Come on, big boy, I take you home and fix you up. You want something to eat? Come on, Remy take care of you."

"Okay, wait till I get a bottle o' rat poison."

Rivers leaned on the bar and haggled out the price with the gaunt, expressionless bartender. They settled on two pesos (one dollar American) for a quart of the rotgut. The American was annoyed with himself, for he knew the stuff sold for one and a half pesos, but he was too drunk to argue the point.

Remy led him out of the bar and down a back street to one of a row of thatch-roofed hovels. The shack was about twenty feet square and was divided into two "rooms" by a bamboo curtain. The pair entered the door of the shack and went into the smaller room, completely ignoring the silent, middle-aged couple and the two small children in the main room.

The furniture of the six by ten room consisted solely of five mats on the floor. There were a few articles of dirty clothing lying about. The air held the smell of people living in close contact without much attention to sanitation. But Rivers didn't notice it in his condition. Remy kissed him and he responded. Outside the insects' perpetual nocturnal din drummed hollowly in his ears, finally blending with the alcoholic buzzing in his head. . . .

When the mosquito buzzed away from his ear like a bomb-laden B-52, Rivers awakened. It was about four a.m. His head was a whirling top, his mouth a tennis ball cover, and someone was dribbling a basketball in his stomach. The bottle of "rat poison" was beside the mat, nearly full. The airman took a swig and stumbled over the sleeping Filipinos in his mad plunge to the open rectangle in the wall.

Remy came and did all the useless things people do for drunks when they're sick. She put ice on his head and cleaned him up. At the third attempt, Airman Rivers managed to down a cup of strong, bitter Philippine coffee and keep it down. With two more coffees safely under his belt, Rivers gave Remy some money to get some food. One of the children, a boy of about ten, was sent on the errand.

The dark-skinned lad was told to get *pancit* from the restaurant. *Pancit* is the Philippine chop suey, an unappetizing looking mess of vegetables, unfamiliar to Americans, but very tasty. It was just the type of dish Rivers needed to settle his stomach.

The lad came back in due time with a package wrapped in an old newspaper. (This practice is practically universal, except in the rich U.S.A. where the paper bag is used.) The *pancit* had first been wrapped in banana leaves, and the newspaper was then wrapped around the leaves.

Airman Rivers' interest was aroused when he noticed that the wrapper was an American newspaper. Some G.I. must have left it in the restaurant. On closer examination, he recognized the paper as one from his home town, the *Wesley Press*. Rivers ignored the food and grabbed the paper. It was just three months old.

He was scanning through its pages when a picture in the social news caught his eye. The caption over it read: "Engagement Announced." Underneath, the story began:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reading of 204 Miller Street,
Hampton, recently announced the engagement of their
daughter, Jeanne, to Robert...

Airman Second Class Jack Rivers tossed the paper aside.

Outside the cacophony of the bugs seemed to swell to a screeching crescendo...



SPRING

By JUDY GOMER

My heart sings out with gladness as nature paints for me
This wonderland of springtime — most beautiful to see.
A tinted sky of powder blue, a fluffy cloud or two,
The fresh new grass, the tiny flowers, help make my dreams
come true.

The air is crisp and fragrant; falling blossoms can be heard,
And perched upon a park bench is a softly singing bird.
The days are warm with sunshine, but every now and then
A cloud above will open up and bless us once again.

These showers come and then they go, but always you will find
A graceful, curving rainbow that God has left behind.
I wondered why such happiness was given me and yet . . .
I heard the answer whispered by a little violet.



*By permission of the National Poetry Association,
Los Angeles, California.*

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MAN AGAINST THE SKY

By

JOHN G. CARLING

PATTERNS

By

JOHN G. CARLING



Caterpillars of the Commonwealth

By BARBARA VOSE

Since medieval days, each profession generally was accorded clearly defined rank in the social hierarchy; however, the actor, traditionally one of the most lowly of creatures, during the reign of England's Elizabeth I was subjected to severe pressures.

The majority of actors were not men who decided to act because no other opportunity was open to them. They were recruited from the ranks of the working and middle classes who might otherwise have been trained as servants, artisans, musicians, physicians, or merchants. The fact that the actor had to possess many technical skills and needed better than average intelligence did not have any effect on his social status. Gentlemen of rank did not become actors, but one could rise to wealth and social position in the theater.

