



THE IDOL

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Editorials

THE LAST HURRAH

Last year the Student Council appropriated two thousand dollars to have a scholar come and live on or near campus. In return for this money, the scholar would lecture, talk informally with the students, and thus contribute to the cultural atmosphere of the college. A committee was formed by the Student Council, and Dan Prigmore was appointed chairman. Among the persons suggested for the scholar position was Shelagh Delaney, author of *A Taste Of Honey*. The student body heard about the proceedings twice during the year. Shortly after an early progress report, the *Concordiensis* (in a front page bulletin) let us know that Miss Delaney would be unable to accept the scholar position. Miss Delaney was going to have a baby. The *Concordiensis* didn't mention if Miss Delaney was married or not. It was all quite funny. The subject was never spoken of again. Miss Delaney was left to her diapers, and the Council's two thousand dollars were unharmed.

This year the Council's tax committee has channeled the funds which would have been used for a Scholar-In-Residence into a proposed Symposium on political re-apportionment. This committee is now headed by Martin Jay who has the assistance of several faculty, among them Professor Ullmann of the English Department. With more faculty guidance the Council feels the Symposium will be a success.

The above information was gathered at the request of the Features Editor of the *Concordiensis* for a proposed article. While researching that article, I found out that the Student Council had allocated a thousand dollars in addition to the Symposium for a political debate during the coming year. I asked if the money couldn't instead be spent to allow several poets to come and read their partment, they didn't mind. They suggested the poet be fairly well-known. poetry. As long as I had a reasonable plan and the backing of the English De-Little-known men draw small crowds. We wouldn't want to embarrass the poet, would we? After speaking with these Council members, I went over to the English Department and asked for suggestions. Several names were mentioned, reassuring gestures were made; and they didn't mind at all.

Last spring The Academy of American Poets suggested and put up half the money for the poetry reading of Galway Kinnell here on campus. In an introductory letter, received by Professor Weeks, the Director of the Academy outlined her plans for a mid-Hudson poetry circuit:

"I am enclosing a mimeographed description of a poetry circuit and of how it operates. I might add that the purpose is to link colleges together in order to provide them with the benefits of a group rate. Any one of the poets mentioned above (Robert Duncan, Robert Creeley, Galway Kinnell) would be entitled to charge a large fee for a single appearance which, combined with transportation (Messrs. Duncan and Creeley come from California and New Mexico respectively) would make them prohibitively expensive. By means of the circuit's collective invitation, students receive the opportunity of hearing and talking to American poets whom otherwise they might only know through books or courses on contemporary poetry.

"Of course the question to be asked is whether colleges in the mid-Hudson region would like to constitute a poetry circuit. I already have evidence of interest from some of the colleges close to New York City, and I shall hope to discover similar interest from those farther away. Primarily we hope that Union College will help support the circuit . . ."

What Happened?

Aaron Rutherford III

IN THIS ISSUE

Eight of our contributors appear in the *Idol* for the first time: Daniel F. McLister, winner of honorable mention in last spring's Academy of American Poets contest, is represented by two intricate pieces of verse. A. Rutherford justifies his existence admirably. Stephen Granger contributes with a simple pastoral. Robert Milder contributes an essay on existentialism which won some praise from Prof. Kurtz. Peter Blue, a member of Prof. Gado's Creative Writing course, makes his first appearance with an untitled poem. Charles Nunzio and Ken R. Wilkes make good representatives of the new freshman class with two poems and an entertaining sketch respectively. And Wayne Franklin submits a poem on one of the major problems of any age — communication.



Williams

The Visit

BY DANIEL A. WELLS

The house that she left was cold. The streets that she trod were dimly lit, yet a consolation. In the streets she was between two worlds. In the gray. Soon she would be at her sister's. Crab grass and dead leaves clawed clumsily past her legs until the quick corner and the white gate made that soon now.

At first the bright light hurt her eyes, but she smiled. She was late and the children would be in bed. It was better for her when they were in bed, though she liked them very much. Mary made her look at them. Mary always had her look at them.

From the doorway she watched in silence, while Mary straightened the bed-covers. Then the Mother knelt by the bed to say a prayer. It was so nice. It was all worth coming for, wasn't it?

The ritual completed, the sisters chatted over coffee. Mary talked most of the time. That was fine. Mary has nice things to talk about. But Mary said she was lonely when Jim was away. It was good, she said, to have Julia to talk to.

Eventually Mary got around to asking if Julia was lonely. She always asked that. Mary said that if she were Julia . . . but she always says that, too. Mary asked Julia how she could stand it; Julia said that she had gotten used to it. Then Mary said that it must be easy without the extra work. "You are lucky." She said that, too.

The visitor rose. It was time to leave. She had had a long day, and still had a long walk ahead. Mary offered her the chance to stay for the night, but she refused. She gathered her heavy coat closely around her and left. Her eyes watched the ground as a brisk wind picked up. The eyes began to water, as dead leaves struck her legs.

