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The cover is a masque by Robert Stevens entitled "Do I dare disturb the universe?"

On the inside of the back cover is a bust by Dr. Arthur N. Kruger.

The back cover is an abstract painting by Bernard J. Zawisa.

The bust by Dr. Kruger and the two paintings by Mr. Zawisa were photographed by John Carling.

Selections from the Principles of St. Augustine

By GORDON E. ROBERTS

St. Augustine points out that the words of Scripture relating to creation are corroborated by the changeable nature of heaven and earth, which are said to have been created in the beginning by God; he further states that that which changes cannot be eternal. At this point it is interesting that St. Augustine now considers those who ask what God was doing before he made heaven and earth. Men who ask such a question clearly do not have any knowledge of things eternal. God created time as well as heaven and earth; therefore, there was no time before God's act of creation. The uniqueness of St. Augustine's logic gives tremendous impact at this point for he goes on to say that since there was no time before heaven and earth existed, it is useless to ask what God was doing then; for there was no time. God precedes all time; He does not precede time temporally, but through the eminence of external existence, which is altogether present and involves no future or past. No expanse of time is co-eternal with God, because He persists in eternity, while time by its very nature cannot persist in the present. Thus we see that God being eternal persists in eternity while time, heaven and earth by their nature cannot persist in the present. Hence eternity is a constant presence involving no past or future. Augustine notes the great difficulty that one encounters when one attempts to understand the nature of time, yet there is nothing we seem to know better than time when we speak of it ourselves or hear others speak of it. If no one asks what time is, says St. Augustine, he knows what it is; but if he tries to explain it to someone, he does not know what it is.

So then, not with doubting, but with assured consciousness St. Augustine knows God. Everything in the world bids him to know and love God; what does St. Augustine know and love when he knows and loves God?

But what do I love when I love Thee? Not beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of light, so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments, and spices, not

manna and honey, nor limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind light, and melody, and fragrance, meat, embracement of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminished not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. This is it which I love when I love my God.

It was with St. Augustine that the immediate assurance of consciousness first took its place as the source and warrant of truth. St. Augustine was the true teacher of the middle ages, no doubt, but above and beyond that he was one of the founders of modern thought.

Augustine is said to have come out of Plato, or Plotinus; but in even a truer sense out of him came Descartes and his successors. When Augustine urged men to cease seeking truth without them, and to turn within, since the home of truth is inside man, he already placed them upon the firm footing which Descartes sought with his *cogito ergo sum*. Augustine entertained no doubt, for example, that seven and three make ten; what he demanded was the same kind and degree of certainty he had here for everything else. In other words, he would not commit himself to any truth for which he did not have ready at hand complete demonstration.

Augustine's point of departure, concerning truth, was that he felt in sure possession of a sure criterion on the basis of which he could confidently assert truth. B.B. Warfield says in *Studies* (1930):

On the basis of this signum we may obtain in every sphere at least a verisimile, the probabile — a sufficient approach to truth to serve all practical purposes; or rather truth itself though not truth in purity, free from all admixture of error. In other words, in every department of investigation there is attainable real and clear, if somewhat roughly measured, knowledge. What we currently call a yard of muslin, for example, though shown by the application of a micrometer not to be an exact yard, is yet by the self-same test just as truly shown to be a yard for all the practical ends for which the muslin is used. The possession of a good criterion gives validity to the verisimile; for who can declare that anything is like the truth unless he has the truth in mind with which to compare it and by which to judge it.

St. Augustine undoubtedly teaches that the soul has an immediate knowledge of God; he does identify with God the intelligible world with which the soul comes into contact by its intimate senses. But God is not identified with the intelligible world, as it appears in the soul of man, except as its immediate author. He is in the soul of man not substantialiter but only effective; this is where the difficulty of the conception lies.

Augustine's ontology of the intuition by which man attains intelligible truth is embraced by two factors: the doctrine of the image of God, and the doctrine of dependence on God. In other words, man's power of attaining truth depends upon the fact that God has made man like Himself, Whose intellect is the home of the intelligible world, the contents of which may, therefore, be reflected in the human soul; and secondly, that God having so made man, has not left him, deistically, to himself, but continually reflects into his soul the contents of His own eternal and immutable mind — which are precisely those eternal and immutable *truths* which constitute the intelligible world. The soul is therefore in unbroken communion with God, and in the body of intelligible truths reflected into it from God, sees God. Thus we see the basic view of St. Augustine: that of the constant dependence of the creature on God.

The Significant Middle Ages

By GEORGE H. BLACK

The individual who attempts to reflect on the Middle Ages is apt to picture this historical period as an era of complete darkness and hostility. The centuries that separate the ancient from the modern world appear as one long night of ignorance dominated by brutal force. The everyday life of the Middle Ages never fails to rouse horror while the realm of thought and idea is looked upon as useless.

This tragic portrait, unfortunately, seems almost permanently engraved in our historical thought. To discover the origin of this distorted picture is to attempt to pry, from antiquity its guarded secrets. The Middle Ages end with, and culminate in, the Renaissance. Delighted and intoxicated with the shift of emphasis from the spiritual to the material aspects of life, this age believed itself definitely different from its predecessor. Basking in the glory of its new found ideals, the Renaissance most likely viewed its predecessor in somewhat the same way as we of the twentieth century consider the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. However, it is not until the eighteenth century that we find the complete condemnation of the Middle Ages. The historian and poet par excellence of this period very forcibly sealed its fate and previewed what was to follow. Alexander Pope, with the aid of his immense literary genius, portrayed the Middle Ages as a fusion of tyranny and suspicion. His publication of *An Essay in Criticism* in 1711 described the Middle Ages as thus —

And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Supersitition joined,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finished what the Goths began.

In 1776 Edward Gibbon published his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Unfortunately, Mr. Gibbon studied history with particular emphasis on politics and war but sadly neglected the social and economic forces. Limited by his peculiar narrowness he penned his famous description of darkness and confusion in reference to the Middle Ages. Gibbon and Pope com-

pleted the awesome portrait and it has served for three hundred years as unlimited nourishment for foolish poets and damning historians. This lopsided image, even in the face of contrary fact, has persisted until our own times.

If one would turn to a recent encyclopedic publication for children, he would discover in its narrations and caricatures an almost cop and robber atmosphere. A much hailed play of several seasons ago depicted Middle Age intellectual thought as a continuous controversy on deciding how many angels could rest on the head of a pin. This contemptible distortion appeared designed more to inflate the minds of the modern sophisticates than to present historical fact. Inquire of the intellectual his comprehension of the Middle Ages and in most cases the results will be fascinating. The whole of the Middle Age life, so it appears, is confined to a deep, damp, forboding dungeon. The evil managers of this drab existence are king, clergy, and devil. If any mercy is shown at all, the Middle Ages are somewhat redeemed from their misery and filth by a few faint and lingering rays of Greece and Rome. If our intellectual is a member of the Pseudo-Fashionable School of contemporary thought, he will inevitably train his sights on the early Christian Church and with skillful but questionable arguments portray her as the embodiment of all evil, greed, and ambition. The concepts of a Divine Being and Scholasticism are degraded to the level of fradulent babbling. This type of misconception based on clever distortion and half-truths and lacking any substantial basis is not worthy of our consideration. But the belief that the Middle Ages can best be described in totality as an era of complete darkness and confusion represents a concept long overdue for critical examination. Our task here is not so much condemnation or approval but understanding and appreciation of the historical period we term the Middle Ages.

The Middle Ages cannot simply be described as centuries of transition but rather it represents an era of dynamic challenge and change marked by tremendous growth and development. Our civilization today is squarely based upon many advances made during the Middle Ages. In considering Middle Age civilization in contrast to the darkness and confusion concept we are forced to select several specific aspects of this historical period.

