



**T
H
E

M
O
S
A
I
C**

Fall 1964

Marist College



MARIST COLLEGE

Poughkeepsie, New York

Fall 1964

We'd like to say that. . .

. . . with this first Fall Edition of The Mosaic, we invite not that indefinable, intangible non-entity, "the student body," but every student member of that body, to read and consider what our fellow students have to say. The editorial staff has sufficiently confided in the artistic, imaginative, and intellectual abilities of our students to raise a previously "annual" literary magazine to the level of "quarterly."

It is felt not only that this commitment will be met, but that the literature which appears will have a true relevance and message for those who take the trouble.

One final point: the contributors to this quarterly are writing preeminently not because it is fashionable to write (though this is a motive factor), not because it is expected of English majors, not because every college has a literary magazine, but, again preeminently, because they have something to say. Publication of that something offers them a two-fold gratification: a confrontation with the challenge of crystallization of their own ideas and attitudes; and the opportunity to convey to others what is personally most significant.

It is with these sentiments that we recommend to you the following.

Editor: Brien O'Callaghan, fms

Assistant Editors:

David Gentry, fms

James Cody

John Heffernan, fms

Peter Maronge

Edward Martin, fms

Faculty Advisor:

George J. Sommer, Ph.D.

CONTENTS

My Son	Joseph McKenna, fms	4
Honest to God!	Robert O'Handley, fms	5
Looking Ahead	James Cody	8
The Great Masquerade	Joseph McKenna, fms	15
Beyond the Aperture. . . Commentary on a Culture	Brien O'Callaghan, fms	16
Death's Watch	William Townsend	19
Mary, the Kerygma, and Reunion	John T. Sullivan, fms	21
Look Back in Anguish	Peter Maronge	24
Conversation in Terms of the Unknown Factor	Jerome Worell, fms	25
Poems:		
On First Reading Etienne Gilson Watch, Therefore. . . Alone	Peter Rooney, fms	26
In the World	Brien O'Callaghan, fms	27
An Analysis of Holden Caulfield from J. D. Salinger's <i>The Catcher in the Rye</i>	William Doherty, fms	29

He was young and fair, my son, and he brimmed with adventure; was free as the wind. And he laughed and smiled with a zest none other could have known.

He loved life; all life, not just his own life, as few have loved it... yet, I sometimes wonder if he knew that he loved it, so naive was his manner. If naivete is the product of ignorance, it is also the daughter of knowledge, of truth, of wisdom... this was my son. He never spoke of life and love, the way intelligent people speak of them, with impotent words or flowery sentences. "What folly," he might have thought, "to utter the unutterable..." Perhaps, yet he was far too kind for such a thought. Probably he never thought of anything like that himself, he was himself much too busy with living and loving to consider how to live or why he should love. I'm sure he knew the answers to those questions though... he must have. He wouldn't have given them to you, but you could not have seen him without asking yourself some such question. And you'd have gotten an answer by just seeing him.

I've often thought that this was his purpose in life, to provoke such thoughts and to help so many people find the answers, and find them themselves... for of how much more value is such an answer.

Strange... not once from his mouth came a word of encouragement, of friendship, of hope, of trust or faith or love... not once in his life did he travel to visit some neighbor, or friend... or anyone at all; but he lived his life as it ought to have been lived and he brightened so many days for so many people by so living.

I wish you could have known my son. You would have marvelled at his dancing eyes, his peaceful face... and his smile, you'd never forget that smile. And you'd have gone from there... reluctantly, I promise you... with more peace in your heart than you've ever known before.

He wouldn't have spoken to you... wouldn't even have gone to greet you at the door. No. He never took a step... but he would have spoken to you... oh, how he would have spoken to you, and with words more eloquent than you've ever heard before, and you'd have listened... and carried him away with you the rest of your life. And you'd be just one of so many others. So what matter that he couldn't walk or talk.

Another thing - you'd have felt no pity for my son. He was more fortunate than any who came to see him, and no one left with any other impression. They left pitying themselves and envying my crippled,

speechless son.

* * *

Honest to God!

Robert O'Handley, fms

"Honest to God", a contemporary and controversial book by Bishop John A. T. Robinson, calls forth so many personal sentiments, reaches out to so many issues, and provokes such profound controversy, that to be limited to a book-review format at this time would be intensely frustrating.

Robinson's objective is not a new one. Thinking men as far back as Luther have been decrying the lost awareness to Christian symbolism, the rigidity of moral standards and the irrelevance of out-dated doctrinal concepts. Bishop Robinson has "engaged upon a probing operation-trying to look at certain fundamental points of Faith and practice what they may mean...to question one whole set of presuppositions and feel towards another in its place."

A much more radical recasting, I would judge, is demanded, in the process of which the most fundamental categories of our theology--of God, of the supernatural and of religion itself - must go into the melting.

Dr. Robinson joins the chorus of existentialists in the cry that "god is dead." In this "post-Christian era" (as it has been referred to),

Man has learned to cope with all questions of importance without recourse to God as a working hypothesis. In questions concerning science, art, and even ethics, this has become an understood thing which one scarcely dares to tilt at any more. (Bonhoeffer)

Using Julian Huxley words,

The god hypothesis is no longer of any pragmatic value for the interpretation or comprehension of nature, and indeed often stands in the way of better and truer interpretation. Operationally, God is beginning to resemble not a ruler but the last fading smile of a cosmic Cheshire Cat.

But this obviously refers to the irrelevance of the god created by a theology formulated and adapted to an age that is far different from our own. The presently expanding breach in the relationship between the Divine and the human is not the fault of God but of man who has clung to this alienating theology. Even today the failure of theology to lead all men to God is obvious (and indeed it is the aim of theology to lead all men - not just a few professionals - to God by means of a better knowledge of Him). For an example, merely recall your contacts with other college students who have been confronted with theology courses. Surely, an aversion for medieval terminology and pointless distinctions does not necessarily lead to or imply an estrangement from the "depth and ground of all being... God."

Perhaps, God is asking mankind to "come-of-age," to alter its outlook on him, to accept Him not thru necessity but thru love.

The God who makes us live in this world without using him as a working hypothesis is the God before whom we are ever standing. Before God and with him we live without God. God allows himself to be edged out of the world, and that is exactly the way, the only way, in which he can be with us and help us. (Tillich, The Courage to Be)

It will doubtless seem to some that I have by implication abandoned the Christian faith and practice altogether. On the contrary, I believe that unless we are prepared for the kind of revolution of which I have spoken it will come to be abandoned. And that will be because it is moulded, in the form we know it, by a cast of thought that belongs to a past age - the cast of thought which, with their different emphases, Bultmann describes as 'mythological', Tillich as 'supranaturalist', and Bonhoeffer as 'religious'.