The Painting

BY ROBERT W. CLINTON

Night's trees stood up,
listening to a peculiar
disturbance
in a dwarf of bushes
close to the melting edge
of a blue-dark river
that burped quietly
to the star-branded sky.
Tiny laughter dripped across
the rolling grey grass
down the slow slope
to the haunted shallows
of the sand-faced river,
lying there on cresting sand,
embers in a dying fire.

Night's trees stood up,
raising their furry bosoms
to the sweet breezes
of the moon.
The fog-strewn wind
clasped bushes — fans
for the heated and panting
earth, cooled by the
gentle rush of air through
the long and silken grass
whispering to the sky.
The river strolled by,
painting on its sand
floor in long and shifting
strokes, ridges and valleys
of soft and rolling sand,
melting and dissolving
in upon the shore.
The cloud-caped moon
crept upon the brow
of the sky, a nun's
face, mirrored weary and
serene among the stars.

Night's trees stood up
and watched the
tiny wavelets of the river
clasp the moon's reflection
in a tender fondling
for a second, and then
fade to watered chaos.

Somewhere, dark amidst
the huckleberry beneath
the trees, lay a bit of love,
warmed by the smallness
of a smile, still in the
stealthy night; a touch
of hand on hand slowly
ignited quiet passion,
a flicker in the wet wonder
of the damp leaves.

Night's trees, warm in
wealth of moist soil,
and not yet cynical,
sighed the wind through
green-leaved luxury.
This somber nightwatch
gazed down to
the brush below,
sensing, feeling the
silent tremors of
the earth,
feeling the hesitant
but desperate pulse
of the painted ritual
before them . . .
felt hands soft upon
a night-clothed
maiden's windy breasts . . .
felt the symphony of
movement, of caress,
crescendo of the broken thread
that twined among the stars,
and lay in golden sleep
among them.

Night's trees arose,
their aching limbs
stretched windward,
flaming veins cooling,
and, shaking dew out of the
pockets of their leaves,
rested once more,
feeling memory sink
deep into the ground
beneath, sprinkled with
moon-thoughts of nights past.

To the Ernest Hemingway who died in the '20's

BY AARON RUTHERFORD III

(on reading *A Moveable Feast*)

The sawmill seemed a slight thing then,
when you could read the French trees
from that window with red-haired Hadley
kissing your heart and the child
blond Mr. Bumby getting more love
than even Christopher Robin.

You listened to people then, Ernest,
that time talking to Gertrude Stein
with your wife along on a green coffin
cushion and the poetess eating her
horse's face, laughing all the while
that love is a rose, is a rose, is a rose . . .

but it was too nice for the runaway war
inside you, so you turned the rain in the
Paris streets to other people's tears
and sat in cafes where their green eyes
called you beyond the coming fall
to another woman's love.

Chess Monarch

BY CHARLES NUNZIO

Down
thumped the ignorant
left foot . . . clumsily
embedding the king in woolen pile,
dyed and deep.

A smothered snap releases him.

Ill-repaired, his court mocks his crooked crown;
only castle walls are cold stone to his
awkwardness.

BY PETER BLUE

If love were the pole
With which I pry loose
The larger pasture rocks
And send them thudding
Down the hill
To join their neater neighbors,
Then my labor would
Be the easier
And the spring breeze
Which cools my mind
Better received.
But these stones
Do not give up
Their vigil without
A fight, leaving me
Out of breath
To lean upon my weapon
And watch my foes retreat.

An Attempt to Communicate

BY WAYNE FRANKLIN

Old man, passing by, are you as real to yourself
As I to mine? Or are you nothing real,
And essenced only in my eyes?

Answer me, old man, speak!

For if you are nothing but excitation
Upon my optic nerve, I shall forget you with a wink.
But if you can speak, can make me sense you
By your words, not hitting merely on my drums,
But sounding deep within my brain,
Then I can know you as myself.

But if you cannot reach me, keep passing, as all men do
You forgetting me and I forgetting you.

Playing the Role

BY KEN R. WILKES

A very funny thing happened to me, honestly. I was sitting in this very dumpy bar when all of a sudden I heard one of the decrepit old barmaids say something about going to the "little girls' room." It killed me. It really did. Mostly on account of I was reading this book, *The Catcher in the Rye*, and in it this guy Holden Caulfield said something about how he almost puked and all when he heard this one very ugly girl say the exact same thing. The funny part was though that when I was reading this book and everything I didn't think it was so damn humorous. I really didn't. For one thing, in my whole life I never once heard someone say anything about a "little girls' room," honestly. Anyway, there I was sitting in this perfectly revolting place thinking about old Holden and how terribly boring he thought it was when someone said very corny things like "little girls' room" or something. Boy, was it depressing. I swear to God it was.

