

. . . . and the pursuit of happiness

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The night is long and dark stretched out in front of me. I am standing out on the road hitch hiking and hope to get there. Out of the multitude of bright headlights passing me my eyes restless try to spot the car with the red light on top. I am standing and waiting till someone will take me to my destination. To there where the sun shines and all people are happy. I am walking and waiting and go slowly out of my mind. My luggage loses its weight and my feet start to float over the green sides of the highway. Tonight I am exploring the New World, tomorrow I'll walk with my books through the wet grass to Jordan Hall. Maybe I will sometimes daydream back into the beautiful country; but there is always the fear, I have to study, I can't drop out.

The little boy is sitting on the steps of the huge white building. His eyes stare to there where nowhere is. He sees the police car with the flashing light patrolling the many roads and places of unrest. He sees the ugly faces of money. He sees the slums, and the dirty roads leading to the beautiful office buildings. In anger his hands battle with the strings of his guitar while his Jesus sandle furiously taps the beat. The well-dressed, neatly clipped gentlemen who pass by shrug their shoulders and continue their way to their ivory towers of gold. The little boy rises from his lonely seat. The wind plays with the abundance of hair and covers his face with it. While he is busy stroking his hair in place the little boy passes the signs which cry with their silent lips: Vista, Peace Corps.

Life is good—alone on an island in the South-Pacific, with 1284 books, 26 french movies, 2 british umbrellas, an antique watch which goes 23 minutes slow per hour, and 3 unfinished petitions to admit Red China to the United Nations. I am Raskolnikow, Ezra Pound, Joseph K., myself, a body. I see red balls, green watches, yellow legs, long legs with absurd purple stockings. I see, no I don't see. I don't want to see. I am tired and go to sleep. I withdraw into my sheltered world of indifference. Goodnight, tomorrow I will walk with my books through the wet grass to Jordan Hall.