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Editorial Staff:

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Judah S. Harris

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The following works have received awards as part of the Yeshiva College Writing Contest:

Child's Dark

Songs for Two Voices

In Life's Laboratory

Between White and Dark

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Yossi Klavan
(201) 836-0876



Judah S. Harris

On Van Gogh's "Peasants Working in the Fields"

David Ehrenkranz

A secret wrapped in dissolved yellow
Falling on the grey and purple fields.
The illumined steps are taken quietly
So as not to awaken the wrath of the creator.

Beings faceless, filled with love
Celebrating in the red poppies unseen
Save for the children and kittens.
The sun with limbering waves hue strong as

Old scorched earth reflects the
Dividends of the callous hands.
Palms outstretched reach to preserve,
To resurrect the spring.

Birds soaring meld with the red of the sky;
Arrogant and graceless they fly from the soiled prison.
Unnoticed even by the children,
They return only for the fruits.

Heat, rain, earth, mud, seed, flowers -
These men live by.
These men die by.
But the children (as long as they stay children)

Notice the sunset, the rainbow, and
The butterfly
That cannot be caught ---
Even by the kittens.

Even He has to smile as the children run,
The kittens roll, and the butterfly laughs.
Only the peasants weep. But the tears dissolve
Into slow, heavy footsteps which no one will ever hear....

Not even the creator.

The Maharishi and His Boy

Daniel Wolff

Sinbad never knew his last name. Placed in a foster home before his earliest memory, he soon realized that he had no parents to kiss him good night or tuck him into bed like the boys in **The Happy Family** or **The Freeler's Holiday Feast**. He would never play catch or go for ice cream with his father like Jimmy in **The Boy Who Loved Baseball**. Sinbad grew to despise the bossy old woman who ran the home, and wished she would die. He avoided the woman assigned to watch him, cooperating only during meals. Perceiving the boy's bitter attitude, nervous administrators at the home moved him at age ten to a boarding school.

Life only worsened for Sinbad under the strict observation of impersonal disciplinarians. He hardly ever talked, responding to his teachers apathetically, or not at all. He sat in classes staring ahead intently at nothing. He spent his free time reading about kids from happy homes. The boys around him, having adjusted to each other after a while, verbally ganged up on the reticent Sinbad, mockingly interrupting his silent sadness. They laughed at him constantly until the day Sinbad looked up from his reading to tell them that he would cut their throats while they slept. Some boys scoffed, but the threat made them cry into their pillows at night until they fell asleep. Overhearing the buzz about their secret fears, a teacher informed the directors of the boarding school, who prepared to run a personal ad saying, "Parent needed for youth."

The worried educators had no real intentions of seeking the "right home." They were ready to give Sinbad to anyone willing to take him off their minds. So the head of the school promised the first person who responded that he would complete all the papers and arrange a legal transfer in two short weeks. The director did not inform the boy; instead, he waited until the morning of his departure when he introduced the boy to his new foster parent, the Maharishi.

The Maharishi stood smilingly over the boy in his white tuxedo, shining white shoes, white silk shirt, and white cloth turban. The director extended a half-hearted handshake to Sinbad who turned his back. Accepting the suitcase of Sinbad's possessions, the Maharishi led his adopted son out into the morning air.

They walked side by side toward a waiting white Mercedes. The Maharishi knew not to wait for the boy to talk. "I want you to be comfortable," he said easily while opening the door and ushering in his acquisition. "I think you will find life with me different ... exciting, perhaps."

The driver left the limits of the city, heading up a mountain road. The Maharishi spoke as they traveled. "I know that you have been called 'Sinbad,'

but to me you are not 'Sinbad.' I wish to call you 'Kutema.' " Sinbad blinked but continued to stare ahead. "I'm glad you do not object," continued the Maharishi with an insightful smile. As he spoke, the car veered off from the main road, following a dirt path through thick woods. The road had not ended when the Maharishi asked the driver to stop and let them out. The car halted. The Maharishi withdrew a wad of thousand dollar bills, handing the driver one off the top. The car wheeled around and drove off, leaving the Maharishi and his adopted son to hike through the forest.

They came to a log house in a clearing and entered. The inside had two rooms. To the right stood a plain, empty room with two straw beds as furniture and all its windows sealed shut. To the left, the house looked like any other - fridge, stove, table, chairs, with a mattress on a bed, simple yet sufficient.

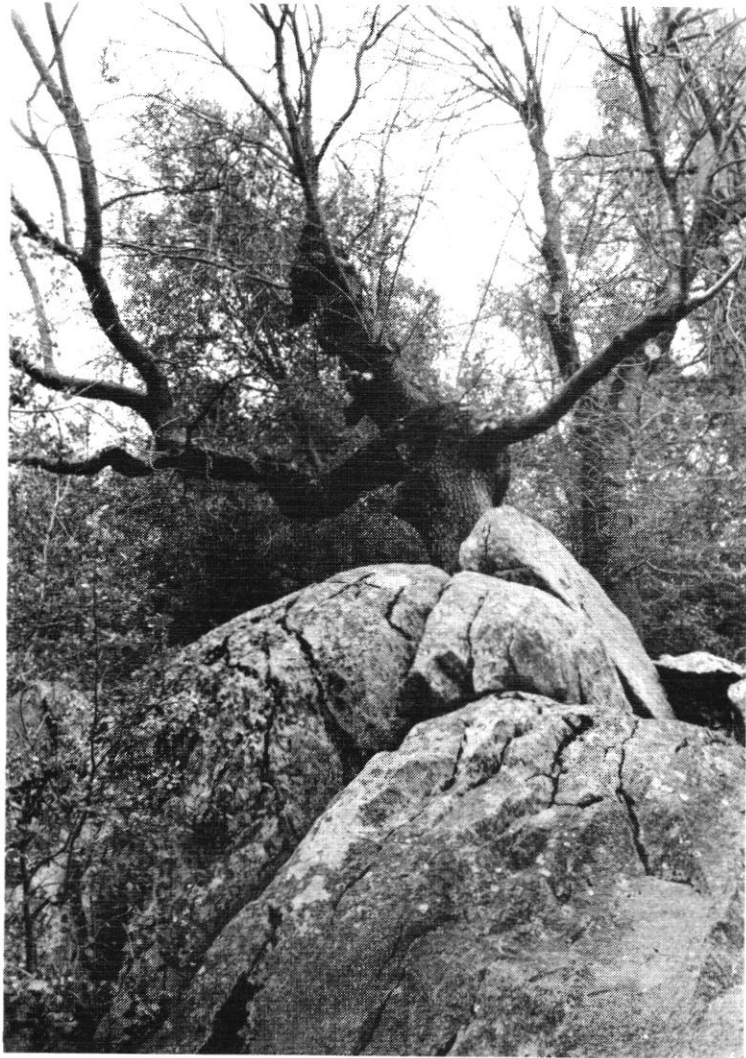
"Here you will eat and sleep," explained the Maharishi, pointing toward his left, "and here," he said, pointing to his right, "we will study and think together." He instructed the boy on how to cook his own meals with items from the well-stocked refrigerator. Sinbad asked few questions although he found his new home intriguing. He sensed that the Maharishi might possess powers above the average person. He anticipated magic.

On their first afternoon together, the Maharishi shaved the head of a willing Sinbad. Purity outside the head would insure purity within. The Maharishi assumed his meditative fold when he had finished dressing his son in a white silk robe. He sat upright and cross-legged, his eyes tightly closed. "Kutema," he whispered as the boy sat opposite him, "means 'covered in white.' Like the messenger angel 'Kutema.' Relax yourself, your shoulders. Rest your arms. Breathe steadily, breathe deeply." He paused, pursing his lips. "Now," he continued, "picture a face. Hold that face. Recall its details in your mind." The boy pressed his eyes tightly shut. A filmstrip of images ran through his head too quickly to focus on any face. Even worse, he grimaced at the memories of his miserable childhood, wincing with each picture. His longest span of concentration lasted no more than a second.