The reason I was there in the first place was because I was supposed to have a fight with this guy I'm not on such hot terms with anymore. I mean it wasn't that I was hiding out or anything, I just thought I might as well get in a pretty rotten mood if I was going to have a fight and all. So that's just what I was doing. Sitting there and getting rotten and depressed and everything. I really was too, if you want to know the truth. After about ten years of sitting on my ass and trying to decide if it was smarter to hit him first like Jimmy said, on account of the guy was so much bigger than me, or let him throw the first punch and then beat his brains out because I was a minor and he was almost twenty, that way the Law was on my side even if he should get killed or something, I figured it was about time to leave. So what I did was I got into my car and went over to Nathan's. The reason I went over there is mostly since it's one of these huge hot dog places where half the world practically lives day and night, and I damn well knew old Craig, that's the guy I'm supposed to fight, would be there. Boy, was I ready to mix it up. On account of I was feeling so lousy and all. I mean it. I really was. Feeling lousy, I mean.

Anyway, I was pretty sure he'd be at Nat's pretty soon because the Mascot, that's a bar in Rockville Centre where the other half of the world is until about 12:30-1:00 A.M., was just about starting to empty out. He was at the old Mascot, all right. Then I sort of got to thinking how I ought to make my move on this guy Craig, if you know what I mean. Should I say something like "Well, fellow if you want to know the truth I don't want to fig . . ." and as I'm finishing the word "fight" belt him like a madman right in the old gut, like Gary said, or say the same thing but smash his face, like Jeff said, or not fight the phony-assed bastard at all, like Bonnie said. People are always telling you what to do. I swear to God.

So there I was standing in front of Nathan's which isn't too gorgeous or anything, for God's sake. I mean I think they pay guys to walk all over the place and puke and take leaks and everything. I really do. Then all of a sudden this guy I sort of know, Harold, came up to me and started saying hello. I was just standing there and he walked over and started talking and laughing and all. Boy, was I sore. If there was one thing I didn't need it was some guy coming up to me and starting talking and laughing and all. What really drove me ape was I didn't hardly even know him, if you know what I mean. Whenever I did see him it was only on account of he was with someone I really knew quite well. You take a guy like this Harold and they're always saying hello even if you don't even know them.

Anyway, what I did was I decided to go sit in the car because it was pretty depressing standing around the front of a pukey place like Nathan's and having to listen to a lot of guys you don't know saying hello. Then something happened that's happened to me about ten million times since I was little, I saw another goddam shooting star. Wow, did I turn into a lunatic. If there's one thing I can't stand it's seeing a shooting star, honestly. I must have seen every one of those damn things since the beginning of time, for Chrissake. And every time I see one either there's no one around to say "Yeah, how about that," or whoever's with me thinks I'm just trying to make conversation or I'm shitting them or something. It's sort of funny, in a way, but, boy, I could spit blood everytime it happens. Don't even mention shooting stars to me. Really.

Just being in the parking lot and having to watch all the smelly creeps with their babes going in and out of a hole like Nathan's kind of made me sad. Mostly since it made me start to think about good old Anne. I must have told you about Anne before. Well anyhow, I'm crazy about this girl, so help me. Anne is really sweet. She wears a camels' hair skirt and a flower-print blouse with those black flats, the ones where you can see the toes' impressions because the leather gets crumpled and looks like wet but almost dry cardboard. Sexiest kind of shoes in the world, in a way. She's got long, light-brown hair swept to the shoulder and a very ghost-like white complexion. Her legs float over the ground whiter than the face through the sheer nylons. Curved, soft limbs with fleshy calves and blond-fleeced thighs, perfect. I want to go out with her so bad I get sick just thinking about it, for God's sake. I've liked her for a long time now too, no fooling. I even once wrote a composition about her for English. I swear I did. My teacher said it was excellent and she wanted to see if she could get it into our literary magazine, but she wasn't too sure she could account of some obscene sort of stuff that was in it. I didn't tell her it was about a real, live person that I knew, of course. You could tell she sort of knew I was writing about someone I was fond of and everything, though. One thing is for sure, you can never fool a teacher whether it's a man or a woman and especially if it's an English teacher. I mean it. You take someone like an English teacher and you damn well can't fool him. You really can't.

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Good old Anne, she's the reason I'm having this swing-out with Craig. Well, one of the reasons. I mean it's like in history. There's always an immediate cause and an underlying cause. Anne, she's immediate; and intense hatred for this guy is underlying. How's that for a sophisticated analysis?

Anyhow, what I thought I'd do was, I thought I might go down by the Mascot and scout around, sort of. It sounds melodramatic as all hell but just the same it's what I thought I'd do. Then, all of a sudden, I saw this guy I'm pretty friendly with pull up. He's an all right fellow, but I really wasn't pals or anything with him. What I mean is he was the kind of kid you mess around with in class and stuff, he was kind of a classroom type friend. That's what I mean. So what old Joe did was, that's this guy, he came over and said something about Craig realizing he was wrong or something which is pretty funny because you'd never figure someone like this Craig ever admitting he was wrong, honestly. I damn near dropped dead when I heard that. I mean here I was hanging around a crummy place like this and feeling lousy for no good reason. I could have vomited, I really could have. It annoyed hell out of me. You just can't trust anyone to do or say anything, even a crud-faced moron like that Craig. In a funny sort of way I did feel a lot better though, if you want to know the truth. You take a situation like this and chances are things never go the way you expect. They just don't, that's all.

