

Spring 1965

## The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 18, no. 3

John Carroll University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly>

---

### Recommended Citation

John Carroll University, "The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 18, no. 3" (1965). *The Carroll Quarterly*. 53.  
<https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly/53>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Carroll Quarterly by an authorized administrator of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact [mchercourt@jcu.edu](mailto:mchercourt@jcu.edu).

# CARROLL QUARTERLY

*To the Unknown Poet*

*James Edmund Magner, Jr.*



*Edifice Complex*

*John C. Rezmerski*



*E. E. Cummings*

*Rita Louise Coyne*



# CARROLL QUARTERLY

VOLUME 18

SPRING, 1965

NUMBER 3

**Editor-in-Chief**

**EDWARD G. KELLY**

**Managing Editor**

**JOHN W. KENESEY**

**Associate Editors**

**JOHN J. COVOLO**

**PAUL J. RAMPE**

**DENNIS J. MADGE**

**ANTHONY M. KUHN**

**RICHARD W. TOMC**

**JAMES R. VIVIAN**

**STEPHEN H. McELROY**

**Copy Editors**

**BRIAN J. HANEY**

**PAUL D. KOCHANOWSKI**

**WILLIAM J. BRAIDECH**

**HARVEY L. FORSTAG**

The CARROLL QUARTERLY is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students, alumni, and faculty. Editorial and publication offices: John Carroll University, University Heights, Cleveland 18, Ohio.



# Contents

Credits and Contest .....	4
On Culture in the Blue Collar City .....	5
<i>Stephen McElroy</i>	
To the Unknown Poet .....	8
<i>James Edmund Magner, Jr.</i>	
Little One, To You .....	9
<i>James Edmund Magner, Jr.</i>	
Aeneas's Tale to Dido in <i>Hamlet</i> .....	10
<i>Ronald J. Patten</i>	
The Ant and the Peony .....	16
<i>Stephen McElroy</i>	
Edifice Complex .....	17
<i>John C. Rezmerski</i>	
The Topless Business Suit .....	18
<i>William C. Fuller</i>	
Masks .....	24
<i>Stephen McElroy</i>	
Keep This Door Shut .....	25
<i>Harvey Forstag</i>	
American Gothic .....	27
<i>John C. Rezmerski</i>	
What It Takes To Be Successful .....	28
<i>Paul A. Rampe, Jr.</i>	
E E. Cummings .....	33
<i>Rita Louise Coyne</i>	
The Yellow Box .....	34
<i>James Chiello</i>	
Empty Theater .....	38
<i>Gerald T. Fitzgerald</i>	
Chaucer in Maytime .....	39
<i>John Covolo</i>	
To Donald Bashor .....	40
<i>James Edmund Magner, Jr.</i>	

## Credits and Contest

This issue of the *Quarterly* contains the last samplings from Mr. James E. Magner's *Toiler of the Sea*, a volume of poetry to be published late this month. *Toiler of the Sea* will be reviewed in the final edition of the *Quarterly*. The copyright to all of Mr. Magner's poetry published in this volume is held by Golden Quill Press.

*Reading Without Dick and Jane*, Dr. Arthur S. Trace's recently published book also will be reviewed in the last issue of the *Quarterly*.

Winners of cash prizes for material submitted to the *Quarterly* will be announced in the next issue. Material for all four issues will be considered. The \$50, \$30, and \$20 prizes will be awarded to the authors of the three best contributions. *Carroll Quarterly* staff members and the John Carroll University faculty are not eligible for prizes.

John C. Rezmerski and Rita Louise Coyne are Teaching Associates in English. William C. Fuller is an English major. *Aeneas's Tale to Dido in Hamlet* marks the debut of Ronald J. Patten as a *Quarterly* contributor. Two freshmen, Harvey Forstag, a Chemistry major and *Quarterly* staff member, and James Chiello, a Speech major, have contributions which appear in this issue. Paul A. Rampe, Jr., Stephen McElroy and John Covolo are all *Carroll Quarterly* staff members.



# On Culture in the Blue Collar City

STEPHEN McELROY

It has not been very long since *Esquire* magazine, listing some little-known places where one could find a good time in several "dead" cities, posed the question, "What do you do on a night in Cleveland?" The plight of our city, on more occasions than this one selected as the archetype of the backward metropolis, has been a matter of concern to many. For it is not a simple question of a city that has rejected culture; despite its reputation, Cleveland has one of the most impressive arrays of first-rate cultural institutions in America. The city that possesses a symphony orchestra selected as the finest in the world; an art museum frequently emulated and borrowed from by her sisters in the larger cities to the east; a Playhouse that is consistently praised by out-of-town critics and served as the model for the recent trend toward more resident professional companies; a public library with a collection and an open-shelf policy that have made it the model for librarians; and, to mention only one of a number of valuable adjuncts, a continuing Shakespeare Festival, hardly seems fitted for the brand of "culturally retarded." It is rather that culture in this city is a paradox, and a paradox because cultural apathy exists side by side with these cultural establishments.

On first impressions, the stigma of the "dead" Cleveland may not seem relevant to the status of the arts. It is true that night life does not make a city's culture. But at least for Cleveland the matter of streets forsaken after ten p.m. is an important aspect of the problem. Whether a cause or a symptom, it illustrates the attitude of the populace that must supply an audience for artistic ventures. When there is no *en masse* turnout for the productions of the popular culture, it is not to be expected that the more esoteric will fare well. If Clevelanders prefer to remain in their living rooms during baseball games and musical comedies, an orchestral premiere or a controversial drama will not lure them out. And because the picture of the dead Cleveland is largely factual, because the visitor is frequently amazed by a depopulated Euclid Avenue at nightfall, the dilemma of culture in Cleveland may be partially a result of the "blue collar" nature of the city.

The population of the city of Cleveland itself places it among the ten largest in the United States. Boston is not in this category. But among "Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas" as computed by the *County and City Data Book*, an addition to the Statistical Abstract of the United States, Cleveland is out of the top ten, Boston in. These figures, which give a truer picture of the population upon which cultural facilities may draw, are Cleveland—1,796,595 and Boston—2,589,301. Even in potential audience, Cleveland suffers a disadvantage. But more characteristics of this city's "blue collar" character is the fact that 44% of the metropolitan

area's employed labor force works at agriculture, construction, or manufacturing. For Boston this figure would be 34%, for New York 31%. This is not meant to imply that anyone who works in such a capacity will be a cultural boor, but rather to indicate that a significantly large percentage of the population of the Cleveland area works at just those occupations which would most likely make them wish to spend their evenings at home. The white collar workers, on the other hand, who might be most likely to spend their evenings in the glamor and whirl of the city make up five percent less of the population of the Cleveland area than of that of Boston or New York. And with the smaller population here this fact is of even more significance for the arts.

Another group who might be expected to patronize cultural endeavors are those involved in education. In the New York area 178,643 persons are employed in the field of education; in Boston 64,089. In Cleveland this figure is only 30,035. Among those enrolled in college within its area, Cleveland fares even worse. It has only 21,720 college students as compared with 77,644 for Boston and 201,984 for New York. Caught between a large population that does not wish to spend its leisure time in the city and a somewhat diminutive student-teacher population, Cleveland's cultural institutions put their wares forth before less than full houses.

One other aspect of Cleveland's culture remains to be examined. In cities that are generally considered culturally alive there are frequent one-night and controversial presentations which are generally well attended. A comparison of the entertainment page of a Boston or New York newspaper with a Cleveland counterpart would reveal the disparity. Concerts, plays, movies, and exhibits that are frequently challenging and always uncommon abound. They are absent from Cleveland. An underground movie by one of the "unknown" American film-makers would probably be unable to find an audience or even a theater willing to present it in this area. Prominent art dealers have had to abandon the city. No group of university players in this area would dare to present a production of *The Balcony* such as that given in combination by Harvard and Radcliffe students. But in cities that are culturally alive the unpopular is a measure of the very cultural awareness. Under such conditions those who do patronize the arts in Cleveland lay themselves open to the charge of attending for prestige or social recognition. The late Dobama Theater was not "a place to be seen at" and it is no longer with us.