"Peace and sharpness of mind will come with time and effort," the Maharishi assured him. "Bring up a face or a figure for as many seconds as you can. Walk in the woods this afternoon, or whenever you feel restless, where the serenity of nature will soothe your mind."

Sinbad, with nowhere else to go, walked in the forest all afternoon the next day, glaring at salamanders from time to time, attempting to sizzle them with his eyes. He returned home before dark along the dirt path, ate a small meal with meager appetite, then slept deeply until morning. The next day, as well as the following weeks, featured much the same schedule, but greater success for Sinbad at holding the oppressive figures of his past before his mind's eye.

By the end of the second month, half the food supply was gone, alarming



Judah S. Harris

Sinbad and prompting him to ask when the next trip to the city would occur. "You must stretch your supply," he was told. "When it's devoured, you will eat as I do - from the gifts of nature," added his adopted father.

"You mean like berries?" asked Sinbad.

"Yes, son, like berries, bugs, moisture, and air."

A year and more passed. The food had long since vanished, but progress had come slowly to fill the void. As the food had diminished, the effort required to overcome the pangs of hunger had forced Sinbad to meditate longer and harder. The months thinned his figure, yet he found that the more intense his pain, the fiercer his concentration, and the clearer his childhood scenes would last.

One night, before the Maharishi lay down to sleep, Sinbad walked into his room.

"How strong do you feel, Kutema?" asked the Maharishi.

"How strong am I?" Kutema questioned.

"If you have developed as I have, you may create creatures by conjuring them up in your mind through concentration. You may talk with them face to face, or walk where they do, if you so will, whether far into their future or deep into their past. I have given you the ability to create happiness in the world and for yourself."

"Where are your creations?" pursued Sinbad.

"In many places, many of them unlikely, from the most populated to the most deserted. My vision is widespread."

Over the next year, Sinbad meditated opposite the Maharishi all day, and sometimes all night. He slept on straw in the Maharishi's room. Upon concentrating on his own features, he realized how gaunt and frightening he appeared, having grown a straggly beard beneath his jutting cheekbones and bulging eyes. As the Maharishi had promised, he began to form small animals in his mind, bringing them to life in the forest. He built on his success of shaping furry rabbits and bushy squirrels with tiny black eyes, creating a wolf and a cub like the ones he had seen in a magazine.

The next huge step involved a human subject. Innumerable storybook characters presented themselves as possibilities, but Sinbad had set his mind on the words of his mentor: "I have given you the ability to create happiness for yourself." His goal became an obsession: to transform his past through his thought. He dreamed of his own proud parents.

He tried to focus on his history in order to change it, but continually encountered a mind block. Then, one night, while meditating on his bed, he not only entered the past, but began to race it backwards. He saw himself as a sour sulking youth at the boarding school, then as a disobedient boy at the orphanage. As he clenched his fists, invoking all his powers of concentration to see further, he saw a newborn baby he assumed was himself. His body convulsed, sweat erupting on his skin. With blurred vision he perceived a middle-aged man he had never met - tall, with thick glasses, and black hair brushed straight back all around and down his sideburns, connecting with a full, thick, black beard. He was delivering a child, presumably his own, to the foster home. Sinbad saw the man stuff a handful of bills into an envelope which he gave to the woman. At that moment, the possibility that the father he had taken for dead might still be alive struck Sinbad. All the jealousies, frustrations, distress, and ire of his childhood returned, thundering angrily through his mind.

Sinbad could not sleep. Worse, in his state of fury, he could not meditate. Throughout the next few days he attempted to regain his peace of mind. Hard as he tried, he could not climb that forbidding peak to recall the face of his disloyal father. All that lingered was the bearded chin; the heavy glasses under the head of black hair.

Sinbad had always feared the Maharishi would feel slighted if he talked about the pain of his recalcitrant past. Further, the Maharishi might veto the plan of action he had devised.

One night when the Maharishi had gone to sleep, Sinbad tip-toed to the kitchen, groped for the stack of bills, stuffed them in the pocket of his robe, opened the door and closed it behind him. He started down the road, walking, then running. By the time the sun had come up, he had reached the mountain road where he flagged down a driver with one of the bills, and got off in the city. For an enormous fee he purchased an illegal pistol, placing it in the pocket of his pants, beneath his white silk robe. Then, he stalked the streets looking for a man who would bring back the vision of that cursed man who had deserted him and left him to suffer.

On the eighth evening, combing the city, he spotted a man about fifty years old in a fine suit, with carefully combed black hair. He knew the face. Lounging in an outdoor cafe, waiting for his order, the man did not notice Sinbad staring. Sinbad read the pride of the man's vulgar sophistication as consistent with the ugliness of a man who would throw away his child.

He approached the man until he stood an arm's length from his table. He drew the gun, poised and pointed at the man he suspected to be his father. Cutlery clinked on plates throughout the cafe. The man, feeling threatened by a lunatic, grew white with fear.

Bang! The crowd ducked under tables and chairs, bracing themselves for more shots. None came.

The Maharishi lowered his rifle as he saw the boy drop to the ground. With the sleeve of his robe, he wiped the tears from his cheeks, then backed away toward his white Mercedes. The car roared off, leaving a mass of people in disbelief.

• • •

C m u n i c a t i o n G a p s
o m n i c t o a s

Yossi Klavan

Why? I don't ... want ... to ... go.
I-I-I like it here with Freddy
he's m-m-m-my friend.

April's found a new baby-sitter.

Please April, it's time to go,
it's past your bedtime.
We have a long ride home.

Mah-mee, I w-w-w-want to play
please? we c-c-can leave another
time. Freddy want me to stay.

April's parents appreciate the offer,
but they're so tired.

April, please
your mother and I feel exhausted.
She's falling apart.

Dadee. n-n-no
fair. Freddy's so nice.
He has b-b-brown hair.

April's parents work all day
to pay the doctor's bills.
She's not getting better.

April! We are going now
say goodbye, and get in the car
Now! Its late!

I want to s-s-s-stay
an-and play.

April was unexpected.

Come on! We're leaving!

He grabs April's arm.
They drag her home again.

Late-Night Musing at Odd Intervals

David Matkowsky

- A query for you, Mr. Einstein:
In your world of four dimensions, where is time?
You posit time as relative to distance,
Denying it autonomous existence;
Yet though length, width, and depth stand where they are
Dependably defining near and far,
Time's drum keeps cadence all the while,
Its minutes marching on in single file
To quash the most creative human guile,
Rule even the smallest isle.

No, time lives independently of space;
Its presence won't surrender to a place.
The fool who seeks to save time in a vial
Engages in a vain and vexing trial,
For time is not a thing that will be caught:
Far fleeter than the fleetest train of thought,
The more abstract the more fantastic token traps are wrought.
The grandest bentwood clock, precise in style,
Cannot sustain the seasons in its dial.
The sand that travels through an hourglass
Does not drag shards of hours in its path.
The stiff, gray, stony shadow of a smile
Is not what sways the sun to warm its dial.
The sun may carry time across the sky,
But when the sun sets, time alone does fly,
Leaving us in timeless darkness, wondering -

In Life's Laboratory: Symbolism In D.H Lawrence's "Sons And Lovers"

Benjamin Nachimson

Symbols enter the mind, stimulating the imagination. While accumulating facts numb our cognitive faculties, symbols revive them, helping us focus on that which beforehand appeared either hazy or totally shrouded in mystery. Writers, presenting their truths, require symbols. Symbols ideally appeal uniquely to each individual and consensually to his entire culture. Literature's function necessitates this dual attraction. In a two step process, a symbol's individualistic element molds it while its cultural universality disseminates it throughout society. In life's laboratory, social thinkers then ponder these symbols, drawing valuable conclusions from them.