Those individuals whose religious views did not affect their attitude toward the stage enjoyed plays and approved of actors as long as they were licensed and had proper credentials. Men of rank and influence were patrons of acting companies. According to Marchette Chute in *Shakespeare of London*, they believed that "no reasonable man could object to an entertainment that was full of moral lessons and did not disturb those settled principles that the schools and parents worked so hard to inculcate." Although the public did not condemn the profession, it was not generally respected. Only the educated amateur with a knowledge of Latin commanded any valid social position.

The strongest opposition to the actors came from the middle-class Puritans, who had come into power since the Reformation. They were very much concerned with the salvation of the soul; therefore, they had a highly developed sense of sin and were alert to pitfalls in the path of the unwary. To them the theater was a breeding ground of sin, and actors were a profane lot because they dressed in worldly costumes, spoke licentious lines, and produced scenes on the stage that stimulated forbidden thoughts and prompted men to break the moral law.

Puritan sermons proclaimed the wickedness of the stage and everything associated with it. Preachers held the actors responsible

for the disasters of the plague and earthquake, and, when the first theater building was completed, their cries became louder and more frequent. Their powerful sermons and their vivid descriptions of lust and immorality often served to publicize plays. Unwittingly they lured people to the theaters.

The playwrights of the period resented the actors because they earned more money by acting than the writers did by producing scripts. People continued to pay to see a play long after the playwright had spent in the taverns the relatively small sum paid for his work; moreover, the playwright keenly felt the injustice in a situation in which the actor enjoyed great popularity while he remained an obscure hireling of the manager, despite the excellence of his work, unknown and unappreciated by the public.

The most hostile of the enemies of the acting profession was the London Council, whose opposition was not based primarily upon religious convictions but upon what these businessmen believed to be real threats to economic and national security. Because the actors were not guildsmen and "did not sell a legitimate, visible commodity," as Marchette Chute has phrased it, they were considered parasites or, "to use a favorite phrase of the period, caterpillars of the commonwealth." The Council believed it was far better for people to spend their money in taverns because the tavern owners were merchants who sold a legitimate commodity. The Council opposed any movement which brought together large crowds of people because of a widespread fear of plots against the Crown. This hostility, from both the Puritans and the Council, led to the impositions of many new legal restrictions besides those traditional obligations that the actors had been forced to assume in the early days.

In the plague year of 1592, the Council, composed of practical men who believed that the theater crowds spread infection, joined forces with the Puritan divines, who declared the plague to be the scourge of an angry God upon a sinful people, and closed the London theaters for two years.

After the theaters reopened, opposition was renewed; however, influential patrons arrived at a compromise with the Council who agreed to tolerate the theater provided plays began promptly at two o'clock so that the young people could be home before dark. Plays

could no longer be advertized with drums and trumpets in the city streets, and a certain portion of the day's receipts were to be given to support the parish poor. These patrons were the nobility and court of Elizabeth I who enjoyed the plays and recognized the actor as a definite member of society.

This was the position the Elizabethan actor held on the social scale. The Puritans thought he was a carrier of sin; the London Council feared he was a front for seditious plots; and the businessmen believed he was a parasite. Although many attended the plays, only the nobility and court encouraged the theater and recognized the actors as valuable citizens and not as "caterpillars of the commonwealth."





MIDNIGHT SNACK

By

JOHN J. MUSTO

A Workshop in Poetry

In February, 1957, the Manuscript Association at Wilkes College decided to establish an experimental workshop in poetry under the guidance of Mr. Robert Tener. Their purpose was to create a stimulating climate of criticism and creation wherein the pleasures of seeking the meaning of words could contrast with the joys of listening to what words had to say. By their creative and often joint experimental efforts, the workshop members produced several verses within the formal tradition of poetry.

These verses were the result of what might be termed a conscious artistic process because the members decided that poetry should communicate attitudes, feelings, and interpretations by means of the written word arranged in such a way as to affect the aesthetic senses by evoking the powers of imagination and perception. By this definition the following verses represent the members' answer to the provocative query, *What Is Art?*



In Imitation of Browning

By THOMAS KASKA

"What, ho! Varlets more! Oons, and ten chairs filled.
Zooks, but I must clutch this leathern"—Brrrrrrring!
"A-hem! Good morning, master-modern men.
Melt your idols at the door, please. Browning—

"What? You've heard of Browning? Ha! Tell me then
That he's your god. Study, study is the crowning
Privilege of youth, master-modern men.
You must read him! Live him! Know him! Browning

"Is your god! He's mine. See? Degrees. Ten
Of them. Study! Zooks, but quit your frowning,
Let's begin. Item 1: Robert Browning
Loved and lived life deeply." Brrrrrrring! "Zooks, that bell again."

