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Editor's Note:

P'an Ku was the ancient Chinese, mythological God of Creation. The Chinese believed that a person endowed with artistic creativity had been possessed by the radiating powers of P'an Ku.

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We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the aid extended by Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, Dean of Instruction, and Dr. H. M. Ledbetter, Chairman of the Division of Humanities.

Sept 1968

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THE HURRICANE, FLORIDA'S ANNUAL ENIGMA

D. M. STOWERS

Now that the end of the 1964 hurricane season is approaching, we are warned by the United States Weather Bureau that the 1965 season may be, if the prognostications are correct, even more intense than this year. Although this weather phenomenon is recognized and endured by the majority of Florida's population, relatively little factual knowledge concerning the origin, development and characteristics of this storm has actually been assimilated by the public.

The technical definition of a hurricane may be simply 'a tropical windstorm in which the winds reach an excess of seventy-four miles per hour.' This definition leaves much to be desired in the way of a true picture of what this phenomenon actually is. The tropical hurricane is not the most powerful storm which affects the earth's surface in regard to actual wind velocity; however, it is by far the most damaging to life and property. The middle latitude tornado, also a counter-clockwise circulation of air, has generated winds in excess of five hundred miles an hour. The damage of this storm area, however, is usually less than one mile in width. Hurricanes are found in various parts of the world and have been given many endearing names. For example, in the Pacific area, where they are called typhoons, these storms are referred to by the Australians as the "willy-willies."¹ Regardless of location on the earth's surface or names given to these storms, they possess the same cause of origin and characteristics.

In recent years, as you are aware, hurricanes in this hemisphere have had feminine names. The first hurricane of each season is given a feminine name beginning with the letter 'A', the second with the letter 'B', etc. These names are changed each year to avoid confusion.

In order to make this discussion meaningful, it will be limited to information pertaining to those hurricanes which affect only the southeastern United States and adjacent areas. The origin or birthplace of hurricanes occurs in areas close to the equator. Usually this is between five and fifteen degrees latitude. They form during particular times of the year when causal elements are more pronounced. In the West Indies region, for example, almost eighty per cent of the hurricanes occur during the months of August, September and October.² This period is generally considered the Florida season, although the United States Weather Bureau extends its official season for Florida into November.

It must honestly be stated that all of the factors that trigger the formation of a hurricane are not known. However, much specific information regarding their origin has now been cataloged. Hurricanes always originate as vortices (counter-clockwise whirls) within the above mentioned general equatorial zone. The vortices must occur in this area in order to spawn a hurricane, and not directly over the equator, as the Coriolis force produces the cyclonic circulation characteristic of a hurricane.

In addition to these factors, there must be a suitable wind arrangement to bring about vertical air motion which

will induce sufficient adiabatic cooling and induce condensation. Even with these factors plus condensation, an easterly storm usually results instead of a hurricane. However, if the energy derived from the condensation of water vapor is sufficiently converted into enough kinetic energy, the process of convection (rising air) is stimulated and surrounding air is drawn inward, with a resultant storm.

The formation of a hurricane may take place in the brief span of a day or it may require as long as a week to evolve. Usually it moves slowly in a westward direction away from the equator. During this early period it will not usually move more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles a day.³ The further it ravel from the equator, the greater forward speed is to be expected, unless some other significant weather pattern abnormally affects it.

The rainfall associated with a hurricane is often prodigious. The heaviest twenty-four hour rainfall on record occurred at Baguio (Luzon) in the Philippines in 1941, when forty-six inches fell.⁴ The heaviest twenty-four hour rainfall recorded in the United States resulted from a hurricane at Taylor, Texas in 1921 and amounted to twenty-three and eleven hundredths inches. Although heavy precipitation usually accompanies this type of tropical storm, the amount of rain differs significantly with the size of the storm. As an example, Cleo, the third hurricane of 1964, was considered a "dry" hurricane and most observers agreed to this fact.

Barometric readings also vary significantly during the life of a hurricane. Sea level pressures below twenty-eight inches (948.2) are commonplace. The lowest official reading made during an Atlantic hurricane was made at Lower Matecumbe Key in Florida in 1935 when the mercury dropped to twenty-six and thirty-five hundredths inches (892.3 millibars). These low pressure gradients have been known to trigger winds up to a measured one hundred and eighty miles per hour (not including tornado funnels).

One of the most interesting factors of the hurricane is its "eye". Lack of knowledge relating to the hurricane eye or center was undoubtedly responsible for the many deaths due to hurricanes in previous years. The residents of western Fort Lauderdale, Florida, experienced an oval shaped eye or calm area during Cleo which lasted in some areas for as long as eighty minutes. Normally the eye averages about fifteen miles in diameter and is well defined; however, some eyes have measured up to forty miles in diameter in large storms. The winds of highest velocity surround the eye edge and are most damaging in the northeast quadrant. These winds around the circumference of the eye are commonly referred to as the cloud wall.

Although wind damage occurs over a large area and is frequently rather severe, the greatest damage and danger is from water. Waves that develop in powerful hurricanes are not only dangerous to shipping, but also do extensive damage to the beaches and adjacent areas. As the storm approaches land the danger to the lowlands is usually expressed in terms of a "hurricane wave."⁵ In an extensive storm, this hurricane wave may cause the

1. Louis J. Battan, *Science Study Series* (Doubleday and Co., Inc.: New York, 1961), p. 101.

2. George F. Taylor, *Elementary Meteorology* (Prentice Hall, Inc.: New Jersey, 1961), p. 252.

3. Louis J. Battan, *Science Study Series* (Doubleday and Co., Inc.: New York, 1961), p. 105.

4. George F. Taylor, *Elementary Meteorology* (Prentice Hall, Inc.: New Jersey, 1961), p. 255.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 258.

water level to rise as much as twenty feet which will produce widespread flooding and erosion. If the normal tide is high then, the results are sometimes catastrophic.

Many advances in hurricane tracking and forecasting have been made in the past twenty years. One of the most significant is the use of specially equipped weather planes which not only fly to and around the storm, but are capable of flying right into the heart of it. The measurements made on the spot by the instruments aboard the plane have enabled the weathermen to more accurately plot the storm, in regard to location, movement, intensity, and future development.

The use of the term "hurricane backlash" appears more frequently in recent years to describe the particular weather phenomenon which occurs when the last of the storm passes. Some of these accompanying factors of weather are causing considerable concern among the populace as well as the meteorologists themselves. One aspect in particular of this backlash which was observed very clearly during the passing of hurricane Isbell, was the rather frequent occurrence of tornadoes. Most of the heavy damage sustained in this storm was attributed to this violent, counter-clockwise disturbance. Tornadoes normally occur along the storm or squall line of a well developed middle latitude cyclone and are due to the formation of highly turbulent cumulonimbus clouds. These clouds are set in motion primarily by the forced mixing of two unlike air masses. The main avenue for the traveling of the majority of tornadoes in the United States is traditionally in the mid-west, although they have been reported in all parts of the country, usually during a change of season. The tropical hurricane is also capable, because of its massive turbulence, of assembling the conditions necessary to spawn a tornado. It is presently impossible to forecast the actual occurrence and time for this type of storm, but by observing the atmospheric conditions the weather forecaster can warn inhabitants of specific areas of the likelihood of such formations, in sufficient time for them to make preparations.

In a tropical hurricane, as differentiated from a cyclone, the sight of the large funnel approaching is very difficult due to the storm conditions. Thus they apparently strike with practically no warning. The tornado, although covering only a small area, is a vicious storm with winds usually in excess of two hundred and fifty miles per hour. Because of its severity, it is a killer as well as a destroyer of property. A thorough study of this phenomenon by the laymen would help immeasurably to minimize the damage from such storms occurring in conjunction with hurricanes.

The United States Weather Bureau has recently published a report which warns us that the year 1965 may prove to be an even more trying year for the residents of Florida insofar as hurricanes are concerned. It was this intelligent guess that prompted this writing.

The above attempt was not to present a complete scientific discussion of the tropical hurricane, but to emphasize the necessity of knowledge of this type of storm through discussion of some of its important elements. Man may someday master the weather but this time has not yet arrived.

CRITIQUE OF CONRAD AIKEN'S "SILENT SNOW, SECRET SNOW"

JUDY REHM

Obviously the author of this short story does not want us to have knowledge of a specific cause or reason for the behavior pattern of a young boy's withdrawal from society, but he is concerned with describing it to us in its progression so that we are to experience some of the horror of a modern temperament. To the degree we are involved daemonically, Aiken believes we enjoy the tastes of another's secret as we might enjoy our own retreats into an anti-social existence preferable to good parents, decent living, and so-called interested neighbors. Our messengers from the oracle of the U. S. Post Office bring us news of our intimate affinity with obscurity and distrust, disease and death each day during the seven days of doomed delight similar to the period it once took an all-loving and magnificent Creator to fashion the universe in which those first people could enjoy the Garden of Eden.

"In the general laughter" to be heard in the halls of learning our twelve year old hero does not share, for his business is as serious as any aviator's "in heavenly seclusion." That the earth wears "a belt, or a sash" may be a comical matter for the teacher and other seemingly intelligent folk, her students, but it is not a joke to realize the world might just enjoy the knowledge and comfort of a Mathew Arnold's "faith, like the folds of a bright girdle furled." Even an anti-faith. This prospect Paul Hasleman sees as simply conceived, eternally attractive, if a little "foolish." On the morning of the first day of anti-creation, the north temperate zone is obscured by chilly remoteness, as if naturally effected by the first snowfall of a winter season. It is a clearly conceived miracle, unless he is to look down at the gleaming cobblestones on the town street. Between the second and the sixth day the effect of this conception is gradually one of more remoteness and snow, of less scenery of stones and everyday sounds, so that on the seventh day he looks upon his efforts and calls them pleasant. In fact, its beauty is ineffable.

The only trouble with this new world is that no one can live there. Perhaps, after all, the author implies the home is the first place for love and education, for the only grief Paul sees in this first welcomed change from maid's housecleaning, clubs and social meetings and "professional" occupations is "distressing . . . conflict, with . . . father and mother." Educators are not expected ever to be "with us" at really important moments, while their facts and figures, demands of discipline and respect, born of their even greater ignorance and restraints, bore us and even encourage us to impulsive, absurd, yet initially interesting solutions to the universal questions. Ultimately escaping into solitary phantasms our hero finds is "at whatever pain to others." More ethical references than William Golding's image of "Lord of the Flies" make Aiken's short story offer less physically engaging characters, but the accusations for the horrors of human nature are no less significant. A recent student paper (Mrs. Eleanor West's) referred to "the beautiful torment" Poe experienced in describing to us his own creation and life images. On the other hand the teacher would attempt to present a kind face to her charges, while the doctor, the man of science in this narrative, undoubtedly has some awareness as well of another's feelings, but not of a type to make a human difference in the final outcome.

Are the answers really in having our eyes examined clinically or morally? Morality as that which we do to one another. The present story reflects a loss of identity in the personality of the youth, in the whole race, the milieu of the artist and his audience. However, not even Jesus had a "personality," yet was blessed enough, while sometimes suffering, by love and important business. The modern age of science is likewise hypocritical and confused, cold and uninteresting, immoral and amoral, its visions chosen blindness and despair, without sense of time and place.

HALF FULL OR HALF EMPTY

JAMES BROWNLEY

Someone once defined an optimist as one who says his cup is half full while a pessimist is one who claims his cup is half empty. Probably no one is strictly an optimist or a pessimist. But each one of us possesses characteristics which classify our personalities one way or the other.

A true optimist does not believe that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. He realizes the horrors and difficulties of life, but refuses to regard humanity's condition as terrible. A pessimist, however, is of the opinion that reality is essentially evil. He is inclined to put the least favorable construction upon action and happenings.

An optimist, in the true sense, believes that it is possible to better his life and, in a general way, humanity's life. He recognizes the progress that has been made in this direction. Man has, in many ways, overcome nature. His command of things is far greater than it used to be. The pessimist sees these inventions used only for war, and believes that humanity is on the road to self-destruction. The optimist does not believe this is necessarily so because his optimism is largely a product of faith in human nature.

An optimist's natural reaction to a circumstance is to seek what good there may be in it rather than what evil it may bring. A pessimist's despair engenders misfortune and failure. An optimist reasons that if he is going to fall, he will fall. If he believes that there is nothing he can do about his country's affairs then there is nothing he can do. He sees that he can make life fair or turbulent, primarily within himself. Pessimism has a depressing effect. If a pessimist believes his neighbor to be dishonest and shows his distrust, he may make him distrustful and dishonest.

The pessimist confront us with the question of whether or not we believe that confidence in mankind, in life, is wisdom. He then cites facts which bring some frightful disappointments. The optimist confesses that he has had some great disappointments. But he has always known that wicked people existed. He has known that in times of disaster crowds become deranged and bestial. He knows of wars with their sweeping death and devastation. But the optimist's beliefs consist solely in the fact that he believes he has a certain influence upon events, and even if he must suffer misfortune, he can overcome it by his manner of enduring it. While the pessimist looks for the dark in the world, the optimist seeks the light by loving the fine people about him, avoiding the wicked, rejoicing in good, enduring evil and remembering to forget.

LONG-RANGE EFFECT OF THE STUDENT NEA

MRS. LUCILE H. GLAZE

What is teaching? To one kind of person, teaching is merely a job, whose remuneration affords him the means by which he can enjoy his private life in the way he chooses, constructive or otherwise, just as to some, friendship means feigning an admiration for a person or his accomplishments in order to us the recipient — as one would chessmen — for his own selfish promotion or gain. When a man comes to the end of his life, there can be a tremendous difference in how he evaluates his accomplishments. Beowulf, having ruled his people well for fifty years, found it not so difficult to "quit" this world and the kingdom he had ruled so long in the Old English period; but Everyman of the old morality play *Everyman*, written around 1500 by an unknown author, was ashamed of having sought unworthy companions and wished that he had performed more good deeds, when Death approached to inform him that he had to make a pilgrimage to his final reckoning. Teaching is striving to effect desirable, permanent changes among the students, and the person who has been instrumental in producing these changes will have lived a rewarding life.