If these, then, are the conditions under which Cleveland partakes of culture, what are the chances for improvement? It is a question over which a liberal who wishes for a better general level of culture is apt to stumble. If the populace, even when better exposed to the arts, still refuses to patronize them are they to be shoved down the populace's throat? Desire must be tempered with the realities. If Cleveland, comparatively young as it is, remains a blue collar city it cannot expect to become a midwestern Athens whatever first-rate cultural institutions it may provide. The average man certainly should spend his leisure time as he sees fit, even if his occupation plays a large role in his selection. But there are certain indications of advancement. One of these is the univer-



sity program of selected one-night presentations, such as that at John Carroll. It provides an opportunity for worthwhile ventures that would otherwise be unavailable in this area. A second is the success of the new Lake Erie Opera Theater which gave a fine performance of Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* this fall and found it well received. The work is certainly not common fare, but shortly after this presentation interest in it throughout the country began to revive. This opera group has scheduled Prokofiev's *The Love of the Three Oranges* in its next series. Should this work also receive sufficient patronage, there will be reason for saying that Cleveland is indeed advancing toward cultural awareness. Finally, the projected Cleveland State University, by supplying a larger student and teacher population, could help Cleveland lose its dubious honor of being the blue collar city.

## To the Unknown Poet

JAMES EDMUND MAGNER, JR.

*You who work your wings in umbraed vacuum  
And sing your songs to soundless night,  
Who rhapsodize melodic pyramids  
to deaf-man-world and idiot child;  
whose song devours soul  
if not music to other minds,  
Sing to that Solitary Singer  
whose best song is you,  
and whose high bel canto  
is in that very note of yours.*

## Little One, To You

JAMES EDMUND MAGNER, JR.

*You are, to my person's odd creature, my heart,  
The earth's bright beauty and the reason for laughter,  
—the rhythmmed, tangoed kick of this world's intoxication,  
The belief of renaissance come for me  
Amidst the swirling, sinking mass of splintered masts  
and charred spars of soul  
Slipping silent to million-fathomed mausoleum.  
You are my belief amidst this ruin,  
There is glory in reaching port, and a warmth in home-coming;  
That warmth—all the warmth I will  
of this earth's fire,  
I feel in the pulse of gentle fires  
In the infinitesimal cup of thy maiden-hand.*

# Aeneas's Tale to Dido in *Hamlet*

RONALD J. PATTEN

It has often been said that Shakespeare, one of the greatest playwrights of the English language, had borrowed some of the ideas from the literature of Classical Times. A good example of this occurs in the play *Hamlet* when Hamlet asks the First Player to recite some lines about Pyrrhus' killing King Priam at the fall of Troy. These lines immediately recall Virgil's *Aeneid* wherein Aeneas relates a similar account to Dido.

First a recapitulation of the events which preceded the Pyrrhus story in Shakespeare, declaimed in Act two, Scene two of the play. The ghost of Hamlet's father appeared to Hamlet and told him that he had been murdered by his own brother, the present king. The ghost asks for revenge. Hamlet, upon hearing this woeful story, is grief-stricken. He develops a hatred for both his uncle and his mother who had married the uncle only two months after the death of his father. He refuses to turn toward true love in the person of the young Ophelia, but, rather he is obsessed by the order of the ghost to kill his uncle. Bearing in mind Hamlet's commission and also his utter shock that his mother could be involved in such a horrendous deed, we can come to a full understanding of the attraction the Pyrrhus tale had to him.

Towards the latter part of the second scene in Act two, the players are ushered in to Hamlet. Hamlet, after some gracious recognition of his old acquaintances, the players, asks one of them to repeat a certain speech which describes the death of Priam after the taking of Troy. To this he listens most intently, and the growing thoughtfulness of his expression shows that the words have for him some inner attractions, deeper than mere dramatic merit could give them. Here are the lines:

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in th' ominous horse  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules, horribly tricked  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, and sons,  
Baked and impasted with the parching streets  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks—Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his ram, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command; unequal matched,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
 Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for low his sword,  
 Which was declining on the milking head  
 Of reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick;  
 So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,  
 And like a neutral to his will and matter,  
 Did nothing.  
 But as we often see against some storm  
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
 Doth rend the region; so after Pyrrhus' pause,  
 A roused vengeance sets him new awork,  
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterns,  
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam.  
 Out, Out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,  
 In general synod take away her power,  
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven  
 As low as to the fiends.  
 But who, o who, had seen the mobled queen  
 Run barefoot up and down threat'ning the flames  
 With bisson rheun, a clout upon that head  
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe  
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
 A blanket in the alarm for fear caught up—  
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,  
 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced;  
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
 The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
 Unless things mortal move them not at all,  
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of Heaven,  
 And passion in the gods.

(Ham., II, ii, 474-541)

There is little doubt in my mind that the general idea of the tale was taken from Virgil's *Aeneid*. But I have found that some Shakespearean scholars have said that Shakespeare may have borrowed the important details from sources other than the *Aeneid*. They inform us that its most important details have been freely borrowed from a speech by Aeneas in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a not very effective play written by Nash in collaboration with Marlowe, a great playwright evidently much esteemed by Shakespeare. It probably had had little success on the boards and had been performed only once. Other scholars, however, agree that these lines may have been extracted from the Marlowe play but most probably were written by Shakespeare himself, expressly for the *Hamlet* play. Whatever viewpoint is taken, I am convinced that Shakespeare knew Virgil. I refer the reader to Virgil K. Whitaker's book on the subject, *Shakespeare's Use of Learning*, wherein he shows that Shakespeare was indeed familiar with the classic Latin authors, Terence, Plautus, Ovid, and Virgil.

Before I turn to the *Aeneid* and the description Virgil gives to the same scene, I think that a brief description of Pyrrhus is necessary in order to understand more fully the legend as Virgil related it. The name Pyrrhus is derived from the Greek word *pyros* which means fire. Thus the name



connotes a fiery, fierce, ambitious person. From the *Oxford Classical Dictionary* we learn the following:

In mythology Pyrrhus was the son of Achilles and Deidameia. After his father's death he was sent for to Troy by the Greeks, because his presence was one of the necessary conditions for the taking of the city, Odysseus acting as messenger. Arrived there, he showed himself a notable warrior and wise counsellor, killing among others Euryphylus, son of Telephus. He was one of the chosen party who manned the Wooden Horse, and came through that and the other dangers of war unharmed . . . There is, however, a curious double version of the story of his visit to Delphi, which left its mark on Pindar. In the sixth Paean it is said that Pyrrhus, having been fetched from Scyros and taken to Troy, incurred the wrath of Apollo by killing Priam at the altar of Zeus Herceius; the god therefore swore that he should never reach home.

In looking for the story of Pyrrhus in the *Aeneid*, I found that it is presented in the second book, lines 469-558. In these lines we have the description of Pyrrhus, the storming of Priam's palace by Pyrrhus and his companions, Priam girding himself for battle against the protests of his wife, Hecuba; Pyrrhus killing Polites, one of Priam's sons; and finally Pyrrhus killing Priam, only after Priam utters his maledictions against him and vainly tries to strike him with his sword.

