

and to seek out that which would satisfy the needs of their souls. To Socrates the soul was the enduring half of man; the physical half was sure to die. Socrates wanted men to search for the truth and by this process he felt they would realize the futility of material satisfaction, because death would end material life and all the satisfactions which sustained it. To search for truth and to inquire into the needs of the human soul was, to Socrates, man's lofty purpose, for only in searching could man find the true value of life.

Time has not obscured the meaning of this utterance by Socrates: "The unexamined life is not worth living." Years, wars, and material prosperity have not destroyed the value of self-examination. On the contrary, as mankind's material wealth increases and leisure time becomes more abundant, the words of Socrates prod us to continue his search for the truth, the purpose, and the true needs of human life.

From My Window on the World

Lisa Nagy

I AM fortunate enough to be in possession of the only window seat on the second northwest corridor of Schwitzer Residence Hall. My room is situated at the front of the building, directly over the verandah, and the French windows are set deeply into the wall, providing a marble ledge approximately two feet wide. My roommate and I have, for comfort's sake, outfitted our coveted nook with colorful throw pillows and, with regard for colder weather, a red plaid lap robe. We frequently refer to this vantage point as our window on the world.

I awake at seven-thirty and draw back the curtains to reveal the world below my window. My gaze travels slowly along West Hampton Drive and pauses for a moment at each house: Alpha Chi, DG, Tri-Delt, Kappa, Theta, Pi Phi. Girls are beginning to trickle from their houses, bound for an eight o'clock class, a simple morning walk, a breakfast date at the "C" Club. The smell of bacon is strong on the crisp morning air. The trees, the grass, the rooftops, the earth itself, seem bathed in dew. The campus, indeed the world, is awakened once more. As I survey the panorama below me, my gaze again sweeps sorority row. I wonder which house, if any, will be mine.

At four o'clock I return from a class, enter my room, and pause at my window on the world. The weather is balmy, and a slight breeze rustles the leaves of the aged maple on the lawn. The first shadows of evening are beginning to descend. Below me, facing the wall surrounding the verandah, some girls are seated. They have spread their high school yearbooks on the ledge before them, and are animatedly comparing past activities. I watch them for a moment, then turn away. My own yearbook is before me on the shelf. I wonder about my high school years: where have they gone? What did they accomplish?

Dinner is over and I return, once again, to my room. I seat myself and begin to study, but in vain, for outside my window on the world a gala celebration is in progress. A fraternity man has pinned his favorite date and the brothers are executing a parade in his honor. The cars careen down West Hampton Drive, horns blowing, the object of the evening's attentions ensconced in the trunk of one of the vehicles. I watch until the cars fade from view, then turn once again to my books. I wonder about the newly-pinned couple. Today they are happy. Will their happiness endure?

It is past midnight now, a Friday night, and I am dateless. I switch off the light before I approach, for the final time today, my window on the world. The night is navy blue, chilly, and sprinkled with stars. As I gaze upon the world below me, a couple approaches and slowly mounts the stairs. In the shadows of the verandah, a second couple pauses to say goodnight. Once again I glance down sorority row: Alpha Chi, DG, Tri-Delt, Kappa, Theta, Pi Phi. The campus, indeed the world, is preparing to rest once more.

I slowly draw the curtain of my window on the world and sink wearily into bed. It has been a long day; it will be a long life.

The sun will continue to rise outside my window, and with it the campus, indeed the world. Accompanying the sunrise will be the morning walks, the breakfast dates, the eight o'clock classes. Around the world the trees, the grass, the rooftops, will seem bathed in dew. And I shall continue to wonder.

And folks will continue to remember the past, to live it over again in dreams, to attempt to bring it back. They will continue to evaluate their earlier years. And I, too, shall evaluate. And people will continue to fall in love, and to find happiness. They will continue to celebrate their joy, and to mourn their grief. Happiness will continue to endure—or to deteriorate—and I to wonder.

Where have we been? What have we accomplished? Where are we going? For what are we searching? Are our goals attainable and, if so, by what means? And where will we be at the end of our journey?

I shall not attempt to answer these questions, for it has been a long day. Likewise, it will be a long life.

Fountain pens are pushed
Through life without knowing what
Meaning their marks have.

NANCY EHRHART