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"The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time."

—George Bernard Shaw
THE CHESHIRE CAT
WILLIAM DONOVAN

This time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.—LEWIS CARROLL

The office of Rickwell, Syngayte and Burnn always surprised any visitor who knew how long the young agency had been in existence. The unexpected plushness could be traced to Mark Rickwell, who would not allow his treasured family name to appear on an unseemly portal. He had lavished a long-term loan on his son’s firm at the time that the original partnership papers had been signed. He did not feel that he had gambled with his money, however; he had, frankly, been very pleased at his son’s good sense in selecting Ross Syngayte as a partner. Mark Rickwell prided himself on his ability to recognize in youth the qualities that pointed toward business genius. In his few dealings with young Syngayte he had formed a strong admiration for Ross that he insisted was on purely rational grounds. But his son realized that his father had been charmed by flashing eyes and a strong, irregularly handsome face just as he himself had been.

“Look, Abby,” Ross was saying one day to his partner, “we’re losing business every minute that we argue about this damn id and we’re no closer to agreement than we were three weeks ago.” Abby looked at Deborah Burnn’s back as she stared blankly out of the window. He had replaced her in this argument as the open-minded arbiter. Usually she acted as compromiser in any dispute, bringing the two argumentative male partners to a workable agreement. But in this instance she had resolutely condemned Ross’s proposal from the start. Abby tended to follow Deborah’s thinking on this issue, but he had enough respect for Ross’s judgment to give some consideration to the proposal.

“Ross,” he replied, “you haven’t offered any rebuttal to Debbie’s stand. Don’t you think that there is a certain ethical pall over all this subliminal idea? It’s a matter of respect for the privacy of a person’s mind.” Lighting a cigarette, he watched Deborah pass quietly out of the room. “You know she won’t argue with you. Why don’t you clear the air of this tension. She’s not as firmly grounded in the theory of this thing as you are. For that matter, neither am I.”
Deborah quietly reentered the office, and Ross walked over to the water cooler where she was drawing a drink. "Deb, you can never be sure whether something like this will work or not. You have to try it for a few years and measure your results. If these soft drink people are so anxious to use this method and take all the risks with public opinion, why not let them? Somebody has to do the groundwork. It's really their problem, not ours. They want to try some s-l, and they picked us to handle the account. If we do a good job, they might throw some of their fat regular account our way."

"It would be a welcome bit of business, Ross..." Deborah paused, "...but Abby and I don't want to touch it. The whole thing is insidious." Ross knew what she was driving at; it was insidious because people did not know that they were being influenced by an advertisement. The commercial message was flashed on the movie or television screen so fast that only their subconscious mind was aware of it, and flashed frequently enough to make the desired impression.

"It's a terrible feeling," she added, "not knowing whether you're seeing merely a movie, or some hidden persuader planted in front of you to change your subconscious mind. What is more, in the wrong hands a thing like this could be a powerful propaganda weapon."

Ross interrupted her. "Debbie, turning down a juicy account like this isn't going to make s-l lose any of its potency. Besides, the power of subliminal projection is greatly over-rated. It can't make you do anything you don't want to do, you know. Only something that you might have done anyway if you had thought of it." Ross wanted to carry on with his defense, but he wasn't sure that what he had to say would fall on fertile ground.

Meanwhile, Abby had been standing apart, looking from the sincere, inquisitive face of Deborah to the disconcerted and impassive face of the enigmatic Ross. "What are you driving at, Ross?" he queried. "Surely you don't believe that a man's mind should serve as a wastebasket for a slew of ideas that he doesn't anticipate and that are piped in by electronic gadgetry?"

Hearing this, Ross realized for the first time that the ideas his partners had on the subject had been picked up at random from the popular press. He realized that he would have to lay a psychological groundwork for them before they could accept, as he had accepted, the presence in a complex world of another facet of stimulation, another attempt at the modification of the individual through the perception of the environment.

"Abby," he began, "when you sit in a crowded room, with people talking on all sides of you, you don't pay any attention to most of what you hear. I mean, there's a lot being said, but it all goes over your head. You miss it completely."

