

fioretti

The Marian College Magazine

Spring 1969

media **Societies**
ed more by the r

es have always been shaped more by the

Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate than by the content of the commun

nature of the media by which

hich men commu
been shaped

communicate than by the content of the commun

content of the

hich men comi

communicatic

fioretti

Vol. XXVII No. 3

The most radical of all forces in the world is TRUTH

- 2 Faces, *poem* / Richard Gardner
- 3 Road to Emmaus, *poem* / Suzanne Harding
- 5 All the people, *poem* / Angie Deluna
- 6 Media and Electronic Technology, *article* / James Widner
- 18 The Electronic Poem, *poem* / Sigrun Biro
- 20 McLuhanism or McLuhanacy?, *essay* / Russell Hargus
- 22 "The sun becomes a . . .,"
"The candle yawns . . .," *poems* / Tess Eichenberger
- 23 ASS, *poem* / Thomas Cassidy
- 24 The Resurrection of W. D. Toad, *fantasy* / Dennis von Pyritz
- 36 We Walked in Silent Unison, *poem* / Carole Williams
Like the Wind, *poem* / Mary Schulz
- 37 "time", *poem* / Richard Gardner
- 40 Sunday Dismissal Blues, *poem* / suzanne harding

DEPARTMENTS

- 1 Anti-editor Notes
- 38 Book Review, Kathie Toth

Published by the Students of Marian College, Indianapolis, Indiana

THE ANTI-EDITOR

Staff coordinators:

Richard Gardner
Dennis W. Pyritz
James Widner

Staff members:

Anita DeLuna
David Ebbinghouse
Tess Eichenberger
Marianne Fleetwood
Suzanne Harding
Donna Kelsey
Mary Knoll
Andrew Lewallen
Bonnie Looney
Angela Mauer
Eileen McCalley
Eileen O'Connor
Kent Overholser
Mary Sherman
Diana Ulman
Emily Murray

Staff advisor:

Sister Marie Pierre, O.S.F.

THE ANTI-EDITOR NOTES

"Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate than by the content of the communication."

—Marshall McLuhan

With this issue, the *fiorette* attempts to explore its potential as a medium. We are in an age of lightning-fast communications,

no longer are things communicated to us solely through one channel. No longer is it purely the content which communicates to us an understanding. The medium has become the message. It is not "what" is said by which we understand, rather it is "how" something is said. For example, in this issue you will find an article on media in which we have attempted to extend the scope of the magazine as a medium. Since the mainstay of the magazine media is pictures and printed words, we have attempted to "explore" this media by extending its potential to the limit. In the article on media, the word "thrust" is used. The definition of this word is a sudden rushing movement toward something. Taking this into consideration we have attempted to visualize the word by placing it on a page by itself and enlarging it to a gigantic degree. Thus you not only think of the meaning of the word "thrust," you also see it thrust at you. This is a simple explanation of expanding a medium. So what happens then is that it is not the word in itself by which you understand, but the media (that is, what was done to the word as a printed word) which enables understanding. By expanding the printed word we have enlarged your experience to involve you rather than simply place the word before you. Our expanding the magazine's potential is what media experts call "cold" medium, that is, one in which little direct participation is required. Television is a "cold" medium, but radio is a "hot" medium because you hear the voice, but you are required, as in reading a book, to participate through conscious process. Perhaps, the clearest difference between "hot" and "cold" media is that one involves

a conscious participation, while the other merely requires you to be involved, allowing your unconscious self to "participate."

A misunderstanding may arise here with a question such as "if T.V. is a "cold" medium, that is, I do not consciously participate, then why do I find myself trying to understand what is happening in the drama I am watching?" The answer is simple, but not necessarily understood. In television what one finds himself consciously involved in is the content of the medium, namely the drama or the picture that is before the viewer. The content is like reading a book. It simply requires linear progression, that is, normal dramatic rise and fall. However, it is the medium which is unconsciously working on your brain. What you are looking at, or rather what you are unconsciously observing is the light and dark areas of the screen, the shifting of these areas and the continuous phosphorous sequence which is being patterned in your mind. It appears as if what you see has depth, but actually a television screen is a flat surface and it is the variation of

light to dark which creates the depth, even though some normal artistic perspective devices used in painting are employed. However, television is a complex medium and to try to understand what was an attempted explanation could be frustrating.

An easier example is the alphabet. As children we unconsciously absorb the alphabet because when we look at a series of letters, we no longer see the alphabet, we see the word that is spelled. This is because the alphabet as the medium is unconsciously affecting us, but we only see the content, the word.

Throughout this magazine you will see many attempts at allowing you to not only read this magazine, but to participate in it. For the times are changing and we no longer are involved with understanding in the old methods, that is, by placing symbols and linear progressions before us. We are now reaching an age where everything becomes experience, which on the surface seems either boring or confused, but underneath are meant to be understood.

 faces
 smiling at each other in the dark
but you can't see a smile in the dark
hands
 reaching out to each other
 touching
afraid just a little bit
 too much
 of knowing what they might mean
 to each other
 parting
and
 between the failure of the two
 loneliness

richard p. gardner

the road to Emmaus

say to those who are frightened:

be strong, fear not!

here is our God; he comes to save us

then will the eyes of the blind be opened

the ears of the deaf will be cleared

streams will burst forth in the desert;

the burning sands will become pools.

a highway will be there, called the holy way

it is for those with a journey to make.

Is. 35:4-9

road

wound round in shrouds brown and brown

sizzles beneath gun-rubbed skies

winter skies in breath-warm weather

walking in tomb-closed swelterings

we turn to diminishing image —

Jerusalem!

crippled indigestioned city

of corrupt cornered crap games.

the dice have rolled Lord love the loser!

the golden city to conquer

has turned mud since conquered

and he has turned to dust.

road

on it we pass, my friend and I

blind cyclops bumbling

stumbling from the burden of unsaid

griefs and commented trivialities

numbed of the inevitable oblivion

caressing and cursing the beautiful traitor.

what promised glory we thought we sought

gashed glory, smashed diamonds what we got

splattered spat upon ghost of a god

hanging dead with all our dreams round his head.

road

racing remembrances hold us apart

strangers to all who walk the ribald rails

down-headed we neglect everything but the dust

cracked and drawn over sandals and toes
 until we are aware of three
 in the crept stillness of the shifted afternoon.
 third third Cleophas and I and third and
 this presence commanding lengthened strides
 an embryonic dawning of stability
 that challenges the mute answers of cold stone slabs
 bread is bread for anyone hungry.

road
 rainbowed ribbon of reddening sun
 sigh of eventide screens our blatant fears
 of severing another enveloping life-cord
 but the accepted offer of a table shared
 soothes us and resurrects, a little,
 our Zealot.
 how could we not remember another broken loaf?
 crumbs scattered on the table wood
 like fragmented man once communed;
 healed with his eyes, wholed in his hands
 he is here
 here to vanish and yet remain exalting
 core-hard within our timeless daybreak!

road
 transformed transmuted into living
 we sing an earth-spreading lunatic song
 endlessly embraced by the garlanded crucified
 we turn to golden image—
 Jerusalem!
 winding a million years before us
 we smile to the multitudes of many-masked faces
 we pray to see.
 salaam aleikum salaam aleikum!

