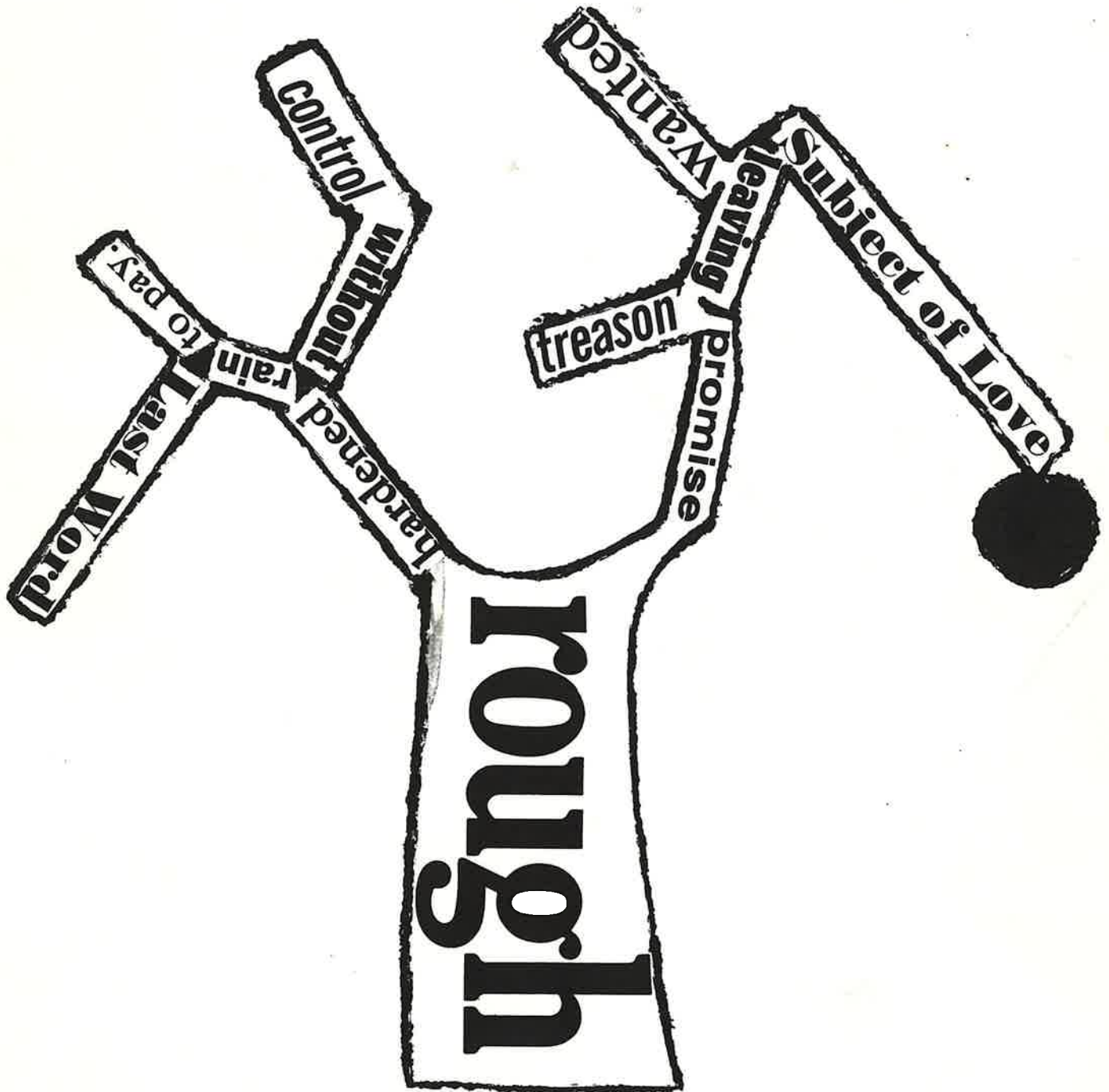


# Graffiti

*The Harley School Literary Magazine*



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## PROSPECTUS

This volume begins Harley's experimental creative magazine, which will be published three times yearly, as one magazine, *Graffito*. As the name implies, this is the writing on the wall which shows the younger generation's viewpoint of the world. I hope that through this magazine you will find enjoyment and knowledge.

