the awful indifference of his environment. But whether or not it is done with this sincerely religious outlook, the confronting of reality and all its implications is the necessary prerequisite to seeking a meaningful existence. The problem of finding meaning in existence once one has confronted it is another matter to be dealt with if one survives the confrontation.

Sensation of a Dream
Michael Lamm

A round and around and around, down into a swirling black funnel. Movement was my devilish world. I never stopped once, but descended deeper and deeper, spinning faster and faster down a spiralling tube that had no bottom or top. When I closed my eyes, I was pinned mercilessly against the small raft I was on, feeling with my body the powerful spinning. With my eyes open, I saw nothing but endless walls of nauseating water, sliding me farther and farther downward. A queasy lightness gripped my stomach, and I vomited fire. Flames spewed out as I erupted, and in a twinking of an eye the water vanished.

From the unshaven derelict on the soggy raft, I entered the body of a great bird. Circling about a misty mountaintop, I caught glimpses of the land far below. It stretched out under me for miles and miles. Black forests in clumps, lush green patchwork for pastures, and grey, massive stone mountains came into view as I glided high above the world. A cold, strong wind blew from the north and held me suspended on my massive wings. Turning sharply, I dived with blinding speed down the mountainside. The wind whistled around me as I cut the air with my folded wings. Rocks and shrubbery blurred past as I headed faster and faster down into the valley. A small cloud was ahead of me. For an instant everything was white and smelling of morning dew as I cut through the white billows. The lush valley flashed into view. At two thousand feet I spread my wings to slow my speed. The valley floor sprawled below me in verdant plains and jagged rocks. A deep, blue lake twinkled in the morning sunlight. I realized with a start of fear that I was not slowing down, but going even faster! With all my strength I forced my heavy, cumbersome wings into action. Slowly, slowly I started to flap, but my wings were too heavy. I strained and groaned to pull my own weight to level flight, but I only screamed more swiftly toward the valley floor. With a violent force of mind, I urged my huge body up as I came within a few feet of the sharp rocks below. My talons were scraped by the stones as I glided with effort over the ground, still attempting to rise. But it was no use. I was defeated, pinned to the earth. Held by some frustrating force to the ground, every muscle in my great body strained to lift me into the air. I sped over the rocky terrain barely able to move my wings.
Finally the effort became too great, and I exploded out of the bird's body into a giant of a man, half the size of the earth.

In violent anger, I rent the world in half with my terrible hands. The whole earth groaned in agony as I dug my hands into the soft turf. Standing on the exploding halves of the earth, I used the planets to climb to the roof of the heavens. With my bony fingernails, I ripped a hole in the blue, satin roof. I pulled myself up through the hole, and found myself, giant that I was, squatting under an ant. I was frustrated beyond belief. I bellowed in rage, and everything turned grey.

Slowly I opened my eyes and found I was home again, in my own body. A sweet, spring breeze blew through the open window, and covers kept me snug and warm as I contemplated the alarm clock. I felt extremely rested. I rolled out of bed and meandered into the bathroom.

**After a Poem By T. S. Eliot**

Phyllis Gorfain

He was still a child when he came to college wearing the cross his parents had given him. They believed with a blind acceptance that the cross symbolized faith in salvation, in the ultimate exaltation of man. He was a child, but able to see. He was a child and did not fully perceive, but at least he could see: the cross to him, therefore, was not the symbol of faith and exaltation, but only of hope.

He had thought much as a child before he had entered college and had discovered he could not believe in the cross as his parents did. He found he could only hope in the silver cross which shone reflecting a light beyond itself; thus, the cross became for him a symbol of his hope to understand the Love, Truth, and Beauty he knew were beyond himself. He knew that these absolutes were beyond himself but he had hope, for he had been taught the greatness of Man.

So it was that a child who hoped to understand the Absolute came to college wearing a cross of hope. Soon he discovered that Love, Truth, and Beauty were even farther beyond him than he had thought previously. He saw that the absolutes were of a high knowledge and understanding which seemed attainable by only the wise. But he had not forgotten his lessons of Man's ability and greatness. Although the child knew that Love, Truth, and Beauty were there beyond him, he touched his cross hoping in the power of his mind. He was so filled with hope in Man that just the search for wisdom became his religion. The glory of the search for knowledge was still based on a conviction of the ultimate absolutes. The child was so hopeful in the search, so satisfied in just the process without a hope