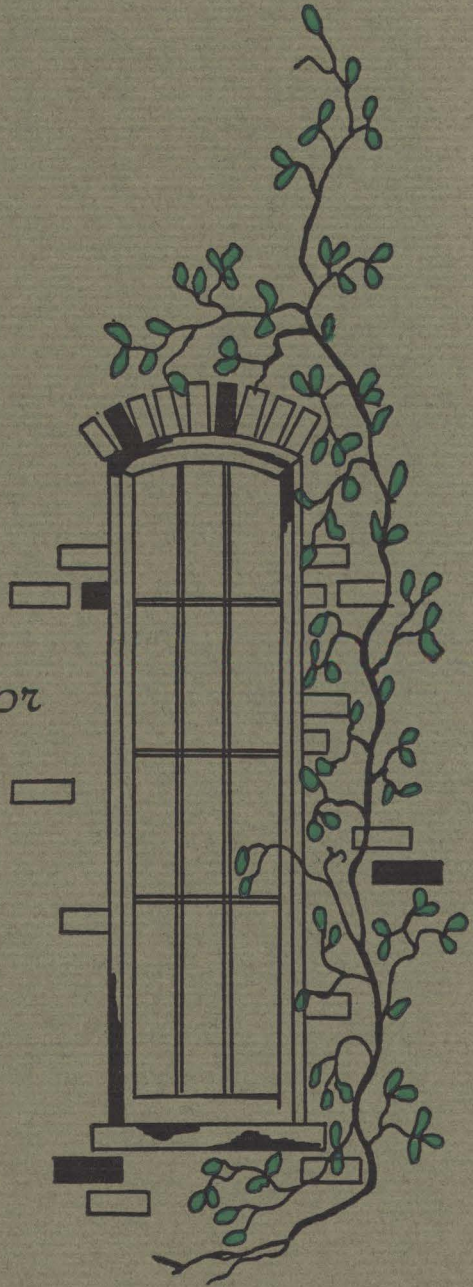
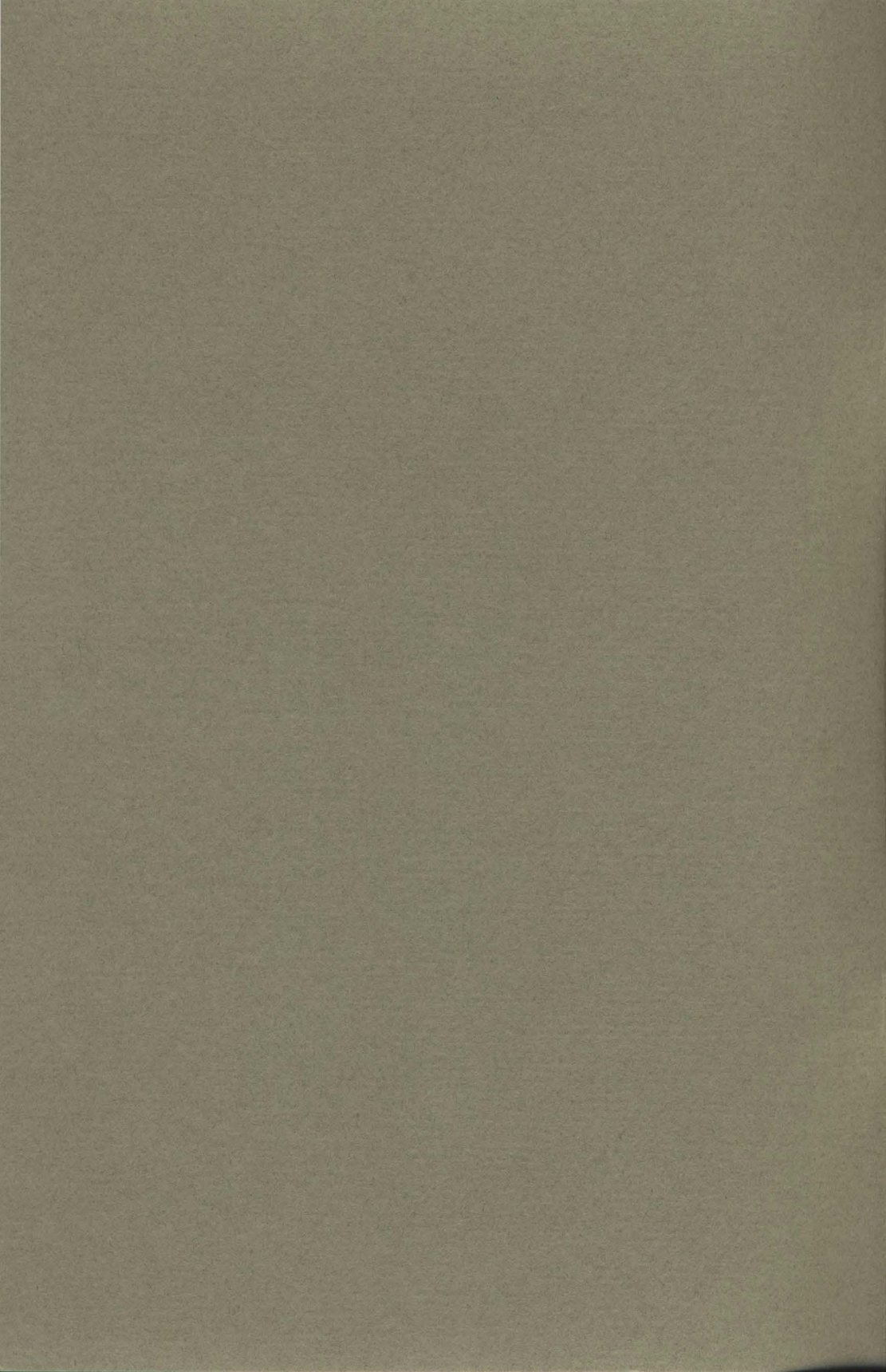


Winter 1967-68

*The Reflector*





# THE REFLECTOR

## *Literary Magazine*

Shippensburg State College

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

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WINTER, 1967-68

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FIRST PLACE AWARD

TO

THE REFLECTOR

Shippensburg State College

March 10, 1967

Columbia Scholastic Press Association  
College and University Division

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## *A Hippie Crucifixion*

. . . MARUSIA RAYMOND

The Village is out, you know. Yeah, now it's the park, and if it's too cold it's the nearest pub. That's the way it was this summer . . . everyone went to the park. Flower power, L.S.D., free love—that's the kicks . . . or at least so says the press. That's for the ones just passin' through—you know, summer runaways. What only a few knew was that the real core stayed back in the "big V." Yeah, I was there—that's why I'm telling you this: Hippies ain't gonna be much longer.

Rejoice! You walkers of the straight and narrow road to boredom had better rejoice before the next group comes in, 'cause they're gonna come on fast. Go ahead, feel secure while you can. It won't last long.

You ask why I say the Hippies are dying? Okay, I'll tell you. They're killing themselves off. And if they ain't killin' themselves they're gettin' scared off . . . I sure as hell was.

We had a regular "family," nine of us with three of the girls pregnant, all living in our two-room attic. We even had a view . . . ten garbage cans, a sick maple tree, and miles of fire escapes. We were happy, though. Why not? We had our contacts and were well supplied with everything but food. Who cared about food anyway? We never had time to eat.

We were Hippies in every sense of the word, and man, that ain't easy. That's why there were so few of us. Not just anyone could come into our family; they had to meet our standards.

No, I won't go into that—standards ain't standard for long . . . they keep changing.

We found this one guy, though, kind'a' liked him. He had promise. El didn't like him, but she don't like anyone unless he gets her pregnant. The rest of us liked him. Yeah, we figured he'd fit in real good . . . should'a' listened to El. Anyway, things were goin' real good until one of our favorite contacts was nabbed by the fuz. We always figured he'd be the last one to go, so we cooled our activity down some, just to be careful. It wasn't till three others in the area were pulled in that we finally caught on. Should'a' listened to El, but we didn't, so we had to do something about our newest brother.

Well, we decided on a plan, sort of an initiation, that would cut him loose from our clan. I think he knew we were on to him, but he didn't let on. We sent him on a trip that was higher than any we'd ever been on. He was really flyin'. We fed him everything we could get our hands on. We figured we'd scare him away, but we didn't count on what happened.

He never came back from that trip. Instead, he tried to fly out of our window. He caught on a fire escape and hung there till someone finally took him down.

The group was never the same after that. We all thought he deserved it, but none of us had really wanted it to happen. We didn't want to be blamed.

The apartment was vacated by the end of the month—no one wanted to stay after that. That's what I mean when I say the Hippies ain't gonna be much longer. One way or another, they're giving it up.

## Motif

. . . LINDA GUNNET

Like scrawling children  
making

t

i

l

t

e

d patterns

out of

cr

o

o

k

ed sticks

We laid our life.

First drew the faces

painting them

With stiff

and proper

smiles,

Arranged the hair all neatly and in place,

Fashioned the figures,

slim,

proportioned well,

And dressed in latest mode,

but not

too

rash,

Then put our crayons away.

And opened next our box of dominoes,

Stood them one by one in strait-laced lines,

Then snapped the first in rank,

And watched them tumble

d

o

w

n



## Scuffed Shoes

. . . YVONNE SEASE

Michael hesitated, his chubby hand resting on the doorknob, and glanced back over his shoulder at his mother. She looked up from the dishes and asked, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Can I wear my new shoes to show Harold? Please." His words stumbled over one another as he pleaded.