"All true awareness of God is an experience at one and the same time of ultimacy and intimacy". But ultimacy, transcendence, is one particular attribute of God's that seems to be less relevant in our corporate, involved world today. Barth revels in having destroyed this "totally other" pietism or mysticism that was prevalent in Protestant theology only 40 years ago- (Humanity of God). The pendulum has swung the other way now and in Honest to God we witness the present trend to stressing the Divine immanence.

God is, in Bonhoeffer's words (Bonhoeffer is frequently referred to by Robinson) "the 'beyond' in the midst of our life," a depth of reality reached "not on the borders of life but at its center," not by any flight of the alone to the alone, but, in Kierkegaard's fine phrase, by "a deep-

er immersion in existence."

Paul Tillich is one of those authors who in past years "rung a bell" for Dr. Robinson. It is mainly from Tillich's, The Shaking of the Foundations, that Robinson drew his realization that the divine is nothing else than the "depth of each man's being", "the ground and meaning of all existence":

The name of this infinite and inexhaustible depth and ground of all being is God. That depth is what the word God means. And if that word has not much meaning for you, translate it, and speak of the depths of your life, of the source of your being, of your ultimate concern, of what you take seriously without any reservation. Perhaps, in order to do so, you must forget everything traditional that you have learned about God, perhaps even that word itself.

Add to this the divine attribute of personality and you must then admit that "reality at its very deepest level is personal." "To predicate personality of God", says Feuerbach, "is nothing else than to declare personality as the absolute essence." (Chardin certainly grasped this truth).

If this is true, then theological statements are not a description of "the highest Being" but an analysis of the depths of personal relationships -- or, rather, an analysis of the depths of all experience interpreted by love. Theology, as Tillich insists, is about 'that which concerns us ultimately'. A statement is 'theological' not because it relates to a particular Being called 'God', but because it asks ultimate questions about the meaning of existence: it asks what, at the level of theos, at the level of its deepest mystery, is the reality and significance of our life.

Please don't be naive enough to think that one mere conceptual formulation has truly captured the meaning of the divine. I don't think Bishop Robinson was simple enough to claim so in spite of Thomas Merton's suspicions to the contrary:

I for one am perfectly at home with the idea that mythical and poetic statements about God are not adequate representations of Him, but I am also used to thinking that no conceptual knowledge of God is perfectly adequate, and therefore when I see the Bishop busy with "framing new concepts" I would be inclined to say he still had not grasped the extent of the problem (Commonweal, August 21, '64 p. 573).

I defend Robinson with his own words:

For the Christian gospel is in perpetual contact with the images of God set up in the minds of men, even of Christian men, as they seek in each generation to encompass his meaning. These images fulfill an essential purpose, so that ordinary men and women can get their minds round God and have something to which to fix their imagination and prayers. But as soon as they become a substitute for God as soon as they become God, so that what is not embodied in the image is excluded or denied, then we have a new idolatry.

A few may be concerned with doing some "radical recasting" on their own, in the hope of maturing, updating and deepening their understanding of the "meaning of their existence." It is important to question all, yet not be without some stable norm. Herbert Butterfield verbalizes the guiding principle by which Dr. Robinson was led thruout.

There are times when we can never meet the future with sufficient elasticity of mind, especially if we are locked in the contemporary systems of thought. We can do worse than remember a principle which both gives us a firm Rock and leaves us the maximum elasticity for our minds: the principle: Hold to Christ, and for the rest be totally uncommitted.

* * *

Looking Ahead: A Discussion of Vital
Interest to Students Contemplating a
Business Career

James Cody

The topic of our discussion is "corporate harmony", a term now in familiar usage among personnel directors and industrial psychologists in our large American corporations. As they define it, "corporate harmony" is "that ultimately productive state of mind in which each employee spontaneously subordinates his personal aspirations to the greater need of corporate success."¹ Such an individual is highly prized by per-

¹ Preston L. Chambers, "Engendering the Company Man," Brighton's Personnel Management, XIX (March, 1961).

sonnel recruiters; he is called a "company man" or a "corporate satellite" by industrial psychologists. At present, however, while recruiting competition remains fierce, personnel managers are becoming increasingly interested in research projects designed to suppress employee self-interest, and promote "corporate harmony" on a comprehensive scale that will obviate the need for selective recruiting. In other words, instead of relying upon psychological testing and recruiting procedures to locate "company men", personnel directors are now looking for ways to "create" them.

Our following discussion of "corporate harmony creation" is derived from two expert sources. We offer first an excerpt from a recent speech, "The Aspirational Personality -- A Needless Burden to American Enterprise." This we submit with the kind permission of Dr. Harmon E. Fuerst, Director of Personnel Research Incorporated. PRI is the independent consulting firm credited with the development of "packaged orientation programs" for the assimilation of new personnel into the top-level management teams of large corporations. Dr. Fuerst was the keynote speaker at the American Management Coordination Clinic, which convened in Chicago, Illinois, during February of this year. At these meetings, assembled management representatives heard a series of talks on the importance of "cooperate harmony" to our national productivity. The spirited response of these gentlemen to Dr. Fuerst's address has prompted us to condense his keynote text for our current publication. Our second contributor is Professor Andre Deyfacteau, Visiting Sociology Fellow at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. Professor Deyfacteau, in a letter to this editor, discusses social conformity on the American scene and evaluates the feasibility of imposing harmonious conformity upon the American employee. In conclusion, Professor Deyfacteau offers several objective countermeasures for resisting "corporate harmony" programs.

Dr. Fuerst's Speech

...History provides us with an apt illustration of ambition at odds with productive society. If we recall our elementary history, most of us can probably remember the plight of the astronomer, Galileo. As children, we were sympathetic as we heard how Galileo was condemned by his peers, just because he claimed the earth revolves around the sun. Now to later scientists, Galileo seems a martyr, but to his contemporaries he was a heretic. In light of modern thought, however, he was neither heretic nor martyr -- he was a downright fool. He was a fool because he failed to establish a working harmony with his fellow scientists.

Moreover, Galileo is not unique. We have in our midst, today, thousands of Galileos disrupting the harmony of our productive society. Unlike the original Galileo, however, today's dissenters are confronted with a fast-paced technology, so complex, that it cannot be revolutionized by the most brilliant individual. Indeed, technological breakthrough is not our main problem. The development of modern techniques of group research and cooperative teamwork in design, production, and promotion has eliminated the importance of the individual contributor. The real problem facing the modern corporation is the establishment of group harmony among its personnel. Why does an important project fail to develop by its target date? Why wasn't produce "X" released in time to meet contract requirements? The answer to these recurrent questions can often be found, only by analyzing the characters of the personnel involved in the operations. How often have we found a vital project bogged down, simply because of a personality conflict between two of the men assigned to its development?...