Primarily, symbols attract readers. William Butler Yeats describes symbolism as the "element of evocation:" the object under observation creates reader interest. Dante, one of the earliest critics to discuss symbolism, raises this point. He calls allegory (which for Dante encompassed symbolism) "truth hidden under a beautiful fiction." The fiction must be beautiful. Symbols, therefore, rely upon human appreciation.

Readers enjoy symbols when they perceive the symbol's resemblance to its referent. The closer the correlation, the more access the reader gains to the writer's idea. Often, the author's message contains large amounts of abstraction, and the reader comprehends the notion very slightly, if at all. He can only react to it; he cannot understand it.

By eliciting similar sentiments, symbols bridge gaps between referent and our interpretations of it. Employing emotions as points of reference, symbols transpose abstract ideas into concrete facts. The reader senses the idea, but he does not apprehend it. He senses and understands the symbol. By process of association, the reader connects the idea of the symbol to its referent.

Reader identification with the item introduced should be complete. Without a full appreciation, the symbol's ultimate meaning dissipates. As Keats writes: "If a sparrow comes before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel." We must "take part in the sparrow's existence." The symbol should penetrate all levels of our perception, from the sensory receptacles of our eyes and ears to the subliminal grasp of our subconsciousness.

Lawrence's hen-symbol affects us on all these levels. Lawrence's hen symbolizes sexual freedom. In the scene where Paul and Miriam feed this hen, Lawrence, through his writing, "takes part in the hen's existence," by presenting it both visually and audibly. He writes:

He held the corn to the hen. The bird eyed it with her hard bright eye and suddenly made a peck into his hand. He started and laughed. "Rap, rap, rap!" went the bird's beak in his palm. He laughed again, and the other boys joined.

Visually, we imagine the hen's hard bright eye and its beak pecking into Paul's hands. Audibly, we hear the hen's "rap, rap, rap," and the boy's laughter. All four factors are prevalent in sexual freedom and its enjoyment. In a double-pronged assault, Lawrence attaches the symbol, the hen, to its referent, sexual intercourse, by way of sight and sound.

Combining the two senses highlights literature's advantage over painting and music. Painting's aesthetic experience originates from vision exclusively. Music's appreciation is strictly one of hearing. Literature alone combines the two senses, creating an all-encompassing feeling of enjoyment.

However, symbols also contain subconscious components. We detect aspects of symbols that don't instigate a purely natural emotional response. As in the case of the hen, Lawrence writes: "At last, Miriam let the bird peck from her hand. She gave a little cry - fear, and pain because of fear - rather pathetic."

The concept that sexual fulfillment can terrify is not a conscious one. Lawrence's symbol connotes more than its explicit message. Lawrence, through his symbol, informs the reader that sex, like its symbol, can sometimes evoke unrecognizable emotions. Therefore, links between symbol and referent sometimes embody implicit underlying subconscious reactions.

Each reader relates personally to the symbol's conscious and unconscious presentation. However, the reader also wishes to share his experience with others around him. A widely accepted symbol enjoys a feeling of communion. While a singular experience remains important, it does not affect society. But a popular sentiment, when tested and debated, changes the way we think about ourselves. Therefore, a symbol's appeal should spread across its own culture.



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There exists prevalent culturally significant symbolism within Sons and Lovers. Lawrence wrote more than just an autobiography. As he related to his friend, Edward Garnett, he firmly believed that he had written "the tragedy of thousands of young men in England." Therefore, Lawrence chooses symbols that apply to large segments of English society.

For instance, Paul's ambivalence toward his father illustrates the Oedipal cycle of emotions every child feels toward his father. At first, Paul finds his father grotesque, but the maturing Paul starts admiring his parent. Lawrence symbolizes this psychological process with the image of darkness. Walter Morel spends his life in the mine's darkness. He eats breakfast in darkness. Throughout his life, Walter Morel's association is with darkness.

At first, darkness symbolizes evil, connecting Walter Morel to Pluto, the Lord of Darkness. This reflects young Paul Morel's attitude toward his father. Yet Paul slowly begins respecting his father's darkness. Juxtaposed to Miriam's "suffocating" light, which symbolizes intellectuality, darkness begins representing sensuality, something young Paul Morel craves after.

The darkness symbol pervades English culture through common experience. Some symbols, however, may disseminate through a common literary channel. Northrop Frye refers to such symbols as archetypes. He describes them as "typical recurring images which connect one poem with another, unifying and integrating our literary experience."

Lawrence's archetypal symbol of flowers, in the garden scene, connotes fecundity and eroticism. In this scene, an inebriated Walter Morel locks his wife out of their house, forcing Gertrude to lie down in the family garden. Lawrence then writes:

The Tall White lilies were reeling in the moonlight, and the air was charged with their perfume, as with a presence. Mrs. Morel gasped slightly in fear. She touched the big pallid flowers on their petals, then shivered. They seemed to be stretching in the moonlight. She put her hand into one white bin: the gold scarcely showed on her fingers by moonlight.

Throughout literature, flowers and vegetation inferred fertility. Twenty two years earlier, in Thomas Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Hardy employs similar symbolism when Tess ventured out to the dairy farm. Four thousand years earlier, Jacob conceived Issachar with Leah for the reward of a mandrake. This archetype spans centuries of literary endeavor.

Such cultural universality spawns discussion, exposing the idea to a social laboratory filled with criticism and dissection. Just as scientists analyze elements and compounds not found in nature by creating more readable components that share similar qualities, so too do social thinkers study abstract concepts that human mental processes have trouble absorbing by producing artificial substitutes called symbols.

As the scientists pour over mock substances that only exist under laboratory

conditions, so too do social thinkers study symbols that only subside within literature. Yet, as discoveries of scientific experiments affect our lives, so too do the revelations that symbols provide change our attitudes toward all that we view around us.

Lawrence scrutinizes light imagery to suggest such a reassessment of preciously held beliefs. Light has always symbolized nourishment, by emphasis on its life-sustaining properties. Lawrence, however, reexamines light under different testing conditions. Following the Romantic supposition (most noticeable in Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," with its employment of the moon as a sign of good fortune), Lawrence portrays light as baneful rather than beneficial.

The light symbol appears most conspicuously in two places. First, in Gertrude Morel holding the infant Paul up to the sun, and also with regard to Miriam, as when Lawrence writes, "Miriam urged this warmth into intensity like a white light." In both instances, light symbolizes the suffocating influence of intellect on human self-expression.

By reexamining the light symbol, Lawrence actually reexamines the concept that reason and intellect guide mankind's progress. But since this concept is quite difficult to grasp, let alone explain, Lawrence reanalyzes its cosmetic substitute, the symbol of light.

In our laboratory, the symbol's uniqueness and its cultural universality share equal importance. A symbol's unique attachment to its referent is akin to the substitute's likeness to the real item. Just as a synthesized compound must function as its natural counterpart does, so too must the symbol evoke the same responses, by sight and sound, as its referent. Without this tight association, the experiment is doomed to fail.

Likewise, a successful experiment that has no relevance is also a failure. If we cannot apply the results to everyday life then the experiment has no meaning. So too does a symbol require cultural universality. We need to bring the symbol into common experience to test its wear-with-all. By placing symbols into the crucible of practicality, we turn them into meaningful tools that guide our lives.

Symbols can also be tested against one another. As in the case of the archetype, the symbol is not tested in relation to its possible application, but in relation to its common usage. Consequently, related literary works function as scientific journals, within which the symbol is delineated and defined.

The laboratory metaphor illustrates literature's empirical process. Symbols merely encase the wisdom that literature conveys. From the pages of novels, plays, and poems, readers digest the symbol, systematically break it down, and translate it into valuable lessons. Just as scientific discoveries improve our lives, literary elucidation favorably affects the way we live them.

