

# Life Can Be Beautiful

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After reading the last issue of *MSS* as thoroughly as my somewhat limited capabilities would allow, I have formed one very definite conclusion concerning the contents thereof. I would like to deviate from the usual procedure followed in dealing with the writings of other people and simply state my conclusion on the contents of the magazine as a whole and then try to substantiate my theory. I write this with admiration and greatest respect for the sponsors of the magazine, its editorial staff and its contributors. I am simply seeking reasons for a trend which seems to be developing among young writers.

To me, the contents of the last issue of *MSS* could be described, largely, in one word—morbid. Perhaps that word is a bit strong in some instances and inadequate in others, but in my opinion it comes the closest of any single adjective in describing the greatest number of articles.

Do not misunderstand me, it is not the many, many examples of beautiful choices of words of which I speak. It is not the tasteful phraseology, nor the charming line after charming line of verse, but it is the sad, even heart-rending plots of some of the stories and the somber messages conveyed by the poetry which makes me wonder as to the inspirational urges which compelled these contributors to compose as they did.

In the senior section, especially, I found this condition prevalent. Like many other readers, I enjoy serious thought and sincere ideas expressed in prose and verse, but must eight out of eleven examples of student composition portray, each in its own turn: a woman's happiness being brutally shattered and her spirit broken by the destruction of her one joy in life, her roses; two different expressions of sadness over the loss of a loved one; a child's belief in God shattered by his witnessing the hypocritically conducted funeral of his grandfather; a symbolic portrayal of the starving children of a war-ravaged nation, and a detailed description of a poverty-stricken couple relishing their slight joy while they could? If these be true and dominant portrayals of human nature, then obviously something must be wrong with "us humans." If not, surely we know there is enough misery and trouble present in our lives without having writers emphasize it again and again.

Although the themes in this issue of *MSS* are fine examples of various writing techniques, still, as I read them, I must wonder is there no lighter side to the great human drama? What has happened to humor? Where is the satirical parody? Have the Butler seniors taken the cares of the world to bear on their own shoulders?