How Are You?

By PATRICIA HEMENWAY

How are you, my good man, how are you?
Life is green, so it is, fresh and new.
Have you met challenge in color green?
Be a king, my good man, have a dream.

How are you, my good man, how are you?
Winter's gone; life is here to pursue.
Dirt is soft; clouds are filled; birds are seen.
Be a king, my good man, have a dream.

What to do, my good man, what to do?
Meet the test; green's the thing made for you.
Spirit sings with the earth when it's green.
Be a king, my good man, have a dream.



Frustration

By SHIRLEY J. RAY

The frisky, furry pup in silence sat
Upon the front stoop step and watched intent
The morning toilette of the neighbor's cat.
Then with a growl he pounced on capture bent.

Poor bewildered pup, his energy all spent,
Now sits beneath a tree, climbed in a wink
By saucy puss, who seems to show she meant
To tel! the dog, "I'm smarter than you think."

Frustration

by

THOMAS KASKA



"Ambition suits you well," she said, and then
The dreary drone at dawn of muggy cars
And signs NO SMOKING PLEASE. Dare I again
Reach up as once at night I reached for stars

With ropes that were too short? Dare I with bars
And fiery fists tear down the signs and squeeze
Their damned restrictions into avatars
Of fame? Ambition suits me. NO SMOKING PLEASE.

Look You, Yonder!

By EDWARD MILOWICKI

Look you, yonder, how the veering, wheeling
Eagle seeks the upward breath of morning,
Gathering, in bent, extended wing the feeling
Of the sun; the rodent seeking has no warning
(In the ground the rodent bores):

For his glance has never sought the tow'ring
Skies. He lies along the dusty pathways
Of the brush; a rush of wings, and, cow'ring
In a rut, he dies. In the lofty pathways
Of the stars an eagle soars.



Lines to be Addressed to the Precocious Winners on Quiz Programs

By FREDERICK KROHLE

"Bar the door! They're coming up the walk,
That parrot and his keeper! We're not home!
I simply cannot bear his parrot talk!"
"Oh, shush. If you get angry, now, you'll foam
And froth. Calm down." "I wonder what new tome
He's put to mind? (She calls her parrot Paul.)
They're at the door! Go tell them we're in Rome.
...Is there no way to pall the parrot's call?"

The Scarlet Flounces

By EDWARD MILOWICKI

The scarlet flounces sweep along the avenues,
 Or slip uncertain into glazed recess, then leap
 Again upon the passing blasts. The hues
 Of fall deposit vows of spring where creep
 The Dead-Asleep. An inarticulate
 Tiresias sits on a bench in the park,
 Remembering the days that had a hate
 (Compliance is a vertebral arc).
 The dawn is cut and bruised on jagged edge
 Of stone and steel, and stumbling silent finds
 A ditch in which to die. The burning pledge
 Of dawn and autumn goes unseen. The massive minds
 Of corporations wake and stir; the prophet eyes
 Returning sycophants; will they heed his cries?



Noblest Business

By FREDERICK KROHLE

Noblest business mine in all the land!
 You can't find another quite the same—
 Dancing master to the thieves of town.
 Here beneath my tall, straight sign I stand
 (One cross it has where hangs my single loop),
 Watching the slow procession move toward me.
 Their's the glory now, but mine the last.
 Noble business, yes it is, my dear friend;
 Only cries of "Bravo!" and "Well done!"
 When I squeeze short the lives of little men.
 I'm a business man like you or he,
 But customers of mine are always pleased.



PIETA

By

JOHN J. MUSTO

The Aftermath of Treason

By GEORGE BLACK

The year was 1848; the place was Ireland. That summer an intense nationalistic fervor engulfed the island. Once again the proud Irish began to yearn for freedom and independence from England. Dublin, the capital city, echoed with sounds of cavalry reminding its citizens that they were loyal British subjects, while an air of tense expectancy hovered over the offices of the Irish Confederation. The core of the nationalistic movement had urged its countrymen to procure arms for the impending struggle. Day by day the clamor of the revolutionary press grew louder and viler in its attacks directed at the procedures of the royal courts; cautiously and almost apologetically the corrupted and frightened Irish gentry began to show signs of slight resistance. While police searched relentlessly for the hidden arms, funeral escorts, in the disguise of burying the dead, bore coffins of arms to the grave "in hope of a happy resurrection." Stone walls became hollow vaults for secret treasures of ammunition; all outward signs pointed to revolt.