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Space

Lowell Abrams

Space.

Wide open
Emptiness.
Darkness
Soaring outwards.
Through blinding black
Lights pierce
Dimmer
And dimmer,
Star dust
Drifts farther
And farther,
Away.

BICYCLE

Shukie Grossman

Terrified! I stand glaring
at my metallic foe,
challenged by a seemingly impossible task:
to defy the sacred laws of nature,
by riding a bike.

I'm overwhelmed
by a desire to break through
the barrier of fear.
Taunted by trend-setters, I tremble.
As they gallantly maneuver their
two-wheeled weapons,
I follow on foot, slowly,
diminished by their glances backward.

Frequently humiliation invades
my sleep,
flaunting my failure, condemning cowardice.
Subdued by distress, I shout! I weep!
time and time again.
Yet inexplicable fright endures.



Judah S. Harris

I own a Bike
covered with rust,
lugubriously aging against my garage wall.
Its chains appear morbid,
its wheels stuck in stagnation,
seemingly humiliated
like me.

Lament all you want to
perturbed velocipede.
Accuse me of neglect
I can't deny.
Yet vex me not! I'm not cruel,
for you're the one, yes, You!
who renders me inept.

Perhaps someday I'll venture a
further attempt,
fulfilling your impetuous desire
to savor
the sensation of flight
the satisfactions of movement.

If not, Time will prove invaluable,
courage's adversary,
coward's ally.
I vest my hope in the future.
Down the road, behind the wheel of a car I'll drive
You, dear bike,
from my memory.

Slightly Out of Sync

David Glatt

In the middle of our conversation about the dearth of culture in our school, I misappropriated the word sedentary, causing Yair to laugh his rich, resounding laugh. I have never met anyone who enjoyed his own laugh as much as Yair. This wasn't a byproduct of an ego in overdrive; he simply loved laughing and would often throw back his handsome head to laugh and clap in appreciation of humor - even if it came at his own expense.

"Gimme a break! I know the word. I'm just not graced with your supple lips." I was slightly disgusted with myself.

"Oh don't fret. There are exercises for elocution." He laughed again.

I irreverently told him off, then walked through the somewhat cramped dining room to the kitchen. School had ended early - Hanukkah mini-vacation - and I'd come home with Yair for the afternoon. His mother worked, and both his younger brothers went to different schools, which hadn't let out yet, but we put up a large pot of spaghetti anyway, then sat down at the kitchen table.

"How was the party?" I asked.

He looked at me with feigned bewilderment. "What party?"

"Your grandmother's birthday party!" I said sarcastically, "Which one do you think?" He had an incredible talent for making people take interest in what he had to say. It always amazed me how he'd saunter up to a group of people, stand on the side for a few minutes, then gradually, naturally, join the conversation which would, by then, be progressing under his fluent direction.

"Oh, you mean the club opening." He hesitated just a second, smiling ironically. "Pleasant."

What the hell did he mean? I considered myself one of his closest friends, but I really didn't know whether he liked the trendy parties and clubs that he frequented. "Pleasant." Not much to discern there. Maybe he truly enjoyed that world, but I just couldn't see him passionate about anything - even fun. He just joked too much, even for a downtown regular.

"Well did you meet any nice people?"

"I don't think you would've taken to them. You know - blue hair, black skin." He laughed. I shook my head and rolled my eyes. Yair knew I was curious about the world in which he traveled at night. I'd barely skirted its edges, while he had entered gracefully, with the greatest of ease. But even though he never missed an opportunity to quash any of my vicarious thrills, I threw plenty of pretentiously righteous barbs at him, so we didn't hold grudges against each other. That probably was the key to our friendship. We talked and fought about everything, but still, we'd held no grudges in the five

years we'd been in school together, starting in the sixth grade.

"Then I'm sure that you took to them, and they'll take you to hell."

While he laughed, the buzzer on the oven-timer went off. As I got up to shut it, Yair's mother opened the front door. She dragged in some packages and went back out to her car to get some more. For anyone who bothered to check, the black and white pictures of her that sat on the living room coffee table confirmed the fairly obvious; she had been remarkably attractive in her youth. She still retained a reasonable portion of her looks, but too much work and too many responsibilities had buried her youth.

After her marriage she had moved with her husband to Rhodesia. Yair's father came from an eminent family there. But when the British pulled out, Mrs. Safran left for America with Yair and his two younger brothers. Mr. Safran stayed behind, as I understand it, to transfer the family fortune and the extended family out of the bloody land. He was supposed to follow his family to America when he finished, but Marxists don't particularly care for wealthy Jews. I had heard rumors of detention, house arrest, and failed bribes, but all I knew for sure was that Mr. Safran wasn't in New York with his wife and sons. I also knew that Mrs. Safran worked tiring hours in the local flea markets, supporting her family by selling low-priced ladies' accessories. Boxes of the stuff filled their den.

She reappeared at the door. "Yair, can't you help at all?" The kitchen was only about fifteen feet down the uncarpeted hall from the front door, but she yelled loudly. "Come on already!"

"Mother!" He clapped his hand against his chest like a shocked man. "Don't sneak up like that. Just hold on a second. We're tied up by spaghetti." I threw a small strand from the pot at him as he walked out of the kitchen laughing loudly.

Mrs. Safran still sounded annoyed, but she and Yair were still in the hall so I couldn't make out what she was saying.

After a few minutes they came into the kitchen, each carrying some bags of groceries. Mrs. Safran was also pushing a large box along with her legs. Probably ladies' accessories.

While Yair dropped his bags on the table, his mother put her's on the counter by the refrigerator and started unloading them. After she said hello to me, she continued with what they must have been talking about in the hall.

"Why can't you understand that I'm not in the mood for your attitude after work?"

"Mom, you just have to smile more often. Come on, show me some teeth, just a little white. You'll feel much better. My word on it."

She shook her head in exasperation and turned to me. "Ronnie, can't you get him to shut up?"

"I'm not a violent person. Besides, he's your son."

"We should've spanked him more," she muttered.

"No - that would have scarred my psyche more deeply than it already is."

I laughed with him, but Mrs. Safran didn't. It seemed strange.

"Yair, go put this box in the den."

When he left the room, I spoke quietly to his mother. "He's right, somewhat. He always tells me that you're down and that you're the one person he never can charm. Don't you think that's one of the reasons he's always in the city?"

After she put the last bag of apples in the fruit drawer, she closed the refrigerator door, sighing softly. "I don't know. I mean, he seems to joke just to spite me. It's like he wants me to make believe that I'm not tired, not upset. Not alone."

She stared quietly at the floor, then started slightly as the phone rang. It stopped after one ring. Yair must have picked it up inside.

Without raising her head Mrs. Safran drew a breath to start talking again, but Yair appeared at the doorway. I was going to tell him to get lost, but his expression stopped me. He looked upset, and the light glinting off his eyes revealed fresh tears. He spoke in a choked half whisper: "Mom, its Dad."

Mrs. Safran gave a small, sharp cry and then hurried out of the kitchen. I didn't want to look at Yair. I had never seen him like this. He stroked his mother's shoulder as she went by him, then hesitated a moment at the doorway before turning to follow her. As he spun, his dark, lamenting eyes crossed mine, but kept on going.

• • •

String Quartet

Yossi Klavan

Midnight tails; blue and red and green skirts flow.
Pristine tones; rapture spun from vibrant strings.
Harmonies intertwine in Eden's glow,
Angels blend into one another's wings.

