

THE  
MITER

BISHOP'S  
LATIN  
SCHOOL



# THE MITER

*A LITERARY MAGAZINE*



*Published by*  
THE BISHOP'S LATIN SCHOOL  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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VOL. IV No. 2

SPRING, 1968

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# IRONY

by EDWARD A. MURPHY

According to the *Reader's Digest Great Encyclopedic Dictionary*, **irony** is defined as "A situation, event, pairing, etc., in which main elements are rationally or emotionally incompatible because of contrast, conflict, or surprise, but are nevertheless undeniable; (also, the quality inherent in such a situation, event etc)" No event fulfills this definition more than the disturbing racial unrest and mass riots following the brutal slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The late Martin Luther King was an American Negro clergyman who received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964 for his leadership of the nonviolent struggle for racial equality in the United States. Dr. King was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on January 15, 1929.

Dr. King's life of nonviolent protest began in 1956, as he protested against the segregation existing within public transportation. His case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and was upheld. It proclaimed that racial discrimination on interstate as well as intrastate transportation was unlawful. This major event was the beginning of Dr. King's career of nonviolence.

Martin Luther King believed the only way the Negro could obtain full freedom and equality in the United States was through nonviolence. This brave, yet peaceful man believed so fervently in his cause that time upon time he would be thrown into jail rather than cease his protest march. He was such an inspiring leader that Negroes and Whites flocked to him in multitudes to hear one of his speeches. He had the support of the majority of black and white Americans in his drive for equality. Dr. King devoted over twelve stormy years of his life to his "dream."

In the last few years, Dr. King's policy of nonviolence has been considered a doubtful success. A new group of American Negroes has arisen fighting for "Black Power." Martin Luther King's response to "Black Power" was that "Black Power" rested in the American Negro's head, and in his mind, not in physical violence. After a lifetime of devotion to procuring better living conditions for the Negro, fighting for equal voting rights and various other sacrificial acts of devotion to a cause, he was assassinated. That tragic date when Martin Luther King was murdered will undoubtedly remain on America's conscience for a long time to come.

Maybe you have noticed the emphasis placed on the word non-violence. This word is stressed because it is the whole key to the ironic situation which arose following Dr. King's death in Memphis, Tennessee. Riots erupted in countless cities and towns throughout the nation: Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Kansas City and Pittsburgh, among the

worst. Looting and arson plagued hundreds of cities, and thousands were arrested in the disorder, mainly Negroes. You might ask yourself why the death of a man who had surrendered his life to nonviolence would be met with riots and widespread destruction in our cities. Perhaps it was the only way the Negroes of America could express their grief and anguish. The answer is complex, and only a part of the solution can be found in the leader who was so loved and admired.

The tradition of Dr. Martin Luther King still lives on, though, in the person of Dr. Ralph Abernathy, Dr. King's closest friend. Non-violence is still alive in our racist society. This was proven at Dr. King's funeral procession through the streets of Atlanta, Georgia. The procession lasted approximately seven hours, and throughout the entire procedure, peace and love reigned. Dr. Martin Luther King has lived his life and has set an example and standard to live by.

## We Hopeful Men Setting Out in Life

by JOSEPH C. SCHEIB

The child in the elevator

—Alone?

Reaches for the buttons  
That light when he pushes them;  
Not old enough to see the numbers or  
To know what they mean.

He thinks that the lights are pretty.

And the feeling in his stomach  
Kind of funny as  
The car takes him to

—Where?

The mouse in the maze

—Trapped?

Sniffs at the rank odor  
That crinkles his nose.  
Not having been in a maze before,  
He has yet to know its frustrations.

The scent of food inflames

His hunger-maddened brain.  
Whiskers twitching in anticipation,  
He scampers toward the first opening for

—What?

We hopeful men setting out in life

# THE SUICIDE

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

Torrents of rain beat upon the roof of a trim, little cabin secluded in the woods. The brooding night sky crashed angrily in this, one of the worst storms Mabilene County had seen in years. Inside this solitary cabin, Mrs. Gertrude Raef rocked nervously in her antique, fireside chair.