Inwardly this nation wanted only rest and peace. Throughout the country a famine raged mercilessly and deadly. The poorhouses bulged with the hungry and the desperate; convoys of grain bound for England had to have constant military escort. For the ordinary person, these were days in which to live was to exist in a world of hunger and misery. The material and spiritual resources of the country were in a hapless condition. It was to be no easy task to rouse such people as these.

Autumn drew near and the tension mounted. Voices from across the channel became louder, and Parliament demanded that the last embers of this national struggle be stamped out. The country manors and castles of the English nobility became armed fortresses. The might of the Empire began to gather to crush the expected revolt. Thus the scene was set for perhaps history's quietest revolution with an aftermath so strange that there has been nothing like it before or since.

On Saturday, August 23, there were rumors of a very general uprising among the peasants. At six o'clock that evening the royal governor called an emergency meeting of his military council; at

about the same time, the revolutionary council of the Irish Confederation met secretly somewhere in county Wexford. On Sunday morning, August 24, Dublin was quiet. While scores of morning church-goers promenaded up and down King Street, and the Sunday editions of the morning papers reached the stands, an air of satisfaction hung over Dublin. It was a Sunday to be spent in the usual way. But at the governor's palace other plans were being formulated. The military council, after much deliberation, had resolved to bring the matter of the expected revolt to a head immediately, believing that it was wisest not to wait any longer. To facilitate the impending action it directed the governor to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and the Free Press Act.

The power of the Empire struck swiftly, and Dublin was the first to feel its crushing determination. Instantly, thousands of warrants were issued and quick arrests were made in every town and village in Ireland; the active revolutionary leaders were seized and thrown into prisons; the port of Dublin was closed; the offices of the revolutionary press were seized; the sale of papers was stopped; and all impending mortgages were foreclosed. News of the government's action spread quickly as thousands of farmers were ejected and their homes burned. On the west coast Irish gentry quickly scrambled to safety aboard chartered French ships. "The countryside became dotted with staggering columns of haunted wretches wending their way to Cork or Waterford to take shipping for America." The Empire had won, and the emerald that begrudgingly graced the imperial crown remained intact.

Exhausted and beaten, the nation prepared itself to watch the circus of British justice and mercy; Ireland had grown accustomed to the scene she was about to witness. Her masters were a liberal government and could not refuse the traitors a trial. But there was one thing Her Majesty's government could do; it could pack the juries. No doubt it would be painful, but in the case of Ireland this method was found to be the most tried and true way of dealing with such recalcitrant people. The Whigs realized that in the eyes of Parliament the extreme urgency of the occasion would justify this last tremendous fraud. "They felt it was an absolute necessity to their existence that the Irish national movement should be crushed down by any and all means."

The site chosen for the glorious affair was the town of Clannel, the capital of Tipperary. The trials began on September 21. A strong garrison of cavalry occupied the town, enclosing the court house with hedges of gleaming steel. With impatient rage and muttered curses, the townspeople watched the solemn and elaborate insult which was once more put upon their name and nation.

Chief Justice Blackburn, having decided that the juries were properly assembled, commenced the proceedings of the royal court. Day by day the court continued its dedicated task while the juries handed down their decisions: Charles Duffy, editor of the *Nation*, felonious treason; Thomas Meagee, shopkeeper, high treason; Francis McManus, laborer, high treason; Patrick Donahue, laborer, high treason; Morris Lyene, lawyer, high treason; Michael Ireland, lawyer, high treason; Thomas McGee, farmer, high treason; John Mitchell, politician, high treason.