These men, who place their personal aspirations ahead of their contributive obligations to their company, are the most inexcusable causes for production failure. The singularly ambitious man can pervert the cooperative spirit of his entire working group. Here, teamwork is undermined every time a selfish individual attempts to promote his own ambitions, contrary to the progressive harmony of his fellow workers. In my estimation, the repression of individual ambition is the essential ingredient for corporate success....

My own firm, Personnel Research Incorporated, is vitally interested in corporate harmony. Two years ago, we concluded a series of experiments in personnel testing which particularly applies to the subject of group harmony. At a Midwestern bottling company, we subjected the engineers in the design department to a battery of psychological tests. In one group, the questions were keyed to detect hyper-ambitious individuals. In a second group, we tested to single out those engineers with the highest degree of cooperative spirit. From the results, we formed two separate design teams composed of three engineers each. Team "A" contained the men who tested highest in selfish ambition; team "C" was made up of three extremely cooperative engineers. Next, we assigned team "A" the task of designing an inexpensive utility stopper to seal the heavy glass jugs, produced to contain commercial cleaning fluid. The men of team "A" held very few consultations, and each one proceeded almost independently towards a solution. Because of the low cost of cork, one engineer suggested a cork stopper. The next man proposed a hard rubber stopper, saying that it could be re-used with the returnable bottle. The third engineer maintained that only a glass stopper could be processed to insure the purity of the cleaning fluid. Each of them adamantly claimed that his proposal was in some way superior

to the others. At this point, we took the project away from Team "A" and presented it, as it stood, to team "C". Because of their cooperative and less volatile natures, the engineers on team "C" quickly agreed on an ultimate solution -- a laminated stopper containing a layer each of cork, rubber, and glass. Such an answer seems obvious, of course, to anyone not biased by the petty personality conflicts in team "A". An interesting footnote points up the failure of the three ambitious engineers to be effective contributors to their company's productivity. When they were informed about the approved design submitted by team "C", each of them furiously objected that a three layer utility stopper was impractical. Of course, this rude display of perverse obstinacy only served to compound their guilt. We summarily recommended that all three of them be transferred to the production line, whereupon two of them, with smaller families, confirmed our low opinion by quitting the company.

At PRI we believe the establishment of complete corporate harmony depends upon extended cooperation between management and the personnel research team. At present we are engaged in various exploratory projects designed to increase our understanding of the harmony problem. In one area, we are investigating new methods of subordinating personal aspirations to the harmony of the corporate community...² But along with new research, we are also modifying current principles of personnel handling.

Sometimes, only a minor revision of existing procedures is necessary to produce tangible results. We refer to our most recent experiment as the "Paternal-Confessor" technique. Many corporations subject their employees to regular progress interviews. Twice each year, perhaps, the individual employee has a progress discussion scheduled with a superior. These interviews were originally designed to give each employee the satisfactory impression that he was under promotional consideration by upper management. It was our purpose to extend the function of this interview and create a harmony inducing relationship between the corporation and the individual employees. To this end, we distributed a special interview questionnaire to the employees of a large electrical firm. Our questionnaire included a subtle invitation to discuss personal and domestic problems with the manager during the meeting. It was hoped that we could establish the corporation as a symbol

² Omitted here is Dr. Fuerst's description of several hormone experiments currently being conducted by a number of companies in participation with PRI. No conclusive results from these experiments were available at the time of the speech in Chicago.

for paternal benevolence, providing a familiar atmosphere for the confession of domestic and marital problems. Once the corporation was symbolically represented as the "father", it was assumed that each employee would strive to avoid the family anxiety incurred by a clash with any of the other "children". In this case, undesirable drives for advancement and independence would be compensated for by the abreactive gratification of confessing personal and domestic problems to a benevolent paternal image. In other words, by using humble confession as a catalyst, we expected to channel the energy from frustrated ambition into a more acceptable desire for harmonious dependence upon the stable corporation....

The records of employees who responded to our invitation to discuss intimate problems with their managers were studied over the next four months. The results indicate that these people are miraculously docile contributors to corporate harmony.

Unfortunately, it was also found that a majority of employees refused to discuss their personal problems and had to be classified as brooding, protective, or malignantly withdrawn types. And in particular, the management of this corporation was reluctant to use more direct and effective methods of getting their employees to divulge their domestic and marital problems. Even though these problems surely impinged upon the working behavior of numerous employees, the indecisive management group of this firm proved itself incapable of cooperating with the personnel research team.

In my opinion, however, a progressive management must recognize its responsibility to provide corrective therapy for the disruptive units of our productive society. Indeed, it has been variously proven that the employee who expends his energy contributing to corporate harmony is by far the happier individual. He is found to be consistently oblivious to virtually all the environmental stimuli which often irritate his ambitious co-worker. With this fact in mind, I urge every conscientious manager to pause and take a critical look at his personnel policy. I believe I have outlined several research examples which make it perfectly clear that a great need for improvement exists in the vital area of personnel management.... Let us direct our determination and energy towards stamping out disruptive ambition on every level of our corporate structure.

A Reply to Dr. Fuerst
by
Andre Deyfacteau, Ph. D.

Dear Sir:

Doctor Fuerst's thesis should be obvious to your readers. For the sake of increased harmony among employees in large corporations, the Doctor proposes, through various means, to suppress the naturally selfish ambitions and material aspirations of these employees. This, he believes, will establish a harmonious corporate environment, an atmosphere conducive to productive cooperation between employees.

The question that will most probably be asked by your readers is this: "Can psychologists like Dr. Fuerst, by applying psychological principles to personnel management, successfully impose upon our minds, bend us to their will, and eventually conform us to their projected behavioral designs?" There are, I think two answers to this question.

In the first place, without the use of special drugs, subliminal motivations, or other means to overcome the free will of the American employee, I do not believe that a comprehensive "corporate harmony" program is feasible. Volitional conformity to the image of the dedicated "company man" would seem to be conditioned by the same factors which determine the limits of social conformity in our present age. I submit the following paragraph from a recent lecture to illustrate this point.

In this day and age, life for many is a seeming struggle for identity, and the threat of becoming a mere part number in the awesome mechanization of society is a source of common concern. It is often noticed that we are apt to judge our fellows by the selfsame standards of conformity that we would resist. Or again, like a panel of polarized quality testers, we are prompt to reject individuals who deviate from the master blueprint for this year's mental or broadcloth fashion. This is not to say, however, that we are damned to universal regimentation. Indeed, a tendency towards social conformity has existed in all human societies, but in each it is seen never to go to completion in any one manifestation, and there always arises an assortment of religions, social creeds, and fashions which pull like opposing tides on the masses of humanity. Human nature, it seems, is complex enough to permit participation in a thousand modes of conformity. Some burgeon so large as to threaten our individual identities and eventually repel us, while others remain small and exclusive

sanctuaries which guarantee individual identities through their multiplicity. In other words, there are innumerable descriptive tags placed on parts of men; but whether we are labelled as communists, farmers, sexually motivated consumers, or one of the intellectually liberal One Hundred of New York's East Side, we are still distinct individuals -- no one drummer can impose a simple cadence on a complex life. And because life and human nature are complex, it is impossible that man, either individually or collectively, can ever be reduced to a base pigment upon a one-dimensional plane.