The first time he is mentioned by Virgil, Pyrrhus is described as *coruscus*, that is "gleaming in a bronze light." Compare this with Shakespeare's opening lines wherein Pyrrhus is described as having "sable arms," a "black purpose and black complexion." There is an obvious contrast in the two versions. Shakespeare does this to give special emphasis to the fact that Pyrrhus in Hamlet's mind was a vile king-killer as was Hamlet's own uncle. And as a vile character Pyrrhus could hardly be described as gleaming and brilliant. We will now look at the Virgilian account of Priam's death:

Pyrrhus presses on with the strength of his father; neither barriers or the guards themselves have the power to withstand him; the door gives away by the frequent strokes of the battering ram and the door posts torn away from the hinges fall in. He makes his passage by force: the Greeks burst through the entrances and entering, slaughter the first people they meet and they fill the palace with soldiers. Not so violently a foaming river when its banks have burst, has poured forth overcomes the opposing dams and is borne with its torrents over the field raging in a mass, and through all the plains drags the herds with their stables. I myself (Aeneas) saw Pyrrhus raging with slaughter along with the two sons of Atreus (Agamemnon and Menalaus) on the threshold; I saw Hecuba and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam defiling with his blood through the altars the flames which he himself had consecrated. These fifty bridal chambers, the so great hope of descendants, the door post lordly with foreign gold and spoils, all fell prostrate: the Greeks hold sway the places where the fire died out.

Perchance, you may even ask what were the *Fates* of Priam. When he saw the downfall of his captured city, and the threshold of his palace torn down, and the enemy in the middle of his sanctuary, the old man vainly put his long unused armor on his shoulder trembling with old age and girds himself with his useless sword, and destined to die, bears himself against the thick enemy. In the middle of the palace beneath the open vault of the sky there was a huge altar, next to it was an ancient laurel tree leaning over the

altar and embracing the household gods with its shade.

Here Hecuba and her daughters around the altar, like doves driven headlong by a black storm, were sitting crowded together and vainly clutching the images of the gods. But when she saw Priam, taking up the armor of a youth, she cried out, "What so dreadful a thought, o ill-fated husband, impells you to put on these weapons? It is not the time for you to help the soldiers with those protections of yours; not even if my Hector were now present. Please stay here, this altar will protect us all or you will die together with us." These words she poured from her lips. Then she drew him to herself and placed the long-lived man on the sacred seat.

But, behold, Polites, one of Priam's sons, having escaped the slaughter of Pyrrhus, flees down the long colonnades through weapons and foes, and passes over the empty hall's wounded; Pyrrhus eagerly pursues him with deadly wound and again and again he holds him with one hand and runs him through with his spear. When finally Polites appeared before his parents, he fell down and poured forth his life with much blood. Here Priam, although he is now held in the midst of death, yet did not hold back his voice and his wrath. He cries out, "If there is any goodness in heaven which cares about such things, may the gods pay you, who has made me look at the death of my son, face to face, and had defiled a father's sight with slaughter, a just reward for these crimes and offenses of yours. Not such a person was Achilles from whom you falsely say you are sprung, when dealing with enemy Priam; but he respected the rights and honor of a suppliant and gave up the lifeless body of Hector for the tomb, and sent me back to my kingdom."

Having said this, the old man hurled his unwarlike weapon without landing a blow, which was immediately repulsed by the harsh bronze and hung harmlessly from the end of the shield's boss. To whom Pyrrhus answers.

"You therefore shall bear these things and go as a messenger to my father the son of Peleus; remember to tell him my sad deeds and how degenerate his Pyrrhus is; now die!" Saying this he dragged him to the very altar trembling and slipping in the copious blood of his son; Pyrrhus grabbed his hair with his left hand and with his right drew out his flashing sword and buried it in his side up to the hilt. This was the end of Priam's fate; this end befell him as he saw Troy burning and Pergamus fallen. Once the proud ruler of so many people and lands of Asia, he now lies on the shores, a huge trunk, and a head torn from his shoulders—a body without a name.

(*Aeneid*, Bk. II, 491-558)

In the *Hamlet* version, we see Pyrrhus hesitating before dealing the final blow upon Priam. A simile comparing his hesitancy to the calm before a great storm is used. Nowhere in the *Aeneid* is the simile or this hesitancy presented. Also the metaphor used in lines 511-512 dealing with the noise of the storm and the clamor of the Cyclopedes' hammering is not even approximated in the Virgilian account.

John Dover Wilson tells us that there seems to be no basis in Virgil for the description of Pyrrhus as Shakespeare writes it. The closest that Virgil comes to resembling the description of Shakespeare's opening lines:

Hathe now this dread and black complexion smeared  
With heardry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules, horridly tricked  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughter, and sons.

(*Ham.*, II, ii, 477-480)

is line 551 of the *Aeneid* which reads, "*in music lapsentem sanguine nati,*" which can be rendered, "slipping in the copious blood of his son." But this quotation refers to Priam and not to Pyrrhus.

However, I have found that there is some resemblance between lines 491-493 of *Hamlet* and lines 509-511, 544-46 of the *Aeneid*.

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls  
Repugnant to command.

(*Ham.*, 11, ii, 491-493)

*Arma diu senior desueta tremensibus aevo  
Circumdat nequiquam umeris et inutile ferrum cingitur.*

(*Aeneid*, Bk. II, 509-511)

*Sic fatus senior tellumque imbelle sine ictu  
coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum  
et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.*

(*Aeneid*, Bk. II, 544-546)

Which lines I translate:

In vain the old man puts on his long unused armor around  
his shoulders trembling with age and girds himself with his useless  
sword.

Thus having spoken, the old man hurled his unwarlike weapon  
without landing a blow, which was driven back straightway by the  
harsh bronze and hung ineffectually from the end of the shield's boss.

I also find resemblance between line 539 of *Hamlet* which reads, "Unless things mortal moves them not at all," and in the *Aeneid*, line 536 which reads, "*Si est qua pietas caelo quae curet talia.*" Which can be translated, "If there is any goodness in heaven which cares about such things."

We can see that the only basis of comparison that can be considered in the two renditions is the fact that they both stress the ineffectuality of the old man and weapon and the fierceness of Pyrrhus. Shakespeare omits much of the original and turns parts of it around to suit his own purposes. All Shakespeare is interested in is depicting a Pyrrhus fierce and terrible, eager for blood, and Priam helpless in his Fate. The most important addition is the mention of the "mobled queen," Hecuba, whom the gods themselves pitied. This is an important addition, for it reveals Hamlet's feeling towards his mother as one of pity because she is bereft of her husband.

To understand why Hamlet chose this passage to be recited, we must know what the passage signifies. Kenneth Muir, one of the few commentators who actually devoted some space to this problem, helps us in this matter. He says Hamlet chooses this particular passage, whether consciously or unconsciously because Pyrrhus is the ruthless king-killer Claudius had been, the ruthless avenger he wished to be himself. Hecuba's mourning for her husband is contrasted with Gertrude's brief mourning for hers. In a nutshell, this explains Hamlet's desire to hear the declamation. Indeed, I stressed the fact that Pyrrhus was a ruthless killer. Yet he serves a twofold purpose to Hamlet. He is an object of hate because he

killed a venerable, helpless, old man, which act, as Virgil shows, was passed up by his nobler father Achilles. But, besides being an object of hate, Pyrrhus is also a figure to be emulated by Hamlet. Pyrrhus stormed Troy only to obtain revenge for his own father's death. In like manner Hamlet wishes to be a Pyrrhus and to avenge his father's death, which was the command of the ghost.

The passage concerning Hecuba is most enigmatic. As I mentioned above the passage describing the mourning of Hecuba is an innovation of Shakespeare's, only hinted at by Virgil. It should be remembered that the First Player in the course of his declamation starts to cry when he arrives at that part which pertains to Hecuba. At the end of the scene, when Hamlet is soliloquizing, he asks in lines 585-8:

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do  
Had he the motive and cue for passion  
That I have?