\*Graffito - "A scratching, inscription, drawing or the like found on walls, rocks, etc."—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*

菊乃香也  
 奈良には古き  
 仏たち  
 勝記出

In the graceful fragrance  
 Of the chrysanthemums  
 Enshrined are  
 The ancient Buddhist images in Nara  
 (Nara is an ancient capital of Japan, 710-794)

MASANORI OKUDA '67



## POEM

Where the waves meet the shore  
Is where I seek my comfort.  
I run for endless distance to  
Reach the side of understanding.  
As the waves roll in I forget  
My surrounding problems and as  
The waves venture back I am  
At peace. They are there to  
Aid and comfort me and so  
I run for endless distance to  
Reach the side of understanding.

MOLLY LITTLE '67



## CASSANDRA

Descending from the temple steps,  
You do not stare to question;  
Int'resting your eyes instead  
On pebbles stumbling from your feet,  
Preparing in your frenzy.

At once we meet, and sounds escape  
Like basting on a hem.  
I want so much just to explain,  
But quietude prevents my tongue  
From loosening without me.

But, then, we need no bold excuse:  
Our blending gaze makes clear.  
It pleads "Forget, oh please forget  
What little's so easily made forgot;  
Footprints of yesterday stay yet,  
But let us not remold them.

MARY CUNNINGHAM '67



A year-and-a-half ago, a handful of Protestant radical theologians exploded a religious bombshell, the "God is Dead" controversy, which captured the imagination of the public and developed quite a following among students. We interviewed Dr. William Hamilton, co-author of *The Death of God*, Rabbi Phillip Bernstein of Temple B'rith Kodesh, and Father Paul Miller, Head of the Department of Philosophy and Theology at St. John Fisher College, to discuss the relevance of this controversy to students.

## THE CHRISTIAN IN A WORLD "COME OF AGE"

An interview with William Hamilton of the C.R.D.S.

by NELL DAVIDSON '68

Because the world has changed so vastly during the past fifty years, Christianity and Judaism have found an ever-increasing gap between religion and its relevance to the world. Some Christians have pursued renewal of the church through redefinition of God and His role in the world. Others, such as William Hamilton, one of the principal theologians in the development of radical theology and the death of God, find this renewal and redefinition unsatisfactory. Inasmuch as man has the ability to shape his environment, his society, and his culture, man is no longer dependent on God, and so God has withdrawn from this world which has "come of age." The basis for the life which the new Christian must live centers around Jesus' style of living as seen in the New Testament. Here, forgiveness and freedom have been offered by God through Jesus Christ. Without God present to forgive, men must forgive each other. If this is not possible in society as it exists, the Christian must alter his society.

As Davis left the Roman Catholic Church for Christ's sake, so Hamilton has left the Protestant Church, because he feels it is no longer suitable to perform its significant functions. As an alternative to the church, he feels Christians must create another institution which may include a new kind of Christian presence. It is only in working and living together in this kind of community that they can exercise man's ability to change his environment. Again, because we can no longer look to God for things like forgiveness and comfort, the Christian community must be the place where men supply this need for each other. As a solution to the crisis of ineffectiveness and disinterest in church schools, for example, Hamilton sees religious education as part of the public school curriculum. (Several states are now working out a suitable curriculum). Moreover, Hamilton views the attempts to create interest in the church by getting people to "enjoy being there", (dancing in the church, jazz Masses, etc.), as measures that are only postponing the end that will inevitably occur because the church cannot fulfill the needs of the Christian.

Further, Dr. Hamilton feels that redefinition of God in order to make Him relevant and significant is insufficient because of a certain "morality of language" which requires one to use a word with its basic meaning still intact. He cites this passage from *Through the Looking Glass* by Lewis Carroll, which emphasizes his objection to redefinition:

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory'." Alice said. Humpty-Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant

'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!' " "But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected. "When I use a word," Humpty-Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty-Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Therefore, because Hamilton finds that redefinition is an unsatisfactory solution to the crisis in which the Christian finds himself, he believes that the Christian must proceed without God but standing with the Christian community.