The Student NEA gives opportunities for its members to understand the difference between "keeping school" and teaching. Bigge and Hunt in *Psychological Foundations of Education* show quite a difference between the two terms. With frank, constructive criticism from each other and their advisor, information from their professional literature, and gems of knowledge gleaned from panels, films, and lectures, these future educators realize that success in their chosen field means they will have much responsibility to assume and must willingly, enthusiastically, sincerely, and cooperatively give of both time and effort. For their endeavors, besides the monetary reward, which is continuously improving largely because of the efforts of the professional organizations, these young people can feel proud of making a worthwhile contribution to the future generations. There will be a long-range effect on their students and on themselves; they will have respect for themselves in knowing their lives have not been in vain.

More and better students are choosing teaching as their profession; each year it is increasingly more difficult to make a final decision as to whom the award for outstanding service should be given on Recognition Night. Leadership is stressed; there is always the status leader, but it is encouraging to recognize the increasing number of emerging ones. Improvement, whichever type it may be, is stressed. There is no such thing in this changing world of remaining static or becoming complacent in one's position because, among the many duties of the teacher, he is also expected to perform many of the functions that the parents and the community once assumed. The members of the Student NEA have accepted this challenge as is evidenced by their roles on the local as well as the state level; they have accepted their responsibilities as well as their honors. They have the respect and admiration from others in the state because of their leadership ability and high degree of integrity displayed at state conferences and conventions. Evidence of this is one of the greatest rewards for the sponsor.

Have the members accepted the theme of the

Student Florida Education Association: "Make Things Happen for You"? Has the training in the Broward Chapter of the Student NEA reached beyond graduation from the Junior College of Broward County? Has there been improvement? From sixteen members in 1960, the first year of the college's existence, the number reached fifty-seven last year; this year the number is expected to rise to one hundred. However, it is not the quantitative but the qualitative nature that is the prime concern. A former vice-president is now president of the Student FEA at the University of South Florida; the president of this chapter last year is now president of the chapter at Florida State University and is also secretary of the state officers; former members are making an effort to organize a chapter at Florida Atlantic University; indirectly we are associated with the president of the chapter at Stetson University; the current president of the Broward chapter is a junior member of the executive council of the state. I sincerely believe that there will be a very few members of the Broward Chapter of the Student NEA who will "keep school" but many who will teach.

The following letters from former members and the current president of the Student NEA reflect the long-range effect of the organization:

I am indebted to the Junior College of Broward County Chapter of the Student NEA for enabling me to develop the leadership skills necessary in assuming the responsibility of president of the University of South Florida chapter. It taught me the organizational structure and background and made me aware of the attitudes necessary for personal and professional growth. I also learned to meet and speak before groups of people with confidence. The Broward chapter is doing an excellent job of providing pre-professional experiences, and I shall always be grateful for the effect it had on me as a future teacher.

Sarajeen McArthur, President
Student Florida Education Association
The University of South Florida

My experience as president of the Student National Education Association at the Junior College of Broward County helped me in numerous ways. There were the facts — the knowledge I received about the many facets of "professional" teaching. There were the moments of achievement — the feeling of a job well-done. But of far more importance than these, there were the relationships that grew between people. Through dealing with many different people, I learned how to be sensitive to the individuality of each person. I learned to respect and love people for what they were rather than what I felt they should be. I learned to view human situations realistically; and often, I became aware of ways I could make them more ideal. Without human interaction, conflict and cooperation, life could not continue as it is today. Student NEA taught me much about life by helping me to understand the nature and value of human relationships.

Barbara Adamson, President
Student Florida Education Association
Florida State University
Recording Secretary, State SFEA

Looking back on my past experiences of being an officer, president, and member of the Student NEA at the Junior College of Broward County, I

can truthfully say the experience greatly profited me. It enabled me to have a better concept of the teaching profession and what it means to be a professional person. This in turn gave me a background for wanting to continue in my professional organization in upper division here at Florida Atlantic University, where we are presently in the process of organizing a club and awaiting its charter. I am looking forward to being one of its first members.

Sharon Brown, Student
Florida Atlantic University

I feel my presidency is similar to an explorer surveying the many mountains and valleys of education. I can lead, observe, speak out publicly and associate with leaders from all levels, there being only one limitation to the experiences offered to me as a pre-educator, my own quest. I should like to thank all the people at the Junior College of Broward County and throughout the state of Florida for the faith that they have bestowed in me.

Glen Legan, President
Student National Education Association
Junior College of Broward County
Junior Member of the Executive Council,
State SFEA

A HUMAN HOUSE

EILEEN G. CORNELIUS

The foundation of a relationship between two people should be as strong as the foundation which is needed to support a house. If a house is to remain in its best condition, a strong and sturdy foundation is necessary. A house built incorrectly could stand for a year or more; but in time, because its base is weak, the house would shift, causing the walls to crack and the plaster to chip. When the relationship between two people is established on a false basis, or when the trust between them is lost, the "walls" of their friendship will soon "crack" and their mutual regard for each other will peel away.

Similar backgrounds of the hitherto mentioned people may be as the bricks in a foundation. The common interests shared between them and the reciprocal affection felt by them, may be as the mortar which holds the bricks together. The more bricks and the more mortar a foundation contains, the stronger the house will be. If the experiences, training, and education of these two individuals have a marked likeness in their course of development, if their interests are somewhat parallel, their relationship will last longer and become deeper.

If the base of a foundation is constructed with all bricks and no mortar or with all mortar and no bricks, the house will not stand for any reasonable length of time. If an affinity is maintained on the basis of only one concern, this relationship will cease to be because this one regard could not compensate for the many other difficulties that may arise in the lifetime of two people. This bond between them would be as a house built on sand. It would be inferior in strength — incapable of coping with destructive forces. So, too, a friendship built on a "foundation of sand" would be unable to endure strain or pressure.

If a person depends entirely upon the love or companionship of another, if he or she has no other interest but that of this companion or loved one, he will be as a house built on one piling. If this piling were to collapse under the strain of the house, the structure would crum-

ble. But if a house were built on many small pilings, and one of these pilings were to break away, the house would remain standing. Each person must have many interests, many friends on which he can depend. If his life revolves around one person or one thing, and he loses this, he too will "crumble."

Although the actual materials used in the construction of a house and in the construction of a friendship are completely different, the basic requirements are very similar. Each must have a strong foundation coupled with excellent workmanship; together they each form a lasting structure.

EDUCATION IN THE SOVIET UNION

CHESTER HANDLEMAN

Since 1957, when the first successful "Sputnik" was launched, the Soviet school system has been a subject of much study by foreign countries, particularly the United States. Some Americans have tended to discredit the Soviet educational system as one only good for developing "robot technicians" suitable for a dictatorship. At the other extreme, we find such men as Admiral Hyman Rickover, the "father" of the nuclear submarine, who finds much to be admired in Soviet school programs. He points to the fact that the Soviets outproduce the United States in a better than two to one ratio in the number of scientists and engineers produced annually. It may easily be argued that perhaps Russia, still not so highly developed industrially as the United States, temporarily needs more scientists and engineers than we do. But this is not the complete answer, since we have long been trying to increase substantially our output of engineering and technological students with apparently little success.

Let us briefly describe some of the techniques and programs used in the Soviet educational system. Perhaps we shall find that it has as many flaws in it, from our viewpoint at least, as successes. We in the United States should learn to admire its good features and recognize the poor ones.

Although the Soviet educational system is and has been in a state of flux since World War II, it can be said that some Russian children attend a nursery-kindergarten program for varying periods of time to the age of five or six. We say "some" since only a relatively small number are fortunate enough to attend these state schools, usually located in the major cities. On a visit to the U.S.S.R. in the summer of 1964, I was able to see two of these kindergartens in Moscow. Many mothers who work for state enterprises of various kinds are able to deposit their youngsters in such institutions daily, where they are in the care of apparently competent teachers. It should not be forgotten, however, that the mothers usually hold down a state job; it is not, as is sometimes true in the United States, so that she can amuse herself on the golf course or at the bridge table.

The two "model" kindergartens we visited seemed quite adequate and comparable to some of our public kindergartens. However, there were two differences: the Russian toddlers were often three and four years old, and the kindergartens are not located in a part of the elementary school buildings as is usually the case in the United States. Rather, they are separate entities, with their own faculty and staff. The kindergartens we saw had about eight children in each.

At the age of seven the Russian child is ordinarily enrolled in a "seven-year", "eight-year" or "ten-year"

general school. Until 1958 these schools were either "seven-year" or "ten-year" ones. The former were more general in rural areas and the latter in urban communities. Also, in some instances, certain urban pupils attended "seven-year" schools if they were not "academically inclined." Since 1958, however, Khrushchev decided that ten years of schooling without practical experience was too theoretical an approach for the needs of the Soviet state and its industrial and agricultural programs. Besides, the early introduction of a work program was for the purpose of teaching the student that work and study should go hand-in-hand. Therefore, in the last few years many of the "ten-year" schools have been reduced to eight years.

At the present time, less than twenty per cent of the "ten-year" or "eight-year" school graduates go on to some form of higher education immediately upon graduation; ostensibly, only those passing their examinations with the highest grades. The majority go to work for two or three years, usually in state industrial and agricultural enterprises. At this time some students follow on-the-job training programs, which are usually a part of the factory system in which they work. Edmund J. King says:

Once, all obtaining middle school certificates could enter higher education. More recently, only gold medalists with outstanding results could be sure of admittance. Now even these prodigies have to submit to tests and interviews. Those chosen immediately for universities and higher institutions are at the top 20 per cent of an already selective group. The 1958 reform law required all others (i. e. 80 per cent of the academic 18 year old graduates) to take jobs of any sort for two years before entering some form of higher education.¹

So it can be seen that only a very selective group of secondary school graduates have a chance to go on to the university or to special institutes. A less selective group, but still only a minority of the secondary school graduates, have the opportunity to attend a "technicum" after about two or three years of work. Often this latter group attend on a part-time basis in the evening, or by correspondence courses. Technicums usually offer a two or three year program in what we might call technology, although the term is much broader than the one implied by our word. This program has sometimes been compared with an American trade school, or, on its higher level, with a technology or "terminal" program in our American junior college. The United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare describes the Soviet Technicums as follows:

The Technicum is organized to offer specialized instruction for particular kinds of work. Thus there are Technicums for the power industry, transportation, communications, printing machines, book binding, automatic assembly machines, and planning for industry. But courses such as history of the U.S.S.R., Russian Language and Literature, mathematics, physics, foreign languages, mechanical drawing, tools and machines, and others are also offered.²

About 2,000,000 Soviet students attend these Technicums after their two or three year work periods, often on a part-time basis. They obviously form the backbone

1. King, Edmund J., *King's College, University of London, Other Schools and Ours*; revised ed.; Holt, Rinehart, and Winston; 1963.
2. U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, *Office of Education; Soviet Commitment to Education*; 1959.

of the middle echelon of Soviet industrial and agricultural workers. Although most of the graduates of Technicums go to work in the industry for which they have been trained, top students may sometimes continue their education at the higher institutes after three years of work experience. But at the present time there are few openings available to them at the institutes on a full-time basis.

Higher education is usually offered in the university and in the specialized institutes. "In 1958 there were 1, 178,000 full-time students, 127,000 part-time students, and 756,000 correspondence students in higher education."³ This is less than half the number in the various higher educational institutions in the United States. "At present about 57 per cent of the students in the U.S.S.R. are studying full time; the others part time and through correspondence."⁴

Students are admitted to the university by examination. Only one in four is successful. It is important to realize that examinations are held in a certain subject for admission to the universities and higher institutes only if places in that subject (chemistry, for example) in a particular institution of higher education are available. Moscow and Leningrad Universities have the greatest prestige and have the highest entrance requirements. Actually, there are about 660 institutions of higher education in the U.S.S.R. By far the largest number of openings for students are in the natural sciences and mathematics. Relatively few openings are available in the humanities and in the social sciences, although a fair number are available in foreign languages. Consequently, the examination grade requirements for admission in these fields are extremely high.

When an American hears about the U.S.S.R.'s "paying" its students to attend a university, he must be sure that he understands what this means. The competition to enter a university in the Soviet Union is very keen. Only those receiving the very highest grades on entrance examinations obtain a stipend sufficient to take care of their room, board, and fees. The majority of students studying beyond the middle school level attend Technicums after a work experience, often on a part-time or correspondence basis. Even those in higher education are often given only a work-study program.

While it is true that Russia has many students in the natural sciences and engineering, the United States has a far larger proportion of its students in full-time higher education programs. In our country the student can choose his field; in the U.S.S.R. he is limited in his choice to the needs of the state (number of openings available in certain fields).

It is possible that the United States could improve its educational standards by requiring more "solid academic subjects" for graduation, particularly on the secondary level. The U.S.S.R.'s "general school," for example, requires several years of chemistry, physics, mathematics, their equivalent of history and social science, Russian, and foreign languages. We should evaluate this program and consider any part of it that might be appropriate for our educational system. On the other hand, the basic aim of Soviet education is for the benefit of the state; the individual's position in the educational system is only a poor second. In a democratic country such as ours, we can hardly admire this approach; for our objectives are so different from those of the U.S.S.R.

3. *Ibid.*

4. *Ibid.*



MAZATLAN - DURANGO HIGHWAY

JARRETT PHARR

Straight down into infinity!

The huge bus slowly began gathering momentum after its arduous climb up the mountain and the long drive along the plateau. It picked up speed as it plunged down the road toward the small dot of a valley town, almost invisible below. Just as the vehicle whipped around a sharp curve the bus occupants gasped audibly at the sight before them. A Mexican worker, waving his arms wildly, was frantically trying to stop the bus. The huge vehicle was rushing toward a landslide that had dumped rock, trees and mud over the mountain road. The driver wrestled the bus to a stop only inches before it would have plowed into the debris.

