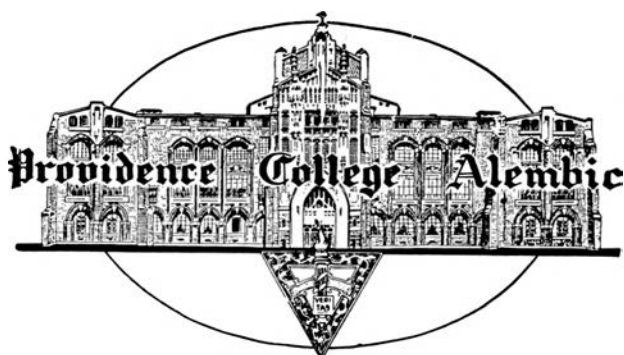


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SPRING ISSUE 1961
Vol. XL No. 2

THE ALEMBIC



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE
STUDENTS OF PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The ALEMBIC is published bi-monthly by the students of Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, Rhode Island, December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932." Printed at the Oxford Press, Providence, Rhode Island.

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SEGRETERIA DI STATO
DI SUA SANTITÀ

Vatican City, December 13, 1960

No. 49792

Dear Reverend Father,

The Holy Father Pope John XXIII has graciously directed me to acknowledge receipt of the copy of "The Alembic", "Quadragesimal Anniversary Issue", which you forwarded for His acceptance some time ago.

His Holiness bids me say that the dedication and presentation of this volume brought Him much consolation and comfort, because He sees therein a touching evidence of filial loyalty and devotion. He wishes me to give expression to His warm appreciation and gratitude, and, praying that Our Divine Lord may ever assist and bless the meritorious educational work of Providence College, He bestows upon you and upon the Faculty and Students, His fatherly Apostolic Blessing.

With sentiments of high esteem and religious devotion,
I remain,

Reverend Robert L. Walker, O.P.,
Moderator,
"The Alembic"
Providence College,
PROVIDENCE, 8, R.I.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

+ *Dr. Jell' Ozyer*
Subsidiary

The End of the Day

DAVID GRACE '64

HE lay prostrate on his back. He saw only the brilliant sun against a spotless, blue sky. He had lost all sense of time and motion. The only reality was sun and sky. He became aware that he was completely paralyzed except for the occasional blinking of his eyes. It was impossible for him to do anything else. He was too weak, too near death to resist. He craved to hear the sound of life near him, around him, anywhere. To hear the sound of any living thing became his pitiful dying obsession. But the only thing he heard was the soft rustle of the wind as it skirted atop the tall grass surrounding him. It seemed to be moaning a lament of despair. This was the only thing he was aware of, nothing else.

He thought, "How do I come to be here in this field?"

He remembered, "My family, my friends, people." Where were they? Something terrible had happened, he knew. What it was escaped him. He brooded silently.

The last thing he could recall was hearing of some new international development, an announcement that some grave error had been committed by the nations involved and suddenly, this. His body became more rigid.

The atomic war had finally and inevitably come. He remembered the destruction and death, and then the silence. He had been protected from death by some unknown force. Could it be that God wanted someone to remember the last days of a dying earth. His thoughts went on.

He remembered walking through a motionless city and seeing and hearing nothing, nothing but the absolute

The End of the Day

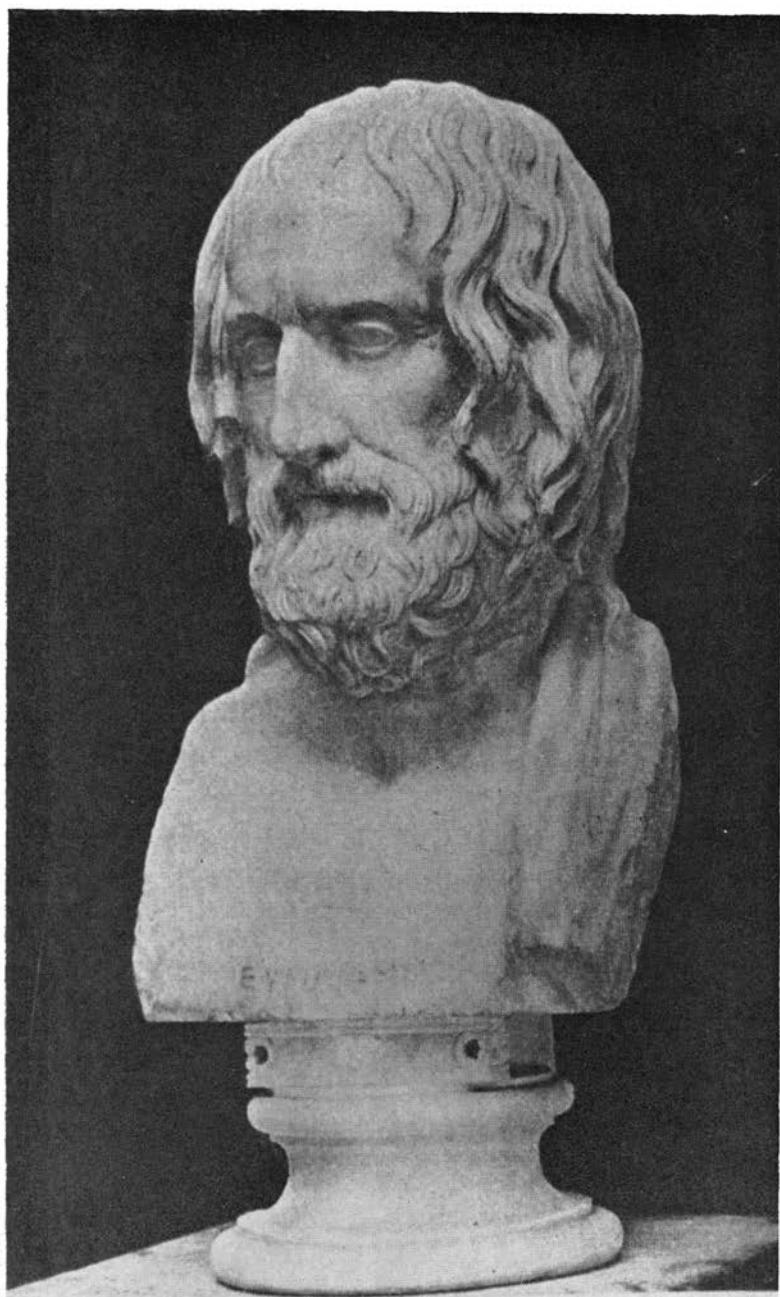
silence of death. And now, in this final resting place, knowing his time was near, he became acutely and painfully aware of the sun and sky. They became the important things now and were all that mattered. In his approaching death he had a sudden crystalized view of life. Too late . . . too late . . .