Suzanne Harding

All the people

all the people sat in the waiting room. the music was coming from polished-looking speakers in the walls and the girl in the corner by the clock closed her eyes and swayed to the beat and the flow, almost imperceptibly, back and forth. and the bald man with the smokey faded coat read a *Sports Illustrated*, unintently. the little boy next to the bald man popped his bubble gum and dreamed of space ships and lunch, while the dull old lady with worn gloves blew her nose. she had almost blue-hair and saggy over-rouged cheeks and holy pictures poking out of her brand-spanking-new patent-leather purse; she didn't look at all happy, though, even with her brand-spanking-new patent-leather purse close beside her. a girl with acne and brownsoft eyes fingered her hair, imagining someone with a Prince Charming face and hands running his fingers through it, and then she coughed, a laryngitis sort of sound, and pulled out another Vicks Cough Drop. a man in his late twenties, with the original Prince Charming Body, stared at the girl in the corner and wondered what a luscious body like that was doing in the middle of a motley crew like this. right in the middle of mentally undressing her, he sneezed, twice, felt embarassed, and asked the grouchy broad at the desk where the john was. he came back, rather quickly. in the meantime two housewives, one a famous author, going to the doctor incognito, chattered about baby food and *As the World Turns*, and a third one started to doze off quite a few times, and jolted awake every time, swayed back and forth to the rhythm of the unholy canned music, and she rose as her tears fell, and walked with dazed but measured pace around the room, as each stop thinking or not thinking to watch her. and she slowly hugged everyone, hard, except the bald man, whom she kissed on a shiny spot, twice.

— angie deluna

Media and Electric Technology:

the subverted consciousness

by

James Widner

"Something is happening, but you don't know what it is,
do you, Mister Jones?"

—Bob Dylan

Something is happening and people don't know
what it is. Bob Dylan is right. Never in the history of
the world has anything been so

THRUST

upon us as the age of electric technology. Never
has anything had such an

EFFECT

upon us as this.

The Medium Is the Massage by
Marshall McLuhan (p.63)

*Ours is a brand new world of allatonce. "Time" has
ceased, "space" has vanished. We now live in a global
village . . . a simultaneous happening.*

a simultaneous happening.

Marshall McLuhan is right. No longer are we able
to hide—to become, as it were, hermits. Electric
technology has changed all of this. Man is no
longer a simple human being with five limited
senses; the age of technology has e - x - t - e - n -
d - e - d them. We now exist with everything around
the world

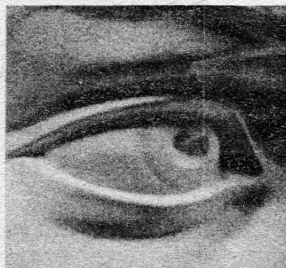
THRUST

at us, as if it happened on the very street we live.
Our visual, aural, oral, touch and smell have all
become e - x - t - e - n - d - e - d, br ea ki ng the
//boundries// of both time and space. No longer
are we limited.

"All media are extensions of
some human faculty—psyche or
physical"

—Marshall McLuhan

The book is an extension of the eye;



the radio is an extension of the ear;



circuitry is an extension of speech, touch and smell faculties.

Nothing is untouched—even the brain is attacked by television, the icon of our thoughts. Besides e - x - t - e - n - d - i - n - g our sense faculties, electric technology has also made "mandatory that everybody adjust to the vast global environment as if it were his little home town." We have been forced to become involved and responsible for each other. Privacy is a dated word. We can no longer

The Medium Is the Message by
Marshall McLuhan

IGNORE

Big Brother is watching you!

the world around us. For instance, if we commit some crime, it is flashed around the state by radio and T.V.; everyone knows about it! Already several defense lawyers in the trial of Sirhan Sirhan are questioning whether he could get a fair trial because everyone in the country, either through radio T.V., or the Press knows about him, and because of the emotion felt over the assassination of Robert Kennedy the mass public is biased against the accused killer. This is the effect that media has upon the world. No longer can China hide the fact of revolution within their own country. T.V., Press and radio spread what is really happening. (In fact it was intercepted television signals which confirmed the revolt).

But this is not to say that the effects

effects

effects

effects

of electric technology are necessarily always good (or bad, depending on your point of view). When a radio station carried Orson Wells' version of H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, people in the receptive area thought there actually was an invasion! Panic ensued. This type of communication is extremely harmful to mankind. (Understatement.) Thus it is that with the electric age comes overloaded responsibility. We have to be careful of our every action for the age we live in is like a fussy stick of dynamite. Since we still live in a world of nationalism, and technology has appeared so fast that we have not as yet re-adjusted to this new responsibility, the

Education is the same way. In school, youth "encounter instruction in situations organized by means of classified information — subjects are unrelated, they are visually conceived in terms of a blueprint . . ." What education does then, is teach us Mathematics, Philosophy, English, Biology, etc. We learn about all of these subjects, but as separate bits and pieces from which we must draw when the situation arises. However, with electric technology this becomes useless and confusing. Things

HIT

The Medium Is the Message by
Marshall McLuhan (p 100)

Are you experienced?

— Jimi Hendrix

us instantaneously and not as situations and we must try to synthesize these separate bits and pieces into one-related-idea. Our ability to experience directly is stifled, and we become programmed robots, able to cope with any situation after a quick computation. Yet what youth desire in the 1960's is experience—direct experience.

New technology demands experience from everyone. We must carry into whatever we get involved (which is everything), a desire for experience. This is why the generation gap occurs. The older generation does not understand that electric technology has reversed the **IMAGE**

desirever

of experience. Instead of receiving meaning from what we experience, we must place it in that experience. Music demands this; art, films and television demands this. The world is changing. It is reorienting itself to man in a new way. We are now able to give meaning to ourselves; our values become what we place in them.

Today, after more than a century of electric technology, we have extended our central nervous system itself in a global embrace, abolishing both space and time as far as our planet is concerned. Rapidly, we approach the final phase of the extensions of man—the technological stimulation of consciousness, when the creative process of knowing will be collectively and corporately extended to the whole of human society, much as we already have extended our senses and our nerves by the various media.

Understanding Media by Marshall McLuhan (p 3)

This is what is happening to communications. Our consciousness is being stimulated. In the late twentieth century this has become more evident than ever before. We are in the midst of revolution; a revolution of our whole selves. This a-t-t-a-c-k on our consciousness is finally happening. We are being forced to bring meaning into experience; to experience rather than know. We must create an understanding rather than a knowledge of experience. This is why modern music is in revolt; why cinema and T.V. are in revolt. No longer do we see films constructed as novels. That is, a plot which we "read." We now see films such as *B^{low}-u^p*, *Persona* and *La Chinoise* being created. These films can no longer be understood in the old

way. The couple who comes out of a movie house saying, "What did it mean?" no longer understands. Rather we should be saying that a film experienced us: "I was able to see value in it because the value was my own."

In a recent essay in *Esquire* magazine, Robert Benton and David Newman, the screenwriters of *Bonnie and Clyde* stated, "But now, the students are responding with real fervor to works of art (and movies most often) only when they can somehow relate the movies to their own *outside* experiences, life. They bring *outside* interpretations to films or force films to correspond with preconceived notions and then if they seem to work, they dig the movie." And this is true. In *La Chinoise*, Jean-Luc Godard, during the course of the film, showed the camera filming the action. This touch is Godard

"The Movies Will Save Themselves"

—*Esquire* (Oct., 1968)

insisting on what we see, that this is not reality but merely an imitation of reality. Reality is the camera. In *Persona* Ingmar Bergman at the end shows the film running off the reel that the audience just saw. Earlier, he had shown the film burn up as if the light from the projector had done it. Again, like Godard insisting that it is not real. That the medium is the message and not the content.

"... words employed shall be such as convey to the reader the meaning of the writer."

