

# Outside the Box

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*From the Editor:*

*Outside the Box features Creative Nonfiction stories written by our students. Creative Nonfiction is writing that is factually true but reads like fiction. Creative Nonfiction, also known as literary journalism, is a relatively new genre in the field of writing, combining the best skills of the journalist, the poet and the fiction writer. Creative Nonfiction isn't a twist of the truth; it is taking the truth and treating it in a creative, thought-provoking and entertaining manner.*

## LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

By: Steven Keller

It seems as though time is speeding up as our lives go on. But it's not, technology is just getting the better of us.

People often say that time is speeding up. An actual increase in the speed of time, however, is impossible due to the fact that there are only 24 hours in the earth's solar cycle. When people say that life is speeding up they are not referring to any astrological events, they are talking about the pace at which they live their lives.

According to an article which appeared on [www.bbc.co](http://www.bbc.co), a study conducted during the 1990s determined in what city people walk the fastest. Professor Richard Wiseman of the University of Hertfordshire in England replicated the study in the 21st century

The study found that, amazingly, people around the globe walk 10 percent faster than they did 10 years ago.

Wiseman said that the frantic pace of life was partially driven by technology. "We are constantly in touch with each other," Wiseman said, "and getting back to people as quickly as we can. That's driving us to think everything has to happen now."

Many individuals in society are



It seems like our world is spinning a little faster . . . thanks to technology.

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room, at church, and on dates, when one would presumably be more interested in conversing with someone face-to-face.

We spend our free-time texting. When we're alone with nothing better

with global positioning systems have made maps nearly obsolete. Furthermore, during the September 11 attack on the World Trade Center, cell phones made it possible for some people to be rescued, and allowed some people to say goodbye to their loved ones.

Another advance in technology is the webcam. The webcam has made it possible for soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan to see their children being born. On the other hand, it's a weapon in the arsenal of sexual predators, narcissists, and exhibitionists.

Dr. Janet Gates, a psychology professor at La Roche College, said that the communication advances of the last decade have had a profound effect on people. "Technology is continually made to make life easier, and our attempts to keep up with *machine time* creates a greater chance for people to overwork," she said.

Gates also explained that reports indicate that worker productivity is on the rise in the business world. However, she also points out "that means fewer people are doing more and

more."

According to John McCrone of [www.stuff.co.nz](http://www.stuff.co.nz), people generally have more spare-time when compared to previous decades. However, he said "even our time off can now feel like work crammed with a series of activities at which we must excel, which must be as impressive as they are varied."

McCrone writes that the pressure of living in today's high-paced world has prompted people to create something called the slow movement. The movement originated with slow foods, which promotes food grown locally. However, it has expanded into many categories. There are slow foods, slow vacation spots, and even slow cities.

In order to be a considered *slow*, a city must: "have a population under 50,000 and the right slow practices of cut noise and traffic, foster neighbourliness, build green spaces, and support local shops and producers," McCrone said.

There are many changes that today's work and social habits are creating. For example, according to Gates,

“Plautus once said, ‘Who in this place set up a sun-dial to cut and hack my days so wretchedly into small portions.’”

in fact so busy, that someone invented TiVo so that those individuals wouldn't miss a show on the hundreds of channels they have.

When one considers how the people spend their free-time, one can easily reach the conclusion that technology plays a huge role. People use cell phones in the car, at the pool, in the checkout line, elevators, in the bath-

to do we delete old text messages or receive new text messages, meanwhile we could be talking to other real human beings or letting our brains get some much-needed rest.

The cell phones to which we, as a society, are almost permanently attached aren't evil. They have done wonderful things. They have made it easier to stay in touch. Cell phones

# Into the Forest

*The way we feel, and how we think, about a place influences how we experience it, says the author in this story of adventures in the woods.*

By: Susan Snow

I lost my virginity in the woods. It's not a memory I visit often, nor is it a fact I normally share with anyone. Better, I suppose, than in the back seat of a car, or in a stranger's bed at a party. Some people may think of the woods as a scary or gross place. I don't. The woods themselves don't change; it's a difference of perception.