Abby ground out his cigarette. "I'll go along with that, but so what?" He seriously doubted that Ross was leading up to anything in particular.

"Just this, Abby. Even though those things going on all around you seem to wash past you because you're not paying any attention, they really do affect you. And change your opinions! A man's mind is less private than he usually likes to think."

Deborah broke into the exchange. "Even if that's true, Ross, it doesn't lead to a position that some men should sneak foreign thoughts into other men's minds. Would you condone some Communist telling everyone to...?"

"To overthrow the government? No. But many men do come into contact with the reality of Communism. That's inevitable, we hope that people can judge for themselves whether they should embrace Communism, however."

Disturbed, Abby asked, "but why allow people's minds to be seeded with such ideas?"

"Such seeding is a reality of everyday life. All day long people see posters, billboards, and, I hope, some of our ads. Every time you turn a corner, some new impression is staring you in the face. Your mind is constantly being filled with other people's ideas."

Deborah looked out of the window and saw a giant flashing billboard. Parked in front of this stood a truck boldly covered with a company name. "Ross, you've got a point, in a way. But s-l is different. I can't figure the fine points of the psychology, but I think I can speak about ethics. If we handle this soft drink proposition, we'll be going beyond our rights in the field of communication. It isn't even persuasion—it's a form of hypnotism. I don't want to sound like a missionary, but people in our position have a special responsibility, and we would be setting a precedent... Give me a cigarette, Abby."

Ross was lighting a cigarette; he handed it to the woman and took the one that Abby produced. He walked over to his desk and picked up hislucent paper weight and seemed to contemplate its transparency. "Do you think there is something objectionable in coaxing someone to take a drink of soda?" He smiled, then quickly frowned. "No, excuse me; I know you're serious, Deb. I guess I can't justify the thing in your terms. But I don't think it's as base and obnoxious as you seem to feel."

Abby had been flipping through Newsweek. He addressed Ross. "Why does the sub-liminal ad have to be an imperative?" He faced two blank faces. "Look, all the ads they have used in tests were imperatives: 'Drink this,' 'Eat that,' 'Buy this.' We all agree that it's offensive to us to be piping strange commands into the subconscious. But with the consumption goods that we're dealing with, a sim-
ple reminder ad carries a lot of weight. Just mentioning the product has an effect in most cases. I don't think we'd be overstepping any rules of ethics by leading people to think about one thing or another. They could still judge for themselves. You can't call that hypnosis, Deb."

Ross was beaming. "I'm glad you said that, Abby. I thought maybe it was too fine a point to bring up. Could you go along with s/l on those terms, Deb?"

"Maybe."

"Good, then we're in agreement. But I have my doubts about the effectiveness of the method without an imperative. It's on shaky enough grounds as it is... ."

The phone rang. "It's for you, Ross," said Deborah. "It's Jackson." Jackson was the representative of the soft-drink firm which was considering the use of sub-liminal projection in its advertising.


"Yes—what's got into you? What did Jackson want?" Deborah echoed.

"Seems that some committee broke the back of the whole proposal. Public opinion and all that. They'll have to wait a few months before they move at all. Jackson didn't have half the support he thought he did." He paused, then smiled. "Let's go get a drink."

Deborah told Miss Thomas that Messrs. Rickwell and Syngayte and herself would be unavailable for the rest of the day. Outside the building Abby tactfully remembered that his mother had asked him to lunch, and left his partners to their resources.

CLARENCE AMANN: THREE POEMS

NIGHT ADORATION

Now dark the Holy Place that shadows dim;
No earthly sound of prayer nor softly chanted hymn
Intrudes upon the holy hour of meek adorer, Night,
When soft the watch is given o'er by Day's rejoicing light.
A host of waxy sentinels still keep their silent guard—
Their restless eyes the shadowed arches sleeplessly regard.
Upon the drowsy air the censer's spicy breath delays
As if in loathing to amass its silent song of praise;
Its haze becomes before the court a timid veil
To shield the gleaming guided throne. O Holy Grail!
Wherewith the lowly King enwrapped in cloak of white
Awaits to greet the lonely pilgrim of the night.

