





# THE REFLECTOR

## *Literary Magazine*

Shippensburg State College

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Winter, 1963-64

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THE REFLECTOR is published once during each of the three terms of the college year by the Beidel Printing House, Shippensburg, Pa., from the literary contributions of the students of the Shippensburg State College, and is financed by the Student Association Fund.

THE REFLECTOR  
Literary Magazine

Winter 1963

MEDALIST AWARD

to

THE REFLECTOR  
Shippensburg State College

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Saint Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;

The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told

His rosary, and while his frosted breath,

Like pious incense from a censer old,

Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,

Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

from "The Eve of Saint Agnes"

by John Keats

## *Place—Familiar*

. . . PENNY WALTERS

The gentle, stealthy snowfall left the forest in an aura of Wonderland. Even the grey squirrels seemed to be poised on their limbs waiting for the spell to break. The starkness of the drought-besieged trees was softened by a soft ermine covering, and the profile of the woods was one of gentleness and peace.

Not a breath of air was stirring and the only sounds were the gurgling of the stream as it glided over the rocks under the old stone bridge, and the muted mewling of a hawk circling high up in the cold, grey sky.

The dead, brown grasses of the meadow which had seemed so ugly only a day ago, were now a golden brocade on white satin.

Suddenly four ghostly shapes stepped out on the edge of the chilly lake and bowed to drink. So silent were the deer that the turtle who was sleeping and drifting on the surface of the water did not even wake, and as if respecting his solitude they drank and drifted away as quietly as they had appeared.

## *Memorabilia*

. . . ROGER SHERMAN

### I.

I'm holding life in my hand.

Frail, flaccid flower —

Petals so pure

proud

alive.

Innocent creation of God's power,

You lie so still in my hand

Each imparting to each

the warmth of security

faith

assurance.

Wither,

Frail, flaccid flower!

Petals so enmeshed

shallow

dead.

Slowly disintegrating the warmth of security

faith

assurance

Into the substance of a memory.



II.

A cloudless, sunny sky of blue.  
The earth's eye reflects it  
And diffuses the leaves of  
    yellow  
        brown  
            red  
Into infinity.

Shuffling through the leaves,  
An eternity of leaves,  
Shuffling.

Grasping for her hand,  
    I clutch a void,  
Embracing her,  
    I hold only the wind.  
Kissing her,  
    I know emptiness.

Void, Wind, Emptiness —  
The fragments of a memory.

III.

All the joys earth and nature had to offer,  
The look of thoughtfulness  
The touch of warmth  
The embrace of mutuality,  
All stolen,  
All.

What was once mine  
Has now become  
A particle in the mass,  
    the unidentifiable blur.

Left now with the shadow of a memory.

ii

A hundred thirty-five of them  
The entire day  
And through the leaves of

yellow

green

red

into history

Shifting through the leaves

An eternity of leaves

Shifting

Searching for the leaf

I cover a leaf

Indecision for

I hold only the word

Knowing for

I know nothing

And Wind, captured —

The fragment of a memory

iii

All the last earth and water

The loss of thought

The touch of earth

The essence of reality

At once

All

MADONNA IN ABSTRACT

... Gary Crissman





MADONNA IN ABSTRACT

GARY OLSON

# Three Weeks

... AND NOW

... AND NOW

...

... AND NOW

My face was pressed into the water and I began to breathe. The young men and women who were with me were looking at me with interest. I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this. I was not used to being watched. I was not used to being watched.

My face was pressed into the water and I began to breathe.

The young men and women who were with me were looking at me with interest.

I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

...

...

...

... AND NOW

but that was yesterday and today was tomorrow. This lot and energy.

They were once a glowing people. They were once a glowing people.

... I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

... I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

... I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

... I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

... I felt that I was being watched. I was not used to this.

... AND NOW

...

... AND NOW

## *Three Moods*

. . . ANN RIDGLEY

### AFTERWARDS

lights glimmer on rivers of tears and lovers stroll hand in hand through darkest nights toward countless tomorrows. empty benches ringed with dead leaves are my companions as I count my endless sorrows.

My face was pressed into the warm sand and children  
laughed as they chased butterflies through fields of  
flowers and skipped like young Pans toward sunsets of  
tomorrow,

tomorrow,

tomorrow . . .

but that was yesterday and today was tomorrow then. this lost and empty day was once a glowing golden tomorrow filled full of hopes and dreams and promises . . . filled full of you. what a fool I was to think that love unlike the flowers could endure.

### A LONE MOURNER

You . . .

You in the tree.

Bird

Sing me a song.

Sing sweet honey-dripping notes. Clear crystal. A child is dead with  
no one to mourn him.

Black moss softly mutes the notes which the crickets wail and the wind  
whispers in the willows.

Please bird . . .

sing.

### TIME NOW

Take my hand

Please . . . .

and we will wander down darkened hallways and through the labyrinth of my  
soul.

Gray darkness and night-velvet will be our companions and the quiet  
whisper of the wind our serenade.

Come with me now

Please . . . .

While we are young.

## *Studs Lonigan*

. . . NICK IMPERIOLI

On the page preceding the introduction to **Studs Lonigan**, there is a small paragraph (an application to all books of fiction) stating that the characters of the trilogy are imaginary and fictional. The story is merely a representation of fiction; (and that) any resemblance to the people portrayed is sheer coincidence. After reading all three volumes of the trilogy, I must contend that passage to be fictional itself.

Not only have I met Weary Reilly, Hink Weber, Red Kelly and the rest of the poolroom, barroom gang that Farrell introduces, I've shot straight pool with them, drunk their beer, guffawed at the jokes about their mastery over women, and experienced Studs' feeling to be "strong, and tough, and the real stuff." Because the book is composed around the actions of the "Fifty-Eighth Street" bunch, which closely resembles the "Flatboys" of my childhood, and because, ironically enough, the shabby, decadent, brick-producing town of Mount Unity was known as "Little Chicago" during the Prohibition era, I wanted to "damn" Farrell for writing **my** book and exposing **my** life. Since there is an age-old cliché which declares that everyone has at least one good book in him, I felt disillusioned, and desired to slam it into a corner after reading the first volume. But the shock of seeing my childhood so vividly reproduced compelled me to continue reading. The more I read, the more I was convinced that Studs Lonigan and Nick Imperioli were slowly becoming dissimilar. Dissimilar indeed, for Nick Imperioli never hated the "Jiggs." He never referred to them as "Niggers and Shines." In fact, they were as much a part of the "Flatboys" as the "Dagoes" and "Polacks." But, then, these are the groups that Farrell places in the same category. Three basic classes are represented: the group which causes neighborhood ruination (Dagoes, Polacks, and Niggers), the brawling, fun-loving, tough group (Irish), and the most detested group (the Jews). It is with this social distinction that my ego is salvaged and, if the aforementioned cliché is true, potentially, I still have one good book remaining in whatever repertoire of literary achievements I possess. Actually, there are numerous occasions where the application of Studs Lonigan to Nick Imperioli shows unrelated traits.