That early April day was chilly, and the ground itself was awakening to its own fertile bloom. The woods offer a sense of seclusion to be taken advantage of. I will spare the details but I was at home in the woods that day, because I love them and was well acquainted with them. For someone not used to them, it may not have been as comfortable of an experience. And though I may have lost my purity, the woods still have theirs.



The author, as a child, enjoying nature's playground.

Courtesy of Susan Snow

## Imagine, a Tree

Trees are useful both in their natural state, and afterwards in the products they provide. Shade and beauty, fruit and nuts, privacy for homes, and as homes for animals. Floors, paper, medicine, tea. All from trees, and that's just a few of the many.

Trees provide powerful imagery. Think of the tree-lined road, with mature trees arching over, creating a magical tunnel. Or the spidery spookiness of a dead tree in a painting. Who

didn't feel for the Christmas tree in the Eat'n Park commercial, helping the star get up to the top?

Trees have characteristics like people, or rather we can ascribe ourselves in them. Think about the 'weeping' willow. Or the trumpet vine, an imposter that grows like a tree in an attempt to fit in with the oaks and buckeyes. Or the black walnut, abrasive to others, its bitterness evident in the lemon scent of the fruit and hidden in the toxic roots.

The lofty pine, towering high with a bare bottom. The thick skin of a mature oak tree; the sensitive skin of the paper birch with its peeling bark. Even within species there's as much variety as hair color, like maples: silver maple, striped maple, red maple, sugar maple.

Young trees bend easily, without

breaking, just as young children don't usually break bones. Old trees creak like the joints of old men. Trees fall to disease, are preyed on by bugs.

Most trees have a tenacity we would do good to emulate. Trees will grow on hillsides, sticking out instead of up; they'll grow partially submerged in water; they'll grow between the sidewalk and curb, pushing through cement; they'll grow and twist to reach upwards to the sun.

When we're bundled up for the winter, most trees will stand naked, waiting for spring again.

“ A large rock jutted out of the hill like a crashed UFO; the stream flowed slowly over rock pancakes, unevenly stacked. ”

## Plodding in the Woods

I figured a walk would either do me good or do me in, as sick as I was. Besides, I was at a local park that I'd never been to, one that has a waterfall along the trail. Fall Run, as it's called, on an early fall day, before the leaves have changed.

Right away, it was clear I wasn't paying attention: I walked into the squishy mud. It reminded me of the time at Kennywood Park when I ran into a tree and nearly knocked myself out. Here, in a valley surrounded by trees, I imagined how much damage I could do to myself.

I moved slowly, not seeing any wildlife, except the kids that came running past, soaked from splashing in the waterfall. *Shiver.* Those kids probably ended up with colds.

In my cough-medicine-clogged mind, the trail became a series of shapes instead of distinct features. The curvy S of the trail as it crossed and recrossed the stream, over the bridge, onto the land, repeating all the way to the waterfall. A large rock jutted out of the hill like a crashed UFO; the stream flowed slowly over rock pancakes, unevenly stacked.

I'm pulled from my trance by a beautiful scent: salty, spicy, and pungent as perfume. Scent is as subjective as physical beauty. For instance, I smoke, but I only smoke outside because I cannot stand the smell of lingering smoke. My grandmother, who quit smoking, loved the smell, and would demand other smokers to light up around her just so she could get a whiff.

This scent is from the trees specific to the region, but not tied to a specific tree. Around here there's a few hemlock, some sumac, beech, a sprinkling of oak. Sassafras maybe, and pine's probably in the mix with maple.

Complicating things, for the scent

to arise, not only must there be trees, but moisture as well. I usually find the smell after a rain. If I'm driving down the road, I'll stick my head out the window to inhale as much of it as possible. I can't bottle it, and it may be a while before I get to smell it again. The rarity is what makes it so special, a forbidden treat.

The elusive scent drifts. It is replaced by the usual aroma of rotten leaves and standing water, at times almost rank, at others, nearly pleasant.