Quite obviously, Hamlet is associating Hecuba with his own mother and Priam with his late father. When he states that he has more reason to cry at Hecuba's fate than has the First Player, he is implying that his reasons are more personal, namely, the mourning of his own father's death, and the shock at his mother's lack of concern.

Some commentaries have mentioned that in the midst of this speech, Hamlet contrives the plan to "catch the conscience of the king." This may well be true. However, I myself cannot see that Hamlet asked for the recitation so that his imagination would be stirred as it had been.

In conclusion I would like to say that this speech appealed so greatly to Hamlet because he associated the existential circumstances he experienced with the action and the situation of the declamation. He related Hecuba to his mother, Priam to his slaughtered father, and most important, Pyrrhus to his uncle and ultimately to himself.

# The Ant and the Peony

STEPHEN McELROY

The Flower, summer:

*"Anarchy,  
Formic debris,  
Barbaric sea  
In vulgar flood.*

*"Accursed me!  
These ants are free  
With ebony  
To foul my bud.*

*"Footless to flee,  
Rooted to thee  
O Earth! to see  
Grace slimed with mud.*

*"How may it be  
In agony  
A peony  
Of Beauty's blood?"*

The Insect, fall:

*"Worker for Queen and State, I scorn  
The futile,  
The functionless,  
The passive,  
The non-communal,  
The monolithic bunkum of your uncoercive art.*

*"Besides, I cannot spare the time to scrap.  
Besides, your roots stink."*

Winter:

*"This solid sainting surface, my eggshell covering,  
Submits to neither black nor red.  
Their quarrel must wait, the master said,  
Till the melting eggshell hatches out the spring."*



## Edifice Complex

JOHN C. REZMERSKI

*Four walls doubled is eight  
and doubled again is sixteen,  
and so on to infinity  
we march, erect-  
ing more and more until  
we close ourselves entirely  
with wood and plaster  
and fiberboard and paint  
and brick and mortar  
and so on.  
And the walls go up  
and they go across  
and they go tumbling down.  
Finnegan is Joshua;  
the artist as an old man  
was righter than he knew.*

# The Topless Business Suit

WILLIAM C. FULLER

On the top floor of a massive building, behind a sprawling walnut desk, amidst a refrigerated bar, an indoor putting green, a leather humidor of Mark IV's, and six subservient young secretaries sat B. I. Grossprofit Jr. At 34 he was ambition's denouement. He was president, chairman of the board, principal stockholder, and number one fashion plate of Status Apparel International, world's largest manufacturer of exclusive wear. As the senior Grossprofit's lone offspring, he had been guaranteed a position with the firm at an early age. Following his father's example he became famous for his duplicity and his willingness to leave his footprints on anyone—without prejudice. He had, like a handful of other famous men, manipulated his way from the rank of corporal to that of supreme dictator in a business competing for world power.

One day in this vast realm, while the company busily engaged itself in removing buckles from the backs of trousers, eliminating belt loops, tapering pant-legs, making sweaters bulkier and fuzzier, and creating a myriad of new stripes and plaids, Mr. Grossprofit's brain was busy perculating a revolution. Looking back, he saw that for years the trends in women's fashions had undergone regular changes while men's attire seemed marked by infrequent, and more subtle changes. It occurred to him that if he could create something entirely new in the way of men's fashions, something captivating, masculine, and likely to start a fad, then reveal it to the world personally, he would be able to sit back, rake in the profits, and at the same time add immensely to his self-concept as "the image and likeness of the age."

The design department echoed with the dictates of the leader. The superintendent of the department, a staunch old British conservative who bore the scars of many battles with two generations of the Grossprofit family, was ordered to design something drastic, something new and revolutionary in men's fashions. With one year remaining before he was eligible for pension this had to happen. His pride in his work was *at least* equal to Grossprofit's, and he was *not* going to imperil his reputation as a designer of the most elegant and dignified menswear.

When Grossprofit got wind of the superintendent's indignation, threats flew hot and heavy. So much pressure was brought to bear on the department that the superintendent was forced into an imbroglio which offered the front door as its only permanent solution. Thus he was forced to swallow his pride and reluctantly he set to work.

The days went by and each new design he submitted came back with "REJECTED" stamped across it and a little note pinned to the top saying that it was "not drastic enough and showed little imagination."

More time passed and little by little, as each new design was sent back, it dawned on the superintendent that the situation demanded something not pleasing to the public, but something pleasing to Mr. Grossprofit, because Mr. Grossprofit would reveal this to the world himself—he would reveal it to the world himself—he would re. . . all of a sudden it came to him, this *would be* drastic and imaginative, and if it worked, it would be a sweet revenge. It would hit Mr. Grossprofit right where it hurt most—his pride.

Quietly the superintendent informed every department of his plan and the role that each was to play in it. The scheme was accepted by all with a nasty glee. It would be a united effort expressing the individual feelings that had mounted up during the many years of the Grossprofit dynasty—but at all cost, it must be kept secret—it must be strictly an inside joke at Grossprofit's expense. If word of this was to ooze outside the company's walls it would mean their jobs.

One day soon after, the superintendent called Grossprofit on the intercom and asked him if he could come to the fitting room that afternoon. Grossprofit said he could, but asked why. The superintendent told him that the design department had come up with something big, something revolutionary, and that it might be just what he was looking for. Grossprofit said he would be right down.

"This better be good," said Grossprofit entering the fitting room. "What is it?"

"First let me tell you the idea behind it sir," said the superintendent. "Now, you wanted something that would really be a change, something that would be a revolution, right? Well, after much consideration our department decided that the best place for change would be in the area that has been least changed in the past—and of course that is the business suit."

"Very good," observed Grossprofit, "that shows imagination."

"Thank you sir," continued the superintendent. "We've gone ahead and designed a complete experimental outfit and we've asked you to come down here for a fitting since it will be you who will premier the design."

"Let's get started then, I've got an important engagement in an hour," Grossprofit said.

The company's chief tailor, who was also in the fitting room, went over to an ordinary cardboard suit box and withdrew a pair of beautifully tailored, dark colored trousers and handed them to the boss

"You may remove your shirt, tie, and suit and put these trousers on in there," said the tailor as he pointed.

In a few moments Grossprofit emerged wearing the impeccable trousers and nothing else.

"Now put this shirt on," said the tailor reaching into the box and pulling out nothing.

Grossprofit just stood there waiting to be handed a shirt. The tailor approached him with one hand held high as if holding the "shirt" up by the collar and the other hand pulling at an imaginary sleeve to straighten it out.

"Here sir," he said.

"Here what?" asked Grossprofit staring at the tailor's bare hands.

"The shirt sir," came the answer.

"But you haven't any shirt in your hand," said Grossprofit. "What kind of a fool do you take me for?"

"Sir, if you have an appointment we'd better get along with the fitting. Now, if you'll just put this shirt on," the tailor persisted, waving his empty hands.

"What kind of a joke is this? Tell him to quit wasting my time," Grossprofit said turning to the superintendent of the design department.

"Yes, but sir, if you would only put the shirt on we wouldn't be wasting any time," said the superintendent.

Grossprofit knew there was nothing wrong with his eyes, but he rubbed them just to be sure. He stared at the superintendent—he glared at the tailor—he squinted at the air surrounding the tailor's outstretched hands—but he could see no shirt.

Grossprofit didn't think he felt very well, so he called one of his secretaries in to cancel his appointment. As the secretary was leaving, Grossprofit thought to himself, "Here's my chance to unmask these two idiots and put an end to their little game."

He called the secretary back. "Oh miss, before you leave would you please describe that shirt the tailor is holding up?"

"Certainly sir," she said, "it's a white, long sleeve, Oxford cloth with tab collar."

