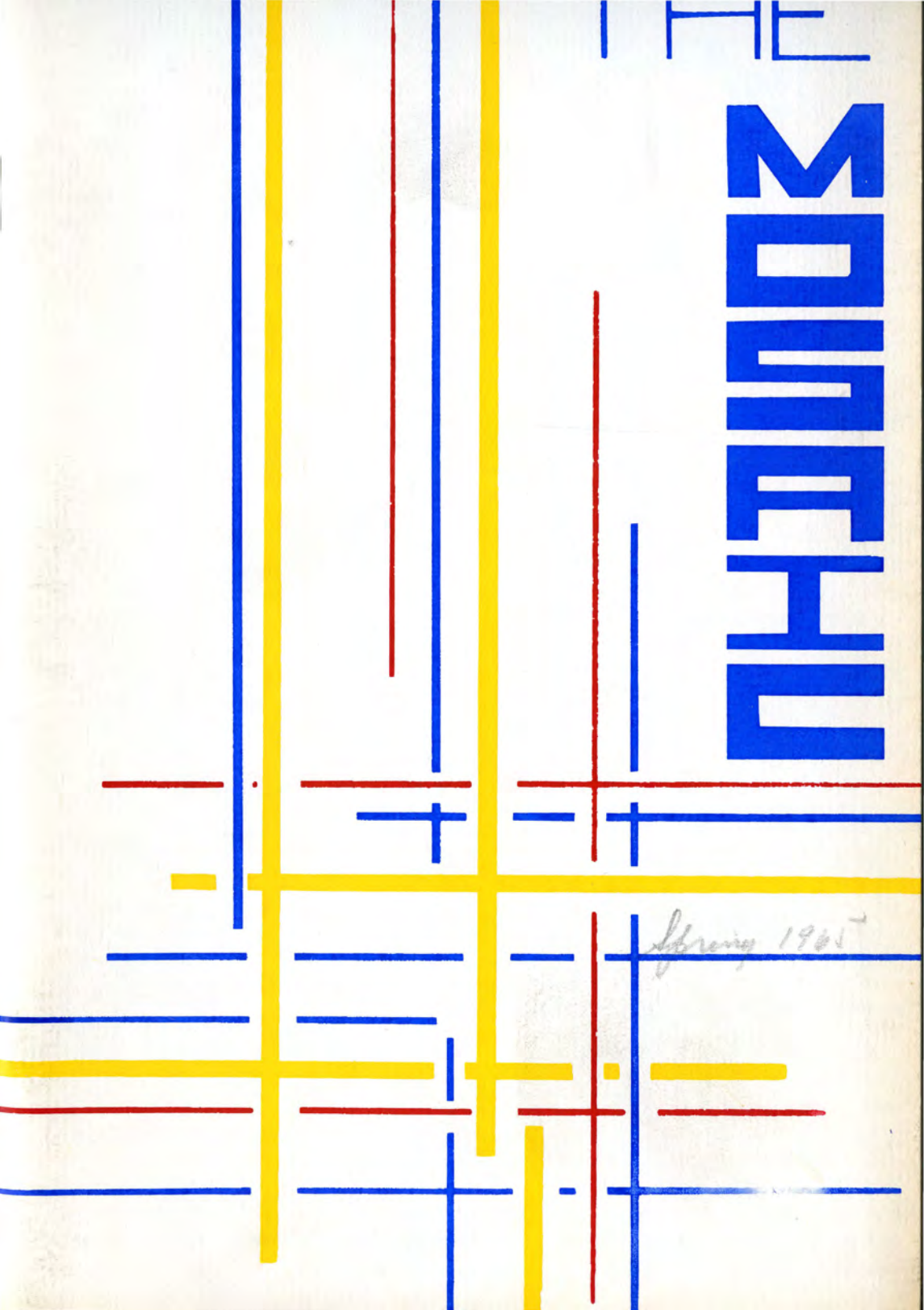
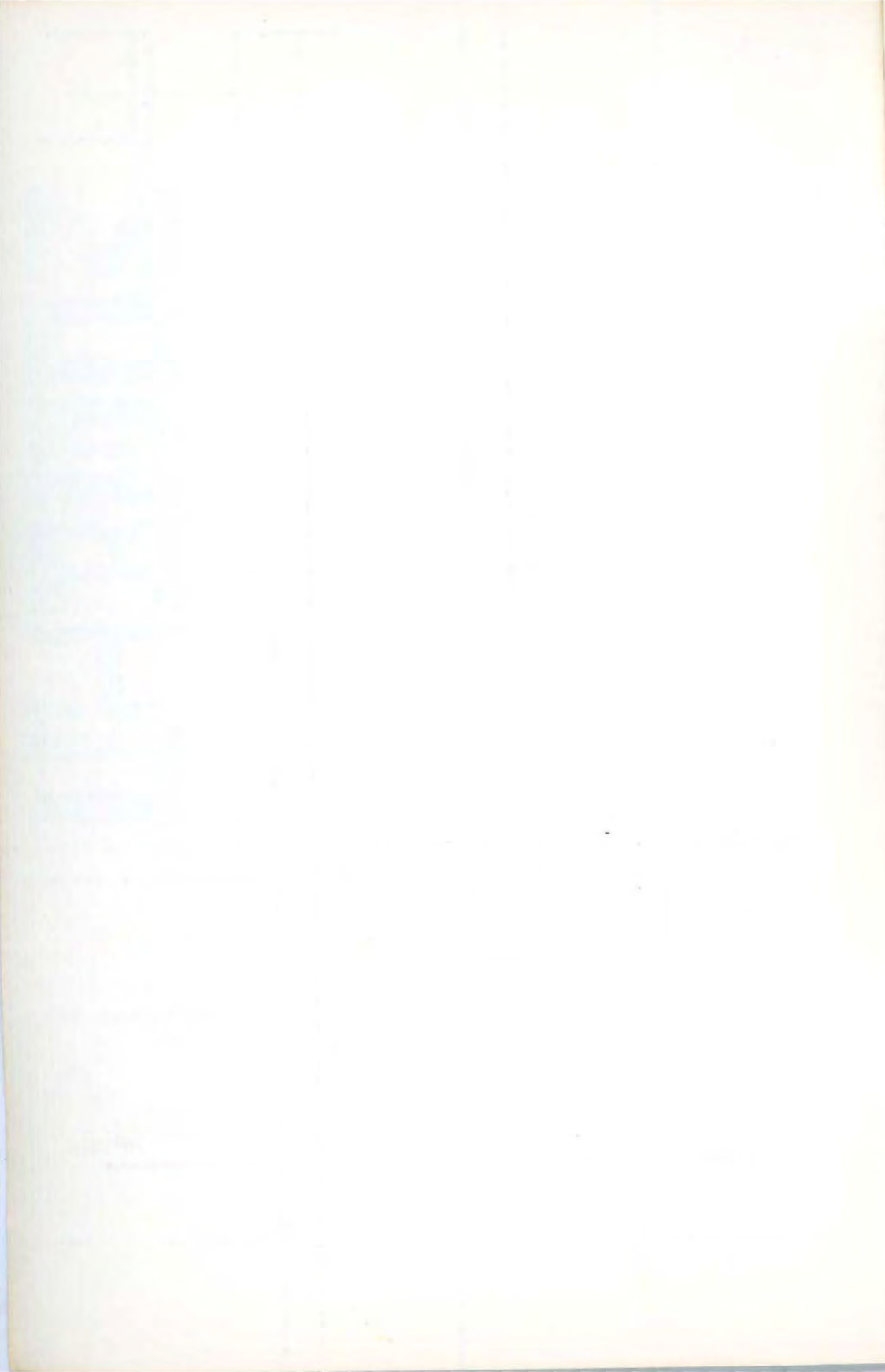


# THE MOTEL

Spring 1965





MARIST COLLEGE

Poughkeepsie, New York

Spring 1965

We, the editors, sincerely hope that the poems, essays, short stories, and articles of other assorted genres presented in the Spring issue of The Mosaic will satisfy a wide spectrum of student interest. It is hoped, furthermore, that the satisfaction or emotion experienced in response to the writing contained herein, or the reader's relationship to one of the writers, will stimulate more individual involvement in the task, joy, and creative fulfillment that is literary art. The size, number, and quality of the future Marist literary magazine will be directly proportionate to the interest, intellectual activity, and literary contributions of Marist students.