Two important terms which have become synonymous with the Middle Ages in Europe are Feudalism and the Christian Church. These two factors with their unique relationship constitute the dominating forces of this period. If one were to isolate feudalism and examine it, he would discover a social hierarchy controlled by a system of rigid rights and duties. In isolation it appears as a binding and restricting system opposed to all social, political, and economic advancement. Now let us consider feudalism in relationship to the entire situation. The Middle Ages began with a catastrophic event, the complete destruction of the Western Roman Empire. The barbarian onslaught destroyed Roman Europe's social structure and left chaos in its wake. For several centuries Europe struggled to establish order and it was this struggle which produced feudalism. Feudalism meant primarily social and political stability and provided Europe with the primary need of any society — that need being order. Unquestionably feudalism was not the perfect answer, but it was a workable answer to an almost unsolvable problem. But when one considers the complete breakdown of European society after Rome fell, the establishment of feudalism was a monumental achievement. The medieval mind faced the challenge of chaos and answered this challenge with feudalism and order.

The Christian Church may also be viewed in somewhat the same manner, for it, too, provided a workable answer to the chaotic challenge. Unfortunately the Christian Church during this period has been the object of much debasement and ridicule. The charges of abuse of power and inner corruption can be accorded a certain amount of validity but in relationship to the total activities of the Church these charges fall into insignificance. Unquestionably such power as the Church possessed unavoidably created an atmosphere of limitation, but this often dictatorial power helped to prevent civil upheaval. The Church's greatest realm of activity has often been overlooked. Her humanitarian aims created hospitals and orphanages and organized one of the first large scale attempts to ease the poverty of the masses. Many of Europe's first schools and universities had their beginnings under the direct guidance of the Church and many a precious Greek and Roman manuscript was preserved within the walls of her sprawling monasteries. The encouragement of music and art was well within the realm of

her many activities. The early Christian Church, far from being the evil genius as often described, represented to medieval society the universal hope for the betterment of mankind.

Because of the darkness and confusion theory, it would be logical to suppose that Europe during the Middle Ages possessed few schools, little learning, and no periodic literature. A thorough examination of historical fact will illustrate that the Middle Ages were far from totally lacking in any of these particular areas. The barbarian invasions destroyed almost all of the Roman schools on the continent. Fortunately at this time the island kingdom of Ireland was on the threshold of her golden age. Because of her geographical location and war-like central government, she successfully repulsed the barbarians and became a haven of refuge for the learned and scholarly of the continent. For three hundred years the Irish schools and universities served as Europe's center of learning and supplied the continent with teachers for many of the monastery schools. These monastery schools, inadequate by our standards, were the small beginning of several of Europe's outstanding universities. If the reader is interested in learning more of these particular schools, especially those found in Ireland, I am sure he will be astonished by the quantity and quality of medieval education. From the tenth to the fifteenth century Europe experienced a tremendous growth of schools and universities. The eleventh century saw the beginnings of the University of Paris. In the twelfth century the Universities of Bologna and Montpellier were founded. The thirteenth century witnessed the founding of the Universities of Oxford, Valencia, Naples, Padua, Rome, Salamanca, Cambridge, and Lisbon. The Universities of Pisa, Valladolid, Prague, Vienna, Geneva, Cologne, Heidelberg, and Palermo were founded in the fourteenth century. The fifteenth century saw the founding of the Universities of Nantes, Bordeaux, Cracow, St. Andrews, Florence, and Copenhagen. There are several lesser universities that I have omitted from this list because of space. Contrary to popular conceptions Medieval Europe had a score of fine universities.

Turning to the literary aspect of this period one will discover that it is not completely barren. Though religious writings dominate, several serious secular works are most outstanding. The roster of serious philosophical thinkers includes such men as St. Augustine,

Boethius, John Scotus, Erigena, St. Anselm, Abelard, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham. If you have had a passing acquaintance with any of these gentlemen you will fully realize the depth and scope of their activity. The questions which these men considered were fundamental problems asked by the human intellect, and their learned conclusions have left an indelible mark on Western philosophy. Secular writing comes to the foreground in the later Middle Ages—Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and Boccaccio's *Decameron* are perhaps the most famous. Other outstanding writers during this period were Larris, Chopinel, Langland, and Malory. The Middle Ages also produced several hundred interesting manuscripts on mathematics, natural and medical science, chemistry, geography, history, and politics.

With a few very short and sketchy examples one can readily see that the Middle Ages were not as dark and confusing as some would be led to believe. To attempt to describe the Middle Ages as a historical period characterized by darkness and confusion is a simplified distortion in its crudest form. If we must justify our ideals, let us do so on their own merit and not by the common practice of hideous comparison with the Middle Ages. But to attempt to compare this Age with the brilliance of Rome and Greece is also foolish. It is relatively easy to discover the faults of any age, but quite difficult to examine the characteristics of an age in relationship to the entire situation. It is only when one can view a historical period as a whole that one can understand and appreciate its faults and virtues. In our scheme of historical valuation, the Middle Ages must necessarily be considered as an age of significant development of Western Civilization.

Reflections

By PATRICIA HEMENWAY



For Ladies Only

By ELENA DOVYDENAS

"Even now I shudder when I imagine the terror Charlotte must have felt and what her end might have been — had Coyne not overheard us talking. . ." These words appear under a picture of a mesmerized blonde who is enmeshed in bilious green and blue foliage while millions of eager housewives, letting their dishes soak in the sink, avidly turn the pages of *Ladies' Home Journal* to find out just what it was that Charlotte and I were talking about when Coyne overheard us.

But let us not be harsh and think that all stories are illustrated mainly with leaves. One has only to scan a few more copies of *McCall's* to find a tremendous variety of the painter's art; anything ranging from one blonde, two blondes, a blonde and a brunette, a blond man and a dark-haired woman, two women and a man, this latter being almost as common as two men and a woman, all executed with consummate skill to look one like the other. A one-time reader may be so naive and out of things to suggest that perhaps the artists do not adhere to the stories they are illustrating; ridiculous charge this, when any devotee knows that pictures and captions can be used interchangeably for any story without in any way misleading the reader. For example, the words "She could not go on this way any longer, deceiving Percival and loving Roger all the time," are equally appropriate for the story, "The Prettiest Girl in Town," or for the "Shredded Heart," and either opus can be illustrated by any number of man-woman combinations, any color hair.

Having unequivocally vindicated the illustrator and caption writer, let us now proceed to examine the plot of this unique genre of short story. First, above all, and last, we find the marvel of ingenuity, the plot of — as so well put by one of the authors under discussion — "the dazzling truth of boy meets girl"; obscure writers of by-gone ages have explored this dark territory with some success, but none have come up with so many variations as the men and women who toil to keep the housewife and lady of leisure pleasantly occupied in cultural pursuits. These writers are the first ones to introduce such nuances as: girl meets boy (this possibly the result of the women's rights movement); girl loses boy, finds

another just as good but usually better (perhaps the result of the trend toward positive thinking); girl meets two boys, can't make up her mind (definitely Freudian influence).

The themes thus briefly stated seem bare, but actually are rich with implications, if the discerning reader gives something of himself in the reading process. With unerring style and an eye for realistic detail—"She was barely twenty-one. Nobody kissed her. There had hardly been time." — the authors proceed to lead the story to a satisfying conclusion. For the world is always rosy and permeated with the odors of toast and coffee in the morning, where mother is harried but loving, father amusingly absent-minded, children insufferable pests who, however, must be borne for children are like that; where lovers in sophisticated metropolitan apartments are always ardent, romantic and *comme il faut*, where love is always at first sight or in two days at the longest, and men with thin aristocratic faces and humorous mouths, that could be very tender and very cruel, look at women as no men have looked at them before and where the night still falls like a black velvet curtain.