Grossprofit felt dizzy. He shook his head and threw his arms around a manikin for support. His secretary led him to a chair in a corner of the room. There he rested for a moment and gazed constantly at the tailor's seemingly empty hands. He began to doubt his own senses now, but instead of resisting and making a further fool of himself, he rose from the chair and walked slowly toward the tailor. Painfully he slipped his arms into the imaginary sleeves and just stood there a second.

"Aren't you going to button it sir?"

Grossprofit looked down at the "shirt," slowly he raised his hands and went through the motions of buttoning it.

"Now sir," said the tailor, "if you'll put this tie on we'll see how you look so far."



Grossprofit accepted the tie and fingered it to see if it was real, then he put it on.

"Sir, I hate to be picayunish but you've tied your tie *over* your shirt collar," the tailor observed.

Grossprofit had forgotten about his imaginary shirt, so he untied the tie, slid it under the "collar," and retied it.

Returning to the suit box, the tailor came back holding his empty hands high again—the coat.

Grossprofit simply couldn't take this. His face was growing red with rage.

"I suppose that's the coat," he said, "and I suppose you think you've really outfoxed me this time, huh? Well, your silly little guise has gone far enough—you're both fired!" He grabbed the "empty" hanger from the tailor's hand and went storming out the door through the offices clad only in the pair of trousers and the necktie.

"What a gorgeous suit, and look at that coat!" exclaimed an accountant.

"My, you *would* look good in that Mr. Grossprofit!" said a typist.

"What kind of material is that?" asked a salesman feling the "empty" hanger.

Grossprofit's jaw dropped, his forehead was beaded with perspiration, and the color left his face. He floundered back to the fitting room where the superintendent and the tailor were still standing. He looked at them, then at the hanger. He was confused, but he mustn't let on that he couldn't see the coat. Taking it from its hanger, he put it on. He looked down at himself and shook his head. Then he moved to the mirror confident that it would divulge more than his own eyes—but all he saw was an underdeveloped chest and an overdeveloped gut draped with a maroon necktie.

"Well, how do you like it sir?" the two ex-employees asked.

"Wh-wha?" muttered Grossprofit.

"How do you like the suit sir?"

"What do you call—this suit?" he mumbled.

"Well, if it meets with your approval we thought we'd call it Status Apparel's Prestige Line since we designed it for the fashion conscious executive like yourself, sir—something for the man on the go you know. We've already prepared the press and magazine releases and our photographer is standing by to get your picture for promotional purposes."

"He's going to take a picture of me like this and release it to the public?"

"Of course, sir, it's standard promotional procedure. If the reaction of the public is as favorable as the office reaction has been, we may have



a pretty hot little item on our hands. This could be just what you're looking for sir—it's drastic, imaginative, and—and eye-catching."

Neither of the two men actually thought that Grossprofit would go through with it. But while the initial shock was wearing off, Grossprofit went to the mirror again and tried to imagine what the suit must look like. He perceived himself as the prophet of a whole new era of men's fashions, the fountainhead of a new status symbol—The Prestige Line. He combed his hair, straightened his tie, doned a light grey ham-burg, picked up his briefcase, and called for the photographer.

It wasn't long before pictures and articles began to appear in newspapers and magazines from coast to coast. Status Apparel International became the brunt of a world-wide joke. B. I. Grossprofit's semi-nude pose was splashed across every front page in the country .

With ridicule coming from all sides via the mass media you'd think that B. I. Grossprofit would have committed suicide, gone into exile, or at least put his clothes back on—but no. Oh sure he realized after awhile that he had nothing on above his waist but a necktie, and he realized that the whole thing was an implacable caprice played on him by his employees, but he wasn't mad. In fact it made him smile. In fact he had to pat himself on the back for being such a genius—because within one week Status Apparel Interational had received major orders for its Prestige Line from every exclusive haberdashery distributor in the world. Sales were up 200 per cent and the same name of Grossprofit was on everyone's lips.

The employees weren't taking it quite as well as Grossprofit was. The superintendent was hung in effigy from the company's flagpole and the tailor was relegated to the production line with the majority of other employees making Prestige Line trousers and neckties. The whole mess had backfired in their faces Their cute little prank which was designed to make a mockery of Mr. Grossprofit couldn't have worked out better for him.

As for the superintendent, his reputation was completely destroyed. For his part in the design of this farce he was already known in tailoring circles as England's Benedict Arnold.

Grossprofit perceived the tremendous power that had been given to him as the craze caught on wildly, tapered off, and settled down to a normal sales curve. He had tasted success. Within a set period of time the topless business suit had been a smashing success, but now it needed revitalizing, some new variation that would not permit it to die out like other fads.

Grossprofit called the design department and the fitting room to announce that he was coming down.

"Good morning boys," he said jubilantly as he walked in, dressed in an impeccably tailored pair of tweed slacks and a black necktie.

(All): "Good morning sir."

"Now as you know, the successfulness of the Prestige Line is in no small way due to each and every one of you." (At this, the muffled thuds of people kicking each other were heard in the background). "But it seems to me that if we don't come up with something new, soon, the Prestige Line could become as timeworn as the hula hoop.

"Sir, do you want us to get at the problem right away?" asked a young designer.

"No!—Oh, I realize what an asset this department has been to me and what fresh, brilliant ideas it turns out, but I've got my own conceit this time—and in all probability it's just what we need for added impetus to the sale of the topless suit."

He called a tailor to him as he stood in front of the mirror, and as he turned from side to side admiring himself, he pointed to the reflection of his bare torso, faced the tailor squarely, and said slowly and distinctly, "I want a pair of pants to match."

# Masks

STEPHEN McELROY

"High tragedy, classically, contains moments of low comedy, and these are supposed to be brief and generally irrelevant to the mood of descending gloom. The Americans who were killed at Pleiku and Qui Nhon did not die laughing. Their fate was truly tragic. The comedy was on another stage."

*The New Republic*, February 20, 1965

*South Vietnam, South Vietnam!*

*Where last week's government is quite passe,  
Where generals view destruction with aplomb  
Assuring us security is A-okay;  
And Uncle usa guards it still,  
Convinced he reads the native will.*

*These dead abided varnished information  
Tili leaders acted on their false narration.*

*"If seven southern senators  
Huffed for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Lady asked,  
"That they could blow it clear?"*

*"I doubt it," sighed the president,  
"They can't clear your scrap-heaps, dear!"*

*Since modern politicians balk at mud  
They fertilize the olive-branch with blood.*

*But sacred is the public mirth  
And must not perish from the earth,  
So bombing northward we will go  
And, like good clowns, keep up the show.*

# Keep This Door Shut

HARVEY FORSTAG

We passed the night in Ramsey's bakery alternately watching the bakers, eating yesterday's donuts and sleeping on our suitcases. According to Ramsey, our only escape from Bryon City sped down Main Street at four a.m. One of the other bakers told me that he had worked at the shop eight years but had never seen or heard any bus come through Bryon. I actually began to worry. Nonetheless, Dave and I went into the 3:30 drizzle to wait.

Headlights approached. We abandoned our luggage and fled to the curb, wildly flagging our arms "Stop!". The truck droned by. Several diesels fooled us. Finally, at exactly four o'clock, we trapped the bus, and, while its speaky door yawned, hopped aboard.

The driver, a cut-out from a Botany 500 ad, told me to pay the fare at the end of the line in Fort Wayne. I asked him, attempting to be friendly, if he believed in God and/or if he could decipher any purpose in the universe. "The bathroom's in the rear." I thanked him and edged down the aisle to the vacant seat next to Dave who was already sleeping. Collapsing into the seat, I tried to relax.

Diagonally across the aisle, I noticed a young man doing the oddest thing: he was talking to his duffle bag. "We're almost there." "Are you O.K.?" In the dim light (apparently from an elderly woman detonating emergency flares), I could see the baby bottle he fed the bag's wide mouth. "I'll bet you must miss Mommy," he murmured to the bag.