"You'll just scuff them before your father even sees them."

"No, I'll be real careful. Oh please, Mommy. Can't I please?"

"Well all right." Michael started running to his room. "Wait," she called, "You'd better take care of them, you hear."

"Yeah," Michael said as he walked stiffly from his room. "I'll be careful." His mother ran her fingers through his dark hair, and he squirmed, "Can I go now?"

"Yes, go on, you scamp."

Michael walked quickly but carefully from the house and started up the lane toward Harold's house. He walked very cautiously to avoid kicking dust on his shiny brown oxfords. At every other step he stopped to check the mirror surface. Reassured by his reflection, he walked on.

The lane was growing narrow as it led into a tiny clump of trees. The splotches of shadow lay over the land, and Michael zigzagged to avoid the dark spots. Somehow the sunlight was needed to reflect all the glory of the new shoes, the shoes he could tie all by himself. He wanted to run and show Harold the shoes, but then the dust would mar the surface of the shoes. So he walked impatiently.

He wondered what Harold would say about the shoes. Harold was his very best friend. He went to the big school in town with the other big kids but still let Michael join in all the great games he could think up. Harold knew everything and had everything. But he didn't have a shiny pair of shoes like these.

The honeysuckle tangle beside the lane shook so Michael stopped to see what would happen. Through the vines and out into the sun crawled Harold, "Harold, I was coming to show you my new shoes!"

The older boy said, "Quiet, you'll scare them."

"Scare what?"

"The birds, stupid."

"But my shoes—"

"Shoes phoos. So what's so great about shoes. They probably pinch your feet anyway. Now look at what I just got, an air rifle that really shoots BB's. If you're quiet, I'll let you come along."

"Where?"

"Stalking birds. Now shut up."

Harold, crouching low, moved quietly through the brush. Michael, still protecting his shoes, followed. Suddenly Harold stopped, raised the rifle and fired. Michael halted behind him and stood still while Harold ran toward a little dark spot on the lane.

He called, "Hey Mike, come here. I got one!"

Michael walked to Harold's side and looked down. The sparrow was writhing in the dust. A few drops of blood, mixed with the powdery dirt, glued the tiny gray-brown feathers together.

"It's not dead, Harold," Michael said.

"So?"

"If we carry it home, Mommy could fix it."

"No, we're going to kill it."

"Why?"

"Well, you don't want it to suffer, do you?"

"No, that's why I want to take it home to Mommy."

"Look, I shot it. It's my bird and I'll say what we do with it. And I say we kill it. You don't want to go along, just run home to Mommy, kid. I don't need you."

"Aw Harold, come on. I didn't say I wouldn't go along."

"That's better, kid. For being such a good boy, I'm going to let you do it."

"Do it?"

"Kill the bird."

"How? With the gun?"

"No, stupid. You're going to stomp on it with those shiny new shoes."

"No, Harold. I promised I wouldn't dirty them."

"I know. You promised your Mommy. Well, run on home to her."

Michael looked down at the shoes and then up at Harold. "No, I'll do it."

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

Michael slowly lifted one shiny shoe and held it over the quivering bird. He looked at Harold, but the older boy just stood, arms crossed, watching intently. Harold was smiling so Michael dropped his foot quickly. There was little resistance from the frail body, only a tiny snap of crushed bones.

Michael lifted his foot and, with his eyes fixed on the trees overhead, moved back to Harold's side. He waited for him to praise him, but the older boy only said, "Well, kid, I have to go home and eat. See you around." He started walking up the lane. Michael watched Harold's back until a turn in the lane hid him.

Then Michael looked down. The dust and blood and feathers and bone were indistinguishable in the flattened mass. Michael felt ill, but he found a stick and pulled the remains to the side of the road. He dug a shallow hole and pushed the mangled body into it.

After he filled the hole, he stood looking at the little mound for a long time. Then he glanced down at his shoes. They were scuffed and dusty, and a bloody feather was sticking to the side of the left one. Using the grave-stick, he managed to get the shoes off without touching them with his fingers. Then he started walking down the lane toward home, leaving the shoes by the little mound.

## To Me

. . . BARRY ROSS MARTIN

I wish I could sail a green sea  
That high tides all the eddies of love  
Instead of being an egret so free  
As that of a wingless and voiceless dove  
Which rises to the air without a will  
Toward its present handicap of veil  
And like a black or lacey frill  
Disappear from whence thus prevail  
The discrepancies of material value  
That string like that of absurd trite  
Contexts striking that of the face of you  
And cause you to fly in a frenzy of fright.  
I wish I could see through my heart  
Of burdensome stone harried by wind  
And all other mirrorlikes which smart  
My tearless eyes and my soul of sin  
Which is a red sun of flaming fury  
That parches and destroys almost all  
Instead of telling my frightening story,  
Not of my rise but that of my fall  
For I wander through night-like woods  
And see everything that fails to be  
As that of the suburban neighborhoods  
Which fail to prison or thus set free,  
I wish the leaves an eternal brown  
And rotting trees of shrunken being  
Like the hypocrites within this town  
Who discuss all affairs without seeing  
The truth of any reality of matter  
Prevailing within my failing life  
Which means less than a smatter  
To the rich who someday shall strife  
And snatch my only dove of thought  
Who turns yon head of hair a-flying  
As if 'twas burnt and I thus bought—  
For I am nothing.

## *The Continuing Story*

. . . . JOEL DECKER

The continuing story  
 of man's existence  
 Stands unhampered by wars and crises.  
 The world,  
 as a type of Peyton Palace,  
 Helps men live each day to its fullest.  
 As a Far Eastern war  
 Kills  
 Thousands a day  
 John Q. Public  
 Bargains over four to seven dollar slacks.  
 As a Near Eastern war shows  
 repercussions of persecutions,  
 A disabled veteran sells  
 paper poppies.  
 Universal guiding forces,  
 the gods who lead men,  
 Stand confused at the door of divinity.  
 As Mighty Thor scorns the company of mortals,  
 The dollar sign scorns the company of morals,  
 For morals and mortals must deal with questions  
 of value  
 (a poor discussion in groups of five),  
 As values are the decision of a personal YOU  
 They must be man's basis  
 if he is to survive.

## *Through A Glass Darkly*

. . . NANCY M. MILLICHAP

"And, our Father, we pray that the soul of our friend Dennis may be safe in Thy care, and that his suffering may be repaid forever in Thy heavenly kingdom. In the name of Jesus Christ we pray, Amen." Joanie sniffled softly as she concluded her prayer, and the members of the Middle High youth fellowship opened their eyes in unison. She went to one of the sofas on the right side of the church parlor and sat down quickly between Harry and Linda who had saved her a seat. Bewildered by the tears that were behind her eyes and still upset about being in charge of worship this particular Sunday, she watched Reverend Kauffman get up and face them. Young, good-looking, and personable, he had come from seminary to assistant pastorship at Central United, where he headed Christian education. The ninth and tenth graders of the Middle High youth fellowship loved him, as did the members of the Junior High and Senior High fellowships.

"Okay, kids. As you know, our table tennis tournament was scheduled for tonight in place of the program." The boys were on the edges of their seats, ready to hurry to the game room. "But—I believe some of the girls wanted to ask a few questions first." Tommy groaned aloud and flopped noisily back into his armchair. "Girls?" Linda nudged Joanie anxiously, but Joanie ignored her, staring with concentration at the Victorian stained glass transom above Reverend Kauffman's head. The light streaming through it from the vestibule beyond made the red glass glow intensely. Linda looked imploringly at Joanie, then raised her own hand. "Bob," (Reverend Kauffman liked the group to call him by his first name) "Ah—Dennis Sweger, you know, he died on Tuesday. And we—we, I mean, why? I mean, why should he have to be sick in the hospital for months, suffering, and then die? We just wonder why, that's all."

As Linda spoke, Joanie brought her gaze down cautiously from the transom and glanced around the parlor. The uniformly clean faces, framed by neat, shining hair, all registered looks of forced solemnity and reluctant attention. "That's a hard question," Reverend Kauffman was saying, his face a study in professional concern. They were actually going to discuss it then, the kids and Reverend Kauffman. They would sit below the transom, looking for the answer to the big question with weighted voices. Even though asking the question here tonight had been her idea, Joanie felt a sudden heavy dread beneath her midriff. What if they did not find the answer? What if there were no answer to be found?

A girl across the room raised her hand. "Just a second. What did he die of, anyway? Everybody knew how sick he was. The hospital and all—why couldn't they cure him?"

"Leukemia," said Reverend Kauffman. "A tremendous over-production of white blood cells. The doctors did everything they could, but it's almost always fatal."

Then everyone was talking with no regard for order, as though being com-

pelled to speak. "We went to see him—it was awful; he looked so thin and pale—"

"He was in dreadful pain when he wasn't drugged unconscious."

"—was his friend, and he turned his face away—"

"Everybody liked him, quiet, pleasant—"

"—honor roll, I swear, every time—"

"Why?"

"—his mother crying at the funeral."

"—to be a lawyer, he always said, like his dad—"

"Why?"

"See, I mean, it isn't fair!"

"Why?"