It might be profitable to end this discussion right here, but I cannot resist voicing one small doubt concerning an aspect of one particular story. In the roster of heroes and heroines named, Lys Holliday (f), Rory Mallory, Lynn Percival, Barry Dunhill, and Loren Rogers, the last named somehow disturbs me; by profession he is a science teacher, and Loren is much too frivolous a name for him.

Never to Know

By BARBARA C. FEDERER

Each man has his dream for which he strives. Each man has his hope with which he lives. Some men never attain their dreams; some never realize their hopes. Of these men most recognize their failure and live with the realization. Yet a few men never see their failure while those around them do and pity the seemingly blind drive that prevents self-evaluation. Leonard's dream was as simple as he was unassuming. A farm was all he ever wanted, a farm which to him represented everything clean and good in life. A farm was all he ever dreamed of, a farm which to him symbolized everything peaceful. And yet Leonard was never to gain his dream. Those around him perhaps feel a compassion for the failure that is his. Leonard does not realize his failure, nor will he ever remember the only thing he ever hoped for and lost. Perhaps Leonard was destined never to know.

The hum of bees filled the air; the sound rose and fell at intervals. Strange that above all else that sound should be the one clear link I have with my memory of that day. The surroundings, the faces of people, all seem vague to me. I cannot even see clearly in my mind the face of the man who knelt weeping before the semi-circle of beehives. All my attention had been focused on that face, and now the features are blurred in my memory. I remember someone, I know not who exactly, sprinkling kerosene around the hives. I sensed, rather than saw, a flame glow in the growing dusk, catch hold, and then move swiftly around and up the beehives until they were consumed in crackling flames. "This is absolutely ridiculous," I remember thinking, "bees can't burn and buzz at the same time." Then gradually the sound lessened and finally ceased altogether. The kneeling man wept with an even greater intensity, his body so convulsed with sobs that his entire form seemed to be jerking in a strange rhythm. "Now, now," someone said to him, "you know they were sick. They had to be destroyed. You understand, don't you?" The voice and the words irritated me. I wanted to yell to whoever it was that he was a complete fool and should know that he wasn't being understood. And then with a shock I realized that the sobbing man I regarded as a child was actually

about 48 years old. I turned for a moment, and as I did, the sobbing stopped. When I looked back again, Leonard was gone.

A search for Leonard began about nine that evening. The townsmen, those willing, started out in small groups, hoping to find him before it became necessary to notify the state police. I stayed with my grandmother at the old house which I had always called the "farm." The nearest farm neighbor was some two miles away, and I felt quite alone and somewhat afraid. The hours dragged by slowly. The state police arrived and joined in the search.

It was about midnight that I first noticed the strange whistling in the air. A long slow whistling sound, followed by a sharp crack; a pause of some thirty seconds would occur, then the pattern would be repeated. "Leonard's whip," flashed through my mind. He was out there somewhere in the dark cracking that old black whip he constantly carried. The sound seemed so near and yet I knew enough about the valley to know that on a cold, clear night noises could carry for two or three miles. I sat on the back porch steps, listening to the whistle of the whip, and my mind reviewed all that I had learned about Leonard from my grandparents and from the local gossips.

A third son was born to a family of "Ridge people" in Clearfield County. His father was of the "back hill folk" who to this day come to town on Saturday nights with rifles over their arms. His mother was hardly known, rarely seen. The townspeople shook their heads when they heard about the new arrival. Some were more explicit. "A sinful shame to bring another child like that into the world," Mrs. Purdy said to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Greeves. Mrs. Greeves shook her head in slow agreement, and then added, as she had when each child of the family in question had been born, "Maybe he'll be all right."

Life offered little to a boy who lived on the Ridge. Poverty was known, accepted, and never questioned. Plumbing, electricity, and heating were unheard of, but no home was without its private still. Leonard's father, like most of the men on the Ridge, did a little poaching on the Mosser's private estate, and in this manner kept his family from starvation.

Two of Leonard's brothers were mentally unbalanced. The younger of the two, Razy, occasionally went berserk. When this happened everyone just stayed out of his way, so no one felt any need to have him committed. Leonard's sister, Leora, wasn't quite as bad. She was merely considered a little strange. This, then, was the real evil that was to plague Leonard until he was twenty-two. After then it no longer mattered.

From all this horror a small boy began to emerge as an individual. There seemed to be little for which a boy could dream. Leonard learned very young that it was best to stay away from his family as much as possible. And so it was that he would walk to the nearest farm and watch the cows as they grazed in the pastures.

By the time Leonard was thirteen he knew exactly what he wanted from life. A farm became all he thought about, night and day. Animals, any kind of farm animals, but particularly cows, became his main interest. There came the time when merely observing was not enough. Leonard wanted to work on a farm. He chose Jamison's dairy farm for two reasons: Jamison had always seemed fairly friendly and then, too, he would be working on a farm that was known in three counties for its fine herd of Holsteins. Jamison listened quietly to Leonard's eager request and then told him to "get the hell off his farm." "After all," Jamison told his wife that evening at dinner, "the boy may seem normal enough, but I can't take the chance of his being as crazy as the rest of his folks. It probably runs in his blood."

And so it went; no farmer was willing to give Leonard any kind of a job. The dream seemed so far away and yet the hope was still there, somewhere deep in his mind. But the evil thing feared had already begun to work. Leonard became quieter, strangely removed from everything and everybody. The sickness was there, hidden with a dream.

Leonard's father, strangely enough, gave his son a new spark to life. One night, drunker than usual, he staggered into the broken-down shack, half-carrying, half-dragging a calf. Stealing was commonplace on the Ridge, so no one asked from where the calf had come. No one cared, least of all Leonard. The calf from that day forward became his whole life. He would sit for hours just staring

at it, thinking about the herd that some day would be his and the farm that would finally bring him contentment. The dream became a little stronger then, the illness perhaps a little weaker.

Razzy was to be the instrument of death for the dream. One evening when Leonard was eighteen, Razzy suffered one of his periodic sieges of complete madness. As usual no one interfered; everyone resigned themselves to waiting for the siege to run its course. But Razzy headed for the pen that housed the calf. In a moment of darkest, raging insanity he seized an axe and killed the calf. Leonard discovered the calf the next day. With his discovery, the dream died.

Leonard was rarely seen from that day on, spending most of his time alone in the woods. He would rarely speak to anyone, but constantly carried on a conversation with any animal within hearing distance. For Leonard humans were of no consequence; animals were the only thing of importance. By the time he was twenty-two, the illness had full control.

My grandfather had known Leonard from the time his dream had first begun. "Leonard," he would often say, "would sit and watch a man bleed to death in front of his eyes and never make a move to help him. But if any animal was ever so much as bruised, Leonard would sit up all night and cry. Maybe he's not as crazy as people think. I'd prefer animals for friends to a lot of people I know."

These were my thoughts as I sat listening to the whip cracking and whistling in the dark. They found Leonard about three o'clock, still crying, still cracking the long black whip in the dark, cool air. Whenever I hear the buzzing of a swarm of bees, I think of Leonard. I feel pity for him, pity for a man who could never reach his dream. And yet, Leonard does not even remember a dream. He has no recollection of anything but the present. He lives with a stray goat who shares his one-room shack, and I understand my grandfather helped him get some more bees. He is completely happy in his own world, desiring only to be left alone. Perhaps this is the fulfillment of his dream in a strange, distorted way. And if it isn't the dream a young boy once had, then Leonard is destined never to know.