But in every instance where I'd felt that the character of Studs Lonigan is disengaged from that of Nick Imperioli, there was nothing virtually to assure me of my assertions. In other words, the entire trilogy is filled with conflict. The frustrating conflicts in which Farrell had placed Studs caused conflicts in me as to whether or not I was to accept the fact that I've faced the same situations. For example, in Book One (**Young Lonigan**) Studs decides that education is valueless to him. Therefore, he follows the pattern of his cronies, Weary Reilly and Kenny Killarney, who are a part of the social environment he desires, and he doesn't attend high school. He is torn between going to high school



where he could be a football star and, maybe, be offered innumerable scholarships beckoning his attendance at various colleges, or joining the poolroom gang where he can show that he's "strong and tough, and the real stuff." In choosing the latter solution, Studs, throughout Book Two (**Young Manhood**), and especially pathos-filled Book Three (**Judgment Day**), constantly laments the decision. Here is just one instance where I faced conflict in my constant analogy of Studs Lonigan to Nick Imperioli. Pondering over the dilemma, which Studs so casually came to resolve, I decided, "Ha, Farrell, here is where Nick differs from Studs. I've now found an escape from seeing a complete image of Nick Imperioli in Studs Lonigan. Nick never left school. In fact, he never was in the situation of deciding. He always entertained the thought of graduating from high school. Nick was always desirous of a college education."

But was he? The conflict arises when I recollect that early in 1962 a seventeen-year-old boy named Nick Imperioli quit Millersville State College. Didn't he decide that he'd be one of the "boys" and face life with the rest of the "hustlers" at Andy's Recreation? Besides, forty bucks a week at the shoe factory (Robin Footware) in the hapless, low-economy town of Mount Unity was more than adequate for weekends of boozing, "checking out" broads, playing cards, and suckering a few novices into some point pool.

And yet, it was the same Nick Imperioli who in 1963 reentered college at Shippensburg. However, instead of drawing one line of difference between the analogy of Studs to Nick, I found similarity. Until he dies, Studs realizes this mistake of leaving school. He knows that he is a pathetic creature treading the streets of Chicago with no skill to claim. His life becomes an open book revealing nothing but wild escapades of drinking and carousing with Weary, Kenny, Hink, Tommy Doyle, Paulie, and the rest. The aftermath shows Studs as a saddened figure groping for his lost pride and the prowess of his youth, and realizing, instead, poor health and death at the age of thirty. Thus, the only difference between Studs Lonigan and Nick Imperioli in the overall picture of this specific conflict is the **time** involved for each to realize the impending plight of his decisions. Nick realized that if he were to obtain some degree of success, to maintain a pride and self-satisfaction of achievement, to escape an environment of chronic unemployment, and to desert the pitfalls of alcoholic deterioration, he had to make a sincere effort to succeed in school. Studs realized his mistake, but too late.

The answer to the conflicts Studs faced in the trilogy and those I was subjected to in deciding whether Nick is somewhat similar to Lonigan or not can only be speculated. Since most of the volume of **Young Manhood** and all of **Judgment Day** can only be surmised in applying them to Nick, I sincerely hope that the similarity ends before the final books, in part at least.

My first assumption upon reading the first several pages of **Young Lonigan** was that Studs shows many of the characteristics of the typical American boy.

But, there is more to it than seeing a sturdy, tough, energetic young boy mature into young manhood, and then decline and wither away in tragic proportions when only thirty. In essence, I agree with John Chamberlain in the introduction to the trilogy. He states, "We have no slice of life here; if anything, we have a sermon." In **Studs Lonigan** Farrell seems to say, "Is this you, buddy? If it is, you'd better do something about it."

Since the picture is so vividly presented and so shockingly authentic, as evidenced by my spontaneous analogy between Studs and myself, I did want to do something. I wanted to say, "Wake up, Studs!" Farrell compels one to feel that way. He disturbs the reader because he reveals the reader's thoughts. Even the most "faithless" Catholic would hesitate to admit having any doubts about the church. In essence, Farrell doesn't admit to any doubts, either. But under the guise of acceptance, he seems to be declaring them to be a lot of bunk." Farrell displays his feelings in another conflict. One minute Studs is in church convinced that he must reform and maintain a closer bond with God. Yet, when approached by his buddies Studs' intentions are dissolved with his consent to go boozing.

In addition to the brazen presentation of religion, there are haunting and shuddering thoughts of death throughout all three volumes. In **Young Manhood** Studs accepts the fact that we must die. When he sees his friends (Paulie and Tommy) dying at early ages, he begins to fear death. In **Judgment Day**, which opens with Studs and a few of his buddies returning from Shrimp Haggerty's funeral, he is constantly worried that he is going to die. His everpresent fear is accentuated by a recurrent attack of pneumonia following a New Year's reunion of his gang. Pneumonia causes an enlarged heart and another attack of the same disease, subsequently, precipitates his death.

My over-all reaction to **Studs Lonigan** is best summed up by a few words from Wordsworth,—that one can never regain the "splendor in the grass." Studs wants to go back in time. He wants to sit on the swing and hold hands with Lucy. He wishes the gang were together at the old poolroom. He hopes that maybe he'll be the "real Stuff" again someday. He searches, hoping he can relive the past. He gropes for some thread of strength that he had as a boy. But unable to find the splendor of his past, Studs Lonigan ends up a pointless human being at thirty, with a hopeless future, with nothing left, nothing . . . but . . . death.

## *To a Lad*

. . . SHARON HORTER

Has no one told you yet, young man,  
That little boys don't cry?  
Why, that's for women, silly kid;  
You'll learn this by and by.  
We can't expect too much, of course,  
From such a little guy.

But stay away from dolls and such,  
And here's a little gun.  
Boys play soldier, lad, you know;  
It's really much more fun  
Than women's games. Now be a man!  
I'll show you how it's done.

You mustn't kiss your sister, kid.  
I mean, it's really square.  
Don't ask me why; it's just not done.  
You're not supposed to care  
About the kid. You're not supposed  
To notice that she's there.