This, perhaps, explains why I was not unduly alarmed upon reading the text of Dr. Fuerst's Chicago speech. I rather doubt that any projection of the dedicated "company man" image will be attractive enough to effect willful suppression of natural avarice by the majority of American employees. Human nature, as we have noted, runs contrary to such conformity -- especially, as in this case, where personal sacrifice is involved.

But ruling out voluntary conformity does not necessarily mean that "corporate harmony" cannot be created. As we hinted earlier, through the use of drugs, subliminal stimulus, or other special means it might be entirely possible for Dr. Fuerst and his research associates to overcome natural resistance and alter the personality of an employee to produce a "company man" character profile. Indeed, from his own text we note that the Doctor has realized moderate success on an experimental level through the use of the subliminal process which he calls the "Paternal-Confessor" technique. Beyond this limited experimental level, however, I do not believe that present psychological technology or current public sentiment make the execution of the Doctor's plan feasible. I cannot foresee general success on a national scale, or even upon a large corporate level, under present circumstances. Yet I would advise any employees, who suspect that they are the objects of experimentation, to resist any effort on the part of their employer to suppress their personal aspirations. I conclude with the following objective suggestions for resisting "corporate harmony" experimentation.

1. Exude a cooperative spirit at all times. This will diminish the need for "corporate harmony" and frustrate personnel research teams.

2. Refrain from discussing your problems or sins at your place of business. If need be, seek out a clergyman or psychiatrist in private practice for this purpose. Guilt or problem-ridden employees are a favorite target for industrial psychologists.

3. Resist any attempt by your employer to administer unknown drugs or chemicals to you. Protest suspicious mass inoculation programs. Always ask to see the label of a registered pharmacist and consult your family doctor before swallowing chemical preparations. If you suspect that food additives are being used in the company cafeteria, it would be wise policy to follow an employee of the personnel department through the lunch-line.

4. Give all your business literature a careful reading. Clever psychologists like Dr. Fuerst often write with cross-purposes.

The Great Masquerade

Joseph McKenna, fms

If ever you search the beauty of day
Not lightly or slightly, with eyes turned away,
There's little you'll find that is what it is,
And much disguised as happy and gay.

*

A captured gem escaped for the night,
So sprightly and brightly it shares its light,
But no, it's a sphere much greater than earth,
Such is a thought which gives me fright.

*

And what is this table upon which I write?
This table that's able to bear all my gripes?
It's thousands of atoms compactly arranged,
A quite contrary insult to my sight.

*

And why, may I ask, must this be the case?

Must atom, or Adam, be a table to save face?

Let the table be a table,

Put the atom in its place.

Beyond the Aperture... Commentary
on a Culture

Brien O'Callaghan, fms

The crowd hustles, the silent, sullen crowd bustles, and I move with it. A coin-slot in a turnstile in an underground cavity induces conformity in millions of individuals. Through the turnstile, down the steps, and magnetically, automatically, to a spontaneously assigned position on a platform - like a line-up before a bomb squad. Everyone intent, waiting, anxious, eyes right toward an opening in the tunnel, an aperture, beyond which lays a kaleidoscopic dream of sun, opportunity, relief, fresh air, freedom.

A salt-shaker it was - packed full and emptied periodically by the shaking of a departing train. You pay fifteen cents to be a grain of salt that is poured into a cylinder and eventually released. The "salt of the earth" you are. Freedom is being poured out of a salt-shaker, and men are used to delight the palates of other men.

Somebody, somewhere, needs you, needs you enough to pay you for a function you can perform; and that someone you need because he will give you what will enable you to subsist. "Interpersonal relationship?" No! Inter-functional relationship. Life is a fated bull in a ring; life is a fatted calf - ephemeral. Life is death. To be able to call "Taxi," to charge it up, to do something you don't have to do, to order a meal instead of serving one. So you submit to a system, one which has ruled the actions, and generally, the minds of men for centuries. You follow, you are corralled and stampeded - through a turnstile, onto a freight car with a thousand wide-, but leaden-eyed sceptres moving with or against you, slower or faster, toward the Chicago of life - slaughtered, packed, and used by those who have "made it."

Yes, we are cattle, rounded up daily, hog-tied by our environment, the "vicissitudes" of life, by our personal limitations and our bad de-

cisions, and finally, branded with a company stamp: "prime beef" - a product just like the rest of our nation's products; "grade A" eggs because we look and taste just like what is expected of grade A eggs. We've fulfilled a function, a role. So, you should get a "good housekeeping seal" because you work well. You're a good wife and mother if you keep dust off the mahogany settee. But, beyond the aperture...

To turn back up the stairs - to go home - to forget about a job today - like salt defying the law of gravity. The forms and faces of the descending crowd all say - "the way is down, not up;" signs say it: "One way - do not enter;" "Down only;" "No exit." This is the way it is done. It has always been this way. Why change now, they say. Who's "they" - the proverbial "they?" The same they that decide who gets jobs and who doesn't, and for how long. Life's work is to become one of "them" - to enter the power structure. Might is right. All men are equal, but some are more equal than others. So, beyond the aperture...

"No spitting, no disposing of garbage.....", the painter inscribes, and pauses momentarily to dislodge a wad. His actions glare so brightly we cannot see what he is writing. Typical. Recall the emcee of the kiddie show that is no longer emcee since the time he addressed one of his dainty kiddies by a nasty title. A pretty red, white, and blue birthday present, ribbon-wrapped, is carried, almost unconsciously by a bearded sot. Wouldn't his wife prefer a red, white, and blue ribboned man, and shouldn't the saleslady have seen he needed something more than colors and paper? But he had his money. He was functional. The machine continues to work. Why be a "last angry man?" Look what happened to Samuel Abelman. You are what you're worth in this life, that's all. You're stunning in that pistachio dress, they say; that is, if you can pay for it. But the train will be coming and beyond the aperture a new deal, a square deal... A journey to joviality. A rumbling, crashing sound, without which time and events and the train could readily have passed unnoticed or ignored. For who really wants to go beyond the aperture? What does anyone really expect? But the train pulls in so majestically, so confidently, so promisingly - and everyone enters so quickly upon this ride that... well... beyond... a ride to freedom - the last leg on the underground railroad, a jump "over the wall," a penetration of "the curtain," rescue from this distillery of depression.