The trials took a little over a month, and on the twenty-third of October Justice Blackburn was ready to pass sentence. Before informing the traitors of their fate, the judge inquired if there was anything that anyone of the convicted wished to say. Thomas Meagee, stepping forward and speaking in behalf of all, said, "My Lord, this is our first offense but not our last! And next time, sure, we won't be fools enough to get caught!" The assemblage stiffened with indignation, and Justice Blackburn swelled with rage. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is my decision that you be taken from hence to the place whence you came, and to be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until dead; and that afterward your head shall be severed from your body, and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as Her Majesty shall think fit. And may the Lord have mercy on your souls." Upon hearing the sentence the condemned men remained unmoved; inclining their heads in a stately bow they took their leave of the Court and were returned to prison. Later, upon the requests of passionate protests from all over the world, Queen Victoria commuted the sentence to permanent exile from the British Isles.

Ireland, fallen under the full and peaceful possession of her guardian, became the subject of years of serious thought in England.

Decades passed and the world progressed its merry way. France had another Napoleon; the star of Bismarck rose in the east; and Italy struggled for unity. Nicholas I ruled Russia; America began her westward march; and Pan-Slavism engulfed the Balkans. In England Gladstone and Disraeli monopolized the Prime Ministership.

The year was 1874; England had adopted the secret ballot, and Victoria was soon to become Empress of India. In Ireland there was talk of home rule; Canada and Australia had become dominions. It was also the year Australia was to elect a new prime minister, and Parliament anxiously awaited the results.

A sealed envelope arrived at the royal palace where the ascendant Victoria was informed that Sir Charles Duffy had been elected Prime Minister of Australia — the same Charles Duffy who in 1848 had been convicted of treasonous felony against her very throne and whom she had had transported to the wilds of Australia. Upon her request, the records of the remaining "traitors" were brought forth, and this is what was discovered:

Thomas Meagee, Governor of Montana

Francis McManus, Brigadier General, U. S. Army

Patrick Donahue, Brigadier General, U. S. Army

Richard O'Gorman, Governor of Newfoundland

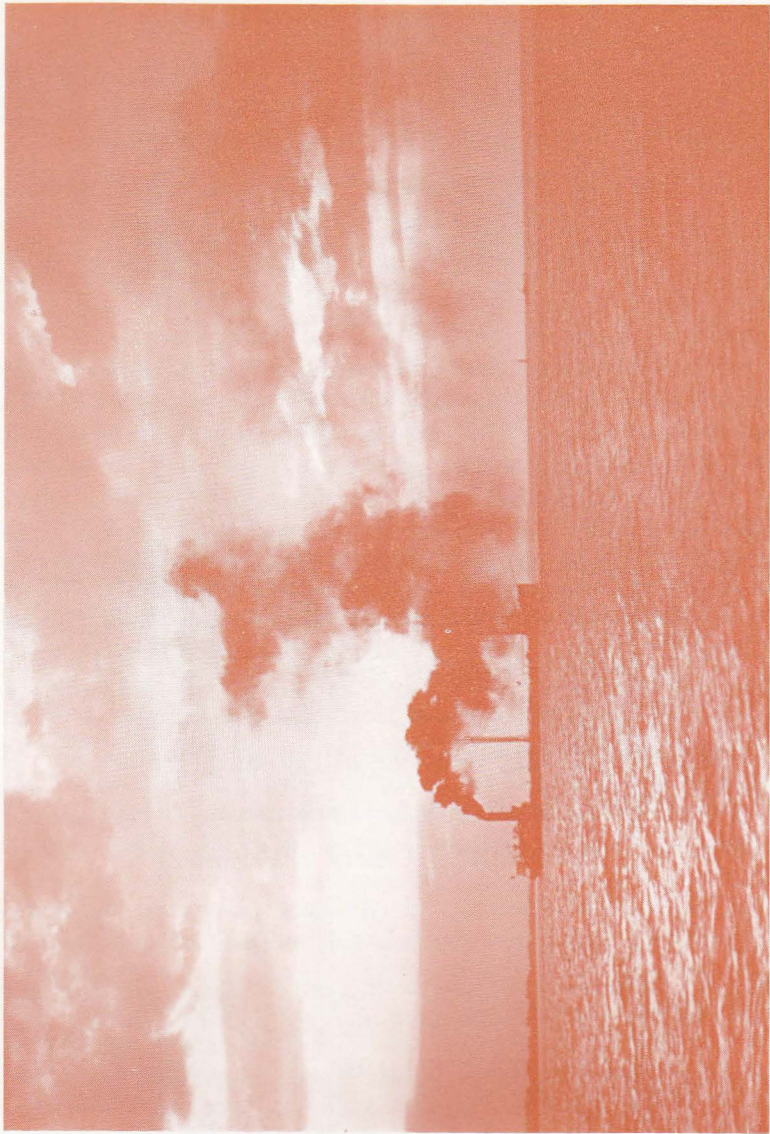
Morris Lyene, Attorney General of Australia

Michael Ireland, Attorney General of Australia

Thomas McGee, Member of Parliament, Montreal; Minister of Agriculture; President of the Council, Dominion of Canada

John Mitchell, Prominent New York Politician. He was father of Mayor John Mitchell.