—Thomas MacCaulay

The revolution is also taking place in the other media arts. In music as in films it is most evident. We are now witnessing cataclysmic sounds of electric music. "Acid" rock is total involvement. Youth are experiencing these sounds and it is they who give it meaning. This is, perhaps, why the older generation are speaking the truth when they claim they do not understand The Beatles or Jimi Hendrix as anything more than "sounds." To them it is simply "noise," but to young people it is experience. It is to be listened to and not dissected for meaning or message. The message is the medium. This is true of symphonic forms or any music. For years children were taught that every measure, every beat meant something. Just as when poetry was taught in high school with the idea that it all meant something. A lush image of daffodils, for example, may have meant that it is about a boy's enjoyment of a girl's yellow hair. So too, music was taught with the idea that everything meant something. This is what happened with the Beatles' *Yellow Submarine*. Some said it was about their rise to fame (sea of green = money), or about a Nembutal Pill. It doesn't matter—music is for

listening not for knowing. Electronic music enters at this point. We have to experience electronic music—not understand some hidden meaning in the "synthesized" sounds. John Cage was right when he says everything is music. Electronic music employs silence as an integral part of the music. The silence is the music and not just an -in between- thing.

"Everything we do is music."

—John Cage

Art was affected early in the century by electric technology. Since the new age of technology seeks to experience things totally, art tried to follow this

through. The result: the cubist movement, where an attempt to portray every facet of an object was made. Newer movements have remained in keeping with experience and not seeking to create a content. (But rather an initiative) Such artists as Jackson Pollack and Paul Klee seek to create an experience rather than a content. Art is no longer restricted to time . . . and . . . space. Technology has broken that form opening up new directions. No longer can we go to an art gallery without seeing kaleidoscope creations, seemingly nonsense splashes of paints, odd-shaped structures, all of which force you to fall into them and "feel" them around you, enveloping you. Primitive peoples in their art combined time and space into one and lived in a boundless perspective. Their art reflected this in its x-ray-like quality. When they drew a boat on a lake, for example, they drew the fish and other matter below the surface, which actually is invisible to the human eye. This is what electric technology is doing today: combining our perspectives into one consciousness.

When asked why she liked Picasso's paintings, Gertrude Stein answered: "I like to look at them."

All of these movements are reflections of electric technology. They are examples of what happens when time and space is transgressed. These movements are now involving our very consciousness. This is the revolution of the decade. However, we are now at a point where we no longer are required to be conscious of what we experience. The revolution which was visible has now become invisible. The Broadway play, *Hair: An American Tribal Love-rock Musical*, is merely a celebration rather than a play. We are required to "groove" with the dramatic action and not attempt to understand why the people on stage do this or that. The play extended this celebration to the audience by having the "actors" come down into the audience and talk to them. "How do you like the musical so far?" They ask, seeking to involve you in the celebration. The non-reality of the stage is merging into the reality of the audience, becoming one consciousness. *This* is the visible revolution.

Carl Orff, the noted German contemporary composer, has refused to accept as a student any but the preschool child—the child whose spontaneous sense perceptions have not yet been channeled by formal, literary, visual prejudices.

"A play in performance is a series of impressions, little dabs, one after the other, fragments of information or feeling in a sequence which stirs the audience's perceptions."

—Peter Brook, director of *Marat/Sade*

Peter Weiss' *Marat/Sade* is also a visible revolution. It attacks the conscious self. We are required to be conscious of the action on stage. But with the film, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, this revolution moves below the level of our conscious beings.

"And the Damned Ship Just Sat There Like a McCarthy Button Waiting to Be Dug" by William Kloman. Reprinted from the *New York Times* by *Motive Magazine*. (Jan., 1969)

Motive (Jan., 1969)

Perhaps the final glorification of the visible revolution, Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey, however, is a film that has made the jump . . . Masked as a science-fiction thriller (reviewers who took it at face value, found it boring), Space Odyssey is, in fact, a deeply subversive film . . . What the film subverts are all the familiar categories of space and time, our habit of linear-sequential perception and our painfully cramped concept of the erotic. In this respect, the story line is incidental. It could have easily been about racing drivers or the Trojan War.

The story line is not important. We merely experience the movie. This is why one sat through lonnnnnnnnnng scenes such as when the Jupiter ship was floating in space. For a prolonnnnnnnnged time we look at the ship from many angles. This was intentional says William Kloman in his *New York Times* article, for during the course of the movie we ". . . surrender ourselves to the form and are able to experience the contours of the ship in motion. Natural "groovers" supply their own message. Concentration on a single object: Machine is beauty. Machine is sex." Kubrick himself in a *Playboy* magazine interview explained his work of art:

2001 is a non-verbal experience; out of two hours and nineteen minutes of film, there are only a little less than forty minutes of dialogue. I tried to create a visual experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with an emotional and philosophic content. To convolute McLuhan, in 2001, the message is the medium. I intended the film to be an intensely subjective experience that reaches the viewer at the inner level of consciousness, just as music does, to explain a Beethoven symphony would be to emasculate it by erecting an artificial barrier between conception and appreciation.

An Interview with Stanley Kubrick
Playboy (Sept., 1968)

Like poetry, *2001* is poetic in that it calls for experiencing, not understanding. The understanding is the experiencing. What we experience are the shapes of things. For example, when the small craft from the Jupiter ship began to break into the atmosphere of Jupiter, it reminded one of a gigantic microscopic view of a spermatoid breaking into an ovum at the moment of conception. Perhaps it was; perhaps for others it appeared as something else. This is what new emphasis on media is doing: allowing one to place what he "feels" into what he "sees." No longer do we rationalize to seek truth. "The truth of a thing is in the feel of it, not the think of it," Stanley Kubrick says. This is why youth has revolted from its old ordered world. They want to "feel", not "think" to understand TRUTH. The old world represents a *contained*, a distinct, a s e p a r a t e n e s s, but the new world represents a floooooooooooooooooowwing, a u-n-i-f-i-e-d, a

"All things are in process and nothing stays still . . . you could not step twice into the same river.

— Heraclitus

"Electric circuitry is Orientalizing the west."

— McLuhan

When psychologists claimed that our mental process floooooows in a streeeeeeaaamm-of-consciousness, little did they know that the world would become as

1

consciousness—information floooooooooowing in a streeeeeeaamm.

"And the time will come when you see we're all one, and life flows on within you and without you."

— George Harrison

"The west shall shake the east awake . . . while ye have the night for morn."

— *Finnigan's Wake*
by James Joyce



The Electronic Poem

the free trilogy

Moving through spatial crystalline formations, I seek you.
 My vehicle is conformity and you are a triple exposure.
 Bleak electric currents interfere with my movement,
 Magnetizing, seducing me to them.
 As I grasp the crystal forms, I am illuded by their facade,
 Their implication of security.
 I stroke your image
 I perceive the cool, abrupt surface,
 Impotent of moisture and warmth,
 Ossified in coalition with time,
 The edifice of non-essence.

a n d the children puncture red balloons,
 yielding the collective blood of charity,
 clarity

a n d Mary kisses mother,
 her cheek marked by uniqueness.

sons, moons, mother, suns,
 Monday is colored
 by the cool night air, kissing your joy.
 Her body, pink and soft — SNAP — the image is certain
 An eternity has happened.
 The moment falters in time.
 Her hand senses yours,
 Subtly grasping, softly questioning.
 You, her supplement, close her body
 WITH TOMORROWS.

a n d Mary kisses mother,
 her cheek marked by uniqueness.

subjectivity is my teacher and it is kind
age is everyone's teacher and it is cruel
blow wind, blow

the wind blows the mirror but the masked peering face remains **unaware**
The crisscross of wrinkles hidden by the painter's hand
Cupped about women of age
Hidden in a mirage of nobility,
Stealing a generalization.
Her structure evades his care
and youth walked by

a n d the children catch blades of grass
sighing pity in the wind.

girl meets girl meets girl
struggling lips open in unison screaming Jimmmmmmmmmmm
"I have a dress like yours, you're pretty and lonely
I am. Do you have a reason for . . . KICKS
Narcissus laughing
let this moment betray us.