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By bitter, fearful compassion  
Is one way of doing unto others,  
In near hope that maybe, in the same fashion,  
Indifferent favor might strike back.  
It's almost all right, this wonderful world,  
If each is loneliness bothered, not feeling and not seeing,  
In his individual way. No matter, that porous joy  
Is purchased for the pittance of real non-being.  
Diligently not seeing any, we, the I's go blind.  
Each man is an iceland; an orange is an orange is a-rind.

Standard IBM Epic of Adulthood

Thomas R. Troland

ZZ Clear the register and add 17155\*  
ZZ1 Store 17155 in counting register A  
ZZ2 Clear the register and add 1  
ZZ3 Store the contents of the register in counting register B

A1 life comes on like a program at the stroke of 6:45  
A2 the coming from bed is hard, waking is not easy  
A3 warm water and shaving suds bring eyelids apart  
A4 coffee and toast and the satisfaction of a single cigarette  
A5 the newspaper, time for the headlines before the carpool comes  
A6 8:47 is time enough to punch the time-clock  
A7 the assembly lines bring screws that need tightening  
A8 the hamburger and paper cup of Coke vanish from hand to mouth  
A9 more screws for a weary forearm  
B1 4:53 the clock takes another handout  
B2 through half-open eyes is the trip home  
B3 roast chicken will hold the stomach until morning  
B4 the western is hardly noticeable to the nodding head  
B5 pillow, blanket, wife with back turned

ZZ4 Add 1 to the contents of the register  
ZZ5 Store the contents of the register in counting register B  
ZZ6 Compare the contents of counting register A with that of B  
ZZ7 If register A is greater than register B, return to A1

B6 the sudden pang of the realization of emptiness is all  
too late as the breath of life grows slowly faint

ZZ8 End of program

\*By way of explanation, the number 17155 signifies  
the approximate number of days from a man's twenty-  
fourth year until his seventy-first.

We would do well today if we were to objectively examine the postulates of abstract religion, the most creative as well as, perhaps, the most intellectually credible of contemporary credos. The close-mindedness and cynicism by which we characterize them lies only on the surface. Indeed, for many years they have been the theme of derisive sermons and platitude-filled pamphlets whose number is legion. They have been calumniated in the "religious" press and on the Sunday radio; their arguments have been prejudicially scored by the simple and unquestioning; their conclusions have been waved aside and poo-pooed by the gullible and credulous alike. They have, therefore, been abandoned, without redress, to the exacting justice of a merciless God. Their affirmation of a humanistic faith, their scientific method, their otherwise disturbing intelligence, their repeated claim to a more rewarding moral responsibility and emotionally satisfying cosmic relationship, and their detestation for anthropomorphic deities, have been, indeed, fair game for the conventional and traditionally minded scoffers.

Those who roused people to questioning, who directed their measures through long series of eventful years, who formed, out of finely selected students, the finest apostles that this age has ever known, who have refined both Church, believer and agnostic, who, in the short interval since the "Evolutionary Apostasy", have made the title "atheist" intellectually respected even by philosophers, were no vulgar sceptics. Most of the stereotypes, the tagged absurdities, are worn like mere external badges, like friars' dresses, by the less stable members of their corps. We regret that the latter are not more silent. We regret that the superficial members of that body, to whose courage and criticism mankind owes an inestimable debt for creative thinking and a now critically re-evaluated religion, do not maintain the same elegant silence and conversational lucidity which their more militant brothers hold.

The true atheists are men whose minds derive a peculiar character from daily contemplation of the universe. Their open minds are not content to remain with the ark of Church dogmas, nor do they keep the windows shut, lest a dove return with an unexplained limb. Science has made it possible for them to periodically disembark on Mount Ararat and build new altars to the divine spirit, altars never conceived of at Jerusalem or Mount Gerizim. They are not content with an unthinkingly acknowledged over-ruling Being. The fact that a believer is happier than a sceptic is no more to the point than that a drunkard is happier than a sober man. To them the happiness of credulity is a cheap and dangerous thing; it is a whore who seeks to prostitute itself in the first green pastures of magic that it finds; like the gullible Eve it seeks solace and pleasure in the unproven and ambiguous. It is in reaction to this, and out of an overwhelming awe for both the mind and man that the atheist jealously guards the purity of his faith, lest it should, at any time, light on

some unworthy object. They therefore reject with ascetical detachment the ceremonious homage which other sects substitute for the pure worship of the mind. Bread and wine, candles and tabernacles, and incense smoke blind the believer's eyes with splendor and cause him to cry that the world is darkened. It is a religion of antiseptic mental tidiness, disturbing candor and consummate self-reliance.

Such, we believe, is the character of the contemporary Atheist. We perceive the precariousness of his position. We dislike his embarrassing inquisitiveness. We acknowledge the validity of his criticisms. We agree that the quality of his teaching is often injured by the passivity of our mortal reach, and we know that, in spite of his hatred for doctrinism, he too often falls into that worst of vices, that he too has his "Needle's eye", and his "Thomas Aquinas." Yet when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, creative, and distinguished body.

#### Childhood Poems

Michael Goldrick, fms

When I was a boy  
I saw in the mouth of another boy,  
A hedge leaf.  
So I went and got me a hedge leaf.  
And put it in my mouth.  
Then I asked me: "What am I doing that for?"  
And I spit out the hedge leaf onto the floor.  
I hate hedge leaves now.

---

Some day I'll go back to the ocean  
And sit down in a hand made chair of sand again.  
As I used to sit  
When I was a boy of less than ten.

I went back alone years later, I remember,  
When boyhood was almost gone from me.  
It was one of the few things I still enjoyed  
From my boyhood.

Still later I returned after a long day of work in the Grand Union.  
To drive my little Renault to the sea.  
Passed the parallels of cars returning home.  
About five o'clock in the afternoon.



I felt a little selfish for not taking someone with me  
But it was good to be alone for a while  
To rest on the vacant beach  
In the chair of sand.

What power to sit facing the winds of the sea  
And what skill to light a Newport despite it all.  
How fresh the salt air.  
How great the waves sound and shake the ground and  
Flush away to almost nothing at all.

Soaring gulls pinned to the sky, motionless for long seconds.  
They caw and cry and raise their noble heads to the winds of the sea. . . .  
Then drop of their own accord-----  
Only to make designs on the smoothe sand with their toes.

Some day I'll go back to the ocean, as I say  
And sit myself down in just such wise  
As I did when a boy,  
In a hand made sand chair.

---

When I was a boy  
I went over a friend's  
And caught him talking to a flower  
Out in the back yard.  
I laughed at him and called him crazy  
I told the whole gang, and they too laughed at him.  
I lied and made them all laugh and lie.  
And never did I speak up the truth.

That boy never had any friends, before or after.

And one day I went home and cried. . . .  
You see, I too spoke to flowers when I was a boy.

---

I want to go back to the days in my boyhood  
Of hiding 'neath the dining room table.  
Snuggled in next to a hard and protective wooden leg.  
To watch the movement of legs through the screen of lace  
Which was my protection and disguise.  
I want to go back to the days of my childishness  
Just to see how silly.

---

The Jews have been criticized, lampooned, and coruscated for every historical, economic, and political anomaly since the dawn of the Christian Era. Their claim to historical remembrance lies in their persevering obstinacy in the role of cultural scapegoat. Nations and institutions have been willing to accept the talents of the Jews, but have been even more anxious to project onto this "infamous" group the blame for failure. The Jews' invaluable work of scholarship in the Moslem Caliphates, their irreplaceable economic role in the rise of the late Medieval guilds and commerce, their contributions to progress in the science and arts, recalled by mere mention of the names, Spinoza, Beerbohm, Einstein, and Buber, all these are spuriously regarded in the emotion-laden search for alien causal influence for cultural malaise.