“Later, Mom”

By ALBERT J. VALENIA

Don Thread's first glimpse of light came in a tiny but neat dressing room behind the Neptune Ballroom in the Robert Richter Hotel, Miami Beach. Neither Don nor his parents were guests of the luxurious Robert Richter; his parents were members of the orchestra. His father played tenor and baritone saxophone; his mother was the pianist. In coming into the world, Don played a solo from the start, for he was the first and only child of his parents. It is easy to see how jazz music became a dominating influence in Don's life, for it was that medium which tied the knot that bound his parents together.

When the initial thrill of parenthood wore thin after many nights of pacing the floor, changing and washing diapers, and other related tasks, Don found that he had to share his parents' love for him with their love for jazz. Their overwhelming interest in jazz had a very marked effect upon their way of life. They talked jazz and lived jazz. Jazz was their world. Nothing else mattered to Don's parents, except, perhaps, their son and the part he would someday play in the world of jazz.

Don's parents never envisioned him as a courageous country doctor, braving the elements to comfort someone in need. Nor did they picture him as a successful businessman, lawyer, or even as the president of the United States. Instead, they viewed his tiny, red, wrinkled form, and they saw a jazz musician. As far as they were concerned, his future was cellophane clear. He would never be a member of a philharmonic orchestra, but he certainly would someday be the leader of his own sextet, blowing his golden trumpet before crowds of cheering jazz enthusiasts.

Don cut his teeth on a toy plastic trumpet. His parents howled with glee when he somehow decided that he could blow it as well as chew it. The unrelated tones that he produced with the horn were quite meaningful to them. They both felt that he would undoubtedly be another Chet Baker or Dizzy Gillespie. Since his parents spoke only the language of jazz to him, it was no shock at all that his first words were 'daddy-o' and "mommy-o" rather than "da-da" and ma-ma."

By the time Don became of school age, his vocabulary and attitude were fairly well developed. When his mother presented him to the kindergarten teacher, Don looked the elderly lady over, and then gave her the classical jazz greeting: "What's happening, chick?" When the flabbergasted teacher told Don's mother in no uncertain terms what she thought of his pre-school education and environment, Don gave the gray-haired lady a disgusted look, tugged on his mother's skirt, and said, "Let's cut out of here, Mommy-o, I don't dig this scene at all." Needless to say, Don's school career was off to a rather precarious start.

Don had a difficult time making friends in school. He found no one who shared his blind, whole-hearted enthusiasm for jazz. While his classmates sat in the stadium urging the team to bring honor to the school, Don sat at the front table of a night club, deserted except for himself, and six people on the bandstand laboring over and arguing about the arrangements to be used for that evening's performance. It was only because his parents were members of the group that he was allowed to watch and listen. The band had come to consider him a permanent member of their audience, for he religiously attended every rehearsal and performance.

The band members were greatly amused by Don's jazz vocabulary, and also greatly impressed by his knowledge of and aptitude for jazz. He lost no time in becoming a well established member of the clique. Don was especially fascinated by Joe Liard, the trumpet-playing leader of the group. At the constant insistence of both Don and his parents, Liard eventually consented to teach Don the intricacies and subtleties involved in playing a trumpet. Don's parents soon afterwards rented a cheap trumpet so that he could practice all of the new lip, tongue, and finger movements that he had learned. The instrument was a leaky, antiquated Conn trumpet, but Don treated it as a priceless gem.

Playing a trumpet, Don was at last in his own element. He soon convinced his parents that knowledge of toleration acts and arthropods was of no use to a jazz performer. He quit school at the age of fifteen and began to devote all of his energies, analytically listening to and practicing jazz.

By the time he was eighteen, he had scrimped enough money to buy a top grade Bach trumpet. He lovingly fondled his new instrument and dreamed of the impression that he would someday create with it at such famous jazz institutes as Birdland, The Hickory House, and The Embers. He realized that to achieve this goal he needed much experience, so he organized a trio and began playing one- or two-night stands at the numerous, almost myriad bars of Miami Beach.

After four or five years of short engagements, he found that his popularity on the bandstand was increasing. Requests for his services began coming in from night clubs, and the following year he got a season contract in The Saxony on 33rd Street, one of the biggest and most luxurious hotels in Miami Beach.

But now that Don was well on his way to the fulfillment of his dreams, a weird change had come over him. He was literally beginning to live jazz! The modern jazz era had enveloped him. Just as modern jazz allowed complete and spontaneous freedom of expression on the bandstand, so Don began to behave off the bandstand. He neither cared nor knew what he would do next. Just as he would blow a piercing F over high C on his horn if his mood so prompted him, so he would whimsically punch some individual's nose.

The few friends whom he had managed to acquire gradually slipped away from him. The word of his caprices circulated about the town, and he soon found himself friendless, jobless, and penniless. Since he had nowhere else to turn, he decided to return to the small three-room dwelling of his unsuccessful, but gainfully employed, parents. He didn't really relish the thought, for the simple reason that he had completely ignored them for the past eight years. However, he had received mail regularly from his mother complimenting him on his progress and urging him onward.

He walked up the sidewalk dividing the parched lawn and rang the doorbell. He was greeted by a fat, graying, middle-aged lady whom he hardly recognized. He smiled half-heartedly, and said, "Hi, Mommy-o, what's happening?" His mother looked at him as though he were a great distance away, and then shrieked, "Get out of my

life, you empty failure! You're nothing but a drag on civilization!"

Not appearing the least bit shaken, Don turned around, and as he walked slowly away he quietly threw two words at her from over his shoulder, "Later, Mom."

Shortly afterwards, as he climbed over the railing of the MacArthur Causeway, he stared down at the treacherous, but calm-appearing Indian River one-hundred feet below him. He grinned; then he laughed aloud as he thought of a swinging new song title — "Later, Mom." He hummed a few bars, and then took the one short step from the bandstand so familiar to him.

Mood, Madness, and Fantasy

By NICHOLAS ANTHONY GATTO

WAS HE MAD

There was madness in his heart; and there was madness in his eyes. Madness was felt through his limbs; and madness flowed through his veins — but was he mad? That is the question. Was he mad? Was he? Was he? Was he? Mad?

He sat there, sad. He was depressed. He may have even felt contempt for himself. He. He. He. All he ever did care about was himself. Now all he had to care about was himself. She wasn't here anymore.

"She loved me," he thought, "sure she did. I know she loved. I know. She always said she loved me. Oh, how she loved me. She gave me her all. She was firm, proud. And her heart was full. A strong mind, a vibrant body. High breasts. Yes, her breasts were high — she was living warm."

He pictured her warm body. He reached for the bottle on the table. His eyes were pea-like small; his hair was cut sharp and hanging in his eyes.

His little eyes glittered like stars, and changeable in appearance — sometimes seemingly bubbles.

The weapon in his hand was steadied, and pointed toward his head. The cat was perched on a chair behind him. They exchanged glances, but the cat was unconcerned.

He could kill this cat first, but he had one bullet, and that must be for himself. He had no right to live. She had no right to live. The cat had no right to live.

But humans conceive humans; animals conceive animals. He had no right to harm this cat. He stroked her softly. "I love you, kitten. I love you, kitten. Do you love me? I would have harmed you, but now I wouldn't."

The wine went down warm; then it left a chill. The cat shrieked when he tightened his hand at her neck. Her neck. Her neck. Her neck. She had such a pretty neck. He loved her. She loved him; sure she did.

There was paper at her desk. He would write a note first. When he eased his conscience, then maybe he would be able to use the weapon he clasped tight in his hand. He was crazy with fear. He feared himself. What he could do to himself.