If these people would just stop pushing. Going nowhere fast - racing for a goal which, upon attainment - ceases to satisfy. A song: "I know where I'm goin', and I know who's goin' with me." O yeah! The race alone entrances. And who's kidding anyone - we're all in it. We have so matured and advanced that we can now content ourselves with what once couldn't have contented a cow - but we are cows, are we not? We nourish our young on evaporated milk and a notion of life which is as

sturdy as a carnation in December.

Here I stand, rubbing elbows with a Chiclet's machine - barriers even here - our relationship based on my financial situation. It cannot reciprocate except by my initial financial overture, and its response of affection is limited to the mechanical regurgitation of one of five colors of boxed cardboard containing a corresponding piece of taste. I grow uneasy when I realize that at my other elbow is another machine - far less efficient - not iron but flesh; not confined, but free; not inanimate and impotent, but able not only to respond, but to initiate, not only to please my palate, but to gratify my whole person.

But he's not here to support me. He has a job. To survive is to be happy, and all he has to do is to deliver that package in a respectable amount of time. If he fails, he gets fired and dies; if he succeeds, he lives. Failure or success - that's life and happiness. So he must concentrate on that package. When concentration isn't required, he thinks about himself - about how he will enjoy the fruit of his labor. He has fought the good fight, fought against an enemy, an enemy somehow associated with people. I am a person, so I am an enemy and am shunned. And so is he, you can bet, by me, for he is also the enemy. And, beyond the aperture...

Seventh Avenue is ripe for jobs today. Boredom, sickness, death have washed a layer of fleshy seaweed from the shore of employment into the abyss of "welfarism." I may be able to ride the next wave in - a new status - fresh seaweed. And the tide comes and goes. Some here are old - they've matured in a freight elevator. Life to them is going from the second to fifth floors, making as few trips as possible a day, and, for some, catching an occasional glimpse of a young leg as it parades to the ladies' room. Steadies they're called - I call 'em barnacles. They can count on you, so they count you - a statistic, and you're out of their minds and hearts and into their files - a solid, insensible brick in the structure of security they are trying to build. A cross-identity - a brick - in a building supporting people you don't even know - or do and despise.

Across the platform, more faces - like an Auchswitz or Birkenau gas-shower-chamber combo. If they ever could see this on Ding-Dong school. This isn't papier-mache.

Onto the car - into the cab - into a seat - jostled, jumbled, rumbled - no reaction. They're all stone. I think they're all stone. How can you talk - he might stab you. Problems enough 'o my own - he'd laugh at me. Signs: "See your Peace Corps recruiters;" "Come to Maryknoll, and as missionaries, bring the world to Christ." What's a mission?

Who is Christ? Certainly this is a mission. And Christ? Oh, he's the invisible, powerful one up there who punishes you when you do something wrong and whose face you see on pretty little holy cards. How can you bring Christ to a world of that?

But the United States is a "have nation." We're philanthropic; involved; committed; the bastion of freedom. We give foreign aid which buys air conditioners for our foreign ambassadors. "The land of the free and the home of the brave" we have here, and freedom fighters lie cold and stiff in a Southern forest, and James Powell becomes a person who never would have existed, in a situation which never would have arisen if I didn't have to turn to a Chiclet's machine instead of to the hulk of human being to my right for a smile of recognition.

But wait; it's time for a coffee break: a tea break, a powder break, a break break! How about a break? So it's out with the mirrors (Do we look the way we should? Are we still there?) and pocket books - a clicking of heels and a shuffling of skirts; a dabbing of perfumes: a dialogous monologue - chatter and clatter it goes on while the teeth of Saigon Americans chatter and their bayonets clatter, and my friend with the package rests content that life is complete. We're an army - the army of the underground - and we're fighting for freedom. And, beyond the aperture... some aperture, maybe an immaterial one, maybe an opening in the heart or in the attitudes, but we are going to have that freedom.

* * *

Death's Watch

William Townsend

Silent walks the night -
More silent still, death,
Whose dark hands close tight
About any free path;
As fleeing kill
Flees hill o'er hill.

The living love life,
Seeking those clear ponds
Free from burdened strife,
To drown life's dark seconds;
But a white pond's light
Can hide life slight.

All seems much too short,
This life we treasure,
So full of quick sport
And passing pleasure;
Death becomes the lure
For rich and poor.

As the moon marks the night -
In silent shadow,
Many of death's plight
Are led through crooked boughs;
And on, on pass death's kill
O'er pond and hill.

Once these too had lived,
So good too, it seems,
But now they have died,
And their pond empty of gleams;
Death devoid of ill,
So silent, so still.

Flowers once stood around -
A body lay straight,
Cross glancing right down
This pitiless scene;
Here lies death's kill,
So silent, so still.

Then, to peace's kind rest -
'Neath mounds of dark earth
Descends the calm breast,
Free of life, of dearth;
Sensing nil,
And so, so still.

Silent walks the night -
More silent still, death,
O'er graves closed so tight,
And no free path
Has fleeing kill,
On hill or hill.

* * *

"Men of Israel hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth was a man approved by God... Him you have crucified... But God has raised him up having loosed the sorrows of hell. Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. (Acts 2: 22-24; 38)

This is the Kerygma, the good news, the proclamation. This basic statement brings home to us in concrete terms God's infinite love for us, his people. He has spoken to us through his son. This is where God's plan of salvation has culminated--in Christ.

When we hear all the present-day talk about the kerygmatic approach, then we must not view it as a mere novelty. The catechetical and liturgical renewal is a desire to return to a primitive state, a state in which the kerygma was truly a joyous proclamation. This community was one in which the tremendous truth of our salvation in Christ was understood and lived by all. Everyone was pre-occupied with the kerygma, or more accurately, with Christ himself.

This brings us to a second observation: the good news was received and held "in common," i. e. by all the faithful. St. Paul's epistles reveal an amazing grasp of the truth of Christian unity. We are all one body in Christ. We were not united to God by Christ as individuals, but collectively. We are his chosen people. This is the basis of Christian unity.

In this light, we can see that Ecumenism is not merely a "good-neighbor policy" among Christian sects. It is a desire to bring into sharp focus the truth we have just discussed: our membership in a single body, which is Christ. The diversity of these Christian sects in our day tends to obscure this truth, particularly when there is little or no communication between them. Charity is an essential consequence of our oneness in Christ, and it must be evident. We must love one another as Christ has loved us, and nowhere was this more visible than in the early Church, to which state we wish to return.

Thus Ecumenism is not divorced from the other movements in the Church today. It is all part of this return of which we have been speaking: a return to a Christian community whose members lived and worshipped as one body, being so pre-occupied with Christ that all differences were overlooked. We also must be taken up with Christ above all else: teach him in our religion classes, worship him in our churches, live our lives together with him and in him, for every Christian should

be able to say with Saint Paul, "For me, to live is Christ."