She was a small, fragile woman of some seventy years, a widow for the last decade. Horn-rimmed bifocals sat precariously on the tip of her aquiline nose. Her wiry, grey hair had been pulled tightly upon her head and knotted in the back. Long, bony fingers, crippled with arthritis, were constantly employed in either pecking at a black shawl on her shoulders or racing under each word of the book on her lap, **The Hollow Tomb**. She had become an avid reader over the past few years, since it afforded her a means of passing her time, and passing it some place other than the lonely cabin that was now assailed by wind and rain.

With a roar, the thunder broke around the cottage, and Mrs. Raef sprang up spasmodically from her rocker. She shuffled to a large window and stared out at the storm.

"Oh, rum barrels!" she creaked, "We'll be washed away, Tiger, just washed away if this doesn't let up."

Tiger, her adventurous black cat, jumped up on the sill and purred softly in concurrence with his mistress' statement.

"I'm going to call Millie," Mrs. Raef creaked again, "and see if this is going to end at all."

Moving across the room to a wall telephone, she picked up the bell-shaped receiver and cranked the phone viciously. When the operator answered, she spoke.

"Hello Millie? Is that you? My word in heaven, we're being drown-ed out here. Do you know how much longer it's going to keep up? Land sakes! What's that? Going to get worse? Well, I don't know how we'll ever get through, Tiger and me. Probably have to swim. I said probably have to swim the . . . Yea, I'll get my motorboat too! Heh, heh."

The rain increased in intensity and so did the conversation.

"Say, you know that clothes salesman you were talking about — yea, the mean one? Well, I ran him off my property today. He wanted to show me some of his goods, but I knew better than to be fooled by that. Don't know how many things I've read where, if ya let 'im in, they give it to you. Yea . . . yea, that's right. Well, I let him have it; I told him what his kind were, and that he'd better leave or I'd get Sheriff Clyde after him. Oh, was he ever mad and nasty — he said if the world was rid of my kind . . ."

Thunder crashed deafeningly and shook the house foundations.

"Oh, my heaven!" Gertrude gasped. "Hello, Millie; are you still there? Millie?"

The line was dead. Mrs. Raef moved slowly back to her rocker and sat down.

"Well," she sighed, "looks like I'll have to wait till tomorrow for phone service. They'll never fix . . ."

A loud noise coming from the cellar prevented her from finishing the last sentence. It was the sound of glass breaking. Her insides jumped, and her heart beat furiously. Sliding cautiously to the head of the stairway, she opened the door and peered into the darkness.

"Who's down there?" she squeaked. "Come up now and let me see you."

There was no answer except the driving rain. She pulled away from the door inapprehension, muttering, "Just the wind; broke that small window. Yes, that's all; nothing to be afraid about."

She sat down in her chair and picked up her book. No sooner had she found her page than she dropped it to the floor and leapt up again.

"Footsteps! I heard footsteps — down there. There's someone in that cellar," she whispered hoarsely. "It's that salesman, Tiger; he's come to get me." She raced across the room and pulled at the telephone, sending the crank spinning dizzily.

"Millie, Millie!" she cried; then softly, "No, he mustn't hear me! Millie!" she whispered. "Millie, he's here. Oh, please help me. Get the sheriff; get somebody. Millie! Please answer me, Millie!" She sobbed frantically as she gradually began to remember that Millie could not hear her. The line was dead.

The rain pounded harder than ever, and, with a sickening snap, lightning reached its mark, the power lines. The lights in the cabin died, giving entrance to the black of night. Mrs. Raef screamed uncontrollably and froze herself against the wall near the phone. Gasping painfully, she listened and heard what she wanted to hear.

"There they are again!" she whispered. "Footsteps — he's coming up to kill me . . ."

She picked up a ladle and hurled it into the darkness. It hit Tiger on the back; he let out a blood-curtling cry and flew through the air, striking a light and sending it smashing to the floor in front of the terrified Mrs. Raef. She screamed, grabbed at her chest and collapsed on the floor.

"Death by heart attack, Clyde. She had a massive one, too."

The speaker rose from his bent-over position beside the corpse and packed his leather bag.

"Find anything unusual?" he asked.

"No Doc, just a broken glass downstairs. From what I can see, a loose shutter blew open and knocked it onto the floor. That and this shattered lamp here are all that's out of place."

"Well, my work's done; death by natural causes. Nobody touched her, and she certainly didn't kill herself."