The Rebbe's Tish

Lowell Abrams

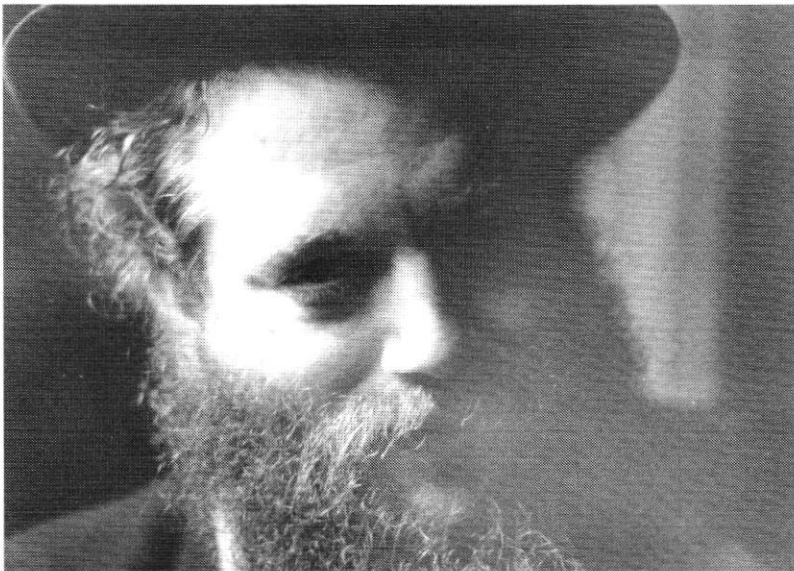
A crowded room.
Murmurless.
Every man
Effortlessly balanced
On seat's edge,
Arms outstretched
Seizing
The words, the sounds, the breath.

The Rebbe.
A faint voice
Reaches every ear -
Forming, filling,
Lifting every heart.

Waving hands,
Swaying,
Enraptured.
Listening, though
Not hearing.

Feeling.

Believing.



Judah S. Harris

Chasing Dreams

Yossi Klavan

Springtime tremors
burrow upwards
infant blossoms
bury sorrows
cautious climbing
spirits rising

Knotted stomachs
wary chatting
smiles wistful
tensions easing
skepticism
dissipates, ignored

Fantastic dreams,
romps to France
our silly laughs
and fresh romance
freedom's pure
incessant grin
seized secure
your smile within

Yet, I sigh, return,
fall back inside
dreams escape
I try to hide
a nervous glance
reveals my doubt

Let's you and I
dance through the night
spin webs of glee
'round cynics spite
squeeze drops of mirth
from bitter earth
oblivious to
harsh approaching light

Uncertain of reality,
I blindly grope alone;
Pale dawn evokes a shiver
as morbid shadows roam

Songs For Two Voices

Jonathan Miskin

In my eighth summer, I took the train as usual from my town of Innerkip to Drumbo where my grandparents lived. Summer for me was a great change and I often wondered who watched the city when everyone was away. Who drove the cars? Who dodged them? Nobody in Drumbo, for Drumbo was empty and only existed as a train stop for the country. Before I left, my father gave me a fancy new kite which I knew I'd never fly. A kite is a city toy for city parks where you sit and watch it swirling and looping and you struggle to keep it aloft. But when you're in the country, the wind takes hold of you, and carries you in its arms through the fields jetting with loose leaves and stray sounds. This to me, was summer - joining with wind. I smelled and heard the wind and wanted it in me.

Drumbo and Innerkip were 852 miles apart as were Beverly and I, but she to me was just a girl from across the road. Every summer since I was six I made the trip alone, but this year I was accompanied by my young brother for whom this was a first visit. As we roared through the 852 miles I felt resentful that he was joyfully discovering all the whizzing sights of a countryside that had similarly thrilled me.

Our grandfather met us at the station, and heaved our blue traveller's trunk into his car's back seat. Grandfather didn't shave during the summers and he stopped the day he picked me up. I was the sign of summer he said and so was his beard. His face started smooth, then was bristly and coarse and ended up all covered with grey hair. But I did not change through the summers for I, being only eight, had a smooth face all year round. My young brother talked excitedly the whole way home but I sat quiet. I had tried very hard to make the country mine. The fields. The river which he had not yet seen. I closed my eyes and remembered my seventh summer.

When we arrived at my grandparents' white house, Grandmother was busy with oatmeal cookies in her kitchen. Grandmother's hands smelled of cinnamon as did her kitchen, and whenever my nose caught a hint of cinnamon my memory showed me Grandmother and her kitchen together. Cutting the cookies for her with a star shaped cutter was Beverly. This was my job. I sat at the table and watched them work, praying I were somewhere else, or at least that Beverly was. Her hands were pink and unspiced.

I was trying to make July music, for it was a big dream of mine to be a great whistler. I rounded my lips into a very tight "o" and blew.

"Getting ready to kiss?" Beverly stood on the grass above me in overalls and a straw hat. I didn't look at her and closed my mouth.

"Guess what I have in my hand," she said.

"A carousel."

"Two nickels. I'm walking to Sullivan's for a banana popsicle. Why don't you come with me."

I squinted at her and felt hot enough to go. Sullivan's store was two miles down the road and was the only place you could buy anything in Drumbo. I didn't have a hat and was soon walking quicker towards the popsicle.

"Your lips are too tight," said Beverly.

"What?"

"To whistle you have to have your lips not so tight. The way you were doing it was to kiss somebody. Then your lips are very tight. Of course, if you wanted to hug somebody, you don't have to do anything with your lips."

"I don't want to hug anybody," I said.

"Well you might someday and then if you didn't know how to do it properly, it could be very embarrassing."

"Do you live here the whole year round?" I changed the subject.

"The whole year round."

"That makes me very jealous."

"Cities are noisy," said Beverly. I thought about this for a while. "You must be a fine whistler," I said.

Two nickels bought two banana popsicles and we sat on the fence racing each other and the sun to finish first.

"Where did you get the nickels?" I asked.

"In the summer my mother gives me and Roberta nickels to buy popsicles. One time Sullivan's was all out of banana popsicles. Roberta marched up to Mrs. Sullivan and said 'we'd like two banana popsicles please.' Mrs. Sullivan was very sorry that she had none and to make her feel better we bought two regular bananas and took them home and froze them on two sticks. This year Roberta is in summer camp. I'm glad they had them today."

"Me too," I said.

She and I were walking by the creek on an August afternoon. This had become a favorite activity for us, although for me, it was not enough to be outside the water. Soon we came upon a cello case resting in the grass. We poked it about and opened it up and sat inside it, trying to decide how to make the most use out of an old cello case. It was my immediate suggestion to turn it into a fort and surround it with high boulders to protect us from the tigers in the grass. But it was Beverly's idea to use it as a boat and get inside the river.

And so it was, that the two of us began to drift slowly through the water sitting comfortably in our new cello case boat. Beverly appointed me the captain of our ship and I made her the sergeant, and we were quite intent on exploring the turns and the bends of our meandering creek.

It was a great discovery to us that our creek, along which we had always walked and across which we had often waded, appeared so different now that we were gliding down it. The water was a great avenue, with trees soaring up on either side. Nothing stood in the path of the water and everything moved aside as if to say, "Look out! The water's coming. Don't get in the way." And now that we were the creek's passengers, we too were greeted openly by the rocks and the mud and the trees and the clear sky.

After a time, I suggested that it was quite appropriate that our new boat was a cello case, for a cello plays the soft low sounds of a running river. "How lovely it would be to hear some cello music sing along with our creek," said Beverly. Instead, I sang her a song about a red rose and a white one who loved it. And she sang me a song about a sailor in the evening and a girl on the shore who waits for him. And the creek sang us a song about Beverly and me, floating and drifting in our new cello case boat.

We came eventually to the place where the creek narrows and disappears through the reeds. Perhaps it would have carried us too had we been in a clarinet case, but we dragged our boat onto the shore and headed home. To get there we crossed a field of very high grasses all blowing in the wind with Beverly's hair. The field pretended to be in the prairies. You couldn't see either end when you were in the middle, and everything in it was smothered



Judah S. Harris

by a natural silence.