This slide had occurred several days previously and enough space had been cleared to allow a slow, careful passage through. No one on the bus seemed to be in a hurry so they stopped for a short while and watched the road crew at work. Drivers of small road scrapers nervelessly pushed dirt and rock up to the edge of the bottomless abyss. The Mexicans stamped their brakes only when they seemed certain to plunge over the precipice. The drop down was almost endless. If brakes failed the driver's wait for a terrifying death would have seemed long than the trip that had brought the passengers to this out of the way section of Mexico.

The group had headed northwest from Guadalajara towards the Pacific coastal town of Mazatlan. The first stop on the way was at well known Tequila. This town bears the same name as the national drink of Mexico. Tequila, the drinking kind, is a fermented cactus beverage that goes back to Toltec times. Legend states that an Indian maiden first discovered the method of extracting and fermenting the maguey cactus juice. The reigning Toltec chieftain selected her in marriage as a reward. The Toltecs supposedly reveled in this new found novelty and started drinking their way down the brimstone path. This degradation enabled the fierce Chichimecas and Aztecs to eventually defeat them.

Some people swear that drinking the modern version is similar to swallowing ground up pepper sauce and getting kicked by a mule simultaneously. Mexican college students have a ritual that goes with their drinking parties. They drink out of the bottle and flip a pinch of salt off the side of their hand into their mouth. They also like just a taste of lemon. After the bottle is emptied they hold their hand over the neck of the bottle and rub its side to create heat inside. They then light a match and watch the blue flame shoot up as they light the escaping fumes.

The next stop was Tepic, a celebrated Indian town where the Indians still gather for interesting and colorful festivals. Between Tepic and Mazatlan there is an extremely interesting stretch of road that goes for miles through a red, lava-colored countryside. It is easy to imagine the giant stream of searing molten lava streaming down the mountainside on its path to the hissing sea.

Rural people boarded the bus from time to time carrying almost everything imaginable. One Indian lady held tight to a portable sewing machine. A man brought a box with holes cut in the side to let in air. Unfortunately, it also let out the sickening odor of chickens. This odor mingled with the occasional belches of a man drinking heavily from a bottle of rot-gut tequila. As night came on an elderly lady asked the driver to stop so that she could use the bathroom. The fact that no building was visible didn't seem to disturb her in the least. She went off into the low bushes to the driver's cheerful shout to watch out for *serpientes*.

Everyone was happy and there was considerable flirting going on between a group of three young farm workers and a pretty young Mexican girl. The boys shouted remarks that would be considered vulgar in some parts of the world but were accepted here without a bat of the eye. Three middle aged women opened up the bags of food they were carrying and proceeded to enjoy a hearty meal. They ended their picnic with succulent cactus pears prepared to a red tenderness that made them look delicious. They ate fruit and seed together. Some Americans who accepted their friendly offer of fruit were soon looking for a way to unobtrusively spit out the thousands of seed that the fruit contained. The bus continued its rapid trek by whipping up and down valleys and around curves at a breakneck pace. Sometimes another bus or a tractor-trailer toiling laboriously up hill on the wrong side of the road managed to get out of the way only moments before the bus thundered down on them. The driver made the sign of the cross and continued headlong down the road until reaching Mazatlan.

The city of Mazatlan on the Pacific coast of Mexico offered a pleasant stop for the harried tourists. It is an old port city that attracts many Mexican and numerous American tourists. Mexicans and Americans alike call it "the poor man's Acapulco" due to the reasonable prices that one pays for his resort living here. After relaxing on the beach and seeing the sights of Mazatlan for a few days it was time for the travelers to think about one of the most, if not the most, exciting drives in Mexico. This is the highway between Mazatlan and Durango, Mexico.

Just imagine for a moment, if you can, the Skyline Drive of Virginia doubled in altitude. This will give you some concept of this ride through Mexico. Few parts of the world can offer more breath-taking or awe-inspiring, majestic splendor than that which greets the traveler between these cities.

From the hot Pacific coast there is a constant climb until the weather is so cold that a person is uncomfortable without a coat and even enjoys a blanket or sarape.

Along the climb one occasionally sees a small house or store with small dark eyes staring out from adobe doorways. Corn grows along hillsides so steep that it doesn't look possible to cultivate the plants, much less keep it from washing away in torrential rain storms.

Mexican trucks park along the road to give the motors a chance to cool or to give themselves a chance to eat their *frijoles* alongside small waterfalls streaming out of the mountains above. After reaching the plateau there is a drive that stays on the top or near the top for about sixty-five miles. This region is totally unlike anything that one expects to find in Mexico. It is a lumber country with miles and miles of north country trees. Mexicans who work the lumber mills are different from their cousins of the lands below. Many of them are much paler and do not seem to have as much Indian blood. Their aquiline noses resemble the hardy Basques.

The people here live in extremely fascinating towns. They build their houses of unpainted, raw looking lumber. Row after row of these small, one room houses constitute the towns along this stretch and form a strikingly unforgettable picture as they spread out along the mountain top.

All the local residents who boarded the bus were excited about the great amount of rain they had been experiencing and the landslides that had resulted from excess water. The mountain residents had been isolated for weeks at a time. Their reference to landslides and the passengers' recent score made everyone somewhat exhilarated as they sat watching the road crew play with death. It would be good to get down out of the cloud area onto level ground.

Past the landslide area and down the mountains the country eventually turned once again into the cactus and arid country associated with Northern Mexico. It was natural for them to think of westerns and the "Durango Kid" after getting to the more level regions, but both of these seemed a little pale in comparison to the road crew on the Mazatlan-Durango highway of Northwestern Mexico. The bus riders who were seeing this road for the first time knew they would never forget its inspiring beauty and grandeur.

THE ANATOMY OF A CHOICE

JOHN D. WELLS

So you've decided to go to college! You've decided to join some 2100 other young people who have also decided to enroll at the Junior College of Broward County this fall. In doing so, you have committed yourself to a course of action that in many ways has paralleled the actions of those 2100 other students. You have considered what appeared to you to be the alternative courses of action upon high school graduation, and you have chosen to go to college. This created the subsequent problem of which college to attend. For whatever reasons, you have chosen the Junior College of Broward County; you have applied for admission; you have submitted your high school transcript, your picture, an affidavit of residency and several other documents; you have taken tests; you have registered.

Perhaps you have begun to realize that an important facet of going to college is the making of decisions. Possibly the most educationally influential aspect of going to college is that college forces you to make decisions at all levels of significance — from the flip-of-the-coin level to the search-of-oneself-and-motives type of decision. Two of the major functions of these decision-situations are (1) that through decisions you come to grips with yourself which enable you to understand your own strengths and weaknesses, and (2) that you learn to recognize the level and range of significance of decision-making situations.

The former function involves the revealing of yourself to yourself through decision-situations. These decision-situations may provide what the matador calls *moments of truth*. Moments of truth are fleeting moments when you may catch glimpses of yourself briefly emerging from the cloak of self-deception in times of crisis, when decision can no longer be postponed. Most decisions are not at the moment-of-truth level of significance, but are applications of other decision-commitments that *are* at this level. To the existentialist, these decisions are acts of self-creation in that they determine what concepts and values comprise the essence of self; they are free acts constituting the continuous creation of self. Though the existentialist may be overstating the significance of choices, there can be little doubt that the decisions to commit yourself to certain ideas and actions, rather than to others, is a fundamental factor in determining what your education will be. Whether the decisions are what your major will be, what your elective courses will be, or what the ideas that you choose to regard as true will be, they draw the limits of your education. Such is the impact of the decisions you make.

Some decisions are more significant than others because they generate other decision-situations or sequences of decision-situations. The decision to go to college is more significant than the decision of which college to attend. The reason for this is that the overall decision to go to college generates the decision-situation of having to choose a college. The significance of a decision is determined by its influence upon future decisions and actions. Thus, the significance of a decision is its influence exerted within a certain range and at various levels. A decision has influence within a spatio-temporal range;

a decision has influence at the levels of action, language, and concept.

The ability to recognize the level and range of significance of decisions is important in avoiding and resolving conflicts of commitment. The level of significance is determined by whether the commitments resulting from the decisions will serve as criteria for making other decisions. For example, the decision to major in electrical engineering will serve first as a criterion in determining which courses are no longer subject to choice, but to which we are committed by university curriculum requirements, and second as a criterion in deciding which elective courses will be chosen. In the latter case, the earlier commitment to an electrical engineering major may not be the only criterion, but it *will* serve as one influence upon your choice of electives. The range of significance refers to the spatial and temporal scope or limits of the commitment resulting from a decision. For instance, the decision to go to a movie rather than somewhere else produces a commitment that rules out other alternatives for a time. Thus, a commitment has a spatio-temporal scope; this is its range of significance. Recognizing the level and range of significance that may result from a decision enables you to avoid clashes of commitment. It is obvious that when you are faced with the alternative commitment of going to a concert in Miami or to a movie in Fort Lauderdale during a given evening, you cannot choose both. These alternatives are mutually exclusive or incompatible due to physical limitations. However, whenever alternative commitments are mutually exclusive or incompatible due to linguistic or conceptual limitations, the conflict of commitment is not so obvious. Many conflicts can be avoided by understanding the structure and implications of decision-situations and the pitfalls that most often lead to confusion and conflict.

Because of the importance of an individual's decisions in determining what his education will be, it seems worthwhile to examine the anatomy of a choice. To understand the anatomy of a choice you must be aware of the general features of choices as well as the specific characteristics of the particular decision-situation.

A decision results in a commitment at three different levels: action, language, and concept. One level of commitment is the physical level — that is, commitment to a course of action, or a pattern of behavior, or a type of conduct. A second level of commitment is at the linguistic level. Commitment at the linguistic level involves a commitment to use a certain group of words or phrases to represent two things: a group of actions and a concept. A group of words or phrases is selected to refer to a course of action to which you are committed. For example, if you choose to perform a series of actions that you call "taking biology," the series of actions will involve registering for the course, attending class, taking notes, attending labs, taking tests, and other similar actions that extend over a span of time; whereas, your linguistic commitment to the phrase "taking biology" may be employed within that time span to describe what you are doing, whether you happen to be working on biology or not. You may be at the moment "studying a history assignment," but you are still "taking biology." The commitment to action is intermittent in that you are only actively "taking biology" while you are performing some action related to this class and its assignments, but the linguistic com-

mitment is continuous until such time as you terminate your commitment at the physical level by completing the course or withdrawing from it. It is important to distinguish between commitment to action and linguistic commitment.

In addition to its reference to action, linguistic commitment has a second dimension that should be noted. This second dimension is the commitment to the same group of words or phrases which you may use to refer to your concept of what is involved physically and mentally in "taking biology." Commitment at the linguistic level is commitment to a group of words or phrases as meaning, describing, or standing for a group of actions that you conceive as being the object of your commitment.

The third level of commitment is the level of concepts or ideas. At the time of the decision, you have a concept of that to which you are committing yourself. You have some concept of what "taking biology" involves, which includes some idea of what "biology" is. Perhaps this concept is the result of talking with students who are "taking biology" or have "taken" it, and your having previously "taken" high school biology. Your concept of "taking biology" may approximate or may be far afield from what "taking biology" actually involves.

At the conceptual level, one may also distinguish between knowledge concepts and value concepts. Knowledge concepts are related to other knowledge concepts or to value concepts, but value concepts are related directly to the individual by virtue of commitment. When a knowledge concept becomes the object of commitment, it becomes a value concept, or assumes the characteristic of a value concept, or generates a value field resembling a magnetic field. For example, if your commitment is to the knowledge concepts of biology, these concepts become for you value concepts, or this commitment generates a value field, which reinforces that commitment and more strongly motivates you to fulfill that commitment. The more remote or indirect the relation between you and the knowledge concept, the less significant the commitment becomes.

Perhaps another way of stating this is that commitment creates, generates, or establishes a "climate of values," the range of which coincides with the range of significance of the commitment. This "climate of values" or "value field" consists of "elements" or "lines" of value forces. These "elements" or "lines of value forces" establish a unique relationship between the individual and the object of commitment such that self-deception is excluded for the range of the commitment. The point is that the commitment resulting from a choice eliminates self-deception within the range of significance of that commitment.

No philosophy nor political theory nor concept of history nor philosophy of religion nor scientific theory that is seriously advanced advocates self-deception. No theory of knowledge, even the most restrictive skepticism, supports a program of self-deception. Though the skeptic claims that knowledge is impossible because the whole spectrum of human experience is deceptive, he urges that man honestly face this human situation. Not even the ethical theories that portray successful living as the ability to weave a web of deceit and fraud maintain that the individual shall become a victim of his own devices of deceit. The fact that commitment rejects self-deception becomes increasingly clear the more fully you understand the nature of a commitment and its range of significance.

The problem of attaining a clear understanding of your commitments is difficult even at the level of action, but becomes more complex as the significance of the commitments increases. The problem becomes increasingly complicated when that commitment is to other persons. Friendship, love, organizations with a "common purpose," and alliances are examples of commitments to other people. Most of your more significant commitments are to, or include, other people. The crux of the problem produced in making commitments to other persons involves the understanding of *their* commitments. You must judge their commitments from what they do and what they say; the reliability of their actions depends upon how clearly they understand their own commitments. Once you understand, at least to your own satisfaction, the nature of another person's commitments within a certain range, you may then make commitments involving that other person but only within that range. As you revise your commitments and the other person revises his commitments, the commitment between you and the other person may fade and dissolve without specific termination. Some of your high school friendships may terminate in this way. In other instances you may realize that your understanding of the other person's commitments was drastically inaccurate and may abruptly revise or terminate your commitment to him.

Now let us return to your decision to "go to college" and examine some common pitfalls to avoid in understanding the nature of this commitment. One common source of misunderstanding is at the level of action. You are tempted to make the judgment that similarity between your own actions and other people's actions implies similarity of commitment. This judgment fails to recognize that different commitments may involve the same set of actions. Committing yourself to the same set of actions does not necessarily indicate the same commitment. "To go to college" involves application for admission, registration, attending classes, taking tests, and many other similar actions, but may not result from the same commitment. The set of actions denoted by the phrase "to go to college" will be different for different people, and these differences will become more pronounced the further one goes in college. The fact that you register and attend classes does not indicate that your commitment "to go to college" is the same as some other person's. A commitment to avoid having to get a job, to escape from the unpleasant home situation, or to be with your friends may produce the same set of actions. Similarity of actions may camouflage different motives. You cannot realistically take the position that because you perform or propose to perform actions similar to other people's that your motives are the same as theirs.

