

Imagery in Milton: "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"

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IMAGERY in Milton! Say color, say yet music, say rather words! A word in Milton is filled brimful with over two thousand years of meaning, so weighted with centuries one cannot lightly pass—Cerberus, the Stygian cave, Ebon shades or the night-raven—without letting the mind traverse time in conjuring the shades of ancient myths. "And of blackest midnight born" was not only melancholy but earth from chaotic darkness. With such timelessness behind it, a single image could delight till all literature ran out, and to compare the imagery in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" seems as unending as an archeological trek.

"Loathed Melancholy" and "deluding joyes" begins Milton, two figures the same. They fall alike to the nether side. But how different the gaudy, bedecked strumpet Joy is from unkempt, long-faced Melancholy. Joy cavorts with her cohorts in chorus-line, Melancholy broods over his drink alone at the corner table, only dead cigarettes surrounding him.

Now leave these underworld shades, the smoke-cloyed air, the glittery light. Breathe instead earth air fresh as mountain green and wind blue. Rest instead in the marble light of a classic cloister.

Not alone traverse the upper air. See across the meadow Jest, Jollity, Quip and Crank, a fair set of twins like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Nods, Becks, and Smiles, clan cousins on every side, those two prime ministers now doubled o'er, Sport and Laughter, and reigning Mirth now clasping hands with Liberty. Catch a breath of spring air. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" Can you see shy Hope there too?

While here in this refreshing meadow, hear that gay musician, Laughter, piping merry notes so light they tickle the tops of grasses until the very meadow ripples in a smile. But not to Laughter alone is music, for Silence has its own perfect symphony. Follow his mute-robed figure into that temple garden. Peace and Quiet greet us. Here is something universal. Melancholy here keeps charge. The light of Contemplation is here diffused in every eye. Do you see calm Hope lingering there?

Those of the earthborn who seek Mirth and Melancholy find them thus: Mirth in the lark, Melancholy in the nightingale, Mirth in the open glades, Melancholy in the secluded forest. Mirth rejoices in the sun, Melancholy seeks cold moonlight. Mirth plays a wedding march, Melancholy an Orphic requiem. Mirth goes to a state fair or to a coronation ball. Melancholy notes the train whistle pass late in the night, or the fog horn off shore. Mirth tells tall tales, Melancholy reads Plato. Choose either comedy or tragedy, they are

both by Shakespeare. Like to sing? Take part in a madrigal round or the church choir. Go to a square dance or take in a planetarium show. Day and night, night and day, city country, country city, peasant and peerage, peers and peasantry. Imagery? No, just life, about three thousand years of it.

The Riot

Pat Mahoney

HUNDREDS of screaming schoolboys fled down Shara Istaklal, their banners dragging in the dust behind them. White-helmeted policemen, in Land Rovers and on foot, herded them toward the wide Shara Omar Muktar and the roadblock. Loud-speakers, mounted on trucks, waited there to give orders to the mass of humanity as the excited students milled before bayonet-armed soldiers.

Realizing their encirclement, they threw their placards and banners into the gutter. Shouts of innocence reverberated across the square.

"Death to the French Barbarians!" "Avenge our Arab Brothers!" "Frenchmen, Go Home!" Gaudy banners were now trampled underfoot.

Stone-faced policemen struck down ringleaders with short, thick billies. Screaming agitators tried futilely to rally support. Frightened boys were carried bodily to waiting patrol wagons.

The demonstration had been scheduled for three days, but as usual the police knew about it an hour afterwards. "Riot Plan Two" had been put into effect immediately, and by the time the marching students approached the Royal Palace the police and soldiers were waiting for them.

A cordon of police, three rows deep, surrounded the French Legation as well as the residence of the French Minister. Mounted police, armed with axe handles, patrolled the main avenues of approach.

At the Legation, steel shutters had been lowered and bolted to prevent window breakage. The high steel gates at either end of the garden were secured, and members of the Federal Police, armed with riot guns, stood solemnly inside.

The demonstrators, led by members of the Ittihad Sporting Club, assembled in the Fiat Garage parking lot. Placards and banners, prepared three days earlier, were taken from their hiding place in the garage's grease pit. Under shouted orders from a minor official of the Egyptian Embassy, the group marched out of the alley and into the main street.

French-manufactured automobiles, Citroens and Simcas, parked along the streets, had their windows smashed and fenders dented by the club-wielding mob. A small Renault was overturned, and its gas tank set afire.