CURRENTS

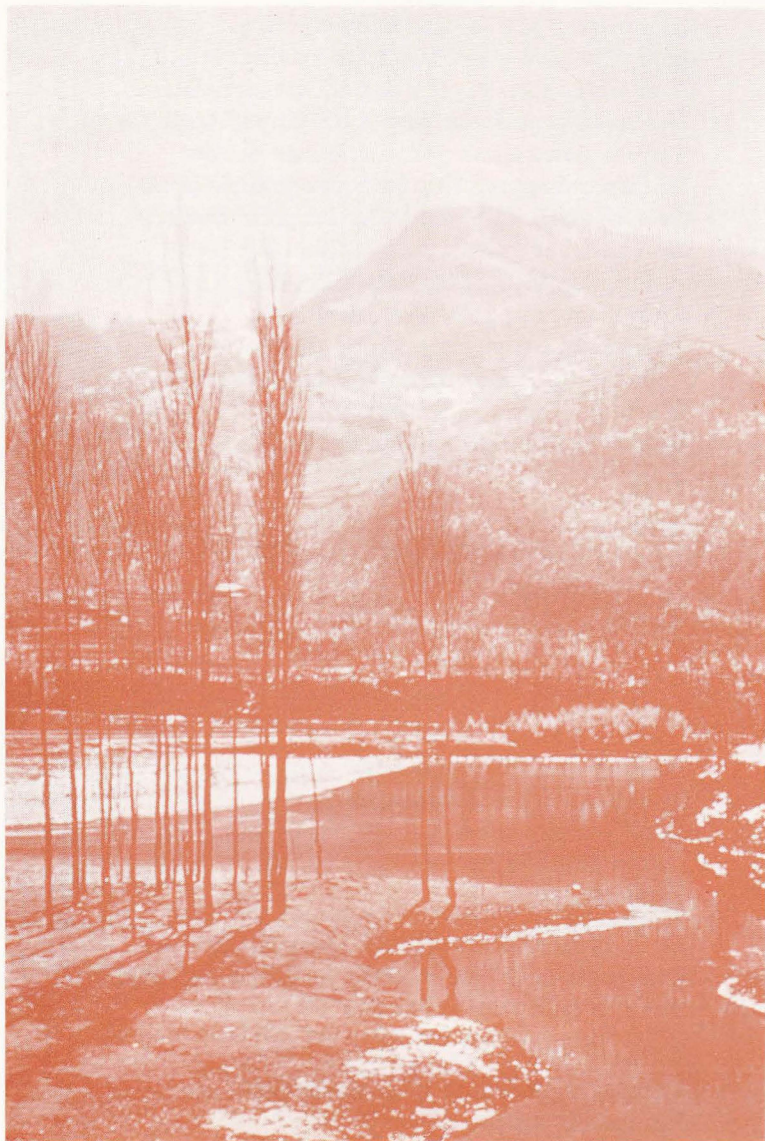
By

SAMUEL B. DILGER

SILENCE AND SLOW TIME

By

KI HWAN LEE



The Rotting Year

By THOMAS KASKA

The rotting year is defecating leaves,
And you await your turn to mix with earth.
You are no Christ; your pagan man-made birth
Has fixed your doom, and concrete pathways weave
Their squares about you. Little men deceive
With prophet-gold that lures you to their berth
Of robot hell. Can you proclaim your worth?
You never saw the wind-god blowing leaves
In fervid golden dance fantastic through
A crystal atmosphere. You never saw
The sun-god come to earth to set afire
The pillow of their mountain rendezvous
Where on a peak they meet. The mass-god law
You know has chained you to a leafy spire.



Springtime

By ALBERT KISLIN

Swaying maples spatter their protest against the ground
In casual, awkward patterns,
As a deranged wind
Sweeps menacingly.