It was easy to forget Route 8 was over the next hill. The trees in the wind and the flow of water statically blocked the sound of traffic. My chest ached as I stood on the bridge and stared at the waterfall. Unmoved, and not feeling like moving, I decided not to climb the stairs to the top, saving that for a better day. I forced myself to return, resisting the powerful urge to lay down, to nap in the forest.

## Golden Deer

High summer, out of town. The woods are green and full. The wide loop trail, in the autumn, is used for haunted hayrides. But now, it is simply a walk in the woods for the family.

We startle a young buck, and he leaps across the path, his red-gold coat smooth and glistening. Then he's gone, deeper into the woods, to safety.

Further down the path, as little kids tend to be overly dramatic, our three-year-old proclaims, "Oh no, we're lost! We're never going to find our way out!"

He has not yet learned that all paths lead somewhere, and even if it didn't, you could always turn around and go back the way you came. He has yet to grasp that the world is larger than what he can see. As he grows, so too will his view, his perceptions growing from narrow to wide, from what is merely visible to the intangible. □



Labrador retrievers are known for their larger-than-life personalities.

Courtesy of Edward Stankowski

## Lap Dog

*The pick of the litter peed on her lap, but that didn't stop Amy from bonding with her.*

By: Moriah Jamrom

Amy Moore recalls the first time she met her now three-year-old bear, Mia. Amy says she knew the fattest, oddest puppy was the one for her. She says, remembering fondly, "She peed in my lap. I knew Mia was the only one for me."

Then and now, Amy appreciates Mia's oddness as well as her simplicity, and she is sure Mia feels the same about her.

Her dad, a psychiatrist, heard in a session that his patient's black Labrador retrievers bred again. Normally, he would have avoided a patient outside of work at any cost; he prescribed the crazies their medication, listened to their problems, and he didn't like seeing them until their next session. Undoubtedly, if he were to see them outside of his clean, yet homey office, they wouldn't understand how to conduct themselves.

Amy recalled many incidents, on their Sunday grocery trips, upon seeing a familiar patient, her father had to go wait in the car. She even remembered a time when her family received threats through the mail from a patient. And the occasion when they waited outside of Cirque du Soleil as her dad attempted to talk one of his patients off of the edge of a bridge over the phone. You won't find the Moore's phone number in the phonebook anymore. They even stopped going to church to steer clear of his geriatric, mentally unstable clientele.

But, this was a special circumstance. Papa Moore's only daughter wanted a big dog.

They traveled hours and ended up in a trailer park. The semi-houses were in rows, covered in vinyl siding, each with its own personality. They pulled up to a plain one, and were invited inside. Each of the three blonde Moore children remembers the whole place being filled with fuzzy black Lab puppies. Amy's brothers had their opinions, and one can imagine it would have been a difficult decision for a

15-year-old girl, but Amy insists it wasn't.

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Three years later, Mia is a 50-pound slobbering dog. When she drinks, water covers the kitchen floor as if it were high tide. Her jowls froth with white saliva when she gets excited and need to be wiped with a towel. Everyone who visits the Moore home needs to beware what pants they don that day, planning ahead for slobbery streaks.

Mia is bulky and strong, yet gentle. She doesn't like to go on walks, opting instead to chew on her leash. Her mouth is shaped in a smile and her whole body wiggles when she gets excited. The Lab's soft, shiny ears move with different expressions. When Mia is tired, she lies, putting her head on her front legs and her eyes droop to the point where she looks sad enough to cry. She is "the good dog" compared to the family's three toy breeds: Ozzy, a Dachshund; Pugsley, a Pug; and Bandit, a Pomeranian, each with its own distinctive, and incessant, bark. Mia is rarely heard.

Thick, black fur covers Mia's body and the Moore's couch and hardwood laminate flooring in their game room. The clumps cling to socks and light clothing. Fur is attracted to the television screen like a magnet. The Moores always have a lint roller handy and had to buy a special broom and vacuum with more hardworking bristles.