Childhood was mean to him. Sure it was. But now he was older. No one could tell him what to do now.

A child. Let them call me a child. But what is any grownup if he isn't a child of a different age? That's it, he agreed with himself. Man at any age is nothing more than a child of a different age.

His first wife had given him a child. It was a son, but they both left him. There must be something better than life. There must be a higher form of life after leaving this one. They must have gone somewhere when life left them. Living is a struggle.

The pale pink of this room is blinding. I'll pull the drapes, and shut out the sun. His hand hit the tear in the drapery, and he swore, and he slammed his hand against the wall. He wouldn't dare look down to the floor.

"Oh, you filthy soul! You foul soul! Will you ever be cleansed? I love you, when I want to hate you.

"After Sarah and your son died, there was nothing much left, but your love for yourself kept you going. Self-respect is a funny thing, when you care about it one day and don't care about it the next. Sarah was your first wife, and her child was your first child.

"Children. You do love children."

His mind wandered to England; to its raids; its women; his second wife; his second and third child. He was happy with Cecil-lee, his children Joanie and Edward. How could he forget the happy times with them? He was off to war when it happened. Cecil-lee died fast from the effects of a bombing raid. Joanie suffered for a month before she died. He watched her suffer. Edward lived, only to be blind, and he flew him to his mother's home in Pennsylvania. She would take good care of him. Ed is twelve years old now, and will have a major operation in June. Just three more months, and he may see again. He must see again!

A few years after the war, he met Sarella in France. Sarella was wealthy and selfish. Cruel at times. And she only wanted the physical part of him. He thought of her now, and he threw his glass to the wall in disgust.

They spent many nights by candlelight, sipping wine, and looking at the moon-covered Riviera. They walked the countryside, and went dancing often; but Sarella only loved his body, and his sensitive movement. She was bewitching, and she drained all the strength his body possessed. He loved her; she loved the vibrancy of his body.

When he tired of her vile game, he walked out on her, and she committed suicide. She made a show of herself by parading to and fro on the ledge of a ten-story building. He watched along with a crowd at the street level, never thinking her capable; but she was. When no one begged her to come down, she jumped.

It was a year after Sarella had committed suicide that her lawyers had located him in Madrid. Sarella had left all her money to him; and he donated it all to charity.

All he did at Madrid was some painting. He wandered most of the time attempting to drink his worries away. But then he told himself his worries were no longer worries, but of the dead past.

Italy was next, with its poetic cities of Venice, Naples, and then he spent a full year at Rome — the Eternal City.

Rome brought him back on the road that is the most narrow in human living. He grew to love the art which was everywhere to be seen and appreciated. He received commissions to do portraits, and soon he did landscapes. At the home of a very wealthy airlines owner, he was given a commission to do a series of posters for an advertisement booklet.

He ran off with the airlines owner's daughter, and they were married in Switzerland. He sent his private plane after them, asking his daughter to come home. They went home together.

A rejected suitor got too drunk and when he attempted to kiss her, she slapped him. "If I can't have you, then no one can." He stabbed her.

He fought to get the knife from the man's hand, and when his arm got slashed, he forced the blade directly into the murderer's stomach. The jealous suitor lay dead, a pool of blood on the marble floor. Tears couldn't relieve the pain.

How well he remembered the short happy periods of his life. How hard he tried to blot them from his memory now.

The sea was the only answer when Theresa died. He joined the United States Navy. His desperateness grew with great intensity and he became everything he disliked in Sarella. All he wanted in life was satisfaction to his mounting physical desires. Women, women, and more women. There just weren't enough women. Women should show him more. Most women didn't have enough to offer. Not love, nor money, nor satisfaction. Not enough, anyway.

The Statue of Liberty was a fine sight when he returned home after many years of roaming. As soon as he left the service, he went to see his mother and his son Edward. A few months elapsed, and he was off again — Florida, New Orleans, St. Louis, Dallas, Nevada, and California.

"That's it. I haven't quite accomplished much," he told himself. He stroked the cat now, and then he sat down pleasantly to rest. He couldn't kill himself. He didn't want to.

The cat wandered over to the window.

He looked up to the torn drape.

Her body was crumpled upon the floor, with finger marks on her neck.

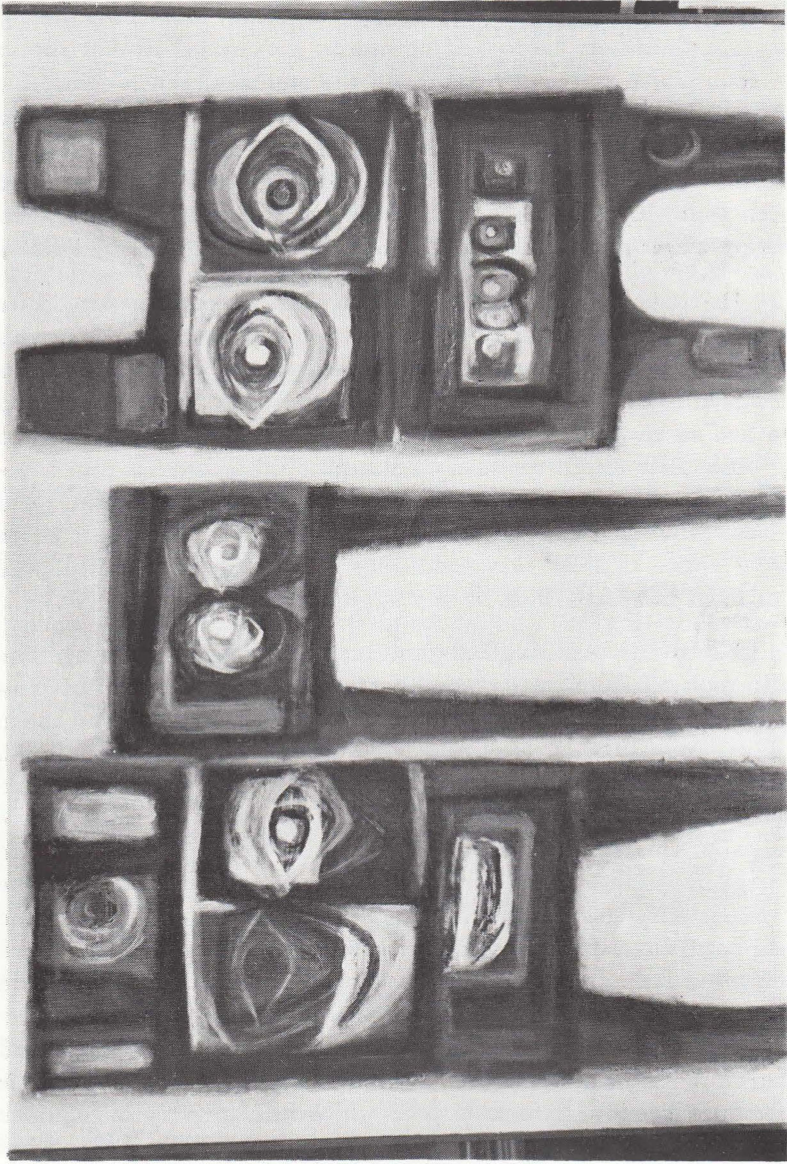
"She was no good — a cheat, a cheap bitch. I loved her and she betrayed my love. I'm glad this is a small unknown city, and not a fine city such as Rome."

There was madness in his heart; and there was madness in his eyes. Madness was felt through his limbs; and madness flowed through his veins — but was he mad? Was he? Was he? Was he? Mad?

BANG! He sat there, dead.

The Modern Family

By BERNARD J. ZAWISA



COME!!!

