

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

curtain draped across eternity, partially veiled by an edging of luxurious black lace that fades into velvety darkness and tranquil night. This is the way my mind works most of the time. Perhaps it is a talent, but how tiring it is always to see the multiplicity in things, always to see things as they are and as I would like them to be.

In people, too, I see this beauty. Not all beauty is physical, of course, but everyone is beautiful in some way. How often I hear someone say how terrible this person is, or how ugly that person is; and I realize that I have never really thought about these supposed shortcomings. I am hurt to discover the venom that some people have for others who may be complete strangers. I smile to think how peaceful it would be if, for just a day, there were no calumnies, no gratuitous insults. This day, to me, would be beautiful. It is this kind of beauty that I appreciate as much as my long-stemmed flower in the rusty tin can—different yet alike.

Another kind of beauty that I imagine could never be imitated by anyone is the beauty of the wild. I believe the most nightmarish sight that I have ever seen is the modern-day skyscraper. Everyone has his own opinion, I know, but to me the person who planned such a structure as this has something against the whole world and is taking out his hate in the form of such monsters as this. This type of man-made "beauty" I would prefer doing without; but perhaps this is the architect's talent. Mine is a nature-loving talent, I suppose: a talent that makes me prefer a stagnant, ill-smelling pond occupied by transplanted goldfish to a maze of egregious, distorted piles of man's imagination.

Somewhere in the world there is another person who is like me; somewhere there is another dreamer who sees what isn't there and doesn't hear what is said. I will find that person some day; it shouldn't be too difficult. All I have to do is hope and watch for a shaggy, long-stemmed flower in a rusty old can sitting on a white stone ledge in the sun.

Look, Look, See Me Adjust: A Dissertation on Progressive Education

Rick Stanton

REALLY, it all started one day when I saw a TV commercial. It said: "Do you wish you could adjust to the modern world? Then why not come to John Dowe's School of Progressive Learning. No obligation." Well, I figured I could use a little adjusting, so the next day I went down to Professor Dowe's big building. I walked in and tried to look big and important so they would think I was a big-shot. Inside, everything was ultra-modern. I think they called it progressive furnishing. Well, I took off my hat and sat down in a contrivance which appeared to be a cross between a lounge chair and an astronaut's contoured couch. As soon as I was seated, the chair began to move over toward what appeared to be a