because he can't possibly detach himself from them. In addition, the "reality" of free will is directly contradictory to the whole idea of causality. Dr. Max Planck, a brilliant German theoretical physicist, further observes that it is impossible for a person to predict his own actions completely, because whenever he analyzes the situation from which to predict, he has changed the situation he was analyzing.

If causality is the central idea of my thought, then I must add that the reality of choice in the human situation is equally important. It is not a refutation of the causal assumption. It is a very necessary practical admission, that is, for a certain frame of reference, we must consider illusion a reality. The importance of this idea is so often lost by determinists that it seems like a new idea. Too often, the determinist is carried away by the primary implications of causality into a mechanistic system that completely ignores choice and the whole realm of human relations. Such oversights are the origin of many ill effects that science and determinism have had upon our society.

A concluding premise can be taken from this analysis. Though we are constantly drawn to the human frame of reference, and often feel far removed from what we consider the "cold, hard and inanimate" nature of things, our conclusions gain validity from causality. If we do not recognize this, and do not continually seek to keep in contact with true reality, our conclusions are liable to harm both ourselves and our society. This is true not only of such things as touching a hot stove, but is true of basic human "rights," religious beliefs, and philosophies.

Sally Falch, junior from Cleveland, in her first published poem, catches the music of the . . .

Carousel
By Sally Falch

Plaster pirouettes parade
On girating ground,
Heirs of Eohippus break
Toward blue grass sound.

Riders sway, suspended,
And time taps on.
Patient, the ponies pause,
Then resume their marathon.

Anna Dietrich
By Jane Erb

Red brick flashed past the train windows. Black pyramids of coal lay simmering in the white August sun. Anna Dietrich reached into a paper sack and pulled out another peach.

On the seat next to her she had carefully arranged seven peach pits in a pile on a newspaper. The pits were not as lovely as the peach skins, she thought, but still they were satisfying to look at because one could never get such peaches in Vienna. In fact, she had had no peaches like these in all of Europe! But of course, there had been other, more important things to do in Paris or London.

The train slid around a curve and several of the pits slipped to the floor. Anna kicked them under the seat and wriggled her feet into a more comfortable position, leaving her shoes in a half-on, half-off position. Few travelers could do this on a strange trip, she thought; they would be bothered with anxieties as to where to get off and when to get their bags down.

But when one has gone to Rome alone and has lived in Vienna without knowing a soul—well, one can enjoy the worldly luxury of relaxing with shoes off.

The train was going to Chicago, but Anna was going on to Colorado. She had succumbed to the red and yellow travel folders which lured one "to the West, to the land of enchantment, where the skies are not cloudy . . . vacation on a dude ranch . . ." It would be different at least.

Her teeth cut the skin of another peach. The juice ran down her pudgy fingers covered with rings. Some of the juice had stained her rumpled rayon navy suit. It was much too practical; the frivolous dresses she had worn to the operas in Vienna were much more to her liking. Oh, there was no place in the world like Vienna: the music, the gay people, the beer gardens. And Paris was almost as much fun.

Anna could remember traveling through the Alps as a child, taking skiing lessons while her parents were away. How many places she had been—her blue eyes closed, her hand relaxed and a peach rolled from the sack. It fell from her lap to the floor of the car. A sudden lurch of the train caused the peach to roll against her suitcase. Because it was so heavy and awkward, Anna had not bothered to lift it up to a rack. The bag was peculiarly shaped; it was twice as long as it was