The paradox sent a surge of lucidity to his mind. He shifted as he feigned to grasp the idea clearly. He prayed for death to wait until he put words to his new found truth.

“Anything in the world is good and the goodness diffuses itself—wait death—!” Struggling . . . he screamed it out. The unexpected truth in his soul made him repeat it. He screamed out the living truth to the dead world around him—so painfully, so earnestly. He wanted the last mind to affirm the TRUTH. He shouted it out to the darkness around him and fell back exhausted.

Calmly now he thought, “For the first time in my life, I realize the natural things of the earth are the only ones that matter. Everything else is extra, trivial, worthless, and vague.” He knew his actual purpose in remaining alive, and when his time to die came he could do so peacefully.

He suddenly noticed that the brilliant sun was gone. It was covered by black clouds and rain began to fall. Only the sun was not really hidden. It had set a long time ago. It was not really raining either; the man was crying silently. Now, in the blackness of night, lying amid the swaying grass, the wanderer, the last man on earth, found his way home, to God.



Euripides as a Skeptic of Greek Polytheism

MAURICE H. BOSSE '64

EURIPIDES, the great tragedian of Greek antiquity, can be easily acclaimed the greatest of the skeptic writers. His comparison to other writers is very well expressed in the "Palatine Anthology":

"Seek not to tread where trod Euripides,
Poet; his path is hard for men to take.
Easy it seems: but he that tries its ease,
Shall find it rough with many a thorn and stake.
Scratch not Medea's finger, or thy name
Shall die unwept, unsung. Touch not his fame."

Adding to his genius was the time in which he lived. He was born on the day of the battle at Salamis which marked the beginning of Athenian greatness, and he died just before the imperial city fell. Every segment of his life-time offered myriads of first class subject matter to which he did justice.

He always remained aloof from public life, lurking now in his library in Athens; now in his study, a sea-cave on the isle of Salamis. Consequently, he was labelled an eccentric and unsociable hermit. But this quiet, secluded type of life most likely enhanced his perception of the state of affairs because it freed him from conventionality. He was able to see the people of Athens as they actually were, because he was not a part of them.

In his plays he criticised the puerile notions of the Greeks. The orthodox religion disgusted him. The inexorable fact, veiled so long by the glamor of beautiful legend, was evident: if the gods behaved as the stories

said, they were fiend and fool in one. Thereupon, he dragged the gods into light in play after play. He assailed the Olympians from the very altar of Dionysus with the legends that were at one time made for their glory.

In "Hecuba" or the "Trojan Women" his description is entirely undue to the revered, mythological deity:

"Then too of filthy, whining ghost,
Lapt in some foul sheet of leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half-stickt
And cries 'Vindicta—Revenge, revenge!'"

Sometimes he used a *reductio ad absurdum*, actually making the deity of those times look foolish and ungod-like. Examples of this method are Apollo of the "Electra" who drives children to matricide for the sake of a fatuous revenge; the Apollo of the "Ion" who first seduces a girl and then deserts her; the Aphrodite of the "Hippolytus" blasting in a childish pique three human lives; and the sinister powers of the "Trojan Women" indifferently ordaining the misery of mortals nobler than themselves.

Another way he undermines the gods is by making them symbols of the wild forces of nature. For instance, the Artemis of the "Hippolytus" symbolizes the eternal virginity of Nature; and the Dionysus of the "Bacchants" symbolizes the pitiless onrush of the forces of life.

On the contrary, some of his characters give customary expression to all the orthodox beliefs. Is he defeating his purpose, then? By no means. He exposes these orthodox characters through his other characters. In the "Daughters of Troy" Hecuba upbraids the gods for their contrary actions:

Euripides as a Skeptic of Greek Polytheism

“I see the Gods’ work, who exalt on high
That which was naught, and bring the proud names
low.”

Another case is that of Heracles, who in the play by his name questions the divinity of the gods:

“Say not there be adulterers in heaven,
Nor prisoner gods and gaoler. Long ago
My heart hath known it false and will not alter.
God, if he be God, lacketh naught: All these
Are dead unhappy tales of minstrelsy.”

Of all his many skills as a dramatist, Euripides was most effective as a skeptic. Indeed, his contemporary and rival, Aristophanes, complained, “He made them think there are no gods.” To be sure Euripides deserves his place among the “Greats” in the hierarchy of writers.



Sunday Thoughts

D. BARRETT '61

Rain

Drops

Drip

Drop

Drowsily down
The window pane—

Meaning of Spring

MIKE SULLIVAN, '64

They remember the hills and the birds on the wing,
The swift, steady beats of a gurgling sweet spring.
It was here with the love of his twentieth year
Came a sense of contentment, a love without peer.
As they stood, hand in hand, they were part of the scene,
In communion with nature, as if in a dream.
They stood on the threshold to the mysteries of life:
A young stately husband and his winsome, new wife.
As they stood in the midst of the natural church
With ceiling of azure and walls of white birch,
Lush carpets of greenery were spread at their feet,
Richer than those 'neath a king's stately seat,
And the lark and the thrush from their perch in the trees
Were joined by the wind and the rustling of leaves
As nature approved with a soft lilting ring.
And their union was strengthened by summer, like spring;
But like the bud from the bloom by the cold winter air,
The cold blasts of obit soon parted the pair.
But the coming of spring and the song of the lark
Hastened reunion in a high, heavenly park
Where the walls were of birch and the ceilings deep blue;
A high, heavenly park: population of two.
For love is eternal as great poets have said,
And this please remember if ever you're wed.

A Brief History of the Fate of Newtonian Certitude

BRIAN MULLANEY '61

“Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange sear of thought,
alone.” Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. III, 61-63.

In the Newtonian theory of the universe, the planet Mercury would describe a perfect ellipse around the sun, if it were the only planet in the solar system. But the gravitational attraction of other planets disturbs its course, so that its path is not exactly elliptical. Astronomers had calculated what this alteration should be. When they compared their calculation with the observed motion of Mercury they found quite a noticeable discrepancy. This discrepancy puzzled scientists including Leverrier, the great French mathematician, who had won great fame by his mathematical discovery of the planet Neptune in 1845.

His discovery of Neptune was a marvelous, but then unnecessary, proof of the validity of Newton's universal laws. Leverrier based his computations on minute irregularities in the motion of Uranus, the outermost planet then known. From these irregularities, by magnificent mathematical skill, he deduced the size, distance, velocity and position of Neptune, a previously unknown planet. When Dr. Galle of Berlin turned his telescope on the spot that Leverrier had indicated, he naturally enough tried a similar method to account for the irregularity in the motion of Mercury. He employed the same rules of New-

tonian physics that he had employed in the discovery of Neptune, yet this time he failed.¹

It remained for Einstein and his theory to explain that planets move the way they do because they are pursuing the easiest path through the space-time continuum that surrounds them to solve the mystery of Mercury.

The solution of this problem heralded the downfall of Newtonian physics. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it had been comfortably supposed that Sir Isaac Newton had discovered the laws of the physical universe and that nearly everything of importance about physics was known.² Newton's point of view seemed to be an ideal combination of common sense and the mathematical approach in the description of external reality; yet, it had a flaw. In his formulation of the universal laws of motion, he relied on the three dimensional geometry of Euclid. His measurements were independent. Newton's laws were certain because they were based on precise measurements and were proven mathematically. His were universal mechanical laws that would account for the position of each of the planets of the macrocosm. His laws do not, however, account for the motion or position of the atom—the microcosm; nor do they take into account the dimension of time.

Scientists, at the turn of the twentieth century, were asking questions to which Newtonian physics could not supply the answer. Einstein's theory of spatio-temporal relationships seemed to be the panacea for the scientific ills

¹J. W. N. Sullivan, *The Limitations of Science* (England: Penguin Books, Ltd., 1938), pp. 77-78.

²Lucien Price, ed. *The Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* (New York: The New American Library, 1956), p. 12.

A Brief History of the Fate of Newtonian Certitude

of the early twentieth century. This theory, along with the quantum theory of energy, was applicable both to the measurement of planetary motion or change and to the measurement of electronic activity. Einstein replaced Newton's doctrine of a force of attraction causing absolute motion in absolute space with his space-time doctrine.³

He had added a new dimension to scientific measurement—time. Yet, the revolutionary world of Einstein still retained an important feature of the Newtonian universe; namely, "its unqualified recognition of scientific previsibility owing to the complete determination of physical phenomena."⁴ Einstein retained certainty, the unalterable process of cause and effect in which every result must have a cause and every cause a result, with a calculable certainty.

The transition from gravitational attraction to spatiotemporal relationships required two hundred years; the transition from relativity to uncertainty required but twenty. In 1927, Heisenberg propounded the Theory of Indeterminacy.⁵ His theory, like Einstein's, was formulated in an attempt to answer scientific thought. He maintained that each element is a corpuscle associated with a wave, but their relation is affected by a certain coefficient of uncertainty.⁶ In other words, a scientist can observe the speed of one electron at any moment but he cannot know both speed and position simultaneously, which is

³Etienne Gilson, *A Gilson Reader* (New York: Doubleday and Company, 1957), p. 213.

⁴*Ibid.*, p. 214.

⁵E. N. daC. Andrade, *An Approach to Modern Physics* (New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1957), p. 147.

⁶Gilson, p. 214.

what matters if he wants to predict its future behavior. This impossibility of determining exactly the state of a system composed of ultimate particles, however refined the methods, is agreed upon by all leading physicists today.⁷

In order to rationalize an excuse for maintaining or innately believing the principle of cause and effect, many scientists argue that the Uncertainty Principle does not discredit Cause and Effect. They hold that those laws of Newton, and those aspects of Einstein's theory, which pass the test of practicability still hold good, because they give precise, constantly verifiable answers.⁸ In essence, these scientists are saying that Newton's laws apply in the macrocosm and Heisenberg's in the microcosm. To this argument, I answer that there cannot be two ultimate principles of scientific certitude—one absolute and the other less than relative. Today, more than ever, the world of man is the world of the atom. Today, more than ever, there is a need for certitude in all of man's endeavors, but primarily in science.

When Newton chose to state the explanation of a scientific question, he said, "This is the answer." To the questions of modern science, contemporary scientists answer, "It is probable that this answer is correct." An imminent and inestimable danger to science and to all learning is the possibility that the scientist of the future might answer a scientific question by stating, "It is less uncertain and less improbable that this is an approximate answer."

⁷Andrade, p. 256.

⁸Ritchie Calder, *Science in Our Lives* (New York: The New American Library, 1955), p. 49.

m e m o

t. f. maguire '61

swiftly he came . . .
silently remembering
. . . recalling
and then trying to dismiss
jumbled thoughts like
unwanted belongings
banished to dusty attics
. . . he paused to look around
this was the place . . . : yes
it is this very time
only many eves before
and now this memory
casts its murky shadow
enveloping him
 singling him out
from carefree laughing crowds
cementing him to this
ethereal monument
what is this link with
the ever-present past
. . . he ponders . . .
accepting his fate
stumbling and dragging
this weightless burden
over the cobblestone steps
of life.

the stream

t. f. maguire '61

reclining near some rippling stream
i recall the pleasant things
everyone has some favorite memories
but me, I have more than they
the rushing waters loudly speak
drowning the sounds of conversing stones
a carefree wasp disrupts my thoughts
as he observes this peaceful scene
i think of all my former romances
and smile, though now i've none
how foolish i was, i say to myself
but how foolish now, talking to a stream
the sun-crowned stream has heard
my thoughts and others before me
a passing blackbird bends to hear
the stream's advice and flies away
a thousand thousand years i've been here
listening to parched lips complain
they hoped for some new love to come
and fill the void of barren loneliness
but you whose part is brimmed with love
need just recall to bring a smile to mind
i know, say i, no favors do i seek
just a place to think and smile and . . . die.

Christus and the Hero Image

THOMAS CRAWLEY '62

THERE is a pedestal in the human imagination set off in its own little niche. The statue placed there may differ slightly from one individual to another, but the basic image remains the same; for in this spot, man pays tribute to his heroes. Greatness, nobility and sometimes even magnificent villainy are enshrined here as personal ideals, or just as personal treasures. In this psychological shrine, one finds humanity's vibrant tribute to the grandeur it wishes it had.

See the enduring luster that clings to the hero image. Achilles and Ulysses were giants in the minds of an earlier generation, illustrating the ancient attraction of greatness; and despite their age-long separation from this century, they still have the power to move men's imaginations. Also, paradoxically, in this alcove men set up for comfort, or even for envy, one may find such ideals of disaster as Oedipus the king, his blind eyes still dripping blood; or the dubiously mad Hamlet, brooding, dagger in hand, whether "not to be" is better than "to be." But, whatever the claim to fame, only a figure that is in some way superior to the men around him can stand upon the imagination's pedestal of heroism.

There is, of course, a very basic distinction between heroic types. The epic hero is that representative of a race or nation who takes part in triumphant actions of towering significance. He is an Aeneas leading his people from the smoldering ashes of Troy, across a hostile sea and onto the threatening shores of their promised land. He is a giant

among men, the master of all he surveys; taller, stronger and braver than the men around him.

The doomed tragic hero, on the other hand, is the protagonist of a great fall; his star descends through the heavens while the hero of the epic rises to his zenith. The concept of the tragic hero is that of a noble and good man who is brought to ruin by the fatal flaw in his character. At his downfall, we pity his severe misfortune; we fear that if such goodness can be visited with such evil, what might become of us who have not even the degree of perfection possessed by the doomed hero.

Both heroic types have been brought by literature within human ken to bind the knower and the known in a magical union that only rational creatures blessed with imagination can attain.