THE CHANGE

Fish and bread He gave them
And they were fed—
They cheered
And heard Him . . . to agree.
A banquet then He pledged them
Of Living Bread—
They jeered
And nailed Him to a tree.
EASTER SUN

Woeful day . . . 
God's sun is dark on Calvary hill—
No rueful ray
To cast a glance can summon will . . .
Across the way
The crucified Trinity is still,
The angry roar,
Lie still once more . . .
The quaking peak and narrowed glen,
The debt in death full paid, and then
The night is o'er—
And lo! God's Son doth rise again.

MICHAEL A. OROFINO:

DONNA SENZA SPERANZA

La donna che non può sperare,
Non è degna anche di amare,
Nella primavera bella,
Sola, sola guarda la stella.
L'anima sarà piena di dispero,
Per lei che camina sotto un cielo nero.
Essa guarda agli altri innamorati,
Con cuor addolorato ed occhi bagnati.
Ma se essa comincia a sperare,
Quelche giorno potrebbe amare.

REBEL WITH THE HIGHEST CAUSE

JOHN PORTER

Leon Bloy doesn't write—he cries out in personal agony. He doesn't set down principles, he wrenches his principles from an early breast-beating Christianity. There is no compromise. Virtue doesn't ride the middle course but sings and wheels its way helter-skelter in the channel of its own absolute rightness. Grays are foul and detestable. Vice is not to be avoided but destroyed. There is no such thing as passive resistance.

It is no wonder that Bloy has never dominated the minds of either Europe or America. His ideas are so uncompromising that he cannot have the appeal of "practicality" to our own compromising age. His are unpopular ideas about a very popular class, the class to which the majority of us belong. The middle class, to Bloy, is vice personified. The respectability of its members is the cloak of hypocrisy. He thunders out of the shadows of his own poverty, striking aside all the props which support his own rationalizing age. Christianity is not a religion, but a way of life—a life and death struggle with everything that opposes it, and Bloy is prepared to challenge anyone who would dare to use it as a mask for his own personal advantage.

As Catholics, we need not exchange words concerning the rightness of the man. Certainly he is right; it is the assurance of his rightness that is bewildering. Was he guilty of a certain vindictiveness in his personal life that has spilled onto the pages of his own violent beliefs? There is much evidence that would support this. Still, it is difficult to read his novels without believing that he has the true conception of Christianity—the one that we have all pushed aside for many, many years, the concept that Christianity demands a real departure from the materialistic motivations of the world. It is said that Bloy was born in the wrong age, that he was the spokesman for the early centuries of the Christian era, when people were professing faith with knives at their throats and enemies ready to betray them at the least opportunity. The early Christians were simple; Bloy is their simplicity. Their own particular brand of unreasonable heroism is his trademark. He is the antithesis of modern-day Humanism.
The main difficulty with Bloy lies in a criticism of his standards. How can we raise any doubts about his absolutism when our own sensibility is so out of tune with his? It is easy enough to accuse him of eccentricity just as it is easy to accuse a Chinaman of eccentricity because of the slanting of his eyes. Dogmatic assertions are the easiest to attack in any medium, and Bloy, if nothing else, is painfully dogmatic. Therefore, given the proper tools, it is possible to cut almost every sentence of the man to pieces if we approach him from our own viewpoint.

His pattern of thought will never be neatly categorized by the scholars. This is not too surprising in view of the fact that the critics and scholars of his own time failed to understand and recognize his own peculiar virtue. Writing in the late nineteenth century from the poverty of lower class France, in the same social milieu that conditioned the naturalism of Zola, he embraced poverty and suffering as “the solution for every human life on earth.” Poverty and suffering solidify all other virtues and color the lives of the majority of the earth’s peoples. He particularly hated money-makers, the respectable, church-going money-makers who placed “Religion” on one scale and “Business” on the other. In regard to the latter he makes the following comment,

“It would be impossible to say exactly what Business is. It is that mysterious divinity somewhat like the kiss of the swinish by whom all other divinities are supplanted . . . Business is Business just as God is God, that is to say over and above everything.