Nazism cannot be cited as an isolated nationalistic phenomenon, only casually connected with extermination of the Jews. Nineteen centuries of Christian Anti-Semitism, or at least un-Semitism, no matter how euphemistically dismissed, must be considered in the analysis of the German mentality. Catholic Anti-Semitism, prominent in the Writings of St. John Chrysostom, significantly remembered as the "Golden-Mouthed," and of St. Bernard, was founded upon the conception of the Jews as the deicide race. In his ignorance and religious enthusiasm, Medieval man clearly saw his duty. Who had scourged his Savior? Was it not the Jews? Who had rejected Love Incarnate? Was it not the Jews? Who had ignominiously and unremorsefully murdered the Light of the World? The Jews had done all this, and had invoked the wrath of God upon themselves and upon their children.

Historically inaccurate, but psychologically guiltless, the Medieval man perpetrated the first of many Anno Domini atrocities upon the Jewish race, crimes which served to highlight what history is only now beginning to recognize: their redeeming qualities of religious dedication, long-suffering, and indefatigable industry.

In the Middle Ages, the Jewish people could be socially ostracized. In the pluralistic societies of today, race and religion are decreasingly important factors in social evaluation. In the Middle Ages, the Jews could be indicted by superstitious rationalizers. Today, scientific accuracy, critical perceptiveness, and world-witness effectively preclude this possibility. In Medieval times, and even in the "enlightened" days of the twentieth century, Jews could be buried alive because "free" countries refused to upset their immigration balance. But, today, an ecumenical spirit encourages the meeting of parched and alienated lips. In earlier times, finally, Jews lived in the diaspora, and they exercised no united front. Today, they are a nation, an enthusiastic, industrious, united people who have fought for what they have and who have repeatedly looked to the world conscience for political and human recognition.

They worked quietly and were not heard. They lived defensively and were persecuted. Now, they have asserted and announced what to the world what was always theirs by right, and it seems, with Martin Luther and Martin Luther King, they "will be heard."

## Homecoming

Dennis Goonan

The night was rushing by with frightening haste. The train was a carefully and completely separated world, sealed off from all that was outside. It was virtually an island- an island of reality in a world of dream. The great, hulking engine coursed over the rails, boring a hole in the dark. It moved as if of its own volition, so massive and yet so silent and graceful. It was beyond mere human control. Who knew where it came from, or, when it had completed its run where it was going?

The engine was far forward, it could only be heard, but never seen. Allen Johnson sat in a swaying coach, listening to the sound of the clicking rails, a sleepy vibration, as regular as the passage of time. The car was darkened and only a few passengers occupied it. They were traveling together, men set apart from all humanity to ride this particular train, and this car, at this particular time, but they neither knew each other nor cared to- this the workings of a strange fate. Johnson felt old, old and very tired. The tiredness of too many years in pursuit of something, he thought ironically as he lit a cigarette. The tiny flame flashed in the darkness. I'm going home he thought with a strange mixture of content and an unsettling uncertainty. Home. A tiny circle of darkness was illuminated as he drew on the cigarette. He savored the word, Home. Not a place, rather a memory, the good things remembered, the bad things sanctified by time and experience. The seat creaked a bit as he relaxed. He unbuttoned his heavy coat slowly and with great effort. Tired, he thought, so tired. When one pursued the horizon all one's life and never thought and never had time to think, all was well. But what happened when one caught the horizon? What happened when one looked off of the brink? What happened when one ran out of dreams and all that was left was a vague dissatisfaction which kept getting vaguer and yet more complete, more dissatisfying?

He glanced thoughtfully at his reflection in the glass. If the car were lit it would be defined with clarity, there would be color, proportion, reality. But this image was painted in moonlight. It was cold, and far away. It was a ghost, an outline, a study in semi-darkness. The forehead was a featureless plain, the eyes dark pools held apart by a sharply defined nose. The mouth was a thin, hard line and the chin receded into an undefined region. Beyond the ghost the night was flashing past in rhythm with the clicking rails.

He had dozed off, he thought, wrapped in a gossamer veil of sleep. Through the mist he grasped for an idea, where was he? He pondered the question with the thoughtful detachment of a sleeper. Suddenly he was vaulted into wakefulness as the cigarette burned his fingers. He dropped it, muttering angrily. For an instant he was filled with the unknown which had just seized him unaware. He sat tensely for a second. The car was dark and empty, the few heads bobbed in sleeping agreement with the swaying train. He was angry, but there was no one and nothing to be angry with.

What happens when all the drams are gone? What happens when one confronts oneself in all honesty simply because honesty is a lack of pretension? I'm tired, he thought, tired and in need of rest. To have the best of everything, of literally everything, to desire nothing more, and yet to desire everything. To cry because there are no more worlds to conquer, and yet nothing has been conquered. Stop it, he thought, it's nonsense and contradiction.

His sister would be at the station. His smiling, happy sister, she would be glad to see him. As always, she would insist that he take them home. Though he hated to drive that ancient car of hers, he knew he would give in and that she would smile knowingly at his inept handling of the machine. She was a little older than he was, and he could remember how one day so many years before he had sat on the porch with feigned disinterest as she took the car out alone for the first time. He smiled as he thought how he had wished that she would have an accident- just punishment for being older and more knowing.

The train moved on through the night, galloping over the rails with frightening haste. It was going somewhere, surely, and for some reason, of necessity. But the clicking rails and the rumbling motor gave no clue of where and why.

Far off, Johnson saw a cluster of lights. They clung to the horizon, hiding from the night. So clear, so precisely defined, and yet so very far away, beyond the sealed world of the train, beyond measurement, beyond the tangible, the real. They looked like living things, but so remote- and yet, there are people there, he thought, people I can never know and never see, people with lives and loves and hates and dreams, and there they are, and I'll never know them. The lights were there and then the train passed behind a hill and they disappeared. It was as if, suddenly aware of their own unrealness they could not go on living. He watched wondering and then fell asleep.

When he awoke it was almost dawn. With the stubbornness of something faced with extinction, the darkness slowly gave way to the light, but it was only by comparing the eastern and western horizons that any illumination could be detected. He felt lethargic, and this confused him. He was coming home, he was coming back, who cared now about the horizons, he was coming back home and all would be well.

Mother would be up early and breakfast would be ready when he got in. He could smell the coffee and hear his brother's dog barking at the approach of a stranger. His sister would be up early too, and they would have his old room ready for him, and probably his friends would stop by later in the afternoon. As the sun climbed tentatively over the horizon, he checked his watch. Ned will probably be opening the gas station about now and my sister will probably be the first customer. He could picture his sister- she would of course be older now- and the car- if, after all, they still had the old one, and Ned, and he could hear the sound of the engine and the smell of oil and gas about the old station. He was going home, who cared about what had happened? Who cared if he were rich and tired and old, so very old?

The train came around the hill and he saw the old station, a single building; outside there was a milk truck and he could see the clerk from the Post Office waiting for the mail. The building was green, and he recalled it had been a peeling, filthy brown when he had left. He wondered where his sister was: probably talking with Ned, or simply exercising a woman's prerogative to be late.

He sat very still as the train began to slow. The brakeman came through calling the station, but he sat very still, watching, waiting. Something within him struggled to the surface, What are you waiting for, come on, come on, he cried- but did not move.

Steam billowed from the waiting train as it sat in the station, idling, quiet but not silent, patient as steel and as anxious as a machine. Outside the wind blew in a sudden gust, dust rolled like a wave through the air, and he could see the big windows of the station vibrate. He stood up and took his bag, then stood silent and tense. The train was waiting. The clerk took his mail and Johnson caught a bit of conversation. The milk truck stood idling and inside the office someone was working at a desk. Waiting. All was in neutral gear, waiting, idling. With a blast of cold air and a metallic thud the car door opened and closed. The conductor said something, but Johnson did not hear him, and he still stood silently as the conductor moved down the aisle to the next car. The platform was empty, waiting. The wind was blowing cold and bitter from down the track, then a cloud of steam billowed past the window. Waiting, all waiting.

With a mechanical motion, Johnson swung his bag up onto the rack and sat down. He would go on, on to the city. The train started to pull away, gathering momentum, it was moving rapidly now. In an instant the station disappeared from sight as the train moved off toward the horizon.

Blue black, the room is in still motion,  
Shells Move, stiff loose beneath  
The starred dome of circular blue  
And a screaming silence pervades.

Blue black, the shell faces pass,  
Beer Sucklings, staggering balanced along  
The painted tunnel of brown yellow  
Toward the elixir, fountain of wood.

