

thinking, etc.”

It is quite significant to note that our Constitution, the document which is the very basis for our political and civil liberties, does not once use the word *freedom*. The men who wrote our Constitution and those who have written the twenty-four Amendments added since have known the dangers inherent in abstract words. Instead of vaguely discussing “freedom,” they have used specifics: “no law respecting an establishment of religion,” “the right of the people peaceably to assemble,” “nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted,” and “the right . . . to vote shall not be denied . . . on account of sex.” These are some of the specifics. They tell us what these men have meant by *freedom*.

Likewise, Socrates, Buddha, Locke, Bacon, and all great philosophers, scientists, and thinkers have realized that words are signposts which can merely point the way in a general direction. They have realized the importance of definition. If these brilliant men have had to use careful definition, is it not even more important that we should? Voltaire put it quite bluntly when he said, “If you wish to converse with me, define your terms.”

The Sad Saga of Joe Man

Joan O'Sullivan

MR. JOE MAN rises every weekday morning at 7:30, shaves, eats, and drives to work. Work is an accounting firm where from 9:00 to 5:30 every weekday Joe sits in a tiny cubicle adding and checking columns of figures. Every weekday afternoon Joe leaves his desk, drives home, has a beer, eats, watches television, and goes to bed. On weekends Mr. Man sleeps late, eats, watches television, reads the sports news, and goes to bed. Although Mr. Man may not know it, he is a slave. Despite the fact that he may do as he pleases when, where and how he pleases, he is very much a slave. He is a slave to the vicious tyrants known as routine, habit and ordinariness. Mr. Man's mind has been placed in shackles by these masters, and under the weight of the chains—has gradually fallen completely dormant and useless.

Mr. Man, unfortunately, is typical of many in this country today. There is something in our society which encourages man's mind to accept the ordinary, the mundane, the mediocre in life and not to seek that which is extraordinary, stimulating, challenging. The chief factor in leading the Joe Mans of today to this acceptance of mediocrity is our society's emphasis on comfort. Joe Man would never think of walking the ten blocks to his office—why should he when he has a nice, cushioned, comfortable car to ride in? Nor could he conceive of getting up early on a Saturday morning to see the sunrise, for his bed is soft and warm, and what possible good would he gain from arising? Joe is concerned to a great extent with his comfort—with his air-conditioner, his electric blanket, his remote

control television, his electric golf cart. Even his mind seems to be comfortable—it is swathed in a cottony layer of oblivion which defies all attempts to penetrate its etheral depths.

Hand in hand with Joe's interest in comfort is his disinterest in work. His job does involve a certain kind of work, but it is a dull, repetitive, mechanical type—there is no deep thought involved in his job. The type of work Joe Man avoids is that which requires investigation, analyzation, creative thought; for him this is uncomfortable. In his little cycle of home-office-home there is no practical need for this type of thought; therefore Joe Man ignores its presence and continues in his state of vegetation. Any challenge to Mr. Man's mind is ignored because Mr. Man does not even recognize it as such.

Is Mr. Man happy in his state of nothingness? Not really. He may feel a vague sensation of an absence of unhappiness, but he is not really happy. His mind is too bland to feel any strong sensations of either pain or pleasure. His mind is shrouded in a protective cloak of ignorance which allows only mediocre, average feelings through and which emits only standard, ordinary thoughts.

Mr. Joe Man is the victim of a society which encourages one to find the easiest way out; to not get involved; to seek only comfort, and when one has found it, to keep it and to consider the search complete. Mr. Man's mind is so chained to the tree of mediocrity that it cannot get far enough in any direction to be extreme in anything. It cannot go out on a limb, for it is tied to the trunk, to the standard, to the basis. It is enslaved by the forces of society to remain ever dull, ever average, ever in a state of unknowing oblivion.

An Eye for Beauty

Patricia Wray

I DO NOT claim to be any more aware of the physical world than the next person, but by talking to some other people, I have come to the conclusion that most are blind. In a world of natural physical beauty, most of the population of the United States watches television so feverishly that Junior's first words are "buy-buy." For these people the world consists of commercials, new programs, commercials, color cartoons, and more commercials. This is what I mean by blind.

Each day I awake into a new world that is fresh, clean, alive, and beautiful. Each day I thank God for this ability that I have to see—really to see.

My talent is to make things lovely. I do little things like putting a shaggy flower with a long stem in a rusty, old can and setting it on a white stone ledge in the sun. Sometimes I do downright odd things like writing down what I see the way I *want* to see it instead of the way it really is. My favorite topic for this stunt is the sunset, especially on a cool October night when not all the leaves have yet fallen. What someone else may see as a pretty sky I see as a golden