This indictment is as dangerous today as it was in his time. The whole essay is absolute, dogmatic, and to some degree, uncomfortably true. Perhaps this is what makes his writing so disconcerting—a thousand arguments can be set up to shatter his contentions and methods, but a sense of doubt is planted, and any answer, regardless of its cleverness, seems specious. Scholarly work is lost on him. References and cross-references to the interpreters of his work seem to be pointless. He exists on his own for one motive—God. Humanity grovels and crawls toward God; Humanism is a word that could not enter his vocabulary.

Assuming that he was sane, the question of the motivations behind his writing seems to be answered by the writing itself. In Art and the Pilgrim of the Holy Sepulchre he strongly questions the validity of the “standard of the Beautiful.” The same doubt is applied to the idiotic piety of contemporary Christian writers. His function as an artist lies in his ability to speak for the “Center of the Universe” and all that it implies. Art and the writer are nothing beyond this. Man does not exist unless he strives to restore this Center upon which the universe rests.

Leon Bloy, regardless of his headlong bigotry, has one quality that comes as a fresh, pleasant breeze to a rationalizing age. He has no doubt about Christianity. He will not question it and will attack anyone who does. He is neither scholarly nor practical, but he has a rare sincerity which could be born only out of a powerful love.

JAMES BOND:

UNUS MULTITUDINIS

The grasping giant sprawls
His frame throughout the very limit
And sends out his commanding calls
To the nascent blocks to fill it.
They come in swarms, like flies,
To some delusive essence,
And each in his own way struggles and tries
To wreck his neighbors' sweat-won fences.

What purpose, this insidious race?
Must we bend to this gargantuan bold?
While trying to keep his frightening pace
We serve but to strengthen his hold.

Full fretful of this monstrous mob
I determine not to succumb,
Suspicous of him who may from me rob
My person, I turn my ear numb.
Suspicous of him with the crimson-hot lyre
And him with the frock from the Brothers Brooks,
Ploughing and scraping through the stagnant mire
I look and find comfort in nature's own books.
WALDEN: FROM CABIN TO BATH-HOUSE
JOSEPH C. DARTIS

The citizens of Concord, Massachusetts, whose ancestors "aced the shoe horse 'round the world," have mustered to defend one of the more famed cultural shrines in our nation. Nothing less than the woodland site of Henry David Thoreau's cabin on Walden Pond is being threatened with mutilation by bulldozer and power-saw.

With a request in hand for improved bathing facilities and outdoor refreshment stands at Walden, the Middlesex County Commissioners of the state of Massachusetts have begun their program of 'reconstruction.' Their aim is to transform the world-renowned site into an expanded recreation center.

For years the value of the Thoreau Memorial has been seriously impaired by the existing bathing facilities at Walden Pond. Any further additions to or expansion of the present recreational facilities would certainly add final ruin to the noble shrine. With modern transportation so rapid and efficient, the people of Massachusetts can easily go to other state ponds or bathing beaches.

The immediate problem is how this 'reconstruction' program can be reconciled with the needs of gift which bestowed the shrine on the public, the object being to preserve the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands (which have already undergone substantial devastation).

To be sure the error of the Middlesex County Commissioners at Walden is not intentional. It is rather an error of judgment. For their original aim was to develop and clean up Walden, which in itself is commendable, but they have confused the idea of an historic or cultural shrine with the idea of a recreation center for mass bathing. The two are incompatible.

The question now is: how to rectify the mistake? Legally this project is a violation of the deed of gift, but the law moves slowly. However, preventive measures are now being taken. I know of a young author, Truman Nelson, a member of the Thoreau Society, who is presently involved in the necessary court procedures to halt this Walden desecration. A committee also has been set up by this Society to legally stop this havoc at Walden.

If you, as an interested reader, would like to add your word of protest, you may forward your letter of support to Mr. Truman Nelson, 20 Beckford Street, Salem, Massachusetts, or contact one of the editors of this magazine.