Moving through spatial crystalline formations, I have become a vacuum,
Encased in your equilibrium, laughing at my triple exposure.
You did not know the beginnings. I am a response . . .

a n d the children puncture balloons
laughing red tears
And the mothers bury the plastic pieces, ashamed, their cheek marked by
uniqueness.

MCLUHANISM OR MCLUHANACY?

BY RUSSELL HARGUS

If western man has been visual, since circa 5th century, B.C., as McLuhan suggests, then the ramifications are moral as well as metaphysical. With the invention of the alphabet, writing and print, vision has become the dominant mode of perceiving reality and values.

Knowing has been envisioned in terms of sight—witness the following references to the mind: the mind's eye, do you see (understand), picture if you can, seeing is believing, the light of the intellect. Knowers are called visionaries or **enlightened**. Educated people are literate, i.e., can read.

Reality is seen in terms of vision. Sight focuses attention on **things** rather than situations or relationships between things. The visual perception of our world causes analyses of environments into their components. Thus man mechanizes his milieu.

Writing creates a sequential mode of perceiving space, time and reality. The a-l-p-h-a-b-e-t made the line the organizing principle of life. Man becomes historically conscious, sees himself as evolving from stage to stage, and sees reality in terms of cause-effect, if-then, now-later, here-there relationships. The product is a Newtonian world of absolute space and time in which there is a place for every-

thing and everything has a place. Object-things are represented by concept-things symbolized by word and/or picture-things.

The eyes have lids; attention is focused; unity is sought. Vision demands unity in homogenous space and time and ultimately "finds" unity in substances, things, and objects which serve as the occasion for a release of visual energy (as in "seeing is believing.")

This attitude endures even in the moral realm. Moral and religious figures are called "visionaries." Even values in sight culture become things. Values may be made into things, e.g., immaterial entities. Witness Plato's attempt to visualize the Forms not only of Tree and Man but also of Beauty, Justice, The Good. Socrates makes it quite evident that he is not looking for instances of justice, but for justice —itself, i.e., **that** whereby all things that are just, are called just. Secondly, values may be identified with things in which case natural law theories abound and things become good or bad in themselves.

With the rise of and emphasis on the visual mode of relating to the world, the demands for **s-e-q-u-e-n-c-e, logic, science and observation** become predominant. This is evidenced from ancient Greek culture to the 20th

YOU SEE ONE, YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL

VISION BREEDS FAMILIARITY

century. Reality may be a complex of things (atomism) merely different in kind (horizontal) or it may have a vertical structure ranging from lower to higher, e.g., the ancient and medieval conceptions of a graduated universe caused by or emanating from the One (Plotinus), Demiurg, (Plato), self-thinking thought (Aristotle), God (Aquinas), Maintenance Man (Newton). The line, whether vertical and horizontal, is still the organizational chart for the bog of reality.

Visual culture is quite different from aural culture, which dominated primitive man's myth stage and which is now re-emerging in the global village through our cosmic ears: the telegraph, radio, T.V., telestar. The ear has not lids, does not focus attention on things and places, but deals with a world of simultaneous relationships. Sounds come from every which way—above, below, in front, behind, inside, outside, etc. The ear perceives the environment complexly and simultaneously; it cannot and does not separate its percepts into components. It deals with reality synthetically, not analytically. Our cosmic ears now let us hear around the world and allow us to perceive it as allatonce rather than as fragmented (visual). Simultaneity becomes the principle of life not sequence. Space and time are collapsed through our media's presence and functioning in every corner of the globe.

Man no longer has to go out to get information (explosion) but now receives it in his home. The ear is nary so crass as the eye for it deals in software (information) not hardware (things, products—the assembly line operates on the sequence principle and is visual). Perhaps it is more than a coincidence that all the great religions and value systems arose at the time of man's aurality. It seems that since vision has become dominant, new religions have only been minor and logical derivations from major religions but no complete and essential changes have occurred, e.g., Anglicanism and Lutheranism as offshoots of Catholicism. Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism and Christianity though sprang from aural culture. Christ was the **Word**, not the vision. He called men to be disciples and taught them by sermons. John the Baptist answered the query, "Who are you?" with "I am the voice in the wilderness." Judaism and Christianity in the Old and New Testaments offer prime examples of aural culture. Try to find physical descriptions of the prophets or Christ—you find dialogue instead in the form of prayers and psalms between man and God in conversations between people and tribes. An immediate and striking question is whether and how have aural values been translated into visual culture? Is something lost in the translation? Is Kierkegaard right in calling for a renewal of Christianity?

The sun becomes a
 Golden pendulum
 Each day another
 Swing
 A peg knocked down.
 Watching the pendulum
 Swing
 On a mild afternoon
 Is comforting.
 The sureness of
 Time
 The uncertainty of its
 Meaning
 The dizziness of the
 Swing
 Is comforting.
 At night
 The silence of the
 Swing
 Is lonely
 Some nights I
 Curse the time
 Between the pegs
 The pegs I'm not sure
 Exist.
 But then the pendulum
 Swings again
 Again I swing with it
 And reach
 In the rhythm
 Of a mild afternoon

The candle yawns
 The final spill of wax
 Bows
 And in one whisper
 Called breath
 I put the light to sleep
 And in another whisper
 Called anxiety
 I keep the night awake

– Tess Eichenberger

ASS

jack told me of the war in vietnam
and i responded with an

oh yeh

jack told me of the starving children in biafra
and i answered

gee that's too bad

jack told me of the political turmoil in the u s a
and i said

is that right

jack told me of the plight of the black people
and i commented with a

hmp

then jack's face turned red

and he kicked me in the ass
and i felt

PAIN

Thomas Cassidy



Das FluBbild (the river picture)—David Ebbinghouse

The Resurrection of W. D. Toad

Dennis von Pyritz

On these pages is laid forth the curious history of one W. D. Toad, and the events which led to his mysterious demise at the latter part of the Endyear, as chronicled by the Mush Mole in his diary which was discovered some years later at a public auction in Dwinesworth, and is related here as we apologize to the gentler of our readers for its grotesqueness and morbidity, as we humbly endeavor to share the secrets of the fellowship of the creatures of Worm Hollow.

P. D. Tuttlebottom

It was on this night, when we celebrated the first day of the new month, the last one of the Endyear, that I noticed a curious change in Toad's behavior. We had all gathered as usual in the Chess Hall of Prof. Hare, and were sitting around the great stone fireplace, talking of the Hollow things and sometimes of the affairs of the Outside, a game of chess here, one of rummy there. Toad sat in the farthest corner, where the light could not get; he just sat with his great bony head cast in the darkness at the floor. Oh, not that Mr. Toad is usually a lively sort, and not that he did never engage in this curious sort of brooding. A mysterious fellow ever since I've known him—the most mysterious in the Hollow, though not as far removed from us perhaps as the Hiss Snake. No, Toad

has always been a quiet sort. But on this particular evening of merry, he seemed to quiver in his own quiet spirit of gloom.

So I left the others and crossed over to him directly, "Mr. Toad, you don't seem quite at leisure this evening. Have you any particular grievance?"

"Thank you, Mush Mole, but burdens borne in silence will no weight to the shoulders of others."

"But if I may presume to be your friend..."

"May you?"

"My dear Mr. Toad, we have lived in the Hollow for twenty years now, I at one end of Manley Row and you at the other, near the river. Though there be a distance there, there need be none in our thoughts."

"My thoughts grow more distant than the

length of the Row, Mush Mole."

"Then let me share them for surely that distance comes not without coldness."

"Distant and desolate, a cold and a chillness. A fear far greater than any of the Outside. And if you are my friend, then how could I share this? You must have noticed."