Proceeding in this manner, there is a new optimism for the Christian. Hamilton does not deny the rediscovery of tragedy in life, but he puts something on top of this rediscovery: this optimism for man is not that things are getting better and better, but that he has the ability to shape and change his environment. The basis for the changes that the Christians must make is found in Jesus' style of life. Jesus is "the promise and reality of meaning in the midst of meaninglessness." Forgiven by the death of Christ on the cross, the Christian has been set free by God to act responsibly in shaping his environment. Moreover, Jesus' style of living is in turn the basis of a type of situational ethics for the Christian which replaces the traditional set of laws, which are not always relevant or easily applicable to special predicaments. Specifically, the Christian life, as defined by Hamilton, involves a certain reticence that respects the solitude of a man which enables him to be himself; a certain tension between tolerance and anger which allows for a realistic outlook on the worth and potential of man; a certain "patience and humility" which as stated by vonHiegel in *Selected Letters* allows a man to be tolerated and excused; and the recovery of goodness as an important part of the Christian character. Inasmuch as Hamilton sees both activism and pacifism as valuable attributes, so rebellion and resignation are both elements of the Christian's outlook on the world. The style of life remains basic and seemingly vague, because the Christian must make his own applications of the bases; he is essentially free to decide what action really represents an act of love in its ultimate effect.

Surely rapid change is basic to the future of the world and specifically to the future of the church. In this movement, Hamilton is not proposing a new form of Christianity; instead, he offers this as one option in the exciting situation within Protestant theology.



## A TEMPEST IN A PROTESTANT TEAPOT

by SANDY CLAY '68

The "God is Dead" controversy is a tempest in a Protestant teapot. Rabbi Phillip Bernstein said, in our interview with him at Temple B'rith Kodesh, that the type of furor Dr. Hamilton's theories have aroused in Protestant circles is alien to Judaism. Furthermore, many of these theories are nothing new, for they have been accepted by Judaism for several thousand years." The "God is Dead" movement's rejection of the traditional Puritan concept of salvation, for example, moves very close to Jewish thought. Man's role, according to Dr. Hamilton, is to become Christ to his neighbor, not in response to some promise of salvation, but to make eternity real, here and now. Rabbi Bernstein wrote on nearly the same idea in *What the Jews Believe*: "Religion for the Jew is primarily, though not entirely, a way of life here and now . . . its chief reward is the good life itself." Other similarities between Judaism and the theories of the "God is Dead" movement exist, but the sort of dissension among Protestant factions which the movement has sparked would be unlikely to occur within Judaism.

Rabbi Bernstein said "the Jewish religion has a tolerant view of concepts of God; we have no dogma or catechism. A Jew's beliefs may vary from the simple concept of God the Father to the more sophisticated

concepts of Einstein and Spinoza." Whatever a Jew's beliefs are, he is still part of a family." Dr. Hamilton's problem of disaffiliation, therefore, does not beset the Jewish radical theologian, who is free to re-evaluate and formulate concepts of God, while remaining within the framework of Judaism.

There have always been, however, instances of religious movements which have broken away from Judaism. One example is the Ethical Culture movement, founded by Felix Adler in the late nineteenth century. Yet this movement stressed themes, such as eternity in this world and the brotherhood of man, which are common to both Judaism and the "God is Dead" movement. Rabbi Bernstein said, in fact, that "while Judaism is a religious basis for the good life, Ethical Culture is an ethical basis." The "God is Dead" movement's basis is Christian love.

Reform, then, is natural to Judaism, and its strength today lies in its flexibility. It is ironic that to become more Christian (especially along Dr. Hamilton's lines), Protestants must first become more "Jewish." Perhaps the Protestant Church would benefit from a re-evaluation of its dogma, and some of the tolerance expressed in the Jewish prayer, "Open our eyes, Lord, that we may see and welcome all truth."

## "THE DEATH OF GOD MOVEMENT IS DEAD"

by JAN COSTELLO '68

"The Death of God movement is dead. Within the area of people who think about these things, it did have a great splash over the last year or so, but now its effect is lessening." Father Robert Miller, head of the Philosophy Department at St. John Fisher College, responded in this way when asked to comment on the "God is Dead" theology, its doctrines, appeal and eventual effect on American religion. Father Miller, who has participated in several panel discussions with Dr. Hamilton, feels that while the movement is interesting, "it is impossible to see any difference between its position and that of many 19th Century philosophers. It (the "God is Dead" theology) is not a philosophical item of great importance in the sense that it's not new."

"One thing new, however, is Hamilton's statement that God once existed, historically. This aspect (of the philosophy) brings up a question: On what basis can he maintain that God did exist? He has to prove that God once existed in order to prove that He died." The matter of proof seems to attract Father Miller particularly. He disagrees with a prevalent belief that the only positive verification is that to be found by utilization of the senses. "To those who maintain that the only definite knowledge comes through the senses, I would ask, 'From what sensation, or sensations, of your own did you learn this?' They have established a limitation in stating a proposition about limited knowledge which may not be verified. If you intend to set a limit, you must consider both sides of it."

With regard to another prevalent atheistic attitude, which maintains that religious belief is the result of ignorance or superstition, and unnecessary in an age of scientific advancement, Father Miller says: "Compton, Einstein, and many other great men in science and philosophy tend to believe in God. Know-

ledge does not necessarily lead to the rejection of God. It is impossible to explain the *whole* universe on the basis of chance. You must ask yourself, 'Is existence self-explaining?' There must also be an intelligent force; one which may be called God."

Considering the question of the appeal of the Death of God movement, Father Miller believes that a lack of communication between people and their churches may be partially at fault. "It is necessary to communicate with each person in a language that he can understand. It may be that man simply has to learn the language of religion." He maintains, however, that "lack of understanding should not be taken as a denial of God's existence." When attempting to achieve efficient communication, *moreover*, he feels that two essential questions must be considered. "First of all, we must ask ourselves, 'Should Christianity be secularized, or should the temporal order become Christianized?' Next, 'Is the contemporary outlook generally compatible with the Judaeo-Christian tradition?' Bearing these queries in mind, one can, if necessary, 'recast the Christian faith in new language,' thereby achieving a more effective means of reaching and guiding the people involved."

In general, Father Miller is hopeful that, through these innovations in the language of religion, many "undecided" people who were attracted to Dr. Hamilton's theory will have resolved their doubts in favor of a living deity. He believes that, "The human being can know divine existence, to some extent, and know God truly" and that it is the duty of a church to guide him in obtaining this knowledge. In conclusion, he says, "I like the optimistic, 'waiting' attitude expressed in Dr. Hamilton's works, and I feel confident that this will one day be instrumental in bringing him back 'in contact with God.'"

## LITTLE TORTOISE

There was a little tortoise  
Who lived in a shell.  
He loved people very much,  
And he came out of his little shell.

MAGIE ALLING '80

## POEM

The hours tick away.  
Every second you become older.  
Never to return again.  
Even now, although far from adult,  
You wonder where the ecstasy of yesterday  
Disappeared to.

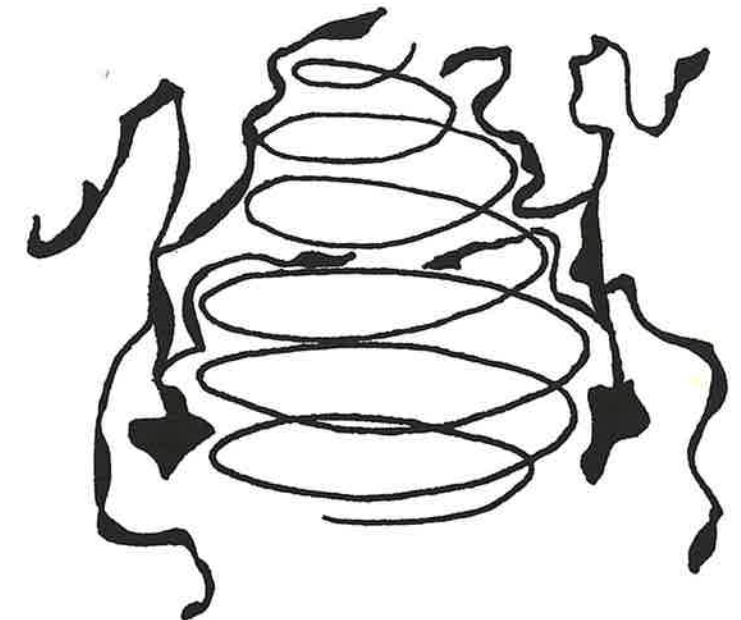
The hours tick away.  
You're pushed off your magic cloud.  
Your dreams are turned into realities;  
Your hopes into tears.

They won't let you be a child any longer,  
But you're hardly ready to break away.  
The hours tick away.  
How you long to tell them to stop.  
To slow down,  
To let you keep your dreams and  
Your ecstasy for another minute.

But the ticking does not stop,  
The ticking doesn't even slow down.  
It never will, ever.

Stupid clock . . . . .

MARGY COOKE '68



## POEM

After a brief introduction to scissors  
I could clip off fingernails  
From the moon,  
And I could turn newspaper  
Into multi-colored winged boats.  
Influenced most by an overdue  
Explanation, I am now graduated  
Into Chief Scissor-Mate  
And am commander of  
A battalion of two-headed marchers.

RACHEL SHERMAN '67





East Village is a heterogeneous slum that extends from Con Ed's black, polluting towers, west to the ten blocks of St. Mark's Place. Garbage in the streets and urine in the halls identify "the Far East;" it is an uneasy, dreary miasma of unsettled Puerto Ricans. Further west, the neighborhoods are Italian, then Ukranian and Armenian, and then Jewish. Another culture group is increasingly dominant, the Underground Generation. It mingles with all the surrounding groups, and produces a rich, uninhibited culture of its own. Between a Puerto Rican bodega and a small Armenian center sits the Slug's Far East, a psychedelic trips festival. On St. Mark's Place the "hip" cult thrives; out of a sterile block of empty storefronts and decaying townhouses have erupted psychedelic shops such as Underground Uplift Unlimited, bright clothing and jewelry boutiques and trips festival establishments such as The Balloon Farm.

Out of a similarly sterile, uninspired flat, Ron Weiss, a Village hippy, has created an experience. He sleeps in the air; he has created an "aerial bed," which is simply a platform and mattress suspended half way from the ceiling. Also prominent are double-life-size photos of Bogart in "Casablanca" and Rudolph Valentino as "The Sheik," and an extensive stereo system, which he calls, "part of our survival kit." Weiss, who would look like Captain Custer except that he has a scraggly pig tail extending to the middle of his back, lives here because it's cheap. The furniture was rummaged from the remains of a Wednesday night eviction. He has lived in the Village for five years on virtually nothing; his only income has come from dishwashing, begging and a female companion, who sells apples on a street corner.

Weiss, sharing the mood of his fellow hippies, "feels like a happy vegetable." Whim governs all that he does; only lack of money subdues free activity. He does nothing but "eat; watch fat, middle-aged tourists, and blow his mind at somebody's pad." The prime concern is being rather than becoming. Existence is explored, the "mind is blown with acid or grass, "Last night I saw a worm . . . crawl out of a green apple . . . and eat the world." The immediate is important in this hip ethnic; existence and its discovery is in the moment. "I only groove in today, in now," he says. The happy vegetable life, with only spontaneous, momentary gratification is significant. "Be-ins," carnivals of dress, discussion and music, exploration through bananas, pot and LSD have become the vogue. The Village life is the categorical rejection of American values and ideals of planning, industriousness, normalcy and responsibility.

This rejection is not a spiteful, bitter one. There is a "hang-loose ethic" which has led to a less violent, rebellious attitude toward The Establishment. The

bitterness of the Beat Generation of the fifties has given way to irreverence; outsiders are primarily a target of fun. Tolerance is also dominant within the Village; the mood is less intense and more freakish. There are no cliques or concerns about being "in"; one is completely free to gratify himself as he wishes. A man can stand and stare at roadside grass blowing in the wind, and no one will accuse him of being a Village idiot. Weiss said, "If you like something that I don't, that's fine, just don't bring me down."

Washington Square on a sunny afternoon is a festival, a carnival of laughing children, grizzled bums and hippy couples. The entire Village, it seems, is having an impromptu "be-in." A Negro hippy called "Brown" appears wearing a jacket, a swimsuit, a pair of fuzzy socks and sneakers. A discussion with an attractive, obviously wealthy girl; a comic encounter between an irreverent hippy and The Establishment, ensues. What develops is a kind of jokefest, a comedy in which Brown jabs at the urban scene, the police and his life as a hippy. "I came," he claims, "from that continent; you know, over there, across the ocean. I thought I was coming to a land of milk and honey . . . that's what they told me. Well man, look at what I found, this stinkpot of a city, a garbage dump." Brown sees a police car, siren and lights on, streaking through the square. "There they go again, the fuzz. Y'know, in Africa, if I wanted some food, I'd just go and get it. Here you try that, and they've caught you stealing. You can't do nothing in the city, even breathe clean air." Freedom, lack of inhibition, is Brown's goal.

This is especially true of sex, the most overt, rampant activity in the Village. Sexual relationships are only companionships; idtals of love or marriage are rejected. Freedom to do anything, as long as it doesn't harm others, is Brown's ideal. To be obscene, to explore oneself through drugs, to have an orgy all for the moment value, is the Village ethic. The Establishment, especially "the fuzz," restrict those who wish to be; they try run to run counter to the existential concept that "what" is more important than "what should be." The next day, after his Washington Square "scene," Brown walked the streets wearing only his underpants and a button. The police arrested him. The button said, "Con Ed tried to gas us last night."

The dynamic, creative force of the Village's mood, the mood of irreverence, momentary gratification, and non-restraint is the Underground. The Underground happens at the "Freak scene," which is centered around the Balloon Farm, the Village gate, the Peace Eye Book Store of East Village, and the Player's Theater of Greenwich Village. The latter two establishments are dominated by Ed Sanders, the leader of the Fugs, and indeed of the New York Un-

derground. Sanders is, much like his older counterpart, Allen Ginsberg, becoming something of "a guru." He has been able, with an utterly obscene, utterly uninhibited magazine termed a pacifist, dope-thrill, psychopath and Guerrilla Lovefare Spaceout," to bring together the scions of the Underground, and thus give it an organized, public voice. He has, through the revolutionary group called the Fugs, been able to stage the Underground hapepning, the concept of art as a "gorgeous, clammy experience," filled with "sweaty violence." The Fugs are unsubdued, gross, and very funny. They represent, especially to the public, the so-called Other Culture, the culture rejecting all the requirements of standard art forms. Beauty, formality, sexual restraint, taste, or meaningfulness are worthless; the mere purpose of art or entertainment is, as Sanders said, "freakness." When one takes a trip he is turned on. "What he finds is nakedness," says Sanders. What he attempts to do, vicariously through the Fugs, and directly through LSD or marijuana with his friends, is to present an "art-experience." He is the leader of the staged, collective trip, the Underground Happening in which all "revel in and reveal" the subconscious.

Ed Sanders, through all his leadership and organization of the hip culture, The Underground, has lost contact with it. He has taken on major responsibilities; he has become involved; he has failed to "hang

loose." In a MacDougal Street bar after a Fugs show, Ed Sanders was morose, moody, and intense. He was concerned about the future. The Peace Eye was closed by "the fuzz." His outlet to the public, the distribution of his Underground magazine, the literary voice of the Underground, all were stifled. Why should Sanders be upset? He can still attain an immediate gratification. The freak scene is still present. The Fugs seem to be a similar voice of the Underground; they are loud, famous and highly popular. Every weekend the Fugs stage the same basic show to Jersey teenagers and the wealthy; what form of art-experience, of a shared, collective trip, of the spontaneous expression that exists only now, is this? It appears that Sanders might be destroying the spontaneous, uninhibited "freak scene" to make it available for public consumption.

While Sanders is concerned with the future, with what The Establishment thinks of his Happenings, the Village remains apathetic, irreverent. Ron Weiss doesn't care; Brown doesn't care what happens or what will happen. Self-gratification for the moment continues; exploration of existence and being still continue; the happy vegetable ethic still continues. Everything except the past and the future is what's happening.

## CINQUAINE

Bright trees  
Flaming upward  
To light a dying earth  
And color it with last glory:

Torches

NANCY YANOWITCH '68







## THEATER EAST: TOWARD A SECOND SEASON

by CHODDY HOUGHTON '68

"Don't the people of Rochester have any guts?" This question was the summation of Lee Kheel's quarrel with Rochester. The producer of the first resident repertory theatre here in more than a generation, Mrs. Kheel has long dreamed of establishing a theatre. Now that her dream has become a reality, she is rather disappointed, not so much with Theatre East's financial difficulties as with the attitude of the Rochester community. When she stated her plans, everyone in the area agreed that, "Yes, we definitely *must* have a theatre," but their active support is not easily forthcoming. She explained that twenty years ago establishing community museums was all the rage, then came Philharmonic orchestras, this year theatre is the thing. But then, once "their" project was established, comparatively few took enough interest in the theatre to come to see the plays.