By all means, Walden Pond should be a shrine for the public. But any person who is not willing to hike into Walden as Thoreau himself did, and enjoy that green memorial, does not deserve the privilege. Let us not allow Walden Pond to be made a shrine to pop bottles, beach toilets and litter bugs.

SOME NOTES ON THE TRAGEDY IN WILLIAM FAULKNER'S
"THE SOUND AND THE FURY"
JAMES BOND

Whatever else it may be, and it has run the gamut of critical evaluation, the novel, "The Sound and the Fury" is a tragedy. Whether or not it is a tragedy in the dynamic tradition of Sophocles and Shakespeare or whether it is so lacking in moral resonance as to be merely an agglomeration of perverted and questionable ideas remains to be seen, but by a complex interweaving of incident and character, the personalities in the novel are destined to doom, and nothing in the finite world can alter that destiny.

As in traditional tragedy, there is a conflict situation. George Marion O'Donnell in his essay Faulkner's Mythology (Kenyon Review, Summer 1959) expounds the thesis that there exists a conflict between amoral modernism and traditionalism. This thesis has in general been acknowledged as one of the more serious and objective ways of seeing Faulkner's novel as a whole. "Quentin Compson represents all that is left of a decadent moral code," O'Donnell states, "the rest of his family have succumbed entirely to amoral modernism." These two groups become in O'Donnell's interpretation not so much persons as polar antitheses in a conflict of moral codes. Similarly, Quentin, the tragic hero, in Faulkner's words, "loved not the idea of incest which he could not commit, but some concept of its eternal punishment: he could by that means cast himself and his sister both into hell, where he could guard her forever amid the eternal fires." In other words, Quentin, the personification of traditional values, by means of his false proclamation, attempts to turn his sister's meaningless degeneracy into significant doom. The climax of the tragedy is of course Quentin's suicide. Seeing the impending doom, the disintegration of his own traditional values around him, he makes the inevitable sacrifice.

The remainder of the story, although its chronology is actually hopelessly jumbled by the author's "stream of consciousness" technique is antithetical in the sense that the family's already obvious degeneracy is merely confirmed and brought to its consummation. It is interesting to note that O'Donnell believes Faulkner to be a
"traditional moralist in the best senses," which would seem to refute the critics who deprecated him as a depraved modernist, nescient of any universal values.

On the other hand, the horror, perversion, and cruelty, exemplified especially by the emasculation of the idiot Benjy, which pervade the novel, lessen its aesthetic value. In many cases the horrible and the cruel are legitimate aesthetic agents, as in Oedipus and Lear. However such is not the effect produced in "The Sound and the Fury". Faulkner has failed to transmute the raw material in such a way as to give a purely aesthetic effect. He appeals to the viscera, not to the mind. The theme of tragedy, the degeneracy and lack of perspective arising in the human spirit as a result of the collapse of a traditional order and its values, is potentially great. However, here again Faulkner has failed to make the tragedy a significant and profound one because his hero has no true universal values but only a pseudo-idealistic sense of tradition and a warped and perverted sense of honor. Therefore he loses nothing of value by his downfall and defeat and the theme itself becomes a hollow one. Furthermore, Quentin’s false and perverted proclamation of incest and his final suicide are so lacking in moral resonance as to force the tragedy into the sphere of naturalism—the blind and purposeless dead end where all values are ephemeral because they are merely engendered by transient beliefs sanctified by tradition.

It began and ended with a flash. His hands moved swiftly, grabbing at the drunken levers, and all at once he was out. Tearing, smashing through the solid air, the noise resounding in his ears, he sped earthward. His body moved quickly, the flashing clouds and dancing sun weaving a kaleidoscopic pattern on his aching eyes. Even now the fear was in his throat, and the wind ripped away his scream. With a jarring shock the parachute opened. His bouncing, spinning body came to rest. Down was restored and he felt suddenly calmed, even relieved to be here with nothing under his boots but the haze-shrouded emptiness of air. The earth was a recognizable map, tilting back and forth, teetering, but very solid. He looked up at the red-white canopy above him; he became dizzy and afraid again. The earth below moved closer to him. As it rushed up his senses cleared. He could see where he would land. The ice and snow rammed up and up and he hit—rolling, scrambling, legs, arms, head all mingling in one pain—and it was over. He lay quiet. He listened to the cold wind and the shaking of his body and he was peaceful.