Grey blue, the cloud remains above,  
Wispy Stirrings, laughing pathos,  
The exo-skeletons line up along  
The shelf of the seething tunnel.

Grey blue, the faces of the shells,  
Tears Smile, pass in review of  
The shelf people delayed on  
Their journey for life love.

Blue white, the round cloth sits,  
Bleached Stained, shells nervous relaxed  
Observe the wolves in the arena  
Beneath the starry blue dome.

Blue white, the lights darken the room,  
Yeah, Yeah, moving figures jump  
From the floor and never return  
To the earth that is, was, and will be Theirs.

---

Pleasure

Vincent Fiorillo

Sitting on a bar stool-  
    Speaking with a friend,  
While watching a young cool  
Speaking with a chick:  
    Trying to make amends.

Although this man sought pleasure,  
As I could tell by sight,  
I thought, "He thinks she's a treasure  
And he'll get what he wants tonight."

Out they strolled to his car-

"Stupid fool," I said.

    Looking round at this lousy bar-  
    Thinking that I should have stayed in bed.

This was just another incident  
Oh, how my soul it tore  
Seeing a young man so bent-  
    Facing reality no more.

I knew the symptoms well,  
For once the world was gay  
But life is a deep hell-  
    In which pleasure put reality off at bay.

---

Dancing, whispering, laughing, the cold  
Water ran by and cleansed the night.

It ricocheted from the rocks that confined it,  
And raced unending beneath the cold, dead bridge.

Circle white, hidden, shrouded the moon  
Warmed the stream and rocks with light.

Trying hard to deface beauty, the cars raced  
Past, but succeeded nought in their violation.

Still clothed in loveliness, the night mother  
Wrapped her shawl about us and we were warmed.

---

A Requiem

Jerome Worell, fms

Antiphon:

Lukewarm fire and irrelevant ashes  
Spewing soot and grime into dull, empty faces  
Children, hands outstretched, with window wide and  
vacant eyes.  
Holes for hearts and minds  
Waiting for any gardener to fill them.

Versicle:

Spiders for bread we give them and rocks for meat,  
Hollow wounding phrases and laughs punctuated with Hell,  
Hylomorphic and Hypostasis.

Response:

Oh ! The traitorous band who have confined the Son of Man  
and shackled him within a garbage strewn alley of  
legalism.  
Sun and light reduced to ray and shadow,  
A desecration worse than the sin of the Romans when they  
used the temple as a fruit cellar !  
To load Love and His message with the insignificant prattle  
of legislature,  
A parliment of birds who hear but themselves and their  
own hollow echos,



Don't they remember "God is love" said the Lover  
and Love knows no bounds ?

\* \* \*

Black Communion      Their minds are full now,  
The company can now rest from their task.  
Conceived in Hell the black lamb has gone forth  
to preach his message;  
he has reaped the harvest intended for the Other  
and which He wanted so badly.

Celebration:

Hell has carried the day  
it has taught men that thought, like ashes  
can't fill bowls and stomachs and hearts.  
It has filled them with itself !

\* \* \*

Antiphon:

Lukewarm fire and irrelevant ashes  
Spewing soot and grime .

Ite ! :      One day still empty faces might again raise their eyes to us.  
There must be a gardener in that day,  
To fill all the holes.  
There must be a Raboni, a "Good Master",  
To fill all the holes

The Storm

Joseph Towers

Big, black it approached,  
Wrecking as it came.  
Evil, elegant, and stately,  
Twisting and turning,  
Striking fear in every heart,  
Bent on destruction.

Now it is upon us,  
We cease to exist!  
It is over, its havoc spent.

We breathe again,  
In a better world.  
The Storm is spent,  
We have weathered it.

The light of life is to man to be experienced  
 Only in the sharing with his fellow.  
 To know is indeed to discuss, and this,  
 Above all else requires another.

The greatest of men, be it Plato,  
 Aristotle, Sophocles, or another,  
 Could not this greatness have achieved  
 Had it not been for the Visitor.

In silence and in darkness of the,  
 Will this visitor approach,  
 And to his fellow will he give the gift  
 Of Enlightenment.

Yet enlightenment is futile,  
 If it falls not upon the fields  
 Of minds willing to receive it.

---

It was a hot, muggy night in mid-July. A middle-aged, rather heavy-set gentleman fumbled with the cigar in his mouth while he shifted his eyes nervously from his cards to the other men and back to the cards. It was his move. He had been losing heavily all night, but now, he thought, he might be due for a change of luck. Reaching down slowly, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his sweating face, still undecided as to what his next move would be.

It was another night of poker with the boys. Every week since he got the job at the office he had dragged himself from house to house "mixing with the boys." There were none less than forty years old but they were, nonetheless, "the boys." He was told that it was the only way to get ahead. "You gotta get in there and be one of 'em, Charlie. That's the only way you'll ever get anywhere." How many times had his brother-in-law given him this advice? What would his wife say if he didn't make an effort to get ahead? But these nights were costing him too much. This would be the last time, he told himself again.

The cloud of smoke hung motionless like a fog about his face, burning his eyes and adding to his irritation. The others stared at him intently, trying to anticipate his move. He took the chewed cigar stub from between his teeth and removed his already loosened necktie from

the collar of his wet and wrinkled shirt. Now he could think. "C'mon, Charlie, we don't have all night," one of them said. With that Charlie squirmed in his seat and ran his stubby fingers through his few remaining hairs and raised the glass to his lips for another drink.

Sitting there in his wet, wrinkled shirt, cards in one hand, drink in the other, and a cloud of smoke over his head, he seemed the perfect image of what it takes to get ahead. Or so he thought. He was being one of the boys, doing what they did. Of course, at two o'clock in the morning he would much rather be home sleeping, but if this is what it takes to get ahead, then this is how it must be. Besides, his brother-in-law has been with the company a long time and knows all the "rules of the game," as he would say. If it weren't for his bad heart he'd be right there with Charlie, drinking and smoking and losing his sleep, not to mention his money. Funny how the card games always fell on pay day.

He had delayed long enough. Taking a deep breath, and fixing a look of grim resolution on his face, he spread his cards on the table as his eyes looked nervously at one man and then another. He came close to winning this hand, but he didn't quite make it. "I've had enough, boys," he said, as if his loss of money and sleep meant nothing to him. With that the others decided to break it up and go home. Charlie pulled his jacket back over his shoulders, stuffed his tie into his pocket, said his good-byes, and aimed himself toward the door. Before he got into his car he stopped and looked around. There were no lights lit in the houses, no cars on the street, no people walking around. What was he doing up at this hour? He got into his car and headed for home to catch a few hours sleep before the race would begin again.

Evening Cadence

Bill Townsend

I

Lemon-yellow form pierces orange topped flora -  
Greeny sweetness of creme de menthe  
Coating the warm air.

She dances her last quadrille along the hill  
And laughs like a clown  
In his first act:

The while, amidst the sweetness, sits one  
Mystified - gazing at her frolics -  
Encased in a lemon yellowness.

Then, she sinks into the green sawdust hills.

Soon, a stark blue light rains its sullied ray upon three  
 Who clutch guitars that compete in discordant notes  
 That roll a deafening beat into the smoky room.  
 Groovy bumping.

Square tables bear stiffly reclining forms - loosely  
 Stretched next to the wall - a black-painted wall:  
 Under a draped ceiling of black-blue, tables stand.  
 Splashy releasing.

Slacks clinging to her flashing legs, tightly  
 She skipped upon the heavily knicked floor boards  
 As her brown hair flings about her tan cream face.  
 Smoky dusting.

Her partner faces the blue-black wall, while burned dungarees  
 Become spotted with sweaty drippings -shoes dusty-  
 As his shirt spills soaking from the strain.  
 Sweaty burning.

Among modern dutch oval lamps that shed a feeble light  
 About the wall and blue checkered table-top: while  
 Amidst the straining images flit the notes.  
 Lightly deadening.

Most enjoy twisting to the sounds of the instruments  
 That strike inside the room and steely ring  
 Like a breathless cold breeze through a tense tree.  
 Calmly shivering.