Story in Three Chapters

BY DANIEL F. McLISTER

Chapter I

"Do not cris-a-cross the grass!" the sign said,
"Or among the pretty flowers wabble!"
But she were a gilly girl and silly
And to a rose bed she bound, with rhyme:

"Hum-skitty, hum-skitty park through the city
Hum-pretty, hum-pretty milk for my kitty.
Sing-a-song, sing-a-song, green-y grass grows,
Laugh-a-song, Laugh-a-song out for a rose.

There!

Chapter II

To where it sat among its cobweb-webs,
All dirty, heavy dirty damp spawned spider.
In-at at in its' filthy down bed
There it saty fully bellied dawn damned spider.

In a Rose!

Dilly pettled, sit-it sat, sit-it sat,
In a rose dilly pettled sit-it sat.

Chapter III

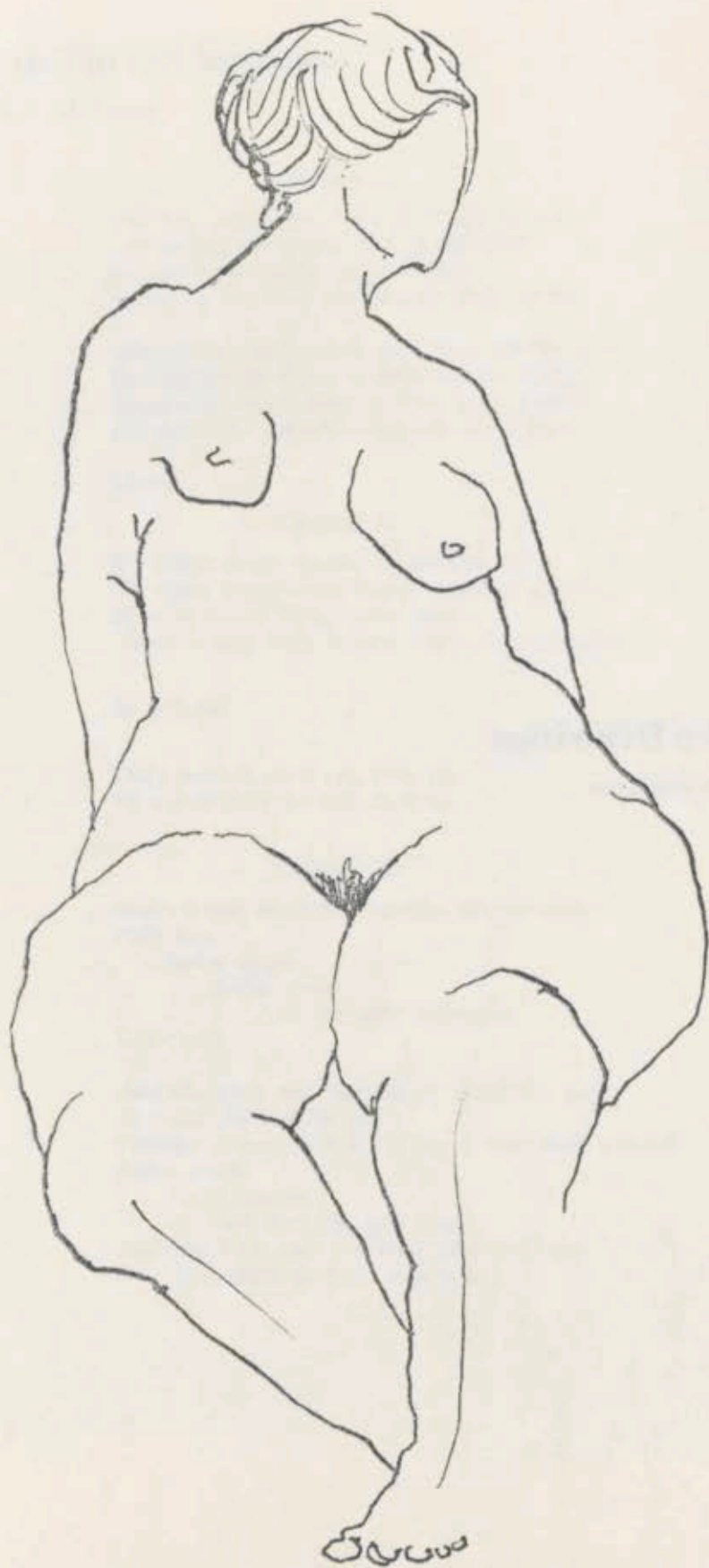
And-y down reached a thumb, silly thumb,
Pilly Pat,
 And-a finger
 And-a smile
 And the gilly little girl,
Little girl.