Amy hates (but secretly loves) Mia's "ugly face" that she accidentally makes by putting her bottom teeth over her top lip. It happens mostly when Mia takes a ride in the car, after her head has been out of the window, jowls and tongue flapping in the fast-moving air. Sometimes, though, she will make the ugly face at home, standing behind the wooden baby gate that blocks her from the dining room while the Moores eat dinner, perhaps in protest of being excluded from this family time. "Mia, stop making that ugly face! Sit prettier," Amy says to Mia in a sarcastically mean tone, patting Mia's head to

assure she doesn't mean it.

No one can resist Mia's charm, even Lonely Old Woman who lives down the street. She stands at the bottom of the driveway, launching bits of leftovers and stale pieces of bread over the invisible fence to treat Mia when she thinks the Moores aren't home.

"Next time I see her, I swear to God I **will** cuss her out," Amy says. "I'll tell her to get her **own** damn dog to poison." Recently, Mama Moore mailed a letter to Lonely Old Woman saying Mia is on a restrictive diet and requesting she stop feeding Mia her garbage.

Amy has grown up, now. Her face pierced all over, hair dyed brown, earlobes stretched to their maximum potential. She is 18 and full of angst. Her hatred of high school (as well as her phony note from her phony employer) only keeps her in class half of the day. She makes fun of everyone she sees: the mailman looks like a troll; her brother has a stupid face; the girl who sits next to her in physics class has an annoying laugh. Amy's wardrobe consists of mostly dark colors and she listens to loud, emotional music. Foreign films that involve violence are her favorite. She swears more than most old men.

Despite all of her social flaws and opinions of humanity, she still approaches Mia with the same child-like enthusiasm she always has. They greet each other after school in the driveway, and they both smile. Amy's voice is high and excited, and Mia's behind is wiggling. "Hello, my wubby," she says in a high-pitched and, if not so sweet, otherwise annoying tone.

Their relationship is simple, yet vital. They get what they need for each other. Both need the interaction; the unconditional connection.

Some may say Mia doesn't understand this feeling. That all she understands is that Amy gives her food everyday and a warm house in which to sleep. Amy laughs and says, "I hope she loves me like I love her. I can tell. She peed on me. What else could that mean?" □

TIME, from page 1

children are beginning puberty as early as eight years old. "There's a finite level at which we can operate, and we're reaching it," Gates said.

Additionally, McCrone said that time use statistics changed dramatically in the 1980s when more women joined the workforce.

During the 1980s, dual-income families became normal and, according to McCrone, gave people more leisure time.

However, McCrone also suggests that people created leisure time by spending less time on household chores. The idea that people neglect their chores around the house may also suggest that it adds another thing to people's already enormous to-do lists by maintain their house to at least social standards.

Though recent technological advances are convenient to blame, people have been feeling pressed for time throughout all of history.

In 1825, the middle of the industrial revolution, the German writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wrote, "Everything is now 'ultra'. No one knows himself any more, no one grasps the element in which he lives and works - young people are swept along in the whirlpool of time."

To further exemplify how the cry for calm has echoed through time, we must look no farther than Titus Maccius Plautus, a Roman playwright.

Plautus once said, "Who in this place set up a sun-dial to cut and hack my days so wretchedly into small portions."

Although these two examples of people protesting the acceleration of time seem nearly laughable because, to our minds, those were *simpler* times, the message still clearly resonates: man has always desired to do more than he can possibly achieve.

However, without his drive to succeed man would not have come as far as he has. □

# Rainwater and Sweat

*The writer finds a sense of freedom by running in the rain.*

By: Dan Pasqua

*What do you think about when you step in a puddle? Many people are quick to complain about how uncomfortable wet socks are, or how they hate walking when they get water in their shoes.*

*Why do people think about these things? Is it age? Do we think too much as we grow older? We examine every little thing to the point where pessimism makes nothing worth it afterwards.*

Little kids are the only people in the world who are happy to jump into a puddle. Elderly people repeatedly wish for a fountain to help them regain their youth, so why don't they try hopping into the fountain enjoyed by youth? They would probably think too much about ruining their pants or how much their shoes cost, thus stealing away any youthful feelings they would hope to obtain.

When it rains, complaints fall out of the mouths of people who don't take the time to look for beauty, as though raindrops are cinder blocks falling from the sky.

