"If you seek the kernel, then you must break the shell. And likewise if you would know the reality of nature, you must destroy the appearance, and the farther you go beyond the appearance, the nearer you will be to the essence."

Meister Eckhart (1260-1327)
PURPOSE

Americans live under a big blue sky in which a daring sky-writer has placed in big fluffy white letters, the word PURPOSE. There it floats, far above, shielding those in its shadow from a brilliant burning sun that is glowing in the East.

Purpose? What is it? Purpose is the scorched earth policy. It is loving and believing to such an extent that self—and the possessions of self—are forgotten, ignored, or deliberately destroyed in an all-encompassing drive toward great achievement.

Some people, nevertheless, exist without it. No one may say, however, that a man without purpose is useless. The raw material of revolution is men possessing little purpose. Men without it are like tools that never rust. Purposeful leaders are always waiting to use them.

Americans have purpose—theoretical purpose—so much, in fact, that it confuses them. They have national purpose; institutional purpose; and, last, but never least, in a land of Yankee individualism, personal purpose. Besides, all Americans agree that they have purpose: it is their purpose to keep America a great nation. On this they are in accord as they refuse to work on vital defense projects until they are paid a few more cents an hour. People professing to be staunch believers in the religious principle of tolerance propose to exhibit democratic tolerance to the world. However, they have a great deal of difficulty in agreeing just how far the rights of human beings who are not of their own racial stock extend. Students, who propose to become pillars of their nation, drop out of college at the rate of fifty percent annually when faced with the necessity of forcing themselves to work. Americans possess a tremendous amount of purpose until it becomes time to sacrifice self.

Ah, but why fret? It is cool in the shade of the great cloud of Eastern purpose. However, when the sun's rays begin to penetrate, it may be too late to develop resistance to their heat. Some types of sunburn cannot be healed with baby oil.
ON W. B. YEATS

The flame strikes out,
licks the tired brain
And excites it to new
unprecedented heights.

The man is desiccated
but his soul still
Struggles to capture
the mood of Grecian flights.

What stubborn soul is this
that will not relent?
Shall we of weaker will
with like intent be bent?

Listen and heed the words
of a troubled but mighty man.

Billy Newman

Mary Jane Goas

Eugene Bianco

THE DUTY OF THE ARTIST

Man in the twentieth century is caught. He is standing between
a past drained of meaning and a future menaced by his own
mechanical invention—the bomb. It is hard for the common man
to bear the load of a dead past and an imperiled future; it is
worse for the artist who must express the frustration of a world
lost and speechless, where men know two overwhelming forces:
a desperate loneliness and a hatred for hypocrisy in an era of the
hollow word. It is the function of the artist to speak, sensitively
and effectively for inarticulate mankind. It is his duty to give man
eyes to see himself in his world and power to visualize a better
future.

The work of the artists of the day rests by the signpost of nihil-
ism. Current writers show to man the chaos of his world. Albee,
Ionesco, Genet, and Beckett see man as the self-deluder. The lone-
liness of the individual, the hypocrisy of the social set, the violence
of man are the themes of today’s amorphous literature, which, by
losing form has, in one respect, reflected the chaos of the modern
world.

The common man, however, continues to live in that chaos and
walks the streets resigned to his fate. The artist who gave him his
first glimpse into a disordered universe walks by his side, refusing
to look deeper. In the writer’s failure to look beyond a non-anthropo-
centric universe, beyond uncertainty in universal activity, beyond
the death of spirituality lies the present problem. The artist, the
giver of sight, has blinded himself to one inner reality—the inner
reality. He has depicted the anger, the loss, the confusion of man.
He has employed a one-sided, thoroughly negative approach. He
has guided his fellows halfway, leaving the soul of the world—
man—to rescue himself, deluding him into the belief that there is
no way out of chaos. It is not man the modern world must mourn;
it is the artist who must be accused for not prying man’s spirit fully
open.

The artist has failed because he has donned the smoked glasses
of cynicism, refusing to look directly into the soul of man, where
hope is to be found. Hope can flame within only when man, stim-
ulated by artistic vision, nourishes it. Finding its origin in man himself, it is the answer to outer chaos.