Their lips closed again, the Middle High youth fellowship turned their eyes to Reverend Kauffman. He started over. "It's a hard question. Does anyone want to suggest an answer?"

No, Joanie thought, we want you to tell us. We want you to pull the answer that we don't see from right in front of us, where we're missing it, and hold it in front of our eyes. Please, please. But a boy on her left raised his hand. "They say God tests us by making us suffer."

Why Dennis, when he was so good, so nice? What could suffering from an incurable disease prove? But even as the questions burned in her mind, Joanie saw a wave of eager nods circle the room.

"Yes, and only think how happy he is now!" someone else said. "Heaven and everything." The nods were even more vigorous. But he had wanted to go on to Senior High and college, and be a lawyer. And who could know all the other things he had been looking forward to? His summer job, his driver's license, his graduation—the smell of burning leaves, deep, sharp-edged tracks in the snow, the glow of spring's first green, love of parents and friends and the someday love of a girl—wouldn't he miss them, even in Paradise? If he didn't, he would no longer be Dennis Sweger. What was the good of living forever if you had to stop being yourself?

But everyone else had nodded piously. They didn't want to wrestle with the question; the table tennis tournament was supposed to have begun ten minutes ago. Reverend Kauffman looked around the parlor slowly, strangely. "Okay, kids, go in peace."

Joanie caught Linda by the arm as they went through the door. "Linda, Reverend Kauff—I mean, Bob—didn't tell us the answer."

"He didn't have to. Some of the kids did instead." Linda avoided Joanie's eyes.

"But—"

"Don't say 'but!' It's unbearable to think of the 'but!'" Linda hurried after the rest of the Middle High youth fellowship toward the game room.

Joanie whirled and darted back into the parlor. Someone had turned off the floor lamp, but her tear-blinded eyes did not need light. Flinging herself face down on a sofa, she cried in rasping, comfortless sobs. Even before she looked up and saw him, she knew that Reverend Kauffman was standing in the doorway, his eyes full of helpless silence and his head silhouetted against the glow from the transom, as red as her own healthy blood.

## *Separated Proximity*

. . . BARRY ROSS MARTIN

In sullen ghettos I have walked alone.  
I have been kissed by the blessings  
Of Zhivago's talent and urgencies,  
But nevertheless I turn my ingratitude  
Toward the ashes of Victor Hugo  
As their remembrances of hate and love  
Lie scattered as if separating themselves  
From the realities of our serpent tongues  
That lick the virtuous Pantheon;  
Thus I float toward whatever is higher  
As a babbling brook bubbling beautifully  
Through the lush green meadows  
Which are touched by the summer sun  
And uniting with its elder and wiser  
That twists slowly downward—  
Longing for its intercourse  
With a great green and endless sea  
Which is highly unimaginable  
And approaches a fickle infinity.  
I have loved and been loved  
By a maiden whose name is as dear  
As my own; which, in fact, is the solution  
To my immediate absurdity of loneliness,  
While the city streets remain  
In a silent, non-existent shroud,  
And upon their black neon lights  
I see nothing but my own reflections.  
Such uncanny and vexed feelings  
With which I have been de-blessed  
Characterise my self-symbolic fortitude  
Of utter interior destruction  
That tears me from my wordly grave  
And drifts my wingless Fair  
Upon the opposite shore.

## *To Know*

. . . CAROL BAIRD

As I grow old and look over my years,  
 My thoughts are all sad and full of regret.  
 Gone are my fears; dried are my fallen tears,  
 Here are the childhood dreams I can't forget.  
 Then I had time used wisely by so few,  
 If only I had the chance to see  
 How many of those dreams would now be true?  
 And yet I know that this could never be,  
 For life on earth is much too short I found  
 To allow one to try and change his fate.  
 Old Father Time, he will not wait around.  
 I only hope I have not learned too late.  
 So often I pray and my head I bow,  
 If only I knew then what I know now.

## *Destiny*

. . . LINDA BODISH

The dusty dank odor pervaded my senses as I stood  
     Rooted to the spot where the gray  
             Tombstone lay  
 With my name and image engraved upon it.



## *The Perennial Fog*

. . . LINDA GUNNET

Say, Love, that we have walked down crowded streets  
 And dreamed of turning back to meadows wet  
 With dew and splashed with sun where morning greets  
 The day and smiles. And say that we have yet  
 To love although we loved, and well; that stars  
 Will burn and moons will gaze when your soft glance  
 Is gone; that life is sadly short; that czars  
 Have ruled and died; that we have had our chance.  
 And say that in the street the children frown  
 Where once we walked, or robins shout from trees  
 And children sing. The world is upside-down:  
 A circus acted out by dancing fleas.  
 Then say that we must part; I know we must,  
 For life is real although our dreams are dust.

## II

. . . KATHY ATTLEE

With dazzling, multicolored brilliance  
 The oil slick spreads . . .  
 Reflected, the mute clouds gather  
 The Anger is their Fury  
 Nearby, the bloodpuddle dries . . . dull.

## *Man in the Forest*

. . . DANN NOONAN

the tree in the spine of the forest  
 so homely and gross looking  
 its ill-proportioned trunk  
 shapeless and weatherbeaten  
 the deformed leafless branches  
 just hanging in any direction.  
 but how lovely is the tree  
 in the enchanted garden  
 its graceful solid trunk  
 held firmly in the earth  
 the well-shaped branches  
 giving it ornamental symmetry.

and the man with wilted flowers  
 dangling from his unparted hair  
 his stenchy grubby clothes  
 wrinkled and torn  
 his repulsive worn face  
 whiskered and pale with hunger.  
 but how handsome is the man  
 wearing his colorful costume  
 pressed neatly and in style  
 his polished masked face  
 smelling with scented cologne  
 driving his foreign built toy.

how REAL is the tree in the forest  
 how plastic is the tree in the garden  
 how TRUE is the man with the flower  
 how forged is the man wearing the mask?

## Morality

GERALD PINKERTON

Grappling with the unwieldy topic of the moral conduct of the college student is a lot like trying to alter the weather merely by talking about it. The fact of the matter is that moral conduct is not something that can be easily resolved, especially via mere discussion. Indeed discussion tends to cloud the issue because each person has his own set of standards when judging an act moral or immoral. Consequently, we are faced with the gloomy prospect of never finding the ultimate answer to the basic question of what constitutes moral right.

Perhaps the question for debate should not be "What is morally right?" but rather "What is morally acceptable?" I realize the significance of replacing the word "right" with the more pliable "acceptable," and justify this seeming travesty with the retort that a universal moral code is nonexistent; therefore, an act is incapable of being judged all right or all wrong by society per se. With this thesis firmly established, I will proceed to enlighten the reader with the supposedly risqué activities peculiar to collegians, with emphasis placed on the individual's attitude toward such activities.

Heading the agenda, naturally, is the topic of sex activity and/or promiscuity indulged in while a member of the college community. While the sex drive of the undergraduate has been vastly exaggerated, it is nevertheless true that promiscuity is present to some degree in the college environment. Frequent is the case where the young man, fresh out of high school, feels it imperative that he "prove himself" or "come of age." Naturally there is a moral issue involved when an individual does something simply to make a mark for himself or to impress others. This is especially true when the individual's actions infringe upon the emotions and feelings of another person. It may be "manly" for John Doe to take advantage of some naive coed on a date, but is it morally acceptable?

In such an instance it is quite obvious that there can be no justification for such an atrocious and beastly act. John Doe could certainly be termed a "goon" without being too far off the mark. The question here, however, is not whether the act itself is acceptable or not, but rather whether John Doe's thinking can be justified or at least accepted. The reason we can dispense with the act is that in this hypothetical situation we do not know whether the girl was not in favor of the action that ensued.

Be that as it may, let us examine the young man in question and see if his motives appeal to our senses so that we may actually condone his action. Upon close examination, we find that his motives are influenced tremendously by his peers. He is not following a moral code but is, in fact, adhering to the whims of people whose respect and admiration he desires. As a result, we find many people, such as John Doe, discarding traditional moral views in favor of the more socially satisfying and rewarding acts akin to the aforementioned episode.

But can we place the burden of guilt on John Doe and millions like him? Can we honestly say that our own moral standards are so steadfast and dependable that we never stray from the fold? I contend that morality is too intangible and indefinable to be utilized as the ultimate judge of right or wrong. There are just too many "if's" to contend with; nothing is completely good or right just as nothing is completely bad or wrong. We have before us a system that actually encourages the use of double standards. What is acceptable to one group or society is not necessarily true or acceptable in another group or society. This realization leaves the college student groping with a paradox that is, in reality, unsolvable.

Perhaps reality is the key to whether or not morality is, or can be, a functional guideline in our lives. If we are realistic in our outlook, then we will invariably encounter situations where our standard of morals becomes questionable and sometimes even obsolete when dealing with the problem at hand. I need not belabor the issue, for we have all (as college students) had to resolve difficulties arising from conflicting moral and social standards. The fact that we have dared to question our moral code (if there is such a thing) indicates that we are searching for something better than that which we now have.

The collegian, more so than any other homogeneous group, is at odds with many of the significant moral issues of the day and is in a position whereby he can put those issues to the test. It is doubtful, in my opinion, that we will ever achieve universal morality; however, I have high hopes that as individuals we will someday attain a plateau which will enable us to live satisfying and rewarding lives without encroaching upon the ways of others.