So far, so good. But the inevitable question arises: What about Mary? Does she fit into all of this? Let us hope so.

Mary is an integral part of the plan of salvation; She has a very special place in the Church, the assembly of God's people. She was the instrument God chose through which his son would enter the world. She also cooperated most closely with Christ in the redemption of mankind. In a very real way, she is the mother of Christ, the mother of God. But if she is the mother of Christ, she must also be the mother of his members. This is a natural consequence of our identification with him. We, a single body, are Christ. Mary, Christ's mother, is our mother also.

Now this may seem like just so much speculation, but there is a very important point to be seen. Why did God choose to give a mother to the members of his son? Was his own love incomplete? Was his son's redemption insufficient? We must see the meaning of Mary's motherhood, rather than merely prove the fact of it. Speculation of itself would be meaningless.

Man needs maternal love as well as paternal. Neither is sufficient by itself--at least not as we conceive of the situation. God's love, however, is in itself complete and must, therefore, include elements of both of these. Of course, we don't often think of this. From our modern point of view, God is our father, and his love is strictly paternal. Mary should serve to remind us of this motherly side of God's love.

She is, in a sense, the personification of this love. But we must remember that she received everything from God; of herself she was nothing. As she said in her Magnificat: He looks on his servant in her nothingness. Thus, even her maternal love is not her own; it is God's. She is then a channel, although a conscious channel, through which this love reaches us.

When we consider her as our mother, and we should, we can never lose sight of this fact. For the affection we have for her should inspire in us a greater conviction of God's care for us and bring us closer to him always.

Besides being the mother of the Church, she is also a figure of this Church--its prime model. She is what each of the members of Christ's body ought to be. We need not dwell at length on various Christian virtues to prove our point. Let us reduce the entire matter to the single element which we considered necessary for Christian unity based on love, viz. pre-occupation with Christ; with the kerygma, the good news of sal-

vation. This sums up everything the Christian could hope to be. It also sums up what Mary was, for if anyone was pre-occupied with Christ, it was she. She is the personification of the Christian community's response to God's love: Behold the slave of the Lord; be it done to me according to your word. In this role, Mary should be the guide and encouragement of every Christian. Thus St. Bernard's exclamation: Look to the star; call upon Mary. She is the goal at which we must aim in our effort to be fully involved with Christ.

In conclusion, let us just say that Mary is the mother of Christ, of his body extended in time, as well as of the historical person, for these two are really one. Like him, she is a proof of God's love for us, particularly his maternal love. She is, from the opposite pole, the model of every Christian who responds to God's love, who attempts to be entirely taken up with God as she was.

To deny or conveniently overlook these facts would mean a Catholic's being untrue to himself. To soft-pedal Mary, so as to accommodate our Protestant brethren, we would have to be something we are not. This is hardly true Ecumenism, for if we do not hold to our beliefs, no true communication is possible. We cannot expect our brethren to join in dialog with us if we are not ourselves. To whom would they then be speaking? This form of insincerity would be unforgiveable. We would be establishing for ourselves a false identity. And Ecumenism is not aimed at destroying our Christian identity, but rather at establishing it, and this more firmly than ever.

The Christian is a member of the body of Christ. He has, through Baptism, died with Christ to sin, and risen with him to a new life in grace. And he is not in this alone--he is in a community, a body--the body of Christ. Outside of this body, it is impossible for him to live this life of grace. All this is contained in the kerygma; the latter plays a great part in establishing the Christian's identity.

Mary is not mentioned in the kerygma, but she is nevertheless closely tied up with it. She is the mother and model of this same body, and as such, she cannot be ignored. She must occupy the place we have established here. She also plays an important role in the establishing of our identity. When we finally determine just who and what we are, ecumenical dialog will be possible.

How to do this? On paper it is fairly simple; the actual working out of it is somewhat more complex, at least it will require more effort. Each Christian must discover for himself his own identity. Mary must fit into this in a unique way for him. She must be seen to have a place in the overall life of the Church, and then too, in his own personal life.

His devotion to her should lead him to a greater pre-occupation with Christ, a pre-occupation whose effects will be seen as he witnesses to Christ in his daily life. This pre-occupation will hopefully be the bond which will unite him to those with whom he is holding said dialog. May Our Blessed Mother be our guide and model in this as in all our other activities.

* * *

Look Back in Anguish

Peter Maronge

Look back in anguish
O ye of little life who die
In the crib and live
Dead for sixty years after.

Remember thou art made to live
In the largest, widest vat
In existence - we have named it
The World Vat - containing misery and sweat.

Live for the greater honor and glory
Of God, the All-Good Barrel Maker.
He is the Salvation from all misery,
All hate, all dishonor, for you the Dead.

As the Creator, the Love, the Ideal
For live men, He is the Dead's only Saviour.
He is be, bees existence, exists essence.
I am who am, is, was, will be alleluia.

Ask His blessings for yourself and others.
Thank Him for your hereness, isness.
Promise amendment and punish thyself.
You will live the Good Vat life.

Look back in anguish
O ye of less life who lie
In the coffin wishing reincarnation
To readjust the mistake you have made

Look back through flames and
Weep sinners. You failed. You
Initiated your present misery by
The full life led swimming in the Vat.

* * *

He sat down.

He thought:

This place could be nice. It gives a person confidence, like a clean well lighted place. So's this place clean and well lighted. And if it weren't for those two over there talking in another language, it would be O.K. But those two, in that language, it unnerves a guy. The only two talking and they don't speak English. Did you ever get on a bus and two Spanish ladies were talking? They'd chatter away and you'd really want to know what they're saying. Every so often they nod to you and you nod back making believe you understood when both you and they know god-dam well you don't. But that's what you're supposed to do, just nod and look like you understand.

How many times does a friend say "They could be talking about us"? So could the two over there. I wonder if they are. Could be.

Outside a bus growled.

"Man my knee hurts!"

The conversation got quieter.

Must be Italian they're talking, or something like it because look at them gesticulate. They talk with their hands like Italians and dumb people. Maybe we are the dumb ones because their hands are the only clue we have about what they're saying. Maybe I could buy a book and learn the language so that next time I could talk with them. I wonder if they'd mind?

They, they're here, in my country, so why don't they speak my language. That's why we all speak one language, so we can understand each other. I couldn't understand those Spanish Ladies and don't understand those two in the corner mumbling.

Good. A chance to walk around a little.

Jesus I'm hungry, what I had to eat wasn't enough.

He remained there thinking until the two started talking again. One

said, "Ite, missa est" but the dumb ones waited until everyone else left because they didn't understand.

