

Fall 1970

The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 24, no. 1

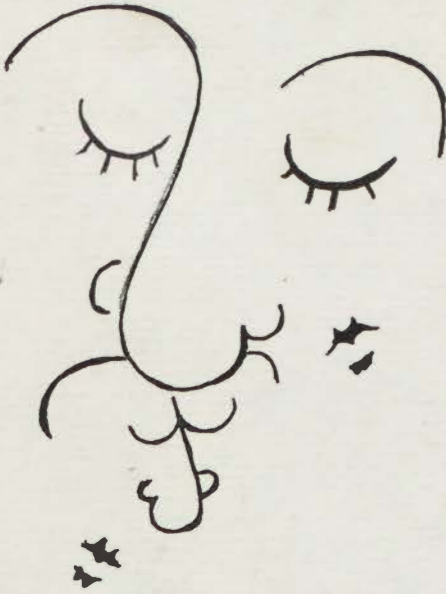
John Carroll University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly>

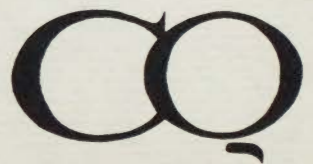
Recommended Citation

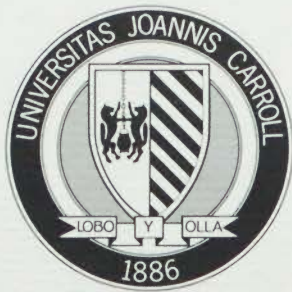
John Carroll University, "The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 24, no. 1" (1970). *The Carroll Quarterly*. 78.
<https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly/78>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Carroll Quarterly by an authorized administrator of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.



carroll quarterly







Carroll Quarterly, a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff and written by the students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll University, University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio. ©1970 by the *Carroll Quarterly*. All rights reserved to authors.

Volume 24

Autumn, 1970

Number 1

Editor-in-Chief

RONALD CORTHELL

Managing Editor

FRANK E. DOYLE

Literary Editor

DAVID KNOX

Poetry Editor

GARY L. BRANCAE

Copy Editor

PAUL F. GEHL

Business Manager

RICHARD LEEHR

Circulation Manager

THOMAS COSTELLO

Honorary Associate Editor

RICHARD W. CLANCEY

Faculty Advisor

DAVID M. LaGUARDIA

Cover: JULI HAYNES

Contents

UNTITLED <i>William Butala</i>	5
EXILES <i>David Knox</i>	6
ECLIPSE <i>Charles Zarobila</i>	7
IN MEMORY OF EVELYN MAGNER BYRNE <i>James E. Magner, Jr.</i>	8
JEWISH GIRL <i>Joe Cummins</i>	10
ARS GRATIA ARTIS <i>William Butala</i>	11
STANDING ALONE AT NIAGARA FALLS <i>R. J. Bernard</i>	12
UNTITLED <i>Daniel Kopkas</i>	13
A SIMPLE PLAN <i>Ray Holan</i>	14
METRONOME <i>Ray Holan</i>	15
FOR AWHILE THE RIVER <i>Daniel Kopkas</i>	16
HAIKU <i>Jane Simeri</i>	22
LOVE <i>R. J. Bernard</i>	23
DEATH IN HARLEM <i>Frank Salak</i>	24
AN APPLICATION OF THE PETER PRINCIPLE TO THE EVOLUTIONARY HIERARCHY <i>James W. Spisak</i>	25
UNTITLED <i>Daniel Kopkas</i>	28
SONNET <i>Virgil Strohmeier</i>	29
THE LEAVING <i>Daniel Kopkas</i>	30
U. SELLUS AEROPLANE <i>m. j. van vooren</i>	32
BUSINESS AS USUAL <i>Frank Doyle</i>	33
FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO BECOME IDEALISTS <i>Charles Zarobila</i>	39
WAVING ADIEU, ADIEU, ADIEU <i>David M. LaGuardia</i>	40

distill all Morall value out of their discoveries, mocke at our selfe-evident truths, and fill our noses with their smellie vapours, leaving the saide instincts for Conduct and Beautie floundering like fishes on a beach.

Mr. Arnold, in 1880, was by no means of the Silent Majoritie, which had alreadie turned busilie away from Poetrie; instead, wee hearken to him as the finall eloquent spokesman for that honored tradition which rooted our greate Poetes, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth (who ended it), I mean Humanism, wherein the poete is, Finally, as Milton saide of his beloved Spenser, "a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas;" all this according to the classically formulation of the elegant Horace who instructed poets to teach and delight their audience.

Mr. Wordsworth, as I have parenthetically remarked, was the last Poeticall voice which spake in the spirit of Humanism which entailes a respect for the integritie and aforementioned instincts of man. After him trooped poetes either Romantical or undelightfull, the former of whom lost themselves in their fonde imaginations and pinings for Eternall Beautie, while the latter crew proved good enough Teachers but mightie poore Poetes.

The Romanticks won the day, and bred upon us as decitful and unscrupulous a gang of unpoetical cross-biters* as ever cheated an honest man out of his Wh - - e. These rascallions doe picke our braines with their Images and Simbals, and neither delight nor teach, but leave us the poorer for our efforts; hence,

the Shyster Poetes have committed ruination upon the Polite Artes, and, as a logickall consequence, have called into doubt the value of Literary Magazines, which brings me near my Subject.

It doth appear, then, that the cry of the people for Relevance signifies no more than a confession of their impieties in the last centurie when they turned ungraciouslie from Poetrie; that men require a resurrected Humanism, whereby they might repossess those Morall and Beautifull vertues that hath been bailed away by the Natural Philosophers; and that this is onely to be accomplished by means of their olde and loved pastime, the reading of instructive and pleasing Poetrie.

The value of the Literary Magazine is manifest; it doth revive the Poetrie of the People, presenting it to them for their instruction and delight. However, I am fullie aware that few of us have resisted the forces of Time and Fortune; that the perverse Rabblement doth ever persist in its follie and find miserie instead of its true end, which is the good and beautifull life inspired by Poetrie; that the Majoritie of poetes in this citie doe not escape the baleful influences of those Modern stars, I mean the demonic Mr. Poe, the dandified Mr. Wilde, etc., nor the scandalous manners of the French; in short, I stand alone. Therefore, goe littel Booke, for Delight or for Instruction, whatsoe'er it please our Poets to offer and our Readers to take.

— FINIS —

*Here the author draws a pretty conceit, comparing the false poetes with those rascall pimps who lead us to the purchased object of our amorous desires onely to strip us quite naked and leave us as we came into this world of woes.

Untitled

*the whores
of san sebastian
own the dingy moonlight
of three a.m.
and empty streets
where half a wind
begins to shiver
yesterday's discarded
home edition
they lean
like ragged shadows
waiting by each
street light
for morning's
slow redemption*

— WILLIAM BUTALA

Exiles

For him I did the service of a free man
Back in Time
To Ages past
When man knew not man
And was then whole
My Lord sat in his high-chair
His Lady at his side

There my spirit dwells
In my Lord's high halls
At oaken banquet table
Safe in my kinsmen's company

I knew joy then
in the mirth of my fellows
in the desire of my Lady
and the warmth of my King's smile
For him I did the service of a free man
Bound in love to a man most noble
Born to Lordship

Out of halls, the dead
Winds of winter shook the trees
Barren of leaf and stripped
The earth of life
While waters flowed fast
Under rivers sealed with ice
The day the winds stopped
And the waters rose
It was my fate to be in distant lands
At the bidding of my King

For this, the end is shrouded
In the fog that fills the
Valley of my people
Forever lost to me
So I am a wanderer now
Without King or kin
Hearthless and alone
In the out-lands of
a foreign world

Many like myself I have met
In my travels

*Exiled wanderers all
from islands engulfed by the sea
from villages swallowed by the earth
and cities ravaged by enemies
Each one burdened with past sorrows
That cannot be shared with strangers*

*Such sadness is our lot
To live alone among the lonely
Of solace there is but one thing
I am still a free man
But a free man lordless
is but vagabond*

— DAVID KNOX



Eclipse

*Some giant fool has trampled on the sun!
I bet it was Orion hunting bulls,
He burned his clumsy foot — it serves him right.
Blow on the smothered coal in unison,
Each creature's breath must fan the frigid skies,
Blow on the coal or every creature dies!*

— CHARLES ZAROBILA

In Memory of Evelyn Magner Byrne

(1925-1970)

An Epitaph, a Poem, a Sermon

EPITAPH

What have you left us but
the life and the love
that you have given us.

ELEGY FOR MY SISTER

*When we were shooting baskets, David,
Strength, beauty and all
the fierceness of her youth
lay down upon the stairs
and called it a day,
a year, a life.*

*I remember the day
she whipped Ray Markel
for whipping me.
She was an Amazon of loyalty
flailing in the dust
for her little misfit
who overloaded his mouth
again.*

*But now all the Amazon
has flowed away
and left me
hung up
above Flushing Bay
and the awful panorama
of the years.*

A SERMON DELIVERED TO THE
STUDENTS OF JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY

November 10, 1968

Tonight you have asked me to speak of death and my response to that hooded beast that always lives within our lives and sometimes unstrings our minds and the guitars of heart that would play for God. But in this speaking, I cannot promise you that what I will say you will agree with; I can only promise you that I will be myself and love you in the speaking. And that I will be attendant to the sacredness of your faith and the unspeakable — my longed for — treasure of your security.

Man is suspended in three ways upon the ambivalent cross of his existence — his head pointing to the stars, his arms to world, and his feet to clay; his life is a paradox and his heart a rose of clay. As Paul Tillich has understood, man is suspended, first, by his consciousness of what he did not do and he could have done, and what he did do that he should not have done, and we call this guilt; secondly, he is suspended by the meaninglessness, the bloody emptiness, the whirling papers of yesterday's world — why school, why church, why loneliness, why sweat — What's it all about Alfie? Are we making it? And to what end? What really is the reason for not committing suicide early without pain and suffering of old age and terminal disease? Why should we live into pain and anxiety, "live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse." The sensitive person will ask these questions. To the degree that you have the feminine principle woven into the fabric of your masculine strength, to that degree you will be vulnerable to the rush of the tides of night and ask the questions that the tides beget. The rock is indifferent; person cannot be. To What end is life? To What end is this very act of speaking? Thirdly, and most profoundly, man is hung up on the horn of his fate and his death — to be in or subject to the impossible situation: the dying, innocent Biafran child, the nightmare marriage, the intolerable condition, and if you think there is none, it is only because you have not been in one. Strong men are alcoholics and strong men — stronger than you and I — are suicides. Alcoholism is the stand-in for suicide and suicide the mask of a wanted life of rest. No one can conceive his nothingness. Suicides want to live in their sleep. This intolerable condition, this being subject to a condition of life that has no resolution, no fruit, and after which there may be no memory, no resonance of the beloved and the world for which you have labored, this nauseating beast that devours indifferently and without design. What's the answer? What's it all about Alfie?

I do not think that the heart of the answer is in what the philosophers call an essence or what the theologians call doctrine. Doctrine is the ignition, but where came the spark, where came the concept but from life and existence, as God is existence, as love is act, as a kiss is bestowed. Doctrine can rudder your course, but doctrine must be open and shaped by existence and will die without it. The concept is not begotten of itself but of reality and man's engagement with it. But what am I saying? Is this really relevant?

You say "Speak to us and stop the philosophy." All right, I mean that to overcome the web, the suspension, the hang-up of guilt, of meaninglessness and of death, man must outleap himself by the *act* of love. Outleap the world, outleap the bomb, outleap the dark in being a man-for-others. Let this heart be in you that was in Christ Jesus, that he gave himself for others, not in pronouncement but in love. To be a lover to the nearest Thou, to help someone now, here, quick and always. That man who sits by you is sacred and alive with the quickness of God, is an end in himself — to realize that this is all of your act and all of your destiny and that death gives form to life and is the resolution of your love. That this face, this hand, this smile, this walk, this fellow student is sacred. All else is irrelevant. And in this total consummation death is swallowed up in love, for love is forgetful of death. Whatever paradise be, we begin it now, indeed we are it, and we promise more of it by our life, by our love. For to love is paradise and to not is hell. Whatever more there is I do not know. But you are your own paradise in your love. God is in you, if you love. God is love and is personed in you, and that blessedness is personed in your brother. Kiss him in your mind and serve him in your act. Wash his feet, for he is Jesus Christ. What care we for death? Let him mask himself in a thousand faces. Perhaps we shall cringe when he comes, but we have loved and this is worth it all. And if there are promises to be kept to us, they will be kept because we have loved. To have loved once is worth it all; though we die maniacs, we have somehow redeemed ourselves in God who is love, for we have acted in virtue of him. We have not refused him. We have not refused him in ourselves or in others. We have forgiven ourselves and others. We have expended ourselves. If we have not forgotten love, shall Love forget us? Shall Love, only in virtue of which we have loved, be less loving than we? I, here, with all my being and for whatever it might cost me, wish and pine for your paradise. Shall God do less? If we have not forgotten love, shall Love forget us?

— JAMES E. MAGNER, JR.

Jewish Girl

*Jewish girl please let me swim in
Your great dark eyes I'll bring
My bathing suit no immodesty will
Occur it's just that sometimes I
Get so sick of chlorine.*

— JOE CUMMINS

Ars Gratia Artis

*Art is a fine
and private place —
the trick's to shape
the clay in space
or fill the canvas
blank with paint
until some vaguely
form divine
materializes
before your eyes.*

*And then we all
weave circles round
some old and paunchy
grey-beard loon
(Italian, they will say)
who earned his fame
one afternoon
in some forgotten
garret room
(rented for the day)
in feverish frenzy
scratching out
his version of
two Attic lovers
in a swoon,*

*while near him sprawled
the serving maid
(who said her years
were seventeen)
and, yes, a woman
could be seen
quite nakedly, in part
before the earnest painter's eye
all for the sacred sake
of Art.*

— WILLIAM BUTALA

Standing Alone at Niagara Falls

August 15, 1970

*From out of the haze of its self-imposed mystery
it rises like a spectre to meet me.*

*The listless sun lets down its feeble
illumination*

*and, I find myself face to face
with a miracle.*

*Now the ceaseless, haunting roar of
this unearthly thing reaches my ears,
and I shake*

at what I hear:

*it is as though the Christ had returned
and had riven the earth that we might
see eternity;*

*or, as though Machievelli had burst
out of his tomb and had come back
to once again play the harsh symphony
of reality;*

*or, as though Satan himself were busily
beating out his dark timpany on all the
empty, lost souls in hell.*

But no!

*It is just great water rushing over a cliff
toward the cold, jagged rocks below —
nothing less,
nothing more.*

*And I, sitting here mired in my loneliness,
feel as one with this seemingly endless grate
of agony I hear:*

*as though I were Lazarus, released from
my crypt in time and come back to tell you,
to tell you all;*

*or, as though I were Ahab, rushing toward the
whale's fantail, eager to thrust my burning lance
of love into the eye of evil;*

*or, as though I were God himself,
standing on these wondrous waters of flux,
watching the universe dance in time
to my mind.*

But no.

*I am merely a man without my woman,
rushing over the edge of existence toward
the cold, jagged solitude below —
nothing less,
nothing
more.*

— R. J. BERNARD



Untitled

*In the first light
someone laughed
then choked
then spit
and it was morning and evening of the sixth day
and the waters licked
as if whispering
“it had better be good.”*

— DANIEL KOPKAS

A Simple Plan

*Something
of a design
lies in wait for me,
patient as
the constellations
 revolving
in the night sky.
Every search
for a word
 falls into place;
each of
 a thousand gestures
and every human enterprise
begun or abandoned
is
a footstep into space.
So much like salvation
walking on the water,
 I stroll off
into the eternal void
beyond
 the last word
 on the page —
wondering where
my foot will fall.*

— RAY HOLAN

Metronome

*How precisely
the machine thumps
hand-over-hand
climbing in time
to the music.*

*Oh that all could
be induced like
dog with piece of meat
into intervals
accurate enough to live by!*

*Babies wetting
only on sundays.*

Bronco days

waiting for an assigned hour.

*So should the pulsations of the heart
wind steadily from the spool.*

*But as lung adapts
to the moment*

*so must I commend my tangle of habits
into the stiff fingers of the hour hand,
grind the bones into gears
even though
the bowels use no springs.*

— RAY HOLAN

For Awhile the River

*For awhile
the forest
noticed
what passed
between
the road
and the river
as they met
almost following
the same path
edge to edge
for awhile.*

(The stage is dark and bare, except for a closed casket, a kneeler at its center, a candlestand with lighted candles, and a chair. JIM is sitting in the chair. As the MAN enters the lights come up giving the stage a glow, not morbid or grotesque, but gentle and hinting at life.)

MAN: Are you the Jim she always talked about?

JIM: Huh . . . What?

MAN: Are you the Jim she always talked about?

JIM: (absently) Yes, that's me.

MAN: The brown-haired, blue-suited Jim, her fiance, the Harvard man, the bright-eyed boy she grew up with?

JIM. (still as if not hearing) Yes, that's me.

MAN: The gallant young male animal she plighted troth with, the flashing, promising young business executive, future member of the board of trustees, with the marshmallow handshake and the smile she never really cared for?

JIM: (listening for the first time) What are you talking about? I am her finance, I mean I was, but . . .

MAN: My condolences.

JIM: Your what? Oh yes, of course, thank you. You knew her, then.

MAN: You might say that. I was a . . . friend. Not nearly so close as you.

JIM: Say, what was that nonsense about plighting troth and marshmallow handshakes?

MAN: Nothing important. She said I'd find you here.

JIM: Who said?

MAN: *She* did.

JIM: How *could* she (heated) Look mister, if you're trying to insinuate that she took her own life . . . ?

MAN: (patiently) I am not trying to insinuate anything. She just told me once, that on the third day of the second moon after the leaves started falling, that if I should see her, you would be with her. She loved moons and stars and counting the days on her fingers, so many days *to*, so many moons *after*, like the Indians did. But, of course, I don't have to tell you this, you know what she was like.

JIM: (half-smiling) Yes, she was a good person, a beautiful girl.

MAN: (as if agreeing) She was a wild, impulsive young woman, who laughed at everything and then cried herself to sleep. She was so young, so full of life . . . But, that's all gone now.

JIM: (startled at his words) I don't know if I'd describe her exactly as you have, but she was full of the good, the quiet things of life.

MAN: You know something, you're lucky. She was quite fond of you, she liked you a lot, someone who didn't really know her might even say she loved you. Did you ever sleep with her?

JIM: (mixing fear and outrage) What kind of question is that? I mean, we were engaged to be married, and we did have a strong physical attraction for each other, **BUT REALLY YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO . . .**

MAN: (impatiently cutting him off) You were to be married next month, weren't you?

JIM: Yes, next month, in the fall. She always liked the fall.

MAN: She used to tell me that the fall reminded her of death. We'd walk in the woods and she'd take handfuls of leaves and press them to her and start talking to them as if they were people, and she'd rub them, wet with mud, over her cheeks, and she'd bury her face in them, and cry and cry over them . . . not bitter tears but sad like the earth . . .

(Jim stands up and begins pacing slowly. The man sits on the floor indian style next to the seat which Jim has vacated and follows him with his eyes and head.)

JIM: (pleading) Tell me what it is you want. I loved her. I knew her. You make her sound so different.

MAN: Ah yes, you knew her. You loved her. But *you* make her sound so different. Did you know, for instance, that this good Christian girl never really believed in a God? She saw nothing around her that wasn't a falsification of everything in a God. She cried so hard when

she had to consign her lord, her *Jesus*, to the grave as a failure along with the rest of the failures of so-called religion. She loved beauty. Beauty was her God and the things of beauty her religion. She tried so hard to see the beauty in everything and everybody and worship that beauty.

JIM: (agitated) But what does all this have to do with you? WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

MAN: (in almost a whisper) To give her life again.

JIM: (still agitated) Are you a priest or some kind of a minister?

MAN: (not hearing, in the same whisper) To give her life again.

JIM: (thinking he has found the answer) You must forgive my anger. You didn't sound like a priest when you first came in. (quiet and grateful) It's comforting to think that you would come. You were her spiritual advisor then?

MAN: (still not hearing, thinking of what must have been long ago) To give her life again. To bring back her beauty. To cover her with leaves and walk the forest with her.

JIM: (not realizing that the MAN has not answered him, beginning to think of things past himself, as if they were long ago) Then you might know the answer, why she left home, why she ran away from me and changed so, you might know the answer.

MAN: (finally hearing JIM) I might know the answer. But what do answers mean now? She's dead, isn't she? Soon she'll be buried, disappear into the earth, and be covered with snow along with the rest of the earth's green things. By spring she'll be just so much fallow ground, and you'll have forgotten her like you've forgotten last year's flowers or the leaves of two summers ago.

JIM: (confused) That's a rather strange sentiment coming from a priest. So despairing. You are a priest, aren't you?

MAN: A priest? Only so far as life is a religion and being a fool one of its offices. Then I am a priest to a godless dream in a church of shadows . . . You will forget her, won't you? She said you always forgot her when she wasn't around. She had to jog your memory every time she was with you, for you to remember who she was. She didn't like that.

JIM: Was that why she left? Was that why she ran away without saying a word? Because she felt I neglected her?

MAN: You flatter yourself. Her reason for leaving was much greater than you. True, she considered you her last hope and you failed her. But you were just typical of all the people she knew. All with the same attitudes. She condemned you all for the sin of ugliness. We all stood guilty in her sight. An entire nation in ruins, clutching and scratching at beauty to hide its ugliness. That's why she left. She told me so the

first night we met. She had been gone three days. She looked completely lost. So I asked her if she could use a cup of coffee. We started talking. For the sake of conversation I asked her what had started her running. I remember exactly what she said because she started crying half way through and by the time she finished she was bawling. She said "There's nothing good left there anymore. Nothing that isn't shadows and grey. All the beautiful things are being driven away, like the snakes out of Ireland, or hunted down and put on display behind bars, like the monkeys at the zoo, or simply torn up and left there to die and rot. Or even worse yet, the beautiful things are buried, kept the same, never given a chance to bloom or grow or flow or whatever beautiful things do when they are becoming beautiful. Or else they are coaxed out, watered too early, and urged too much. Then they become self-conscious rather than beautiful. They are said to be beautiful and not allowed to be. When a beautiful thing is blooming or flowing or growing you can't stand there and watch. The only decent thing you can do, the thing you must do if it is to work, is to hold your breath and turn your head away slightly and maybe squeeze your hand so tight it hurts and you won't think about what's happening behind you, you won't spoil it all by staring."

(JIM stops pacing, sits again in the chair. The MAN rises, turns away from JIM, goes up and leans on the casket, back to the audience. He is thinking, silent.)

JIM: (after a pause, softly) She said all that? I had no idea that such things upset her so much. I guess I had no idea what she was really like. It's true what she told you about jogging my memory. She seemed to freeze in my mind when I wasn't with her. I never expected any changes from her. No moods. No flare-ups. And I liked it that way. I *wanted* it that way. I drew my strength from her calmness. She seemed to always sense deep emotion in me. And she soothed me. I kept a quiet still image of her always before me.

MAN: Like a lake?

JIM: Yes, like a lake . . . Except once . . . You remember you asked me before if I ever slept with her. I did. Once. The night before I asked her to marry me. We made love. We slept together. We woke up early next morning and lay quietly some time. Then she took my hands and put them over her face. She said "For while the river." That's all. She said it very quietly. Then she kissed me. I held her and ran my hands over her body. She was so soft, so flowing, like a . . . a . . .

MAN: Like a river?

JIM: (silently) Like a river. It seems so long ago, I don't think I've thought about it since then. . . . I asked her to marry me, not out of shame or out of duty, but because she was beautiful and I thought I loved her. I loved her body, the feel of it, and her voice thrilled me. She had

spoken four words, yet they were like a bond between us. For awhile the river.

(PAUSE. JIM continues, almost absently)

She agreed to marry me. I hoped that she loved me. She seemed happy but something troubled her. A month later she disappeared without a word to anyone. She had no family to miss her, and very few friends. There was only me. I reported her missing to the police, but inside I knew she had gone deliberately and that she probably would not be back. So, I did what I've done all my life. I accepted it. She was gone.

(PAUSE. JIM glances up to the MAN, half-expectantly. He remains looking at the MAN and continues, as if he were trying to get a point across.)

She returned quietly. I wasn't surprised or even relieved. I just accepted it. She didn't say a word about why she had gone, what she had done, or why she had returned. Nothing seemed to have changed between us, so I didn't question her. I didn't care about her reasons. She had come back. That was enough. . . . And now she's dead, that too is enough.

MAN: (turning to JIM) Enough? It is enough to die? My God, she tore open her heart when she left, she let her soul bleed all the while she was gone, and then she tried to patch up the whole damn mess to come back again. And it is enough that she returned? Enough that she's dead?

JIM: (desperately) Yes. Enough. No more.

MAN: She was scared silly at the thought of death. For some reason, call it premonition, she thought she might die. It terrified her. Not the act of dying itself. There's a beauty in that. But after. When death is really death. Beauty belongs to life and the act of dying. After, there is nothing. Decay and then nothing. She loved the leaves in the fall, in their death-act. They were beautiful. But afterward they terrified her. She couldn't worship decay and nothing. The summation of life. The culmination of all that is beautiful. Wormwood and dark emptiness. It was the only flaw in her religion of beauty. The one unanswerable question. There is no life after death because there is no beauty after death. She couldn't work out an answer. . . . (very quietly) I only knew her a short time. She left you. She came to me. We talked. I listened. She was afraid. She was far away in terror. I called her back. Then we laughed. We touched. Not so much with our bodies. But we touched. In water we touched. Walking between trees we touched. Under the moon we touched. In the last light and the first light we touched. There was a breath between us. A breath of pure wonder, pure life. In that breath we touched.

(PAUSE. JIM tries to speak but can find no words.)

Then she decided she must return. Just like that. I remember we were

standing on a footbridge over a stream when she told me. She was watching a child sail a small boat the whole while we talked. She didn't look at me once. I think she was crying. She said she felt foolish for being afraid and guilty for having left you. I wanted her to stay. I asked her too — not in marriage, there was no need for bonds — but because there was a breath between us and I thought I loved her. But she said she had to go. In the end, I was no better than you. I did what I've done all my life. I understood. And I let her go.

JIM: (unable to listen any longer) For Christ's sake, do the same now. Let her go. Let her die.

MAN: Let the breath pass from between us? Let her go into nothing, with no hope of resurrection?

JIM: (pleading) What are you trying to do?

MAN: (almost pleading himself now) TO GIVE HER LIFE AGAIN. To bring back her beauty. That's why I've come. To bring her back to you. To let her walk in twilight remembering, not death.

JIM: Oh God, God, God . . .

MAN: She had no God. Don't you see? Her living was a divinity. Her breathing. Beauty. You've got to understand. She was a lake and a river. And she flowed. And we touched her. And we can't let that pass. Or she will die.

JIM: She *is* dead. (rises and takes hold of the MAN by his shoulders) SHE IS DEAD. She's dead. You've got to realize that and accept it. You're no goddam miracle worker. No matter what you say, she won't walk or smile or talk again. Except in our minds. Only inside of us. And I want her at rest there. I want her how she was. Gentle and still. Her words. For awhile the river. For awhile. Not forever.

(PAUSE. The MAN is dazed. He speaks as if something is slipping away, and he must do nothing to stop it.)

MAN: Not forever.

JIM: No.

MAN: For awhile . . .

JIM: Yes.

MAN: the forest noticed . . .

JIM: What are you talking about?

MAN: what passed between the road and the river . . .

JIM: Have you gone mad?

MAN: as they met almost following . . .

(JIM stares and listens)

the same path
edge to edge
for awhile . . .

(JIM starts to speak, but the MAN cuts him off. His voice is thin, a monotone)

It's a poem she wrote. She gave it to me the night before she left, the last time I saw her alive. She asked me to send it to her after you were married, on the fifth day of the first moon of snow. . . . She must have understood. . . . And accepted. . . . Not forever. . . . For awhile the river. . . . Yes. The breath has passed. . . . It is finished. . . . It's enough.

(JIM turns from the MAN, sinks to the kneeler, bent over the casket. The MAN turns and slowly exits.)

BLACKOUT

— DAN KOPKAS

Haiku

*My tree . . . a fortress,
A hideaway for dreaming,
Invaded by autumn.*

— JANE SIMERI

Love

*I came upon a lovely thing
in my long,
 wearysome travels.
It was small, delicate-looking,
more exquisite than any jewel
 I had ever seen.
Warm it was . . . and moist . . .
and a fire FLASHED from
 deep,
 deep
within it.
As I turned it over in my hands
 I chanced to drop it.
It fell upon a large, black rock.
To my surprise . . . it did not break!
Instead,
 it crushed the rock
 to dust.*

— R. J. BERNARD

Death In Harlem

*A Harlem woman
drains the wasted, stillborn hopes
of men who have no names,
straining with thighs
that know of only darkness
to milk the blood
of Christ in anguish.*

*With harlem-whore precision
she works,
sweaty and black,
gutted with infection,
speaking the implications
of ghetto existence:
night without dreaming.*

— FRANK SALAK

An Application of the Peter Principle to the Evolutionary Hierarchy

THE PETER Principle is an inescapable, universal maxim, stating that in a hierarchy of events, every member of that hierarchy tends to rise to his own level of incompetence. Through hierarchiology, or the study of hierarchies, one can easily see how obvious the Principle really is. Let us take, for example, the educational hierarchy used in our universities. Many people who are good students reach their levels of incompetence as teachers, and some become departmental chairmen, professors, or achieve even a higher status before their level is reached. There are a few who never reach their level, but these constitute an unseemingly small number. As a rule, each man in the hierarchy uses all his power to be promoted to that position at which he reaches his final-placement level, or his level of incompetence. This has been the case throughout history. Socrates, for instance, an outstanding teacher, found his level of incompetence as a defense attorney. Macbeth, a renowned military leader, became an incompetent king. Hitler, an excellent politician, reached his level as a general. Spiro Agnew, a competent television critic, has reached his level as vice-President.

The basic means used to reach one's level of incompetence are pull and push, as applied to winning promotion. Man, it seems, is constantly trying to effectively utilize pull, or his positive relationship with a person above him in the hierarchy, to gain promotion, which ultimately means reaching his level. This use of pull is something we all detest in others, but never fail to employ when it might be to our advantage.

But why all this bother? The answer to this lies in that man is not conscious of when he will reach his level. He does not push for incompetence, but for promotion. Incompetence is simply the unknown end reached through innocent and promising means. Man pushes his way beyond the realm of competence to a level of troublesome and static uselessness.

Earlier I mentioned that *most* men reach their level, and that there are a few fortunate individuals who manage to avoid this disaster. This is done by finding a suitable level of competence and remaining there. This may seem easy, but for a competent person, promotion is not easily avoidable. Most men, because of filial and social pressures or financial need, cannot blatantly refuse a promotion. Consequently, if a man actually fears promotion because of the risk of reaching his level, he must use creative incompetence, that is, averting the attention of the superiors in the hierarchy toward one of his peculiar flaws or idiosyncrasies, which subsequently eliminates him for consideration of an unwanted promotion. The use of creative incompetence,

however, is not a course which most individuals follow, because most men consciously desire promotion, which unconsciously leads them to reach their levels of incompetence.

Throughout history we have seen various species and civilizations rise to their levels of incompetence, generally because they did not know when to stop using push to attempt to secure a higher position in the hierarchy. The Roman Empire, for example, because the strongest power in Europe in its time. However, the leaders and citizens, intensely preoccupied with their own supremacy, progressed to such an extent that they began to ignore their duties and the cultural aspects of their civilization. This corruption within the Empire led to its fall, as it could not remain superior at its level of incompetence. Until after World War I, the Germans (my second example) were under a monarchical form of government. They rose to a democratic form of self-government during the Weimar Republic, but the precepts of the very constitution which ensured their freedom also led to their demise.

Here we see a trend that has occurred in governmental hierarchies in the past and will occur in governmental structures to come. We see every hierarchy subject to the Peter Principle: through promotion *ad infinitum*, man must sooner or later reach his level of total life-incompetence. Man has used his cleverness to gain him promotion after promotion; will this same cleverness lead to his ultimate demise, or will he prove to be competent enough to withstand the evils and pressures of success in the affluent society? Can the human race hold its position, or advance, in the evolutionary hierarchy?

In attempting to answer this question, we must realize that the human race, being no exception to the Principle, is advancing further along the universal hierarchy of human events, and will sooner or later reach its level of total life-incompetence. This can be seen as we examine the progress of science since the nineteenth century. The attitude prevalent in the nineteenth-century scientists was geared toward saving the lives of men through discovering cures for many diseases. Today, however, we see the scientists discovering such devices as the atom bomb, which are aimed at controlling man. Their medical interests are still at heart, but they have lost much ground to the new and frightening advancements of experimental science. These scientific advances, when in the hands of a few eccentrics, may too easily be used in bringing about the deterioration of the human race.

When we ask the question whether the human race can advance, we imply that it has not yet arrived at its level of incompetence, and that it is still making progress and is yet eligible for promotion. On the other hand, when we ask whether the human race can *hold* its position in the evolutionary hierarchy, we assume that it has already reached its level, and is not eligible for promotion. Whether the human race is still progressing or has already reached its level, we must realize that we are ultimately subject to the Peter Principle. We must look beyond its facetious aspects and note the practically applicable truth contained within the Principle.

Becoming aware of the Peter Principle invokes a feeling of great despair at realizing one's place in the universal hierarchy of human events. However,

there is one means of possible salvation. Laurence J. Peter recommends a few remedies, applicable to smaller hierarchies, which might be applicable to the evolutionary hierarchy. We can avoid total life-incompetence by avoiding promotion on the universal level. I have already mentioned creative incompetence as one means of avoiding promotion. Another possible method is emphasizing the negative aspects of a promotion, which would probably lead us to decide against rather than work toward it. If we considered, for instance, the length and expense of a journey to the moon, perhaps we would not be so anxious to get there. If we were to consider, too, the dehumanization that would be affected by producing people "in the bottom of a long, glass tube," perhaps we would not push so ardently to achieve this "great" scientific accomplishment. Another of Peter's remedies is substituting image for progress. A member of the hierarchy who realizes he has reached his level of incompetence would resign his position and concentrate on the value or dignity of the work performed by the competent members of that hierarchy. An incompetent teacher, for instance, would resign to extolling the values of education and promoting its uses to others. These people would probably not be doing much good, but at least they would not be doing any harm.

Such remedies may bar promotion to an extent, but, more important, they would lead man to seek the *quality* of life, which would prevent him from reaching his level of total life-incompetence.

We must consider, however, the difficulty in trying to get the entire universe to stop progress. Imagine trying to tell the chief executives in NASA that they must stop their outer-space endeavors! What a rage this would cause among the progressives in our world! Hence, we see the total impracticality of such remedies in our capitalistic world-hierarchy. But this is the only way we can avoid promotion — and promotion leads to total life-incompetence! In as much as the universal hierarchy of human events, like all other hierarchies and their members, is subject to the Peter Principle, I feel the human race can not hold its position, or advance, in the evolutionary hierarchy, and will eventually become extinct.

— JAMES WM. SPISAK

Untitled

*Someday when the wind speaks words again
and the moon is once more a goddess
sometime when there are moments of green
and breath for song
sometime when there is an earth
the dawn will return
bedded with the night
big-bellied with the sun
the dawn will return
with the wind as her mid-wife*

— DANIEL KOPKAS

Sonnet

*The night is bitter-clear, star-sharp, moon-bright:
I stand in the frail-plastic bus shelter,
Feeling the deep pale whiteness of winter.
Heaven dismisses the buzzing traffic fight.
Shrouded by thick black cold I shrink into place
Beyond obeisance to the merely tough,
And whistle shrilly a piece by Rachmanninoff;
Contented, as the frost attacks my face.*

*Stiff fingers no longer check red-ear pain.
Life is not fearful of the glare of day.
Moments subtilely caught outside the play;
Waiting for the numb to invade my brain.
But, a roar, and foetid clouds dirt-hung gray.
Hiss! and I leave unwillingly a gain.*

— VIRGIL STROHMEYER

The Leaving

*Say goodbye to the man
he's walking out the door
he's got a long way to go
he's got a long way to go
he's forgotten his prayers
he's forgotten his face
in the last few months
he's come and gone
come and gone a thousand times
and now he's got a long way to go.*

*There is a story of a child
who spent his whole day walking through fields
running his fingers over flowers
and at night he caught spider threads and cobwebs
and ran them over his eyes.
One day the child decided to pick a flower
and carry it home with him
and when he ran his fingers over the flower
it had withered and died
and the child wept
and at night he caught spider threads and cobwebs
and ran them over his eyes.*

*Say goodbye to the man
he's walking out the door
he's got a long way to go
he's got a long way to go
he's forgotten his prayers
he's forgotten his face
in the last few months
he's come and gone
come and gone a thousand times
and now he's got a long way to go.*

*There is a story of a young man
who watched a caterpillar weave a cocoon round itself
and every day he waited to join in its rebirth
and touch its new beauty with love.
One day the young man returned
and the cocoon had burst open
and the butterfly was gone
its beauty was bold*

*its new wings had refused his touch
and the young man picked the empty shell and carried it home
and kept it long in sadness and wonder.*

*Say goodbye to the man
he's walking out the door
he's got a long way to go
he's got a long way to go
he's forgotten his prayers
he's forgotten his face
in the last few months
he's come and gone
come and gone a thousand times
and now he's got a long way to go.*

*There is a story of a king and a queen
and short was the wind
that brought them together
like the sand and the sea
their loves overlapped.*

*For one minute
in the business of a day
they loved each other
they touched
one whitecap of passion
the rest was all coming and going
pulling and tugging
and then the breath passed
and they ebbed.*

*Say goodbye to the man
he's walking out the door
he's got a long way to go
he's got a long way to go
he's forgotten his prayers
he's forgotten his face
in the last few months
he's come and gone
come and gone a thousand times
and now he's got a long way to go.*

— DANIEL KOPKAS

U. Sellus Aeroplane

(The love song thereof)

*We sitting tangled
in those knots
we tied
and now,
lost in knots
and tangles
that we tied and can't
untie.*

*But it contents us,
(Carnation: the milk from)
sitting in our knots
and our tangles
not being untied,
hardly being tried,
but there,
and making us
happy.*

*And what if one,
(if there is one)
well,
what if one,
(assuming there were)
what if he,
resting a mountain
(or something else rather large
like a watermelon)
behind his head,
should say:
"That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."*

— M. J. VAN VOOREN

Business As Usual

He (the businessman) is the only man above the hangman and the scavenger who is forever apologizing for his occupation. He is the only one who always seeks to make it appear, when he attains the object of his labors, i.e., the making of a great deal of money, that it was not the object of his labors.

— H. L. Mencken

HISTORICALLY, the image of the businessman has never seemed to be a particularly flattering one. We derive our concept of those who engage in commerce in part from the Greeks and Romans who disdained the businessman as vulgar and churlish, completely devoted to the acquisition of material wealth. Indeed, it might be argued that western man has traditionally disdained work of a utilitarian bent:

In the long history of mankind, then, little stress has been placed upon the practical and businesslike. To be sure, civilization could not get along without commerce and trade, but persons who engaged in such pursuits were often slaves or underlings or members of a low caste. The persons who counted did not demean themselves with such occupations. In Greece, physical work was considered synonymous with drudgery, the price which the gods charged for life . . . The Hebrews felt that work resulted from Original Sin, as did the early Christians. The ethos of society during most of the eras of civilization has demanded that man tilt at windmills, or that he engage in the hunt or war, or even that he be an intellectual but only rarely has it demanded that he do anything that was practical or useful or businesslike.

In *Man the Hunter*, a recent symposium of studies on primitive societies, Harvard anthropologists Serven De Vore and Richard B. Lee note that "cultural Man has been on earth for some 2,000,000 years. For over 99% of this period he has lived as a hunter-gatherer. To date, the hunting way of life has been the most successful and persistent adaptation man has ever achieved." The point of these arcane historical generalities is twofold: in

Editor's Note: Printing difficulties have made imperative the omission of documentation. A fully documented copy is available to interested parties in the *Quarterly* office.

Western culture, there has been a perceptible disdain for or lack of interest in the life of the businessman; and, that the businessman is a relatively new phenomenon in human culture. As a new human reality, the businessman would surely meet with opposition from the entrenched interests of the establishment. Most importantly, however, a new social institution must articulate *its own* set of values. In America, the New World without tradition, the businessman was free to formulate his social norms without the discrimination of tradition.

Our concern is primarily with the modern businessman in Western culture, and especially in America. The modern entrepreneur's milieu is mass society, and "mass society is an industrial society. Without industry, i.e., without the replacement of simple tools by complicated machines, mass society would be impossible." The image which the literature of the post-Industrial Revolution culture has limned of the businessman is very critical to say the least. Twain created Beriah Sellers, the garrulous huckster, whose sole activity in life was speculation. Business was portrayed as a heartless Juggernaut which crushed Jurgis Rudkus or the ranchers of the San Joaquin Valley with equal impunity. The businessman was the middle-class boob of Mencken, the J. Alfred Prufrock who had "measured out his life in coffee spoons", or Willy Loman, a well-meaning man who "had the wrong dream." Today we tend to view the businessman as the Organization Man or the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit. In the entire body of American fiction the businessman is almost always depicted as crass, philistine, corrupt, predatory, domineering, reactionary, and amoral.

In the person of George F. Babbitt, Sinclair Lewis limned what many people consider to be a mirror-image of the modern businessman: W.A.S.P., petty-bourgeois, crass and materialistic. The image which Babbitt conveys is basically one of anti-intellectualism. His whole being derives justification only insofar as he conforms with his middle class associates. The value system of this peer group is essentially materialistic, oriented towards money-making, and the banal superficialities of the here and now — a new car, membership in the Good Fellows, worship at a church which serves as a mere ego-booster, telling the crass businessman that God favors his materialism. The intellect, the creative and critical faculties of the mind, is conspicuously absent from Babbitt's cosmos. The Greek writer Nikos Kazantzakis once asked his father what imagination was — the latter replied "hot air." If George F. Babbitt has become for many the paradigm of the modern businessman, such a remark would summarize his philosophy of life — anti-intellectualism, a basic dislike and distrust of the intellect. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has remarked that "anti-intellectualism has long been the anti-Semitism of the businessman . . . The intellectual is on the run today in American society." A problem immediately presents itself if we take Babbitt to represent a true image of the modern businessman. Babbitt is a stereotype, a caricature. He is essentially a hyperbolic personality. Quite obviously a static image cannot hope to represent a major sector of the American society, a society of dynamism and constant flux. If we are to predicate anti-intellectualism as a dominant motif of a group which comprises 70% of the American work force, it must be shown that such predication is historically sound. Richard

Hofstadter perhaps comes closest to the truth when he postulates that anti-intellectualism is, in fact, older than our national identity, and has a long historical background. An examination of this background suggests that regard for intellectuals in the United States has not moved steadily downward and has not gone in to a sudden, recent decline, but is subject to cyclical fluctuations . . . "it is not a constant thread but a force fluctuating in strength from time to time and drawing its motive power from varying sources."

Hofstadter defines an anti-intellectual as one who combines "a resentment and suspicion of the life of the mind and of those who are considered to represent it" with "a disposition constantly to minimize the value of that life." American culture has always seemed to be inimical to the life of the mind. Jacksonian dislike of experts and specialists, the Puritan work ethic, the "Religion of the Heart" of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, the paranoia of McCarthy, the blinkered bureaucrats of the Eisenhower and Nixon regimes: all these phenomena are part of the skein of American anti-intellectualism. We must remember that to assert an attitude is not to hypostatize it. American aversion to intellect is not a parameter — the intellectualism of the Kennedy Administration is a point in fact. Also, as should be by now apparent, the businessman is not the creating or sustaining force behind the anti-intellectualism in American culture. He has merely inhibited what D. H. Lawrence has termed "the spirit of place" — his attitudes reflect those of all strata of American society. In a larger sense however, to indict the businessman is to indict American culture:

The main reason for stressing anti-intellectualism in business is not that business is demonstrably more anti-intellectual or more philistine than other major sections of American society, but simply that business is the most powerful and pervasive interest in American life. This is true both in the sense that the claims of practicability have been an overweening force in American life and in the sense that since the mid-nineteenth century, businessmen have brought to anti-intellectual movements more strength than any other force in society.

Traditionally, America has been a business civilization. In the late nineteenth century, Herbert Spencer spoke of America's "sole interest — the interest in business." At the turn of the century Woodrow Wilson could say "Business underlies everything in our national life." In 1920 Warren G. Harding held that "This is essentially a business country." He was echoed nine years later by Calvin Coolidge: "The business of America is business." It is this social preponderance of business that gives it a special position in American culture. One of the reasons for the dominant position of the businessman in America has been alluded to above: "For from the start, in the U.S.A., there has been no setting apart of business from the rest of the country's life. Here were no centuries of feudalism, or slow development of a mercantile class despised by aristocracy." America was a New World free from restraining shibboleths and traditions. The people who flocked to her shores during the great colonization and immigration periods were children of the future: they hoped to let the harsh past and harsher present someday be a blurred memory

among the pleasures to be. The early Americans were what Bruno Bettelheim has termed "the children of a Dream." This *idée fixe* of material success has haunted immigrants ever since the time Ulysses set out "to seek a newer world." It must also be remembered that Anglo-Saxon culture lent its traditions to America. One may not concur with Napoleon that Britain was a "nation of shopkeepers", but a distinct contribution of England to America was the Protestant Work Ethic. This was not a codex of carefully articulated beliefs. The Protestant Ethic was an attitude which embraced a wide spectrum of the human psyche: work and success were held to be the bidding of God. Material success betokened the elect, the man chosen by God to amass wealth. Inherent in Protestantism is a distrust of the intellect. In regards to this Leonard Woolf was to remark of the British-Protestant culture that "no people has ever despised and distrusted the intellect and intellectuals more than the British." Historical generalizations — the immigrant mystique, the Protestant ethic, Protestant anti-intellectualism, all seem to provide justification for the popular conception of the businessman as a Babbitt. Generalizations however are never valid in themselves unless bolstered by facts or empirically verifiable attitudes. Thus we will briefly turn to the contemporary attitudes of college students (as theoretically representative of the intellectual community) regarding business and the businessman.

Despite the fact that "the contribution business makes to the general welfare of society is widely recognized," the brighter students do not manifest any predilection for a business career, opting instead for a position in teaching, government, or the "professions." On April 22, 1966 Louis Harris presented a poll of the career preference of college seniors to the Public Affairs Conference of the National Industrial Conference Board. If given a free choice, the college seniors voiced their career preference as follows:

- 23% chose a profession
- 16% chose teaching
- 14% chose business
- 13% chose engineering and science
- 12% chose the arts
- 9% chose government and politics
- 4% chose social work
- 4% chose psychology

The remainder chose a career in other fields. According to the Harris poll, eighty-one per cent of the college seniors would choose a non-business career. When the students were asked as to what career they would choose when faced with the realities and contingencies of modern life, seventy per cent still opted for a non-business career.

Polls are not historical fact, and the fact that fourteen per cent chose business careers when faced with such a wide choice delimits the immediate forces of this poll. Harris' sampling however, does seem to point out the fact that the better educated portion of society prefers to seek its self-fulfillment outside the sphere of business. Perhaps young intellectuals view the world of the businessman as one of enervating conformity:

William H. Whyte, Jr., has coined the title "The Organization Man" to describe those young executives who have abandoned the Protestant ethic of hard work, thrift, and individualism for the social ethic which stresses the security found through conformity to the norms and values of a peer group. Whyte claims that the stress on belongingness and upon the group leads to a decline in creativity, inventiveness, and innovation and that man loses his autonomy by submerging himself in the anonymity of the corporation.

The image which the businessman has presented in the past is one of a cretinous, acquisitive being whose only values are those recorded by the cash register. In human experience, image and appearance often outweigh fact and reality — often image has become reified in itself. The image of the businessman presented above has derived primarily from intellectuals: writers, social critics, and college students. Intellectuals often are adamant in their insistence that their vision is the only one which does not require corrective lenses. Intellectuals are also prone to play the part of the Byronic hero, the man whose "Titanic Cosmic self-assertion" cuts him adrift from the mainstream of society. It would thus be of value to insert a countervailing force into the discussion at this point: the image that the contemporary businessman has of his role in society.

II

That business is not entirely without appeal to college students is apparent from the fact that more degrees are granted annually in business than in any other field except education. The role of the businessman has undergone one significant metamorphosis from his role in earlier periods: he now sees himself not as the "rugged individualist" blindly following the tenets of Spencer's social Darwinism. The modern businessman views himself as a member of a community with the incumbent social responsibilities:

We know that the profit motive reigns supreme, but we also know that it has been superseded by the concept of social responsibilities.

In a recent survey published in the *Harvard Business Review*, ninety-four per cent of the businessmen-respondents adopted the view that spiritual, ethical, moral, and social considerations should and do play a significant role in profit making. Clearly then, the businessman sees himself as playing an important role in society. He feels that he articulates the values of his culture (moral, ethical, and spiritual as well as material). Moreover, it is very significant that the businessman feels that he can fulfill himself as a human person, and best serve his community through a career in business. The businessman of the modern era seems to be much more socially attuned than his predecessor. Unlike Joe Keller in Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*, he has come to realize that society and human value meet in the business community. Business in its social role razes ghettos, provides equal employment opportunity, constructs cheap housing, trains the unskilled, contributes to charity,

and finances research and the arts. Perhaps the businessman, like the rest of us in modern society, has found himself the victim of a social dynamism which he can neither control nor fathom. The giant corporation and computer-atomic age make man painfully aware of his humanity. The social impulse of the businessman may be his only alternative to existence in the abstract impersonality of the "Secular City."

The business students on the graduate level also share the businessman's sense of the creative fulfillment and social responsibility of a modern business career. Some feel that the antipathy of American culture in general, and college students in particular, to business, is due to ignorance and inexperience in such fields: "The main reason so many college students are anti-business is ignorance. They are unaware of the opportunities in business; of what goes on in business." A majority of graduate business students feel that business must redefine its role in society in order to appeal to today's educated youth. Modern business should comprehend the urban and ecological crisis as well as the profit motive.

III

The image of the businessman as a Babbitt, Loman, Sellers, or Keller has been a recurrent leitmotif in the literature of America. This denigrating image has for the most part been fostered by some resonant voices in the intellectual community. This is due partly to the conflicting values of the businessman and the intellectual: "being dedicated to different sets of values, they are bound to conflict; and intellect is always potentially threatening to any institutional apparatus or to fixed centers of power." A polarity would seem to exist between the intellectual, the man for whom ideas have a powerful attraction, and the businessman, whose primary motive seems to be profit. The former raised the specter of Babbitt, while the latter dismisses intellectuals as ivory-towered eggheads. An image is a generalization or abstraction of human experience. In a complex and fluctuating world man and the little group to which he belongs has always felt the need to abstract experience, to capture reality in flux and impose an imaginary stasis upon it. This is the only way one can hope to cope with perplexing and inscrutable reality. What must be kept in mind however is that an individual's being transcends a stasis — the human person transcends an image. The image which many people have formed of the businessman — greedy, amoral, myopic, is often due to inexperience of another mode of being. That greed and shortsightedness have often manifested themselves in the businessman is obvious. These faults however are not enchorial to a particular social group — every individual has his peccadilloes. A businessman is a human person: one of the aspects of his mode of being is that he engaged in business. A man is not equal to the sum of his parts — you can add him up forever and never get one. Robert Lewis Stevenson once wrote: "To be whatever we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life." *If* the businessman feels that he can best fulfill himself as a person through a career in business, no other justification is necessary.

— FRANK DOYLE

For Those Who Wish to Become Idealists

*I'm short. The moon's so tall his face looks blurred,
I cannot mark the color of his eyes
Nor tell how he resembles mother earth.
I fear a soul launched from an awe-struck mouth
Could not attain a lunar ecstasy,
Would teeter in its arc and fall away.
I wished to be the first man on the moon;
That novel time is past, yet I must plant
My boot on what is now a printed beach,
Become a nameless hero and return
With samples of eternity to prove:
All honor's real though the roll is long.*

— CHARLES ZAROBILA

Waving Adieu, Adieu, Adieu

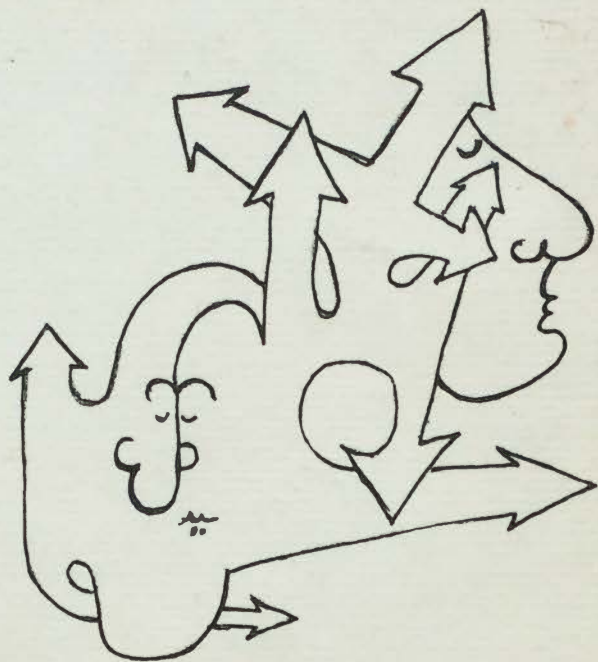
*I like to stand at noon
And think of sunsets as hearses pass
Along Fifth Avenue from St. Paul's, heading West;
I like to watch the taut-fleshed faces
Scurry to their lunch,
Muttering un-funereal syllables
At the big, black limousine and all its silent train
That stills them in their track
Because it runs the light.*

*It does some good to wonder
If the man behind the curtains
Lies frozen to the flurry that his limp commotion causes,
Or if, by some celestial trick we may not understand,
He sounds a mortuary snicker in the darkened, silky gloom,
And moves his middle finger to attention slow —
A last and legal gesture to the red light
And the world.*

*Maybe, with the other hardened hand, and cold,
He reaches blindly in the dark,
To hold a handkerchief, as those in all the cars behind
Have done, and wipes away a tear of unforgotten glee —
Or just some dirt collecting there,
Already.*

*I always count the cars to see
How much the man was loved
And often think I hear
An eerie whisper
Counting too.*

— DAVID M. LaGUARDIA



Julii