A blue-grey ring, mixed with orange peels for a tangy yellow  
 Rushing, trembling sound; releasing, clashing  
 In a crash of blue notes.  
 Silently whirling.

Then, into the sky, a swollen blue.

Standing in the water, the muddy bottom pasting our  
 feet to the sea floor that slid away like greasy  
 jello at each step -

Round-edged stones spot the shore in black polka-dots  
 resting upon the carpet of dull brown sand  
 that stretches into the wrinkled water -

We surrendered to the playful wrinkles that ticklingly  
 touch at our ankles.

Her foot breaks the surface, gently flicks the water's top;  
then, drops silently into the cool, ankle-high,  
caressing wetness -

A stare appears upon her face: darkly swelling,  
as if she were deciding to part her lips in a  
light smile -

We let ourselves sink, eyes melting in short, bursting  
glances.

A sea-green tickled our toes: she peered into the water,  
the salty water, wrinkling toward the shore,  
smiling -

Her beams try flicking the blue swell into the water,  
and a thousand fireflies seem to tarry here  
as the day breaks.

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Art and the Artist

John Gonya, fms

We would speak of the artist who in any age is a mystery to his contemporaries, a stumbling block to many and a sheer enigma to most. The charges of fraud, of pseudo-intellectualism, of hyper-subjectivity are familiar to the public which is subjected to a variety of art critiques. But we who recognize the falaciousness of such a superficial judgment choose to probe deeper into the underlying motivation and passion of the aesthetic experience.

If, as the poet assures us, all the world is a stage, then this stage is indeed the raw material which the artist seeks to translate into a personal idiom, to transform physical realities, to transcend the phenomenal world; with which he hopes to communicate to the public, with which he hopes to relate himself to reality. Like all the professions art has its Blifils, its Judas', and its Byrons, and none are so aware of these pretenders as those who are involved in the genuine and sincere pursuit of pure aesthetics. The controversy between art and its multiple varieties of counterfeit has raged throughout the centuries, in the areas of literature, of music, and of the visual arts.

Since the time the first man drew a four legged animal on a cave in Gaul and observed the qualities of movement which resulted from a few well drawn lines set down with harmonious proportion and rhythmic variations, man has sought to capture human experience on canvas; and it has made little difference if this canvas has been of stone, of wood, of metal, or of

the more conventional media. What matters is not the means which man takes, not the colors which he uses; not the subject matter which he employs, but the growth which accompanies the creative experience. In the wealth of the world's literature we recognize a development from pure imitative writing, once Homer has been acknowledged, to a literature which is as imitative, and yet as creative, as a Finnegan's Wake or a Ulysses.

Art is the physical statement which through arrangement of space and form creates a response in the viewer, compelling him to accept or reject in accord with his own feelings for the beautiful. Contemporary artists have differed in their approaches to creativity. Juan Gris, with his theory of synthetic cubism, creates a geometric form which before his eyes evolves into an object of sense experience; Pablo Picasso begins with the statement of an everyday experience, then allows his imaginative genius the liberty of distorting, simplifying, and magnifying this object until it becomes a universal statement of human experience. The most difficult approach for appreciation by the uninitiated is the approach of abstractionism. The abstractionist's statement of aesthetic experience challenges the viewer to see his environment with freshness. It challenges human nature's fear of the unknown, its tendency to absolutize, its sense of security, and its hatred of change: making the viewer repel this art form which lays aside the familiar trappings of the phenomenal world to concentrate on its underlying forms and relationships.

One who looks at the sky and sees only blueness, one who looks at a tree and sees only a tree, one who looks at a shadow, but does not see its source nor its new life environment, all these will be unreceptive to the balance of space and form seen through color which leads to a re-statement of everyday experience. Such a person forgets that the basic components of human experience and creative experience remain unchanged; newness is the result of the re-arrangement of these basic forms. Man has the power to create his own universe, and the artist accepts this challenge by abstracting these geometric and polyglot forms from the world of physical reality.

This is what we believe to be the basis for the aesthetic experience, and so, while we are not ready to deny the presence of men of guile in the visual arts, we are not prepared to generalize this group to include all present day proponents of artistic expression.

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The War is End

Dick Carn

The war is end, and all rejoice; Thank God-Thank God  
The war is end, and all rejoice; Thank God-Thank God  
The dead are dead, and they bring them home,  
They won the war and are brought home,

Rejoice, Rejoice-the war is end  
My son! They brought him home, again.

They laid him down, his eyes were shut; Dear God-Dear God  
They laid him down, his eyes were shut; Dear God-Dear God  
His eyes were shut and his face was cut,  
He felt so cold in that dark hut,  
Rejoice, Rejoice-the war is end  
My son! They brought him home, again.

Get off that bed of straw my son; Please God-Please God  
Get off that bed of straw my son; Please God-Please God  
Get off that bed of straw my son,  
And walk and walk 'till all is done,  
'Till day is night and day again,  
And then, and then, and then...

Rejoice, Rejoice-the war is end.  
The war is end, and all rejoice.  
Rejoice my son, for you have won,  
And now, and now to rest, my son.

Rejoice, the war is end.

---

Few are the Ones

Dick Carn

Time is the test that tests the best,  
That tears them hand and foot  
Yea, few are the ones that keep their hold  
    Few are the ones that are so bold  
Few are the ones, few are the ones.

The Test is one to find an end  
The answers to the questions many  
To where, to how, to why  
Few are the ones who care to know  
Few are the ones who do.

Few are the ones who care to live  
Few are the ones who die  
Few are the ones who save their souls  
Few are the ones who try.

The rewards are great  
The takers, few.

Lemming looked out from his house.

Late autumn was on the mountainside, and trees were in their senescence state, half of their leaves gone and the other half struggling to maintain their grip on life while ostentatiously displaying a variety of hues. The sky overhead, now populated by migrating groups of clouds, now seeming to seek twinship with the sparkling blue waters below, was the dwelling of a beaming, yet seemingly cold sun. Trees rocked to and fro in an autumnal wind, stretching toward the sky but remaining rooted in the earth for continued life. Their foundation, though dotted with small rodent holes, still supported them.

The vista registered vaguely in Lemming's brain. Mechanically he completed his morning repast, somewhat wearily bid his family the usual goodbye, and went forth to work --- via the same route and manner, jostling the same people whom he still recognized not, aware of them only as vague faces and forms and colors competing with him for the right of way.

Work went as usual. Only during his customary break did Lemming sense anything out of the ordinary. There was something in the air, something he couldn't quite grasp, a vague feeling of anticipation. He looked at his companions, and they too seemed to notice it. Some of them were nervously shifting from foot to foot, while others, almost eagerly it seemed, were absorbed in the sensation of excitement that was building up.

After the break the work was continued, but a little differently, permeated now with that note of anticipation, and somewhat more hastily done. By mealtime a definite urge caused all the workers to walk quickly to a central point of the town. Once there, they noticed that there was a general confused rushing about. Men, women, and children darted here and there, uncertain and excited without knowing why. Then there was a sudden mass movement toward the south. Lemming found himself surrounded by and pushed forward with the rest, till he too was running, merely to stay afoot. A distant uneasiness struggled to reach consciousness in his brain, but was roughly smothered to oblivion by the overwhelming emotions of excitement and of eagerness to see what was happening and to be a part of it.

The crowd was outside of town now, trampling underfoot the bright, varicolored leaves. Lemming jumped to a boulder to see where or what or why. Overhead in the woods there were few leaves left hanging, since a violent wind from above, coupled with that caused by the rushing citizenry below, had swept the majority of nature's ornaments from their hold on her trees.



Some of Lemming's friends, co-workers and relatives called to him to jump down fast and join the crowd in its rapid journey. Lemming hesitated --- he didn't know why --- but was suddenly brushed from his station by a group that was trying to find a yet faster route and, climbing over his rock, had carried him below again with them.

Lemming was in the crowd once more. But now he experienced a definite feeling of terror at being forced to be thus carried along with the others. Awareness of darkness caused him to look upward: there were large clouds in a grey sky, and, surprisingly, it was already late afternoon.

Suddenly a scream came from the right - a man, somewhat unable to maintain the frenzied pace, had fallen and been trampled underfoot by the crowd. Within seconds the succession of feet had caused him to cease to be. Lemming felt a chill creep up his spine.

