

"Imagination that cannot digest knowledge, fancy that cannot root itself in fact, produces nothing but empty convention and useless formulae." G. L.

The foregoing comment was caught out of a conversation centering about the art works in the dining halls at the present time. It invites comment, insofar as it is a pronouncement pretending a theoretical summation of critical opinion. It applies to all creativity, not merely the graphic arts, and perhaps not merely at our modern liberal arts institutions. Does a relationship exist between a mechanical-scientific culture and its ramifications to general philosophies and theories in and about itself and its teachings, and the forms of spontaneous "creative" expression which comment on that culture from within? In other words, is Art becoming mechanized, mass-produced as well as mass-production conscious, is spontaneity becoming trite?

Television gives us a somewhat starkly disconcerting clue to the possible answers. Here Culture can only sneak quietly out of the darkened room, and once out, run madly to the hills to join a Thoreau in his perennial game of tautological tiddly-winks.

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Editorial Gesture: We believe in literary expression as a vehicle for personal motives. More than that, as a human activity, with inevitable humanitarian aspects. "The fact of writing is the crux of civilization", a 19th century thinker has said. He has been echoed, yea, affirmed by thousands of writers, some of whom have been able to maintain their coherence through even this century, with effects ranging from universal betterment and provocation, to the contemplative perusals of night-beat journalists and their dead-beat audience. Thus the introduction of the literary experience called

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footnotes and undercurrents

Inviting hereby all intermittent and incipient matter that has bobbed however briefly to a level of near consciousness, reveries, germs of ideas, plot-outlines so perfect in the brain, so quickly discarded in the transmission to the pen-hand. Feverdreams, stuporific polemics, all these creative writhings- come ye!

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