# THE NIGHT COMETH

by DANIEL F. RODGERS

When black on white becomes white on black,  
And white on black becomes white on white,  
And white on white an illusion;  
When God becomes Man,  
And Man becomes God,  
And God a mere vexation of the mind;  
The night cometh.

When I means more than thou,  
And thou means more than we,  
And we means more than us;  
When love plays the organ,  
And hate mans the pump,  
And the notes are absorbed into nothingness;  
The night cometh.

When words say not what they mean,  
And mean not what they say,  
Nor say what they define;  
When the fingers can not touch;  
When the eyes can not meet;  
When the mind can not perceive  
Nor the tongue express:  
The night cometh.

When lovers have no love;  
When friendship has a boundary;  
When patience carries a watch;  
When beliefs differ from the believers;  
When the truth depends upon the focus;  
When trust is entrusted with a guard:  
The night cometh.

When the lonely cry, "O God,"  
And silence meets their ears;  
When the lonely cry, "O Man,"  
And silence greets their ears;  
When the lonely cry, "O Why,"  
And the mind relents the answer:  
The night cometh.

When Man fails to communicate;  
When the mind fails to relate;  
When hands are not outstretched;  
When the dreams are not far-fetched;

When reality becomes an illusion;  
And tears become an intrusion:  
The night cometh.  
The night is preceeded by the day,  
And the day ends when the sun sets.  
When the day hath runneth its course,  
And Phoebus turns toward home,  
You will comprehend it.  
The night cometh.



# SYMBOLISM

by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

Authors try to inject into their novels in a unique way their opinions and thoughts on life. In *Lord of the Flies*, William Golding wants to reveal a theme or to comment on man's relationship to his fellow man. He employs an excellent method: symbolism.

What is Golding's theme? It seems rather simple yet is dreadfully true. The success or destruction of a society depends on the moral standards and character of the individual and not on a governing political body. This is the lesson that Golding is trying to make known to his readers.

Golding's manner of disclosure is superb and plausible. He would reduce the world to a compact society on a secluded island inhabited by young boys between the ages of six and thirteen. Their reactions to the necessity of survival and possible rescue parallel those of the rational adult. Various boys represent different degrees of moral fiber and human motivation. Their conflicts symbolize the conflicts of the mature world.

The plot reveals the symbols and leads to the theme. At first, the common sense of Ralph prevails, and an ordered, democratic society is established. However, Jack and his hunters, the leaders of anarchy and chaos, gradually prove to be a challenge. The murder of the sow and the subsequent impalement of this "Lord of the Flies" mark the triumph of evil. The senseless butchery of Simon and his logic and the murder of Piggy and his intellectual wisdom signal the increasing decay. The boys become savages and unite to hunt and destroy the last trace of civilization, Ralph and his dedication to law.

This sounds the warning. The survival of mankind depends on the individual. Each person contributes his moral make-up to the community. What the community does is based upon how the individual acts.

In *Lord of the Flies*, William Golding presents a social commentary. His use of symbolism reveals a frightful theme and guarantees its acceptance.



## *Requiescat, Robert*

by BRIAN M. KEANE

The chilling wind did fly by;  
Bare trees swayed in its way.  
From west to east with swift wings  
On black coats did it play.  
The deep, blue sky stood open  
To receive one's deeds that day.  
The stark, round sun shone brightly  
Onto a casket gray.  
A handkerchief did flutter.  
A father's eyes did mist.  
The child's face did cower;  
Her mother's lips she kissed.  
Staunch soldiers 'round another,  
And o'er a flag snapped stiff.  
White gloves did clutch it tightly  
In air — a floral whiff.  
The priestly voice resounded  
Atop the high brown hill.  
The holy water sprinkled;  
Shots echoed down the rill.  
In farewell, solemn style  
The final taps were played,  
And to a griev-ed family  
Flag's presentation made.  
The mother touched the casket.  
His father tossed the sod.  
Yet save descent into the grave  
A soldier to his God.

# *Social* *"Justice"*

by RAYMOND R. RHODEN

It is a well-known fact that we Americans pride ourselves on the amount of foreign aid that we send abroad. Somehow or another, it makes us feel good to say that we are our brothers' keepers. Though we are completely familiar with the starving and famine in India and the widespread poverty in Latin America, we tend, nevertheless, to know and care very little about the poverty, famine, hunger, and disease right here in our own country.