By JAMES CORNELIUS

He sang happily in the utilitarian but pleasant cabin of his spacecraft with its accompanying smooth, steady hum of powerful engines. Smilingly he looked outside at the myriad distant specks of stars which glittered brightly in the eternal darkness while his great silver ship bored its way steadily through the limitless void of space at a speed far surpassing that of light itself. He was happy because he was nearing his goal — returning home at last! He had been following his present course for more than a week now, and he grew ever more confident that finally he was on the right track.

He thought, fondly now, of the accident which had started him homeward once again. He was the first man to have left the earth's orbit; he had been chosen to try the radical new rocket which was designed to draw power from the ultimate source, light waves, and he had carried the hopes of the free world as the scientists tried to push their recent tremendous scientific breakthrough into a vehicle that would give their combined nations a commanding lead in the arms race. His ship and its achievements were expected to serve notice that his homeland once again was all powerful and not to be tampered with by any aggressor nation.

However, something had gone awry at the very beginning. The ship took off from earth smoothly enough in a great rush of temporary power from the conventional rockets and soon was above the atmosphere where the rays from the sun shone undiminished. These rays, or those from any star, were to provide the power source for the newly developed magnetic solar engine in his ship. Theoretically, this engine was to draw in the basic photons of pure energy from the light beams which were so concentrated in the crystal clarity above the atmosphere of the earth. The new engine had been successful all right, but its degree of success was beyond the wildest expectations of the scientists and of the designers. Where a speed of several thousand miles per hour at most had been expected, the actual speed became well over several light years a second within moments after the new engine started operating. It was this tremendous, extra, unforeseen speed which had upset all calculations and which had lost Jacques among the stars before he knew what

was happening. He had had only time to radio a message back to earth that the new engine was starting to function when he was out of his charted surroundings, and beyond all radio and radar contact. Before he could compensate for his speed and bring the ship under the proper control, he was seemingly lost beyond recall in the vast, unknown, and uncharted spaces among the galaxies.

In the following period of almost seven years he had sought, frantically at first, then systematically, or as systematically as was possible in the many dimensional vastnesses of his unknowable surroundings, to find his way back to his comparatively tiny and insignificant home planet. In this time he had learned all the details of the use and control of the new engine as well as of its formidable potentialities. This skill and knowledge seemed to be of no help to him, however, as he wandered from one star system to another, always seeking his own galaxy and never finding anything even vaguely familiar.

During his searching, he got close-up views of many planets and searched some of them minutely and unsuccessfully from the air for signs of life. He had seen unimagined phenomena of the star systems, had seen nebulae stars, twin stars, banded stars, comets, and even star explosions, but none of these were of even passing interest now. He had made detailed records, however, and knew that these would help greatly in scientific theory formulation if he could ever get back to earth.

He thought, sometimes gratefully and sometimes malevolently, of the scientist who had perfected the concentrated food capsules — one of which provided nourishment for a week — and who had insisted on putting several gross aboard. These capsules were all that kept him alive, but sometimes, when despair overcame him, he wished that he weren't alive and that he would run out of capsules, or that he had never even had any capsules.

Such periods of despondency never lasted long, however, and now were a thing of the past because of the accident. He had been sleeping with the ship on slow speed and with the automatic pilot which reacted negatively to avoid collisions in control, when through some chance or turning in his sleep the automatic pilot had been turned off. He had awakened with a start as the ship turned

violently and threw him across the cabin. He had quickly gotten the ship under control and left it on its new heading since he didn't know any better direction. Almost immediately, however, he had noticed in his visiscope a star which looked familiar in its background of celestial bodies. He had wildly grabbed the charts which he knew by heart, but which would surely show him to be dreaming or thinking wishfully again as had so often been the case in the first and second years. With growing elation he saw that this time he was not wrong. He actually was in charted territory after wandering zillions of miles among the vastnesses of space, and he was now able to head for home because of one miraculously fortunate accident.

He saw, with great anticipation, his own solar system ahead, and diminished the power of the engine as he came near it. He was soon passing Saturn and Jupiter and went to the right side of the sun to reach the earth which was on the far side from the spaceship. Upon approaching earth, he slowed down to a mere crawl; and as he entered the atmosphere he eagerly saw the familiar outlines of the continents just as on the globes when he had gone to school. There was one difference, though; the land masses looked reddish. He thought that that was another thing which he must tell them when he landed — the land masses do not look green as everyone had always supposed but are reddish, something like Mars.

As he slowed even further, for his entry into the earth's denser air levels, he wondered at the complete lack of radio and television contact but ascribed it to some malfunction of his spaceship's apparatus since he had been away so long.

As he neared the earth, he saw that the land was indeed red and strange-looking and he could not account for it. He first came close to the ground over Egypt and noticed that the pyramids had a copperish red cast also. Further, what apparently had once been cities nearby were now unsightly ruins. He took no time for close examination but headed over the Mediterranean Sea toward home. As he flashed over Gibraltar, he saw that it was unchanged in shape but that it was also a reddish color. However, he seemed to remember that Gibraltar had always been a reddish brown. He did wonder, though, why there were no ships in the harbor nor even any in the

Atlantic. As he continued toward home, the water below was a dull, slate-gray, but this rather dismal drabness did nothing to dampen his high spirits over his return to civilization. After all, there wasn't a cloud in the sky; and the visibility was perfect. In a twinkling he was over his home base near New York City, but something was wrong. There was no longer a city. All was desolation; not a building was standing whole; the great piers were completely gone; the bridges were submerged; and even the approaching roads were indistinct. Over all was the tawny red color which he had first noticed from beyond the atmosphere.

He thought angrily that he was too late. The worst had happened, and now some of America's major cities were in ruins. Well, he would join the resistance group, and they would gather survivors and would fight on by themselves until they attained the ultimate victory with his marvelous new rocket-ship. He thought that perhaps in Washington, D.C., the government would be operating and he could offer his services to avenge this devastation. Foreboding grew, however, as the countryside he passed over revealed no sign of activity. Philadelphia was red rubble like New York, and when he arrived, he saw that Washington was the same. He figured that they must be out West, so he headed there. He searched the country from coast to coast in his speedy rocket until the sun went down, but could find no sign of life anywhere — not on the plains, nor on the coasts, nor among the mountains.

"Well," he thought, "I'll investigate the Orient and see if the Russians have taken all of the survivors prisoner and put them somewhere in Siberia." The Far-East, however, and all of Russia were also the scene of the same type of red-brown desolation as America. He pictured the cataclysm that must have occurred. The opposing fleets of rockets and missiles had done their work well, too well! But the scientists had agreed that some must escape no matter how bad the blasts were or how many of them occurred, so surely there were many survivors in the jungles and in the southern hemisphere. He vowed to himself that he would search for years if necessary, but he would find them no matter where they were.

It was the seventh day since he had first entered the earth's atmosphere when he became discouraged. Not a living thing was

left. He had gone over the land masses with a fine-tooth comb, with the methodical thoroughness which he had developed while examining strange planets during his space travels. He had thought that surely some people would have been in a deep mine or perhaps in an air-raided shelter and would have survived, but there was no evidence of any life whatsoever remaining in all the world.

In despair he returned toward the United States. He flew low and slowly across the country scrutinizing it carefully without success and found himself over the rubble that had been New York City. He thought that he might as well land and then at least his ship would be still and he wouldn't have to be so eternally watchful of collisions and such. Then, too, he could carefully think things over and decide on something to do. He landed on a smooth spot on the ruin that had been Manhattan Island. The space was small but his aircraft landed tail first and needed only a small area.