## Sex

. . . H. H. BUCHANAN

life is a painting  
conceived in April showers  
dead hibernally.

## *Last Week*

. . . MARCIA MUROFKA

Last week I went to a funeral. Oh, I've been to a funeral before—when I was five. I even saw the dead person real close and was sad because she was dead; but she had been someone I didn't know. This funeral last week was my grandfather's.

When we got there everyone stood in small groups. There were introductions, but no smiles; and there was talk, but not too much or too loud. Some people had things to do, and, at their normal pace, they seemed to be in a fantastic hurry because everyone else moved so slowly and so carefully. There was a long time to wander around looking at people to see what they looked like and to see if there was anyone I knew. There were rows of folding chairs beyond some pillars to the right of the coffin; but no one sat in them, so I didn't either. I looked at all the flowers and read every card on them except for the ones behind the coffin. Then I looked at my grandfather for a minute from a few feet away. It didn't seem right to stare at him when he was dead. Maybe I was afraid, but I don't think so. I just didn't have the right.

Finally, my mother took me over to the chairs, and we sat in the first row. My aunts and uncles and some of my cousins were near us. Some of the other people were familiar, but most of them I had never seen before. Then the minister came and began to pray, so I couldn't look around any more. When the prayers were over, he started to talk about my grandfather. Father looked straight ahead. Mother was crying, so I looked down at my white gloves and thought about Grandpa. He was a quiet man. I guessed I would miss him, but I had never talked to him too much. I'm only twelve, but Grandma had often told me how wonderful and good he was—she told everybody—so he must have gone to heaven. I didn't have to be sad.

Mostly I remembered him sitting in his chair or working with his tools and wood in the basement. He liked to build things. Sometimes he would let my cousins and me have some wood to build things with ourselves. But he never said much. At Christmas I always bought him something and gave him his gift first because everyone else ran to Grandma with their presents. He just sat in his chair in the corner by himself. It was a comfortable chair, and that's where he died.

Grandma said she met him when she was sixteen and she knew he was the one because of his eyes. She told me how kind he was to her and how hard he worked. She talked about floods and depressions and dances and sleighrides and all kinds of things. She liked to talk about him, and I liked to listen to her. They had been married over fifty years.

It was the end of December now. I hoped it didn't snow today. I didn't want his grave to be covered with snow right away—although I guess it doesn't

really make any difference, does it? He wouldn't feel anything now. He was dead, and that's all there was to it.

Mother asked me for a tissue. I gave her some without looking at her. I remembered her waking me in the middle of the night to tell me about the telephone call. Her father had died. They had to leave right away. My brother and I would have to stay alone for a couple days until they came back for us. After she left my room I could hear the noises from their bedroom—dressing, low talking, packing, crying. It would take them two hours to get there. I was afraid they would drive too fast. So I waited until they were ready to leave, and I went over and gave her my St. Christopher medal without saying anything. She kissed me goodbye, and her face was wet.

Someone behind me coughed. The minister was reading a poem now. I knew what poem my grandmother wanted to have read at her funeral—Tennyson's "The Crossing of the Bar." She had told me herself. When the minister finished, a door opened at the other end of the long room; and my grandmother came in. Two of my uncles were with her. She walked very slowly with her head down and looked at no one, but she wasn't crying. She was going to go to the coffin. He was dead. When she got right beside the coffin, she looked at him, and very suddenly she grabbed his hand and cried, "Oh, Bill." She kissed him, and she wanted to stay there, but. . . they pulled her back. She cried and cried.

"Oh, no. Oh, no."

They shut the coffin lid. She cried.

And I cried, and I learned something about love, and death, and living.

## Haiku

ANONYMOUS

Oh dandelion,  
with a multi-petaled bloom,  
beauty among weeds!

## *Something To Remember You By*

. . . MARLENE O'NIELL

When we lived in Oswego, Wisconsin, I was never warm enough. Mother said there was no reason for me to be so cold all the time, because if there was one thing the Army always provided it was plenty of heat in the drafty buildings sprawled around the parade field. But she didn't understand that I wasn't cold from the outside in, but from the inside out. There wasn't any reason why I should be cold that way, either, because I was happy there, for lots of reasons. Starting in September, the snow I loved so much in New York began to fall deep and blue white, snuggling up against the houses and steps, anywhere to get away from the roaring wind that whistled around and between the buildings. For some reason, ours was the only house that shook in all four directions with the wind off the lake. We kids played in the billowy pillows every free minute we had. The walk to school was a soggy one, with the flying snowballs and the momentary dunks. Maybe that's why I was always cold, I never dried out. But that couldn't be, because Mother always rubbed me hard with the big stiff towels after my bath and just before I climbed into bed. I was certainly dry and red all over, too. But I was still cold.

After school we all played Eskimo until dinner, when the mothers stood in the kitchen doorways and yelled at us, one by one, to come in for supper. We ate late. There was something eerie about snow in the dark. It seemed even colder when the sun went down. The windows glared at the powdery stuff making deep shadows and shiny white caps. There was not that much to do out there, all alone, but why should I have gone in? The house was as cold as the snow, and there wasn't much to do inside, either.

One day, just before our Christmas break, the teacher brought in a record player so we could practice with real music for the program. Usually we fiddled around with her haphazard playing of the piano. We didn't do anything for the rest of the day except listen to the carols and then sing them over and over again. But for the first time since September I was warm. My ears got hot, like the radiators, and my insides seemed to swell with every note, a much different feeling from the shriveled one before that. That was when I got the idea for my Christmas present that year.

For weeks, my mother had been nagging about my indecision. I just couldn't think of anything. I had plenty of books, and dolls, stuff like that. I even had a sled, a red one my cousin Ricky had given me before we moved to Wisconsin. I didn't want a new one, because I didn't like to sled. All I wanted, from that day on, was a record player and, of course, some records.

Mother seemed happy that I had finally decided, but she told me that she and Dad would have to talk about it, to see if we could afford it. Right then, I knew I wouldn't get it. Whenever she said that, she always looked at

me in a funny way, and I always knew it was hopeless. I started thinking about something else, something we could afford, but I always came back to the record player. I even told Mother I would settle for just records. I could always take them to school and use the teacher's record player. She just smiled and said something nice, but nothing definite. I told her it would make me warm and she kept on smiling, but then her smile looked as if she were going to laugh. I went upstairs to try to get warm, but all I could think of was how warm I would be if I had some music I could choose and that I could turn on and off when I wanted to. We had a radio, but you had to listen to whatever the man on the other end wanted to listen to.

Christmas was on a Sunday that year, so we really had to go to church. Everyone on Post was going and it would have looked funny if we didn't go. So I had to wait until the afternoon before I could open my presents, not that I was really looking forward to it, because I knew I wouldn't get my record player. I opened each one with care, and looked happy over each one. Mother seemed to be trying extra hard to get me warm, because every box was some sort of woolen clothing. Dad gave me a new sled, and I pretended that I liked it. Then he and Mother looked at each other and Dad went out to the hall closet. Mother smiled that funny smile at me. Dad came in with a big box and told me to open it. My record player was inside. It was beautiful, all brown leather and tweed cloth, with white glass knobs and a big, shiny, black arm to put on the records. There were also three records inside. One was a lot of Christmas carols, and the other two were everyday songs. I was thrilled. I plugged it in right away and listened to the songs for the rest of the afternoon. Just as I had told Mother, the record player made me warm.

I couldn't wait for school to start so I could tell everyone in the class about my surprise, and maybe take the record player to school to show the teacher. That first day, the teacher started with the first person in the first row, asking each of us to tell about our Christmas. The first girl got a record player. So did just about everyone in the room.

It was cold that day going home. I almost froze. I went upstairs and listened to the records for over an hour, but I was still cold.



## *Where the World Rushes By*

. . . . JEFFREY WALKER

STOP—

and listen to the sea as it  
pounds upon the shore,  
helpless to the crying of  
the gull as it walks upon the sand.  
Here are evenings—pockmocked dunes  
of whirling resolution,  
and then, above roofless tops,  
two people sit alone, enjoying each other's  
platitudes and attitudes and  
solitude.  
Mercury speeds across the sky  
footless and fancy free.

So what do I owe  
to the windy wonder of  
summer seas and skies?  
Where is my splintered crucifix?  
rotten, lying on some desolate shore  
where it may or may not be mistaken for what it is not.

Daybreak, quite undisturbed  
by our night together, and then  
I notice  
the illusion of night disappears with the day.  
Men laid bare, no illusory garb.  
Light of darkness, illuminating the field,  
revealed horror the sun still denies.  
Day will come, we will fight for the sun  
begun by light, but by light deluded,  
deluded in darkness.

I shall mourn  
and swelling strength shall finally break,  
surviving,  
on some noiseless shore, till  
the heart murmurs  
or finally explodes.

## *Question*

. . . . JOEL DECKER

When all alone within my solemn room,  
Thoughts turn to thee and happiness we've known;  
Shared moments as bright threads on Time's slack loom  
Form and a welcome happiness condone.  
Then I recall the gift I needed most  
As on the dark cloth of my life you found  
A place to place the stronger thread as host  
To bind unreason, fear, and dread around.  
Would that I had the tone of thy sweet strength  
That I might face the world with fuller face.  
Perhaps acquaintance of thy love at length  
Will show the way to view the world in grace.  
    The threads of joy throughout thy love pervade  
    Producing life for me as rich brocade.