And the girly and the thumb (and her gum)
And the smile, pilly pat
Picked-y pretty, picked-y a pretty rose dilly pettled;
And-a Prick,
 And-a Scream
 And the gilly girl bled,
And she bled, and she bled, and she bled.
In a rose, dilly pettled, in a rose.



Three Drawings

BY REZ WILLIAMS





Williams



The Experience of Anxiety

BY ROBERT MILDER

Man is alone,
and that is where it all begins.
Estranged from nature,
midway between ape and god,
Man: the conscious ruler of his world,
a slave to his condition.
Man: the discoverer of reason and creator of civilization
who aspired to heaven
but somewhere along the way
saw that he could not make it;
and who tried to go back,
back to the Noble Savage,
but found that consciousness could not be repudiated
or awareness denied;
who turned to the world
to fashion out of the sordid materials of earth
a new heavenly city of golden pavements
and red-brick tenements;
who invented Progress,
which has led him:

To an age of anxiety
where science refutes revelation
and Freud subverts humanism;
an age of contingency
where two small buttons half a world apart
balance consequence and cataclysm,
where God is dead
and Man may soon join Him;
an age without a past,
with at best a dubious future,
where the question is asked, and no answer given;
where the world is silent,
and Man is alone with what he has created.

We are born, we live, we love, we die. We pass a man in the street and we know that he was born, that he lives and loves, and that someday he, too, will die. Yet he is not real, and somehow we all sense this. So we go on — nine to five, Monday through Friday — until one day we discover that we are dead, and then it is all over.

But somewhere in the course of those sixty years, the shadow falls, consciousness breaks in, and we are confronted by the eternal "why." And then all is silent, for to the question of existence we have no answer, no justification for being. We come to view our life with a new detachment, and in our awareness we place things in perspective — "the stage set collapses," and the pattern of our whole life assumes a profound meaninglessness against the backdrop of infinity.

And for the first time we realize that the man in the street is *ourselves*.

There is a sense of aloneness, of separation, of estrangement from the self. We ask: Who am I? and again no answer. For we are "strangers," alienated from

nature, from society, from our own being. We perceive the "absurdity" of existence, the conflict between the need and the reality, the potential and the actual, between "trends toward greatness and perfection and the experience of one's smallness and imperfection, between the desire to be accepted by other people or by society or by the universe and the experience of being rejected, between the will to be and the intolerable burden of being which evokes the hidden or open desire not to be" — in short, between what we could be and what we are. We sense our frightening impotence before the forces of nature and society and, above all, we sense the horror of our own impending death.

What is this gnawing uneasiness called anxiety? "Being aware of its possible non-being," says Paul Tillich. Ontologically, perhaps. But we do not live ontologically; and yet anguish and doubt are very much a part of experience. A better definition, also from Tillich, is fear without an object, the nameless dread that defies analysis and mocks reason.

Anxiety never confronts us directly; rather it is an unseen heaviness pervading our being. And as Tillich states, anxiety threatens from three directions: ontologically — the anxiety of fate and death, an awareness of the irrationality that is existence, of Man's contingency as a historical being, of his temporality, of his finitude; spiritually — the anxiety of emptiness and meaninglessness, the sense of having no final purpose, no ultimate necessity, the frustration of never being but always becoming; Morally — the anxiety of guilt and condemnation, the anguish of having to choose and act, the intolerable burden of responsibility and doubt, the eternal "Am I right?"

The experience of anxiety is not new, nor is it peculiar to the twentieth century. The Greeks felt it in the years before Christ; Luther was plagued by periods of despair and doubt. The theme of anxiety runs through much of great literature: Macbeth sounding the depths of emptiness and despair; Hamlet pondering freedom and choice, guilt and responsibility, fate and death, and always the underlying meaninglessness of existence; Raskolnikov confronting the void that is himself — the Nietzschean Superman, before Nietzsche, destroying the old tablets, mixing wax with blood, creating a new truth.

Anxiety is the universal constant inherent in the existential condition of man. And though Hamlet was intensely aware of his situation while Rosenkrantz was not, the latter, too, must have felt that dark uneasiness below the surface of consciousness: all men do.

Today, perhaps more intensely — certainly more extensively — than ever before, we sense this nameless dread; for as Tillich observes, periods of anxiety tend to coincide with the disintegration of established social orders. Man finds himself caught — caught between a crumbling past and an uncertain future, between the "anxiety of annihilating narrowness, of the impossibility of escape and the horror of being trapped" and "the anxiety of annihilating openness, of infinite, formless space into which one falls without a place to fall upon." One such period followed the conquests of Alexander; another, the decline of the Medieval Church. Today is a third: the transformation from a Christian world to a . . . what?

"God is dead," proclaims Nietzsche; and herein lies the foundation of contemporary thought. When Man had God, all was certain and secure: morality not relative, but absolute; meaning divine and eternal; death blunted by the immortal soul. But God is dead, and "Whirl is King, having deposed Zeus." The past: "a trap without an exit." The future: "an empty, dark, and unknown void." So here we stand, naked and alone, with nothing but ourselves. We are The Hollow Men, "our headpiece filled with straw"; we are the Ultimate Men, "no herdsman and one herd." No, that is not what we are; it is what we could

become. What saves us is consciousness — consciousness and affirmation.