I poked Dave and whispered, "Wake up, you've got to see this." He peered at me through slitted eyes, removed his wallet, handed me his draft card, and went to sleep again. Leaning toward him, I again tried to wake him, "You've got to . . ." A heavy hand grabbed my shoulder.

"Say, would you take my son to the bathroom?" Turning around, I encountered a plump, pale faced lady and her anxious son who was clinging to an all-night Holloway sucker.

"Actually, I think he has to do it because he's never had a substantial relationship with a female."

"My son is too young for that sort of thing!"

"Not your son. That man up there with the duffle bag. He's never had meaningful relationship with a female."

"Oh . . . Would you please take my son to the bathroom?"

"Sure." Recalling the driver's directions, I took the boy's sticky hand and led him down the aisle.

The sign on the little door clearly read "BATHROOM." On the door handle another notice declared, "Keep this door shut." Noting this, I opened the door. An old man, his head rolled to the side, slept on the seat, his navel scrutinizing an issue of *Life* magazine.

"Hey fella." A lady in an adjacent chair tugged at my coat. "Keep that door closed!" I heeded her threat and started to return to my seat. Again, I felt the tug at my coat. "Hey fella." She pulled my ear to her secretive lips. "You know, Jesus is in this bus." I didn't doubt it for one second. She pushed me away with a shriek. We regained my balance and returned to our seat.

"Well Craig, did you a . . . (after the 'you a' she riggled her fingers)."

The boy nodded.

"Thank you, young man for taking my son . . . (she repeated the riggle)."

"You're welcome." I melted into my chair and fell asleep.

What seemed like moments later, I awoke to a scream. "Keep it away from me!" I glanced at my watch—6:00. The scream repeated, "Keep it away from me!" Turning to the screaming Mrs. Riggles, I asked what was the matter. She pointed over my shoulder.

I reeled about. There stood the duffle bag man, his arms couching a little fox. "Keep it away from me! Craig you stay away from it, you hear?"

The young man asked me if I had some meat for the fox. "He's getting restless. He always gets restless when he gets hungry."

"I have a Russian tea biscuit. Would he eat that?"

"It'll have to do." I took the pastry from the greasy bakery bag and handed it to the man. He departed with a "Thank you."

We arrived in Fort Wayne at seven o'clock. The bus station was closed so we had to wait to pay our fare. An hour passed. Finally, I asked the driver, "Can we pay you the fare?"

"Beat it, kid!"

Dave and I hurried toward the Fort Wayne YMCA.



# American Gothic

JOHN C. REZMERSKI

*It must feel funny, to wear overalls like those—  
the ones with all the pockets, and the shoulder straps,  
and no belt to make you know you've got pants on.  
It must seem strange to have your picture taken like that,  
not knowing for sure that you've got pants on,  
and having to look and check, and see if they're clean.  
It must feel odd to notice that the pretty girl  
you married forty years ago isn't pretty any more,  
even when you have your glasses off—but they're on now.  
God, she's a mean-looking shrew of a woman.  
But, apparently, when the picture's taken,  
a record of events for posterity to store in the attic,  
you don't notice all those things too much.  
You just set your jaw and put on your best  
threadbare coat, which is too big for you now,  
and make up your mind not to have a silly grin  
on your face when the shutter clicks open and shut,  
and you clutch the pitchfork you haven't used,  
not for the last twenty years, since you first hired men  
to do the haying, and painted the house and barn,  
and grimly bought a woman while you were in town,  
thinking all the time of the Bible on the stand  
in the parlor, with the stiff colored pages in the middle,  
bearing the names of your father and your grandfather  
and his father, and all their children, and the record  
of your marriage, after which the pages are sterile.  
What a picture! It must have given you some satisfaction  
to see yourself there in front of the house and barn,  
looking like a real nation-builder, a worker—  
the kind of man who built things without any help—  
without help from neighbors or government either one—  
and who, asking and receiving nothing, gave nothing  
but that which was asked—a dutiful man indeed.  
You're a solid man, Mister, a stern man, a strong one—  
Waldo Emerson would have been proud of you like that.  
But I've been meaning to ask you about that window  
on top of the house—what church did you copy that from?*

# What It Takes To Be Successful

PAUL A. RAMPE, JR.

**INTRODUCTION** Throughout history men have analytically studied the components of success, yet definite steps and laws of success remain elusive. As a college student, you, too, should try to answer for yourself this critical question, "What does it take to be successful?" Our conclusions have been drawn from many books and magazines on the subject and from interviews and correspondence with leaders in a wide variety of fields.

A special thank you to co-sponsors Richard Arnold, President of the Commerce Club, William DiMuzio, Vice-President of Alpha Kappa Psi, and Regis Keddie of the *Carroll News* for the assistance and inspiration they provided, and to the many successful members of the Cleveland business community, who have been so generous in contributing ideas to this report.

## **FIND A CHALLENGING OPPORTUNITY**

Challenge is the lucre of life for the successful man. Where will you find it? Begin by choosing the level of challenge that you desire by 1) entering the atmosphere of big, medium, or small opportunity, e.g. big business, local government, medium labor, and by 2) selecting some opportunities therein to observe. The best way to become aware of these opportunities is to demand a high rate of contact with people, places, and ideas each day. Routine work must be delegated so that you may read voraciously (at 1,000 words a minute) and inquire in person, by phone, by mail, and by any other means about those things that attract your interest. Develop creative talents, especially creative writing, so that you will be able to recognize another's creativeness. Size up everyone quickly by considering them with rapt attention. Expand their ideas—think big. If necessary rethink situations, make corrections, then record them for the next time. Each time aim to get something from each person you meet.

Keep yourself well rested so that ideas will remain in their proper perspective. You should plan regular vacations and keep them. Also allow time for a daily rest and review. In your review consider the fact that everyday the average individual misses seventy-five opportunities for self advancement. Count yours. This should definitely help you to become opportunity conscious and prepared. It may take a week or a year to find your particular challenge, so begin looking now.

## **GET IN ON THE ACTION**

Quickly grab the Ace, King, or Queen that you are seeking. You must act rapidly for you are among the top three percent of the nation intellectually and

the competition is keen up here. Bring all your resources into play to secure the object of your pursuit, from all your personal qualifications to all the influence of your friends. Everything that you have ever learned will apply, so think and learn always. School is a great opportunity.

Think for a moment before acting. This will save you from taking inefficient or mistaken action later. This reflection may also save you from becoming too tense, which may cause you to inadvertently lower your personal standards. Being one who thinks and acts success, you are among the nation's five percent leadership group and may expect to find that fifteen percent of the people will outrightly oppose you, even your closest friends at times. The other eighty percent is indifferent. That is why courage, determination, and endurance make initiative the respected hallmark of success.

### **MASTER THE FACTS**

**Situation:** To succeed with your boss, you must become the best informed man in the business. Your boss and your competitors work fifty to eighty hours a week and aim to get the most that they can out of every situation.

**Solution:** 1) Get the best facts from the best sources. A vast amount of information may be gathered just by reading. Check your contacts for information, conduct surveys, and on weekends work in the field that you are investigating, experience being the best teacher for giving you a feeling of the facts. Make your hobby work for you, e.g. choose a subject that your firm should know more about, learn it, then see that your results are read by the right people in your field. Make vacations work for you, too—read a book a day. Continue your formal education by earning an advanced degree. Business and engineering, and business and law are excellent combinations today.

Systematize the information on your product, your competitor's, other nation's, product history, plus new ideas in related fields, and all potential customers. Do not take a hit or miss attitude when conferring with your boss or when approaching a customer. Facts, facts, facts build confidence.