"Rochester fancies itself a white-collar city," Mrs. Kheel continued. "People hop down to New York to see *The Homecoming*, then come back and tell their friends about it, without ever realizing that there is experimental, pre-Broadway Pinter, like the *Birthday Party* right here in town. However, when a light comedy, a Broadway rehash opens, everyone flocks to see it. *Yum-Yum Tree* was a compromise, but even we have to make money." Mrs. Kheel, of course, would like Theatre East to be self supporting. "We could be practically self-sufficient if we had seventy-five percent capacity audiences during the season. This year we had forty percent." And yet she has found that, compared to the other twenty-seven regional theatres in the United States, Theatre East has had a quite successful first season. Despite its problems, Theatre East managed to present excellent plays extremely well all season. Starting ambitiously

with O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, the cast progressed through Shakespeare Pinter and Shaw, ending with Williams' *Glass Menagerie*. Of all the plays, Mrs. Kheel feels that *The Birthday Party* and *Glass Menagerie* were the most rewarding; the first because it was "new and exciting," the second because the acting was most sensitive and controlled.

Where does she go from here? First she would like some more audience support—especially from the schools. This year 7,000 students from twenty-six schools came to Theatre East. Eventually, she would like to have 10,000 students from perhaps fifty schools. Because of the great school demand for it, Theatre East will present *Rhinoceros* next season, along with *The Subject Was Roses*, *After the Fall* or *A View from the Bridge*, and if possible *The Homecoming*. Mrs. Kheel's ultimate goal is to make Theatre East nearly exclusively an experimental theatre. "Leave Broadway to the Auditorium, and let Community Players and other amateur groups do the old favorites. We would like to do modern and Shakespearian drama, with perhaps some classical comedy."

At any rate, this season has been a success, at least artistically. Even the critics (and Mrs. Kheel has a few words about them also) have somewhat reluctantly admitted that many of Theatre East's productions have been excellent. Many feel that this season's *Twelfth Night* was nearly the best they had ever seen, and *Glass Menagerie* easily outshone the movie and television versions. Theatre East has already shown itself capable of artistic and exciting productions. The rest is up to the community. Do the people of Rochester have the intelligence and interest to recognize and take advantage of a theatre now that they have one?

## THE ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC

by JEANIE JEMISON '69

Of the few refreshingly daring performances of the past musical season in Rochester, the Philharmonic's Schuller concert was the most notable. Under the precise conducting of Gunther Schuller, a composer well known in avant-garde circles for his work in Third Stream Music, the Philharmonic presented a program tailored both to offer musical excitement to some and quite properly to raise the conservative eyebrows of others. Those who came to the concert merely to have their own good taste flattered were solidly knocked out of their fur-lined seats by the combined strength of a Webern arrangement of the second *Ricercare* from J. S. Bach's *Musical Offering*, Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes*, and the *Fourth Symphony* of Charles Ives.

At first glance, it seemed a rather bad joke to program the Bach with the other works. The imaginative Webern arrangements revealed, however, a Bach quite unlike the stereotyped one in which each modulational and compositional technique is predictable. Rather, the ultimate tonal effects of the piece were remarkably contemporary.

The Stravinsky ballet music, written in his early neo-classic style, was obviously conceived in a spirit of good fun and received the occasional chuckles it deserved. It served as a mild appetizer for what was to be the most phenomenal performance of the evening.

The Ives' *Fourth Symphony* surpassed all else on the program in its astounding rhythmic vigor and sheer audacity. It is a monumental work in which every sound, though not always immediately appealing, has a specific function in the total scheme of the piece. While one might argue that we are calling Ives' trifling with orchestration a novelty of musical expression, and therefore calling a man who was really no more than an insurance agent, a great composer; there is always pervading, perpetual excitement in his music which even the coldest technical analysis cannot smother. Charles Ives remains the most interesting of all the thoroughly American composers who have expressed their ideas in music. In any event, he was undoubtedly the most significant of any composer whose works were brought to their first Rochester audience by the Philharmonic this year.

## MOBILES

Mobiles are a new way of flying.  
To be knighted as  
The greatest living thing,  
They soar and play thespian  
To a captured audience  
Of dust particles.

RACHEL SHERMAN '67

旅人  
と

我名よばれん

初時雨

勝紀  
虫

I set out on a journey  
In the pleasant drizzling rain of autumn;  
I will be called a traveller from today.

MASANORI OKUDA '67