And no one told you anything  
Of all the fun you get  
From playing cops and robbers  
And from learning how to bet  
On dice and cards? Why, you poor kid  
Has no one told you yet?

Well, come with me, my little lad;  
I'll show you what to do.  
I'll teach you how to wrestle  
And I'll teach you boxing too.  
We'll make you tough and hardy, kid.  
We'll make a man of you!

## *Reactions*

. . . BERKLEY LAITE

### I.

Black  
Evil, loathsome, and crawling.  
What are you?

You've come once, twice,  
Many times you've wreaked your vengeance.  
Why do you come?

You vile thing.  
You steal, kill, desecrate, and slaughter.  
Why do you do it?

Out of nowhere  
You sneak into minds, crawl into thoughts, slip into speech.  
Where do you come from?

Ah!  
I know you  
But I can't stop you.

You're from the small minds of men.  
Yes, I know you,  
Greed.

## II.

Come on Jim! You can make it!  
Hurry, Don, he's just in front of you!  
Hurry, hurry!

The happy sounds of a party and  
The cheering section for a game.  
All is excitement and joy.  
STOP! ! !

What?  
Are you sure? Where? When? How?  
It can't be!  
An evil rumor, a sickening message  
Creeps in and destroys jubilant spirits.  
All turn thoughts too . . . a car accident.  
NO! ! !

Four happy youths, a winding road  
And ninety miles an hour.  
—Dennie, maybe we'd better slow down:—  
Suddenly an unexpected turn.  
The car goes out of control, into a ditch—and—  
All becomes silent.  
DEATH! ! !

The news hangs a black drapery over the party.  
Excited laughs turn into muffled sobs or—  
Mute silence.  
Saddened youths cry in sorrow, in despair, in shame.  
Spirits too young to bear such a burden snap.  
All sounds are wailing and confusion.  
HELP! ! !

The formal announcement,  
A knife that rips tender hearts assunder.  
Amateur attempts at comfort make a mockery of death.  
Children in need, and adults helpless.  
—May I go? Please . . . don't make me stay.—  
All look at each other.  
LEAVE! ! !

The next day,  
A gaze at crumpled steel,  
A few more tears and saddened thoughts,  
Some light remarks and methodical estimations.  
No sorrow, just an empty spot.  
All should take heed.  
REMEMBER! ! !

**He . . .**

. . . SHARON HORTER

In love he went.  
Steadfastly, devotedly, knowingly he went.  
Went  
Because he came in love  
And loving, could not beget love.  
And God,  
Loving him, knowing him, seeing all  
Took him in love to love.  
And we . . .  
We shed tears —  
    regretting,  
        blaming,  
            and crying out  
                In love.

## *Profile of a Theft*

. . . MAGDALENE RUZZA

Three shots . . .  
A city is in sobs.  
The crowds stop waving, the banners fall,  
Jubilancy is lost.  
The misery of shame and shock overshadows  
And a widow has uttered "Oh, no."  
Newspapers, telephones, television, telegrams,  
They heave to the country the mournful news.  
Sympathy swells for a widow and a defender's widow.  
The masses recoil under the impact on this sunny afternoon  
And a Nation cries.  
Respect dominates and ceremonial upholds its presence;  
Thousands file by  
Shuffling to a pace reflecting the rhythm of shock, disbelief, and grief.  
The finality comes;  
A caisson  
Dirges  
A riderless horse  
Requiem est mortuorum  
A representative procession  
A passengerless plane flies its symbolism  
An artillery salute and a final blessing . . .  
A world mourns.

## *Time and Me*

. . . HUDA KARAMAN

He came to me after some years had passed  
Held my hand, looked into my face, and gasped.  
Surprised? Why should you be?  
I'm human after all, you see.  
He laughed, shook his head and left.  
What would you call this? Nature or theft?



## *An Ending*

. . . MAGDALENE RUZZA

"It was a good game . . ."

"Yes, it was . . ."

He leaned against a stadium door and they entered his city's make-up of impatient drivers, darting pedestrians and mobbed sidewalks. Leaving behind the noisy basketball fans, they walked toward the parking lot.

He opened the car door and with a sweeping gesture of his other hand, mocked, "Madame!"

She smiled and replied, "Thank you, kind sir."

A turn of the ignition, a silence as the car windows defrost on a cold December night, and an overflow of politeness lacking spontaneous warmth.

"Say, would you like to take a ride to the northeast part of town? We could stop at Lyman's. It's a meeting place after any evening's festivities for most of the guys and their girls . . . or . . . their dates. Really, it's not much more than a glorified coffee and cigarette resort . . . but if you'd like . . ."

"Sounds fine with me; motion being seconded."

A car is shifted into gear, a traffic light is acknowledged, and an expressway unfolds its path along tree-lined boulevards.

More silence.

"Marie, would you rather go somewhere else? How about a place where we can talk?"

"I was hoping you'd suggest that, Danny. Really, last night was fun; Bob and Jean had a great party, they were really nice to your import for the weekend, but we didn't have much time to talk."

He looked at her as long as safety on the expressway allowed and laughed quietly. "Tell me, are you a precious cargo or an unglamorous staff-of-life-type import?"

"You're getting off the track, witty one." Feigned modesty and, "I am but a mail order request from a big city male."

"Is that request unqualified by consent?"

"No, no. I wanted to come this weekend. Let's face it; letters are really a vague life line when a summer romance is gasping for breath."

"If I were sensitive, I'd be cringing now."

"Oh, (an attempt to recover interpretation) I didn't mean anything sarcastic, I . . ."

Silence again.

"Fasten your safety belt; we're landing after the next traffic light."

"Is that the place, Danny?" She nodded toward the right.

"Yes, that's the Emerald. It shouldn't be too crowded at this time of night; it's still early. They usually have a combo on weekends."

A car is parked again, a couple enter a newer cocktail lounge, a couple is seated at a table in a half-filled semi-dark room. A five piece instrumental group claims the corner of the room as its province and bombards the attendance with its interpretation of a modern musical score. Cigarettes are lit and a waitress brings an order.

"So here we are," he began. "The summer season has been four months removed and we've managed a reunion despite the winter distance barrier. Thanks to these vague life lines?"

"Oh, Danny, now understand, I just tossed off that haphazardly; I didn't mean anything in particular . . ."

"Sure, Marie, I know; I'm just a little touchy this evening."