This inner reality deserves study, appreciation, and proclamation if men are to realize great things for humanity. Only when the artist fans the dormant hope in mankind, when he ennobles man by telling him what he possesses within, will he bring order out of chaos, will he build for a strong future. Responsibility for the future—with or without the bomb—depends solely on man. The turmoil in his mind as he faces the blind, impersonal forces of nature is to be limited or increased according to his behavior. "If man wants a better world, he will have to be a better person" is the warning of the prophets. To show man that he is capable of stepping toward the ideal of a better self—and so to a better world—is the duty of the artist.

Frieda Keller

ESCAPE!

He woke up. He couldn't remember having gone to sleep. His eyes wandered over the room, and he realized that he recognized nothing. The bed was not his, and he had no idea where he was. He put his hand to his head, aware that he had a headache such as he had never had, slowly recalling that the night before he had felt himself breaking under the pressures of his job and home. He had decided to escape for a while, driving his car without a destination. It seemed as though he had driven all night through the midwestern countryside.

Being able to recall no more, he decided to find out where he was, then get directions back. He had a rather important conference that afternoon at three. He walked out of the bedroom and down the hallway.

"Quite a house!" he thought. "I wonder who lives here and what their reaction will be when I appear for breakfast."

He glanced in the doorways as he proceeded down the hall but felt the presence of no one. The beds were made, and the rooms looked neat. He came to the bathroom before he reached the stairway and went in to wash up. As he stood before the mirror examining the lump on his forehead and the various bruises on his arms and shoulders, he noticed three tooth brushes and glasses lined up on the sink. He decided that the inhabitants were probably a young couple with a small child. As he turned on the water, he was con-
The frustration and lack of life were starting to get on his nerves, and he felt panic creeping through his being. Anger mixed with the panic and he screamed, “Where am I?” as loudly as he could.

Silence. The silence was driving him mad! He screamed again, but the quiet that followed was unbearable.

He ran out of the house and down an alley until he was so out of breath that he sat on a curb to rest a moment. He glanced around, glad to see that he had entered a rural shopping center. The stores seemed to be ready for business, for the lights were brightly glowing and the doors open. He went into a men's shop, noting that there was very little merchandise as he waited for a salesman to come. No one came. He went into the next shop, and the next—there was no one. The silence was terrifying. Once more he started to run; but, where was he running?

He heard a noise. What was it? He stopped and listened very intently—the silence was penetrating his mind. He heard the rasp again! It was a scratching, unusual sound; but he was wildly hoping that a human was the cause of it. It was coming from a small diner across the street. He raced to the door and stopped on the threshold to listen. The sound was coming from behind the counter. He approached cautiously and looked up and down the narrow aisle. His excitement faded. It was a cat pushing a can that once had held salmon across the floor. The animal ran hurriedly through the back door on hearing the sound of approaching steps. Then it occurred to him—not only were there no humans, but this animal was the only life he had seen, other than the grass and trees, which were perfect and beautiful.

Fear overtook him once more, and he ran out of the diner, jumping galvanically when the noise of the slamming door made the silence seem to echo all around him.

He leaned against a parked car and lighted another cigarette. After opening the door of the car, he sat down to decide what he could possibly do. His eyes fell on a shiny bit of metal on the seat. He picked it up. It was the ignition key! Excitement made him fumble, but he slid into the driver's seat and turned on the switch—the motor started! He released the brake and raced down the street, pressing the accelerator as far down as it would go.

He drove toward the desert. In three or four minutes he noticed an airplane flying overhead. He glanced up, saw a bomb falling toward the earth, and screamed in horror. He, in that instant, forever escaped the pressure from which he had fled. The shadow of a cross fell across the sand—it came from a sign which read: "DANGER! ATOMIC TESTING SITE".
THE ASH TRAY

One day I lit a cigarette
And crushed it in a tray,
To watch its burning embers
Grow cold and fade away.

I thought how like the ashes
The dreams I used to hold—
Extinguished in life’s ash tray
Like ashes gray and cold.

Irma Spector
NOT BY BREAD ALONE

VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV, (New York: Dutton, 1957)

Linda Rogers

Vladimir Dudintsev, who was born in the Ukraine and graduated from Moscow Law Institute, has written a novel which will probably stand with the best in Russian literature. His book is the most daringly outspoken since the relaxation of government controls which followed Stalin's death. The exposé of Russian society through the opposition met by his main character, Lopatkin, a physics teacher turned inventor, goes beyond mere criticism and hits at the whole Soviet system.