*I hate when it rains; it makes everything seem so gloomy.*

*I don't like getting wet, I feel so disgusting.*

Who says rain has to be something associated with depression and gloom? Rain can bring on a positive experience. And I'm not talking about one of those *I just loooove thunderstorms in the summer* type people. Yeah, thunder and lightning can be cool, but I'm talking about rain.

How can a positive light be shed on rain? There is a way that rain can help us shed the useless layers of ourselves in order to cleanse our mind, body, heart, and soul: by running in it.

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It's been raining off and on all day. Every couple hours, the heavy rain lets up, like a watering can that's almost empty, and a soft, delicate drizzle will tumble through the air and make its way to the ground. Outside, the moon is hiding behind menacing-looking clouds, like a small kid trying to take



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cover from bullies at school. Once in a while, the moon peeks through when there is a break in the clouds, but it quickly disappears when the vicious, dark gray cotton balls get closer.

As I step out of my car, my foot is met by wet pavement, freshly soaked by heavy rain only 45 minutes earlier. Since then, the rain has diminished into a caliber slightly heavier than a drizzle; it's heavy enough to add volume to the already numerous puddles that litter the lot.

The only slippery parts in the parking lot are the paint lines that divide

I've listened to "Here Comes the Sun" when it's raining; it's never intentional, but it seems to happen fairly often and is an odd but happy coincidence.

I decide to listen to The Cure and my escape from everything I know begins. As my footfalls gain speed, I am beginning to experience that euphoria that can only come from running in the rain, which is now coming down harder. Heavier rain means less attachment to a material world; it is time to experience the world of freedom.

I can't help but feel clean as I run

worrying about having enough time to finish my homework for the next three days; feeling like shit because of allergies; or wondering if I'm actually getting sick – "What if I have the swine flu?"

All the needless bullshit sits quietly in front of me; I can analyze it from any angle I want to, if I want to. Tonight, I'd rather not. I want that feeling of freedom, even if it only lasts 35 minutes. That feeling of not being connected to anything I don't want to be connected to.

Rain is my teacher and I am its student. It teaches me to focus on the important things in life, and lets me pinpoint things that are less significant. I feel as though I am able to place my life in little jars on a table in front of me and I can examine them under my own microscope, until it stops raining. That's when I know the lesson is over.

My five miles are up and it feels like the rain is slowing down; we've run a long way together and it is time for both of us to rest. The clothes covering my body are soaked with my worries, fears, and negativity, but my soul is clean, once again.

As I slow to a walk, I feel like I have been cleaned internally, even though externally I smell like rain water and sweat. My outlook has changed from "What am I going to do?" to "It'll be no problem."

To the rain: until next time. □

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“ Who says rain has to be something associated with depression and gloom? ”

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the empty parking spaces, but I usually take my chances running down the middle of the lot anyway. Plus, how many cars will drive through a school parking lot at 10 p.m.?

This is my escape.

As I turn on my iPod, which I no longer worry about because it has proven worthy through countless storms, I think about how many times

through the rain; the sweat squeezing out of my pores is not a symbol of being dirty anymore. It has transformed into the liquid dirt being wrung out of my soul, a dirty mop wrung out by a disgruntled employee cleaning floors for minimum wage.

The rain becomes my soap and my water; it is there to steal away anything that is unnecessary: stressing over schoolwork; being an hour late to work for the third time in a week;

# Mythology of the Mind

*Through examples of some of the world's mythological beliefs, the writer explores how mythology works in our minds and how necessary it is for humankind.*

By: Alan Zahorsky

**Truth is one. The sages speak of it by many names.**

**- From the Rig Veda**

There exists a world that lies just beyond the edge of consciousness. A realm that has served the collective needs of the human race since before known history and still provides an invisible support structure for day-to-day life. A realm that is known to every society and culture, though perhaps through a different lens.

There are many entrances to this realm. Reading an encyclopedia entry about the adventures of Hercules. Listening to a tribal shaman explaining how the world grew from the back of a giant turtle. Observing Christian burial rites that provide comfort in the knowledge of an afterlife. The way is revealed to a world that can only be inadequately hinted at through metaphorical language.