"Noticed?"

"The poison, Mush Mole, the poison that lodges in my stretched belly, that follows me like the slime upon my back. A poison that creeps through this bony framework, clouding my vision, draining me, and yet to it I cling. Could I wish it on you or any here? Could I reach out . . ."

At that moment I moved to place a hand of comfort on his slender arm, "Don't touch me!"

He said it so loud that everyone gave a start and looked towards this corner. Toad slinked out of his chair and hobbled decrepitly along the dark shadows of the wall to the door.

After a moment's silence, Grunt Hog said, "Good riddance. Never liked that queer slimy creature anyway."

Our host the Hare spoke out, "Like him or not he's quite a fine fellow, you know. A scholar if he wanted to be."

"And he once was to join the Brothers of the Heath," joined in the Pack Rat.

"I've always known him to be an exemplary poet, queer and cold as his ways may be," said Gamma Goose.

"Well, I'm sure none of us here doubt Toad's capabilities, even Grunt Hog."

"Then why does he keep himself locked up in that slimy hole of his all the time? Capabilities, humph—a very capable coward!"

"Please, Mr. Hog," our host returned, "let Mush Mole speak. Yes, my friend, tell what

you know of his unfortunate exit."

"I don't know," I replied, still in a bit of shock, "he spoke of riddled things, dark and morbid, a substance most elusive that spoils his body or his brain, which I am not sure, though not likely one and not the other. It seemed a most influencing thing, a gloom so strong it touched my mind even as he spoke."

"I have seen him."

"Seen him what, Mr. Rat?"

"I spied him late at night, as I foraged in the field. He crept near the ridge under the darkness of the trees, back and forth for a quarter of an hour. I stayed, you see, since I dared not move, lest it be something from the other side and not, after all, our Toad."

"And is that so strange?" I suggested.

"For a Toad to be that far from its natural element, and late at night when the Whooping Hawk roams the black sky, indeed it is most curious," judged our host.

"And his trade is waning," offered Oscar Squirrel, "he eats less, he reads less. And he doesn't come for his things anymore, but has me send my boy."

"He hasn't posted any poems lately, has he?" asked Gamma Goose, "is he involved in some other project, do you suppose?"

"He fought with the Mayor and the other burrow people last fall. Prof. Hare, were his discourses of late with you altered?"

"Impeccable as always; his letters have a certain clarity and power, the meekness of his physical presence notwithstanding."

"Or standing here. Run, you loathsome reptile." Grunt Hog had shuffled over to the windows, "Your friend Toad was slinking at the window here, til I caught him with his bulging peering ugly eyes just above the sill. The dastardly creature slunk away as I spied him."



Pack Rat was afraid to go out into the fields at night. Gamma Goose had foolishly had her shutters bolted all the time. Prof. Hare remained wallied up in his study as always, but his correspondence with Mr. Toad had slacked off to nothing. Only I and old Tim went about our business as usual: I'm keeping up with my correspondence, readings, and gossip, occasionally going down to the bank to fish for a while with the old Turtle. I nodded as I passed Toad's house, just in case he was watching. But all in all the Hollow seemed enveloped in a dreary longing for the end of the suspense.

I was notified that that night there would be an emergency meeting. We all met at Hare's, apparently all wondering who called the meeting.

"I did," Grunt Hog swaggered in, "And I think you know why I have called you here. One of our members is becoming quite deranged. He said it himself, 'poisoned.' And we all know of the eerie happenings of late—the crickets no longer sing at night, fishing is worse off, and who has not heard the odd creeping, slushing sound outside his door at night.

"But come now, Mr. Hog. Surely you can't prove any of your claims against... I assume... Mr. Toad?"

"Perhaps not, Professor, but it all seems very obvious to me. I caught him slinking at this very window last week."

"Or so you say."

"Be quiet, Rat, tell me why you haven't hunted this past week—not getting too fat, are you?"

"It's just the time of year," suggested Gamma Goose.

"It's time for Toad to go."

"Come now, let's be reasonable."

"I have seen it before." Old Tim Turtle had been sitting in the back at the chess table, surveying all from behind his brittle shell and bespeckled lenses, "I have seen it before among these river folk. Maybe it comes with the dampness—the mossy banks are enough for me now—first the moody restlessness, then the coldness of the bones, and somewhere the disintegrating of old friendships. Yes, my fellows, I have witnessed this all before—the time is drawing near for the death of our friend Toad."

Five days had past since the celebration. No one had seen or heard from Toad. Little

"Oh, but I am, Hare. Tell me this—is it reasonable for him to miss two of his community lectures? is it reasonable for him to cease his work in the town paper? or to stop writing? or not to take his turn watching the Square? Is it reasonable to hide, to have goods set at his doorstep, to let his wood supply run low? Would a reasonable creature refuse the help of a healer and still claim to be sick?"

"Sick he is," affirmed Tim.

"Ah, yes, very sick, 'poison' he said. Gamma Goose, have your children played by the river this past week? Poison spreads, you know."

Gamma drew back, as did several of the other ladies. They all looked at Tim, "Do what you will. Nothing can stop the sickness, as I see it. As to its nature, I cannot say. But we say 'Children are safest when kept in their shell.'"

This is madness, I thought. "This is madness. He is our neighbor. Are we just going to cast him off? Shouldn't we try and help him. Isn't that the purpose of the fellowship?"

"Will you go to him, Mole? Will you enter a hovel consumed with the reek of his foul body? I suggest we would have to keep our children from both ends of Manley Row then."

I shrunk back. We all looked at each other and then at Prof. Hare.

"I think, Mr. Mole, that we have a duty to the community as well. He hasn't performed his functions lately. And if what Mr. Turtle says is true, then there is no real hope."

"But there can be comfort . . ."

"Is it worth the risk? You yourself seem unwilling to take it. No, Mr. Mole, unless someone can find a more suitable alternative, I'm afraid we may have to consider asking Toad to find lodging else where, no not out

of the Hollow, but at least farther away from town."

"But even so . . ." warned the Grunt Hog.

"What would you have done?"

"There is one way, or so it seems to me. One way that he could purify his mind and body. One way to know if he was safe and strong enough to remain among us. Only one way that we can be sure." His bloody eyes passed over each one of us, resting a moment upon each one, until the minds of all our company were cast upon his dark thought. There was a shudder that ran through all of us at once. "Yes," he said, slowly, "and you, Prof. Hare, must tell him—before a fortnight is ended the Toad must walk the Outer Rim."

For the next eight days the folks of the Hollow kept a cautious eye on Toad's house. His shades were drawn and no smoke rose from his chimney. Groups of little ones peered through his fence until some grown-ups shooed them away. The usual air of cheer has been replaced by one of anxiety. Even I have stayed away, but I cannot help from peering under my brim to catch a glance of those sickly yellow eyes. I am restless—I cannot fish quietly or write or sustain any conversation. I lay awake at night, not for fear of Toad, for surely I cannot really be afraid of him. But my thoughts are of the Outer Rim. I hear the wind as it cuts across the narrow stone path of the Rim. I hear the roar and hiss of the falls below it. All this and more, even as the place is five miles above the Hollow.

The Rim is ominous, even under the sun. For it is situated such that light never falls upon its face or the ledge above. The giant Olding trees shield its one side and the cliffs and scraggy mountains the other. There is

but one path across the rim and the elements are so placed that the rim is lit by a single band of light. It falls upon the path so that the half nearest the edge is hidden and is traced only by the most delicate steps. And you can imagine the nature of the feet of my friend, Mr. Toad.