Without warning the forest disappeared. Only scattered trees of varied sizes populated the open field, and even some of these, those with weak foundations, were uprooted and thrown aside or else trampled by the mob.

Then Lemming perceived the destination of the running herd: about a hundred yards ahead, overlooking the sea, the mountainside terminated abruptly in a precipice of several hundred feet. Over this cliff plunged the frenzied, almost unknowing crowd.

The excitement and hysteria were contagious. Lemming felt himself drawn almost irresistibly toward the cliff edge. Then a spark of intelligence and of will flashed through his brain. He struggled against the flow of people, but unavailingly. Suddenly he saw another rock ahead of him and with a mighty effort reached and climbed it.

He watched, first with a sensation of horror, and then of numbness, the scene below. The whole maddened populace, it seemed, were racing over the precipice to the waiting waters below. Phalanx after phalanx came throughout the afternoon, marked by the sun's passage through the western sky. Lemming saw friends and acquaintances, some of whom he had thought too sane, too balanced to be caught up in this hysteria, leap over the cliff with the rest of the group. Gradually the majority had passed, and only a few stragglers remained. It seemed like the whole world was rushing over.

Lemming looked about him. How greatly the morning scene had changed! Fewer trees, with little or nothing left of their fall array, dotted the landscape. He saw that the sky was almost completely covered with clouds, and felt a chilling wind blowing and whispering. He looked long at the cliff as the last straggler plunged over. He looked at the sun, among the clouds and almost gone over the far mountains.

And so gazing, he uneasily trembled on the rock, as darkness slowly fell over the earth.

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Almost Every Time

Dick Carn

Every single time he did it. At first he did it just for a joke, so people would laugh at him, think him funny. But then he got so that even when people weren't around he'd do it just the same. He didn't think about it anymore, even though he still smiled when he did it.

It wasn't a very hard thing to do, but it just stood out when he did it. He'd just step up onto the bench when he came to it, and step off it when he reached the end. Nobody ever sat on the bench; it was half broken and very dirty, so it didn't really matter. He was friendly with everybody around there, always had a pleasant word for anybody he saw, the kind of guy you talk to because he's always willing to listen. He was liked, and accepted.

They came one day, with their green uniforms and their sledge hammers. They took the bench apart, and loaded it on the back of one of their trucks with some old fence and a couple of dented garbage cans. It didn't serve any purpose, so they took it away.

We miss him now, since he stopped coming around. There just isn't anybody to talk to anymore.

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A Contemporary Trialogue

Brien O'Callaghan, fms

Clokus: Medical school, and for the first time in my entire school experience, I feel teachers care about me: not because I reflect their success or failure or because I'll have to take the Regents, but 'cause I'm me. They seem to be only reluctantly fulfooling a job. A corpus, a body, of knowledge, a corpse of knowledge, casketed in pedagogical emptyisms, is handed over, like a diploma, to those who promise to extend the fiction into the next generation, to Abraham and his sons forever. The student is a potential monolith, a propaganda agent, another evidence that a particular dogmatism still meets the needs of the modern world.

- Skinkly: Education: to be led out - led out to pasture to feed forever-more on the cactus of verbalisms.
- Clokus: One man's ideas. Everyone else an adversary of one shade or another. Philosophy and Theology class - a Chemistry pre-lab in which you label all the bottles with a name and an error. But, if you only use one element, no matter how good, you don't get a reaction. There are no experiments in button-down land.
- Blokus: He was a great systematizer, you'll have to admit. He summarized the main currents of thought up to his time. he saw reason and faith as two approaches to God, and he tried to show how both blended and reinforced one another. Grace and nature: grace builds on nature.
- Skinkly: Grace is the second story, and the Christian is a second-story man.
- Blokus: No, grace and nature are not two separate things.
- Skinkly: Then they are one thing.
- Blokus: No, they can't be one thing, 'cause then they wouldn't be called two things.
- Skinkly: Like the earth must be flat because otherwise we'd fall off? Anyway, what's in the basement? Sub-nature? We've been admonished to avoid building on sand. Nothing like a strong foundation. So, now we have a psychoanalytic trinity - grace, nature, and sub-nature - like super-ego, ego, and id.
- Blokus: The issue is quite baffling, as you can see.
- Skinkly: Yes, but perfectly reasonable, like the existence of God.
- Blokus: Faith, seeking understanding, is the way Anselm put it.
- Skinkly: Like Adam ate a cherry, and George Washington chopped down an apple tree.
- Blokus: Each age, and each individual, has to interpret anew, in symbol and myth, what it recognizes as the basic realities of life. Transcendence can only be approximated. But contemporary man cannot see his own philosophical ship except against the horizon of his history of ideas: his cultural heritage.
- Skinkly: I haven't noticed Philosophy & Sons, Inc. on the Stock Exchange lately, but I'm sure that it pays rather low dividends.

- Clokus: Unfortunately, conviction and conscience, like faith, don't have much market value, and the Christian, despite his professed "otherness," must compete and cheat in the same marketplace. "Dollar Diplomacy" we have; "Dollar Dedication" is from hunger.
- Blokus: And yet, there must be something beyond. Otherwise, life becomes an amusement park, its main attraction and symbolic image the merry-go-round. Man is given, gratis, like grace, a collection of tickets at puberty's door to merriment. He squanders them confidently in anticipation of his Father's promise to re-welcome his prodigal son. But, as he sits at his Father's table, he feels an emptiness that not even the fatted calf will be able to fill.
- Skinkly: I'm devoting my life to knowledge, to drinking life to the lees . . .
- Clokus: You mean drinking the lees.
- Skinkly: My subject matter has a gender, and I'm pretty well versed already.
- Clokus: I've spent two years in Ecuador, and the people are well-versed there, too. Their curriculum is a little more pedestrian than yours: Poverty 101, Intermediate Ignorance, and Advanced Despair. They don't have the leisure you have to cultivate such rich soil.
- Blokus: Biological progress has been recently described as "ineluctable." This judgment is hard to believe. Half our time is spent making plans and the other half wondering what it would have been like had we executed them.
- Skinkly: We ought to execute the planners instead. We could call it the "bourgeois bounce" or the "purge of the petty."
- Clokus: What would be our criterion of criminality? Indifference? Equivocation? Irresponsibility? Hypocrisy? These are steps up to promotion rather than down to discouragement.
- Skinkly: I should have been more sensible.
- Blokus: We move against the stream of isomorphic equations of new and dangerous, traditional and correct, slow and secure. But Christ said that he had come that we might have life, not safety. Civil Rights is as good an example as any . . .
- Skinkly: I suppose Negroes are motivationally ready for emancipation?

- Blokus: Lincoln thought they were 100 years ago. We celebrate the an-niversary of his dead body, not of his living spirit and enduring attitudes. We move among each other spectrally, an assorted box of candied opinions, prejudices, and "isms," ideas without convictions, knowing everything, yet knowing nothing - a part of all that we have met, yet never having really met anything, except through the newspaper or TV, neither of which bleed, or scream, or invite response. We watch life; we don't live it. We lived it once - when our fathers didn't come back from Europe. But our parents made sure that we got everything that they didn't. They didn't suspect that in giving us everything they didn't have, they might prevent us from getting what they did have. Today, our fathers do return - from VietNam - in caskets. You can see it all each night on Hinkley-Bungly. It's a serial, like Flash Gordon or Don Winslow of the Coast Guard.
- Clokus: We're contestants on the \$64,000 Question. We advance, hesitantly, by prestige plateaus, each of which entitles us to a certain income and feeling of adequacy. We can stop at any time, or risk total failure and go ahead. Everything man does is a test; he's got a contestant complex. Life is a most dangerous game, and the stakes are psychic equilibrium.
- Blokus: What're you going to do? We're a scientific age, and our people are computer conscious. The success of marriages used to be based on human adaptability and love. But love is not efficient and entails far too many responsibilities. So, we reduce the divorce rate by IBM marriages. We are interviewed to determine our basic personality traits and are provided with an electronically accurate mate . . .
- Skinkly: Who will respond to us just like any other good machine. We might as well try IBM confessions. I mean, those lines are awfully long. Suppose one of us makes lists of the sins of all the others (without looking, of course) and sends them in, PREPAID, to the priest. He could stamp them "approved" and ship them back, C.O.D., with a little desideratum for each of us - like Christmas presents.
- Clokus: The Church rides in the stagecoach of human progress and ingenuity, drawn, it knows not where, by horses run wild. He is just beginning to get back up in the driver's seat.
- Skinkly: . . . and miles to go before I sleep . . .
- Clokus: Sounds familiar.