*Answer*

. . . . LINDA GUNNET

When all alone within my patterned cell,  
I turn to thee and what we might have been.  
Dead moments, faded threads of time, compel  
The thought that Love was but a mannequin.  
We dressed in rich brocade. And dreams we wove  
Were patterned fantasies of what we thought  
The universe should be. And when we strove  
To form one form from two or sought  
A finer thread, 'twas but a game we played.  
You placed upon the dark cloth of my soul  
What should have been new patterns, overlaid,  
And throwing over old—  
    But, having loved, we lost and blankly paid,  
    For rage are what remain of rich brocade.

*Flakes*

. . . ALLEN WELCH

The disciples rise from their modern gardens  
but they're more interested in the flowers  
than in the bearded prophet in their midst.

They take the road to Jerusalem with the ten-minute  
layovers in Bethlehem, San Francisco, and Gotham City.

But after he was crucified they did not wreak revenge  
on the Man, they made love to him—  
which is more than Peter or the  
Salvation Army could ever do.

## *The Proud and The Peaceful*

. . . PAUL POLITIS

I was just walking down the street on my way home from the office where I worked, when I chanced to see a familiar face I had once met. We shook hands, and the following conversation developed:

"Hello, how are ya'?"

"Okay, how ya' doin'?"

"Okay, Hey, what're you doin' these days?"

"I'm working in the office over there," I said, pointing to the great chemical plant two blocks away. "Then in September I'm going back to college. I'll be a sophomore this year. What're you doing?"

"Well, I was working in an office, too, but I quit. I'm taking off. Man, I was going to college, too; I'd be going into my junior year, but I quit. I'm sick of the way the country is. I'm sick of the way society is. I'm sick of the way I am. I'm packing my suitcase full of my clothes, and putting my best books in the car trunk, and I'm putting my money in my wallet, and my wallet in my pocket, and I'm turning the key and taking off."

"Wait a minute," I said, "What do your friends say about this?"

"I don't know and I don't care. I don't care if my cousin graduated from college and married a nice girl, and lives in a nice house, and is real happy 'cause he's making twelve thousand a year as an accountant. I don't like to add figures! And I say that before you can be happy making twelve thousand adding figures, you've got to be happy adding figures. Man, these guys sit up there overlooking everybody and looking like the mold from which all parts should be made. I'm no mass-produced part, stamped out on an assembly line and fit together with all the other parts, to make an exact, functioning machine of society. I'm a man, an individual. I wasn't sent to this earth as an American, or a Russian, or an African, or a Pole, or a Jew, or a Greek, or anything. God, or whoever, didn't know anything about governments and countries when he started all this. He just made land, water, plants, animals, and people, and said, 'Go to it,' and look what we've done. Look around you, man. Listen to the news every day. Man, you can't have a government giving away money to people, and telling working people when to retire, and telling you that you have to take two years out of your life and devote them to killing other men. If the government over there gives some guy a gun, and tells him that he has to kill somebody from over here, and if the government over here gives me a gun and tells me I have to kill somebody from over there, man, if the two of us meet, somebody's gonna' get killed. There's no sense in it. If they make me, I'll go; there isn't much else I can do, but man, I don't know, I really don't."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Take it easy, slow down. You can't just go around being a total non-conformist. You can be an individual and still fit in. There's a place in our society for everyone. Oh, grant it, not everyone gets along with everyone else, and some groups frown upon others, but they all manage to exist."

And as far as mandatory retirement is concerned, you never really have to retire. They can kick you out of your job when you're 65, but they can't make you stop working or stop progressing and being important. They can make it difficult, but they can't stop you. And so you get drafted; it's only two years. It goes fast, and we aren't always fighting wars. If you're really sincere about it, why don't you go in as a conscientious objector?"

"What," he said, "Is everybody gonna' go in as a conscientious objector?"

"Well, if it gets to the point where everybody's as opposed to it as you are, then, yes, I guess we will all be conscientious objectors," I said.

"Look," he said, "don't be smart. I believe in the dream of democracy more than anybody, but I don't believe in the warring welfare state that this dream has deteriorated to. Man, God says 'Thou shalt not kill,' and the government tells you to go to church and worship God, but then as soon as you've established yourself morally and religiously, it hands you a gun and says 'kill.' We might stamp on our coins 'In God We Trust,' but I wonder if he still trusts us."

He stopped there. I guess to give me a minute to think it over. You had to think about what he said. It made you.

"You know man," he began again, "there is no Democracy on this whole planet, "cause a Democracy, a democratic society, is something in which only the proud and the peaceful can exist. It is not a welfare state, or even a partial welfare state. It is a land which offers education free to all, public education, not the private, isolationist type which is still tolerated today. And it is a land which offers jobs to all, and which says, 'There is education here, and there are jobs here. Grant it, all are not equal in duties or pay, and some are not good at all, but there is opportunity for advancement, and all allow enough money to live on. And if you don't want to work, then man, you better get out of here, and do it quick, before you die of starvation.' Yes, that is a democracy, a form of government which can never exist on this earth."

"You are so right my friend," I said. "The form of government that you're talking about might sound all right, but it can never exist."

"That's right, man," he said. "It can never exist. We think we've progressed, but have we? The only way we've progressed, is in material things. We have more money to buy more things. Today, you can go up town and buy any imaginable thing, and a lot of things that are a little beyond your imagination. To me, this isn't progress. Progress comes through understanding and compromise, which lead to peace. And peace is the first step toward progress. The world has been so hurried to get ahead, so competitive, that it has skipped right over the first step, the foundation. There is no peace. It is constantly under fire. The world and its citizens are more troubled today than ever before. In the areas that are most important we haven't progressed at all. You see, man, I'm a little different from most people. I don't care if I eat square crackers, instead of trumpet shaped crackers, or daisy shaped crackers, and I don't care if the crackers I eat are cracker flavored instead of bacon, lettuce and tomato flavored. Things like these aren't for me. I don't believe in those types of 'luxuries.' All I want to do is live my life as an individual, in

peace. So I'll tell you what I'm gonna' do. There's this girl I know. I met her about three weeks ago. She works in a factory up the road, and she's all disgusted with the way things are, too, so I asked her if she wanted to go with me. We're leaving tonight."

"Wait a minute, man," I said. "Where ya' goin'? What're you gonna do, just take off? Aren't you comin' back at all?"

"That's right, I'm just takin' off, and I'm not comin' back. If I need money, I'll stop and get a job for a while. I'll make out all right."

"So you're leaving tonight, eh? Well good luck. I hope everything goes okay for you and her. It should be interesting. I hope everything goes like you've planned; I really do. Good luck." We shook hands and parted.

It wasn't until about an hour later that I even remembered who the guy was. His name was Joe, and I had met him at the drive-in restaurant where I had worked the previous summer as a fry man. He was a grill man there, and up over anything; like he was about this, but he seemed sincere, and I had to admit that there was a lot of truth in some of the things he said.

The next morning I woke up at seven o'clock to get ready for work, and as usual, I turned on the radio to hear the news and weather.

\* \* \* \*

"It's seven A.M., time for the morning report with all the latest headlines, brought to you by the American Biscuit Company."

"Bombing continues to be stepped up in the war, and has penetrated to the farthest point yet in Communist territory."

"The president's tax increase bill has passed the Senate."

"Reports of another mass murder, this time a family of seven in Canada."

"In local news, a young couple has been found dead in a car parked in a wooded area six miles north of here. They were identified as twenty-year-old Joseph . . . .

## No

. . . . EDWINA JACKSON

The word "no" blew its acid breath,  
Dissolving the crystal edifice of hope.

## *La Memoire I*

. . . NANCY FREDERIKSEN

I remember once  
lying by your side  
touching you—  
Your warmth penetrated my entire being  
and caressed me with love.  
I wanted then to say  
that I could descry  
—with all the awe of youth—  
a thousand brilliant stars  
blinking off and on  
winking at us, knowingly;  
a mile or so of green field  
flooded with sunlight  
dancing with the color of Spring;  
a wide expanse of sea  
beating against a mass of rock  
sparkling like liquid silver.  
But the moments passed too quickly,  
I failed by saying only  
"I love you."



## *The Dragon's Teeth and Private Williams*

. . . JOHN McLEAN

Private Patrick Williams stared hard into the blackness from the womb of his shallow earthen bunker. The silence interfused with the occasional pat of a small weapon going off in the distance, as he consciously gripped the M-14 in his lap. He would do anything to get out of watch duty. He was tough, a good soldier; he could hold his own with the best, but sitting out there alone, awake that long, made him think of home.

He tried not to think. He wanted just to do what he was told, to perform his duties. He did not want to look beyond them, to try to justify or condemn them, but just to carry them out. He was not looking for any answers, just a diversion. It was much easier to live one step at a time, facing up the road, not looking back, and not looking too far ahead. That way you don't get hurt too much. That's the way Private Williams lived, mechanically, except when he was on watch; then he lost the struggle to cut away the memories; he had too much time, and too many good times to remember.