* * *

On First Reading Etienne Gilson

All men, Christian and pagan alike-
Know yourself!
You can; You must.
For greatness is therein,
To be free and to know so.
But know you also
That your being and your freedom,
And your knowledge thereof,
Are not of your own making.

Peter
Rooney,
fms

All men, therefore, Christian and pagan alike-
Love God!
You can; You must.
With every fibre of your soul
And with your heart entirely,
Above all other things.
And Christ for this need not be known;
You have only, O man, to
Know yourself.

Watch, Therefore...

Kingdoms come
And kingdoms go.
Birds sing
And rivers flow.
Wars Rage
And wars cease.
Now there's strife;
Now there's peace.
Old men die,
Babes are born.
Love is made
And love is torn.
Time goes on ignoring all.
Today the clock ticks;
Tomorrow is eternity.

Alone

Life lived lovelessly,
Is there anything as sad?
Love lived lifelessly
Is surely just as bad.

So live with love
And you'll never cry;
But love with life
And you'll never die.

* * *

"The world has not known thee... (Jn. 17:25)" This is the thought uppermost in the mind of the Messiah - this is the motivation behind the Incarnation. But St. John also says, "I pray for them (his followers); not for the world do I pray, but for those whom thou hast given me, because they are thine (Jn. 17:9)." Is there a contradiction here, or is St. John saying the same thing in different ways? I think, in view of the rest of his treatment of the "world," we may conclude that the latter of these two possibilities is the right one.

The problem of "The world," the Christian's connection with it, the extent to which it may be approached, is a completely baffling one, enough so to merit the attention of Pope Paul in his first encyclical, "His Church." He defines the world:

...humanity opposed both to the light of faith and to the gift of grace, humanity which exalts itself in a naive optimism which believes that its own energies suffice to give man complete, lasting, and beneficent self-expression. Or, finally, humanity which plunges itself into crude forms of pessimism which declares its own vices, weaknesses, and moral ailments to be fatal, incurable, and perhaps even desirable as manifestations of freedom and of authenticity.

Certainly this "world" is not a good thing - it has not yet assumed its proper redemptive image. This world is foreign to Christ, unaware of the need for and place of Christ in its life. This is the world for which Christ came: "The world has not known thee."

Christ, Pope Paul, and all of us realize that we live in the world, that despite our dignity as members of Christ, reborn heirs of heaven, temples of the Holy Spirit, we are still capable of formulating and basing our lives upon a fragmentary, incomplete notion of the world - the world unpermeated by Christ - this is the world of which John sometimes speaks: "And when he has come, he will convict the world of sin, and of justice, and of judgment (Jn. 16:8)."

But, our Lord "came forth from the Father and came into the world (Jn. 16:28)." Christ envisioned the total picture of the world, Christ impregnated. He chose some out of the world that they might know him better, love him, and then spread the message of their joy and knowledge.

Christ prayed "that the world may believe that thou hast sent me, ... that they may be perfected in unity." This is our hope and the direction

post for our activity. He has sent those who have come to know and love him into the world that knows and loves itself, in order to transform that world into a "new world," as St. Paul's "old man" became "new."

But is this world worth saving or capable of being saved - this world in which advertisements for new electric portable steam baths occupy more space and even attract more attention than reports on the slaying of three civil rights workers, or the indigencies of thousands of people in unknown Appalachia, U. S. A. Is that world worth saving or capable of salvation that allows and even applauds the man who would rather close his store down than sell to a colored man? Is it worth saving? There are lobbies in Washington for the legalization of homosexuality. We in America have the third largest number of alcoholics in the world. Our billboards, our magazines, our literature all seem to presume and to attempt to create a spirit of moral indifferentism, maximum enjoyment. Friendship has become a "pleasure pact." Books like "The Lonely Crown" and "The Art of Loving" make it evident that man is suffering from alienation, from the inability to love. This is the world Christ bids us evangelize. This is what Pope Paul calls the apostolate, the missionary mandate. This is the task in which differences between races and between religions will pale in the communal enthusiasm needed to complete it. Furthermore, the task of evangelization is not merely an antiseptic activity. We are the world, and it is our neighbor, our own people, and God's people that we are commissioned to help.

But, the objection may be raised, how about occasions of sin? To this I can only recall the incidents of Christ's contacts with Mary Magdalen and the woman taken in adultery. Prudence, emotional equilibrium, Christian motivation must be maintained in the fulfilling of our apostolic mandate, but the mandate must be fulfilled. It is no longer the time for scorn, indifference, condescension, religious exclusivism, or the "one true Church" bit. Pope Paul in Ecclesiam Suam: "Even before converting the world, nay in order to convert it, we must meet the world and talk with it." This is the essence of the third part of his encyclical - that which has come to be known as the section on "dialogue," an originally very meaningful term.

We live in a world today that is higher and more universally educated, a world which is democratic and which, therefore, judges a man no longer on his titles, but on his objective merits, a world which stresses Baptism over Holy Orders, Christianity over priesthood within Christianity, the fundamental equality of the lay and religious vocation, the communal nature of the task of salvation, the universal priesthood of the faithful. Pope Paul, in confirmation of the salutariness of this spirit, calls for an emphasis on those things which unite, rather than,

as in the past, on those things which divide.

Athenagoras I and Pope Paul have met in peace. Charles Barker, a Catholic, and Susan Ekberg, an Episcopalian, have been co-married by Episcopal and Catholic priests. Negro and white have intermarried in South Bend, Indiana, and though forced to move, have eventually overcome opposition. The first Negro family ever to move into Kensington, an exclusive village of Great Neck, N. Y., has done so successfully; their son, Milo, is the co-mascot of the village's swimming team with a white boy named Jimmy. Negro rights leaders have united behind a government request to cease demonstrations until after the elections. Jesuit seminarians from Woodstock, Maryland have been freed for the summer to teach school to underprivileged children at Regis High School, N. Y. C. Fr. Beiting struggles and gradually succeeds in Appalachia.

Yes, this is the time for confrontation, with that world which Christ commissioned us to save, time for patience and understanding: for more than peaceful co-existence with our neighbor. It is time to eliminate situations like the one presented in the novel Rabbit Run by John Updike in which one neighbor cut only his six-inch strip of grass between his and his neighbor's houses when his fifteen inch blade span could have done the whole job just as easily. It is a time when the world, disillusioned and anxious, may come palpitatingly and hesitantly to meet its apostles halfway: a time when the Jansenist and Puritan conception of man, nature, and the world must be sifted and in which only the good wheat produced be allowed to nourish our Christian philosophy and activity.