A fiery white tongue flicks out of the sky
As its demon-owner growls under his breath
And frightened clouds burst to escape his wrath.
Garbage cans ping in protest

As heavy rain drops
Attempt to penetrate their stench-filled armor,
For spring is here.

Forget Me Not

Music
composed and
arranged by ANN
FAUST

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass clef part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

Editor's Note:

The *Manuscript* policy is to publish work only by students in attendance. Because Miss Norma J. Persiani who wrote the words for "Forget Me Not," the song of Theta Delta Rho, is no longer a student, her words have been omitted.

On the Fate of the Late Ichabod

By JEROME LUFT

In his immortal "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Washington Irving tells a macabre tale of the misadventures of one Ichabod Crane, a poor schoolmaster, and his ludicrously spine-chilling encounter with the ghost of a Hessian soldier known as the "Headless Horseman." It is a familiar tale, so much so that I need not recount it here. But I have a bone to pick with Mr. Irving. Whatever became of poor Ichabod?

Now, as you read the story you may think that everything turns out well and all ends on a lovely note of mystery befitting a good ghost story. But it is my opinion that poor Ichabod was given rather cavalier treatment by the author, who evidently did not care what happened to his fallen hero. In fact, Mr. Irving treated Mr. Crane shabbily throughout the entire story. You doubt it? Well, let's see.

At the point where Ichabod enters the story, he is immediately preceded by a description of pastoral beauty, a portrait of the pretty little Dutch valley wherein the story is set. Against this scene of beauty, Irving introduces the awkward schoolmaster whose physical structure is not exactly prepossessing. Nor is his personality, and Mr. Irving paints the contrast with obvious, almost sadistic, pleasure. Then the author proceeds to dispose of, in turn, Ichabod's teaching and disciplinary abilities, eating habits, and singing voice, and casts aspersions on his reading habits, his love for Katrina, and even his courage, all this after endowing the poor man with a remarkable similarity of appearance to Don Quixote! It is almost too much to bear. Finally, to add insult to injury, Irving fills Crane's mind with delusions and apprehensions, mounts him upon Gunpowder, a noble steed reminiscent of Quixote's Rosinante, and then leaves him to the tender ministrations of a jealous rival, a fickle woman, a dark night, and a dreadful apparition on horseback.

Having thus set the stage, Mr. Irving proceeds to relate Ichabod's encounter with the spectre (who lays him low) and his subsequent mysterious disappearance. Then after coldly disposing of Ichabod, Mr. Irving attempts to tie everything up in a neat little package and dispel the supernatural element by craftily pointing the finger of suspicion at Ichabod's rival, Brom Bones. He, infers Mr.

Irving, was the "ghostly" horseman who hurled the pumpkin at Ichabod's cranium. In other words, Mr. Irving would have us believe that Brom, muffled in a heavy cloak which obscured his vision and standing in the stirrups of a galloping horse, was able to hurl a large and unwieldy vegetable across a bridge with enough force and accuracy to unhorse the careening schoolmaster (who, incidentally, had turned his head and saw it coming). Hardly likely, Mr. Irving. No mortal could have performed that Herculean feat. You may try to lay the blame on poor Brom's doorstep, but we know who really threw that pumpkin.

Finally, in an obvious attempt to assuage our ruffled feelings, Mr. Irving tells of an old farmer who, several years later, reports seeing Ichabod well and prosperous in New York. He has fled the valley "partly through fear of the goblin . . . and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress. . . ." This is nothing but pure fabrication, for a man who has been laid low by a vengeful ghost is in no condition to flee anywhere, unless it be to the misty halls of Alhambra.

And here Mr. Irving, apparently tired of the whole messy business, takes leave of the reader and of the poor, hapless Ichabod, leaving both to extricate themselves as best they can.

What became of Ichabod? Here, for the reader's consideration, I respectfully submit the obvious answer.

The morning after his ill-fated midnight ride and untimely demise, Ichabod did indeed find himself entering the portal of the faithful, still astride the noble Gunpowder (who no doubt had succumbed to a heart attack as a result of his unaccustomed exertions the night before). There he encountered his predecessor and prototype, Don Quixote, and in company with that kindred soul set forth upon an eternal career of knight-errantry.