Private Williams sat half-alert; his thoughts drifted. Remembering his girl's quiet cloudy voice, he smiled a little. His thoughts rolled on, into the past. He saw his grandmother in her kitchen baking cookies—he stole some of the warm ones from the tray and ran into the yard. His thoughts sank deeper into the past and focused on a time in his boyhood: it was the kind of day that made him want to take a deep breath—and breathe it all in. He walked across an open field and into an apple orchard. It was a warm afternoon and he just wanted to laze in the sun. The dense, rich air, heavy with ripe fruit rotting, was held about the trees by the stillness. A colony of fruit flies scattered, then came back. The fluty rill of sparrow songs permeated the silence. The rotting air expressed its abundance, holding him, binding him to the up-reaching grass, as he lay with sky-ward glance staring into the deepest lake, contented.

A shell exploded orange and blue, shaking Private Williams. He straightened up a little. He noticed the sky beginning to glow, slowly. The earth echoed the quiet sky as it lightened with the coming dawn. His joints were sore and stiff. He gripped the gun to take out the yawn he wanted to express, tightening his muscles and making a small noise in his throat. He heard steps approaching from behind and knew he was going to be relieved.

As he walked back, he kicked the spongy clay pulling at his feet, and thought that the clay was all that was left here. He heard the whine of a shell and dropped face-down in the mud, but he looked up as it burst, hot and yellow, feeding the land with dragon's teeth. Getting up he set his jaw and squashed the clay through his fingers. Walking past a ditch, he saw the pain-wrenched face of a dead Vietnamese youth. Private Williams couldn't tell which side he had fought for. They all looked alike. The corpse lay in a puddle of

blood with flies lighting on its gray flesh. He turned away, and walked on. He looked hard at the clay, and felt a little sick.

The air was empty of life, except for the flies, which tormented him. It smelled hollow and metallic, and the powder irritated. He turned around and looked back; it all looked the same. He thought that here it would always be the same. His thoughts slipped back to the night before. And he could see fragmentary pieces of his dream come back randomly. They were what was important to Williams—they were the diversion he was seeking, and he felt a little more sure of himself, and a little more purposeful. Now he looked forward to his next watch duty with some expectation. But more important than this expectation was that he could look forward to watch duty. He realized he was holding his gun rather tightly. As he loosened his grip, his whole body seemed to relax a little, and he walked with an easier, freer gait.

## *Anopsia*

. . . KEITH KEYSER

As the night sky proudly displayed  
 Her brilliant ornaments once more,  
 The earth moves on.  
 The sun looked upon  
 The other side of the sphere  
 Where the dew glistened on  
 The flowers in the fields;  
 Their sweet fragrances captured  
 Nature's little workers.  
 As the birds took wing,  
 Their cheerful songs filled the sky.  
 Nature, in all her splendor,  
 Bore her fruits once again;  
 But man—he slept.

## *Embattled*

. . . EDWINA JACKSON

Embattled  
The rain exploded downward,  
downward,  
a frenzied thrust  
of  
silver spears  
a merciless barrage  
of  
liquid shells  
and on the pavement a leaf-victim, fast losing  
his autumn blood—a hapless prisoner until—  
the Sun intercedes

## *The Rose Beneath My Window*

. . . JANICE L. DOFNER

To find beneath my bedroom window  
A wild rose fresh with morning dew,  
To realize some day this precious flower  
Has desire to bloom elsewhere,  
To force the bud to bloom in place  
Would only cause its death;  
And so it is with you.

# *My Lost Angel*

. . . LINDA GUNNET

I dreamed of you last night, My Angel. — Lost  
 In quiet worlds of misty solitude, alone,  
 We loved. No empty prayer will e'er atone  
 My sin; for when my white bones lie, in frost  
 Enclosed, beneath the solemn earth, nor tossed  
 Am I by other worlds or loves, the groan  
 Of these still, splendid, shouting halls of stone  
 Will tear me where our tender lives have crossed.

Could I but love another, fair as thee,  
 And kind; could I but tell this heart that blind  
 Love never lasts nor ever was, or see  
 That hope, where joy lives, is free, and find  
 In this a way to bliss; but, as I be,  
 I cannot bear to keep you from my mind.

## *Codes of Ethics*

. . . KAREN MATTHEWS

Every human being often finds himself in situations which require moral decisions. Naturally, this includes the college student. When a young person goes to college his standards must face many tests. No longer is he safe and secure in the world governed by his parents. He becomes responsible for his own actions. Now he must make his own decisions. These decisions are important because they will affect the rest of his life. As he matures he develops insight, he respects the values of ethics, and he begins to understand their true meaning.

To the college student, as well as to anyone else, ethics stand for moral principles. They are principles which guide the formulation of standards of right and wrong. When a student is faced with a moral problem, ethics guide him in making his choice. Because ethics are established by society, the student follows the codes set up by his society. By using social pressures within the church, family, and school, society forces the individual to conform to its ethical standards. If a person violates these standards he is punished. For the college student ethics are focused on questions of what to do. This may involve questions of whether or not to smoke, drink, cheat, or indulge in free love. In such instances, he must ignore the pressure of his peer group and use the code of ethics that he values to make his decision of which course to follow. Ethics govern the ideal patterns of behavior which an individual strives to attain but never will, because he lacks perfection.

When a person comes to college he acquires a new independence which demands much responsibility. Because of this independence the college student is often faced with many situations that require a moral decision. There are always two or more alternatives, and he must rely on a code of ethics in making his choice. How worthy his selection is depends on the system of ethics that he values and the role that it plays in his life. A student who is a Christian would probably choose to follow a different pattern of behavior than would a student who considers himself an atheist. In examining the alternatives the student discovers they all have some significance for him. The most difficult part of a moral decision is to determine which one has the most worth. Usually at this point he turns to his conscience. This is acceptable only as long as his conscience is controlled by reason. Also, a moral decision requires insight. As the college student matures he develops insight which he uses in moral deliberation. He realizes that the alternative he chooses will be consequential. Therefore, he must be able to project into the future to see its affect on himself and on others.

An example of a moral decision that a college student may have to make might involve some form of cheating. Susan and Mary, who are good friends, happen to sit beside each other in biology class. During an exam Susan notices that Mary was copying from her paper. She does not know what to do. She knows that Mary has had a great deal of difficulty with the subject, and that she does spend most of her time studying it. Susan is confronted with several

alternatives. She could embarrass Mary by making an issue of the situation, she could simply conceal her paper to prevent cheating, or she could pretend that she did not know that Mary was cheating. Susan knows that the ethics she believes in do not permit cheating. She wants to help Mary, yet she does not feel as though it would be fair to herself. She realizes that cheating may not be of any harm now, but it might have a long-range effect which could be detrimental. Since Susan desires to help her friend, she decides the best solution would be to cover her paper to eliminate any possible dishonesty. Of course it must be remembered that not all students would decide upon this alternative.

An individual who attends an institution of higher learning is usually more free from restrictions than he was at home. Since he is independent of direct parental control, he must depend on a code of ethics to provide guidance when he is faced with temptation. What he ought to do is often opposed by what he wants to do. A student knows that he should refrain from heavy drinking, yet he likes to get drunk because he forgets all his problems. Ethically, he should not drink since it can be harmful to his mental and physical health, and it can make him lose self-control which may bring injury to others. But he feels a strong need to escape sometimes from reality, so he gives in to his urge to continue drinking. He is drawn toward both alternatives. Although he knows what is right he is still attracted to the present satisfaction. When a college student is faced with temptation it is necessary for him to rely on his moral judgment. Because of the consequences of such a moral decision, he must be able to see beyond its present good.

Since the American society is based on a system of Christian ethics, it is important for the college student to decide how he feels about religion. Many of the philosophies and theories to which an individual is introduced in the college environment may challenge his religious beliefs. Perhaps they may even cause much inner conflict for him. However, if religious faith plays an integral part in his life, opposing philosophies will only slightly alter his views or else they will strengthen them. Today, many people think that God is dead for college students because of their liberal attitudes. This is definitely false. God is probably more alive during this period of one's life than He may be in later years. Either He is present as a strong factor in the student's struggle to decide if he wants to accept religion, or else He provides inner-strength. College is a time of many questions, decisions, and temptations, and religion often supplies the answers.

Most college students accept the Ten Commandments as the basis of Christian ethics. They are rules of which individuals are frequently unconscious, because they have been instilled as a part of the American way of life. A college student who professes to be an atheist fails to recognize that the legislative system which he obeys is based on the Christian code of ethics. The majority of students who claim to be atheists probably tend to be more agnostic than anything else. Especially in the United States this is true, because this country was founded on the quest for religious freedom and most of the American institutions are rooted in religion. The important thought to keep in mind is that religion is a highly personal thing, and each individual expresses his beliefs in a different way.

What a person ought to do can be made what he wants to do. It all depends on the individual's frame of mind. He can accept the situation and make the best of it. Sometimes it is necessary to sacrifice immediate pleasure for a future goal. A college student may have to choose between staying in to study and going out with the gang. Considering his future ambitions, he realizes that studying will be far more important than an active social life. The alternative he chooses may provide immediate gratification, yet it is not apart from all satisfaction.

College is a society separated from the rest of the world. In order to have an atmosphere of harmony, it is vital for students to value and practice a system of ethics. As a college student matures he develops insight which enables him to see how his moral behavior will affect those around him and how it will affect his own way of life. He can not always do what he wants to do as he must be concerned for the welfare of his fellow human beings. Because the college experience is the beginning of adult life, the college student is compelled to accept his society's code of ethics in order to be of value to that society. He cannot depend on the judgment of others to make his decisions. He must rely on his own moral judgment.