The Rim is godly made, neat and keen, cut by the wind into a wavy pattern caught up on the sides by a blackness no light can pierce. But the edge of the band of White Light of Moon is razor keen. It is in this light that Toad must walk, straight on the band, not an inch to the right or left, where at death waits at the bottom of the canyons. The Rim stretches for a mile, bisected by the falls. The air about the Rim is of the same godly nature, cold but not sharp, misty but no doubt the purest air near the Hollow (perhaps of the Outer World, but of this I have no knowledge).

And it is this Air, it is this Light wherein lies the secret. In this Air and Light the Toad must walk and so be purged of the things that poison him. For it is written in Hollow legend that whoever shall brave these things shall be cleansed by White Light and White Air, and he shall see the world as a cold pain in his eyes, and then shall walk out of Darkness and know not fear again.

I know not of the reasoning of this prophecy. But so it is said and it is older than I who am of meager capacities in any case. Be it so or nay, he must walk it if he is to stay. My fears are for him, closeted up in dark loneliness and despair. And thus I must go to him. If there be another way, then we must find it. Sick or not, Toad and I and you are the same. And we all live in darkness.

I have just visited Toad. I went tonight. I almost feel ashamed that I went as I did, hobbling very fast and clumsily along his picket fence and quick up the walk to his door. He came, creaking with the door and looked up as if he expected me. He let me in without a word. I followed him and his dim lantern to his damp den. I sat down and he set the light next to me, then sat across just inside the small circle of light.

Toad had changed, deteriorated. The skin about his great bony head was pulled back as if shrunken. His eyes were larger. The bones of the inside of his arms stuck out of what used to be balloons of soft white flesh. But most hideously the ends of his fingers and toes were scarred and bloody. The glossiness of his eyes reflected the glint of the lamp.

"Hare came to you?"

He nodded.

"And he told you? about the Rim?"

Again.

"My dear friend Toad. You must not do it."

His voice creaked painfully, "It seems that I must, Mush Mole."

"But this is insane. It is all the Grunt Hog's doing."

"But the rest—did they not agree?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"And am I not responsible to the company?"

"Indeed, and we to you."

"No longer, Mush Mole. I lean more and more toward the Outer Darkness. The darkness of the Rim may prove merciful."

"I doubt it their intention."

"Still they have chosen it."

"They are in error, friend Toad. Their judgement was clouded. Surely we cannot

fail to excuse a sick member from his duties. And the rumours of . . . well, of your slinking about at night."

"I am most honoured, Mush Mole, but your faith extends quite beyond your reason."

"But I could not doubt . . ."

"Not even for an instant? a flash of suspicion? I was caught at Hare's."

"But why?"

"Why? I search at night for things I cannot face in day. I look into folk's lives through musty oiled windows, but prefer to stay outside."

"You need not be."

"I think not. I am a most disturbing creature. I have not your grace or Hare's scholarship or Pack Rat's brilliant spontaneity or Gamma Goose's innocence or even Grunt Hog's assertiveness. I have not the physical or mechanical abilities of Otter or Squirrel. A misfit, Mush Mole, a freak."

"Great Horntoads, have you yourself joined this dangerous conspiracy? We accept you quite as you are. Can you not do as well for yourself?"

"Quite as I am is not quite as I should be. My endeavors have been frivolous and ill-spent, and my time has ended."

"Foolish talk, Toad."

"I am a foolish Toad."

"Nothing of the sort."

"That too, I am a sort of nothing."

"A scholar."

"No, a clever magician,"

"A poet."

"A whorish word-merchant."

"An instructor."

"No, a solicitor."

"But a fellow."

"Perhaps a leech."

"A friend."

"Thank you, Mush Mole, but a poisoned friend is no friend at all."

"You deny yourself?"

"Even as you breathe."

"But what of your mind?"

"Decayed."

"Your talents."

"Decayed, decayed. Pursue it not, friend. The time draws near, the hours are spent."

"You talk as if it were your duty to die. Let us send for a healer and tend to your poor state—before it is too late."

"You say it, it is too late. A healer's hands touch my rotting carcass. But even his eyes cannot touch my blackened soul."

"But have you tried? Have you given it a chance? Have you given your fellows a chance? Give it to me, damnable Toad!"

"You say it again—the Toad is damned."

"Damn this absurd dialogue."

"So it is. Rest now, Mush Mole, and hear my judgement. For even with my own clouded vision, I have made a choice that seems right to me. Where I had no chance or choice, they have given it to me. Perhaps in this mad confusion, have provided an answer to this inaction. Mark well my meaning, Mole. On the morrow I must conform. I will walk the Outer Rim at the last hour. I will pass through the White Light. And if I should return out of the Darkness, I will be by that Light and Air so baptised. If I should not then the baptism shall be one of Fire."



My head is garnished in fever. I sweat throughout the night and did not go out the next day. I stayed about my hole, pacing from room to room. There must be another answer, a safer alternative. If Toad give himself in any fashion. It is madness all. The Toad is damned indeed if he denies himself. But he intends to find himself upon that black ridge. For my mind it is a dark picture of salvation.

Am I a coward in my ways as Toad has been in his? And I cannot commit the sin of my fellows. I must go to him again. I must defy the fellowship openly. If I cannot assert my dignity or his, we both are of no use.

I hurried to his home at the end of the Row. The Townfolk eyed me disapprovingly as I moved along the wooden walk. I made straight for his door, a crowd gathering close behind. As I moved to knock on the door, it swung open. A faint stench came drifting out—I thought the worst of his terrible condition had come. I searched the house for him. Everything was neatly laid in order—the home of a cultured and gentle creature. There was a properness about the furnishings that was indecisively sterile. Strangely his bedroom was quite bare—the pictures had been taken down. The walls were dim and stained. His large oaken bed loomed above everything else; on it his white sheets had been turned down. And there a note lay.

Dear Mush Mole,

The time has not nearly arrived and yet you have come for me. But as you know I am quite in absence. Our friendship was short—I've allowed few like it. I feared it would become poisoned. There is no room for the likes of myself who only confuse and wear things down. I AM NOT IN CON-

TROL. Forgive me, forgive my fellows.

Tonight I go to seek my Judgement. Then alive or dead, I do not perceive. Either way is a kind of purification. I may be damned but who can say what lies before. As the moon passes over straight on high, we shall find the answer we were perhaps foolish enough to seek.

Hopefully,
W. D. Toad

I set down the note and ambled out the front door. The villagers had gathered. In front were Grunt Hog, Rat, Hare, Gamma Goose.

"He is gone," I said, "Are you satisfied? He is going to walk the Rim. Do you feel safe now? Will you sleep better?"

"He went of his own accord, did he not?" cried Grunt Hog.

"He had no choice."

"Yes, he did. We gave him a choice."

"The Rim? Is that your 'choice'? Couldn't we have given him more? Tim, wasn't there another solution."

"Another would have been hard, even as it is now. One cannot expect such a grave thing to be easily done. This dark thing takes hold of these river people most strongly, and they to it. Toad will not easily let go. Even though his parts are poisoned, those parts are his own."

"But can he choose Death?"

"Indeed, as a river creature, he may thus find Life. It goes not well with me. I have seen it too much before. I am weary and would have nought with a decision."

"And the rest of you? are you prepared to let Toad seek a cure with the stakes so high? He had problems to work out, must we add to them? Is this some mad contest?"

"Indeed, and if he wins . . ."

"If he loses . . ."

Pack Rat spoke quietly, "he'll only lose his life. It is not our choice but his to make."

We stood in the drifting twilight, in one misty even thought. And there passed among our eyes a spark of light amid a somber, guilty veil of darkness there. It was as if some gentle voice had breathed in all our clouded hearts.

Finally, Grunt Hog spoke up, "We are One again. To the woods must we go, carrying torches all, and cast our feeble light upon the black face of the Rim. For even now the Toad mounts the rocks."