"Everything begins in consciousness and nothing is worth anything except through it," said Camus. For Nietzsche, consciousness lies in the recognition of the death of God; affirmation, the force of life, the will to create. Man must abandon God and His "preachers of death," those weary sufferers who deny the world, who scorn life, who saddle man with the burden of old values and old ideas.

The camel is transformed to a lion, the lion to a child: innocence embracing the world and affirming life. A new "God" is born, and a new morality. Yet the new god must grow old and die, and the offspring of the child is the camel. The spiral of the three transformations becomes the cycle of the four; and all of history is but a circle, an Eternal Recurrence, directionless, meaningless. Zarathustra explains to the gnome on the mountain:

Must not whatever can pass have passed along this lane? Must not whatever can happen have already happened, be past and done?

And if everything has been there already, what do you think of this instant, gnome? Musn't this gateway — have been there already?

. . . whatever can pass, must pass once more into the long lane that leads forward!

And come again and run up that other lane, up that long, fearsome lane running forward — musn't we come back everlastingly?

Time is a circle. Stationary stands the individual while time flows through him, endlessly. What has happened will happen again . . . and again. What, then is the Superman but a vehicle of transcendence, a revolt against the herd, against smallness and self-abasement, meaninglessness and doubt . . . for it is through the Superman that the individual affirms himself and asserts his will to live, his right to create. And this alone can give meaning to existence.

But the way of the creator is a solitary one, and the assertion that overcomes meaninglessness can but heighten the sense of guilt. Zarathustra warns that would-be creator:

. . . Can you suspend your own will over yourself as if it were law? Can you be your own judge and the avenger of your own law?

It is terrible to be alone with the judge and avenger of one's own law . . .

Today you are still suffering from the many, you individual . . . Today you still have all your courage and all your hopes.

But someday solitude will weary you, someday your pride will cringe and your courage will set your teeth on edge, someday you will scream, "I am alone!"

Someday you will no longer see your elevation but your baseness all too clearly; your sublimity will frighten you like a ghost. Someday you will cry, "All things are false!"

To this, Zarathustra has no answer, for the way of the creator is a way of pain. But what else can a man do?

Nietzsche's transcendence is a limited self-affirmation involving a denial of Man's own nature. Zarathustra, climbing the mountain, is dragged down by the spirit of gravity, the dwarf that is in himself. He confronts the gnome: "It's I —

or you"; and with that he throws off the dwarf and continues on. Rather than affirm his own mediocrity, Zarathustra seeks to transcend it. So it is with the young shepherd who spits out the serpent: he cannot swallow "the hardest and blackest thing," he cannot accept his own nature. Transcendence is attained through the affirmation of greatness and the denial of mediocrity. And so Nietzsche "cures" anxiety by rejecting the terms of its existence.

To this extent his philosophy is, as Tillich points out, a "neurosis"; for while Nietzsche penetrates the depths of anxiety and non-being, his denial of the whole of Man's self must inevitably conflict with experience and confront the reality it seeks to evade. Here I point to Raskolnikov who, more than Nietzsche, symbolized the Nietzschean ideal, dragged down by the dwarf within himself.

For Tillich, then, the answer to anxiety lies not in transcending the self by affirming it: we assert our being in spite of the threat of non-being — in spite of guilt, in spite of meaninglessness, in spite of death. And the power through which this is accomplished is the "courage to be."

In form, the courage to be is twofold: the courage to be as an individual and the courage to be as a part. Yet the two are one, for "the courage to be as oneself is never completely separated from the other pole, the courage to be as a part."

In the courage to be as a part, the individual affirms himself as a member of the collective. Guilt becomes public and meaning is derived from the group. Even death is transcended, for the collective is eternal. In the Middle Ages, Man participated in the Church; during the Enlightenment, in Universal Reason. Today the collective is the herd: Communism in the East, conformity in the West. Erich Fromm states the philosophy of the collective in this way:

If I am like everybody else, if I have no feelings or thoughts which make me different, if I conform in custom, dress, ideas, to the pattern of the group, I am saved; saved from the frightening experience of aloneness.

But the collective cannot eliminate or lessen the anxiety of aloneness. It merely puts off or covers it up; but one day consciousness breaks in, and then it is felt all the more. For we will have surrendered our one weapon against anxiety; we will have lost our identity, compromised our self.

Yet neither can the sole reliance on the self suffice; for the courage to be as oneself, apart from the world, is an affirmation of nothing, of empty possibilities devoid of all content. As Tillich puts it:

Man can affirm himself only if he affirms, not an empty shell, a mere possibility, but the structure of being in which he finds himself before action and non-action. Finite freedom has a definite structure, if the self tries to trespass on this structure, it ends in the loss of itself.