## *alone*

. . . KIMBERLEY KOHNLEIN

i stand alone  
 peering at the world  
 unable to grasp  
 reality . . .  
 and so i remain  
 a lonely soul  
 searching for the  
 remote  
 myself

### III

. . . JOEL DECKER

As oft' one looks behind to check a gaze,  
 I feel thy thoughts of love commune with mine  
 Fulfilling painful absences of days  
 While of your guiding love I have no sign.  
 I then look up into the empty sky  
 Assured some heavenly symbol must appear.  
 My thoughts proclaim thy name as clouds pass by;  
 The winds whisper proud love notes by mine ear.  
 Then happily my mind does comprehend  
 What sadly troubled my poor thoughts before.  
 No token of thy love must you needs send.  
 Knowledge of thy sweet love is worth far more.  
     For peerless thoughts from thee display their worth,  
     And I find peace in new awareness' birth.

### *Tanka (as yet unnamed)*

. . . MARUSIA RAYMOND

Seldom do we hear  
 Of man's trivial doings.  
 Little do we know  
 That these are the things that make  
 Great men of small ones.



## *Seventh Sense*

. . . . DONNA HARPSTER

### I

A valley, canyoned between  
vertical skyscraper hills, set apart,  
a walk-way and drive-way from here to there.  
A hazard whichever way.  
Sun-bright, filtered of light  
hazes the day, darkening the way.  
Will you bring a light to flash  
to signal those who pass that you are passing too:  
a light to signal those who pass that you would like to view them.

### II

The way I walk is named 3rd Avenue.  
The East River is near, the Village is there  
from here — south. Some people live here;  
they call it home. Others work here;  
they call it business or busyness  
or some less flattering term.  
Me, I visit here, my home is somewhere  
I've not found, but I am busy here.  
I came to taste, to touch,  
to smell, to hear, to feel;  
to try to understand how some can call it home.  
I call it microscopic hell . . .  
or some less flattering term.

### III

Sniffing the day along this way, I  
wonder north toward but not to Uptown.  
It's different there, a false-front town, hiding  
behind itself, cell-walled in glittering perfume,  
nailed to crosses of affluence,  
surging make-up, dress-up, wig and dye.  
I'm not here to deal with that.  
I sniff along the way and smell  
the honest smell of garbage and decay,  
bouquet to rats and cockroaches who, honest too,  
hide not in haze of day, but scurry greedily  
also without a light.

## IV

Wondering on up the way I find  
 the honesty less savory than some foods  
 and roll the fecal taste around my mouth  
 as I listen to the scurry sound of people passing, passing  
 scratching to the rhythm of vibration's itch.  
 Beating on the ear an imitation heart pulse,  
 noise screams and blows its horn,  
 jabbars and pounds its feet.  
 It lifts its head and wails cacophony,  
 a harmony as dissonant as an orchestra tuning up.  
 Will it ever find the key  
 and begin the symphony?

## V

I turn around and start Downtown.  
 Listen, listen and smell and peer  
 feel for the courage that chastens fear.  
 God is Dead says the scrawl on the wall . . .  
 AH! Well, is He? Mind shadow travel . . .  
 listen for the sweet  
 sad moan the noise would hide.  
 Hear the lusty fetus-cry!  
 Smell the garlic breath  
 pungent-ripe with life.  
 Brush away strait-jacket haze and peer  
 look softly into blind tenement-inmate eyes;  
 look at the man with his arm around his son,  
 the reaching gift: a touch.  
 Maybe a touch would make them see.

## VI

To wander on 3rd Avenue  
 to flash the lights from red to green  
 to touch a shoulder bent,  
 a child's firm, play-smear'd cheek.  
 To wonder all along that way  
 to see a fire-hydrant spray  
 and spout a cleaning stream  
 would be a life worth borning.

## VII

I saw the man who set the hydrant free.  
 He stood beside an overflowing garbage can  
 along the way and waved at me.

## *The Russian Influence In Literature*

THOMAS WEINMANN

Not only Russia, but the whole world, is indebted to Soviet literature for keeping alive, in unimaginable conditions, that indefinable sense of freedom which is common to all men.

"The writings of Pushkin, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Chekhov, or Dostoevsky (distributed in the Soviet Union in astronomical quantities), from the point of view of the Soviet government, are the most subversive literature conceivable," writes Professor Richard Pipes, editor of *The Russian Intelligentsia*. "They reject practically everything that government stands for—a fact that does not escape the more sensitive Russian of the present day. And yet these writers have become assimilated into the main body of Russian secular culture to such an extent that no Russian Government can reject them unless it wishes to create a cultural vacuum."

The hold this culture exercises on Russians is so strong that through it a class which is historically dead acquires, posthumously, ever new heirs and successors. Soviet citizens of all ages and conditions hold Pushkin and Nerasov, Radishchev and Herzen, and Tolstoy and Turgenev as gods. Such people are everywhere in Russia. Industrial workers can be seen carrying copies of Pushkin and Dostoevsky. Businessmen can be seen reading nineteenth century novels during the evening rush hours.

It is difficult for the westerner to conceive how a body of literature might so engage the consciousness of a people. It is said that in Pushkin's time, the illiterate peasantry knew his verses by heart. Today it offers a model of personal behavior which even a quarter century of Stalinist terror did not succeed in shattering. It is, as Mr. Pipes writes, "the greatest humanizing force in Russia."

A question must now be considered: Why has Russian literature influenced the best modern writers of Europe and America and become part of the tradition of Western civilization much more securely than any of the country's political or economic achievements? The answer is that its voice is that of men, and not of systems, and that the voice can not be hushed by natural barriers of oceans and mountains or by the artificial wall of governments and "ideologies."

Outstanding Europeans have acknowledged their indebtedness to Russian literature; but it is the Americans who are the true inheritors of its spirit, who seem to have felt the closest emotional kinship with it.

The Europeans have been stimulated by Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov to see life in new perspectives, but the writers of the United States seem to have recognized in them modes of feeling and perception which, with all their differences, were somehow native to themselves. American literature, which resembles the Russian in its development, is understandably close to it in taste and feeling. It dares strike to the heart of emotions, to be starkly and simply tragic or brutal. Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Salinger, for example, are, each in his own way, masters of directness. All of them are endowed with that "mys-

terious quality" which "leaps barriers and reduces them to atoms;" and it is not surprising that Scott Fitzgerald should have been one of the very few to sense what he called "the incomparable form" of the Brothers Karamazov — which had influenced, he said, **Tender Is The Night**.

Helen Muchnic said, "If every great work of art provides a new mode of discourse that gives men means of finding grander ways through their experience, and if the language of a people's art, like their speech, is marked by special qualities, then the Russian is the tongue of those whose faith is given entirely to man, who love him unsentimentally enough to take him seriously, and who see the only hope for the world in his realization of his own complexity, and of both the grandeur and the meanness of which he is capable and for which he is alone responsible."

In Soviet literature this language has undergone some remarkable transformations; it often sounds strange in paradoxical new tones and accents, but, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, there is still hope that it has not been lost.

## *Etc., Etc., Etc.*

. . . MARUSIA RAYMOND

The salt sea spray  
As it dashes o'er cliffs  
Wave after wave runs  
Up to me,  
And then retreats  
To the comforting arms of  
The sea.

## *In the Shallow End*

. . . NANCY M. MILLICHAP

"I don't know—somehow Peace Corps sentiments always strike me as something out of a Victorian novel." Sharon looked up at her Sigma Chi date to catch his reaction. His smile was slight at first, but it grew.

"Yeah. Hey, yeah! That's a good way to put it. Takes an English major like you to think up something like that. These girls that are dying to be of service get me. They're gonna end up trying to keep up with the Joneses just like the rest of us." Suddenly he put his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. "Enough thinking for one night. Let's get something to drink."

As they walked past the grand piano and down the steps into the rec room where the bar was set up, Sharon recalled the days when no amount of thinking, however deep and reflective, had been enough for her. She winced, remembering the long evenings with Great Books during her senior year and all the years before. College had changed that. This fall she'd discovered that she didn't have to stay in her room alone with her thoughts. Really neat parties and really groovy frat men had given her the initiative to master the makeup, the clothes, the bright talking. It all felt so good—the glowing dizziness that followed rum, the throb of sensuous music in the blood, the flowing, comforting conversation, the fiery heat of a passionate kiss, the warmth that radiated out to her from the group to which she belonged. Thinking did not bring a pleasurable physical sensation. It was challenging, perhaps; disturbing, maybe—why, why couldn't she get out of the habit of doing it even at the parties she loved so much?

The house where they had gathered was all theirs tonight; Rob's parents were away for the weekend. The showy wealth of Rob's family was reflected in the elaborate traditional decor, pure Williamsburg except for the modern anachronism of a large swimming pool on the patio. The rec room lights shone through the windows and reflected from the dark water in hot bright undulation.

"Hey Shar! Come on—bourbon or Scotch?" Her date looked annoyed.

"Scotch. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's only the third time I've asked you. Did you get stoned at the dorm, or what?"

"No, I was just looking at the pool."

He glanced toward the windows. "Yeah. Tough pool." He handed her the drink. "Let's dance." They joined the moving crowd and added to the wriggling, serpentine unity of it. Time went by in twisting coils, punctuated with slow laughter and quick drinks. Outside the windows on the patio, where some of the group was sprawled, the air had the coolness of a spring morning, although it was still quite dark.