"I think we both are, Danny . . . we don't seem . . . well, I mean . . . it's not the same anymore, is it?" She blurted out the last words and lifted her gaze to measure his reaction

He hesitated and then smiled in an almost sad way. "No, Marie, it's not the same anymore."

"What's happened, Danny? Neither of us has changed . . . I can't understand . . ."

"Marie, Marie, I don't know the answer. You're still the same; there's nothing about you that I would change . . . you're everything I want . . . we just don't seem to click anymore . . ."

"We should have ended it this summer, Danny. It seemed like such a good thing though . . . I guess somewhere between September and December the thrill was lost . . ."

"Marie, I had so wanted things to work out."

"I know, Danny. I guess my hopes were always a little bit higher than my doubts. Maybe that's one of the reasons this whole thing has lasted this long. So look, now that we've reverted to being logical, there's not much to do except face the impracticality of keeping this limping love affair alive."

"Yes, I guess that's all we can do." A semblance of relief spread over his face and he said, "Marie . . . since this is the way it's going to be, I'm . . . I'm glad we're taking it this way."

"So am I, Danny. No hard feelings for either party. After this weekend, the situation will be erased. The seldom weekend visits will be interims from the past, and I imagine we'll survive without letters from each other."

"Yes, I guess we might as well call everything off. It's the best way, things being the way they are."

"Marie, would you like to go?" He averted his gaze from a couple who stared at each other in trance-like attentiveness.

She quickly did likewise and replied, "Yes, Danny."

He helped her on with her coat and they walked silently to the car. He opened the door and as she seated herself he stood for a few seconds staring at her.

"Marie . . . Marie, I like you."

"I like you, too, Danny."

## *Discovery*

. . . DEBORAH CHASE

I knew when I came here that I wouldn't have an easy time.  
There were many obstacles to overcome, but I was willing to try this college life  
so that I could get up in this world.  
I had, by clever adaptation, fitted myself in with the group of "frosh" — a  
new word I picked up.  
I started doing all the right things. I spent a great deal of time in the Raider  
Room, discussing women, football, women, automobiles, and women.  
I covered up my individuality with an air of conformity.  
In other words, I was having a blast!  
By chance one day, Tom and Sam, friends of mine, asked me, "As an outsider,  
what do you think of the human race?"

How did they know?

I thought I had succeeded in camouflaging the color of my skin, and I concealed  
my antennae. I never changed my shape in front of anyone. I never  
revealed my superior intelligence. (I made C's in the exams so that I would  
appear normal.)

How did they find out?

Planet Urth calling Ganymede . . . .

This is Agent X-1.

Callisto, Sir:

I am sorry to report that Project Urth has failed.  
Somehow, they found out . . . .

## *Reflections*

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

Do you remember when we sat beside a black lagoon  
and kicked a stone which tumbled to the ground . . .  
The day was green and sunlight caught the bluebells  
in your eyes . . .  
The silence filled the set with deafening sound.

I've kicked a lot of stones which tumbled to the ground  
then splashed into the depths of that lagoon . . .  
The bluebells plant their seeds in other lands  
and the silence is reflected by the moon.

## *The Means Justified?*

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

Did she come forth from the depths with sea-weed tangled  
in her hair  
to walk the sandy shore alone . . . .

Did she seize a conch and press it wildly to her breast  
yet walk the sandy shore alone . . . .

Did she yield to the relentless dashing of waves upon her soul  
and throw herself upon the sandy shore . . . .

She built a stately palace there,  
With towers and turrets side by side.  
The sea-weed tumbled from her hair,  
And was swept away by the tide.

## *Letter from North Borneo*

. . . BARBARA BURKHOLDER

(Former "Reflector" editor now serving in the Peace Corps)

During the entire month of August I took my official Peace Corps leave. Four other volunteers and I spent the time making a "pilgrimage" to Angkor Wat. First we flew from Borneo to Singapore. This is a predominantly Chinese City, really the New York of Southeast Asia (although that isn't a good analogy!). It was certainly good to be in a city after having spent a year in semi-isolation, but I found the atmosphere there a bit too much of a hybrid of East and West to be really stimulating; Still, there were several highlights of our stay which were quite interesting, one of which was a celebration of the anniversary of the Ramakrishna Mission, founded by Swami Vivekenanda. Various Hindu classical dances were presented at the cultural center, and although we were not invited, we persuaded the management to allow us into the auditorium for the performance. I was completely enchanted by the seemingly infinite variety of Indian music and dancing,—plaintive Tamil folk dances and delicate portrayals of Hindu legends by such an intriguing variety of dancers I was positively spellbound. And the colors, brilliant jewel-red saris, multi-colored splashes of emerald, sapphire, and of course the striking Indian eyes of Hindi women whirling in a sea of waistlength hair and exotic jewelry. The most beautiful of the dances portrayed Rama and Sita's adventure with Ravana, King of Ceylon, who had disguised himself as a golden fawn to lure the unsuspecting Sita away to his kingdom. Finally, he revealed his identity as the ten-headed Ravana and was slain by Rama at the conclusion of the dance.

Then on to Malacca and the shrine of St. Francis Xavier; and finally to Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaya, which was quite interesting. We visited a mosque, although women are usually forbidden to enter, according to Muslim custom. It was a white marble temple, invitingly cool after the relentless afternoon sun. And sitting in the shadowy porticoes were old men, most of them praying, but some seemed just to be enjoying the cool smoothness of the walls and floors and conversing in words and sign language. The minarets are equipped with a sound system which makes it possible to hear the daily Arabic prayers all over the city. My favorite mosque is one which seems to be a kind of oasis in the city; surrounded by palm trees, it is a fanciful pink-and-white striped one, almost like a confection, really. Then on to Bangkok, which is again a composite of East and West, but in a more elegant sense than some other Oriental cities. Street after street of jewelry shops; star sapphires are very popular with the Siamese people themselves as well as with the (inevitable) tourists. The brilliant dazzling array of jewels, precious and semiprecious, was just wonderful, particularly since I love the colors, textures and variety of stones. Beautiful polished agate and jade,—some painstakingly carved pieces; then, too, large gaudy chunks of amethyst and Burmese rubies, turquoise in a wider variety of shades than I'd ever seen before, and the illusive winking of tiger-eyes and star rubies and sapphires. Thai silk, too, is so lovely, and the blends and subtle merging of what

appear at first glance to be quite incongruous colors—chartreuse, pink, flower reds, and oranges—are really captivating.

