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 PISUM SATIUM 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

DRAWINGS BY PATRICK FARRELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED FRERMANN
SHARI RATHZ
Poetry

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 UNEQUIVOCALLY 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
CO-EDITORS

James Asher  Bill Divine

ADVISOR

Tai Yul Kim

Special thanks to:

CATHY ANDRE
DON MERRILL
TERRY MILLER
BARB REIMER
DAVE SOOTS
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 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
Pisum satium 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 Week-Ends. 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 satium!

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 cathedral, 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 Sooks
ALL LOVE IS UNDERGROUND

All love is underground - 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 abhorred, retreat to the held belly of a hill before the lost and the dying, where love is underground.

Chris Pruitt
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.

LIFE
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
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
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.  

Tess Eichenberger

18
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
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 wizard... 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 the 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 Thorphopus 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 Thorphopus 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 heathen. Arnold.’

King Thorphopus 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 Benge
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 De-drick to his death.

W. Douglas Benge

23
That here myyte lit not defare.

And stood eke on so cold a place

Of a castle that stood on high—

Al this wryntyge that I sith.
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.
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.

Teri Ann Piacanza
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
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,
it\'s 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 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
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
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. Special 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 Marian shared 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 clop 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
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 fiercee 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 be-
yond 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 graveed frost.

Gleaming mountain tops bright blinding sightless the eagle soars to the
heights dyes 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 cata-
clysm upon jagged rock.

James Asher
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.
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, Pegasus, back again:
Descend, sweep, hurl like a kingfisher deep crypt
Below to absorb the form of your ancient equestrain.
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'Urbervilles."

from Thomas Hardy's TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES