

## The "Moonlight Sonata"

Judy Winslow

FOR FIVE years I carried on a war with my parents and myself. The cause was a sturdy wooden box which leered at me an hour every day with its eighty-eight ivory teeth. This was a musical instrument which emitted sounds of rapturous clarity, resounding vigor, and tender harmony for everyone but me. My battle was one well known to most children between the ages of five and fifteen—youth versus the piano. There seems to be instilled in every parent of such children a desire to give them "what the parents never had," and included in this category is instruction on some musical instrument, preferably the piano, a nice, lady-like instrument for nice, lady-like little girls. And just as strongly instilled in the children is a desire to revolt against the discipline of practice and technique necessary to bring forth music from this stubborn instrument. When such is the case, the children are often left with a strong dislike for music, especially classical music, for its success depends greatly on practice and proper technique.

Fortunately, although I rebelled against music lessons, I was never left with a distaste for music itself. Instead, I have learned to respect it and its creators with something akin to awe. To me, classical music has become one of the beautiful mysteries which are so much a part of life; for what great surges of emotions, what great passions and experiences have led a great composer such as Beethoven to create his stirring symphonies and concertos? These are the same emotions, passions, and experiences that lesser people have every day, felt more deeply by such men. Classical music is the heat of passions transposed into music in times of cooler recollections. Classical music is poetry in action, moving and rippling smoothly along or crashing and clashing with sudden force. The only thing that places classical music in a field apart from good music and contemporary music is the depth of true emotion expressed by the composer. These are not shallow whims or passing fancies that the classical composer has felt; they are the emotions essential to life, so forceful and commanding that they must be expressed.

However, a feeling of respect and awe for classical music can never lead to sincere enjoyment of the art; nor can an understanding of the meaning of its creation give one the personal satisfaction that comes with knowing a piece of music intimately, knowing its variation, movement, and rhythm. This personal satisfaction can best be gained by playing the musical composition personally. My piano instructor was a disciple of this doctrine, and my course in piano was not limited to exercise books and scales even from the first. Instead, a classic was included in every lesson, and, no matter how simplified the version, the theme was always there, offering a challenge to me to get acquainted with the integral parts of the

composition.

An acquaintance with the "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven gave such personal satisfaction to me. The "Moonlight Sonata" was supposedly composed by Beethoven as he sat gazing at the shadows made by the moonlight in a moment of tranquility and peace, free from the terrible doubts that clouded his mind in regard to his increased difficulty in hearing. The resulting music is that of a soul at peace. The movement is free, simple, and pure, just as moonlight is free, simple, and pure with no imperfections. There are no tricky passages and no elaborate phrases to clutter up the beautiful simplicity of the main theme. It flows smoothly as moonlight on still water, but there are shadows of melancholy in the moonlight of the music. These same shadows filled the corners of Beethoven's life, which ended in a crashing symphony of silence—of total deafness to the music of the world around him to which he had added so much. All things of near-perfect beauty contain this hint of melancholy, however; for surely the creator, whether musician, artist, sculptor, or architect, must feel that he has reached a zenith of perfection which can never again be achieved.

Although most music critics would not claim Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" as one of his greatest works, there is something of its searching simplicity and melancholy which have captured my imagination and have set me dreaming. The flowing music has offered a peaceful refuge to me in time of emotional storms that come my way, for, as I play the rippling notes of the composition, a sense of peace and beauty flows from the music into my soul. I am able to turn my eyes from visions of the soft smoothness of moonlight to the harsh brightness of reality with a fresh perspective.

## Waitresses

Ted Maier

**I**N MY travels I have had occasion to eat in public places very frequently. I have eaten in restaurants in many foreign countries.

I have visited restaurants both large and small and therefore have had the opportunity to observe the habits of waitresses. Universally, the purpose of the waitress is the same; however, there are mannerisms characteristic of waitresses that cause me to classify them into three main groups: the *Canis Lupa*, the *Pachyderm*, and the *Femme Dangereuse*. All waitresses fall into one of these three groups, irrespective of nationality.

The waitresses in the *Canis Lupa* group are the most efficient of the three groups. They are always married and usually frustrated. They work well and are very sincere in their efforts to please. Usually they are very sleek and pretty, but feel that they are being mistreated because they have to work; however, they are sensible enough not to allow their domestic troubles to interfere with their job. In restaurants mainly employing women of this group, one does