Then we traveled on to Cambodia where we had to walk across the Thai-Cambodian border which is fortified with barbed wire and soldiers on either side. In Cambodia, we stayed at Siem Riep, about six kilometers from Angkor Wat. As we traveled by trisha out to the Wat, the first thing one sees when approaching the temple is a moat which surrounds the main temple; and then, almost magically, the top of the Wat appears just over the tips of the jungle trees. The entrance has a balustrade of the Naga or six-headed snake of Hindu mythology. All of it was so impressive, I can't begin to fully describe it here. It was the magnificent silence which was so profound I could actually feel it, and the mystic half-smile of massive stone buddhas. I felt almost too awed to touch any of those metaphors of silence and slow time, but I laid a hand on a figure of Ganabady (or Ganeca), elephant-headed son of Siva, and half-expected him to make some acknowledgement of the gesture. And all the while the overwhelming silence was urgent in my heart. I would say the entire visit was a kind of metaphysical experience which I really did not expect.

As for my immediate circumstances, school is almost over, and we are having exams. I have been noticing the recent concern over the "racial crisis" at home. In a way, it is ironically amusing to hear of the (U. S.) "discovery" of so many things which have been obvious for so long. I wholly dislike either the patronizing or the bandwagon approach taken by some crusaders. Baldwin, Hughes, Wright, and less-frequently dropped names have been saying something for years, but it's only just recently that some intellectuals haven't been too pre-occupied with sex boredom, and the evils of automation to listen to very real, obvious and (to them) frightening truths stripped bare of polite avant-garde vagaries. We don't need to look very far outside ourselves to realize the consequences of camouflaging truth; this is a crucial time in our history, a time when we must see if we are great enough, humane enough, and courageous enough to abolish these last cruel, small, and tragic vestiges of injustice we have inflicted upon ourselves and each other. The choice is ours and we cannot afford to ignore it. We can make a choice, for who are we, if not the faceless "theys" of whom we are so afraid? This is not just a test of our own integrity,—for in a more universal sense injustice is a sickness which affects a greater part of the world than those living at home in a kind of false security can fully realize. Freedom, equality, opportunity to maintain one's self-respect,—we have flaunted these words so long, we have come to believe we really practice them. And the first step toward "recovery" is admission that we have done ourselves and others a great injustice; we have distorted truths, avoided proof that man's inhumanity still does exist in a very real and shocking way to millions. The solution will not be easy for either side, but I have some faith in the moral conscience of all responsible American citizens. And that, indirectly, is what keeps me here, when sometimes I feel lonely and discouraged.

Actually, I am doing reasonably well, yet at times I feel a distinct "otherness," and I realize I am more an egotist than a humanitarian, one of those little

discoveries which has come about by the nature of my role here, but which I probably wouldn't have realized at home for quite some time. Often "home,"—America, or just the West—the remembrance of a thousand little things comes back with such vividness. Sometimes in the morning just before I open my eyes I pretend I'm in one of the many rooms in which I have awakened at some time in the past. It will be Autumn with the crisp fragrance of ripe leaves just outside my window. When I do awaken to the harsh inevitable glare of the tropic sun, I do not feel sorrow or real loneliness, but rather some vague longing to know whether I am really that self whose memory at times seems so vague and far removed from my present existence, like the essence of some dream dreamed out. Who am I and what really has happened to me? For I feel something inside me has changed. I do not understand this transition, but it seems that any doubts I may previously have had as to whether or not I would ever be "satisfied" to come home and say, "Well, it's over with, and that's that," have disappeared. I feel a real love for life,—all the wonderful vitality of **Being** in things and people, and a kind of sorrow at the same time. And these things make me want more than anything else to be free and to retain a degree of humility. And, hopefully, to be able to crystallize or capture the countless subtleties of awareness somehow.

There are so many things I would like to describe,—all the wonderful, intriguing, mysterious aspects of the East. They are as real as I always knew they would be. I am in no way "disillusioned," a fate which has been predicted for me many times. Maybe it is because I have wished so hard that a fanciful, magic, **impossible** world could exist; maybe that's why I have discovered that it does!



*Ne Plus Ultra*

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

A violet in the snow  
Beneath a leafless tree,  
A violet in the snow  
Opposing destiny.  
A warmth within your silken hands,  
A smile upon your velvet face,  
A body lithe, yet strong and firm,  
A life sustained by faith, by grace?  
I look on the sky as cold and gray,  
You look on today as yesterday.  
A violet in the snow  
Beneath a leafless tree,  
A violet in the snow  
Opposing destiny.

## *Disclosure*

. . . ROGER SHERMAN

You reached down to touch my hand,  
When my eager hand, much to my surprise,  
Grasped yours,  
We met on a common level of individual desired purposes  
Each knew what the other hoped would happen, but  
You cared to care, and  
We found love.

You touched my lips.  
Deeply into your eyes I searched, and  
I found there enshrined all the beauties of  
    God's world,  
    Man's world,  
Each and all interpreted by love.

You touched my heart.  
Resultingly the universes and galaxies,  
                                  eternities and infinities  
Were simplified,  
    analyzed,  
    known,  
By their common element, love.

## A Question

. . . KAY WILSON

A thought brushed past my life today,  
Flippantly pervading my being.  
It crept to my mind,  
Then to my heart,  
Startling my soul with its meaning.

'Twas a doubt of the ages,  
A fear of man,  
That banished hope  
For celestial bliss.  
Chilling security  
It left man alone ———.  
Doomed ———.

Oh, God . . . Bel!

## *Come At Sunset*

. . . JUDITH KIMMES

Come  
And I will go with you when you come.

But only if you offer nothing,  
Yet give everything.

Only if your silent faith speaks  
Loud promise.

Only if your eyes can gently  
Hold my hands —

Then only will I come wherever you go.

## *Simple, Young, and Wise He Was*

. . . JUDITH KIMMES

And the child asked me  
if I understood  
the way of the flower.

And I said that  
it is the way  
of all things beautiful:

To be, but only for a time,  
To give, but not to ask.

"But why can't I keep it,  
why must it die?  
I want only to hold it."

Then I said that beauty  
is not meant to last:

Lasting loses meaning;  
Beauty, like love, changes.

We, as the beauty of NEXT SPRING,  
grow only by dying.

## *Night Fright*

. . . EDWARD BLANDY

Darkness can hide  
Where lovers 'bide,  
But it can be  
The light that terror sees.

The darkness of desperate night  
That hides the cruel foe from out sight.  
The darkness that drinks secure light  
And makes quick footsteps verge on flight.

## *Why Does It Have to Be?*

. . . LINDA PIZZINI

Jerry was a precious little boy. All the children in the neighborhood adored him. He was polite yet vivacious, obedient yet mischievous. He liked fun, frolic and doing chores for the little old lady next door. Like any other five-year-old boy, he loved animals, cowboys, picnics and his tricycle. He ate spinach to be strong like Popeye and he picked flowers for his mommy. He said his prayers at mealtime and before going to bed and thanked God for all his blessings. For Jerry, as for all the other children his age, Christmas and Easter meant Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny.

Being an only child usually means being spoiled and Jerry was no exception to the rule. He was given the best of everything. He had all kinds of trucks, bulldozers, army equipment and cowboy guns, not to mention his authentic Indian outfit and Lone Ranger holster set; but what gave him his most enjoyment was sharing his toys with playmates.

All the children loved Jerry; he was a lovable child. His personality was sensational and he had many friends. Why, then, were all the others called home every time they started to play? Why then did they have to sneak into Jerry's backyard, and play hide and seek with their parents? Why then was Jerry shunned by all the grown-ups except the little old lady next door? The answer was simple. Jerry was different from all the other children. He was born in the same country they were—not hatched. He was reared in the same community and he was loved just as much by his parents. But Jerry's skin was brown and that made all the difference in the world.

To a group of five-year-olds Jerry's color was about as noticeable as a pin in a haystack but to their parents it seemed to mean everything. They felt that to allow their children to associate with this sweet, kind, adorable, yet colored little boy would hurt their prestige in the community. It was as if they were afraid the color might run off. Little they knew that their children were in fact benefiting by their acquaintances with Jerry; for they were developing some of his good traits that would prove to be most rewarding for them in later life. Little they knew that their narrowmindedness and prejudices were to stifle their little one's initiative for success. Little they knew that they were paving their own road toward sorrow and regret.

September came and school began for Jerry and all of his friends. Yes, he attended the same school but only because the laws of the state allowed him admission. He may as well have stayed home; but school was the least of his problems. His playmates were now forbidden to leave their yards so Jerry would occasionally sneak in a visit with one of his friends. He knew he wasn't permitted to do this but he did not understand why, and it seemed to him he was committing no evil.

One day a mother across the street caught Jerry and her son playing in

the yard. She angrily took hold of a broom and chased Jerry home. In complete fright the poor little fellow took off like lightning for home and while crossing the street he was hit by a car.

Jerry died the next day. Sympathy poured in from everywhere but what good was it now? All of his little friends attended his church services but all they could do was pray for him. They could only remember all the fun he was and all the things he taught them. They would now grow up with the guilt of their best friend's death on their conscience—a guilt put there by their own parents.

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## *Life: Objectively*

. . . MAGDALENE RUZZA

The activity of life causes its participants

To scamper about their tangent of nothingness . . .

Loving, laughing, hating, craving.

Always seeking to know, to understand, to resolve the resultant forces of being  
alive.

The world of beings stages a scene of continuity

Wherein its actors resoundingly experience uncertainty and ignorance . . .

The prime penalties of being human.



## *Swinging in Breezes*

. . . EDWARD BLANDY

When I was but a lad,  
And I felt I was sad;  
I would go to my tree  
To be high . . . to be free.

I would climb toward the sky  
On weak limbs I must try.  
When the end of the stair  
Was reached . . . then I was there.

Up on the highest perch  
Of the highest white birch,  
When the wind became strong . . .  
I knew that I belonged.

As I heard the quick breeze  
Traveling through other trees,  
I tightened my hand's grip  
And prepared for a trip.

Strong air began to sway  
Me in a pleasant way,  
And all during the day  
My soul drifted away.

## *Conditions of the Mind*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

It's bizarre how I have forgotten the reasons for your visit . . .  
But not the time,  
    or the coldness of the weather.  
Your hairline was delicately spotted with tiny drops of sweat;  
I remember that because at the same time I became chilled.  
As we sat by the tree—away from the prying others—you explained  
    and looked uncomfortable  
    And your hands were moist, yet cold, as they clasped mine.  
What was it you had said over and over?  
    That you were sorry that I still cared—  
        and that you no longer did?  
    That this was best for both of us—  
        especially you?  
Something like that.  
Then there was only I, the shade from the tree and my sweater,  
    which gave me more warmth than you ever had.  
Remembering that day, I remember most the coldness . . .  
It's comforting to feel the warmth of the days now.

## II.

There was a moment in my life, not  
     so very long ago, when  
 I was practically enraptured, a  
     strong word perhaps, by your  
 headstrong, uncompromising ideals—  
     and your actions.  
 Unusual for me, I allowed what you were to  
 interfere with what I am—  
 and your pattern became my object of copy.  
 Slowly, steadily you began to classify me in  
     your legion of those to be harshly appraised;  
 more often than before  
     we disagreed and dis-united.  
 You weren't criticising or improving me;  
 instead you were unknowingly exposing You  
     and I was sickened.  
 Now, if you will permit me time, I shall  
 attempt to redefine  
     myself—  
     Equally sickening as that may be.

## III.

Her only excuse was that she had been excluded—  
     from her husband's career, from her son's maturing.  
 She became, as a result, an inviolate critic of the activities of others;  
 Her spare time was spent finding fault and  
     casting blame.  
 Only because she had been left out for so long.  
 I never saw her weeping or  
     quickly wiping dryness into her eyes,  
 But I have watched her stare sadly into mist—  
     and continue staring even when spoken to.  
 Is this what happens when aloneness turns bitter?

## *Concierge*

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

As dusk descends  
The Chosen One begins His task  
Alone among the desolate souls.

He hears their cries but pays no heed,  
Their destinies are all foretold;  
Time alone is left to them.  
The circle will continue before they reach the Place.  
Others, even queens will occupy their cells.

Wicks now brightly burn  
Around the dingy prison  
Shadowing the captives,  
Comforting their miseries.

Dusk has fallen,  
Wicks are bright,  
The Chosen One ascends His stairs.

## *A Friend Has Gone*

. . . NICK IMPERIOLI

" . . . And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."—Genesis, Chapter 2.

It was a warm Sabbath day, April 21. Only the birds, nature's singers, and the solemn chimes of the town's Methodist Church disturbed the almost frightening silence which seemed to acknowledge an air of impending tragedy. On the little league field directly across from Tony's red brick house, two men were engaged in conversation. He recognized the men as Harry—nattily-attired, well-groomed, boyish looking, twenty-three-year old president of the league, and Kenny—a young, diminutive, extremely amiable Negro with ivory-hued teeth accentuating the darkness of his skin. As the Italian ambled towards the dug-out where they sat he sensed, as with many feelings which defy reasoning, that the conversation lacked any reference to baseball.