Believe it or not, approximately ten million people go hungry every day in the United States. These are not people hidden away in the distant corners of some remote mining camp or Indian reservation. They are men, women and children, both black and white, who live in New York, Pittsburgh and Washington and who often regret the very fact that they are alive.

We are constantly reminded that this is the land of opportunity, the land of liberty, the land of plenty. You walk through a slum and tell that to anyone you meet there, and if you should be able to walk out again in one piece, you will, indeed, have been lucky.

I'm not talking now only about the Negroes and Puerto Ricans from whom and concerning whom we have already heard so much. I'm talking about the Whites too. It doesn't phase us, for some mysterious reason, that many of these people have never heard of the basic conveniences of heat, electricity and running water, and that they must share their "homes" with four other families.

Most of us are, at least, destined members of the middle class. For us, life is good; life is sweet; life is worth living. But, have you ever stopped to think that it takes only a five or ten minute drive to travel from your own cozy, little neighborhoods to the squalor that our cities somewhat jokingly call a "slum?" How does it feel to know that, while you sit on the couch or in the easy chair, softly sipping whatever you may and having nothing better to do than watch a television show rerun, some desperate mother is foraging through the trash cans in her neighborhood, hoping that someone more fortunate than her was able to discard a morsel of food so that she might have something to take home to her eight, fatherless children. You walk up to that woman and tell her that she has some chance of betterment in this great country of ours, and she will, most probably, simply laugh at you and walk away.

Sound unbelievable? It may, but it still manages to happen every day of every month of every year in this "land of opportunity." "Look at some of your own kind," we say, "see what they've done for themselves." Yet, we neglect the fact that, at some time or another, these chosen few were given a break, given a chance to achieve their potential. "Look again," we add, "at the training programs we offer you." But, again, we overlook the fact that many of these slum-dwellers who did take advantage of this training ended up with nothing better than a complete knowledge of a job that had, in the meantime, been taken over by automation.

Getting away from the slums for a while, let's look at a group of people who did have the "opportunity" of making a living for themselves.

I don't know about you, but when I took American History in grade school and in high school, we learned that the migrant worker was virtually a thing of the past. He lived way back in the early and mid-1800's, and, due to one or another of our country's many miraculous proclamations, he was delivered from his oppression. The fact does remain, however, that if you should venture out around Wisconsin within the next few months, you would find these very same kind of migrant workers picking cherries for some comparable wealthy orchard owner. They will be just about finished and ready to hop on a truck with their wives and children and about twenty others of their kind and head on out for California and Utah. This land of liberty and plenty has done nothing for them. The few men who did try to obtain a decent wage for them were simply discredited and quieted. Unless we ourselves soon attempt some course of action, they will continue to sink into the cess-pools of poverty to which they have already been seemingly condemned.

The problem does not belong solely to the federal government, nor to its officials and administrators. The problem is yours and mine. We just don't care; we don't want to get involved. We really aren't concerned with what goes on with our fellow man. The real problem is that this has become **our** land. Yes, it was built for all men, but somehow it is run for and by only those of middle class or better. If one should have the misfortune of being a lower class White or Negro, he hasn't got a chance. Sure, we could preach to him on the street corners about pride, integrity and ambition, but we might as well be talking to a brick wall. And the blame still lies with us. Unless we middleclass, affluent society members soon start taking the initiative, the slum and the riot will never be non-existent. We owe it to these people that we help them better themselves. We can not condemn them if we've never stooped to help them, and unless we stoop to help them, this may never become the land of opportunity, liberty and plenty that we profess it to be.