When the ship had settled to rest, he thought that it certainly felt good to be on something solid once again even if he had no place to go. The instruments in his ship showed that the radioactivity outside was zero! Therefore, the end must have come more than a year ago. Other instruments showed that the air was breathable, so apparently the oxygen hadn't been all used up. "Well," he thought, "as long as I'm here, I may as well go outside." He lowered the ladder and climbed down to the ground. In spite of his despair, he felt a rush of exhilaration as his feet touched solid earth once more. The exhilaration was short lived, though, as he looked at his surroundings. He thought that he would look around a bit and see what he could find. Perhaps some kind of clue could be found which would explain what had happened and where the survivors had gone, if there had been any survivors.

He chose a likely direction and started off among the ruins. The sun was shining down hotly and the air was oppressive and stifling, without movement. There was no motion anywhere. There were no buildings, only piles of rubble of various sizes. These piles contained stone, bricks, and concrete, but no wood or paper or anything combustible and curiously they didn't contain even one vestige of metal! Not one girder, no matter how bent and twisted, remained; nor one bent piece of wire nor one automobile part could be seen.

Apparently, the metal, too, had burned in the tremendous heat which the blasts must have exerted. Over everything was a thick layer of coarse red ashes which accounted for the terra-cotta tinge which everything had when seen from the air.

He shouted once and the sound seemed swallowed up as soon as it left his lips. There was no echo, and it was almost as if he hadn't made any sound in the first place. He looked back toward the ship once and was grateful to see it still standing there gleaming reassuringly in the bright sunlight. He said to himself, "Thank goodness for the ship, anyway!" He didn't admit to himself how worried he was and he had to keep a tight rein on himself to keep from giving in to outright panic. He tried to prevent his worst fears from coming to the surface of his mind by walking rapidly and looking curiously at all the walls and streets remaining. He could not shut out his thoughts completely, however, and a cold chill went down his back all the way to his heels. He noticed that the sun was now almost down to the horizon. He continued climbing up and down among the piles of ashes and rubble and then more ashes, finding nothing, and not even knowing what it was that he was looking for. He thought that these ashes must be fine for ants and this gave him an idea. He scrutinized the ground carefully for signs of the tiny insects but there were no such signs. There wasn't a living thing around besides himself — not a person nor an animal of any kind, not even a mouse — not a tree nor a blade of grass, not even a weed. Just ruins and rubble and the everlasting red ashes were left here in the midst of what had only a short time ago been the world's greatest city.

He started back toward the ship. He had come a long way from it and it was rough going through the rubble. Luckily he could follow his tracks; there were certainly no others to confuse him or make his retracing difficult. It was getting dark fast and he bitterly called himself a fool for this carelessness in leaving the ship. After all hadn't he just had seven years of being lost and wasn't that being lost the reason he was alone now — so alone! At this his loneliness flooded over him as the sea would close above a drowning person. He had kept it back for seven years with the hope of returning, but now he no longer had hope. His shoulders sagged, his feet

seemed too heavy to lift, too heavy to put one in front of the other. He didn't want to go on. Why should he? Where was he to go, anyhow? With the sun's light almost completely gone from the sky above he grew cold and was soon chilled to the bone. If he didn't get back to the ship he would freeze to death.

He plodded mechanically and followed his tracks around a last large heap of rubble and saw the long clean lines of his space-ship standing stark and tall in the midst of the ruins. He reached the ladder and after a last look around he turned to climb into the ship when suddenly the oppressive silence was split by a loud male voice booming, "Come, for you also shall make an accounting!" Startled, Jacques looked around, and there sitting on top of a nearby pile of rubble was a man garbed in shining white cloth. This was the first color he had seen since returning to earth that wasn't tinged with red. As he opened his mouth to speak, his weariness fled and a joyous feeling came over him. This devastation of the earth had not been man's work after all, and it was not the end then but just a pause — a punctuation mark as it were — supplied by God! This was really to be the beginning then as the Bible had predicted, and there would be more adventures for him just ahead. But his guide had turned and started to leave already, and now had turned back and was beckoning to him to come. And so he went — !

The Steeds of Caesar

By EDWARD J. MILOWICKI

*Know, poet, it is very wrong
To bind a sunset with a song;
For tied in twisted lines of verse
A sunset is so much the worse.*

— from "A New Ballad."

With the current clamor for an enlightened, or at least improved system of education there come, like hoboes scurrying alongside a slowly departing freight, numerous advocates of various hypotheses, antitheses, and syntheses, demanding recognition as the bearers of glad tidings and the solvers of the riddle — Oedipus, though blind, has returned.

Some of the systems advocated are future-oriented, stressing preparation for adjustment; some are present-oriented, stressing immediate adjustment; and some are past-oriented, stressing present or future adjustment through a conscious effort springing from a consideration of the heritage.

From a utilitarian point of view it would seem that those disciplines which are present-and future-oriented are preferable to those disciplines which are past-oriented, since revisions necessitated by the passage of time or by the alteration of contemporary viewpoints present an awkward and difficult situation to the teacher of the past-oriented system. That is, the student who is studying the mores of the past — distant or immediate — is often learning a system of mores and values which is alien to his own culture — consider the student of today who studies the history of the "wild west!"

Nor can the teacher alter history without there being some painful groan from the graves of Hitler, Napoleon, and Caesar, or from his own conscience.

But whether or not we should re-orient our educative system is debatable, since even a past-oriented system can be more efficacious than a present-or future-oriented system when the teacher is gifted. Nor has sufficient research been completed in psychology, anthropology, and sociology to provide a certain basis upon which education may be established.

But there are two other categories within education that require immediate attention, for these two categories contain the aforementioned three categories, and our system of education is built, or can be built, upon one or the other, or upon aspects of both. In addition to being past, present, or future oriented, our educational system is oriented toward utilitarian, or practical goals, and toward aesthetic, or "impractical" goals.

Since the bane of the essayist is concreteness, I hesitate to deviate into it; however, some practical goals would be social adjustment, reading, writing, formulation of concepts of goodness and badness, etc.; some "impractical" goals would be appreciation of the most abstruse music, art, poetry, etc. . (It should be pointed out that I consider the appreciation of Art for the sake of itself — for its inherent beauty — as "impractical.")

Science and mathematics — although some mathematicians might wince — would be included in the utilitarian category.

Thus the question which confronts the educator of today, and which is of far greater urgency than the time orientation problem, is whether the impractical aspects of life should receive as much attention as the practical aspects of life, or less, or more. In other words, will an increased amount of time spent and stress placed upon those subjects which are considered Art result in an advance, in a benefit for civilization?

I say no. Or if an advance is achieved, it will be so minuscule as to be negligible in relation to the time and effort spent upon it — this is especially true in the secondary and elementary school, where maturation is still in progress, and where little or no selective processes are employed in regard to student ability.

But the utilitarian value of aesthetic training in college can also be questioned. Art can only be vindicated if it aids a person in understanding himself or others — Art does this. But not as well as do sociology or psychology. But Art does this more beautifully, one might say. This is true — but the beauty of Art has been the bane of mankind, for in striving after some perfect form or truth in Art the intellectual, like the German questing after some distorted idea of perfection, has diverted his talent, has ignored his fellow man. Nor can the intellectual learn of his fellow man to any

great deal through Art; he can only learn of his fellow man through contact with his fellow man.

In pursuing some dim and distant goal (often never oriented toward eventual humanistic benefits) the Artist through time has come to isolate himself in his Art form: the abstract painting remains a puzzle to most; Eliot and Pound have made of poetry a word game, surpassed in intricacies only by the secret codes of secret nations; Joyce has made of the novel an esoteric crossword puzzle; and even music, the purest of the Arts, seems to be wandering through a smog-filled labyrinth of discordancies.