This is a story about stepping through the veiled gate to a world that has resonated so strongly with the human psyche for countless generations and finding a new way to experience life.

*The veiled gate lifts open, and you stand before the twin pillars of the Pantheon. Your expectations are dashed on the jagged mountain peaks adjacent to the edifice itself as you walk up the stairway. The pillars stand without adornment or decoration as if they were pulled straight from the earth, simply fulfilling their function much like the Pantheon itself.*

*The foyer leads to a hallway, which seems to transcend the notion of linear time and change with every step. The Pantheon does not fit the architectural style of any one religion or culture. The Grecian bas-relief you just passed has already shifted into a wall of Egyptian hieroglyphs. You pass side rooms that seem to mirror a particular culture, but they feel more like Hollywood set pieces than actual rooms.*

*The thought is forgotten as the hallway merges into a large antechamber and you see the inhabitants of the Pantheon, the mythic figures that populate every ancient story.*

*They are familiar at first, but unrecognizable. It is hard to see any characteristics that might provide clues to their identities, as they seem more like an ideal than a human being. However, you see a line forming at some kind of counter near the back of the room. You make your way*

*over there, close enough to hear a voice from behind the counter talking to the first figure.*

*"Okay, we need a standard father king for the Greeks, so here's your white beard, flowing robe and sandals. Oh, and the lightning bolt. Can't look majestic without the lightning bolt," says the disembodied voice. The figure is immediately clothed in this garb and you realize that it is Zeus. He hefts his lightning bolt and lumbers off.*

*The next figure walks up to the counter. "Ready to cause some mischief in West Africa? You have the guise of a spider for this one." This figure then takes on the shape of the trickster Anansi.*

*A third figure steps up to the counter. "Manifestation of love. We got your symbols right here. Little wings, bow, and some very potent arrows. Watch where you point those things. Otherwise we'll have people fornicating everywhere." The figure becomes Cupid and flies off.*

*This ritual is repeated over and over, with each figure taking on the garb of a particular mythos as they are needed. You move around the line and peak behind the counter, seeing an endless room of cos-*

are interpreted through the lens of cultural, historical, and environmental factors. Scholars have studied mythology through many different lenses as well. One of the definitions of a myth is that it is a story that tells a truth, though it may not be a literal truth.

The exact origin of this mythological place in our minds is unknowable. It existed before words and knowledge, and cannot be explained fully in those terms. Primitive man, all around the world, acknowledged the spiritual nature of myth through their burial ceremonies, through some belief about the cycle of life and death.

Mythology rose as a way of both explaining life and providing models for living. It was a place that united the individual with his or her society through rites of passages that marked a spiritual rebirth into the next phase of life.

Through the guidance of the tribal elders and shaman, who had managed to turn their experience inward towards the human psyche, the individual learned how he or she was connected to their culture and way of life.

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“ Mythology is ultimately not about the meaning of life, but the experience of living. ”

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*tumes. You realize that the Pantheon is not an amalgamation of every mythology in the world, but rather stretches across all cultures by providing a basis for the fundamental stories of the human condition.*

*The figures you see are the familiar archetypes broken down to their base elements, taking on the costume of the particular culture and society as needed.*

*You spot a staircase in the corner of the room and ascend to the next floor, wondering how the Pantheon first came into existence.*

**There is nothing like a dream to create the future.**

**- Victor Hugo**

Man has recognized the power of the symbol since the time of the cavemen. At its simplest form, this is what mythology is- a collection of primordial symbols and motifs that arise from the human condition and

types.'

"Essentially, it is a mythological figure," Jung said. "In each of these images there is a little piece of human psychology and human fate, a remnant of the joys and sorrows that have been repeated countless times in our ancestral history."

The trickster archetype, for instance, is prominent across many different mythologies. The god Loki in Norse mythology. Anansi the spider in Western African mythology. Or the trickster god who walks through a village wearing a hat that appears blue to some and red to others, sowing strife when the villagers disagree on what color hat he was wearing.