"I'm writing a story," I said, "about a bear I know."

"You know a bear?" said Beverly and smiled.

"He is a polar bear with no name who lives on an island at the zoo in the park. I know he has no name because the plate on the wall says simply 'Polar Bear.' But he has me as his friend. And every Sunday I go down to the park and look across the narrow water to the island where he lies. I talk to Bear and tell him stories and he has nothing else to do but lie in the sun and listen. After I finish telling Bear a story he just continues lying in the sun or he gets up and roams back and forth. But of course, Bear doesn't understand English. Once, I got down on the ground and roared for a while and I hoped Bear was pleased with my effort.

"In the winter when all the visitors to the zoo were inside the warm lions' building, I stood with Bear and we both wore our fur coats. I gazed at Bear and he at me, as the snow fell on both sides of the fence, and he knew that I was his best friend."

Beverly smiled again at me and said, "Too bad for Bear that now you're here, learning to whistle."

When we reached the house Beverly and I rocked on our creaking porch swing as the sky rained. All around, the trees and bushes took the rain and became greener and in return they gave the air a fresh smell. We stood on the steps and leaned out, catching the drops on our tongues. We didn't become any greener, but guessed that we might grow with the rain as everything else did.

That was years ago when Beverly was my first love. And much later I knew what song the wind was singing as we crossed that field. It was a song by Debussy played by a violin and a quiet piano. But after that walk the song was never played like that, but with other strings or even brass. And the grasses never waved with a song of more than two.

• • •

The Lie

Jordan Mariuma

He lectures:

"The World? Random."

Elsewhere,

Lovers' hands touch.

K.

Jordan Mariuma

As K. approaches the airport,
Knees folded on the plastic bench
In the cramped blue jazz of the A train,
Which slithers through the world like a tiny snake in a canyon,
As the rain patters on the window and dissolves into the bay,
The lights of Kennedy visible, grand,
Trump Castle Casino's illuminated billboard flashing,
K. (rightly so) feels useless, stupid, and alone.

For you see, says a book on K.'s lap,
There once was an urban planner:
Moses, god-like, built a city in his mind,
Now edifices fill the city as gangrene rots a leg,
We play our lives out inside his imagination's grid.

K. sits on the A train as it approaches the airport.
Planes from far away land and depart,
Sailing, emitting a glorious roar.
He reads the advertisements.
Here's one for battered wives. Here's one for trial lawyers. Here's
one for Raid.
His book tells him that Robert Moses built more than all the
Pharaohs combined.
As the A train approaches the airport, K. gathers his belongings,
And gets off the train at the next stop, his stop, a slum.



Robert Sidlow

Going up in Hell

Yossi Klavan

The subway ride's over.
another loser date
where is that elusive one?

Trudging up the stairs,
the crowd swells around
restless for the journey out.

Clang!
Shoving, pushing,
we pack the 181st street can till no one else fits.
The unwilling Satan groans, "all in,"
pushes the button
slamming the gates shut,
melts back in His seat.
The horde tortures him:
pathetic grumbling
about petty problems.

Why was she so quiet?
Why do they never talk?
Another date, and every time
it's *me* who has to dream of creativity
start conversations
keep them from dangling,
innovate,
pay for the damn show
to prove my worthiness
of a second date.

She left me
drained,
sapped
of desire
for further encounters.
Damn this emptiness



Judah S. Harris

A jolt
reminds me
I'm still in hell.
God,
stop!

Dull, scratched aluminum
offers no solace.
I dread my nightmare
of a power outage...
We'd all die,
smothered in this hellish heat.

Damn

Sweat soaks my shirt

Damn date.

"watch your step"

Satan calls out,
doors slowly open
on a dim hallway leading outside
step after
step

Child's Dark

Norman Shapiro

Frightening how so swiftly
a child's room
a small one really but vast
and playland-big to child's eyes
with wide-eyed clowns
and bright balloons
and lots of pretty pictures
of little boys and girls and clowns
and lots of happy talking animals
could ever turn into a nightmare
with just the flip
of a switch
but darkness did that.
the dark awaited thirstily my bedtime
then it would seep beneath the closet door
and slither up the papered wall with all
the red and blue balloons
and turn them into owl-eyes
and then oh and then the horror
the dark would pool and seethe
beneath the bed
an island now
amid a sea
of monsters.

Mommy help i cry
and far and oh so far away
the tired groan
of Father
who doesn't care or else he wouldn't groan like that right?
and as the lights come on the dark dissolves
with only just the faintest titter
as Father peeks too late to see
then growls what now?
go away i sigh
'cause you just wouldn't understand
get Mommy please
Father's eyes glow
his horns bristle
his fangs drool
your mother's dead he hisses
now go to sleep
and be a man
his tail swishes
almost gets caught
as he shuts the door behind him
Dark again
the owl-eyes blink wide
the dolls all whisper secretly
the clowns all laugh at my bravado.
tonight like every night
i lie in bed awake
my sheets all wet
my limbs all ache
my bloody eyes wide open
'cause Mommy's long-time gone i think
but Father
i'm not so sure.

Between White and Dark: Moral Complexities in Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness and E. M. Forster's A Passage to India

David Glatt

The conflict between Western Europe and "those who have a different complexion or slightly fatter noses than ourselves," constitutes a major component of both Joseph Conrad's **Heart of Darkness** and E.M. Forster's **A Passage to India**. Both authors utilize the conflict between black and white to challenge and explore different conceptions of morality.

The greatness of these two novels arises, at least in part, from their complexity - which extends to their treatment of morality. Neither writer simplifies his work by chiseling out a stark, clear-cut depiction of right and wrong. Of course, we can pick out heroes and find correctness in specific acts and attitudes, but in sum, moralities in these novels rest on different notions of moral and proper behavior brought together, like a stage with planks of various types of wood.

Conrad, in **Heart of Darkness**, constructs an ambiguous moral framework. We assume, given our Western preconceptions, that black Africans are evil - they are savage and base. But the Europeans are the ones Conrad shows torturing and exploiting. We find the heart of darkness - the symbol of evil - not only in Africa, but also in Europe - in the city of the "white sepulcher."

In **A Passage to India**, Forster certainly does not confront his readers with such stark extremes of evil as Conrad, but he too does not portray either ethnicity - English or Indian - as the sole bearer of morality. Both groups stand guilty of lying, hatred, and herd mentality. Even the two moral heroes, Dr. Aziz and Miss Quested, oppose each other as enemies. We do not favor one over the other, nor would Forster want us to.

Both authors, at one point, go so far as to almost state explicitly that they are dealing in ambiguities. Conrad writes that for Marlow, "the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze" Marlow first insists on life's murkiness after Kurtz's death. The intricately moral signals sent out by the whole affair convinced him that "life is ... [a] mysterious arrangement ... a greater riddle than some of us think it to be." In **A Passage to India** too, Mrs. Moore declares that she and Aziz "know well that India's a muddle." Presumably, Forster means this on more than a simply political level. The moral conflict highlighted by the Marabar incident starts as a "muddle" and ends as one too. Forster leaves questions unresolved; we never know whether the Indian guide attacked or if nothing actually occurred. Similarly, we don't know which morality to proclaim correct.

The complexities in both books result from both authors refusing to adhere to traditional Western values, thereby gaining a more objective perspective. They can indict the white man for his hypocrisy and evil, and appreciate the strength of foreign culture and values. Conrad obviously condemns the immorality of Imperialism. The white man disregards the humanity of the blacks and proceeds to rape and exploit Africa, and Conrad, not disguising this at all, remains perfectly frank about the Europeans throughout the book. Similarly, Forster identifies the god-like attitude of the British as a key to understanding their racist patronizing and injustice. Beneath their civility and assumed air of righteousness, Forster isolates a trait of cruel immorality. In the middle of the Marabar affair, the Collector "[longs] for the good old days when an Englishman could satisfy his own honour and no questions asked afterwards."

