

that other half?

Mendeleyev knew from the experiments of others of an assortment of chemical elements of various atomic masses, some with similar and some with varying chemical properties; where did the idea come from that they could be arranged in a table in order of increasing mass with elements of similar chemistry falling into columns? Mozart had a certain set of instruments capable of playing a certain set of notes; how was it that these became organized into the Jupiter symphony? Oedipus, king of Thebes, unwittingly killed his father, married his mother and blinded himself when he discovered these deeds; how were these facts transformed into Sophocles' powerful drama of a man in the grip of fate?

The world around the artist leads him half of the way to beauty, but for the other half of the distance he must guide himself. Religion is dead if it does not express the devotion of the believer. Music is empty if it does not convey the feelings of the composer. Scientific concept is probably useless if it does not come from the scientist's best understanding of observation. It is of the essence of beauty not only that it agrees with the facts of the world we live in but that it also comes from the soul of the artist himself; thus half of the criterion for beauty has no objective answer.

The creation of beauty is the task of man's activity; beauty conforms to the facts of the real world, and yet beauty is personal.

Heaven in Moderation

Clarice Noland

“HELL IS full of good meanings and wishings,” states George Herbert. William James expresses the thought in other words—“With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved.” In his short story “A Country Doctor” Franz Kafka's main theme deals with the ineffectualness of a doctor's good intentions because they are selfish and because the doctor unconsciously delights in his self-appointed role of the righteous martyr. The theme of the story concerns the alienation and frustrations of man in seeking to help others, and Kafka presents the idea that one often does alienate the very person one is trying to help. But do people want help? No, according to Anton Chekhov. Most people want illusions; they fear the truth. If one does not or cannot face truth, one is forced to create a framework which will not only shield one from the truth, but also allow one to fabricate new ideas and new ideals which will replace the dreaded truth. To achieve this Utopian state one must crawl back inside himself so that he is no longer bound to the outside world; he must sever all connections with it. As time passes and one is more and more embittered, one finds more and more pleasure in his fanciful heaven where he is God, the Almighty. Perhaps this individual did not mean to replace God; perhaps in the beginning or even now he would be horrified at the

idea of usurping the Lord, but he has or he will. Now it is "my will be done," and the person is omnipotent in his Shangri-la; he is everything and has everything which he felt he lacked in the outside world. In his little Elysian paradise he is handsome and brilliant; women throw themselves at his feet, and he treats them with the same scorn with which he thinks they regard him in the real world. Or perhaps he is the best magician or musician, novelist, journalist, artist or lover. In any case, he is supreme in his world, and here he has control—he decides cases, hands down life or death, exacts an awful revenge. This is his world and he runs it to satisfy his emotional needs. Gradually he becomes like an actor living the part he plays, and finally he is trapped, never to return from the tragic result of his innocent Walter Mitty complex. Call this state Olympus, Elysium, Valhalla, Nirvana, Heaven, or whatever you will, but it is the same state of illusion which overtakes all those who try to hide from the truth. E. M. Forster and Nathaniel Hawthorne both expounded the idea that man's greatest intelligence is intuitive or imaginative and that the greatest knowledge which man possesses is gained by an insight through the imagination. But surely this can be too greatly exaggerated. How much do people pretend? How much hypocrisy is there?

All of us live, to some extent, in an imaginary world. Little by little we may become preoccupied with thoughts of another person, of a much longed-for position or of a goal, and we may slip off more frequently into our dream world so that that for which we yearn may be realized, if only in our minds. After a long period of time the real and the imagined may become confused, intertwining and mingling so that we are not certain what is actual and what we have dreamed. One common example of this which almost everyone experiences at least once during his youth is the situation in which we become so engrossed in thoughts of a person whom we idolize, adore, and think we love that our image of the person becomes confused with the real person. We are shocked and deeply hurt when we at last discover the great differences between the real and the imagined. The impact of the realization of these differences may cause us to return to our dream world and to re-enter reality at increasingly greater intervals. Reality, at least some aspects of it, seems to hold some unspeakable terror for us that we must avoid at all costs. We run deeper and deeper into the inner recesses of our minds until we are lost. Is this the great intelligence that Forster and Hawthorne hold will be gained from the imagination? Is this the fate of all who dream of their lovers, of their cherished ideals, or of those who dare enter a world of imagination?

As is proved by the myriad of inventions, reverie can be a transitional step to the highest plane of creative thought, and imagination can unveil great ideas. The great poets and authors are also the great dreamers. But even as a thin line separates genius

from imbecile and love from hate, imagination can lead one upwards to the stars or cast one down into a mire of self-created sorrows. The imagination must be used in moderation, for as a drug or any medicine, too little produces no effect, and too much may be fatal, while the correct amount will bring desirable results. As in the old saw, "one must not let imagination run away with one." Used carefully and constructively and without the selfish motives of escape, rationalization or self-magnification, imagination may give man an insight of the universal truths. But the use of this faculty, held by some to be more precious than learning, must be careful. When people learn how to correctly use their imaginations to find greater truths instead of escaping truths, to find a greater knowledge and sympathetic understanding of their fellow man instead of searching for a Utopia in which to hide from reality, they will not fear the truth. People will no longer have any use for illusions, and man will not hesitate to help his brother, nor will his brother refuse his hand.

The Rains of April

Janet Newton

IT IS ALMOST April again. Already the rains have begun, the heavy dark rains that send the waves crashing against the rocks. The narrow beach lies crowded between the rocks and waves; and sometimes dark green shells, reeking of the mysteries of the ocean, are washed ashore. Each time I see a shell or hear the roar of the pounding surf, I begin to remember things I have tried to forget; they come back to me still in April. . . .

It was in April that Angie and I met for the first time—she, already at nine, tall and graceful with a promise of beauty, and I a small, awkward child with little to say. We often played on the rocks while the sea remained calm and the clouds were tired of weeping. When the waves came to life again and the skies forgot their weariness, I hastily departed for home, leaving behind a turbulent, angry sea. Angie, however, loved the stormy days and often stood on the cliffs overlooking the ocean, staring in wonder and excitement as the huge waves thundered against the shore, until there was no beach at all, only sea—everywhere the hungry, grasping sea. To Angie the sight was wild and wonderful, and she laughed at my childish fancies of watery graves.

The April we were seventeen found us once more on the rocks. The sun shone over the white beach, giving it a strange luster as if each tiny grain of sand were a pearl, stolen from caves of the deep. The sunny rocks gave off a warm, lazy heat, and the sea was calm. Yet in spite of my relief at the stillness, I felt a tiny trickle of fear inside. It was odd that there had been no storms that April. I wondered why, and a premonition of impending evil brought back my old fears. Then Angie began to speak, and, intent upon her words, I discarded my gloomy thoughts.