Somewhat apprehensive he sat down. "Field looks nice, doesn't it, Harry? Good day for a game, too. Good 'n warm. Pitchers can keep their arms loose on a day like this."

Inattentive to the questions, Harry inhaled a long exaggerated puff from his cigarette, and turned, exposing his unusually blue eyes, and with a quivering, expressionless tone of voice barely discernible he answered, "Tony . . . Tony, Jim—Jim shot himself last night."

Dumbfounded and anxious for answers to a countless number of questions which suddenly erupted within his brain, Tony barely waited for Harry to finish saying the words.

"What Jim, Harry? Who?"

"Jimbo — Jimbo."

Now the questions were satisfied. The name "Jimbo" had qualified the limitless acquaintances named Jim. There was only one "Jimbo." "Jimbo, Harry? Harry, you wouldn't joke around, would you? Jim and I just . . . we just played ball . . . Harry? Kenny? C'mon you guys. Jim wouldn't—"

"—Last night," Kenny interrupted, "He shot himself with a rifle. I ain't kiddin' Tony. Man, you know I wouldn't kid you. He's dyin'."

The handkerchief which the dark-haired Italian had been applying to his reddened nose as necessary for a lingering virus now, unmistakably, served a dual purpose as he wiped away the surplus water which trickled from the corners of his eyes. Visions of Jimbo became illuminated in Tony's memory of him.

"Why—why would he do that? Jim was the kind of a guy who didn't care about anything."

"A girl," Harry replied. "They say he had an argument."

Tony thought about the words. Sure, everyone says it was a girl, but he knew better. As he sat staring intently at the flag in centerfield waving violently in the brisk breeze, he recalled how wrong this assumption had to be. The best word to describe the tall, wiry, thickly-cropped, black-haired youth with the sheepish grin was good. Jim was not flawless in his achievements but better than average. He was a good boxer, good dancer, good golfer, good student, and a good baseball player. Tony knew Jim too well to believe he would take his own life for a girl. It was a deep-rooted, intangible knowledge which grows in the association with the person. There were other problems such as a poor home life and loneliness.

Tony's thoughts were disrupted as he heard his mother call him to dinner. Slowly the Italian rose shaking his head and mumbling a barely audible, "See you later" to Kenny and Harry as he walked, deliberately, recalling how well Jimbo could hit the curves thrown by an opposing pitcher but now had struck out from the curves of life.

He couldn't help but think of Christ's words from the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And as he gazed slowly skyward thinking aloud, "Father, forgive Jim; forgive him, too," Tony was certain, as he saw a cloud form an opening seemingly to allow passage through the sky, that God had heard.

Rest today, Jim; rest in peace. All is forgiven.

*Upon the Death of My Father*

. . . MARY RITA WAYBURN

A ship sailed out to sea  
On a clear and sunny day,  
The waves had more to say,  
That this ship would not be  
Returning to the land.  
The pebbles on the sand  
Waited for its return,  
And later did they learn,  
The ship was nevermore,  
To sail to the shore.

The first of the three kings  
 was a Jew from the East  
 who had traveled a long way  
 to find the newborn King.  
 He was the first to arrive  
 and he was the first to kneel  
 and worship the infant Jesus.  
 He was the first to offer  
 gifts of gold, frankincense,  
 and myrror to the King.  
 The second king was a Magian  
 from the East, and he was  
 the first to arrive and  
 kneel and worship the King.  
 He was the first to offer  
 gifts of gold, frankincense,  
 and myrror to the King.  
 The third king was a Magian  
 from the East, and he was  
 the first to arrive and  
 kneel and worship the King.  
 He was the first to offer  
 gifts of gold, frankincense,  
 and myrror to the King.

THREE KINGS  
 . . . Gary Crissman







THREE KING

... Gary

# A Piece of Paper

BY MARY C. HEST

There were no signs, there was no moon. The air was so warm and  
the wind whirled through the bare trees like a woman set on a winter  
vest looking out for a rainy day. A cool rain came her way, and  
dropped off her chin onto her gray dress. She looked out at the end of the world  
and saw a picture of her own life.

Another year, that was the story. At the end of the world, the  
light. Once her world had been so bright and sunny as the world outside.  
The window had been yesterday. Today her world was an image of the outside  
world.

Her thoughts raced over the last two years. They had been good, the  
last year for each day, not worrying about the future. Then one day she had  
started worrying about the future.

The baby she carried within her mind. It was unknown to what it was—  
the happiness and the sorrow changing places each minute of each day.

Another year, that was the story. The baby was on her chest—the baby  
with Andy had named the first day.

The wind gained momentum and the branches tapped the house—the house  
which she had just finished building. The small house on the hill, which had been  
of the happiness.

The rain beat against the window pane and her face. How the rain came  
today. The top with her feet on the ground.

A piece of paper fell to the floor.  
"We want to thank you for..."

## *A Piece of Paper*

. . . MARY C. HESS

There were no stars. There was no moon. The sky was an ominous gray. The wind whistled through the bare ghost-like trees. A woman sat on a window seat looking out the large bay window. A tear ran down her ivory cheek and dropped off her chin onto her gray dress. She looked out at this sad dark world and saw a picture of how her heart felt.

Another tear crept down her cheek. As she sat in perfect silence, she thought. Once her world had been as bright and sunny as the world outside the window had been yesterday. Today her world was an image of the outside world.

Her thoughts raced over the last two years. They had been good. She had lived for each day, not worrying about the future. Then one day she had started worrying about her life ahead.

The baby she carried within her stirred. It was unaware of what life is,—the happiness and the sorrow changing places each minute of each day.

Another tear rolled down across the beauty mark on her cheek—the mark which Andy had noticed the first day they met.

The wind gained momentum and the branches rubbed the house—the house which she had just finished furnishing, the small home on the hill which had shared their happiness.

The rain beat against the window harder and harder. Now the tears came faster. The sob within her let itself escape.

A piece of paper fell to the floor.

"We regret to inform you that . . ."

*Peace*

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

There were bells on the hill,  
A steeple in the sky.  
    There were people in the valley,  
        A dove hovering high.

The town was now so desolate,  
Laments heard far and wide,  
The mountainside merely echoed  
The pained and woeful cries.

The belfry shook and rattled;  
Upon deaf ears did peal  
The toll that rang out freedom  
To the valley now so mute.