2) Develop a compulsion to communicate, to constantly rub your ideas against better minds, the proving ground. Publish your work using clear thought and clean, lucid style. You might invest in a Dale Carnegie course.

3) Study your competition. Learn which qualities and techniques make success and failure. Quickly adopt the appropriate ones.

4) An accurate understanding of the dynamic broad view is the quality that will bring your promotion. Therefore, be sure that you understand the overall relationships of the many complex parts, investigate all the related facts, and develop enough economic security that you can place yourself on the line when presenting your ideas.

### **WHAT CAN I DO?**

The secret of success is the singleminded pursuit of one goal! In ten words or less, write your one dream in life.

How should you determine your goal? List everything that you ever

wanted to achieve. Study each. Study yourself. Know your tendencies, cycles, beauty, and ugliness and know how to apply each. Place a value on yourself and on each goal. Aim to place yourself in a key position to know the big decisions as they are made, to be in the right place at the right time. Then select the one goal that is the most worthy of your life-long efforts, remembering that the amount of returns is based on the amount of service rendered. Provide yourself with a system for achieving it, including a timetable

To succeed and succeed well, fall deeply in love with your idea. Let your dream absolutely absorb you and fire your enthusiasm. The Apostles did and so did every important businessman, scientist, explorer, and political leader since them. Total dedication can mean a big risk but if your goal is worthy and your methods are clear, you will take the calculated gamble.

Read your goal aloud upon awaking and retiring each day. Carry it in your pocket as a reminder during the day—a reminder to act, not just to think!

### **ESCAPE FROM OBSCURITY**

Prepared with your declared goal and sufficient experience, begin your campaign of continuous success with well timed flair, keying on 1) widespread communication and 2) a leadership reputation, being known for initiative with a personal investment at stake. Many successes begin their campaigns with one or more of these items: publishing a popular or significant book; winning an important prize or award; holding a press conference or banquet to announce plans and successes, being so nice to the guests that they publish everything asked henceforth; hiring a big name image to head and/or finance the program; being elected to something important; asking for and getting large aid, i.g. a large loan or contract.

Once your program has begun, keep it going by meeting and making good business contacts with three new people each day—that comes to twenty-one a week and one thousand a year! Be objective in meeting them for their influence, position, and friends may be very important to you later. Anticipate their response to your success and follow up on their response. Express sincere, gracious appreciation to everyone who tries to help you. Please, Thank You, and a smile are amazingly important courtesies.

This is your most critical step. Here you must create the proper enthusiasm among the right people. In this moment you either make the team or become just another spectator.

### **THE MASTER MIND GROUP**

Greatness requires a Master Mind group par excellence. Andrew Carnegie defines it as an alliance of minds working in perfect harmony toward the same goal. He began with one member and finished with forty, yet each one was a conscientiously selected gentleman with brains. Each was paid accordingly, too—up to \$1,000,000 a year! Remember that your wife is also a member of your Master Mind group.



As you establish the Master Mind plan, you must assume a new brand of leadership. The object here is to manage more than initiate, to stay ahead of the organization, never letting it catch up to you but making sure that it tries. The components of this new task are: 1) to guide the direction of the Master Minds, 2) to set their pace, and 3) to provide the essential esprit de corps.

1) You should direct your organization into becoming indispensable to your clients but never vice versa. Regard your hunt for clients as a sport, never taking it so seriously that you will have a mental breakdown, yet playing to win.

2) The pace must be quick but not rushed. Keep your top level management as organized and efficient as possible, remembering that the organization will rise no higher than its leadership. Pace yourself, too, by taking regular vacations, even during crisis periods, to keep your head clear for seeing things in perspective.

3) The best way to maintain spirit is to keep everyone informed. Hold Master Mind meetings not less than once a week. Publish frequent progress reports for your personnel, clients, and important contacts. Remember conversely that leaders are approachable.

### **STAY IN THE PUBLIC EYE**

Continue producing a quality product that is important to the public economy. Maintain a circle of quality workers around yourself. They will always have new ideas and activate them with gusto. Remember the hallmark of success is initiative.

Conduct your efforts with a flair for living and a vitality for appreciating customers. You might ally your success with the arts, science, or public benefit projects. Present two important public addresses each year. You might begin your practice by joining a speakers bureau. Be sure that your publications will always be well received by being an author of hope. Your activity with social and professional organizations is important. The Junior Chamber of Commerce provides an excellent training area for young executives.

Even though you are competing for public attention, do not inordinately watch your critics or contemporaries or try to be better than they are. Always try to be better than yourself!

### **CONCLUSION**

Because success is cumulative, the rewards for planning and living a successful life are abundant. Generally you will live a more realistic life with fewer regrets. Most probably you make more money than you would have had you left your life unplanned. Your living standards will be higher, your cultural acumen will be more developed, and you will be more alert in seeing and accepting opportunities than you would have been had you not a goal. With your greater success develops a greater humility for what you have done and a greater understanding of what needs to be done to make others happy. Your family and friends will be proud of you and live a better life themselves because of you.



A person who does not have a goal or sets an easy goal for himself always remains in a state of limbo, never seeing what heaven is like, nor hell. Since he is less conscientious about his work attitudes, he earns less money, observes and enjoys less in life, and is not as receptive to new ideas, to new people, or even to such activities as vacations.

Success asks that you set a goal in life based on your own needs and interests, and then pay the price of perseverance to attain your goal. Success seekers, like the ancient Athenians, are "Born to take no rest and to give none to others" in every endeavor.

## E. E. Cummings

RITA LOUISE COYNE

*He didn't forget  
For one moment of Spring  
That Ralph and Joe and Mary  
Have imaginations,  
Bodies,  
Hearts and minds.  
With words (so often trampled)  
He played freshness:  
Tweaked the living daylights out of common stuff,  
Sang the gospel truth without a fuss,  
Sharply aimed to break the pedant's crust of slag.  
Tiptoeing loudly,  
He won the prize in a riot of  
Giggles and sighs.*

# The Yellow Box

JAMES CHIELLO

It was the day after Jenny's funeral. She had mysteriously come down with a rare disease which the doctors knew nothing about, and they were thoroughly helpless as to the treatment of poor Jenny's condition. I was suffering greatly from the loss of my unfortunate wife and had scarcely a morsel of food for days, after last seeing her casket shut off from daylight to become a prisoner of that eternal darkness of the ground. My love for Jenny was so deep that I could not accept her death and wept bitterly day and night, hour after hour. I was going out of my mind with regret and sorrow, frequently screaming at the walls of my room with what little strength I could gather.

I stumbled over to the dresser and preciously picked up a framed photograph of my Jenny. I brought it to my heart and caressed the picture, thinking of the evening walks we used to take into town, the kiss she gave me every day after coming home from the office, her funny little laugh. As my eyes filled with tears again, I walked over to the bed and reclined, sobbing myself to sleep.

After waking up somewhat refreshed, I glanced at the old grandfather clock across from me. I felt as though I had slept the whole night, but the hands registered one-thirty. My clothes clung to me from the perspiration, so I opened the window, letting the cool night air penetrate into the room. Sweat was rolling down my forehead in a deluge. Stretching my head out the window, I noticed clouds gathering to the north. The moon was unusually bright as a crisp gust of wind pushed its way through my hair.

Then I began thinking of poor Jenny again. "Yes, tomorrow would be her birthday," I said aloud. Being totally unaware of the seriousness of Jenny's ailment a few weeks before, I had decided to get her the red Tahitian evening gown on display in the window of the Women's Shop for her birthday. Knowing how she had adored the gown as we passed by every Sunday morning to and from church, I rode to the store one evening after supper. I had not determined it to cost as much as fifteen dollars, so, using underhanded business tactics, managed to take it home for ten. Bringing the item home wrapped in an attractive yellow box, I decided to hide the present in the wine cellar until Jenny's birthday, since she rarely had call to go down there. "Now she'll never admire it again," I thought to myself, returning to the present. "She'll never see it again," I repeated to myself, again and again.