"Even as thou hast sent me into the world, so I also have sent them into the world. And for them I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth." (Jn. 17:19)

* * *

An Analysis of Holden Caulfield from
J. D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye

William Dougherty, fms

Holden Caulfield-sex-fiend, virgin; Holden Caulfield-tough-guy, yellow. I'm one of those very yellow guys. Old Jane, my friend-terrific to hold hand with. Some people are clammy, but not old Jane. D.B., my brother, movie writer. One thing I hate is the movies. Don't mention them to me-phonies, movie people: laughing. Depressed the hell out of me. Lonely too. Allie my brother-he's dead now. Allie's baseball mitt. All adults are phonies. I'm surrounded by jerks. Glad to meet you--that kills me--glad. Makes we wanna puke. People are always

ruining things for you. Phonies-glad, depressed, lonely. I started talking out loud to Allie. I do that when I get depressed. Sometimes, I feel like praying when I get into bed, but I can't. Ministers-holy Joe's voices-I don't see why they don't talk in their regular voices. What I really felt like was committing suicide. Call old Sally-Sally the queen of the phonies-grand-if there's one word I hate it's grand. Nuns: I enjoyed talking to them: straw basket collecting money. I could just see my mother doing that or Sally's mother. You'd have to kiss her foot first before you put something in the basket. If a body catch a body coming through the rye. Kids-always have to meet their friends: that kills me. Museum--it never changes. The only difference is you. Hey sally, did you ever get fed up. I mean did you ever get scared that everything was going to go lousy unless you did something. I mean, do you like school and all that rot. I swear to God I'm a mad man. Did you ever see the show at Radio City during Christmas. Bunch of phony actors singing and coming out of nowhere. I told old Sally that old Jesus probably would've puked if He could see it--old Sally said I was a sacrilegeous Athiest. Don't see it if you don't want to puke all over yourself. The Wicker Bar - very sophisticated place. All the phonies were crawling in through the windows when I'm drunk. I'm a madman. I thought that I had Pneumonia, and I had died. I started picturing millions of jerks coming to my funeral and all my dopey aunts and lousy cousins. I have this one stupid aunt that has Halitosis that would say how peaceful I would look lying there. The only good part would be that old Phoebe, my sister, wouldn't be allowed to go. All I could picture was me, in the grave, surrounded by all those dead guys. The night was really cold and dark and lonesome, and nobody was around anywhere: nobody, nobody. Oh hell, I'm so lonesome. Good old Phoebe-gotta see Phoebe my sister. Then she said "Name one thing that you like." Something that I really like. "Yeah," the trouble was I could not concentrate too hot. Sometimes, it's hard to concentrate. About all I could think of were those two Nuns that went around collecting money in that old beat-up basket made of straw. I like Allie. "He's dead." Phoebe, I got thrown out of school again. That school only had jerks in it, and the teachers were the phoniest creeps I ever met. I'm gonna stay with Mr. and Mrs. Antolini tonight. Now there was a good teacher and what a swell guy except that he was a booze-hound. He was a nice guy except that I think he was a flit; in fact, I'm positive that he was flitty. He once patted me on the head when I was in bed. He said that he was just "admiring." I know more damn perverts at school, and all that, than anybody else and they are always being pervery when I'm around. Phoebe, I'm going out west and get me a cabin and live in the woods away from all the phonies and jerks. Can't take you with me? Can't? Then I began to cry. Go for a ride on the Carousel. First she walked around the Carousel. That killed me. And it went around and around and around, just like life. Don't fall off; catch the gold ring; free-ride around and around. Then I began to cry again. That's all I'm going to tell about.

I don't feel like it. I really don't. I could tell you what happened when I got home, and what school I'm supposed to go to next fall, after I get out of here, and about this damn psychiatrist and all, but I don't feel like it. It's funny; don't tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody. I still want to be the catcher in the rye.

At first glance, it seems that the author, J. D. Salinger, is appealing to his reader by stating that Holden is going through a very tough period and is caught in the web of transitional anxiety. After all, according to the author, Holden is a reflection of the hollow and shallow adults that make up the society of which Holden is a part, and how can he "satellize" with such hollow adults. This notion that the author connotes can, in my opinion, be dismissed by Ausubel's definition of transitional anxiety wherein he states: "The relevant factors entering into the threat are new social expectations regarding the abandonment of old and the gaining of a new bio-social status; the need to accomplish new developmental tasks..." This was totally lacking in Holden; he refused any tasks that made demands of him and responded by blaming others, and all others are the phonies. An interesting parallel can be drawn, I think, between Holden's "Phonies" and Jean Paul Satres "L'enfern C'est Les Autres", both unhappy and insecure individuals.

What, then, is the basis for Holden's insecurity and anxiety? The basis, I think, is that Holden is a Non-Satellizer. He found it impossible to relate to his parents. His mother he considered a phony, and his father was a very busy lawyer, who did not have time for his son; he also found it impossible to relate to the "jerks" and phonies around him; this would have been self-immolation. Ausubel states that "A challenge to the individual's sense of adequacy raises the question of whether he is sufficiently competent to manipulate his environment for purposes of satisfactory adjustment and maintenance of biosocial position." Holden was ill-equipped and felt incompetent to cope with adjustive problems and was overwhelmed in the end by his environment of "phonies." Holden always looked to the future with fear and foreboding, as related earlier when he asked Sally "Did you ever get fed up or fear that something was going to happen unless you did something." As related earlier, Holden, in playing his role, underwent many experiences which were threats to his self-esteem, and his self-esteem was impaired; to a non-satellizer such as Holden, these threats were overwhelming. He therefore felt insecure, as a result of these experiences, because the threats were aimed at his self-esteem.

I would, also, place Holden in the category of those who suffer from neurotic anxiety. Ausubel defines neurotic anxiety as "A form of a Developmental anxiety (occurring in an individual with a history of ego devaluation) in which the essential source of the threat to self-esteem arises from a catastrophically impaired sense of adequacy." Ausubel further states that "It manifests itself as a tendency to over-react with fear to any stimulus which threatens to impair self-esteem further"... "consists of a limited group of adjustive situations having special reference to prestige areas in which there is a selected ego-involvement or painful memories of an especially dismal or humiliating nature." It is obvious from the foregoing that Holden had a catastrophically impaired ego due to his relationships with others and to the many humiliating experiences that he went through at the hands of others. If he had been a satellizer the experiences would not have been so catastrophic because he already would have had feelings of acceptance and security, but since he was a non-satellizer the experiences intensified his feelings of insecurity and anxiety.

Holden's problems, in my opinion, stem from his failure to acquire intrinsic security and adequacy and worth, because of his relationship or lack of relationship with his parents. Holden thought his mother a "phony" and his father too "busy." In the area of the development of a self-critical faculty, I would say that since he had an impaired self-esteem and had acute lack of feelings of intrinsic security, he developed a harsh attitude towards his actions and himself, which in turn made him give up and not try anything for fear of failure, and also because nothing is worthwhile, and society is made up of hollow adults who are "phonies" and "jerks."

* * *