# Elsinore, Elsinore

by JOSEPH C. SCHEIB

Who is that, that  
In the shadows of Death sleeps?  
Hark, what foe is this,  
That harshly to use me seeks?  
Angels are bright,  
Though the brightest fell.  
Yet, will my sworn faith  
Prove false as hell?  
Yet, am I even  
To my own self true?  
Why, why must everything  
Be all so askew?  
Confused, crazed, courted by foul, foul  
Doubts and fears, yet I stand.  
Reality eludes me.  
"Whether to be?" My mind demands.  
A voice pierces the shroud of mist.  
Can it be true?  
Or is it traitorous?  
Confronted by a fish-eyed stare.  
Infected am I.  
By the Martian pair.  
Back, forced back towards the yawning abyss.  
Hela stops, stoops  
To give me her kiss.  
Too soon is dust unto dust.  
All is nothingness.  
But, strike; yes, strike I must.  
Return to time; return to place.  
Ringed thrice times three;  
Yet, still there is time,  
Time to break free.  
The call of Niflheim—stilled.  
No danger my soul to be killed.  
Instead, now to be a life fulfilled.  
My legacy of death—unwilled.

# ACHILLES

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

Achilles, well-known, will live forever.  
Conceived and born in Homer's mind,  
Courage strength, all came there too  
Though Homer's dead and laid to rest,  
The mortal paradox escapes Achilles.  
Heroes, wars may come and go.  
Achilles, though, is here to stay.  
His life, his deeds now ever-lasting,  
Though mountains wear and finally crumble,  
Achilles, though, is here to stay.  
His life, his deeds now ever-lasting,  
Though mountains wear and finally crumble,  
Achilles outlives even time.  
Homer nods, but not Achilles.  
His wars, his friends may share his fame.  
And even enemies of his live on.



## A Separate Power

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

Alone at last with no one near  
How sweet it seems at first to hear  
Just the silent sound of nothing moving  
To spoil or pain the solitude.  
I feel that some strange hidden power  
As though some gigantic feudal tower  
Lays in quiet wait to harness.  
All the world is my own.  
But from the hallowed womb of silence  
Creeps some sight of my reliance  
On some hidden boundless something  
Turning a separate power to new anxiety

# FRUSTRATION

by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

This would be the day, Mark Chambers smiled as he wiped the remaining dots of lather from a chin still firm but sagging with the onslaught of middle age. Yet, no one at this moment could convince Mark of the years he had collected. Today would be rebirth. It was the start of new life. With this thought Mark's face collapsed into an overwhelming grin. Finally, he recovered and straightened his tie into a more relaxed position than usual.

He turned from the bathroom and crossed the narrow hall to the stairway. As he scuffed down the bare, matted steps, he became extremely conscious of his joviality and began to think again. He remembered Friday.

Friday was the night. Mark and Joan, his wife, had barely secured a sitter for their three children. They were invited to Frank and Carol's house. At first, Mark was upset over that week's and every week's tensions at work. But Joan, in her own gentle, soothing way, calmed his frustrations and persuaded him to make the visit.

The pair arrived at their friends' home rather late. After several rounds of Manhattans, which Mark hated, but Frank boasted as "the superb beverage to get nights going," they slipped into one game of gin after the other. About midnight, they finished, and Joan and Carol retired to the kitchen to fix portions of angel food cake and cups of coffee tinted with cream. It was then that Frank proposed the action.

Frank was disgusted with the job in which he and Mark were involved. Both were employed at Amalgamated Electronics in the drafting department. Day after day, year after year, the two of them had produced excellent craftsmanship. However, they had remained at the bottom. They were still the apprentices they had been ten years ago when they started. Mark hastily agreed. Frank then added that their talents were wasted in such a hole and with them their lives. Mark again consented, and resentment reigned.

Mark returned from his daze as he reached the bottom of the staircase. Today, Monday, they were going to take action. This morning, they would see the director. They would explain the situation. They earned enough to support their families, but there the line was drawn. They could not afford vacations. New items were scarce at home. They could not fulfill their dreams for themselves or those they loved. They needed a promotion and a raise, or it would be impossible to continue. They would be forced to search elsewhere.

Mark decided to skip breakfast. He grabbed his case and blew a soft kiss to Joan as he departed.

Within the hour, he was crouched at his desk in the drafting department. The work day began in ten minutes. Frank was to have met him fifteen minutes before. Mark was becoming more and more worried. Where was Frank? Fear was mounting. Was Frank just words? A Coward! Frank was a coward. Mark was depressed and growing nauseous.

The bell sounded at nine. This was it. Mark was not a coward. He rose from his desk and started to the director's office. He halted at the door. A drop of sweat splashed down his neck. Oh! How he wanted to return to his cage. Nevertheless, he forced himself to knock. The sound of the director's voice bidding entrance startled him into reality.