Why has Art turned further and further from the common man, until it has virtually become a private conversation? The implication is that the common man has failed. The truth is that Art has failed.

Art has failed because of its very nature: it can only, at any time, appeal to a certain few. Its value lies, and has always lain in what these certain few gifted persons could do, with their enlightenment through Art, to improve the lot of the many.

It is time to cease relying on imitations of reality to discern reality — it is obvious that reality is much more meaningful than its imitation. Nor does the fact that all experiences cannot be had by any given person necessitate Art (as a supplement to experience), for the principal experiences — death, hate, love — which engender powerful emotions are almost invariably encountered by every human being — in this, and in this only, perhaps, are most of us equal.

Leaving Art to the cult of the esoteric, educators must turn to other areas of experience which hold promise of encouraging an expansion of the human understanding: science, society, and self.

Perhaps a greater understanding of these spheres of being, science, society, and self, will help man to develop out of himself, will help him to understand, to behave positivistically, to love. And is this not what Art has been attempting to accomplish by devious means through the ages: to realize man's potential for understanding?

When man becomes capable of understanding all that is within him and within others, he will no longer need Art. For Art is merely the conscious expression of the "unconscious realization" that something is lacking in life.

Upon Consideration

By ROBERT TENER

The author of "The Steeds of Caesar" has proposed that the American system of education be utilitarian and that educators stress in elementary and secondary schools as well as in college such practical courses as reading, writing, sociology, etc., rather than the impractical courses in art, music, and poetry. Because the latter seem to have value only for a gifted few, he has suggested that educators turn to those areas of experience that, being not humanistic imitations of reality, ". . . hold promise of encouraging an expansion of the human understanding: science, society, and self."

Upon consideration there seems to be nothing wrong with such a utilitarian concept of education. Indeed it has much to offer because it stresses both understanding and doing, and is not as lopsided as most educational systems are. It has its goals embodied within the humanistic tradition and does not postulate the doctrine that all men have equal talents.

I am disturbed, however, by the insidious thought that in careless hands such a system could very easily tend towards a preparation for only the immediately practical goals in life at the expense of certain areas which, while having no apparently practical use, do enable one to approach life more evenly. In the system as proposed, poetry, art, and music are not eliminated, only relegated to a more modest position in the educational scheme of things. But under a Philistine administration, such areas might very well be eliminated.

While their retention when moderately stressed can only irritate the many who have little appreciation for them, their loss can seriously impair the intellectual and emotional expansion of those few sensitive to man's emotional struggle to understand himself and to give beauty of form and discipline to what otherwise appears chaotic. Were such to happen, then the inherent seeds of self-destruction (and every educational system has them) would become fertilized, and the system would degenerate to the point where it would be no longer capable of producing those imaginative and sensitive individuals who give beauty and permanence to this fertile ball of civilization.

Isolated from a goal, progress has no meaning; with direction it has at best only a relative meaning. But the work of creative artists supplements this indecisiveness of progress by providing a sense of order and dignity that enables men to survive the destructive processes released unwittingly by society simply because progress, being so relative, can never be completely controlled or consciously directed.

It would be a disastrous mistake, then, to allow any educational system to develop in only one direction at the expense of a few gifted persons. To prevent such an inevitable process would not be easy. Perhaps one might suggest that the proposed system have a humanistic rather than a utilitarian framework within whose dimensions the practical aspects could develop most freely while those essentially impractical areas would never stagnate. They would always be there, waiting for the eager in heart, like an empty vase lacking only the flowers to make it an attractive and necessary brightness in an otherwise drab room. One would also hasten to add that such courses would be offered at all educational levels and that students would be encouraged to take them.

Man does not search for bread alone. He seeks happiness, pleasure, knowledge, wisdom, and spiritual comfort because these give his life meaning. But he also strives for beauty because it appeases a hunger within him that nothing else satisfies. To be successful in the long run then, an educational system must provide for the satisfaction of both an individual's and a society's needs. It must enable society to give life meaning and help an individual satisfy his inner yearnings. As a pendulum must it swing, now favoring the many, now helping the few, and never remaining fast in any one position.

The modified system of education suggested in this essay might well continue as the ideal pendulum. Trained within its period, a student could understand the psychologist's statement that desires generate their own fears, but he would also have the chance to appreciate the beautiful way in which poetry can touch upon the universality and oneness of life, as in Sara Gmitter's poem, "Weeds,"

Guiltily, creepingly,
Like a tom peeping;

Arid endurance,
Genic insurance;

Gravidly, swollenly,
Blatantly seeding.

Here, the metaphor of the scrawny alley cat, surviving despite its rigorous environment because of its urge to perpetuate itself, reminds us that life, whether it be a weed, a tom cat, or a human, has in common the impelling necessity of surviving; has in common built in organic features which ensure that the experiment that man calls life shall not fail because there is an ordered pattern to life after all.

Practical courses teach us that life has meaning and give us the wherewithal to live; courses in poetry, music, and art show us through their emphasis on beauty within form that life has a sense of order and purpose. Each group, in this way, supplements the other. Within the development of an educational system both have their proper merits and places; both are necessary if the American educational system is to encourage "...an expansion of the human understanding. ..."

R I V E R

By JANET ZIEGLER

The flow of it comes from when and goes to then.
 Within its depths a thousand currents run.
 All converge on it, to it; they then are it,
 A part of it;
 That's all we know of it.

Over the rapids it swirls and whirls around the rocks.
 Right there it would halt if it might,
 But the passage is pushed midst the tumbling white;
 The crash of it,
 As it drops from a height.

Then slowly it flows half unseen and *sonore*,
 Slothful and tired in apparent repose.
 Direction derived from the law of the earth.
 The end of it
 Then is found in its birth.

1955



Michelangelo's David

By JANET ZIEGLER

What loving conception of hand and stone
 Has created your Apollonian shape?
 What unfathomed spark promoted the bone
 To incarnate itself and thus to frame
 In your cold perfection, what it cannot remain?

It would be an excess to attribute your form
 To your own history, O Son of Jesse,
 Or to the source from which the narcissus was born.
 Was it not the imagination which first caressed
 You and tried in appearance to hide its distress?

1955

Song Is Not Sing

By ROBERT TENER

Song is not Sing
By river run
For one
In wing;

Song is not Word, nor Wind
Along the swerve of shore
Where trees have limned
The sky, nor

Art of clay
Cupped out in wound
Of shore, by broken ruined,

Nor Falling dip down earth to day
Upwarding out of hill
Round river's sill.

Song is not Sing for I-One
Bending by river run,
Not Word, nor Wind, nor Wound, nor Falling,
Nor I-One shore to shoring:

Song is not Sing
By river run
For one
Less-thing.

1.27.58

By ROBERT TENER

Wide are the windows
By my bed
Where the walling brick is bled,
Streaked by the bleaching lime,
And the moon stands still upon imagination's time,
Where drips an ivy vine
Down the cotton line,
Roof to earth,
Threading fragile roots for its rebirth
Drop by drop, while mirth
Upon the sill
Perches with a Cheshire grin
Amidst the din
Of laughter shrill
From the kissing couple
Far below — each so supple —
Then the moon moves past imagination's time
Leaving behind the open window and vine, the lovers, cat, and
leeching lime.



A Present

By EDWARD MCCAFFERTY

The moon is caught in the crotch of a tree.
I shall carry it down,
Put it in a basket,
And bring it home for you.

Linotype



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A BUST

By DR. KRUGER



5-19-58

Dear Fred,

This magazine might interest you;
why, I don't know, but I just thought
that it might.

Elena Dovydenas