A second pitfall creating confusion about the nature of our commitments is at the linguistic level. Your decision and another person's decision to use a similar or the same group of words or phrases as a symbol of commitment at the level of actions and at the level of concepts may conceal differences of commitment. That is to say, because you choose to use the phrase "to go to college" to describe or symbolize your commitment and someone else chooses the same set of words to express his commitment does not mean that you and he have the same commitment. Again the differences between commitments will become increasingly distinct the further you go in college.

The third and last pitfall that shall be considered is at the conceptual level. Obviously when you decide "to go to college" and you have some concept, however accurate, of what is involved in "going to college." Your concept of what is involved in "going to college" may not be the same as another person's concept of what "going to college" involves. Also, your concept may be far afield from what is actually involved in "going to college." Perhaps a more restricted illustration will make this clearer. Your concept of "studying for a test" will probably include a time element, your notes or possibly borrowed notes, the text, and your attention upon the latter two for an indefinite span of time. Your concept may stress the time element — four hours, six hours, or ten hours. However, if you fail or make a low grade on the test, your concept of "studying for a test" was inadequate for this test, and may need some revision.

During the first semester, usually, but sometimes later, you will find that your concept of what "going to college" involves is most inadequate. "Going to college" is simply not what you thought it would be. At such times you are approaching a re-consideration of your original commitment "to go to college." After having unsuccessfully tried to teach the college officials what a college ought to be, you face a choice of staying in college and revising your concept of what it is "to go to college," or staying without revising your concept, or dropping out of college. A significant phase of "going to college" is understanding better what "going to college" involves. Redefining your concept of what it is "to go to college" produces a shift of commitment that significantly influences what your college education will be. The fact that you choose the same group of words as other people — "to go to college" — to symbolize or express *your* concept of what it is "to go to college" should not be interpreted as implying that your concept is the same as other people's concepts. Nor should you infer that yours is an accurate concept of the actual activities of "going to college."

While attention has been focused upon pitfalls that may hide differences of commitment, it can be equally disastrous to contend that the commitment "to go to college" is different at all levels of commitment. Similarity of commitment will be at a more abstract level than the level of action or language or concept that is expressed by the phrase "to go to college." The "field of values" generated by commitment provides the significant similarity between the commitments of two individuals. By regarding the commitment "to go to college" as derived from a commitment with a broader range of significance, a basis of similarity of commitment within a "climate of values" can be provided not only for college students but for the whole college community — students, and faculty members. The broader commitment is to the general idea that *it is better to know than not to know*. Regardless of what our concept of "knowing" is, this level of commitment provides a range of significance and creates a "climate of values" that merges different commitments with more diverse but more restricted ranges. For instance, even if you are committed to a major in physics and another person to a major in music, both commitments may occur within the same "climate of values." This can be possible only if both of you are

committed to a common concept with a broader range of significance. Commitment to the idea that it is better to know than not to know is sufficiently broad to encompass the less broad commitments to major fields. This merging of commitments in the broader commitment to the concept that to know is better than not to know creates the intellectual community that is the college or university.

It is paramount that you recognize the nature of your own commitment "to go to college." Since the phrase "to go to college" may camouflage the real nature of your commitment, it is necessary, on the one hand, to look beyond this phrase to the actions you call "going to college." On the other hand, you must look beyond the phrase to your concept of what it is "to go to college." In examining your actions you should ask, "Do my actions reflect my concept of what 'going to college' means?" Any action that is beyond the range of significance of your concept of what it is "to go to college" will be artificial for you. Actions that are performed merely because others perform them will be superficial and mechanical rather than meaningful. This is not to say that observing what others do when they "go to college" may not benefit you. Such observations will benefit you, however, only if they are implied by your concept of what is involved in "going to college" or if they lead to revision of that concept.

Looking beyond the phrase "to go to college" to your concept of what "going to college" involves is necessary to the above analysis. In order to determine whether your actions in "going to college" are implied by the concept to which you are committed, you must discover what that concept is. Your concept of "going to college" is a system of simpler concepts, which will vary in their ranges of significance. You are looking for the concept with the greatest range of significance *to which you are committed*. This is the concept that will for the range of its significance determine what your education will be. That is, its range of significance will determine what actions are related to the concept in such a way as to be meaningful. Actions beyond this range will have little meaning for you. This is the range within which you are most receptive to the systems of ideas you are studying and within which self-deception will not be tolerated. Systems of ideas beyond this range will have little meaning for you and self-deception may be very influential. This is not to say that commitment to this concept is so fixed that it cannot be repalced or superseded by commitment to some alternative concept. But it is only for the duration of the commitment, which is its temporal range, that it will describe the scope of your education. Nor does this imply that your concept at any given time is the one that will produce the best education for you. A significant part of education is the search for concepts sufficient to described the highest quality of education for you. This will involve a continuously expanding search for what it means "to go to college." Looking beyond the surface of your decision "to go to college" is a necessary part of your educative process. So you've decided "to go to college"; but how well do you understand your decision? Consider it well because it will significantly influence what your education will be.



THE EXCHANGE

GARY A. HOGLE

Twilight cast its deepening shadows across the rutted dirt road and hid the dusty weeds and bushes that entangled in a choking mass of vegetation. A solitary figure of a man emerged from the fringe of darkness. Although his step was faltering, grim determination was evident as he groped for familiar landmarks along his path. The waning light of sunset revealed a middle aged man of slight stature, and medium height. He was dressed in a nondescript, homespun uniform which was dyed a grey-brown hue. The only distinguishing feature of his uniform was the belt buckle that was caked with rust and dirt, but still visably embossed with the initials, C. S. A. His jacket bore the chevrons of a Lance Corporal of the Confederate artillery. A festering wound covered the right side of his face. His common, sallow features were twisted with pain and the remaining left eye was a colorless, clouded window of bitterness.

Karl Sterner was coming home. Many of the surviving men who had left with Karl, years ago, would never be home. There really wasn't much to come home to. Pickens, Georgia, was spared little devastation by General Sherman's marauding raiders. The only place for the Confederate veterans to begin anew was the western frontier. But where could Karl go, with his schrapnel gouged lungs, his burned face, and blindness gradually

claiming his remaining eye. What was left of Karl Sterner's home was nothing, but so was Karl Sterner . . . nothing.

When the War between the states began, Karl Sterner was barely eking out an existence from the sandy Georgia soil. He was tilling the same sterile acres his father had tilled before him. The popular topic of slavery was of little interest, since the prospect of ever owning a slave was about as distant into fantasy as owning a team of carriage horses. Karl's scope of government hardly encompassed the rural government of Pickins County, let alone the prevailing storm of dispute between States Rightists and Federalists. The stirring stanzas of "Dixie" left him totally apathetic, and the "stars and bars" of the Confederacy was only a colorful addition to the "mysterious Cause." To the residents of Pickins County "the Cause of the Confederacy" had a number of meanings and interpretations. The Flemings, of Flora Plantation, believed the "Cause" meant they should fight the Union to preserve their slaveholdings, and their numerous acres of land. Arnold Hughson, the youngest practicing lawyer of Pickins County, believed in fighting against the interference and political oppression of the Federal Government. Judson Brimm, a teamster for the brewery, relished the thought of "fighting for the Cause," any cause, as long as it meant a good fight for any reason, without intrusion from the law. To Karl Sterner the "Cause" meant he would have to leave his home and fight for the Confederacy, "cause he was a Southerner, cause he was able bodied and of untetched mind, cause it was the thing to do, and everybody else seemed to be joining the fight;" therefore leaving him no alternative but to abide to the demands of the last "Cause," "cause he had to."

The call to arms, by the Governor of Georgia, was enthusiastically received by most of the Georgians. Pickins County was no exception, by its adroit display of fireworks, balls, fairs and military pageantry. Young Southern aristocrats accepted commissions from the Confederacy, and by the dozens they rode off to serve on the various fronts of the assembling Confederate armies. It was a spectacular sight, the morning they left, the officers in tailored grey uniforms, plumed hats, and mounted upon blooded horses, followed by the volunteer infantrymen, mostly owners of small farms, and merchants, incongruous in their uniforms of dyed butternut scattered among various shades of grey. The band played "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" with such fervor that old men and young boys fought to join the ranks of the infantry, only to be turned back. If only these disheartened rejects had known that soon they would be Georgia's only first, and last line of defense, it would have lightened their feelings of remorse. Then they were gone, leaving memories of a dashing beau on a capricious stallion, a pale, bespectacled husband uneasily shifting an unfamiliar rifle

from shoulder to shoulder, whispered promises, and dreams of future glory. The hot summer sun rose higher, the dust settled in the streets, banners and flags flapped idly in the breeze, dogs dozed under musty porches, and women went their ways trying to fulfill the tasks and responsibilities left by their departed "Knights in Grey Wool."

As inconspicuously as possible Karl Sterner tried to find his way home to his farm. Karl had really meant to leave with the men that morning, but things just kept coming up to interfere with his departure; the ducks got loose, repairs were needed around the cabin, his musket wouldn't fire, but the real problem was his wife. She was attractive, but sickly, and Karl knew that once he left, the burden of running the farm would have been too much for her. Even one more day with her meant so much to him. Karl's lack of adequate support for her had done little to mar her devotion to him. Although they were childless, neither tried to lay blame upon the other, and only accepted it as an act of providence. Now Karl was on his way home to say good-bye. He was blind drunk. Everybody bought drinks for Karl that morning, including the mayor. After all, one of the protectors of the sovereign state of Georgia needed a little toast to strengthen him on his journey. Karl just couldn't get around to mentioning the fact that he wouldn't be leaving with the brigade, and by the time he found an opportunity to do so, he was too drunk to make himself intelligible. So as the Brigade marched out, the crowds dispersed, and the merriment subsided, there lay Karl, passed out cold on the front stoop of the post office. Buzzing flies, and waves of nausea welcomed Karl back to the realm of consciousness. Amidst the hostile stares of the remaining inhabitants of Pickens, and the taunts of children, Karl painstakingly made his way to the outskirts of town. The hot sun was just too much for his condition, and on his hands and knees he began his trek homeward. Karl had no trouble finding the way. This condition was really nothing new, Karl was really much more familiar with the horizontal landmarks than he was with the upright ones. In fact everybody driving along that road at night always kept a wary eye out for Karl Sterner's prostrate form. Many people thought that perhaps he should find an easier way to get home, but Karl did have his pride.

Karl's shabby cabin and overgrown front yard wavered into his vision just before sunset. As he maneuvered his way through the door, his wife was standing by the table with his rifle and his hunting pack.

That evening, during the height of a torrential summer storm, Karl hefted his knapsack, filled with side pork, black-eyed peas, and cornbread, upon his shoulder, picked up his rifle, and walked off into the night. Lightening silhouetted his rain-drenched figure against the trees before he was covered by darkness, and then he was gone.

Three bloody and devastating years had passed since that night. Karl Sterner was returning home as ingloriously and un-pretentiously as he had left. Compared to the valor displayed by the majority of the men, who had answered to the beckonings of the Confederate "war drums," Karl remained the least distinguished. Gerald Fleming had died heroically, while leading a suicidal cavalry charge in a desperate attempt to delay a company of Indiana mounted dragoons, who had encircled General Hood and his staff. Coughing blood and raving against the tyranny of the Yankee Government, Arnold Hughson froze to death while held as a Prisoner of War in Rock Island, Illinois. Judson Brimm, who had risen to the rank of Captain during the war, had ridden West to join Quantrell and his raiders.

Karl had spent his entire time in the Army of the Confederacy as a gunner's assistant. The only distinguishment he achieved was to be cited as the most efficient bore swabber in the company. Eventually he became deaf from the constant concussion of the discharging cannons. Although he rinsed his eyes repeatedly, his sight was gradually impaired by sulphurous smoke and particles of burned gunpowder. Two days before the South succumbed to a Northern victory, a cannon in Karl's battery exploded, killing its crew and hurtling pieces of shrapnel into Karl's body and face. Only by the quick action of an Army surgeon was Karl saved from drowning in his own blood. There was little they could do with the restoration of his face. All of the facial features of his right side had been destroyed. Days later, while lying in a hot, steamy field hospital, wracked with pain, breathing air permeated with the stench of gangrene, Karl and the other casualties were told, "The war is over, go home, forgive your enemies, and forget the past."

How long ago had that been? Karl really had no recollection of time. His memory was only a hazy jumble of hitching rides with rumbling farm carts, stumbling along rocky paths and roads, begging food from half-starved families, digging for roots and over-looked potatoes in scrubby, wind-swept fields, and snatching a few precious hours of sleep in the under-brush, or a deserted farm.

As Karl groped his way along that lonely road he unknowingly passed Flora Plantation, now a desolate, abandoned domain of devastated majesty. Its grandiose mansion nothing but a fire gutted ruin, the once rolling, fertile fields choked with weeds, and the rich soil gouged and eroded by unchecked floods of streams, swollen by the spring rains. Long ago that very road would have echoed with the laughter of playing children, resounded with the hearty hails of neighboring sharecroppers, as they rested on their porches in the cool of the evening, and the air would have wafted the smell of night-blooming jasmine and magnolia. Now there was nothing but a deathly silence, the smell of decay, and an aura of neglect.

Karl knew what to expect when he reached his home. His wife would not be waiting. Unkind rumors had spread rapidly throughout the ranks of Karl's brigade, during the latter part of the war. Eventually Karl learned of her willingness to leave her home and follow a young aide-de-camp of General Sherman. The knowledge of her unfaithfulness was not as penetrating as the news of her death in the cold, bitter snows of Pennsylvania. From that day on, Karl's soul was crushed to nothingness. Life became a duty to perform, a task to overcome, and an obligation to fulfill. A smile was a burden, and a laugh a torment to the very essence of his existence. Love was a myth, life a farce, and all tenderness and human feelings became implements of the gods, contrived to torture the souls of mortal men.