The climax of the party began when Rob got up from his patio, lifted his date, and threw her into the shallow end of his pool. Everyone was so high that the action would have passed unnoticed if the wet girl had not begun a maudlin

wail about her ruined crepe dress. An Alpha Kappa who dated her regularly came to her defense by shoving Rob in behind her. Suddenly everyone was being thrown or jumping into the dark, shallow water. The reflections of the rec room lights danced madly over their quick, reeling motions.

Sharon's Sigma Chi left his jacket, shoes, and date on the patio and leaped from the concrete steps with a resounding Rebel yell. Alone on the patio, Sharon felt cold for the first time since coming to college. She got up slowly, her eyes on the long stretch of water. It looked chilly, noisy, and confusing at the shallow end. Beneath the diving board at the other end lay deep, still water, the points of light barely moving on its placid surface. She took off her dress and heels and laid them carefully on a lawn chair. Deliberately she walked out onto the springboard, remembering her first-semester swimming class, and slid into the water with a coordinated front dive. She glided through cool depth for a second, but her breath was short. Striking out in a panic, Sharon broke the surface to the sound of loose, careless applause from the shallow end of the pool.

"Come on down, pro, and play with the kids!" called her favorite Phi Gamma. She treaded water, hesitating, then swam toward the group. She heard her Sigma Chi date saying loudly to someone, "Takes a sociology major like you to think up somethin' like that." The Phi Gamma swayed toward her and pulled her firmly into his arms. She was conscious of the slip clinging wetly to her, and through it she could feel the heat of his body. As he moved to kiss her, she cast a quick, bleak glance toward the diving board and closed her eyes.

## *Night Train*

. . . . EDWINA JACKSON

A misty thread of light cuts through the black  
 Then with a clang a throbbing collection of rhythm approaches  
 The train sits with a steam hiss at the window  
 Mocking me—then gathers breath to puff away  
 Leaving this prisoner with a retreating memory of escape

## *The Goldfish Affair*

. . . PAUL POLITIS

The first block of South Main Street on a Saturday afternoon is famous all over the world. Everybody in the area goes to town on Saturday afternoon. All of the regular people, and all of the people who had to go to work in Jersey when the mines went out, and are in for the weekends are there. Every single one of the high school and college kids are up town, and all of the Polish girls from the surrounding little coal towns are rambling in and out of the stores.

My friend and I were no exception. It was hot, and there was nothing better to do, (there never is) so we decided to go up town. We didn't have any real purpose in mind; we were just walking around, casually observing.

By about 3:30, the guys who've been walking around in the same block since noon start to get tired, or they start to get overly recognized in the stores (especially guys with beards, sandals, and luminous striped T-shirts), so they stop walking. They step to one side and either lean against store windows, or sit against store windows, or if they are really lucky, they get to demonstrate lawn furniture in front of the stores. It was just about 3:00 when my friend and I saw four guys we knew in front of a ten cent store. Two of them had long hair, beards, and sandals, one just looked regular, and one was dressed collegiate. One of the bearded ones and the regular guy, were sitting on the sidewalk, getting in everyone's way. The other two were just leaning on the store wall. We walked over to them and exchanged greetings.

"Hey, how ya doin'!"

"Awright!"

"Welcome to the good place!"

"Welcome!"

We asked them what they were doing, and they said they were just standing around looking, so we joined them. John and Jerry, the two long haired, bearded ones, were really crazy. Jerry had this gum wrapper all rolled up in a ball. He sat in a crouched position up against the store and kept throwing the gum wrapper across the sidewalk. He would then dive out through the crowd, frantically yelling, "Don't step on it! Watch out! Don't step on it!" He did this eleven times, then he threw it a little too far, and it went over the curb and down a sewer. John was even crazier. He made faces and weird motions at people, (nothing vulgar, just weird) and spoke to them.

By four o'clock, we were getting to know some people, and since the stores would be closing in a little over an hour, we figured we'd stay until then.

John was waving to an old lady across the street, when two bearded guys on motorcycles suddenly pulled up in front of us. One of them jumped off his motorcycle, ran up to us, handed Jerry a water-filled plastic bag, and both guys took off down South Main Street on their cycles. We looked at the bag, and discovered that there were two goldfish swimming around in the water. They were the kind you buy for a dime in the ten cent store. We had not expected any-

thing like this to happen, so we were faced with a major problem for which we were completely unprepared. We tried desperately to think of a way to get rid of the goldfish. Dan thought that if we would just hold the bag up, some passerby might be attracted to it and buy it from us. We tried this for a while, but then John thought it would be a good idea to find some little kid with its mother, and try to talk the kid into wanting the fish. Then, he figured, the kid would make the mother buy him the fish. John was the weirdest looking of us all. He had soup-bowl hair and a small beard, and was wearing a wide striped T-shirt, spot-bleached wranglers, and sandals. He saw a kid who looked about five or six, walking with its mother, and immediately jumped in front of the kid and began to show it the fish. He made a lot of motions, and got in a pretty lively conversation with the kid, but he didn't sell the fish.

So my friend suggested that we might hang the bag from an awning in front of the store and take off. We decided against that, though. It wasn't colorful enough. Then another guy said that if we dumped them in a sewer, they would eventually swim out to the river. We figured that they might die though, so we decided against that. Finally, Jerry suggested that we might find someone else with a ridiculous or unwanted object, and negotiate a trade of some sort. It sounded like a great idea, so we all began to look for weird items that we might be able to trade for the goldfish. It was no easy task. We saw a man with a dog. No. We saw a woman with some plastic flowers sticking out of a bag. No. We saw a little girl carrying a doll. No. Then it happened. We saw two girls, about sixteen or seventeen years old, each carrying a 6-foot psychedelic balloon. (People do weird things on Saturday afternoons). We knew that was it—the deal we'd been waiting for. We would trade two goldfish for two psychedelic balloons. As the two girls approached, John yelled, "Hey, come 'ere!" Since they were two girls and we were six guys, they immediately complied with John's request. We showed them the goldfish and explained what had happened to us. While we were explaining this to the girls, two bearded guys on motorcycles suddenly pulled up in front of us. One of them jumped off his motorcycle, ran up to us, handed John a water-filled plastic bag, and both guys took off down South Main Street on their cycles. We looked at the bag, and there were two goldfish swimming around in the water.

It was a bad situation made worse, but at least the girls believed our story then. It was 4:30 — only half an hour had passed since the coming of the original fish. At the rate we were going, by 9:00 we would have twenty-two goldfish. We figured that we'd better get rid of the four goldfish we had accumulated and get out of there before anything else happened. We offered the girls two goldfish for each balloon. They said they would take two goldfish for one balloon, but they didn't want to give up both balloons. So we decided that we would give them each one goldfish, for one of the balloons. But how could we separate the goldfish? So we sent Jack into the store to get a bag of water. While he was in the store, John accidentally broke one of the balloons while boxing with it. So he went into the store with the two girls to buy another balloon. As it turned out, they were all out of psychedelic balloons, so he bought them a big pink and black balloon in the shape of a shark. He would pick a fish! When they came out of the store and Jerry saw that the balloon was in the shape



of a fish, he went mad and destroyed it. So we decided to just give the girls a fish and forget about the balloon deal. John made sure that we gave them one male and one female so that they could get together and breed them if they wanted to. They assured him that they would. Jerry borrowed the pen that I always carry in my shirt pocket, and copied the address and telephone number of the one girl, then they had to catch a bus home, so we parted, John took the other two goldfish home (we voted on it) and started a small goldfish aquarium which I believe he still has today. He kept stopping all the way home that day, picking up stones and pebbles to line the bottom of an old goldfish bowl which he found in his cellar. And so the goldfish affair ended happily. Perhaps it was a bit childish, maybe a little asinine. But it was fun, and it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience—I hope.

## *Dreams*

. . . KATHY ATTLEE

My lacy curtains billow to allow the cool night air  
To flow into my chamber - - -  
To cover me lying there.  
The noises of the outside world  
So near to touch my ears - - -  
Yet, silently—alone I sleep  
Free from fears.

## *bombs*

. . . KIMBERLEY KOHNLEIN

bombs fall from the sky  
 breaking the earth into little  
 pieces  
 drifting off into space.  
 bombs of hate  
 injustice and inhumanity . . .  
 sadness, happiness go off into oblivion  
 and nothingness only remains.  
 emotion and understanding, love . . .  
 all gone—man is an empty  
 shell knowing only the quest for  
 survival.  
 long lines of people waiting for a  
 "hand-out" have no beginning, no end  
 they wait impatiently for some  
 nonexistent hope . . .  
 a shade of chance that man has not  
 gone to the devil  
 but they will wait forever.  
 somewhere beneath the rubble  
 lies my heart and soul—still alive  
 but suffocating . . .  
 nowhere is there a human being who  
 knows that I remain . . .  
 the earth will consume me,  
 my hopes, dreams and aspirations  
 I look on the walls for some  
 mention of my name . . .  
 there is nothing . . .  
 no words of consolation . . .  
 no mention . . .  
 I, like all others, am forgotten,  
 merely a life come and gone  
 only an instant in the never ending  
 chain of  
 time . . .  
 eternity . . .