Dudintsev weaves a tale of intrigue around his rather unsuspecting Lopatkin to show the unsurmountable problems an individualist faces in the Soviet Union. He explains through the thoughts and actions of Lopatkin's opposition that in Russia there is a society of self-centered monopolists running the bureaucratic government. This system is much the same as in the countries that Russia denounces as capitalistic and war mongering.

The bureaucracy in Russia puts so many obstacles in the path of Dudintsev's hero that Lopatkin becomes too much a martyr for his invention. In the same way Dudintsev's villains are almost too evil and his female characters too patient and forbearing. Character faults, loose construction, and a slowly-paced style detract from Dudintsev's message, which, however, can be plainly discerned.
Not by Bread Alone caused a great deal of furor among the Russian people who eagerly snatched up every copy available. The government, because the book hit at problems where criticism couldn’t be allowed, clamped more exacting restrictions on the writers of the nation. Because of the intense reaction within the country, people of other nations may consider the work creditable and study it for its social, economical, and political importance in today's uncertain world.

Bruce Hunsberger

SUPREME WISDOM

Sometimes
  i feel
    like
      a hollow chocolate Easter bunny——
        like
          nothing really
            with an ego shell around it.

Bruce Hunsberger

CATS

Felis domestica
Gives birth to
    and raises
      her young
Without once
Looking at
    or referring to
      any book
Written by some obscure
    little man
With a Ph.D. in pediatrics.

Bruce Hunsberger

REFLECTION

I remember a green sandbox with an awning roof
That sheltered little builders from the sun.
I would rage when in the heat of day
In the midst of play
My mother would call me home.
The sandbox is larger now.
There is no awning to cool my fevered brow
Or shade me from the blinding sun.
Oh, now how I long
To hear that dear voice call me home.
Mr. Marshall's little novel appeared in print in July, 1961; and, after reading a review of it in the New York Times, I bought the book for my own reading and for my fourteen-year-old boy to read. I hope that if we can read the same things once in a while, we shall keep some communication, that "loving conflict", as he grows into manhood. It happened to be a good choice!

Psychologists tell us that adolescence is a stage of life apart from all others; and, truly, in our civilization we are often cut off from our adolescents. From music to clothing to movies, the teenagers are catered to by almost inescapable commercial influences which lead them, and us, to believe that they are a group apart from all other society. They are in the news, the periodicals, the broadcasts; they are unpredictable, strange. We write papers and books of studies about them. Yet the fact that they must join us on the bigger stage and then, soon, take our places, makes it seem that we surely must have some characteristics in common at all times or stages of life.

Walkabout treats the theme of man's relation to man on the level of two civilizations which are more than a hundred thousand years apart. Three children are the representatives. Two are from our world, one is an aborigine from the Australian bush country. Two are teenagers, or adolescents.

Mary, twelve, and her nine-year-old brother, Peter, are the only survivors of a plane crash on the desert. Their lives are saved by "Darkie," the bush boy. Laughter is the language that enables them to trust each other. Peter's sneezes break the silence of the accidental meeting, and the bush boy's surprised laughter awakens an instant response in Peter. They laugh long and hard, and the bond of friendship is made. It is hard to say whether the sneeze is the omen of death for the bush boy. He does catch a cold from Peter and dies in a fever; but something else is responsible, too, for his death.

Mary is almost a woman. She has been brought up in a semi-Victorian home; her values, her ideas of what is "proper" and "good" are already deeply set. The nakedness of "Darkie" is somehow so wicked and shameful that she cannot prevent the scene which develops with such drastic results for "Darkie." The admiration he feels for her fair hair and white skin is neither bad nor unnatural in his mind. But Mary is horrified and he reads her hatred in her eyes. Among his people the look of fear and repulsion means only one thing: death is in him and looking out through his eyes. Then he will die. He is sacrificed in purity and innocence on the altar of western ideology, for Mary is the product of her world as innocently as he is of his. Too late the children reach some understanding—not by long reasoning or self-conscious meditation in either of them—but by instinct.