Brambles and briars tore at his clothing, as Karl made his way up the path to his cabin. The front steps had rotted and fallen into a jumbled pile of moldering timbers, and the porch and yard were littered with the refuse of bivouacing troops and wandering derelicts. Dampness and mold were everywhere inside the cabin, and field mice scurried from under the debris. In desperation Karl hurried down the path past his cabin to find solace in his precious few acres of land. In the pale glow of the moon he could only see a rocky, wind-swept plot of ground that had once nurtured thousands of cotton plants, blending into the rich, reddish soil with their natural hues of green leaves and white bolls of cotton. With a sob of despair Karl fell to his knees and clenched a fistful of the dusty, arid soil. He had to begin anew, he had to. This is where he would begin, with this sterile, neglected land. Karl had failed himself for the last time. His life was of no more value than the parched soil he had held in his hand, but he would re-create his life as deliberately as he would re-claim the dust that trickled through his fingers, and was swept away by the swirling winds.

Each morning Karl forced his pain-wracked body down to the fields, and with his dimming vision meticulously planted each seed of cotton. Urgency prodded his aching limbs, and tortured lungs to greater speed, in the cultivation of his plants. Each day the rattle in his lungs became more evident, and the need for a greater amount of oxygen was increasing steadily.

Karl carried water to the fields by a bucket. It was a long, tedious process, but it was so vital a task that it couldn't be shirked. With his vision almost completely destroyed, Karl would fumble among the mounds of soil searching for weeds, and vegetation that would have impaired the growth of the young cotton plants, once they had sprouted through the soil. Life was slowly ebbing from his body, but the fervor of his zealous endeavors to rejuvenate his fields only increased.

One morning, when Karl awoke, his only thoughts were to alleviate the searing pain that tore at his lungs with every breath. No, Karl thought, not yet, it's too soon; but, maybe it isn't. Stumbling blindly, coughing, and spewing frothy bubbles of blood from his mouth, Karl hurried to the patch of ground he had so carefully tended. He threw himself upon the dirt and began to frantically feel for some sign of life. His fingers tore deeply into the earth, searching for the leaves of the cotton plants, the roots, something; something to show life. "Oh God," he cried, "Oh God, please, please, please," but he found nothing, and the tears from his sightless eyes fell to mingle with the red Georgia clay, and formed rivulets of blood that flowed over his still hands that lay partially buried in the sandy mounds. The rattled breathing had stopped, the tears had ceased to flow, and the only sounds were the harsh cries of the crows, and the rustle of the dry brush in the breeze.

His grave was a stony furrow, and his eulogy was cried out by the wind, as it raced across the barren soil swirling into tornadoes of dust.

The months passed, and then the rains came. Lightning split the sky with a flash of brightness, and the crashing roll of thunder resounded across the countryside. The rains subsided and the sun broke through the clouds to spread its fiery rays throughout the rain drenched land.

Where Karl Sterner's body had lain, bright green leaves of cotton seedlings had begun to sprout their way through the soil. That patch of ground had burst forth with an abundance of seedlings that stood like an oasis of life, surrounded by fields of desolation and despair. Life had begun anew.

IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN TO YOU

WARREN CANON

Two soldiers sat in the corner of the cafe. The cafe wasn't crowded because few people took the four o'clock train to Nurnberg; it wasn't the popular train. A heavy waitress strode out from behind the small bar, carrying a small tray. The room smelt of old men.

The waitress halted sullenly before their table and the older soldier, Bruno, ordered the drinks, speaking almost perfect German. As he spoke to her his deeply set eyes betrayed no emotion, the controlled smile slightly easing as he finished ordering. He brushed his hand through his thick brown hair, looking across the table to Ashly's young, unscarred face. He was glad that Ashly had come to the station with him. He didn't want to be at the station alone. He had only known Ashly for a few months, and was now leaving him and this town before he had ever expected. The time would pass, and the train would come, and he could talk to Ashly.

"What the hell did you come for?" said Bruno.

"Came to see you off," said Ashly, looking out the window behind Bruno.

"The hell you did. You came to have a drink."

"Came to buy you one." Ashly waved his hand to the waitress.

The waitress brought cognac and a beer for Ashly. Bruno slowly revolved the small glass between his thumb and forefinger. After a few moments he drank the contents silently.

"The best drink I've had since the court martial," he said, pasting a grin across his thin cheeks.

"You mean 'Since Christmas,'" said Ashly, gulping at the yellow beer.

Bruno turned his chair to the side and leaned back slightly.

"See that church out there, kid?"

Ashly turned to the window.

"In '45, in Patton's forward recon, we came up directly on that small hill back there. The Major put an AP round over the church, just nicking the top of that steeple. You can still see the nick in it. Ten minutes later the *Burgermeister* and some of his boys came out waving white flags. Went through this town so fast we didn't even get laid. Ended up in *Elgeldorf* that night."

"Never told me that before, about the church and all, I mean."

"Well, I never think about it much."

Now, he could see the steeple without looking and it was evening then. The Major's face was bright as he took aim. His little hobby, as he called it. 'Only the Catholic ones boys,' he woul chuckle, winking at them, 'the Pope can afford it.'

Can you tell him how much you hated him? In the end the major was the enemy, and you knew it. Finally you know that you can't tell it, unable to hold your memories true. You even wonder if he thinks you're lying.

You can't even remember the streets and corners now, just the way the cobblestones looked in the evening rain. You don't even know yourself about the truth.

You come to something young, and leave it . . . how? How do you leave it? It was fresh, and you even thought it was important. You worked well and they told you how important you weer to them and gave you bright ribbons to prove it. You did all the stupid petty things and even began to believe in them. But you stayed because there was a part of you that felt good, and orderly inside. The home inside that you never had before. You lived for that part, even when you didn't feel it or touch it for a long time. You stayed because you knew it would come back.

And it came back to you in the court martial. You felt it inside when you looked at the ragged face of the captain and you knew he didn't feel it and he never would. It sat there, and you felt it coolly coaring inside and you called him a liar for the third time that morning.

And now I'm out there with you Major; the used car salesman that go to the reserve meetings and tell lies.

"What's the highest you ever were?" said Ashly. He could see Ashly glancing to the dark spots on his sleeve, where the stripes had come and gone through the years and his uniform had not faded when they were on.

He looked down, over his shoulder. "I was a Master after Korea . . . in '54."

"Christ! Bruno, what got all those stripes from you."

He started at a long scar running across his wrist. It was changing with the cognac to the old familiar blue color.

"Oh . . . don't know. The booze, the women, moving around, no family, maybe Korea and the way it was there."

His voice trailed away into the walls and in the stillness they could hear the metal squeaking of a baggage cart wheeling away from the Cafe.

"Mostly I guess it was the booze," he said.

"I guess it was a lot different in Korea than in Two, huh?"

He looked sharply across to Ashly. Ashly's eyes peered brightly over the rim of the gigantic beer mug. He grabbed his own cognac, looking down at his hand and the way the redish blue line curled around the small glass. The line cleaved up his forearm, under his uniform. A snake coiled tightly across the glass, lifting and coming closer to his opened eyes. Finally, he was touching the hot wetness of the cognac with his lips and the line on his wrist blurred his eyes.

"Ashly, if we had a three day pass there wouldn't be enough time for me to tell you about Korea. As it is we got, or rather I got, about half an hour. Let's have another."

What could you tell him? That they called you Pop because you had been in the last one? When they talked to you in the darkness with their boyish voices you could see oyruself sitting there talking back, being yourself. They'll call you iceman behind your back, Ashly, and you'll cringe everythime you hear the word. Wanting to

give something, but nothing you're not afraid to give. Nothing you can give. You're a cripple! You'll know that then. You know it after the first time. You know about friends then. You'd rather look at your bloody belly and bent hand than face a friend's upturned eyes in the mud some morning.

Twenty-one years, and they tell you with a straight face that you are unable to adapt to military life. Twenty-one years, and you are standing in the dark, near the fence, waiting for your relief, thinking about how warm and red the stove is in the guard house. Thinking about how warm and real four hours of sleep is and forgetting about the smell of the boots and the transit mattresses. Forgetting even it's Christmas.

You hear it, a shuffle, and you're turning, bringing the rifle down, the old habit. You see him standing on the tank, holding a box of rations awkwardly. The stranger, the German, makes a small sound, coming from his throat and muffled in the air, before you even get 'Halt' out, before you see the box hurling darkly toward you from above. Backing away, slipping in the snow, you see his terrified face receding downward, just before you hit the ground, wet in the snow. Flooded in adrenalin, you're shaking your mittens off, feeling the barrel of the teel still in your hand. The steel is cold and the bolt cuts your hand, but all you feel is his weight on you and the cold between your legs as he grabs your throat. There is a shudder, a mush, you know, it, you've done it before. You only feel it because you are screaming the old kill words into the night, not hearing the shell that killed him.

In the daylight, in the warm room, the colonel tells you about German - American relations. He speaks of newspapers and propaganda, and you listen. You tell him the truth and he tells you some more about the newspapers and propaganda. You try to tell him about the cold, about the fingers in your throat, your mittens, the naked feeling, but he looks at some papers on the desk and you never talked to him. He talks, looking near you, about publicity, and the meaning of a guilty plea in a military court. He talks about the speed of the trial and the mercy of the court in such cases. He says things, but you only catch phrases now, about thinking things over, doing the smart thing, letting them take care of it, and not worrying.

The waitress brought more drinks to the table. Bruno slid a ten mark not toward her, not looking as she made change. He looked through the window, seeing the dark clouds of a winter storm sliding across the panes. Ashly ran his thumb slowly along the moist stein.

"Listen kid, you keep on working like you been working for me and you won't have any trouble. For a guy that's only been at it a little while you make one of the best armors I've seen. I mean it!"

"Aw, don't give me that stuff, Bruno. I don't need it."

"Watch the .30's and the .50's. Keep the headspace close on them. They always check 'em close on inspection, and if they're looking good they won't even mess around with the other weapons. Remember that! And don't start keeping a bottle under the bayonets, like I did. You hear?"

They stood on the far platform, near the stairs, kicking absently at the canvas bags between them. The wind was up now, and the first of the storm sent small flecks of snow across the tracks into the dirt. They were alone, apart from the Germans. The shrill whistle of a German train came to them, far away, coming through the hills. Bruno thought of the boxcared trains that carried men to Dachau. He kicked his duffle bag again.

"I never thought it would be like this. I just never thought about it this way." He was looking at Ashly, at the way the snow was melting on his throat, around his collar.

"We all knew how the goddamn officers would screw you. Hadn't been Christmas an' him having a couple of kids it wouldn't a ever been."

"Tell 'Old Jaws' goodbye for me, will ya? I wish I could'a seen him again."

"Yeah, I will . . . listen, Bruno, it could'a been worse. You got an honorable and you retire as a Master. Now you seen 'em screw 'em up a lot worse than that!"

The whistle wailed now and the light of the train could be seen dimly pushing through the storm. In the snow they could see the dark crowd of Germans moving in their great-coats. Their guttural voices fading into the sharp whistle. He could feel the concrete rattling under his feet as the black coaches came pouring onto the platform, clattering and hissing the snow free from the rolling body. The Germans were climbing aboard, through the steam.

They carried the bags to the steps of the dark coach. Bruno threw the heavy duffle bag up into the aisle and stepping upon the first step he took the small bag from Ashly.

"Thanks for coming, kid."

"Hey, watch that bag. I put a bottle of Yak in there for you."

Bruno looked down at Ashly's crooked grin. "Yeah, where did you get the money for that? You re-enlist?"

"I just might of. An stop calling me 'kid'."

"All right. Screw you, kid."

They were shaking hands, cold and tight in the winter air. The conductor was shouting and glancing at his watch.

"Screw you, Bruno."

"Screw em all, kid."

The black coach moved so slightly that they weren't sure of the direction. The whistle screamed into the night and Bruno couldn't hear what Ashly was saying, although he could see his mouth moving. He waved his red scarred hand, backing up the steps, look away now.

The window was misty and all Ashly could see was a green shadow moving; a blur.

The mist filled windows moved, gathering speed, until they were just yellow flowing away into the night. The long black body screamed and snaked through the hills; a great river winding to the sea.



NO VACANCY

MURIEL GRAY GAGNON

It'd been a year, in fact, almost a year and a half, since I'd been back to what I laughingly referred to as The Ranch. What had first started out as the one ambitious experiment in my life now stood out, not as a failure, but as a haunting, unfulfilled void. That the experiment didn't work wasn't because I didn't try — Lordy how I tried!

But Lady Luck just wasn't with me that year. And now, that I found myself traveling down a highway that ran dangerously close to this period in my past, my heart began to pound in ever-increasing rhythm, trying in its own way to make me hurry.

I hadn't planned to, but suddenly I found myself helplessly slowing down and turning right, into secondary road 534A. I pulled over to a stop. Ahead and to the left of me, I could just make out the gabled roof of the Albritton house, almost completely concealed by the surrounding grove. This was growing country — orange-spotted citrus trees most everywhere, and where they weren't, you'd find silent, seemingly stationary prize Brahman cattle grazing in the thick, heavy scrub.

I wanted to return to the main highway, but I couldn't. I seemed to be a prisoner in my own car, forced to start up again, to wind my way slowly over the familiar, hilly narrow passage that cut through orange groves. The trees were heavy and full with near-ripened fruit, and I knew that the quietness of the countryside soon would give way to the mellifluous shouts of the picking gangs, and the hums and whines of the conveyor machines filling the hungry trucks. I felt contentment.

I felt contentment in my soul, but why I should feel I was returning home, I had no idea. This wasn't really my home. I had no family here, no friends to speak of, and no fond memories of my youth. I hadn't even been raised here. Where I was headed was not much more than a ten acre tract. I had purchased it on impulse, a few years back, from a fast-talking land developer.