"Good morning, Mark, I was about to send for you," smiled the director.

"I would like to speak with you, sir," Mark blurted.

"Let it wait, I want to say something," the director replied.

"No, it must be said now." Mark wouldn't allow him to dispel his courage.

Then, Mark revealed his decision. He began rather slowly but gradually gained strength. When he finished, the director somberly glanced at the floor.

Firmly, the director responded, "I am truly sorry you feel that way, Mark. The company has shepherded you and loved you. We have witnessed your work and would have liked to reward you." Softly, the director continued, "Today you were to become my assistant with a very substantial increase in pay. However, the company cannot tolerate insolence and rebellion. I'm afraid we must let you go. Your promotion will probably fall to your friend Frank."

## Clarion

by ANTHONY L. FISHER

What happened to the sweet land of liberty?  
What happened to my country tis of thee?  
What happened to the drum and fife?  
What happened to the happy life?  
A House divided shall not stand.  
What happened to my happy land?  
We had a rise; is this our fall?  
No, if only more could hear the call.

# CHARACTERIZATION

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

The reader of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's **Crime and Punishment** is at once impressed and overawed by the use of one literary device, namely, characterization. A clear and analytical view of this device is necessary for a deeper appreciation and awareness of the literary achievement for which this book is credited.

Direct characterization is a salient feature of nearly all Russian literature, and **Crime and Punishment** follows suit. The most startling feature of the book is its frank and to the point portrayal of each character in the plot. Dostoyevsky seldom, if ever, allows the reader to arrive at any conclusive insights about a character through judging the character solely by his actions. Instead, the author peers into each person whom he introduces and relates his motivations as though he were presenting to the reader a dossier on the gentleman in question. This summary of the character invariably includes in its wide scope of description, a discourse on his appearance, his idiosyncrasies and his state in life, whether poor, rich, noble, or so on.

Contrary to the expected, the direct characterization of the individual does not end here. For, as the story progresses, and as the character becomes involved in various events, Dostoyevsky still does not reveal his inner core of personality by portraying his actions. Instead, he continues to read the character as if he were a book. The author unites himself with the character's mind and reveals to the reader all of his ideas. He traces his thinking process and the thoughts that pass through his head. In short, the reader "thinks along" with the character, experiencing his feelings, emotions and reactions to different occurrences. It is in this that part of Dostoyevsky's genius lies; he is able to draw his characters with fantastic realism and total humanism. They leap from pale pages as real people.

The type of characterization presented in this book is far different from that to which the American reader is accustomed. Utilizing this direct characterization artfully and with drastic power, Dostoyevsky has succeeded in providing piercing insights into human nature which await the reader of **Crime and Punishment**.

L  
I  
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E

by MICHAEL P. MALONE

Life  
Perpetual  
Ever-lasting;  
Physical  
Mental;  
Lived in two worlds  
The material  
The spiritual.  
Invincible  
Inconquerable  
To some unbearable  
To others ecstatic;  
Indeclinable  
Indefinable;  
To a few  
Described in a vast array of words  
To a plurality  
Only one:  
God!



## Problems

by DENNIS M. CLOUGHERTY

How may I die  
That my life might be filled?  
How may I live  
That my death might be sweet?  
What must I do  
So today will not pass?  
Where can I flee  
So as not to be crushed?  
To whom should I go  
That my questions be answered?  
To whom should I turn  
That my love soon return?

# God's Love

by JAMES G. O'KEEFE

In today's world of war, famine and prejudice, and in our smaller individual worlds of pressures from school, from our social lives and from the hurried lives we live, it is often difficult to see the love that God has for us although He demonstrates it in many wonderful ways.

One of the great manifestations of God's love is His attitude, if you can call it that, of forgiveness for any and all of our sins against Him. We can offend Him seriously an infinite number of times, and if we are sorry, He will forgive us without reservation, simply because He loves us.

God blessed man just by making man man. Man is a being with wonderful tools, his hands, with a brain to direct these tools and with an absolutely free will to direct the brain. God could have made man a subservient, mindless slave, but He didn't need a slave; God was sufficient in Himself; He needed no other person or thing. The only reason He created us was to permit us to enjoy the indescribable infinite happiness He enjoys; and through the ability to love that God has given us, we can really attain this happiness.