You must get up. You must come back to life again. You know you must yet you don’t. Get up, get up. Remember Mary and the comfortable home, the embracing womb of civilization. The cold is here and it will overpower you and what comes after that? This is resignation and you are worse than a coward.

You are through. . . . This is almost pleasant. Is this the peace, the ease you have been seeking all your life? No one to impress, no one to talk with, no duties. There is just you and your own body.

The toes of his feet were now coated with the shifting snow. Little drifts peaked against his body like warm brown sand. He hadn’t moved, he was just a dark blotch against the glaring whiteness. The sun beat down, but there was no heat. Just the clear, impenetrable cold.
So this is how it happens. You didn't kill yourself with fear. You were close to it but it didn't happen. It's cold, very cold, here. You must get to your feet. Start moving around. This cold is dangerous. Remember the survival manual. Oh God you're afraid again. It's bare here. There's nothing to see. Think of home then. Mary and the kids. She's fixing supper now. It's warm there—just think how warm it is and you're here where it's so icy cold and you're going to die. Not even time for a position report. Ha! that's funny. It'll be two hours before they miss you. It will be dark by then and they won't be able to find you. Two thousand square miles to search and you know that this cold will kill you before morning.

And this is how it ended. The man is no longer a man. This is the finish of him and he is worthless to the world. There will be ten thousand dollars worth of icy flesh here in a few hours, and that will be all. Whether he is a coward is important to no one except himself. When will he begin to be a dead man?

CLARENCE AMANN:

MUSINGS ON A GOLF COURSE

O green Elysian Field
Where I do ply my summer's play;
O soft and sun-lit sward,
Would I might forever stay
Upon this green where I am lord,
Or gaze away from yonder tee,
Hand shielding eye when sun is toward;
To view with frown or boundless glee
Where lights my swiftly flighted ball,
A glowing pearl in emerald sea;
To line a putt and see it fall
From cushioned green beneath my feet
And draw my partner's woeful call;
To hear an iron's humming sweet
And feel it thud against the sphere
When full and forceful they do meet . . .
No joy on earth I count more dear
Than this that makes an Eden here!

—BYRON
AN AMERICAN IDIOM
BOB CORLETTA AND LIONEL PONTES

When the first vague drumbeats of a new musical idiom rumbled out of the dark corners of the South, Mencken's 'Sahara of the Bozarth' was no more. In the rhythms of jazz the cacophony that is the modern industrial city found its artistic spokesman. At first this errant child of music was forced to take refuge in the dance halls and smoky clubs like a yelling, mewling, newborn child, and it was several years before the jazz artists were able to attract the serious attention of the cultural custodians of American society, and not merely its outraged gendarmes.

Through the Thirties not a single book concerning the new medium had been published in this country, and aside from a few rule-proving exceptions at Carnegie Hall, jazz had rarely been presented as a concert attraction. In the mass-circulation magazines the subject of jazz went virtually unmentioned. Advances were made slowly and hesitantly, but little by little this embryonic art crept out of the honky-tonks and found an established position on concert stages throughout the country.

Touring the country for many years with his "Innovations in Modern Music", Stan Kenton acquired a substantial following by portraying his personal feelings for jazz in screeching brass and flowing reeds. And from their association with Kenton, many 'sidemen' came into recognition. Some of these were Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, Stan Getz and Maynard Ferguson. All these jazzmen issued from the West Coast, and created a revolution in modern jazz that caused it to achieve a critical acceptance beyond that of early Southern jazz.

Serious music lovers began to look upon 'modern' jazz as an American complement to European classical music. Accustomed to visualizing in the symphonic violins the wind, birds, and general harmonies of nature, they hear in the drums of modern jazz the monotonous revolution of auto wheels, the roar of industrial machinery, the crash of metropolitan traffic. Like classical music, the free-swinging improvisational style of modern jazz may be at times as smooth and polished as old mahogany, yet in addition it has the nerve, vigor and spontaneity of contemporary existence. The melody is not always distinct, and may represent the whirr of rails or the drone of an airplane, the crashing of skyrockets or the boom of artillery. Jazz is in many ways linked with, yet fundamentally distinct from, classical music.