We cannot deny the grandeur of our civilization. No doubt the simple wandering existence of the aborigines is not good enough for man because he is capable of so much more in the way of helping himself to comfort. Still, the story arouses a longing in the reader for simplicity of spiritual and emotional life. Death is the enemy—no other. Young men, boys in our terms, meet the test of adaptation and survival alone by making a walking tour of the desert around them. If they return, they rejoin the tribe and take a wife. If not, then a weak one has been eliminated. But, and this is an important aspect, he has had a fair chance at a not-impossible task. "Darkie" was on his walkabout when he met the white children. He failed the trial—he did not return. Natural, innate sensitivity, a spiritual quickness or receptiveness brought him failure. We tend to believe that these are the best qualities in man. We say that they raise man above the animals. Is it possible that in our culture we have drifted away from the things we really believe are true and good? Children like Mary and Peter don't know what we believe. They know only that which we show them in the world we make for them. All else is mostly meaningless "grown-up talk" to them.

Walkabout is reminiscent of W. H. Hudson's Green Mansions in the use of nature for allegorical symbolism. It is a simple story that carries the reader on several levels and so can be read and enjoyed by young and old. Unfortunately, the allegory is not in favor with modern readers and authors, and Mr. Marshall's fine thought and clear prose may not find the large public that actually can appreciate them.
EQUIVOCATION

Sandy Robinson

How does one express himself?
Where is the door?
Is there a key to be twisted
Wrestling open the lock of silence?
There is so much behind the aperture,
So many thoughts impatient to burst through that portal.
Oh, that God had not forgotten to reveal
The combination for this lock
That condemns my soul to a state
Of tormented silence.

Passers-by can only gaze curiously at the facade
And pander upon what is contained within.
Behind the windows are shades tightly drawn.
Does the owner fear the light?
Why don't I raise the curtains?
  Lift the windows?
  Throw open the door?
What is the reason?
Do I fear the sun—its harsh contrasts of light and shade?
Is this what I am afraid to face?
Can it be that I prefer the musky halflight of my surroundings to
the gleam of truth?
How can this be?

God has blessed man with day.
He has assured him that
  The dusk of apprehension,
  The night of disappointment,
  The early morn of sorrow
Will be erased by the dawning
Of day once again.
Hail the morrow of truth!

Why then, realizing this divine promise,
Do I shrink from my deliverance?
Is it that I fear that the morning
Will also bring the fog and the rain?

Have the clouds in my atmosphere become saturated
With the moisture of despair?
It must be that my shallow faith cannot withstand the rain.
Do I not remember, though,
That with the rain comes a renewal of life?
How can my concepts grow
Without the waters of experience?
Bob (Oil Painting)
Sandy Robinson

Still Life
(Oil Painting)
Neil Dreibelbis
EPIPHANIES

Sandy Robinson

Condiments, condiments!
What would we do without adventures to spice our lives?
Ah . . . each adds a dash
Of salt or pepper to the platter of existence.
But careful there!
Not too much pepper, lest you sneeze!

Being loved is like wearing a new dress.
No one else may notice, but the thrill is there.
It helps you to hold up your head and walk straight.
Even if the dress is merely hanging in the closet,
The knowledge of its possession gives a woman
A vain sort of comfort.
Love is the only perfume or jewelry I need.
It is the diamond that sparkles in the eye,
The pearl that shows when a
Self-assured smile is flashed.
RAIN

I watched last night and saw it rain.
The waters washed the wasted earth
As if to say, "Come, live again,
I bring new life, new hope, new birth.

"I'll cleanse the maculate soul wherein
The sin-roots deepest grow—
Those on the surface—slighter sins—
I'll drown—remove—in my pure flow.

That offer, though, I should refuse:
Of it too much could be;
Such cleansing could become abuse—
In ruinous flood—catastrophe.

No! Though to be cleansed I feel desire,
I shall refuse the rains;
And there shall always be this fire
That on the wild earth flames.

Robert Arner

AUTUMN SKETCHES

Ilse Lauerson

In autumn moonlight
The old scarecrow
Has a companion . . .
His shadow.

Alas They have gone
But for memory . . .
On the pond
Floats a feather.

Dave Hartmaier
CINQUAINS

WINTER

So gray
A chill is felt
And winter's song is sung
By whistling wind
And snow.

