

simply man's attempt to express what he thinks and feels by use of a creative agent.

Many attempts have been made to explain the nature of art. But it is often called a representation or outline of something appealing, whereas it is really the interpretation of such. We might even say that art begins when the artist departs from strict imitation of nature. Nature is the artist's inexhaustible source of inspiration; but the laws which govern the work of art are wholly independent from the laws of nature. Hence Beethoven, in creating his sublime "Pastoral Symphony" was deeply awakened by the emanations of nature, but he created his own impressions of it in the form of music.

In art we ask that the object of creation instruct us (enlighten our intellect) or that it delight us (stimulate our sense capacities). Culminating from both is the development of taste. This is one thing that an appreciation of art will do for us all—it develops a sense of taste in us. Good taste is the fine flower of culture, and like a flower must be cultivated in order to evolve and produce artistic qualities and a sense of proportion in the individual. By acquiring taste in things, each person is enabled to answer for himself the question of what beauty is, and what it means to him.

In aesthetics, a distinction is usually made between the Fine Arts and the Arts of Utility. The Fine Arts serve no ulterior purpose, and their products are valued in themselves. It is a case of "art for art's sake". The Arts of Utility, however, have in view the uses which its artifacts serve. Some artistic productions may, however, serve a use as for example: a Greek vase. The Fine Arts tend to aesthetic values, and are therefore concerned with the attainment of what is beautiful. There are many media of expression when it comes to art. So in the Fine Arts we speak of all forms as being a static art (architecture, sculpture, and painting) or a dynamic art (music, poetry, and drama). It is true that the static arts bring us beauty in a high degree of concreteness through color, form, and texture; but the dynamic arts bring us in closer association with life through the common element of movement. Hence we can, almost see personality in action in a fast-moving piece of music or in a lilting sonnet of resonant poetry. This is accomplished through the diverse capacity of rhythm, which in itself is satisfying and beautiful.

Today we are inclined to label the arts (more specifically the Fine Arts) as "culture". But the terms are not synonymous. Culture is the effect of many sources of refinement by which a man may know and appreciate many of the finer things, both artistic and non-artistic. To be artistic is to have style; and to have a sense of style one must have taste. This presupposes a knowledge and appreciation of what a specific form of art should be. Therefore, arising out of the expediencies of art there are two basic approaches made—the appreciative, and the critical. Since most of us behold works of art with untrained eyes and inattentive ears, we would concern ourselves (if at all) with the appreciative approach to art.

When we talk about art, we unassumingly ask, "What will it do for us?" The answer—it will make us saner people, and will, in a tangible way, alert us to the great realities of life. The essence of beauty is order. Therefore we can have beauty in our lives by having

order in our lives. Man, by virtue of his free will to act in many different ways, is, in a certain sense, an artist. Man, then, is the architect of his own destiny—he inflicts his own penalties, and selects his own rewards.

It is hoped that each of the fine arts, which are the main gateways to culture, will be presented to students, and will be treated separately in subsequent issues of the **Red and White** as part of the cultural program here at college.

—EDITORIAL

ISLAND IN THE SUN

The rolling swells of the huge expansive South Pacific heaved aimlessly. For five days now amidst the vastness of this desolate ocean, a small raft drifted. Prostrate on this raft lay a man. Through cool, chilling nights and hot, searing days, the small mass of coarse water-soaked logs had been his home. For three days his spirit and strength had endured. The glaring sun, brilliantly reflected from the sea around him had bothered him little. He was lonely perhaps, but not yet desperate. Three days fresh water had moistened his lips and throat. Three days food had filled his stomach. But it was now more than fifty hours since he had tasted of food or fresh water. He had taken small mouthfuls of salt water every few hours. It had kept him alive, but it had only aggravated his thirst and cracked even more his already sun-burned lips.

Weakness was getting the better of him. The emptiness and endlessness of his surroundings had etched loneliness into his mind. It drove despair into every part of him.

Sometimes his groping hand would scrape aimlessly below the water line of the raft and emerge slowly, draped in a green slime of plankton. The hand would move to his mouth and for two days this was his nourishment.

Early in the fifth day an increasing pitch in the ocean swell suddenly swept a wave of nausea through his blistered body. It brought him to a dull consciousness only to make him retch futilely against the salt caked, crevassed wood. But now sound was hammering at his deadened senses. Muffled crashing throbbed heavily in his head and slowly faded. Then repeated in increasing frequency until it came, over a period of hours, at regular intervals.