- Skinkly:** Cinderella on her big night. She ate an apple at 12 o'clock and was forever doomed to pumpkinhood, that is, until Prince Farming rose, like the vegetation god, from the dead and redeemed her from her primal blunder.
- Clokus:** Where's my magic wand?
- Blokus:** There is no magic wand. Wands are relics of authoritarian fairy-land. When you use machines all day, you begin to see keyboard on your children's faces. You press the right buttons, and you eliminate the obstacles to efficiency. You teach the young to push buttons, as you have done, to be conventional, and you discourage ingenuity. How does a machine account for the spiritual, dynamic factor? Given a set of arithmetic variables, the machine proffers an answer to the problem. But a young man is not an arithmetic problem, and the key to his life is not on the key rack or in the old pidgeon holes, nor on Bazooka bubble-gum wrappers. It's easier to look to the pidgeon holes, but as the young passively accept their standardized meal ticket to decision and the future, they invite intellectual malnutrition. We put them on tracks laid down by the past, and there are no sidetracks to the future.
- Blokus:** It's easier to say what's been said to us, to use the magic wand, to press buttons, to live in button-down land, advancing by plateaus to pumpkinhood. But why duplicate generations? Old tracks deteriorate or lead to ghost towns. New destinations must be found for travel, goals not approachable by the old line. We can't reach Europe by Pony Express, nor Maturity, and all points North, by carrier-pidgeon-hole. We travel by conscience, without sandals or tunics, and all God's chillun got shoes.
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## The Purchase

Dick Carn

He walked down the street and felt little. He had his hands in his pockets and he watched the ground in front of him as he walked along. He wasn't even sure of where he was. It was late, but he had no place to go, so it didn't matter what he did or where he was. He was just there. He was just a stroller.

But then the seller came. From where? He didn't know—an alleyway perhaps, or nowhere; but he did come. He made an offer, odd and strange, and the stroller laughed. "Buy the street, sir? It's yours for ten, and I can give it to you." His dress was dirty, his face common, but his eyes

sparkled; and the stroller noticed not his appearance, but only his eyes. The stroller was amused; he smiled. He prodded the seller, "Buy it; but why? What does it have to offer?"

"Nothing sir," said the seller, "but all the laughs and smiles, all the hopes and joys of all those who walk upon it. They'll be yours; and I can give them to you-for ten dollars."

The stroller's eyes faded, and he gave up the eyes of the seller to think. A minute passed. He smiled then. "Give it to me," he said, "I want it." "But first the ten," retorted the seller, his eyes now brighter than ever. The money was paid and they started to separate. "But where's my bill of sale, the deed; how do I know I own it," yelled the stroller. The seller was angry, or annoyed maybe, but then he said, "Start here friend, on the line that runs down the middle of your street, and walk down it to the end; and look at every window pane and flowerpot, and reach out and grab the buildings on both sides of the street and pull them in on you 'till they almost topple, and then, then you'll know this is your street. That's how you'll know you own it." The stroller did this all-and the seller disappeared.

He doesn't stroll very far now, not more than a block or two from that street. He lives there now, and he's content. You see, he owns that street.

The Grecian Urn Revisited

John T. Sullivan, fms

I came upon a Grecian Urn  
Which once of beauty spoke,  
Whose 'attic shape' and figures bold  
Preserved in stone man's love,

Once it had 'teased us out of thought,'  
Given us inspiration for  
Feelings we could not spout forth  
In hollow words and blundering phrase.

Its sculptor had given to that  
Marble mass a silent voice--  
An ageless voice, to speak to aging man  
New words.

Then why does it speak no more,  
No longer draw forth from  
The heart of man  
Those hopes which once it did?

The Grecian Urn lies shattered,  
In myriad pieces strewn,  
By man  
Whose path it blocked.

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The Whole is Greater than It's Parts

Dennis DaRos, fms

Perhaps my little expose will or will not gain your approval. Perhaps what I will say will seem to you a very trite experience. Perhaps it is only the relation of an emotion that has stirred me - but to you will be uninteresting and boring. But I will relate it anyway, for it has given me an insight into man, something which I do not consider trite at all.

Today I looked into a man.

A man who laughed and cried, a man who shouted, a man who whispered. Perhaps an intelligent man, a man who talked, and a man who kept silent. Perhaps he was a man who loved many people, or made others happy, he was a man, maybe, who hated, a man who wanted to hurt others. Perhaps he was a man who felt sorrow or even a man who was always happy.

Maybe he was a man who wanted to be free from prejudice, a man who fought for freedom, a man who didn't want anyone telling his children to wait. Maybe he was a man who believed in the rights he felt were his due, even though others denied them.

He may have been a small old man, a twinkle always in his eye. A man of great responsibility, of tremendous insight. He may have been a man who wrote for the world that there might someday be "Peace on Earth."

He might have been a young, vibrant man, a courageous self-dedicated man, on fire with life, a leader. He might have been a man who offered this solution to other men: "Ask not what... for you, but what you can do...."

Then he could have been a funny man, one who made others laugh, a kind of burden - lightener in the flesh. He could have been a man whose clean and brisk humor evoked light heartedness from those he passed by.

Possibly he was a strong but emotional person, emotional I say yet level, out of control at times but mostly in control of many situa-



tions. A person very strong, very compassionate, and very generous.

Why not an extraordinarily intellectually gifted man, sent into the field to disprove the threats that besieged his beliefs? A man whose basic commitment would not allow him to proclaim the truth of which he was convinced. A man buried in a foreign land - not even the correct name on his tombstone.

Yes, I looked inside a man today. I saw the parts that compose him. His heart, his brain. But when I think of what kind of man he was, he might have been, or could have been . . . then I know there is more to a man than skin, and bone, and muscle, and blood, - there is more than that which I can lay upon a table and touch with my hand or cut with my knife.

There is something in man - call it what you will - but it is there in me, in you, in him - there is something - that makes man a whole that is greater than his parts.

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Man in the Twentieth Century

William Doherty, fms

The U. S. has always been a nation of movers. This country was built, and is still being built, by self-reliant, brave people who have been willing to cut themselves off from the old country to move out in search of a better life in a new, unknown land. The original nucleus, the Thirteen Colonies, came into being because pioneers from Europe moved to the New World in the hope of finding here something that the old country had not or could not give them. Compared to our forefathers, we in the sixties are a nation of movers on a vastly larger scale. What has happened to man as we moved from the relatively uncomplex agrarian economy to a highly complex industrial economy?

The great shift in industry and population that took place in the 18th century was due to the introduction of coal as the source of mechanical power, to the use of the steam engine, and to new methods of smelting and working iron. Out of this complex a new civilization developed. This industrial civilization created new concepts of the nature of man and society which although gradual, ultimately led to an ideology totally different from that which had prevailed during earlier periods. Elton Mayo in his, The Social Problem of an Industrial Civilization, states that "there is an unrealized difference between two principles of social organization - the one, that of an established society; the other, that of an adaptive society." The agrarian period in America was marked by a society of small towns and villages, its religion all prevailing and the center of the social as well as the religious life of the community. Brown in his, The Social

Psychology of Industry, states that "large cities replaced small villages and towns; the unskilled the skilled craftsman; the large factory the small home industry; unrestricted competition replaced cooperation, and an individual's position in society became dependent upon his own unaided efforts in the struggle for status."

The farmer of fifty or a hundred years ago was a much more self-sufficient individual than even the farmer of today. The farmer generally grew enough to eat, and his success was measured solely by a good crop. His need to keep up with the Jones' was non-existent because the nearest Jones' may have been a mile or two away. The child, in the agrarian setup, takes on a different meaning; he is looked upon as an economic asset and not as a distraction or something extraneous and foreign to the important business of the father getting ahead. In this type of set up self-sufficiency and a lack of dependence upon others is a key factor in the development of the individual. Ausubel in his, Ego Development and the Personality Disorders, states that "by governing the availability of the experience required for personality development, socio-economic conditions are able to determine the rate of adolescent ego development and the eventual attainment of adult personality status." For the farmer, life was relatively uncomplex - live a good life and work hard. Hard work was the key to success to the farmer. The farmer was in rapport with his environment; the changing seasons, "mother" earth, and the eternal going on from birth to death; he was attached to the earth.