Karen Anthony

RAIN

It falls
With gentle touch
Upon earth's grimy face
To make it fresh
And clean.

Karen Anthony

THE FROST

It came
In early morn
Like lace upon the glass
By winter made—
The Frost.

Karen Anthony

TREES

Golden in the light,
Soon the leaves will fall;
And who will remember
afterwards?
No one.

Anne Shields
THE FIRE

I saw a fire the other day:
It was a house that burned away.
(I say "away" for I can't agree
With one who don't agree with me.)

I said, with pity in my tone,
"Look! That poor house has burned down!"
He seemed not quite to understand:
My language was that of a foreign land.

"The house has not burned down," said he,
But it is all burned up, I see."
"Not it burned down," I said again.
"It has burned up," announced my friend.

Our tempers flamed like fire bright:
We argued till the signs of night.
That house burned up, or—could it be—
That house burned down, as it seems to me?

Peggy Hazzard
THE LETTER

Marilyn C. Nestor

The sun was shining brightly on that golden October morning. The air was brisk and chilly. The only sound on the whole mountain was the rustling of leaves. Once in a while a squirrel would scurry over the coppery carpet of fallen leaves, carrying nuts for winter storage. The weather was perfect for the hike.

Mary had been dreaming of the day for weeks. Now in only a matter of hours, she would be seeing him again for the first time since spring. With that thought, she felt a chill of excitement. The day just had to be a success, for it had started so perfectly. As she washed and dressed for breakfast, she wondered if he still remembered her . . .

In early May, when they had accidentally met at the ticket booth in the railroad station, she was attracted by his kind brown eyes; but she never expected to see him again. Suddenly, as the train had begun chugging down the tracks, he appeared, seating himself in the vacant seat next to hers. That two-day trip to Maine had been the most wonderful memory of her life. They talked about many things along the way.

"Where are you headed?" was Dave's first question.

"I'm working as a counselor at Camp Green on the Penobscot River."

"Oh, I've been there. That's a beautiful place. I'm sure you'll like it."

Dave was right. She was to discover she did like it there; in fact, she never wanted to leave.

Later in the day he told her, "You know, I belong to the Mennonite Church, too. The one that's in Dublin. Our Young People's Group has often had different activities with other churches in the area. Isn't it strange that we've never met?"

They talked about their vocational and educational goals, discovering they had similar likes and dislikes. Dave was like no one she had ever met before. He was handsome, charming, and
fascinating. As the second day drew to a close and they had to say good-bye at the dark, lonely station in Maine, Mary began to wonder, "Shall we ever meet again?"

Though Dave had Mary’s address, she did not hear from him although he lived in a nearby town. One day in September, she decided to get the mail after school. As she lifted the lid of the mail box, she noted a letter addressed to her and joyfully attempted to guess who had written it. Failing to recognize the writing, she opened the sealed flap and slipped out the letter. It was signed "Sincerely, Dave." Her heart skipped a beat. The only Dave she had ever known was the one she had met on the train.

Quickly she unfolded the paper and read the few sentences it contained:

"Dear Mary,

I just thought I’d drop a line to tell you that I am planning to go to the Young People’s Hike on October 22. Would it be possible that you are going also?

I hope to see you there.

Sincerely,

Dave"

Mary immediately answered that she would be going and that possibly they might see each other.

The day had come at last. The clock in the hall chimed one. The morning, it seemed to Mary, had been an eternity. As she glanced out of the window, she noted that the weather was still clear and bright. Once again she read Dave’s note. "Why did he write just this one short note? Will he be there? Why didn’t I write a more definite answer?" The minutes crawled. Finally, it was time to leave.

She walked hastily to the meeting place at a farm a mile down the road. As she drew near the old white house, her heart began to beat faster and faster. Soon she found herself standing in front of the picket gate. As she reached for the latch, she saw him. He was standing near the old hay wagon all alone. Slowly, Mary lifted the latch and pushed the gate open, one question in her mind, "Is he waiting for me—should I go to him or should I join the group?"

Her thoughts were confused and uncertain. As she hesitated, he saw her, their eyes met, and he smiled as he came toward her. Mary looked at the glory of the red and gold trees on the mountain and knew in her pounding heart that the day was going to be everything she had hoped.