Without a doubt, a great demonstration and example of God's love for us is Jesus Christ. As God, Christ was perfectly, wonderfully happy in heaven, but because of His love for man, He left this happiness and became a Man, a Man who could feel pain, both physical and mental, feel hunger experience temptation and shed tears. When he died, He felt both the horrifying physical pain of the nails piercing His hands and feet, the thorns jabbing into His head, causing His partial loss of sight, the fatigue of the agony in the garden and the cuts from the whip, filled with both dirt and sweat, and the mental anguish of seeing all he times that mankind whom He loved would turn against Him. But, His love was so great that the night before He suffered, He had given to mankind the greatest gift ever given, the gift of Himself. It's hard to realize just how great this gift really is, and once in a while when you feel that you understand, it really shakes you. Just think, an infinite, omnipotent Being Who made all the billions of planets and stars of the universe, Who knows all things and Who is with us every day, loves us so much that He gave us Himself, the greatest gift anyone can give to another person, to eat as food every day of our lives, if we want. What greater proof of His love do we need!

And yet, God has given man another great gift. He has created in man the ability and desire to love and be loved. When this ability is used and the desire fulfilled, man is at his happiest. This love can cause man to do great and noble deeds which, otherwise he would not have done. This love gives man a reason to live and enjoy life.

But what is love if there is no one to love? I come now to the gift which, to me, makes God's love most clearly visible. God has surrounded us with wonderful people, people who can love and be loved. Each person was made by God and is a child of God; therefore, God's goodness and greatness is flowing around him and God's life is inside of him making him a fantastic being. Furthermore, each person has an exciting world of his own he wishes to reveal, to communicate to anyone who will listen and be interested. Really, I don't think anyone is dull, but rather, hasn't been given the opportunity to open up his thrilling personality to the world. From every person, if we try, we can learn a little about life, happiness and God. Too often we are too busy worrying about ourselves or too foolish to be interested in anyone or anything outside our own little worlds. In giving us other people, God gives an opportunity to share experiences which we ordinarily would not have known. Since God is in everyone, He communicates Himself to us through each man we meet and especially through our friends with whom we share our joys, sorrows, thoughts, feelings, triumphs, defeats or more simply with whom we share ourselves and our lives. Through this sharing we come to know our friends better and eventually to love them, and through love of them, to love God.

If, every now and then, we would slow down and take time to consider the great many great gifts God has given us to show His love, I know we would renew our energy, refresh our spirits and learn to live peacefully, happily and with real life.

## MATURITY

by DOUGLAS L. REILLY

A common aim of every adolescent is a recognition of his maturity by his associates and superiors. Asserting that he is now a "grown-up," he demands an ever-increasing amount of freedom from his parents. But, on what grounds does he make this statement? Why does he feel that he is mature? The answers to these questions radiate from an understanding of the basic query; namely, what is maturity?

Maturity can, in different people, manifest different symptoms. In general, though, maturity is accompanied by an ability and a desire to think for oneself. During his childhood, a youth is constantly advised and governed by the ideas of his parents and elders. He is obliged to

conform to their ideals, to abide by their judgments and decisions. For a certain amount of time, he accepts all that is funneled into him. This stage in his development comes to an end, however, and he begins to want to form his own opinions on subjects, to think independently of those who have for so long thought for him. This independence of thought is a major part of maturity.

An aspect of maturity which complements that just mentioned is self-reliance and an acceptance of responsibility. A child is completely dependent on his parents to feed, clothe and care for him. He entrusts his entire well-being to them. When he comes of age, he should begin to more and more rely upon himself for what his parents usually did. This is not to say that he no longer needs his parents, but that he should not be continually fondled by them, as this will retard his process of maturing. As the adolescent becomes self-reliant, he will of necessity accept the responsibilities that are placed before him. In truth, he is sharing the burden of himself and his needs with his parents and elders, who formerly shouldered it alone.

Viewing the whole idea of maturity in a clearer light, we see that a youth is not a "man" because he smokes, drinks or drives a car. Instead, maturity is an independence and individuality of thought accompanied by a certain amount of self-reliance and an acceptance of responsibility. This is the quality which separates "the men from the boys."