Jazz, a wild and wonderful example of the modern idiom, is exclusive to the United States. Despite our country's reputation for cultural aridity, who will question the fact that we have fathered a new art?

18

OUR ADOPTED SENSIBILITY
J. W. MILLER

Most men would have no character at all if imitation were impossible. Great and small portions of agreeable character traits are daily adopted by each of us from personalities that cross our path. To live is to desire, to envy, and to strive for perfection. After two thousand years of experience, civilization seems to have developed in man only one thing: the added capacity to receive impressions.

There is hardly an individual beyond a certain level of intelligence who does not spend his life searching for formulas or attitudes that will give meaning and unity to his life. The centuries of men that had their Plato, their Aristotle or their Pascal may have sat back in relief, in possession of a convenient pattern for living. But a century that has in it its midst the intricate philosophic attitudes of ninety generations of philosophers, theologians and poets, together with a system of communication that consistently bombards it with the thoughts and experiences of a thousand real and imaginary people, may spend a frustrated lifetime constructing a synthesis on which to live and act.

The intellectual person, he who orders his life by taking counsel with himself, almost invariably becomes dissatisfied with his life as he lives it. In this era of mass culture, everyone reaches maturity conscious of being the protagonist in that most important of life chronicles, his own. He has read so many works of biography, has been so conditioned by the experience of others through the visual arts of television and the cinema, that he has picked out patterns of behavior and ideal ways of living from these media, and decided to fashion his life progress within and towards certain desirable goals. As his life is lived, instead of accepting as natural each event that occurs, the individual is uneasy and frustrated because he himself does not react, or is unable to react, as 'expectant' socialization has led him to believe best. Too many persons today have 'created' the story of their lives and become the star in them, have created and planned their lives from unavoidable secondary representations of life.

Renaissance man thrived at the tail-end of an oral-culture, and we now exist at the head of a new one. There is little doubt that our intellectuals would rather talk, listen and look, than read. Marshal McLuhan, who once spoke at this college, reports that when he gave on identical lecture to four similar groups of students, each receiving it via a different media (television, radio, personal contact and written), and later tested them for recall, the retention was highest in this respective order. The omnipresent mass media—television, newspapers, magazines, books, records and the cinema, saturate mankind with a plethora of
pre-digested ideas and experiences, inducing most to conform to an ideal of intellectual and physical well-being, and confusing the few singular personalities by their very variety of possible modes of existence.

The God-given intellects of men have caused the birth of an external environment which equals in disunity the blind movement of their own minds. It is time for a few one-eyed outcasts in a country of the blind to renounce this creation, and by means of intelligent selection wean from their daily presence the pleasures, conveniences and bogus necessities that have made contemplation impossible, appreciation furtive, and existence a grotesque mockery of perdition.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO SHUN
FRANK ARGENTO

A cigarette will be made with a filter at each end.
England will refuse a loan.
There will be a TV first—an adult children’s program.
Someone will reach the moon and be greeted by John Foster Dulles.
"Wagon Train" will reach its destination.
Perry Como will run a four-minute-mile.
Ike will win the National Open.
Edward R. Murrow will visit Ed Sullivan’s audience.
A nationally-known brewery will brew a "wet" ale.
TV will witness a gunfight between Matt Dillon and Wyatt Earp using Colt 45's
at Club Oasis while Maverick and Cheyenne play Twenty-One before an audience of 26 Men.
There will be a new documentary TV program titled "Where Was I When You Were There."
A nationally-known watch company will make a pocket sundial.
Congress will investigate the sport of Tiddley-Winks as Big Business.
A nationally known soap company will make a soap that is more than 99 and 44/100% pure, that has flakes every color of the rainbow, and that with a little Morefoil will wash cleaner than New Tide.
Last but not least, someone will make the perfect mousetrap.