Now let us turn our attention to modern man. What is the basic characteristic of modern man? Turner spoke of man in terms of his "frontier" thesis; the nation of the one more mountain to conquer in the vast wilderness of America. Many men took Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West young man," but countless more "migrated" to Long Island in the 1950's. The American dream of the "one more mountain" or the notion of "any man can be president," and the "land of Opportunity," may or may not be valid but I believe that Potter's theory of abundance is a more inclusive and encompassing notion than Turner's frontier thesis. But with this notion many problems must be met and overcome which were not even thought of in the "good old days."

In the 20th century, how do we measure the successful man? This is a great problem in America today because of the diversity of pursuits inherent in a complex society and because there is no accepted hierarchy of social values. With the increasing lack of emotional involvement in most work, there leaves only one least common denominator: the dollar. In Gorer's, The American People, A Study in National Character, he states that "dollars can be considered an adult equivalent of the marks and grades which signify the school child's relative position in regard to his fellows. An adult's income shows his rating in relation to his fellows, and a relatively good income is as much a matter of legitimate pride and boasting as getting all A's in all the subjects on one's report card. It is an outward and visible sign that one has striven successfully." But with this lack of emotional involvement in work there evolves a certain alienation from the

work and from one's fellow man.

William H. Whyte, Jr., in his, The Organization Man, argues along the lines of the fierce aggressiveness characterized by the people of the frontier. Many, according to Whyte, desires to be the controller of his own destiny and not lose this control to the group or the organization. But argues Whyte, "he must not only accept control; he must accept it as if he liked it. He must smile when he is transferred to a place or a job that isn't the job or the place he happens to want. He must appear to enjoy listening sympathetically to points of view not his own. He must be less goal-centered, more employee-centered. It is not enough that he work hard; he must be a damn good fellow to boot." There is, to use a wellworn cliché, a dichotomy between the appearance, which to Whyte is all important, and the internalization of this value which generally does not take place.

Even "Big Daddy" Johnson is getting into the act with his State of the Union Message wherein he points up that "we begin a new quest for union. We seek the unity of man with the world he has built - with the knowledge that can save or destroy him- with the wealth and machines which can enrich or menace his spirit."

"We seek to establish a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us to elevate the quality of his civilization."

"But the unity we seek cannot realize its full promise in isolation. For today the state of the Union depends, in large measure, upon the state of the world."

As is evident, cultural factors produce or alleviate anxiety in many different ways. In our society a man's worth is measured by the price he can fetch in the market place; maximum value is placed upon the goals of social prestige and hierarchical status; adolescents are drawn into a mad competitive race for status; and since the possibility of many individuals acquiring such status is limited, it is obvious that anxiety will be widespread. The average adolescent must put up with a long period of status-deprivation. The theory that success is the inevitable reward for conscientious work, self-denial, and superior ability bogs down as adolescents begin to see rewards monopolized by those whose sole claim-to-fame is family wealth, inheritance, connections or a highly developed capacity for double-dealing. A classic comment on our culture was that uttered by Bobby Baker when he expounded his philosophy of "you get along if you go along."

In our society, how do we measure stress, tension and Anxiety? Dr. Gordon, in his, The Split-Level Trap, points up the notion, through his rather questionable statistics, that in Bergen County, the "mover" community, there is a higher incidence rate of psychosomatic illness than in Cattaraugus County, the "good old days" community. He argues further

that "the inference is plain, something is troubling the people in Bergin-something whose effects are not nearly so intense or so widespread in rural Cattaraugus."

Once we admit of a more dynamic community we must admit of more stress. Man is less sure of himself because the "old familiar ways" do not hold up against the less personal, less familiar society in which we live. In the Crisis of Faith, Babin points to the problem of anxiety among adolescents. He argues that "one thing is certain: the opening up of so many vistas, with the doubts and questionings that come in the wake, tears this generation from the lukewarmness of readymade solutions. In entering upon a new stage of maturation, mankind is forced to a choice that is more lucid and courageous, --unless, indeed, men harden themselves in a cowardly refusal to face reality."

The problem today is admittedly: we are the Anxious Age and America is a Nation of Tranquilizers. But, what are we to do about it? Adaptation is the key word to the successful living of one's life in the 20th century, but does this imply we must prostitute our ideals in order to adapt? I don't think so. The problem today is compounded because we are not only horizontal movers but also vertical movers as well. We are Pyramid Builders or Status Seekers. This range in society leads to problems of transitional anxiety in which the new role is not clearly defined. It is my opinion that as man becomes more and more accustomed to his new role in the adaptive society, tensions will be alleviated, and we will enjoy the relatively less stressful society that our forefathers enjoyed.

Teilhard de Chardin, in The Divine Milieu, puts the emphasis on man and his hope in man when he states "Jerusalem, lift up your head. Look at the immense crowds of those who build and those who seek. All over the world, men are toiling-- in laboratories, in studios, in deserts, in factories, in the vast social crucible. The ferment that is taking place by their instrumentality in art and science and thought is happening for your sake. Open, then, your arms and your heart, like Christ your Lord, and welcome the waters, the flood and the sap of humanity. Accept it, this sap- for, without its baptism, you will wither, without desire, like a flower out of water; and tend it, since, without your sun, it will disperse itself wildly in sterile shoots."

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The White House

Joseph Towers

It stands, stately yet humble,  
Set aside from all others by its nature.  
Exaggerated in neither size nor shape.  
Yet a symbol to all mankind.

Peaceful, serene, yet still bustling,  
A place where children come and go,  
In their ignorant bliss never realizing  
That they are dependent upon it.

A House, a mere structure,  
Built by mere human hands.  
Dependent upon its occupants  
For its very survival.

It can tell us nothing,  
For it is incapable of speech,  
Nevertheless it communicates  
By virtue of its existence.

An ordinary house?  
No, a Home!

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Life: A Purpose

Dick Carn

Theologians tell us persistently that the true goals of this life are not mundane; they argue that wisdom and knowledge are the only commodities worth striving for. They state that a man is only truly happy or content when he has come to a realization of what he is and why he is here. They are certain that the "why's" are more important than the "how's." A quotation from Koestler is referred to: "Woe to the fool and the esthetic who ask only how and not why." All worldly things should be put aside until the answer to the "why" is found.

I have put aside the worldly things, for the present moment at least. I have stopped and stood, waiting for the first step to be shown to me, waiting for the sign to pass; but the only thing that does pass is time. Time, the element without which I could look no farther; and it is this time that I lose. So vital is time. I can't afford to waste much more. I don't know how much time I have. But I do know that I must use it. Most of this time is wasted on the things of this world, things I know don't matter; yet these things tie me down and tire me so that I can't look. I must move then, to nowhere perhaps, because nowhere is where I might find it. You see, it might be nowhere, or it might be that it is now here. This I must find out; this I have decided, and I hope to look.

So I move on; but where do I go from here? I don't know. I don't know. I don't even really care. But the road pulls me to it. I remember Spanish, some at least. It all comes out to be one idiom: ponerse

en camino (to hit the road). The road, yes, the road! The road holds something; I pray to God it does. Funny I should have written that; God, I mean. That's one of the things I hope to find on the road, or at the other end, maybe. I don't think that there's one particular road for me. I hope not; I might choose the wrong one. I hope that the answer lies just on the road, and by trying to find it, I will. The Christian lord has said, "Ask and you shall be told; knock and it shall be opened." I hope what he says is true.

I imagine it's a well-traveled road; I wonder, however, if it's a well-marked road? What lies ahead of me I can't even guess at; I can only desire it. Maybe I'll find it, maybe.

I've written this; and now I notice that time has passed. And it's time that is so precious. I can't buy it; it can't be given to me. I'll end this in a while, because I have to go, but I'll end it with I imagine what you would call a prayer. And then I'll go.

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