There were bells on the hill,  
A steeple in the sky.  
    There were bodies in the valley,  
        A dove hovering high.

## *My Desire*

. . . ROGER SHERMAN

Empty,  
    yet filled.  
Desiring,  
    yet satisfied.  
Rejected,  
    yet accepted.  
Dead,  
    yet alive.  
Yes, alive with the memory of a  
Vibrant,  
Scintillating,  
Exciting  
Death.  
A Death to the world, the world which  
I now desire.  
The world, which, by rights, I should possess,  
But, by purpose, I must deny.  
This world may be a  
Monotonous,  
Frustrating,  
Confusing,  
Losing  
World,  
But it is a world.

*All Academia is Divided*  
(A Dream in Black and White and Gray)

. . . B. G. NATHANSON

Dream Scene: The faculty-student lounge in the Student Union building.  
Seated at a table are two instructors and an undergraduate.

Instructor: I am disturbed!

Student: Why so teacher?

I: According to a report by Dr. Philip E. Jacob, I probably am not succeeding in changing your values.

S: I could have told you that! But tell me, how would you change my value-orientation?

I: I would transform you from a conformist into an individualist.

S: Why do you wish to do that?

I: I want you to think for yourself.

S: I do, and so I conform. Don't you conform?

I: Of course, some conformity is necessary if we are to avoid chaos, but I don't conform for the sake of conformity. My conformity is always inner-directed.

S: True, but are not your inner-directed decisions motivated by the values of the peer groups by which you are basically other-directed?

I: We are concerned now with student conformity.

S: So be it. Do you think that I conform for the sake of conformity?

I: I have been led to believe such is the case.

S: By whom have you been led?

I: Are you not other-directed by your peer group?

S: Of course! Should I be tradition-directed when our fine historical ways of life apparently are obsolete? Should I be inner-directed when the values I internalized are too vague and questionable to apply to life today? Should I be directed by hypocrites, dreamers or the lost of the still lost generations? By whom should I be directed? Toward what should I be directed? What have I been offered here in college? Professors who either do not profess or who profess a sterile, rigid ideology, a dead dogma that at best can haunt, such has been my academic experience.

- I: Have I not offered you something else?
- S: Yes, you have given me an excessive sense of being a conformist by your reproaches. What I seek, however, is not conformity but community.
- I: Surely, I have tried to instill in you a sense of loyalty to our nation. My professing of the glories of individualism in no way was to diminish your responsibility to those civic duties of which I informed you.
- S: If I was directed by your philosophy, I would be at once an isolated self and a selfless element in an abstract community. I want to be a real member of a living community. I want no part of individualistic isolationism, abstract patriotism or selflessness. I want **selffulness**. I want to extend my self. When I interact with external forces, my insignificance is made painfully, frighteningly clear. When I act, I want to act as part of a greater force, and, when that greater force acts, I want it to act for me. What is "for me?" I'm not always sure, but I'll find out in living and not in detaching myself from life or in blinding myself in dogma, no matter how "liberal." Do not misinterpret my motives, I am not selfish. I am not seeking self-satisfaction. Such would be impossible, as well as wrong, to achieve. It is self-fulfillment through self-extension which I desire.
- 2nd I: Do I sense here a breakdown in faculty-student communication.
- S: You do indeed! Physically we have an academic community; psychologically we do not.
- 2nd I: Is there no meeting of the minds between you and us?
- S: Of course there is intellectual communication in that knowledge is interchanged, but the dissemination of data is, at best, a transmission between, not the transaction of minds.
- 2nd I: Have you any explanations why there is mutual isolation instead of mutual inspiration of our minds?
- S: Yes! First of all, professors are not interested in students.
- 2nd I: Am I not interested in you? Do we not often spend time together in both intellectual and social pursuits?
- S: Yes, you do show an unusual interest in me.
- 2nd I: Yet has my interest in you broken the barriers that separate us psychologically?
- S: I think not!
- 2nd I: Then interest alone cannot bridge the psychological chasm between student and teacher?
- S: So it appears.
- 2nd I: What else then is required of a teacher to bring about a spiritual unifica-



tion of the academic community?

S: He must close the philosophical gap that widens into the psychological chasm.

2nd I: By what steps can this be brought about?

S: First, the faculty members' condemnation of and reproaches to us must cease. Secondly, the teacher should try to understand what we really think and desire and the reasons for our thoughts and wishes. Thirdly, he should re-examine his own philosophy to see what he should offer to us and seek from us. Through respect for, understanding of and selective assimilation of our philosophy, the teacher can do more than merely reduce the mutual isolation of the minds. He can gain the philosophical leadership of a psychologically united academic community.

2nd I: I see! Can you explain why we faculty members have failed so far to bring about this philosophical and psychological rapport?

S: There is no single, simple answer, but before leaving, I will mention one major obstacle, namely, faculty anxiety. Instead of making learning a cooperative adventure, the teacher exhibits and induces in students academic anxieties. Hence, one result is that concern with facts becomes an obstacle to, instead of an instrument for, the learning of meaningful knowledge. Too often have I suffered intellectual indigestion at the hands of a professor who, like a nervous mother, has felt it his duty to "stuff" me, as rapidly as possible, with the greatest possible quantity of substance. Then, too, have I suffered from the teacher who was so afraid of not being objective that he was superficial and uninspiring. Yet anxiety works in opposite ways, as evidenced by the instructor who is so afraid of being objective, that he is engulfed in the stagnation of blind faith. Surely anxiety is also a cause when a professor demands academic freedom for himself, while denying it to his students.

2nd I: You want professors, then, who are the challengers, not the victims of uncertainty, who are the masters not the slaves of insecurity. Is that correct?

S: Yes, I seek men who consult with the past without consorting with it, who confront the critical present without being overwhelmed by it, who envision the future without escaping into it.

2nd I: Such men exist, do they not?

S: Too few, too few!  
(The student leaves)

I: What distorted views!

2nd I: Dear colleague, we would do well to discriminate between the distorted and the disturbing.  
The Dream Ends?

## *The Cycle Completed*

. . . ROGER SHERMAN

The piercing winter winds come again.

Gone, past, in the repetition of a cycle

the hope of spring,

the realization of summer,

the fulfillment of fall.

The piercing winter winds come again.

Carrying with them, like the refrain of a familiar tune,

aches of loneliness,

pangs of desolation,

reality of despair.

The piercing winter winds come again.

Although the cycle ends another year,

The winds still remain cold.



