

PICTORIAL SECTION



SUNDAY...



Photographer: R. C. CARASAVAS
Title: JESUS CASIBARIS

A Mass opens up a Sunday,
and since in the Consecration,
when the priest transforms the
bread and the wine into
the Body and the Blood, the Lord
becomes physically present,
we can say in triumph that at
that sacred moment He is
here in person to give us this
day. A while after, we leave the
house of worship with a
certain profound feeling that
comes when one has done an act
of goodness.

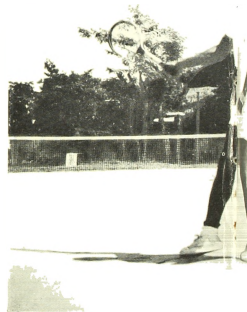


SUNDAY...



The shops downtown are closed again, shutting up in the mind the picture of machines working, customers bargaining, and the congeries of things for sale. Industry is replaced by passivity, and the struggle for subsistence is set aside in favor of an inward desire for peace, for every little thing which offers us comfort, contentment, and above all, fortune.

Occasionally, during Sunday we flock to beach resorts and swim in the sea, or merely walk along the windy shore, now and then casting small stones into the water. Or stand where the beached bancas are and watch girls in bathing suits rush into the water. Cheerfully, we peer into the future and indulge in the dream of living long under the same state of fun and pleasantry.

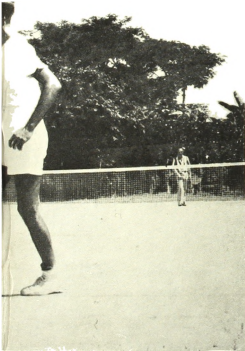


In a courtyard the office-people producing sounds like that of a bartender. On the long bench on one side, for their turns or who have had a comment on a mastery stroke sent the tennis ball across

With the introduction of portable radiophones, a few strike on something new, such as listening to recordings of classical and contemporary music in privacy where the smell of the ocean is invigorating and the world is a limitless space. And they let the imagination follow up the trail of beauty into the enchanted universe of music and the poetic piazzas of songs intoned by accomplished artists.



A large number of us visit the theaters. There, just by sitting still, we journey through the years, witness a story, and see a land of make-believe unfurled before our eyes. Inspired, we take the place of one of the starring characters, and act his or her role with finesse and elegant simplicity. In the end, of course, we forget the soundrel, idolize the hero, and admire the heroine.



are potentates with network bats, of bottles being uncorked by an adroit side sit those who are waiting their bouts, sipping soft drinks and te of a colleague that nevertheless the street.



At the plaza we seek friends and those we wish to be acquainted with.
We talk about the jam sessions, the parties, the picnics we had lately attended, and the dancers we like to learn or have no taste for.
We eat much ice-cream and buy balloons, and nobody will ever tell us to behave according to our age. We meet happy lovers, as well as lonely fellows putting out their loneliness.



Inside the fence of a public
playground, children are
yelling, shrieking and crying
for joy. They play seesaw; ride
the merry-go-round; rock
the swings; climb the bars, and
glide on the slides with life and

S
U
N
D
A
Y



The night disposes
of its initial dimness.

spirit. They cut jokes, and laugh
freely. Then, it is time to
go home. Their fathers and
mothers call them and away they
go, shouting good-bye to each
other.