Perhaps the most engrossing hero of all time is the character called Christus in the greatest book ever written. This man appeared in a time and place convulsed with the clash and merging of whole peoples. Rome held peaceful dominion over an empire of proud and jealous nationalities. In Palestine, the race of the Jews looked for the precious liberty that ages of their kind had fought bitterly to preserve. Their sacred writings and traditions contained the promise of a Messiah to spring from the house of David and restore Israel to glory. It was then that Jesus of Nazareth arrived on the scene.

His character is striking when compared with the tragic heroes seen in other literature. Christ is a brilliant personality with a mission, Who devotes His life to His Father's business. His enemies are hopelessly outmatched

Christus and the Hero Image

when they attack the doctrine and the authority He preaches. Only when their hard hearts and treacherous intrigue can trap Him in a dark and deserted garden are the Jews able to work His downfall. Yet is there a tragic flaw in the Man? May we count telling the truth to a tribunal a fault, or consider His mission as the rash fulfillment of a higher law than that of man, as in the tragedy of *Antigone*? Perhaps this is the famous *harmatia* of the Greeks exemplified in the person of the great Nazarene.

The action of the plot is, to a large degree, tragic. Christ, though a great success in His short public career, is a prophet without honor in His own country, at least in His own family. He made some of the most dangerous enemies possible, and one of His own chosen twelve betrayed Him to those bitterly vicious men. Christ was tormented in the Garden of Gethsemane, scourged at a pillar, crowned with thorns and nailed to a rough wooden cross to die a criminal before the law. Such enormous disaster is certainly evocative of the classic emotions of pity and fear.

Christ, the missionary, seems unsuccessful. Although He is victorious over death, the Hero Who has suffered so much commissions His disciples to carry on the work for which He has been executed, the work He Himself apparently could not complete. Not only has a tragic defeat been described but another is seemingly in prospect as lesser men than the Christus are left to do His labor.

Considering Christ as a tragic hero, however, is admittedly seeing the situation with one eye closed. If the gospel of St. Mark emphasizes the power of the Son of Man, St. John's gospel concentrates on the divine power of Christ. The real setting is not simply Palestine, but is laid around

that place where heaven and earth actually met for a span of thirty-three years. Christ is not merely a tragic hero Who lays down His life for His sheep but a second Adam, a God-man, representative of the race and yet above it. The true plot is not so much concerned with the operations of an earthly mission as the founding of a divine one and the forgiveness of sin. From the bitter ashes of a degraded nature, a magnificent Captain carried His people across a sorrowful sea and stood them within sight of the emerald walls of Heaven itself. Christus, by His death and Resurrection, worked the Redemption of the whole of humanity to become the greatest of epic heroes.

Christ is also the most complex of heroes. Tragedy and triumph, divinity and humanity join in a unique combination never before conceived by man. The study of His character is even more intricate than that of the complicated personality of Shakespeare's famous and fascinating prince of Denmark. What is more, Christ is not a hollow marble abstraction in the hall of man's imagination but the real historical hero of the human race. He is not just a pleasant myth or an author's fiction but the true Incarnation of the Word that was with God, and was God, and is God.

This then is the hero image we find in Christ. His stature is not made by human art nor is His figure placed on that pedestal in the imagination with the legendary and unreal heroes of fiction. The Christus is one of the few, the greatest of all figures of heroism, who can be revered in the cool, bright corridors of the mind where only the truth has any right.

Jimmie

BRIAN A. MULLANEY '61

- Today, Jimmie?
—Yeah, today. The Yanks won two, and like I said, he always bets 'em to win both games from Cleveland. He'll be running into Bernie's any minute now, to collect.
—He always leaves it running. Right, Jimmie?
—Yeah, always.
—Sure you can drive it, Jimmie?
—Look, I been drivin' the old man's heap in n' outa the garage ever since I was a kid. Hey! You seen all the articles I got about the Caddy. You know I know them babies inside out. Whatsamadda, you scared or somethin'?
—No, Jimmie. I'm not scared.
—Jimmie.
—Yeah.
—You sure nobody'll see us?
—Look, we'll move too fast for anyone to see us. Besides, nobody knows us around here, anyway.
—Here comes a white Caddy convertible, Jimmie.
—Yeah, yeah. That's him. Wait 'til he's inside about two seconds and then walk up to the car real easy.
—Now, Jimmie?
—Yeah, now. C'mon.
—Take it easy, will ya Jimmie?
—Yeah, I'll take it easy if you put on that radio.
—What do you want to hear, Jimmie?

- Some cool music, man, some cool music.
—What station, Jimmie?
—Don't sweat stations, man. That's one of them station-
seekin' jobs. Just push that bar and it tunes itself to the
next station.
—What bar, Jimmie?
—That little black one.
—Where, Jimmie?
—Here, I'll show ya.
—Jimmie, you watch the road. I'll work the radio.
—See this black bar I'm pushin'? When you push this, the
radio works itself.
—Jimmie, watch out for that truck—it's gonna hit us!
—Yeah, I. . . .
—You all right, Jimmie?

Spring Weekend

D. BARRETT '61

Nighttime in laughter,

Drunks

and lonely people

together,

And happiness

in the touch of a hand,

Stolen moments of tenderness

on the walks

amid the cans,

And sounds

of old school songs

off key,

And me—

Repose

THOMAS ECK '64

the face reposed.
age and internal wear
left their mark
quietly . . . and without destroying
the soft and gentle features.
now forever at peace,
the face becomes
old and young,
a child in an ancient's face;
lined and stamped with life
and innocence.

South

THOMAS ECK '64

south by the river's edge,
the moon—
like some wayward stranger,
wanders true
with its own purpose.
noiseless and fast,
it continues its frantic race
with something unseen—
a quiet light shines from its faceless face,
bathing the world of the river
in a blank reflection of itself.
as quietly as it came,
it leaves—
for undisclosed and even more silent
places.
its light which was so unreal
vanishes into reality—
and still the river flows.

waiting

t. f. maguire '61

life is a child's toy
stripped clean
of its neatly-applied
paper-thin veneer
once cherished and
prized . . . and now
banished
to some dust-filled attic
once a possession
of pleasure and play
and now a thing
of disuse and decay
but when all else
seems useless and
man once more
becomes a child
this ageless toy
will still be there
dusty and cold
bearing no grudge

Heaven and Hell

MARTIN SCHWARTZ '63

THE man sitting next to me on flight 19 from New York to Paris told me of one of the most fantastic bids for freedom ever attempted by a single human being.

“The double chinned magistrate, symbolic of hell to all condemned men, dominated by horn rimmed glasses, picked up the wrinkled sheet of paper and read, ‘ You are hereby sentenced to twenty years of hard labor for non-factious activities.’

“Then Hell said, ‘Take him away!’

“It was eleven long tortuous years later. Somehow he had managed to escape. It happened so fast. He couldn't remember. He thought he had killed the sentry. He had to keep running. Gradually a mysterious vapor, named night, engulfed the massive figure. He had to stop and rest. And so his shadow followed him into slumber. Because he only possessed an oily shirt, wire torn pants, a pair of brown stockings, and a pair of black, coal-dusted shoes, his huge body quivered in the icy evening hours. During the next few minutes he breathed heavily and slept uneasily. Beads of cold sweat formed with the sound of each passing animal. He felt that he was in a living graveyard.

“Rays of liquid sunshine now poured into his weary blue eyes. Having cast back his brown sun-lit hair, he again uplifted his once powerful frame and began to move stealthily through the seemingly endless marshes. He had lost all track of time. It was getting warm, and the ground was becoming soft and glutinous to his touch. It became increasingly difficult for him to run. He had to slow down, but he couldn't. He thought his pursuers were five or even ten

minutes away. He didn't know for certain. He had to keep moving.

"That day he crossed deserted fields of corn and wheat. He went through valleys. he forded countless placid streams and raging rivers. He passed bulwarks that appeared as though some prehistoric creature had taken enormous bites out of them. Sometimes he limped and other times he floundered, but he continually ran. Sometimes he was joyous, but other times he experienced a dire loneliness. He kept on going. Now and then he would crawl in the thick ooze with his parched, blood-stained hands. Once, in the midst of nowhere, he yelled and screamed at God to help him. He sensed that everything everywhere was passionless, dismal, and hideous.

"Could he make it? He wished he could drink his tears of hate. He was still mumbling to himself as the soft, worm-like, glimmering beams of moonlight came through an eternal emptiness of space. Blindness, like a dense mist, settled over the land. Then the lightning came, like a sharp ax, penetrating the walls of heaven. The winds, tongue of the universe, forced the trees and branches to sway ceaselessly to and fro, back and forth. The vines danced and chanted, and the earth flooded itself with the oncoming rain. The rain forged alien sounds out of the soil and boasted of its prowess and magnificence. The sky twisted and turned as if it were in mortal agony. He sat there and allowed the droplets to pommel against his gaunt exterior. His severed lips kept reiterating in a feeble whisper, 'Rain. Rain.'

"The glowing sun rose as if accompanied by a million invisible violins. He was going to make it. God had not forgotten him. He thought they had given up the chase.

Heaven and Hell

Today wasn't going to be similar to the foregoing mornings and afternoons. His numb fingers and legs were stimulated into activity by a magnet of heaven formerly unknown to him, a craving for independence. He wouldn't pause until this unfamiliar allurements was appeased. Instantaneously his entire body felt whole. Life was once more becoming a reality.

"Every inch, every foot, every yard, meant another mile closer to what seemed the bliss of heaven. With each of his steps the blades of grass thrust him forward. He ran to the brink of exhaustion. But he didn't care. A few more minutes was all he needed. Now it was only a matter of a few hundred belaboring heartbeats. He got a sharp gnawing pain in the right side. Suddenly he crumbled into a motionless bundle. He had to get up. He inched himself onward. His depleted lungs were gasping for air. He could still make it. He was crying and praying, 'God! God! The border. Give me a chance!' This man of pain fought with the impossible. Although his gripping fingers shook with every breeze, he was still running. He looked up, and his scrawny blood raced through his vessels faster and faster. His glistening countenance was analogous to a piece of white-hot coal. He had vanished into the magnetic field of life. He knew the world would now be everlastingly different.

"A towering outline, attired in weighty apparel, with a revolver in his benevolent looking hands, spoke caustically to another image in a small jeep, 'Take him back!'"

I wanted to know what happened to this man who had come so close to his heaven. The stranger replied, "The second time I made it."

Reflections on an Elegiac Theme

RICHARD LEIDIG '62

A shore, a rock, the sea gulls soaring,
The waves pounding
On a desolate place.
The vacant cries of the ocean-skimmers
Reflect from smooth-flanked dunes.

A time had come that stayed quiescent reveries—
A conflict of strange ships and alien peoples.
The years passed over sands heaving in turmoil
Which left its mark
In long-remaining scars.

A dream forsaken lay shattered under the sweeping skies.
The shifting contours of the beach half-covered,
then erased completely
All signs of strife.
A cast-up plank, a tuft of grass,
The domain of eloquent silence.

A Day Like All Days

BRIAN A. MULLANEY '61

JOHN DILLON awoke on the morning of his seventeenth birthday to the harmonious effusions of a HiE (highly euphonic) sound producer. On the antigravitational, mobile utiliboard at the side of his sleeping unit was the certificate he had long been awaiting. It read in part: "The aforementioned, having successfully completed seventeen years of world citizenship, is awarded use of a state-owned, jet-propelled helicopter." John smiled as he saw the world stamp over the date, March 24, 2061. "Now that my citizenship tests are complete," he thought, "I've only two years of study left before I get my Director's degree in celestial navigation." His attention was then attracted to a flashing red light on the top of his two-way view screen. Not being one to ignore the "five minutes until class" warning, John showered, donned his day-garment, adjusted his view screen, and attended class.

His school, North American University, had one of the best reputations in the universe. An "Earth-League" school, its simplicity and lack of senseless tradition had attracted John when he was still in high school. His first class that morning was his favorite—history. As the brightly-colored picture appeared on his view screen, he put on the glasses especially designed for adding the depth illusion to the two-dimensional image. While the professor lectured, John fed notes into a professionally-made computer which systematized notes on any subject. At the close of the history class, John regulated his view-screen dial so he could attend a class in the science division of the university. It was examination day in practical electronics,

and he was somewhat apprehensive. However, when the test drew to a close, he learned his homemade electronic brain had been graded 98.742 percent efficient in biology problems. "The toughest test is still to come," he thought. "Algebra and negative numbers will surely be a strain on its circuits." After his class in solar and lunar plotting variables, he had a thirty minute period for nourishment.

His mid-day meal was well-balanced and suited to his needs. It was only two weeks earlier that he had filled out a personal history report for the local, state-owned DEC (dietary efficiency computer). Since the DEC had suggested an increase in vegetable intake, John's lunch consisted of one fowl pill, two vegetable pills, and a combination dessert and milk pill. He usually enjoyed this, the first of his day's two nourishment periods, because it was the break in his work schedule. On that day, however, he experienced difficulty in remaining calm during this usually relaxed period, for already his thoughts were overrun with adolescent dreams of the pleasure in store for him as a licensed helipilot.

After what seemed like forty, instead of four, hours of homework, John strolled down to the community heliport. There he received the machine that had been assigned to him. As the jet pods throbbed into life, he eased the ship vertically from her berth, adjusting the controls so the helicopter headed toward the community youth center. In response, the ship pulled out into the aerial highway and fitted itself into the flow of traffic. After a few minute's ride, the helicopter eased out of the stream of traffic and settled into a predetermined parking space at the center.

There John was greeted by birthday congratulations from his friends who were generally happy for him. It was

A Day Like All Days

also at the center that he had his daily exercise. John and his comrades played a vigorous game of CCC (co-operative course completion), a sport consisting of two three-man teams whose members separately solve mathematical and astronomical equations, the roots of which form the combinations for locks in a twenty-foot square maze. The third man on John's team reached the center of the maze after two minutes and twenty-seven seconds, fifteen seconds faster than the opposition's time. But, being on a winning team was nothing new to John. In fact, he had shown such ability as a CCC player that he had once been asked to attend spring training with his community's team in the state league.

After the game, John bade good-by to his friends at the center and took off for a sight-seeing tour of the continent. He set the controls for a transcontinental cruise, cleaned the view-port, and surveyed the scenery passing beneath him. A short while later he noticed the giant SEC (solar energy conversion) plant for his section of the continent. Far to the south, John caught sight of the take-off of an observation rocket. It was the job of scientists in the rocket, he remembered, to compute the angles of polar rotation during the seasons of the year. Another twenty minutes of flight found him over the cosmic ray radiation detector. The detector, hovering over the earth at 150,000 feet, warned of any major increase in cosmic ray bombardment.

Glancing away from the detector, he noticed the atmosphere had a reddish glow. As he looked towards the earth, a horrible sight greeted his eyes—the planet was disintegrating. "Well, someone's finally done it," he thought. "They've ended the world."

Reprobus

WILLIAM LARSON '63

Is this desert where the search would end?
A cold wind blasts the endless dune;
Reprobus is lost and dead is his friend,
But fate is the piper who whistles the tune.
One of many warriors coming from the North,
Reprobus sought the Revered of man.
Of three dead warriors he was the fourth,
All seed of the blue-eyed clan.
A trumpet sounded and clouded the sun,
Then forty-one horsemen appeared.
He could recognize but one,
And his name is always feared.
The leader asked Reprobus then
What he sought in this deadly place.
Reprobus answered "the Revered of men"
And a broken smile came to his face.
"Reprobus, it is I you seek,
A desire all men feel
To view the world as from a peak.
Only at my feet, just kneel."
"Fear, do you think I'm a common man -
Who would sell his soul at a toss
Or follow a prophet as many who ran
Dead warriors on a twisted cross."
"Damned one, leave my sight.

Reprobus

No holy symbols do I need.
A man of strength and right,
I need no favors plead."
A new life from a desert birth,
Reprobus roams the world this day,
And of the goal of man on earth
There is a higher end than clay.
Many lessons time would send,
Revealing the riddle true
That man is not his own end
Just as Zarathustra knew.

The Wish

ALFRED MACCARONE '63

I wish I were a pitcher great
Who all the hitters always hate,
Their averages tumbling down to nil
Whenever I would hurl that pill.
My curve would be my great delight;
They'd swing and miss with all their might.
And then my fabulous change of pace
Would send them sprawling on their face.
Fast ball, slow ball, curve ball great,
I alone can appreciate.
You see this is just a lovely dream,
For I'm the guy who sells ice cream.

Shots from the Past

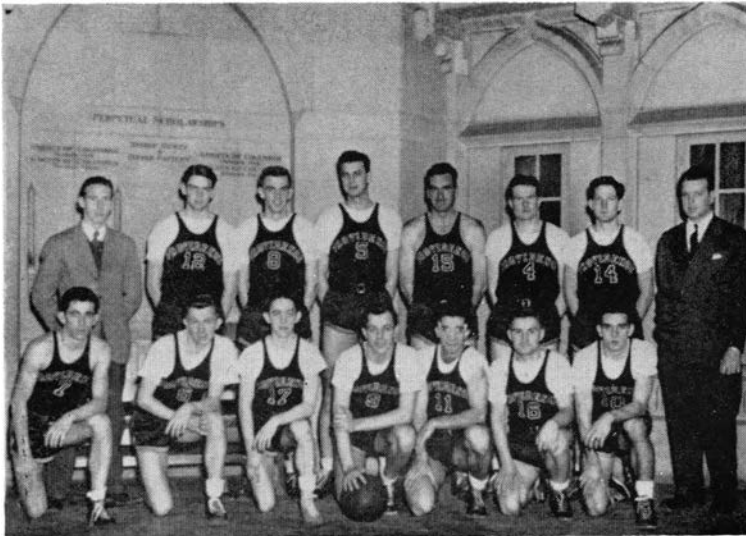


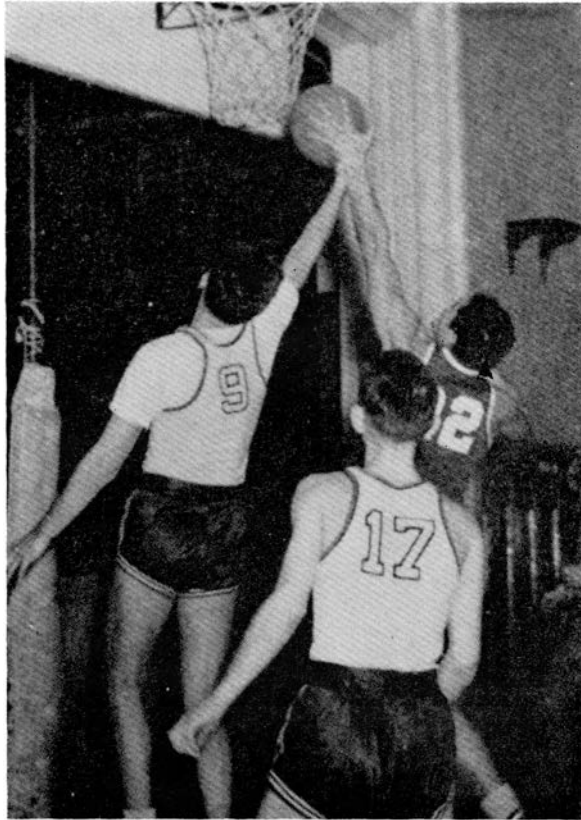
Not many years ago a basketball game at Providence College would bring together a handful of fans who would file into Harkins Hall Gymnasium and seat themselves in single rows on the perimeter of the P. C. home court. They would in all probability witness a contest in which the victor would score thirty to forty points; on exceptional occasions perhaps fifty. For the players Harkins Auditorium presented

the double hazard of low ceiling and suspended lighting fixtures. This of course limited their shooting potential, and the tight quarters on all sides necessitated some quick stops.

It would be a surprising thing today and a visitor would be indeed flabbergasted to run into an individual clad in short pants and strolling through Harkins with a number on his back, but a decade ago this was not an uncommon occurrence.

As basketball popularity increased at Providence, the team gained the use of the larger and more practical Mt. Pleasant High School Gymnasium. This brought the advan-





tage of seating more Friar adherents but conversely moved home games off campus, producing a “home away from home” situation. But with the construction of Alumni Hall these problems were offset. The “Mullaney Era” and Providence College’s Golden Age of basketball have given us instead of Mt. Pleasant High, the Madison Square Garden as our “home away from home.”