In fact even today one may find the redoubtable pair coursing up and down the halls of Alhambra with lance and schoolbook carried high. Woe betide any windmill, flock of sheep, faithless maiden, or horseman (headless or otherwise) who dares to cross their path.

Epilogue

WHAT IS ART ?

Art is not an end in itself, although it may be a means to an end, because it is man's attempt to understand the mystery, beauty, and truth of life. Like Prometheus, Art can give us the gift of fiery insight, the flame of intuitive realization; like Prometheus, it can be punished for stealing the fire of the gods. Art has not yet given the gods' fire to all men; it may never do so. Though Zeus has not chained Art, mortals have. On the mountains of complacency men have bound Art by the chains of tradition and are now unable to seize the flame of knowledge.

The few who have known the flame of the gods are, like the saints of James, misunderstood forerunners of a cause that may never come to fruition. Unless men can realize that darkness is a curse and that Art must be universal, they will never be able to break the bonds of tradition that restrain Art and receive the gift of the gods. They must seek to understand the harmonious relationship of the universe by searching for the best that is thought and written and done. If men can do this, they will realize that the essence of Art is harmony within freedom.



Contributors

George Black, a sophomore majoring in history, has contributed to the *Manuscript* the short essay, "The Aftermath of Treason." He combines his interest in history with a desire to teach.

John G. Carling, a junior majoring in Commerce and Finance, has captured a Korean way of life with his artistic eye and camera. His two pictures, *Man against the Sky* and *Patterns*, on the planting of rice, represent his contribution to the *Manuscript*.

Samuel Dilcer, a senior majoring in chemistry, brings together in one very expressive picture, *Currents*, his favorite interests, photography and boats. During his college years he has been active in various campus organizations.

Ann Faust, a senior majoring in music education, is active in the Girls' Chorus and Theta Delta Rho. Her music for the song, *Forget Me Not*, is her first contribution to the *Manuscript*.

Judy Gomer, a sophomore majoring in secretarial studies, has been writing poems for several years. "Spring" is her first poem to be published in the *Manuscript*.

Patricia Hemenway, an art-education major, is the only freshman contributor to the *Manuscript*. She is a member of the Manuscript Workshop in Poetry for which she wrote the short poem, "How Are You?"

Thomas Kaska, a senior majoring in English and a member of the Manuscript Association, has contributed to the *Manuscript* a series of poems that reflect his interest in poetry and his efforts in the Manuscript Workshop in Poetry.

Albert Kislin, a senior majoring in English, has contributed to the *Manuscript* the short poem, "Springtime." A veteran of the Korean war, he plans to go into secondary teaching.

Frederick Krohle, a senior majoring in English, rose from business manager to editor of the *Manuscript* during his three years on the staff. Although his efforts in poetry appear in this issue of

the *Manuscript*, he plans to cease writing poetry and turn to teaching English.

Ki Hwan Lee, a senior majoring in mathematics, has spent five years in America. The picture of his Korean homeland, *Silence and Slow Time*, which the *Manuscript* has printed, is one of his favorites.

Jerome Luft, a junior majoring in English, has a talent for the unexpected as you will discover when you read his contribution in this issue of the *Manuscript*, "On the Fate of the Late Ichabod."

Edward Milowicki, a junior majoring in English, is the associate editor of the *Manuscript*. A member of the Manuscript Workshop in Poetry, he has a keen interest in poetry and has written several poems, some of which are published in this issue for the first time.

John Musto, a senior majoring in English, has combined his interest in the opera and painting in his picture, *Pieta*. He painted it with a palette knife while listening to the opera *Carmen*. In his painting he tried to capture the fiery effect of this opera.

Thomas Myers, a senior majoring in English, interrupted his college career to spend three years in the navy. The current editor of the *Beacon*, he makes his first contribution to the *Manuscript* with his short story, "The Late News."

Shirley J. Ray, a senior majoring in history, has contributed to the *Manuscript* a short poem, "Frustration." The contrast between the historical sketch that she did for the *Manuscript* last year and this bright little poem shows her range of ability.

Patsy Reese, a senior majoring in art-education, is the current art editor of the *Manuscript*. She has demonstrated her artistic ability for the *Annucola* as well as for the *Manuscript*. The cover design and the illustration in this issue are her particular contributions.

Barbara Vose, a sophomore majoring in education, makes her first contribution to the *Manuscript* with her short essay about Elizabethan actors, "Caterpillars of the Commonwealth."