This is when a strange idea struck me. "But she WILL know," I said, rushing out the bedroom. I hurried through the pantry and down into the wine cellar. My hands fingered along the top shelf, of which was the only one not containing casks, and gently, ever so gently, I brought down the yellow box. Running with it under my arm, I pushed the latch door

open and burst forth into the night air, looking cautiously from side to side, like some wild animal. It was now about two o'clock and the east wind was blowing with extreme force. Then, breaking into a slow trot, I made my way down the road wearing the face of a madman, toward the cemetery. "She WILL know," I repeated.

Being somewhat weak from the past week's events, I could feel exhaustion overcoming me, but continued my stride. Then moon was still quite bright, and vapor-like clouds raced across the nocturnal sky at a seemingly incredible speed. Feeling a slight sprinkle of water against my cheek, I took great pains at protecting the yellow box from the rain by slipping it under my long flannel overcoat.

Continuing on, I left the road to take a shortcut, passing through an alfalfa field, the contents of which gave off an annoying odor. Proceeding up a hill, I noticed my legs slowing down, though this upward movement tired me to a much greater degree than I had thus far undergone. Finally reaching the top of the hill, I continued on across a dark pasture in a somewhat southerly direction for about half a mile, stumbling in ruts here and there, until I reached the road again.

Woods towered at both sides of the dirt road, cutting off most of the moon's illuminating light, and not noticing a rock in the pathway, I stumbled headlong over it. Slowly uncovering my coat to reveal the yellow box, I examined its every angle for the slightest mutilation. Seeing none I exhaled relief. But I was less fortunate. The right side of my forehead had received a nasty gash and was oozing a warm trickle of blood. I could feel it rolling down my face, picking up lakes of sweat on the way. Wiping the mixture with my hand, I forgot about the wound and proceeded down the road with more caution until the trees disappeared. "Don't worry my poor Jenny, you will have your present," I cried.

Up ahead, the entrance to the cemetery became visible. Reaching two rusty posts, I passed between them and into the dismal city of the dead, marble chimneys marking each hidden house. Stopping for a few seconds to gain my bearings, I proceeded hastily for Jenny's new home.

This cemetery was by no means situated on level ground. The terrain was extremely uneven, scattered with three willow trees, each one situated towards the center of the yard, about thirty feet from the other. As I came upon Jenny's plot which was directly under the third willow, I pulled the yellow box out and preciously set it under the tree, which was bending violently to one side as a result of the howling wind.

Running to the caretaker's shed, I found it to be locked, so, throwing a rock through the window, I carefully leaned in and clutched an oil lantern with one hand and shovel with the other. I could hear the sound of thunder in the distance and knew an electrical storm would be overhead within the hour.

With no time to waste, I hurried back to Jenny's grave and ignited the lantern, shining it directly over the earth covering her, and began to dig. This earth was very loose from being overturned the previous day and the rich brown humus came up without much toil. Stopping every few

minutes to wipe the sweat from my face, the old wood-handled shovel finally became thwarted by a solid object—Jenny's casket.

It took no time at all to scrape the remaining earth from this horrible prison and, inserting my shovel between a large crack on the upward side of the tomb, I began quite strenuously to pry. After working it for some time the crack had widened to a considerable degree, but not wanting to split the wood, I released the shovel and continued to work at the other side of the casket. Slowly, very slowly, I pried. Then, with one last twist of the shovel, the casket's lid jarred off.

As my eyes strayed into that cage, dimly illuminated by the lantern, I suddenly became nauseous and a numb feeling quickly spread throughout my whole body. Oh God! My poor Jenny! As long as I am alive I will never forget that night, the expression in her eyes as she lay there looking up at me. She must be alive, I thought. She SEEMED so alive, that way her eyes were fixed on me, penetrating into my soul. Reaching behind with one arm, I carefully seized the yellow box, brought it around and extended it down into the casket, on her left side. The sickly feeling within me was increasing to an unbearable degree.

Taking Jenny's cold clammy hand into mine, I set it down on the box and with the most extreme difficulty set the lid back to its former position. Then, with my last ounce of strength, I know not how, but I managed to replace the load of dirt over her casket once again.

The next thing I remembered was waking up in my bed at home to the soothing voice of Doctor Winell. He told me that the cemetery caretaker had found me unconscious near my wife's grave and had sent for some men to transport me home. He had meanwhile rode twelve miles into the next county on horseback, bringing back the doctor.

Those following weeks I spent in bed, recovering from lack of strength and other accompanying maladies.

Then, one Tuesday afternoon I had just dressed up and was making a lunch in the kitchen when there was an unexpected knock at the door.

"Well, if it isn't old Bill Clayton!" I yelled, shaking hands with him in a warm sort of way. Bill and I had been close friends since we were youngsters, and it had been nearly four years since I had last seen him. Bill was the first REAL visitor I had had since the funeral and it felt good talking to someone. We talked on and on about old times in the North country throughout the afternoon, completely forgetting my troubles.

"Say Bill," I said, in a somewhat elated manner, "I've got some Burgundy that'll really hit the spot. Wha'dya say?" Leaving him in the kitchen, I went into the pantry and opened the door to the wine cellar. I danced down the creaky wooden stairs and began tapping the casks one by one to find a full one. Bill wondered what was keeping me, so he made his way down the stairs. Learning the reason for my long absence, he began helping me examine the rows of casks. I was on my knees, tapping the bottom row of barrels with a closed fist, while he was checking those



on the opposite side of the cellar.

"What's this?" he questioned, after a period of uninterrupted silence. I turned around to see him standing there with the yellow box outstretched in his hands.

## Empty Theater

GERALD T. FITZGERALD

*Rows of red, or what was once,  
Patterned and pushed stiff through the ground  
Ready now for men to pounce,  
Pull, unscrew all ounce for ounce  
And send some distant graveyard town  
Where innocents will romp and roll,  
Play gay and make up misty names,  
Dance to kiss a demon's soul  
And frolic on the broken frames.*

*Cushioned here in what remains  
A balcony of famous names,  
Feeling drafts drift, seep, then pour  
And spill of ledges down the floor—  
Last cheats of breezy exit doors—  
Sensing all can't seem serene  
Yet cognizant of this museum,  
I scream a holy scream.*

## Chaucer in Maytime

JOHN COVOLO

*Now winter is upon us like a clamp  
And our whole world is frozen and unsprung.  
Iron-lodged in winter's hard core, I am  
All suddenly beset by a vision.*

*It is of Chaucer, who this first day  
Of the month that's called the May  
Has got up early and come out,  
Leaving the City with a shout—  
His shout's for gladness of the Spring  
That now to him is beckoning.  
Hungrily breathing the sweet warm air  
And lifting his pale face to the new sun,  
He feels the soft breeze playing in his hair  
And breaks into a child's capering run.  
His work and joy will not be eased  
Till he has visited all these  
Neat English fields still wet from nighttime showers  
To see the daisies and the gillyflowers.*

*Such is my vision from winter's hard core.  
Outside the sky is bleak; snow has just begun.  
I find it hard to think that Spring will come.  
My room stinks from tobacco. Tight shut's the door.*

## To Donald Bashor

JAMES EDMUND MAGNER, JR.

(NOTE: Young Bashor was executed for a series of seemingly pointless hammer slayings. The convicted man maintained to the end that he was a victim of schizophrenia.)

*Now the end of that night, and day.*

*Now the end of dark bat-flights*

*Unto the mad eye of torn moon*

*bleeding in tattered clouds.*

*Your hammer has swung you sleep*

*In the quilt-deep arms of the ebon God*

*Who does not only judge but listens.*