In both novels, the white man degenerates into corruption because he plays god. Mrs. Moore states quite plainly to Ronnie, "Your sentiments are those of a god ... Englishmen posing like gods." Their delusion of superiority and infallibility prevents the English from approaching their own standards of morality - truth and justice. They become horribly indignant at the prospect of testifying under an Indian judge. Even after Miss Quested withdraws her charges against Aziz, the rest of the British cannot believe they erred in bringing him to trial. In their minds they were correct, only the girl faltered due to fright.

Kurtz, in **Heart of Darkness**, enters the jungle to help the natives in all sorts of ways - to bring them education, manners, and morality. But his ego and his evil side gorge themselves on the enormous power he wields, and he eventually creates a god out of himself.

In their ascendance to god-like stature, the Westerners forfeit at least part of their own divine nature - arbiters of morality often become immoral themselves. By doing this to their European characters, Conrad and Forster push ideals of Western morality into sharp relief - we see the particulars of corruption and note what the author finds lacking. And the ambiguity - the absence of an espousal of one specific moral doctrine - forces the reader to examine carefully the specific criteria that constitutes morality in each work.

The reader's task is probably easier in **A Passage to India**, since its moral complexity stems from Forster simply showing us different and distinct moralities - he presents us with a fairly clear conflict, whereas Conrad darkens the issue by mixing morality with immorality and spreading the result across everyone, so that we cannot easily nod our heads and declare, pointing to something specific, that this is morality in **Heart of Darkness**.

Forster recognized that the English and the Indians possess two differing conceptions of morality, and recognizing them allows us to understand key events and personalities. English morality, based on reason and order, seeks truth and justice, while the Indians, far less disposed to seek knowledge and

truth, uphold kindness and harmony as the guiding principles for human conduct.

We essentially find these notions symbolized in Aziz and Miss Quested, and their clash represents the conflict of their moralities. We can call each moral, but on the basis of separate criteria. Aziz exceeds himself in extending kindness to friends - as evidenced by the Marabar expedition. Because of his morality, the trial and the charges offend him not so much because of the injustice of the lie - that he could accept as fate, but because he perceives a huge insult - a great unkindness. Aziz tells Fielding that Indians need "kindness, more kindness, and even after that more kindness." He tells Mrs. Moore, and later her son, Ralph, that they "are [oriental], because they don't understand people in an intellectual or psychological sense, rather, they can focus on a person's heart and tell whether they like him or not." The English demand understanding; the Indians demand kindness.

Through Hamidullah's eyes we see how Miss Quested epitomizes English morality in her actions and how that morality conflicts with the Indians'. He cannot feel warmly to her after she saves Aziz, because "from his standpoint she was not [sincere]. For her behavior rested on cold justice and honesty; she felt ... no passion of love for those she had wronged." Even when Fielding tries to convince the Indians of her moral courage they do not respond. To them "Truth is not truth ... unless there go with it kindness and more kindness and kindness again." And thus Miss Quested's action - "so creditable according to Western notions - was ... rejected, because, though it came from her heart, it did not include her heart."

The fact that Fielding meshes so well with the Indians stems from his differences with the rest of the English. He readily admits that he retains no morals - in the Western sense. Not coincidentally, his room is not neat like the other Englishmen. Aziz remarks that "Everything [ranges] coldly on shelves is what I thought" - the English need order, and Fielding's disorderliness links him to the Indians.

When we turn to *Heart of Darkness*, we can snatch at certain fleeting aspects of morality. Marlow at first thinks Kurtz to be a spectacular man - a true light in the darkness. Kurtz personifies the enlightened European - well educated and dedicated to spreading the gospel of Europe throughout the world. But Conrad traps us. He induces us to believe in this noble breed of white man - a veritable angel on earth, and then explodes Kurtz's true nature upon us, and we must apparently reject the murderous pagan as a symbol of mortality.

We might then face the other end of the racial spectrum and hold the African natives as examples of morality, because of their intensity or straightforwardness. Conrad actually praises the cannibals aboard the steamer for their restraint in the face of hunger. But again, though we can admire some of their virtues, we cannot point to sinning savages as moral beacons.

Even someone like Kurtz's Intended - she might be pure and filled with love and belief, but the illusion that her thoughts and feelings rest upon rarefy her morality.

Actually, Conrad seems less concerned with morality as manifested in virtue, or any action, than with morality as an attitudinal reaction toward life. Marlow's confrontation with Kurtz forces him to focus his attention on man's spirit. He knows as well as we do the evil Kurtz contains in both body and soul. Yet he still thinks Kurtz's attitude, expressed so starkly in his final words, constitutes "an affirmation, a moral victory"

Presumably, Kurtz's courage and honesty in pronouncing the truth of his life lends the statement and the act of uttering it a moral aspect. Marlow realizes that conventions and traditional moral approaches do not suffice as guides throughout life. True, in the guise of civilization they keep order by placing policemen and neighbors on a person's back, but Marlow saw through Kurtz that "life is [a] mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose." Life itself holds within it a heart of impenetrable darkness. Therefore, Marlow concludes that if you cannot know life, "The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself." Conrad feels that a moral person abides by that truth and therefore Kurtz, by summing up and expressing "some sort of belief" with "candor" and "conviction," won a moral victory.

When Marlow returns to Europe with this notion of morality, he is, predictably, disgusted with all men. Their ordinariness, their complete blindness to the true nature of the world and themselves "was offensive to [Marlow] like the outrageous flaunting of folly in the face of a danger it is unable to comprehend." And yet, when he encounters the Intended, he considers her noble and pure, even though she seems to be missing the truth. We must say that although she lived under the shadow of a false impression, her belief, faith, and love were perfectly true in respect to what she knew. From her own perspective, she looked into herself and faced what she saw - "I have been very happy - very fortunate - very proud," but, "now I am unhappy for - for life."

Conrad and Forster obviously end up with varying ideas about moral excellence. But they retain a similarity by refusing to expound on the correctness of one specific morality. As authors, both display an interest in human morality through their characters. Both also realize that they cannot neatly pin down people and thoroughly understand them. Still, they can approach some level of comprehension. Ironically, that knowledge must come from recognition of man's moral complexity.

• • •

New York Tonight

Elisha Tropper

Distant sirens spite the dark;
Clouds permit just a trickle of light.
Beyond my window stray dogs bark;
Opaque, enigmatic, New York tonight.

The Glaring streetlights. The Blinds shut tight.
I escape from Con Ed's electrical day.
Pulses race feverishly somewhere down Broadway,
The heartbeat of New York tonight.

In bed, quiescent, awake, then aware.
My mind a medley of images invites.
Though darkened Gotham conjures many a nightmare,
Vibrant, exciting, that's New York tonight.