As the last hairpin curve before Pine Tree Drive came into view, I involuntarily slowed to a snail's pace as I remembered back to the day I saw old Mr. McGill, with old Mrs. McGill perched atop the cultivator he was towing, deliberately back his tractor into the nearby drainage canal, then guffawing loudly at her plight.

As I turned left into the half-hidden wagon trail that was called Pine Tree Drive, I knew that this was where I belonged. Certainly no stranger could have known that these deserted tracks were Pine Tree Drive. The wooden street sign — its letters gone, the white paint weathered down to bare post and crosspiece — served as a silent reminder that civilization had once tried to invade this primitive, raw, silent hill. No grove land or graze land this — but scrubby, snake-infested palmetto brush, protected from sun and sky by tall, tight, Australian pine.

Shaking and quaking as I jounced and bounced my way up that last mile, I found myself hanging on to the steering wheel more for balancing than for steering. The rim-deep ruts held the tires in their vice-like grip, leading us, my car and me, to our destination.

As, now the abandoned lodge in the clearing was coming into view. Here, in the waist-high sawgrass, was what I had come in search of. Here was the farm I had tried to establish and failed, here was the site of my attempt to return to the land when it had no use for me. Here was my home.

I drove into what was once a well-kept yard and turned off the ignition, but I didn't get out. I was afraid. I was afraid of this naked skeleton of a dream that was once my whole life.

The sun-bleached, weatherbeaten front door hung crazily from the top hinge, not moving, not being prodded at all by the stiff breeze whistling through the two broken windows. The windows seemed to start back at me in utter disbelief, that the likes of me should have the gall to trespass into this private corner of God.

Then I knew the truth. I was never wanted here. Never needed by what I had grown to love — the rustle of every leaf, the call of the crow for his missing mate, even the rattler I had just spotted, poised momentarily in the doorway before it slithered silently with a purpose under the desolate house in pursuit of prey.

No, I didn't get out of the car, but instead started her up again, circled my home in silent goodbye, and headed back to the world from whence I'd come.



DARKNESS AND RAIN

TIM INSERRA

The park is empty. Darkness and solitude envelop me. The bench I am sitting on is vacant. The universe. Here I come for peace, to think, to satisfy my mind, to torture my body. Here I sit; an appalling example of free thought.

All is material.

A sound. Someone walking. I am not alone. An old man. Drunk.

To drink. In utter despair I would drown my thoughts in drink. Utter despair. To drown my thoughts. NO! My thoughts are good thoughts. They are good thoughts because they are MY thoughts. MINE. I need not drown what is mine. I am not ashamed.

He is a filthy old man. Drunk. Disgust. He will die in a gutter and I will be glad. Smile.

He is gone.

My mind must return to me. My thoughts. My mind.

What is creation? It does not exist. What is to create from nothing? There is no creation. COMBINATION. All is combination. All is material.

A sound. A horn. Someone is playing a horn. The blues. Play me a sad song. Alone. The blues and the abstract truth. Genius plus soul equals jazz Purity.

"Shut that damn noise up! I'd like to get a little sleep ya know."

He stops. No blues. No truth. It was a harsh voice. Unyielding. A spoiler.

The silence returns.

He must be sad that he can no longer play. How is he to know what is good and right if he cannot play? Toment. Damn that spoiler!

People walking. Two people. Outside the park fence. People in love. Negroes. Hand in hand.

They stop at the gate and look upon the empty park. Darkness. They cannot see me, I know they cannot. He speaks to her. She seems timid and shy. Why would they enter this park, this darkness, this emptyness? Please do not enter. PLEASE do not enter!

They leave. Together. I return to myself.

Wind. Trees.

I believe to my soul that I am myself. Myself is good because it is me. My soul . . . No, not my soul. All is material. I believe to my body. My body is real.

Fright. A scream. Sounds of a violent struggle somewhere near me. A woman. Danger. The trees move in violence and pain. Many people. A woman alone.

I cannot move.

She no longer protests. The struggle has ceased. Many people leave. Heavy feet. She is alone. The park is silent.

Crawling. Coming to me. Ripped and ragged. Crawling for help. Her arm pleas for my aid.

I rise. Walking. The gate is before me. I leave the park.

It begins to rain.



IT REMINDS ONE OF THE OPERA

H. CREWS

The world was young and green in the park under the spreading trees where men and women strolled about or sat on little concrete benches placed to catch the warmth of the spring sun. Their soft smooth faces seemed almost to glow. A young man and woman met in the entrance to the park and turned diagonally across it, stepping briskly along in a strong, crisp stride to the other side where they came out of the trees into a plaza fronting a marble building that shone in the sun like polished bone.

"Do you think this will be the last one this week?" asked the young man.

"Perhaps," the young woman answered, "If it's a success."

The corridor they entered was white and uncluttered and smelled of disinfectant.

"I don't mind attending them," he said, trying to keep the conversation going because he thought the girl attractive and was trying to get up the courage to ask her to dinner and a show. "But I *do* think scheduling more than one a week is rather much."

"I do too," she said. "But there's not much one can do, really."

They went into a round room in the center of which there was a fierce spot of light brilliantly focused on an empty chair. Tier after tier of darkened seats rose in expanding circles toward the domed ceiling. There were perhaps two hundred spectators already quietly seated in the darkness surrounding the light. The young woman led her companion to a seat in the very first row. She sat down and propped her elbows on the bright stainless steel railing that separated the spectators from the circle of light.

"I always say if you've got to attend these demonstrations, you might as well get close enough to see." She smiled a small apology.

"I always say the same thing," he said, watching her bare firm arm out of the corner of his eye, trying to think of a way to broach the subject. A silence stretched after his words, ruptured now and again by a muffled cough or sigh somewhere in the darkness behind them. "It reminds one of the opera at times," he said.

"There is a certain resemblance," she said.

"I mean in the lighting and stage effect," he said.

"Precisely," she said.

An old man was brought out by an attendant and made to sit upon the chair in the circle of light. He was left alone, wearing a rough brown pair of trousers and a rough, short-sleeved shirt, sitting stiffly, his delicate veined arms folded over his lap.

A young man stepped smartly to the side of the old man and cleared his throat. "Welcome ladies and gentlemen to this the nine thousand four hundred and thirty second successive lecture of the Society for the Prevention of Senility and the Encouragement of Optimum life Termination." His voice was high, sing-song, monotonous. He might have been demonstrating a potato peeler in a department store. He reached out and touched the old man's shoulder. "This is senility and before we are through . . ."

The young man leaned close to the young woman and said in a lowered voice. "You've got to admire the way he holds your attention through what would otherwise be a terribly boring lecture."

"Quite," she said. "I understand he was once a TV news broadcaster."

"Certainly a fascinating delivery," said the young man putting his hand on the armrest next to hers. The warmth of her flesh touched him.

". . . to notice the eyes. I have it on good authority that this man's visual and mental powers are so far deteriorated that he cannot recognize those people nearest him, his keeper, his doctor, etc. But more than that." And here the lecturer paused and then said in a raised voice, "Sometimes he does not even know *who he is*, that is, he does not recognize himself!"

"Can you imagine," said the young man pressing his elbow into her firm yet yielding side and wondering if part of what he felt was not her breast.

"Almost unbelievable," she said, shifting enough to accommodate him a little but not enough, she decided, to make him think her easy.

". . . the sagging muscles . . ."

"Do you go often to the theatre?"

". . . the flaccid pauch . . ."

"Quite often," she said.

". . . and that is why it is so important, as I'm sure you young people realize, to keep these cases of age before you in a steady stream, bringing them forth in the full flower, so to speak, of their decay. That way each of you will be ready to do to yourselves *what* is necessary *when* it is necessary, which is, in the final analysis, all our world demands of you."

"Then it's a date?" asked the young man, absolutely certain now that part of what he felt was indeed her breast.

"Yes," she smiled, turning her face full to him so that he could see how even her teeth were in case he missed them earlier.

". . . and lastly I bring your attention to the skin." The old man had been made to stand and the lecturer removed the rough, brown shirt as he talked. "I bring your especial notice to the apparent lack of support in the flesh, as though not really attached to bone and cartilage underneath, the way the skin hangs in downward ripples and dimples. And while it is true that an old man's skin has the softness of a baby's, it is a softness that has no foundation, no bottom so to speak, and is therefore entirely unhealthy and unlovely." The young lecturer waved one hand in a brief motion and the attendant came out and stood beside the old man who had been allowed to sit again upon his chair. The attendant had a hypodermic needle in a white cloth which he held in his right hand.

"He certainly is thorough, isn't he?" she said.

". . . and that concludes the demonstration and lecture for today." The attendant inserted the needle and the old man stiffened and slid out of the chair to the floor. He never closed his blue staring eyes.

"Very thorough," he agreed.

"Strange how, after the initial shock of the needle, they just seem to suddenly relax all over," she said.

"As though every bone in them had turned to wet sand."

"Precisely," she said.

They were out of the lecture room now, moving slowly along the corridor. At the end of it they could already see the faint glare of the yellow spring sun. He was holding her hand.

"There is to be a Special next week, you know," he said.

"I was reading the notices," she said. "A I remember, it said they would not only show an old man externally but internally as well."

"That's the one," he said. "Would you like to go with me?"

"Surely," she said, squeezing his hand. "I've never seen the *inside* of an old man."

"I have," he said, a note of pride getting into his voice in spite of himself.

"I hear their intestines are black as rope," she said.

"Well, yes that's true, but it's not the intestines that get you. It's the heart."

"The heart?"

"There's something about the size of it. Looks twice as big as it should. Perhaps it's because the body is so withered and shrunken. Anyway when they haul that thing out of there, it really does something to you."

"Sounds fascinating!"

"I'll let you decide," he said.

"I'm looking forward to it already," she said.

They stopped at the entrance to the park.

"Dinner at my place tomorrow night and then the theatre?"

"Right," she said.

"Would you prefer red or white wine after dinner?" he asked.

"Red," she said.



THE RETURN

CONNIE SUE CARVETH

The town, as I had known it in my younger days, was always full of merriment. The children had played tag in the dusty main street and had often scampered to my front porch in their frolicking games. It had warmed my heart to watch them gobble the molasses cookies I would have waiting for them during the hot summer days. Even now, I can still hear their angelic voices chanting Christmas carols beneath my window on a cold December night.

The children do not play games any more. They search for any food scraps they can gather during the day and collect firewood to keep them warm at night. Many of the men are imprisoned, leaving their wives and children to face a life of despair. Some of the older folks of our town have also been imprisoned. Many of those unable to bear the shock of the terror on their aged bodies have died.

I can not believe that I have returned to the town where life was once so carefree and gay. The scars of fear and murder are everywhere. Though I have been away only ten years, it has been long enough for trusting friends to fear me. Everyone seems to turn his back to me and to each other. Moreover, the older boys have been taken away to camps where they have been trained in the tactics of theft and murder.

Families have been separated; homes, destroyed; and property, confiscated. Old friendships have dissolved and new ones will never again gel. I often wish I had never set out to conquer the world as I stand here viewing my hometown on my way to exile on the island of Saint Helena.

THE MANY VOICES OF ARTHUR MILLER

LISA RUDEN

Quit recently, a very important development on the American theatrical scene took place in the form of the opening of the ultramodern, beautiful Lincoln Center in New York City and with it the announcement, that the American Repertory Theater had selected its "Home" playwright. It came to no one's surprise, when the play "After the Fall" by Pulitzer Prize-winner Arthur Miller was chosen to open the new Center together with the declaration, that he was going to be the "Bard" of the company. As everyone recalls, especially on his 400th birthday, Shakespeare was the only writer, whose plays were produced in the old Globe theater and so Arthur Miller, the only writer, whose plays will be produced at Lincoln Center for the time being, can rightly be called the American "Bard."

Why was Miller, whose early efforts met with such great disappointment, chosen to this exalted position over such eminent contemporaries as Tennessee Williams, William Saroyan or Maxwell Anderson? Can it be, that his almost clinical revelations of the inner conflict of particularly the American male — for instance Willie Lowman in *Death of a Salesman* — have struck a certain note in the heart of most Americans and have made some of his leading characters true portraits of the American composite?

Let us take a closer look at some of his characters, these supposed figments of his imagination, who have so many fascinating, diversified facets.

Invariably, each time a new play is presented, the question arises as to which of the characters depicted, represents the actual voice of the author. Arthur Miller is no exception and we find him, or a great part of his personality, in a great number of his characters. In his last play, *After the Fall*, the leading character of "Quentin" was so thinly disguised, that very few people took Miller seriously, when he stated to reporters after the glittering premiere: "That man up there isn't me. A playwright doesn't put himself on the stage, he only dramatizes certain forces within himself."¹

We will consider his latest play *After the Fall* more fully, but first let us recount the outstanding and finely etched other studies of his brainchildren. Certainly the most famous of them all is the wretched hero of his *Death of a Salesman*, Willie Lowman. Nothing really mattered to Willie more than to be "well liked." Willie caught the imagination of the American theater goer, because it was so easy to identify oneself or one's relative or friend, with this modern day Everyman, the salesman, who could sell anything. After 43 years of hard work, he is told by the youthful son of his late boss, that he is no longer needed. It is the theme of "the orange eaten and the peel thrown away,"² presented to us in a strong, masterful fashion by the talented author. Willie, however, has nothing about him, that resembles Arthur Miller in the lightest degree. It was the character of Biff, who voiced the author's own convictions and beliefs.

Biff, Willie's older son, is able to look through the futile attempts of his father to make life a success, or rather what Willie thinks of as success. The son, after being psychologically hurt as a youngster by discovering, that his idealized father is not the perfect knight in shining armour, that virtually his idol has feet of clay (he discovers a woman in his father's hotel room, when he pays him a surprise visit in Boston, where Willie had gone on a business trip) he realizes his own limitations. This is masterfully brought out by the author in the very last part of the play, called *Requiem*. It is after Willie's funeral. The father has committed suicide, he felt he was more worth to his family dead than alive. All the principals are staring at Willie's grave:

* * *

Biff: He had the wrong dreams. All, all wrong.

Happy: Don't say that!

Biff: He never knew who he was.

Charley (Willie's friend) to Biff: Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand: Willie was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back — that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dost blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

Biff: Charley, the man didn't know who he was.

Happy, infuriated: Don't say that!

Biff: Why don't you come with me, Happy?

Happy: I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! (He looks at Biff, his chin set.) The Loman Brothers!

Biff: I know who I am, kid.

Happy: All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willie Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have — to come out number one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him.³

* * *

It looks, like Happy, the younger son, is already on the way to become an extension of his father, whereas Biff has fully recognized the false pride and wrong sense of value that swallowed up this small man, Willie Lowman, in a world of sham.

We find a very similar situation in one of his earlier plays, *All My Sons*, for which he received the Drama Critic's Circle Award in 1947.⁴ Here again we find a father-son conflict, that eventually leads to the suicide of Joe Keller, the father. Joe was supposedly molded after Arthur Miller's grandfather and one cannot help but wonder again, whether Chris Keller, the son who returned from the war, a true idealist, who stands for all that is

1 "After the Fall" Arthur Miller's Return. NEWSWEEK, February 3, 1964, Vol. LXIII, p. 49.

2 Allan Lewis, THE CONTEMPORARY THEATER, New York, 1962) p. 295.

3 Arthur Miller, ARTHUR MILLER'S COLLECTED PLAYS, (New York, 1957), pp. 221-222.

4 "Arthur Miller" ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA, 1961, Vol. 19, 117.

good and honest, is the personification of a man, the author would like to be or possibly thinks, he is. The Contrast between father and son is again extreme, Joe Keller being a man completely ruled by love for his family, always in search for the almighty dollar and finally committing a crime he blames his partner for, all in order to provide comfort and security for his dear ones and never realizing the terrible harm he had done.

Arthur Miller deals superbly with serious subjects. Any matter he writes about, gains dramatic intensity by the way, he analyzes the conflicts within each individual.⁵ Being a very sensitive, brooding individual himself, he always strives to present either social, political or economic pressures in his plays and he does this for a very personal reason. We could easily find many very similar situations to the stories he tells us about, in the story of his own life. Let us take a closer look, therefore, into Arthur Miller's Biography, so that we may learn something about the make-up of this man, who can certainly be classified as one of the most important, contemporary playwrights.

Arthur Miller was born in New York City on the seventeenth of October, nineteen fifteen and grew up during the difficult days of the depression era. He admittedly was a very poor student at public school and read his first weighty book at the age of seventeen.⁶ Undoubtedly we find the image of his father, Isadore Miller, in many of his fatherly characters. Isadore Miller was a successful shopowner until the slump and in addition to Arthur, had an older son, Kermit and a daughter, Joan, six years young than Arthur.

Arthur graduated from High School in 1922 but had to work for two years in an automobile-parts warehouse to earn his tuition for college. Incidentally, this is exactly what Bert does in *A Memory of Two Mondays*, an early play, for which Miller seems to have a special fondness.⁷

After entering the University of Michigan, where he studied economics and history, his writing ability was quickly recognized and he soon received the Avery Hopwood Award in drama with his first play.⁸ He literally worked his way through college by working as night editor of the *Michigan Daily News* and was only able to complete his course with financial aid from the National Youth Administration.⁹ The image of the struggling, young writer, who finally reaches success under difficult circumstances, very quickly caught the imagination of the American public and most of the articles about Miller mention the fact that he has done such menial, diversified jobs working in a box factory while writing radio plays, being a shipfitters' helper in a Brooklyn Navy Yard, holding such tiring jobs as truckdriver, waiter and crewman on a tanker. Even now, it is said, he spends a few weeks each year working in a factory, so he will remember what it feels like to stand on one's feet in one place eight hours a day.¹⁰

He joined the Federal Theater Project, after graduating from College, but before his plays could be produced, the project closed down, because of improved economic

conditions in America. Success didn't come easy at all; his first play *The Man Who Had All the Luck* was withdrawn after only four performances on Broadway.¹¹

However, Arthur Miller's great, dramatic talent is finally recognized, when his play *All My Sons* wins the Drama Critic's Prize for the Best Play of the Season of 1947 and it was shortly thereafter made into a fine motion picture. In 1949, his *Death of a Salesman*, in many opinions his greatest achievement to date, wins again the Drama Critic's Award, as well as the Pulitzer Prize and the Antoinette Perry Award.

In 1953, Miller writes a very controversial play about the witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts in the year of 1662, *The Crucible*. It deals with organized tyranny and its message of the final moral victory of truth, after its defeat of the ideal is indeed masterfully pointed out. The play was considered inferior to his previous efforts by many contemporary critics, but one of them, J. Mason Brown, pointed out, that Miller's plays were always about something important that really matters¹² and that *The Crucible* was no exception. It deals with the liberty of man's conscience and his right to express his convictions and opinions. The play was also made into a French movie by the renowned, pinkish writer and producer, Jean Paul Sartre in 1955.

It was rather obvious, that Miller was criticizing the activities of the House Committee on Un-American Activities headed by the late Senator McCarthy and it came to no one's surprise, when he himself was put on their blacklist by refusing to name friends, that had leftist leanings. He was held in contempt and he couldn't forgive his close friend, Elia Kazan, for turning informer at the time.¹³ Not until the event of the opening of the Lincoln Center was their friendship resumed again. Incidentally, in his last play, *After the Fall*, we find a Kazan-like character sharply drawn within its pages.

In the play, *The Crucible*, the victims are completely vindicated after twenty years and the government tries to make restitutions. Miller most certainly expresses his own hopes for a twentieth century parallel, as he viewed McCarthyism. It looks, now, as if his opinions have been partially upheld. Certainly the senator exited from the stage of life under dubious and inglorious circumstances. His follows never could equal his vicious attacks against free thinking individuals. The latter may have been wrong in their beliefs and ideals, but there were other methods available to educate them than McCarthy's venomous smears.

Arthur Miller's absence from the scene of the American Theater for almost nine years was partially blamed on this brush with the House Committee and partially on his turbulent marriage with one of America's Sex-godesses, the tragic and beautiful Marilyn Monroe. As we will later see, he deals with this particular phase of his life dramatically in his latest play, *After the Fall*, which certain critics have called Arthur Miller's "Moral Striptease."¹⁴

5 *Ibid.*, p. 117.

6 Stanley J. Kunitz, TWENTIETH CENTURY AUTHORS, 1. Suppl. New York. The H. W. Wilson Co., 1955, p. 669.

7 Dennis Welland. ARTHUR MILLER, (New York, 1961) p. 4.

8 *Ibid.*, p. 5.

9 *Ibid.*, p. 4.

10 *Ibid.*, p. 5.

11 *Ibid.*, p. 7.

12 Kuntz, p. 670.

13 Newsweek, p. 52.

14 "Marilyn's Ghost takes the stage" LIFE, February 7, 1964, Vol. 56, p. 64 C.
2nd Ed. London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1960, p. 202.

Certainly one cannot call Miller a particularly prolific writer; he obviously believes in quality rather than in quantity. His few plays are carefully wrought and the character polished to perfection in exactly the right settings, just like beautiful diamonds are made to sparkle. He is primarily a writer of plays, although he did try his hand in writing several novels, the outstanding of which is "*Focus*," written in 1945, which deals with Anti-Semitism. Miller, being of Jewish origin himself, naturally felt every strongly about the issue and voices his personal opinion throughout the book.

The theater, to Miller, is a place in which to share truth¹⁵ and it is fortunate for the audience, that his catharses always happen to turn into fascinating and interesting fare. Except for *The Crucible*, where the theme is much more important than the characters,¹⁶ he peoples his plays with persons, who are very close to him, friends, relatives, wives and many times these images carry his own identity, as I pointed out before. He is now riding the topcrest of his success, has a new wife, a new baby-son (he had two sons by his first wife, from whom he was divorced) and is one of the foremost and most extolled writers in America. So much for Arthur Miller, the man. Now let us consider Quentin, the hero of his latest play, *After the Fall*, whose similarity to the author is quite striking.

The plot is an almost clinical account of Miller's own life, using different names.¹⁷ Quentin, a young lawyer, is wracked with selfdoubt as to his worth as a human being, after two unsuccessful marriages. He is contemplating trying marriage once more, the foreign born Holga being the object of his affection. In a spectacular setting of circular platforms of different levels, especially built as a permanent part of the stage, he recalls his past life and the audience sees his thoughts and dreams come to life, as he tells his story.

He had grown up in a loving home, complete with a doting mother, who spoiled him. Here we have possibly the reason, why he constantly craves to be odored by women. Being idealistically inclined and wanting to help "save" the world, he becomes involved in politics. His first marriage is a complete failure. He seems so preoccupied with his own, idealistic thoughts, that he often ignores the presence of his wife, who leaves him before long. She finds him empty of feeling, not realizing that here is a man obsessed with extraordinarily high principles. His lofty feelings, however, seem never ready for ordinary needs.¹⁸ In these early passages we can already recognize Miller's self revelation and schizoid role in the character of Quentin.¹⁹ He frankly admits his own guilt for the breakup of his first marriage and confesses, that his sins were more sins of omission than of commission. Certainly, after recalling his background, one senses, that his feelings are identical with his leading character. The role of Quentin, incidentally, is the longest in the annals of theatrical history since *Hamlet*. Miller sets the mood of his play in his foreword, where he states: "To perceive somehow our own complicity with evil is a horror not to be borne." He is rather longwinded in the

opening scene, because he likes to delve completely into the background and motives of his characters. Many critics are comparing Miller to the great Norwegian writer, Henrik Ibsen, who used similar means to create his unforgettable characters.

In the play, Quentin's second wife is the beautiful Maggie, a living counterpart of the aforementioned Marilyn Monroe. Maggie has lived through a wretched childhood. Her appearance on stage recalls immediately the golden image of the Monroe character. Marilyn herself was the product of unwed parents, was raised in a string of loveless foster homes and became miraculously one of the nation's adored Love-goddesses. As Maggie in the play, she considers herself a public joke and her charitable contribution to humanity consists of giving the one thing she is so amply supplied with: Sex. At this point one senses, that Miller is laying the groundwork for his later defense to the question as to why this marriage failed. After all, who could blame a man, sensitive and with high ideals, for not being able to accept such an attitude in the woman who bears his name?

Maggie's faults are truly petty and childish. She is completely inconsistent, extremely vain, petulant, and becomes more and more shrewish, as her fame increases.²¹ She claims to have a great love for people in general, but abuses them at every opportunity. When Quentin proposes marriage, she can hardly believe his earnestness and on the day of their wedding she offers him another chance to reconsider and back out. She obviously considers herself vastly inferior to his great intellect.

The marriage turns into a very unhappy affair. At every opportunity, Maggie claws at Quentin and yet clings to him and demands complete attention and concentration on her person. She shows symptoms of a tendency towards selfdestruction and finally tries to commit suicide. Quentin saves her life this time and many other times thereafter. His work suffers and he neglects his own affairs completely, as he seems to devote his life watching over Maggie and her suicidal tendencies. In these passages, of course, we hear Miller crying out to humanity for a better understanding and more sympathy of this trying time in his own life.

One cannot doubt that Quentin is the true voice of Arthur Miller. Many critics even go so far as to say, that the playwright has completely thrown away his human right to privacy. The play is a startling dissection of a man's soul and marrow.²² Through Quentin, the author confesses to a tremendous sense of guilt, as he confesses a certain sense of relief, when Maggie (or Marilyn?) tries to end her life. In the play, Quentin wrenches the pills from her hand and prevents her from being successful in her attempt. Yet he cannot help but think of the freedom that had beckoned. This thought of his haunts him and he gives way sometimes to hysteria himself and actually once attempts to strangle her, when she accuses him of an inability to love. He, who has always claimed to have loved his dear ones, his father, mother, friends, his wives, suddenly becomes aware that he had actually given them up willingly to possible failure, so that he might live and succeed. He realizes that he did this under the label of love and in this realization —

16 Frederik Lumley, *TRENDS IN TWENTIETH CENTURY DRAMA*, 2nd Ed. London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1960, pp. 202.

17 "After the Fall" Text by Arthur Miller, *SATURDAY EVENING POST*, February 1, 1964, pp. 32-58.

18 *Life*, 64 B.

19 *Newsweek*, p. 51.

21 *Ibid.*, p. 64 B.

22 *Newsweek*, p. 49.

after the fall — he asks, if there is forgiveness, if there is light ahead. At this stage he also airs his feelings of a deep sense of personal guilt, when he considers the mass-murder of the six million Jewish people under the Hitler regime. He, as a member of the human race, together with all others, feels a tremendous impact of this man's inhumanity to Man.²³ Yet, at the same time, he feels a distinct measure of separation from the rest of humanity, a feeling, which keeps him from truly loving, crying, even grieving. And while Maggie hides behind barbiturates and booze, so as not to have to face her continuous unhappiness, Quentin beats and pounds his chest, condemning himself, full of guiltfeelings and bewailing the fact, that he can't find himself. Still, one cannot help but wonder: Does Quentin, or rather Miller, really mean this feeling of remorse? Shakespeare said: "Me thinks, thou protests too much!" It rather seems, that Miller, by confessing all these guiltfeelings, is accusing society at large as to what has happened and probably feels a sense of relief for having opened his soul to the audience.

The play ends with a rather hopeful note, as Quentin decides to pick up the threads of his life and attempts to try again anew. He discovers his true beliefs and gains new insight as to his real nature. He wants to face life squarely again and hopes, as he goes on, to gain new courage with each day.²⁴ He prepares to marry Holga, the foreigner, who has given him new hope for the future. Holga is another obvious counterpart to photographer Inge Morath, his present, foreignborn wife.

So concludes the trial of a man by his own conscience, by his own values and deeds.

As we have dissected some of Arthur Miller's characters, we have clearly recognized his relationship and personal involvement with some of their parallels in real life. Certainly his own voice speaks, when we listen to Chrsi Keller in *All My Sons*, to young Biff Lowman in his great *Death of a Salesman*, Proctor, the erring husband with such great feeling of remorse in *The Crucible* and possibly even Eddie, the strong, upright longshoreman with unholy feeling towards his young, beautiful sister in law, who dies in the attempt to white-wash his longings in another fascinating Miller trgedy *A View from the Bridge*. Above all, we hear his voice through his latest hero, Quentin, in *After the Fall*.

We find the personality of his grandfather projected into the character of Joe Keller in *All My Sons*, his father is certainly found in tragic Willie Lowman, probably his mother, that idealized, beloved image of his childhood, is portrayed in Linda Lowman, Willie's wife. In the story of the fanatical witchhunt ("*The Crucible*") Danforth and Hawthorne, the avenging magistrate and his underling, are obvious counterparts of the McCarthy-Cohn team of the Anti-Communist Congressional Hearing in the late forties and early fifties. No one can mistake goldenhaired Maggie for anyone but Miller's second wife, Marilyn Monroe. Since her death occurred only a little over two short years ago, it seems almost indecent and rather shocking to watch the revelations on stage sometimes. This is the extent to which the character of Maggie is drawn towards reality in this last play of his.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

²⁴ *Life*, p. 64 B.

Arthur Miller's wanting to relate to his audience is beautifully described by himself in his introduction to his "Collected Plays":

* * *

A play, I think, ought to make sense to common-sense people. I know what it is to be rejected by them, even unfairly so, but the only challenge worth the effort is the widest one and the tallest one, which is the people themselves. It is their innate conservatism which, I think, is and ought to be the barrier to excess in experiment and the exploitation of the bizarre, even as it is the proper aim of drama to break down the limits of conventional unawareness and acceptance of outmoded and banal forms.

By whatever means it is accomplished, the prime business of a play is to arouse the passion of its audience so that by the route of passion may be opened up new relationships between a man and men, and between men and Man. Drama is akin to the other inventions of man in that it ought to help us to know more, and not merely to spend our feelings.

* * *

At this point of his life, Arthur Miller, with the writing of *After the Fall* and his complete identification with its leading character, has completed a circle of personal involvement in his plays. It will be interesting to note, now that Miller has "confessed" all of his innermost feelings, if his immense talents will guide him to more abstract subjects. If his life and his loves will run more smoothly from now on, he may very well have to look towards more distant fields for some models of the characters in some future plays. No matter what subject Arthur Miller will decide to write about, we can be certain of one aspect: It will undoubtedly be about something that really matters!

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MU

GARY A. HOGLE

I awakened, and there was darkness. I listened, but I could hear no sound. I sought to speak, and there was only silence. I stretched my hand for a familiar object, but I had no feeling. My mind struggled to remember the past, there were no memories. I could not clarify my thoughts for the future; I could only grasp the present. My heart ached with grief, the numbness of my feelings subsided, and tears began to pour forth in a turbulent stream of anguish.

There was the sound of wind, the thunderous roar of the sea crashing upon the shore, a taste of wine upon my lips; and a soft hand touched my brow. A dank, cold gust of stagnant air swept around me, and my lungs gasped for relief. I heard the cries of a multitude of birds, the gentle rustle of feathered bodies, the caress of down upon my cheek; and I began to soar upward, upon the silvery rays of the moon.

APOCALYPSE

TRENT EVANS

The earth is wracked by ruin
Mankind, save one, is gone
And he from whom all souls were hewn
Shall pass in death with coming dawn.

His eyes shall sweep the barren plain
His gaze shall linger on the sea
Upon his earth once scourged by pain
Rests peace for all eternity.

From that lone crest he begs for death
Man's every dream has flown
Thus he partakes the dying breath
Heaven and earth now stand alone.

Perhaps someday an eye shall see
An earth mature and grown
A world where man and God are free
Where sin and death will not be known.

ANGEL'S HEART

THOMAS WRIGHT

Into the vast black abyss
That is night
Descends a heart divine
Which found no promise
Of new life
While below, lovers catch
Their breath in wonder
And gaze upon the
Falling star.

DEDICATION: TO SUCCESS

FRANK BRENNER

Upon the stage you're cheered and loved
Idolized and cherished
Off the stage you walk alone
Life and joy and cheers have perished.

In the dark I often wander
Searching faces endlessly
Strolling down those endless byways
Looking where I cannot see.

I well know that life is cruel
I'll see the fading of the light
But I will rise with blazing day
Before I fall to lasting night.

A WARNING OR LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

SUSAN STEVENS

Love is like to a rose,
Lovely and soft it blooms
Unfolding from an insignificant bud
It blossoms into a beauty great.
We watch it as it grows;
It becomes greater and more lovely.
As we watch, it also begins to fade.
After its full glory blooms, it is forever gone.
Left are the thorns we could not see
for the beauty gone before
Next a love finds me
I shall look beneath, remembering
That the false splendor hides
The sting of the thorn.

SEA OF LIFE

SUSAN STEVENS

Life's but a series of tumultuous waves upon the sea,
Pulling all but the dead in its tow.
We are caught like pebbles in the tide;
Picked up, rolled over, and dropped,
Only to be picked up again by the following roll.
Tumbling and turning through time
The pebbles are crushed, banged, and broken;
Until they are dropped upon the peaceful shores of death.



POEMS

JACK PAWLAWSKI

A whisper: susurra
 A murmur: murmura
 A lover: ternura
 A madness: locura.

A promise: promesa
 A thicket: maleza
 Dishonor: _____
 A sadness: tristeza.

GOD WIND

JACK PAWLAWSKI

Green waves, foaming at the mouth
 as they reach for shore.

Green waves, devouring each other with cavernous bites
 as they reach for shore.

Green waves, roaring like a soon-to-die bull
 as they reach for shore.

Do the green waves foam because they see that death
 approaches?

Do the green waves devour each other in a last frantic
 attempt to protect their like from approaching death?

Do the green waves roar a prayer to God Wind to
 postpone their certain death a few seconds longer?

Apology to a Latin American poet, whose poetry was attacked on the floor of Congress and just as stoutly defended, here and abroad.

DON'T TALK OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH

VIRGINIA KROCHMALNY

IF A CAT DIES, THE BUREAU OF SANITATION
 DISPATCHES A STERILE HEARSE.
 THE MANGLED PATCH OF FUR vanishes
 LIKE THIS AFTERNOON'S
 ACCORDION-TWISTED WRECK
 OF SHATTERED GLASS AND VISCERA.

Our streets are clean and orderly
 while human agonies are locked
 neatly behind closed doors.
 There is no filth or hunger in our streets
 or joy.

Warlike tanks belch clouds
 of murderous insecticide
 killing off larvae, pestilence
 and human affection.

DON'T TALK OF SORDID UGLINESS TO US.

Distant poets singing hymns of anathema
 to squalor
 death

violence
 disease
 know better how to see
 poetry in stones

than we see in willows,
 better how to love
 dance

honor
 weep
 This is our unbearable enmity.

They are closer to their saints and death
 than we are to each other.

POEMS

MICHAEL CAIN

Once long ago
in a forest
I knelt to pray
and was found by one
of my
brothers.
He dragged me,
squirring
into court
where I was convicted
of blasphemy
and sentenced to live
forever.

We who were put on this earth to live
have destroyed life
in the name of God.
We who were put on this earth to live
have destroyed it
and created a
credit card.
We who were told to worship God
have worshiped him
when we feared our
own creations.
We emerged from dark ages
into an enlightened
nothing
and shouted hallelujahs
to ourselves.
We were told to build life
and we built
a shell.
We were told to advance life
and we did.
Our priests passed on God's word
for a salary
and shouted hallelujahs
to themselves.
We have taken God's gifts
and passed them off
as our own.
We took God's word
and sold it
for a tremendous profit
at an unimaginable loss.
We killed God's son
and made movies
about him
and cheered our
contribution.
And when we stand before God
we will say
forgive us, lord
and shout hallelujahs
to ourselves.

AN APOLOGY TO DYLAN THOMAS

MICHAEL CAIN

Dylan, they're killing you again,
killing your soaring soul,
tearing you apart, ripping
the holy guts out of you
and yours and, God, Dylan,
who will hear the tears?
They're pulling you down,
Dylan, until they make you
another one of us and
I cry. I cry for dying
spring and for you and them.
Dylan, we bleed because
not content to kill, to unsex,
they're selling you
to redeem themselves
and Judas set the price too low.



THE VIEW

BILL KERN

Been raining hard
Here most of the day —
Clearing a little now.

Looks violent toward the east,
The view from the beach
Must be exciting:
The close water pressed
Smooth by the wind,
With squalls roughing the swells
Farther out by the reef.

It's the more exciting
Because I sense it,
Know it's there.

When I wade in,
Smell and taste —
The magic goes away
Replaced by a presence
Perhaps equal
But not the same.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

BILL KERN

Two steps are close set
Another, spaced and settled
Has parted erratically with itself
Making the next two seem
Standard set, out of character.

Until the temple gains view
Giving in answer added mystery
To blend, add, complete
With gentle aged balance
The mood of rhythms.

The steps answering of self
Give the temple much as gain
With no wish to use
Save for symmetry.

No total mystery then
These worn forms
Free of pretension
Steps to the temple.

SONG 1963

BILL KERN

How good to know
Some of you
Are upon a year
Of finding
As am I.

How often I sing
Without a word —
Of dusk and light,
Autumn and spring,
The coming sun.

How strong the need
To be a wing
Or in damp
At morning wake,
A searcher seeking.

How much can time
Be a moment's sight
Of shape, shadow cast,
In pall dawns —
A song of hope.

How soon these hopes
A moment revealed,
Present delight;
Recall
Silent contrasts.

How fresh the eye
At moments
Knows
A poet's thought
A dark remembered dream.

How long impressed
In damp loam,
The seedlings sprout
A crest for winter hills
In summer rain.

How light clover
New flowering
With heavy scent
Appears
Against the field.

How near I feel
To earth things
Growing free;
Patterns – dew thick,
Changed from night.

How comfortable is dawn,
A softness
At once gentle,
Freshened, expectant
Revealing day's first mood.

How deep the dawn
Of color wine,
Warm colors: sanguine
Gold and umber
Through morning clouds.

How weal is born
The freshet stream
To flow expanding,
Still; across
A vital homeland.

How broad the limbs
Of mothers
Filled with young;
And strong,
Preparing for eventual day.

How sure my hands
Touch the sparrows,
Know their feathers
Strength of flight
And lightness.

How right to make
This life
A way of springs;
Of coming
Morning.

POEMS

ANONYMOUS

Seventeen summers passed
In slow solemnity
And so did I

All in all
Delighted I
Ran
In
Ecstasy
Near, yet
Nowhere through
Eternity.

THE NET

JEAN CLARK

Crush from you the girl with golden hair
Who brings you simpleness and light
In burlap hands. Wring her arms from yours
And let her go, not pressing with your side
Her side – her woe.
Move in the world to me
Then move away.
No one, not even I, should try to hold
The poet captive in a net of gold.

CONVERSION

JEAN CLARK

When the wild gold shatters in your eyes
And the green velvet tatters from your thighs
When wine in the chalice becomes blood
And the bread exudes malice, fire and flood
Gather broken gold and velvet thread
Weave a roughened garment for the dead
Fold yourself within and find a tomb
But leave a candle burning in your room.

LA MISA DE AMOR

Mañanita de san Juan,
mañanita de primor,
cuando damas y galanes
van a oír misa mayor.
Allá va la mi señora,
entre todas la mejor;
viste saya sobre saya,
mantellín de tornasol,
camisa con oro y perlas
bordada en el cabezón.
En la su boca muy linda
lleva un poco de dulzor;
en la su cara tan blanca,
un poquito de arrebol,
y en los sus ojuelos garzos
lleva un poco de alcohol;
así entraba por la iglesia
relumbrando como sol.
Las damas mueren de envidia,
y los galanes de amor.
El que cantaba en el coro,
en el credo se perdió;
el abad que dice misa,
ha trocado la lición;
monacillos que le ayudan,
no aciertan responder, non,
por, decir amén, amen,
decían amor, amor.

This lovely, lyrical "romance" dates back possibly to the reign of Jaime I of Aragon and may be an allusion to his daughter.

Translated by
MARINA GARCIA BURDICK

THE MASS OF LOVE

Sweet Midsummer's Morn
Morning of St. John's Mass
When damsels and gallants
Go to attend High Mass.
Thither goes my lady
The fairest of them all
Wearing her many skirts
And her iridescent shawl.
Her blouse of pearls and gold
Embroidered at the throat.
At her mouth so young and pretty
A shade of sweetness there is
At her cheek so fair and white
A shade of light cerise
At her eyes of deep sky blue
A shade of black al-kuhl.
Thus she entered the church
Shining like the sun.
The damsels die of envy
The gallants swoon with love.
The singer in the choir
Has forgotten all the Creed
The abbot has confused the Epistle
The choirboys, excited, cannot heed
Instead of chanting amen, amen, amen
The chant love, love, love.
Instead of chanting amen, amen, amen
The chant love, love, love.

O YE TIRED SOULS

JAMES SUGUITAN

The flames of the small yellowed candles
Illuminate the rambling, cracked walls of the ancient
edifice
As the fog smothers over the bogs
And seems to engulf the trees with its choking essence.

Little flashes of lightening
Now dance in the far corners of the starless sky
And from the ramparts one can see
The deserted village below.

Desolation now reigns on this island of misery
And from the stench which rises from the mangled,
maggoted bodies which lie about me,
I find my mind wandering _____
Trying to comprehend what evil has occurred . . .

But no matter how I try,
I'll never understand the evils of war.

THE AQUA OF LOVE

DAVID CHIRA

Upon this mind, alone and tense,
Frolicking through the past, the
Timeless streams of memories'
Dreams scream upon my breasts.

We two of love and youth
Tasted the wilds of the rarest fruits.
Watched the dancing of the bubbling
Sea, and ran through shores of
Pastures green.

Oh, in youth so striking a splendor
The tides of emotions
The beauty of you.
Sigh, my love, sigh; the oceans
Have changed.
The tides have gone, and all that
Is left are the chipped shells
Of a memory.