... "The structure of being" ... the ground of existence — what are they? : the God that transcends the god of theism, answers Tillich, the power of being in which we find the courage to be a part. But how can we know this power of being when all is emptiness, despair, and doubt? We cannot, and so we must have faith — faith in the power of being-itself. And it is through faith that we find the courage to be, to "accept oneself as accepted in spite of being unacceptable," to affirm our being in spite of fate and death, emptiness and meaninglessness, guilt and condemnation, to assert "the hardest and blackest thing," to acknowledge anxiety and embrace doubt. Like Zarathustra, we are transfigured, for the act of negation is a positive one, the act of accepting meaninglessness a meaningful one.

Tillich takes the leap; he has faith — intuitive, unjustified, unjustifiable. Camus says of the theistic existentialists:

Through an odd reasoning, starting out from the absurd over the ruins of reason, in a closed universe limited to the human, they deify what crushes them and find reason to hope in what impoverishes them.

This can be applied to Tillich.

The existential psychology is realistic appraisal of the human condition, a valid description of what cannot be denied. To root this analysis in ontology is to place it on shaky ground. The existence of anxiety is a fact; the existence of God is not. To affirm our existence, must we postulate a transcending unity, a ground of being? Must we take the leap . . . ?

No. Rather, as Camus suggests we must abandon hope, we must live for — nothing. For only in a world without God can life have meaning; only in a world without purpose can Man be free. And if life be but a horrendous joke, we must share in the joy of laughter. We must accept our fate and defy it; we must assert anxiety and affirm life in spite of it. There is no escape but in confrontation, no joy but in scorn:

"One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

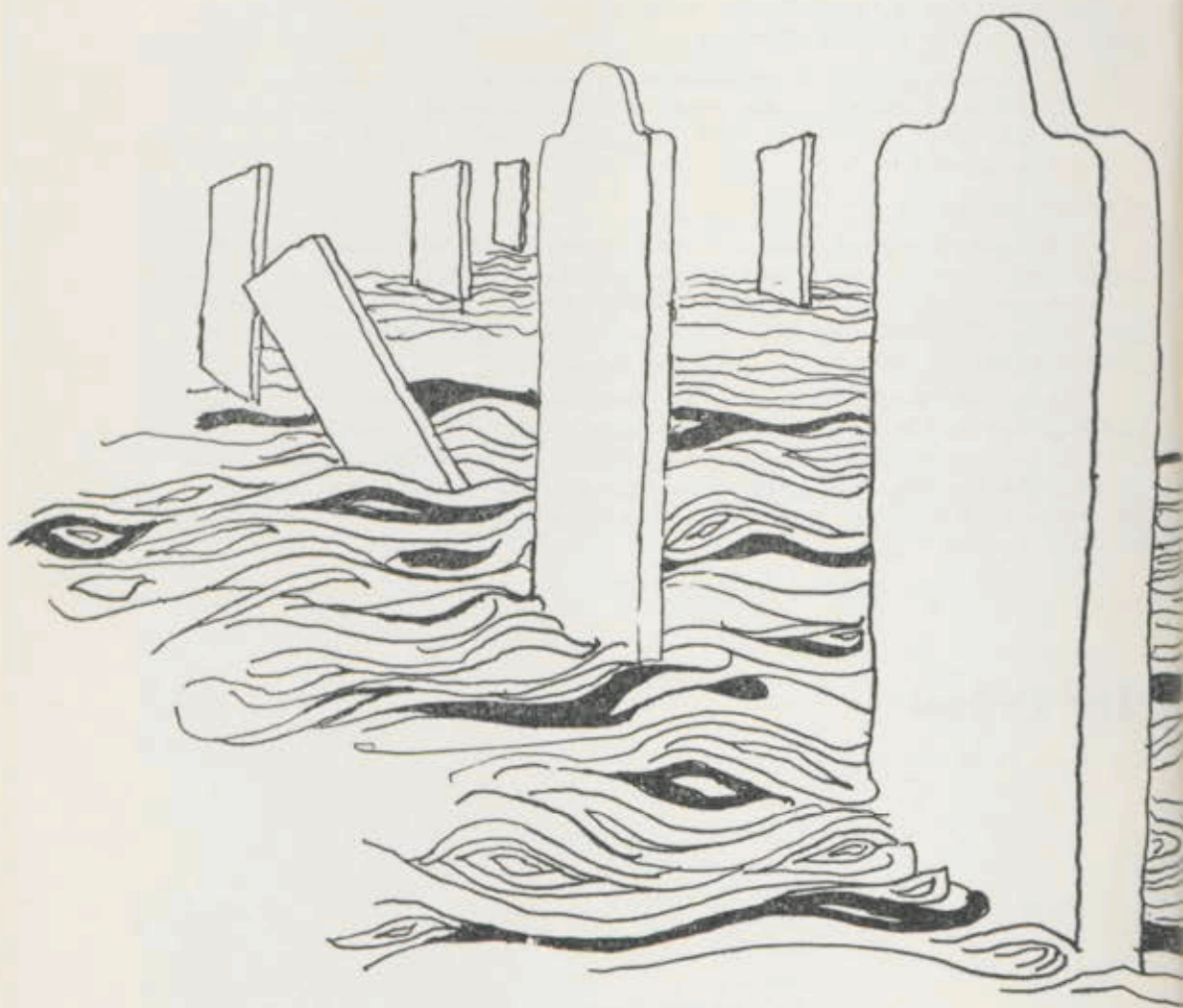
The Pedant

BY MILES P. JENNINGS

Prolix in nature,
Grand in style —
Arrogant bombast
Feeds his file . . .
Multisyllabics
Is is forte —
And impressionables
Does he court.

Weaned of Thesaurus?
No such thing.
To its posh leaflets,
He must cling . . .
Clear, curt expression
He aborts;
And, with fleur-tainted verse,
Cavorts.

Narrow-mindedness
Limits his ken —
Trivial prejudice
Inks his pen . . .
In bones of nonsense
Lies his pith;
In groves of Academe,
His only grith.



From Greenmount Cemetery

BY RODHAM E. TULLOSS

Leaves make inquiry
 Into my death, whispering lispings
 stones in my tomb;
or chancelings may,
 as if to test the
 ripeness with a thumb,
impress the mound of clay
 where fruitless, pixilated
 trees can root and finger
and the worms applaud
 the empty breath, the loam,
 the silent singer.

This marble marks
 my moments on the earth;
 and grasses make
the movements for
 my green life
 in it; the flocking pebbles
wonder at the moon-white order of
 the bars that mark the empty cage; and winds
 bear off the ashes of the fire,
the rust, among the trees
 that implement the dust of
 what was once the animal entire.

Of Mountain

BY DANIEL F. MCLISTER

I was speaking of mountain by Bough Broken Brook,
East Mountain, west face, mountain-by brook.
But in thee this cover-dark limb's
valley tangle.
Now's not mountain, but wriggle, struggle,
or strangle.

And of speaking of mountain by mountain, by mass,
I left to my eyes lift longingly up;
But thee, those thicks of leaves were leaved
of nettle grass,
And on my back their pains sprinkle down
came always up.

It was then of speaking by Bough Broken Brook,
Of East Mountain, west face, on broiling brook,
That the valley were valleys, hot tangle in
twist,
That soft down by pain came mightier hills,
riper kissed.

On to Thy Darkening-Wakening Way

BY DANIEL WELLS

On to Thy darkening-wakening way.
Mind that was mine, lacking hope, as if dead,
Hears nothing, sees nothing. Damned be each day.

Horrible blackness, why, God, must I stay
Here without light, left back blindly to tread
On to Thy darkening-wakening way.

I had a heart, nay, a soul, that was gay,
Writhing with wildness—but now this greyed-head
Hears nothing, sees nothing. Damned be each day.

Damned. Oh my Lord, endless eons I pray
This forsaken sin-laden soul be sped
On to Thy darkening-wakening way.

Light. Is that light? Simple glimpse gone astray.
World whirling head swimming wild in its dread
Hears nothing, sees nothing. Damned be each day.

Nothing, — light, — day! Nothing's truth from dismay!
Onward to Thee glides my soul, being led
On to Thy darkening-wakening way,
Hears nothing, sees nothing. Damned be "each day."

Haiku

BY CHARLES NUNZIO

Snowflakes, speckling me
with white crystal, alas, they
have me out-numbered.

Three Sketches:

Evening, Night, and Meadowlight

BY STEPHEN GRANGER

Shadows of willow shiver; spars
Whisper, drift on the snow,
Lit by a moon,
Seen by the stars.

Strangely serene
This calmness lies.
Time rests.

Call of an owl, mournful . . . no,
It is only the tree
Calling its leaves
Lost long ago.

Still cries weary
Through the air; weary,
And are still.

Snowflowers fall, no noise, silence reigns;
Soft now, now thick,
A new icing
Showers, now wanes.

Crystal frost
Shines the tree.
Peace remains.

SIXTEEN-LINE INCANTATION OF THE SEASONS AND SOLSTICES
(Being Written After Reading *The White Goddess* and Being Dedicated to
Clayton Keller and Mrs. Nancy Scully.)

BY RODHAM E. TULLOSS

I am the star-eyed crab or Cancer,
hump-backed fiddler, spring's end dancer,
the egg blue sky, the green entrancer,
the hammer's blow, the new hill's answer,
colt and cock and calf-wind lowing,
daisied grave, the river flowing,
core of base metal, surface glowing,
the bricks and slime, and Babel growing.

I am the goat or Capricorn,
the harvest house, the righteous horn,
the whistling crow in the wind-slain corn,
the first of winter to be born,
the windcock, hayrick, philosopher's stone,
the gnawing dog, the empty bone,
the scythe, the blade, the farmer's hone,
the Jericho walls and Joshua tone.

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