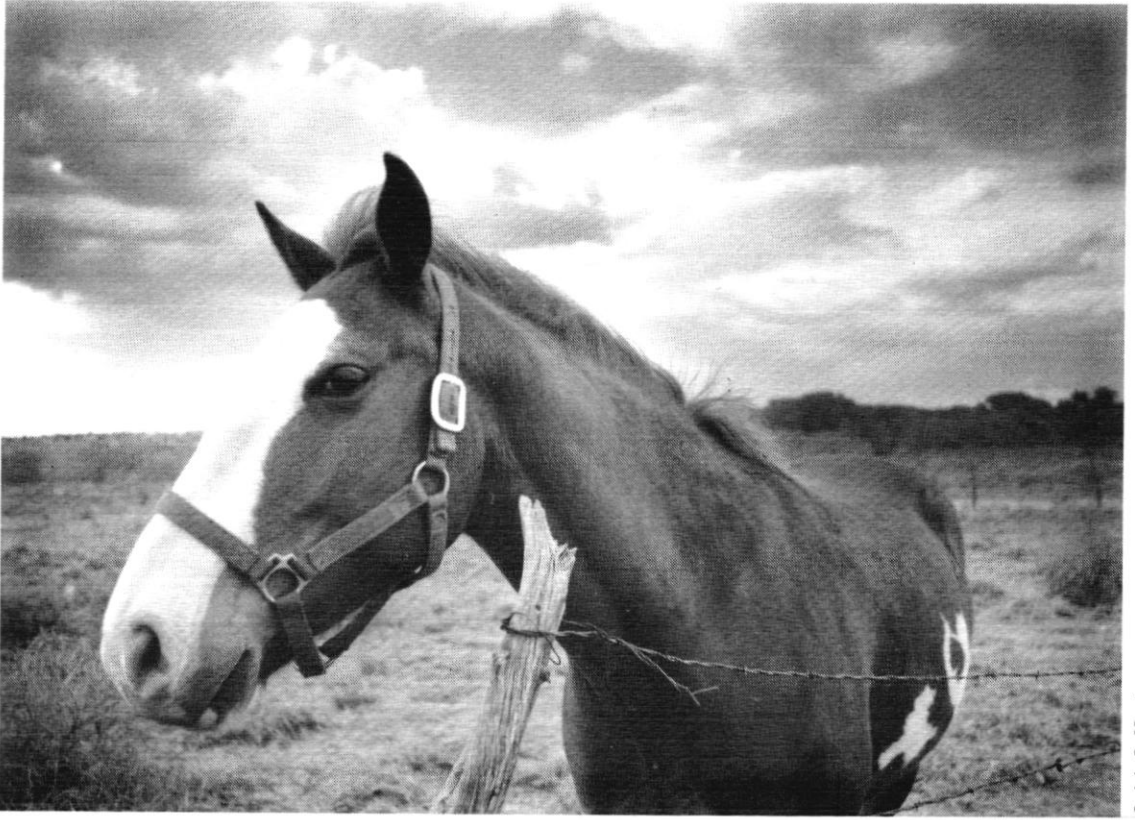
Gypsy cabs' tires screech, racing nowhere.
A goodnight kiss, a nosy neighbor's stare.
Street gangs patrol their turf - crusaders' rites;
The young reign supreme in New York tonight.

The pavement coughs up sewer steam.
A roaring subway muffles a guttural scream.
Rats assemble! Roaches Unite!
To wage war on New York tonight.

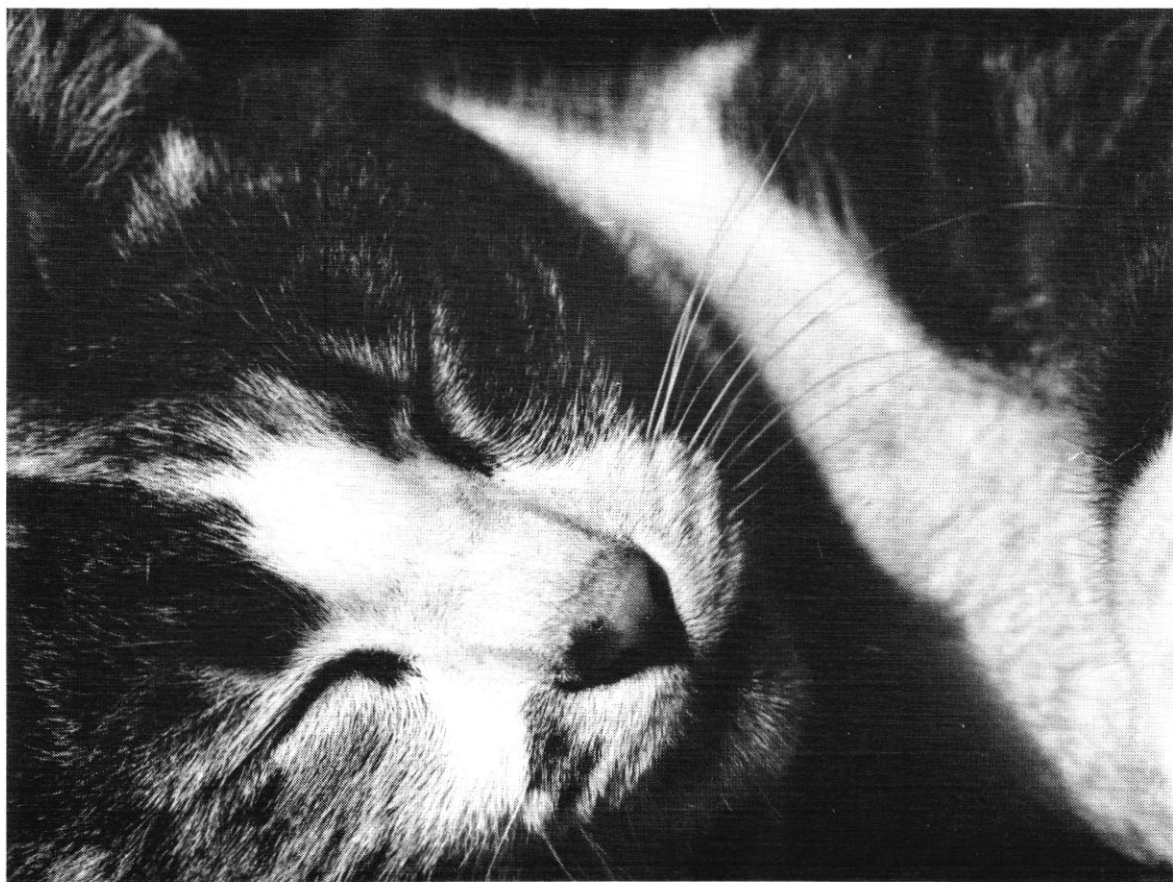
In doorway dormitories the homeless reside.
Over trash can fires shivering hands fight.
A whiskey celebration for employment denied.
We relish small pleasures in New York tonight.

Toll booth night-shift loneliness.
Nursing home insomniacs reminisce.
A policeman's wife huddles in fright;
Her husband's protecting New York tonight.

Five A.M. sunrise, reveille at six.
Eight million awake to a monotonous plight
Knowing that in just under thirty thousand ticks
They'll return to the voracity of New York tonight.



Judah S. Harris



Judah S. Harris

Judah S. Harris, a New York City-based photographer, specializes in people and travel photography. Traveling across America, Harris has photographed such places as the small fishing village of Port Clyde, Maine; the beaches of Big Sur, California; and the pueblo dwellings in Taos, New Mexico. Working in black and white as well as color, Harris' vivid portrayals sensitize us to the beauty and complexity of our surrounding environment.

Harris' commitment to photography began in 1983, while spending a year of study in Israel. In 1988, he returned to Israel with a team of photographers to document daily life in the Jewish Homeland.

Harris has exhibited work in New York City at the International Gallery, Yeshiva University Museum, and George Washington Bridge Terminal. One can find his images, depicting Jewish life, in the photo-archives collection at Beth Hatefutsoth in Tel Aviv. His photography has received awards in Kodak's annual KINSA competition two years consecutively, and is featured in newspapers and literary arts journals. Harris' biography will be included in the upcoming editions of both *American Artist* and *Who's Who in Photography*. He is also a member of the National Institute for Exploration.

Harris is currently completing a Masters degree in Jewish Education and Administration at Yeshiva University's Azrieli Graduate Institute. An alumnus of Yeshiva University High School, Yeshiva college, and RIETS, Harris also served for three years as an Assistant Director of Admissions for Yeshiva University's undergraduate schools. This summer, Harris will be involved in a number of projects, including photographing Northern California and the islands of Trinidad and Tobago.

Harris can be reached at (212) 927-3360.