## A Toast to the Poor

by DANIEL R. HOLTZ

Last night it was wisdom (a very good friend).  
Before that, we toasted goodwill to all men.  
We've had plenty to drink (and have plenty more).  
So right now let us drink to the poor.  
"I knew a poor lass, (a right beauty she was).  
She laughed and she cried like any of us."  
"Is that right," I mumbled (there was no one to bore).  
Let us, again, pour a drink for the poor.  
My room echoed silence (a long-lasting friend).  
To none but him, only, my meaning was sent.  
I had wisdom, goodwill (of these I felt sure).  
Alone, yet, I drank, once more, to the poor.

# CONFRONTATION

by DANIEL F. RODGERS

Prim and proper stately proud,  
They sit on their armchairs taking tea.  
Attired in flowing chiffon,  
How many lumps their only need,  
The working man with pick on shoulder,  
Pounds the dirt  
  to make roads for  
Produce trucks.  
The corner bartender,  
  Drinks in hand,  
Serves the mindless few  
Fortunate enough to find a stool.  
The salesgirl hits the buttons  
That show the money spent.  
Her eyes on the clock;  
Her mind on her tiring feet.  
The cabbie hits the meter,  
  His foot on the gas;  
Trying to beat the clock  
  for a five dollar tip.  
Life walks the streets; Death the gutters;  
Meeting in their path very few.  
Greeting in silence the turned-aside faces,  
Waiting with speech for the staring eye.  
Prim and proper  
  stately proud  
          They sit on their armchairs  
  taking tea  
Attired in flowing chiffon  
  How many lumps  
Their            only  
  Need.

# WITHIN, WITHOUT

by DANIEL F. RODGERS

He exists there in his cell of solitude,  
Surrounded by his books of knowledge;  
He sits there on his straight-back chair,  
          Doing —  
          Doing —  
While his books of knowledge  
Scream unheard advice through  
Misconstrued words.  
The heavy wooden door stands firm,  
Securely locked and bolted;  
It halts any sounds that from the  
Outside might disturb.  
It prevents the cold from creeping in.  
When all the time,  
The key hangs on the wall.  
Bars lace the windows,  
Allowing nothing to come or depart,  
Except a gentle breeze or a stifling heat.  
Sometimes the sun peeps through  
And the rays play upon the bed;  
But always the beams are married  
By the shadow of the bars.  
Who is to blame for this pittance,  
Or shall blame be required nor filed.  
Are we not all prisoners in our little cells,  
With the key upon the wall.



# CONFLICT

by ROBERT F. DEBSKI

The *Antigone* by Sophocles is the product of an era whose loss was suffered centuries ago. Yet, its age, in accordance with any great work of literature, has no effect on the significance of the message because of Sophocles' excellent use of conflict.

Perhaps, understanding will be achieved by first explaining the reason or purpose behind the play. Greece, during Sophocles' life, was at its cultural peak. But, this was also the time of Peisistratus, Hippias and Pericles. These men were referred to as "tyrants", self-appointed despots. At times, they were most noble. Often, they became ruthless. Sophocles recognized this ambition in the upper class and warned against it.

What would be Sophocles' method? There was one way—conflict, violent conflict. He would pit the all-powerful gods against the man-made state. To portray these two foes, he would use characterization. Two people, opposites, yet entirely human, had to be created. They must both appear righteous, but there could be but one victor.

To represent the divine, Sophocles chose the most basic product of creation, the family and its demands. Antigone must fulfill her religious duty to the gods by fulfilling her obligations to her family. Otherwise, she undergoes a situation of personal dishonor, of sin and of crime. She is resolute and does not falter.

The state is depicted in its most grotesque form, tyranny, by means of Creon. This monarch practices absolute power and dares to go against the gods. Consequently, he must suffer ruin. His stubborn disregard for the burial rights of the dead, a highly respected religious belief, leads to destruction. He loses Haimon and Eurydice together with his sovereignty. His pride and ambition have taken over. This could not be tolerated in a leader.

Sophocles wanted to caution his audience. The conflict in **Anitgone** and its portrayal through characterization deliver his message. The state must yield to the divine. No man can set himself against the will of the gods.