Crashing through the surf, the loosely tied timbers moved closer to the sandy shore line. Each succeeding breaker moved craft and occupant closer to dry land. The surf would recede with a shrouded whisper then rush forward again, strengthened by the might of a new wave. Each new wave pushed all before it, until they finally rested in a scattered line close to where tropical vegetation met sunbleached, glistening sand.

He had lived on his island for four days now. Strength was returning to his cruelly burned and undernourished body and logical thoughts were pushing the terror of his earlier despair, deep into his sub-consciousness.

It was nine days since his ordeal had first begun. On the ninth day, as usual, the morning light came suddenly, forewarned only by minutes of fiery hues in the eastern sky. Then the sun burst over the horizon, a golden red ball of flame. Gazing eastward he watched the sun, and

then thought about the small island to his left. Five miles distant, he estimated and perhaps a little smaller than his own. Last evening he thought he saw activity on its shore line but could not be certain. He certainly had heard an aircraft take off, but did not see it owing to the rapidity in which darkness descended and because, in his estimation, the aircraft flew due east.

It happened on the ninth day, three hours after sunrise. The blinding white flash seared sight from his attentive eyes and he could no longer see the small island, five miles distant. Even if he had sight, there was no longer any island to see. The inherent energy of the sun had obliterated it.

The heat and shock wave struck his island almost simultaneously. Huge trees crashed downward and before reaching the earth, burst into flames. Soon the whole island was aflame. Scant minutes later the boiling cauldron of a tidal wave struck. All fire was swept out as the frenzied mass of water pushed relentlessly forward, and the inundation was complete. Caught in the tangled mass of smashed trees and foliage a battered and crushed, lifeless body moved out to sea. Sightless eyes and gaping mouth completed the look of uncomprehending terror on its face. Behind, the fireball had disappeared, leaving a grey cloud of expanding, twisting air, which slowly moved upward in an ever widening column. Then it mushroomed at the top and continued expanding. It sucked with it minute particles of sand, coral and rock. All rose to the upper reaches of the atmosphere only to drift earthward again, bearing with it a sinister destroyer of life.

The next day across the ocean eastward, a short radio announcement was made: "A Thermo-nuclear device was detonated early this morning on a small coral atoll in the South Pacific. Little is known about the latest weapon in America's Atomic Arsenal except that it has many, many times the energy of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The device, which completely obliterated a tropical island, has energy rated in megatons of T.N.T. A megaton being equivalent to 1,000,000 tons. Control of energy even greater than that found at the core of the sun marks a new era in our civilization."

But was the start of this new era an introduction to the beginning of the end? Was the single tragic drama acted out by one man, in the loneliness of the South Pacific, a microscopic view of the future for civilization? After surviving one conflict, would civilization, like the lonely man who had one reprieve, loose forever the peace it had found for so short a, time?

—A.T.S. '59

TO THE REMORSE OF THE SAINTS

'Twas the night of Hallowe'en
When all through the house,
The buckets were rattling
Getting ready for the douse.

The Saints were preparing
The attack with care,
But the Co-eds were waiting
With the hoses right there.

Once before they'd been fooled
On Hallowe'en night,
But this time they were ready
To return the fight.

The Saints were not nestled tonight in their beds,
For visions of witches danced in their heads.
Toward Marian Hall they crept with care
Believing the Co-eds would be in prayer.

Then out on the roof there arose such a clatter
We sprang to our posts the attackers to scatter,
Away to the windows we flew like a flash
Turned on the hoses and then came the splash.

Up to the roof they came with a grin
But the windows were locked, they couldn't get in.
They had some old hens, but in the advance
They soon concluded they hadn't a chance.

The Saints weren't prepared for the water that came,
And to get so wet seemed to them such a shame,
So they turned on their heels and ran dripping wet,
Over to Memorial, reinforcements to get.

They planned to return to the scene of the battle
To avenge themselves of that first great tackle,
But the Sister was there and acting as cop
And to the Saints it was certain the raid was a flop.

—AN ELATED VICTOR

A PHILOSOPHER'S NURSERY RIME

(Hey Diddle Diddle)

	A
	small
	fluffy
Natural	
body animated by a sensitive	soul
	and
	an
In—	
animated body with artificial form	in
	tended
	to
Produce	
music. A large horned organic body	also
	animated
	by
A	
sensitive soul, violently propelled by	self
	motion,
	found
Itself	
located in the predicament of place	on
	the
	other