And they passed away, each to his own house, for our selfish purposes had been fused together, and the gloom of each of our souls had been touched by something most obscure.

There was a great party that marched down the Row, a procession of lights, torches, and lanterns. They moved in careful stillness — muffled footsteps, the wind in the trees, and the crackling of the fires. They turned at the end of the Row and continued up the path along the river. It takes several hours to climb the cliffs that lead to the Rim. Few have made the journey. The closer we got, the faster the water rushed by. Finally we reached the bottom of the falls. The same thought flowed among us as we climbed the hill to the top of the falls. As we reached the summit and had gathered together under the black face of the cliffs, Grunt Hog finally found the courage to say outloud what we all had said secretly in our hearts, "We are too late. We have condemned him and now we must wait."

"Maybe our lights will help light his way."

"No, little Pack Rat, for see now how even gathered together our combined light will not even cast a flicker against that black wall that looms invisibly across these waters."

"Maybe he will see us and come down."

"Why should he? He would reason we have just come to watch."

"He means to do it," I said, "so unnatural is his fever. He seeks release from his affliction, he can no longer bear the coldness and death in his heart. To bathe in the White Light, to come again among us, cleansed and redeemed — such is the mind of our friend the Toad."

We all looked upward. In the darkness that spread across sky and rock was a thin strip of fine light. It started about a half mile down from us and then another half beyond the falls. We watched in quiet desperation. Finally they spied him. My eyes are weak, but I perceived a tiny speck moving like a black dot across a white line. We stood as frozen men, each feeling the agony of Toad, every step. He finally reached a point just above and stopped. He might have thought it part of his vision, this circle of warm yellow. Or maybe he knew why we were there together. I thought of his creaking bones, the slimy undersides of his huge webbed feet inching cautiously with imperceptibly subtle gropings of his thin toes to trace the razor edge of Light and Stone. I felt the sharpness of the crystal air as it flowed around his bloated body. I felt the twitching and quivering of his long emaciated fingers as they probed the holds and cranies of the rock wall. I felt the strong beating of his weak little heart. I felt my own heart pounding for in that moment we were One. And in that instant also the figure moved a few feet then



to bring him in." With that he dove into the black waters. We ran to town in considerable excitement—could it be that we thought Toad might be alive? perhaps we expected some obscure salvation of our own in recovering his body?

The whole of the river along the edge of Town was a string of fire. The runners followed Otto as he struggled with the weight of Toad, swimming in a diagonal towards the bank. The Townfolk had gathered at the end of Manley Row in front of Toad's house. Otter finally made his way to shore; he stood dripping in the shallow water in front of the crowd. The mangled body of Toad was at his side, bobbing gently in the quiet ebb of the water. The torches crackled, the crickets remained silent. The whole town stood there feeling confused and helpless, waiting for a direction.

"You know what must be done, Mush Mole?" said old Tim, as he looked at Toad, staining the water red, "a task most unpleasant remains with us."

I nodded and went into his house. As I did Grunt Hog and Hare moved up to help Otter. I went to his bedroom and stood in the doorway for a moment. Then I carefully folded up the white linen sheets from the bed. I went outside, closing all the doors as I went, and the crowd moved aside as I came down the walk. Toad's low-bottom boat had been brought up. I laid the sheets in the shallow bottom and then the four of us—I, Grunt Hog, Hare, and Pack Rat—lifted his body into the craft. The large ridge on his head had been crushed. His arms and legs were limp and disjointed; there were deep cuts along his back and sides. His eyelids had folded down so that he looked quite serene in spite of his physical disarray. We folded the sheets over

disappeared. Then growing louder and more distinct a hideous cry such as never been heard before or since, at least, in the Hollow. It pierced the Air. The cry and roar of the falls blended into one huge wave of noise that consumed us all. And we fell to our knees and hid our faces. Then the sounds drifted off into just the rough whisper of the falling waters. The time had passed—the Toad was dead.

We followed in slow, silent procession down the slope. There was no talk among us but when we reached the lower level, we immediately branched out in a long file by the edge of the river and held our torches high. The current was fast here so we ran ahead. About a mile out of Town a shout went out. It was Pack Rat who had seen it first, bobbing in the water, a long thin shape with the light of our torches glistening off its shiny hide.

O. J. Otter yelled out, "I'll get him, Run ahead to Town, the current here is too strong

him, winding them twice. The branches of dry briarwood were set about his body. Tim Turtle stood in the water at the head of the boat. Then one by one, by voiceless direction, they filed up. We had moved the boat out into the shallow of the water, two of us on each side. Then one by one they dropped their torches into the boat. The fire waved near our hands and licked our fingers for we were to be purified also. With the last torch of Tim

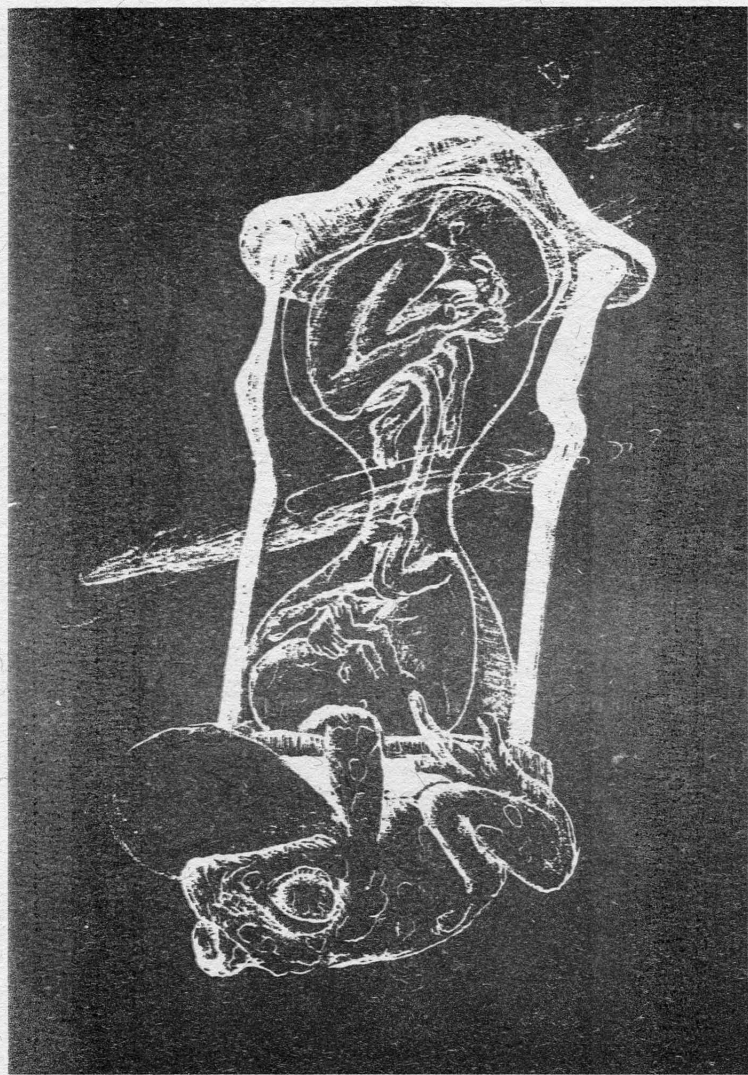
we shoved the boat out into the stream. Only a few lanterns remained on the bank, the crickets finally began to sing, a dirge of sorts I thought. We four stood in the water, heedless of the pain of our burnt hands. Toad's boat turned round the bend and disappeared behind the trees until we all stood alone in the darkness, bathed in a paler shade of moon. Such did the Toad go out from our midst, in fire and light, while the coldness clung about the Hollow.

EPILOGUE

It took some months for the Hollow to return to normal. Prof. Hare went into absolute seclusion and retired as head of the fellowship. Grunt Hog became special minister to the well-being of the Townfolk. And Mush Mole mysteriously disappeared from the Hollow; no trace was ever made of him except for my discovery of his diary. And he made no further entries into it—it ended with the death of Toad apparently. He left his house to Pack Rat. Toad's house was never again occupied but it was kept clean and its lawn and hedges regularly trimmed.

About a year after that fateful night a young stranger came up the river, poling a shallow bottom boat. He said he was Toad's nephew—the resemblance was remarkable they say. He was told that his uncle had passed away. There was some speculation about Toad's belongings, but the youngster said he was traveling light and had just stopped in for a visit. He said that he had known Toad as a child. He said he was off to seek a new life, up the river and on to the Outside. A great party was given the night he left for the Townfolk had taken him to their hearts in his short stay. The moon was full that night. He was told to be cautious of the falls. But of the Rim they said nothing. Nor was that name ever spoken again by the folks of Worm Hollow.

P. D. Tuttlebottom



Like the Wind

*Sometimes I wonder
about you
so sad
so lonely.
Sometimes I pray
for you
because there must be someone
to pray for angels.
But more often
I just smile at you
because you are so much
like the wind.*

*The wind is free . . .
Free to open its eyes,
to bathe in the rain,
to be rubbed by the sun.
The wind is a smile
that comes, goes
but always changes what
it leaves behind.
The wind is a song
that constant music
that fills your head.
The wind is magnificently
gentle
sometimes
sometimes not.
But always there,
The wind is free.*

*So tonight
a thought . . .
a small thought
that only says
you are to me
all that I am to you.
And I say a prayer
that we be free
like the wind . . .
like the wind . . .
The wind is free.*

Mary Schulz

We Walked in Silent Unison

*We walked in silent unison
along the roughness of the beach.
Gulls circled our shadow
as the sun began to slide
into the calm blue distance.
I moved ahead
because I knew the storm was rising.
Cold clouds had already stained the sand
and suddenly
the wind shoved us
until we ran and stumbled
into the rain.
Wet blindness walled between us
and you couldn't hear me
in the darkness.
The storm answered
and that was my tragedy –
I crashed on the jagged rocks
while you drifted out to calmer seas.*

Carole Williams

time if there was only time to do
 manymanymany things that need to be done time
 coming and going
 missing the all important in between time
 there are little feet somewhere
 walking an ocean of sand
 leaving footprints as they go
 why
 do they go
 where do they go do they go to time
 covering them with dust
 there never was a child
 only
 footprints
 walking through time
 the universal clock keeps ticking out new footsteps
 working them into the sand
 covering them slowly with dust
 do you remember seeing them
 somewhere
 along the time

t i m e t o
 m e t g o
 m t i m
 t m e

Book Review

THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT

ROBERT H. RIMMER

"Man's an emotional infant. When it comes to love, we are all strangers."

—*The Harrad Experiment*

Probably a good proportion of the people who read *The Harrad Experiment* read it for the wrong reasons; because it has a cover which is obviously designed to sell books, or because the erotic scenes are described in quotable detail. But maybe those are the people who should read it, because *Harrad's* one aim is to remove sex from the realm of the smutty and furtive, and to deal with the revolution in sexual mores honestly and open-mindedly.

Harrad is a mythical college in the East, run by a husband and wife psychology team, the Tenhausens, who are out to discover whether an atmosphere of sexual freedom will reduce their charges to life on the animal level, or (as are their expectations) make them more truly human. At Harrad, everything—from meals to gym classes to roommates—is coed. Methods of contraception are freely available. The students are expected to maintain above average grades in courses at a nearby university and to keep up with an extra curricular reading list at Harrad.

The experiment depends on breaking down the tabus traditionally associated with sex. For example, the Tenhausens' initial project is to remove the puritanical

embarrassment at nudity to which the students have been conditioned. In all physical classes nudity is mandatory. There is frank discussion of love, contraception and sex.

The Tenhausens' theory is that sexual perversions are the result of unhealthy and unnecessary repressions. Homosexuality, prostitution and rape would be all but nonexistent in a society in which these repressions are absent. When Harrad students encounter sexual abnormalities outside their college, they can do so with a greater degree of understanding due to their Harrad background.

The book is written in the format of excerpts from the diaries of four Harrad students and concentrates on their personalities and relationships with each other. Even after the initial barriers between two people are broken down and a major step forward in the process of learning to love is made, these four students face the problem of overcoming jealousy and possessiveness in their new-found relationships. They learn to share each other with each other, not in the smirking, suburban, husband-and-wife-swapping sense, but in a generous, creative, loving circumstance that helps them to grow as individuals. Their sexual life, because it is happy, secure and varied, tends not to become

restrictive or irritating and releases their time and energy for other activities.

The students' progress, after some two years at Harrad, becomes remarkably apparent when they compare themselves to the students at a nearby university where the men are either plotting how to "make" the girls they're going with, or drinking and masturbating to take their minds off the problem altogether, and the women are worrying about whom they're going to the next football weekend with, how impressive a date he'll be, and how they'll keep his mind off sex. The Harrad students find the anxiety-ridden situation half-pathetic and half-ridiculous.

The book isn't always well written, and isn't even always realistic, but the presentation of the theories on love, sex and society is very good, and the erotic scenes are tender and delicately handled.

If you have the courage to examine a philosophy that may be the reversal of the one you've held, if you have the maturity to read the book and underline the right parts to show to your friends, if you think that openness and honesty can replace fear and suspicion, then have a look at *The Harrad Experiment*. It may be just what Marian needs.

Kathie Toth

Half-price to college students and faculty: the newspaper that newspaper people read. . .

At last count, we had more than 3,800 newspaper editors on our list of subscribers to The Christian Science Monitor. Editors from all over the world.

There is a good reason why these "pros" read the Monitor: the Monitor is the world's only daily international newspaper. Unlike local papers, the Monitor focuses exclusively on world news — the important news.

The Monitor selects the news it considers most significant and reports it, interprets it, analyzes it — in depth. It takes you further into the news than any local paper can.

If this is the kind of paper you would like to be reading, we will send it to you right away at half the regular price of \$26.00 a year.

Clip the coupon. Find out why newspapermen themselves read the Monitor — and why they invariably name it as one of the five best papers in the world.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

FOCUS U.S. guide: Where and how?

The Christian Science Monitor

1 Norway Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115

Please enter a Monitor subscription for the name below.

I am enclosing \$..... (U. S. funds) for the period

checked. ☐ 1 year \$13 ☐ 9 mos. \$9.75 ☐ 6 mos. \$6.50

Name.....

Street..... Apt./Rm. #.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

☐ College student..... Year of graduation.....

☐ Faculty member..... P-CN-65

SUNDAY DISMISSAL BLUES

suzanne harding

come and enter the blessed magic sanctuary
where delicious sacrafice can be offered
without spending any blood
on an altar once a simple table
now glorified to absolute coherence.
come and kneel near me
while the knighting service begins
for yet another week.

lords and ladies of the court assemble
in the proper places
curtsy to an electric organ air
to watch the joust of right and wrong.
though incense has vaporized
comfort's found in duplicated ritual.

the high priest approaches the judge's bench
with heavy boots of one long tired
of brimstone and salted pillars.
oh, he preaches the hapless word
that buries the sword.
as long as we clutch this aborted
sorted brievity of truth
the game continues.

the banquet begins
and I receive the magical circle
from this hooded man
with shielded eyes
who mumbles a monotone of mystic bread
looking at the man next in the welfare line.

pageantry ended, the court is dismissed
well wrapped packages of instant grace
and now we can live once more
our lives.



Suzanne Harding

BLESSED + SOUNDS OF SILENCE