The circle is one of the most common and powerful symbols throughout every mythology, representing the cycle of life- creation, death, and rebirth. This fundamental aspect of mortal life appears in symbolic forms such as the rite of passage from childhood to adulthood, or in the downfall of a civilization.

It can even apply to mythology.

**When the Angel of Death comes, it is terrible. When he has reached you, it is bliss.**

**- From One Thousand and One Arabian Nights**

*You arrive on the next floor of the Pantheon. None of the mythic figures are in sight, but you still feel that someone is watching you from the corner of your eye. You turn to the only open archway, barely noticing that the walls are no longer shifting between cultural style. Entering the dark room, you notice the only source of illumination is a metal circle on the back wall. Small spheres rest on the edge of the disc, stretching all the way around the circle. Some are lit with a dull orange glow, but most are dark and cold. One begins to fade, and is shortly consumed by the darkness. A faint cry emanates from the now-dark sphere. You feel the sphere's coldness in your lungs as you take an involuntary step back, realizing what the disc represents.*

*It is a graveyard.*

Joseph Campbell was one of the foremost experts in the field of comparative mythology, and still has a lasting impact on the study of mythology today. One of his lessons was that each culture's mythology served the needs of that culture at that time. As society evolves, so does the mythology, in order to meet the demands of life. However, Campbell believed that today's modern society was stuck be-

## MYTHOLOGY, from page 5

tween mythologies. The old does not fulfill our current needs, and the new has not yet been realized.

Campbell once said, "If the person doesn't listen to the demands of his own spiritual life, and insists on a certain program, you're going to have a schizophrenic crackup. The person has put himself offcenter, aligned himself with a programmatic life, and it's not the one that the body has at all."

The collective unconscious still holds onto the mythological motifs of the past and yearns for a new way of revealing those truths, but society only notices its overt absence. Society has advanced at such a rate that man has declared himself master of nature and of the world.

Some religions even support this by separating man (and God) from nature, so that the life lessons taught by mythology do not interfere with the conquest of nature. By losing these models for life, man can forget what connects him or her to their society.

But the mythological place in the human psyche does not crumble, but stands in a pristine state of preservation, simply waiting for the new mythology to form.

Each culture has its own myths about the end. The end of the world, the end of reality, the end of all worlds-

there are numerous variations.

They all mirror the human life cycle with the world eventually ending. However, there are myths that show how death begets life.

***A fallen man, I climb out of my fear. The mind enters itself, and God the mind, and one is One, free in the tearing wind.***

**- From *In a Dark Time* by Theodore Roethke**

*Turning away from the hanging disc, you run past the edge of darkness and back into the light of the staircase. You quickly climb it once more, eager to get away from the emptiness of the previous floor.*

*You keep climbing until you get to the top of the Pantheon, unaware of how high the structure reached. The sun sets slowly in the horizon. As the edge of darkness extends itself beyond the horizon, you see countless spheres of light in the sky. One is slowly fading into existence right before your eyes. The lights are unaware of your presence. The circle simply continues to spin.*

*You turn around. The veiled gate is waiting.*

Even in today's scientific world, where man professes his knowledge of how everything works, mythology has not faded- the tales of the Greek gods, the legends of the Native American's culture, the living religions of today.

People still remember these myths for a reason.

The idea of resurrection and rebirth is a prominent metaphor in the world's mythologies. It is central, for instance, in the Christian and Hindu faith. It is based in the idea that life is much broader than is realized due to human limitations.

Mythology is ultimately not about the meaning of life, but the *experience* of living. Mythology has always served the spiritual needs of the human race, and the human body is not biologically different from its ancestors. The human psyche still continues, and these symbols and motifs still resonate strongly as a result.

Society may be waiting for a mythological rebirth, but the mythological part of the human psyche is not forbidden to those who wish to make the journey.

*The exit does not come but once. As you step through the veiled gate back to the tangible world, you realize that the door to the Pantheon is never closed.*

There exists a world that lies just beyond the edge of consciousness, always hidden beyond that fine line. A realm that has served and will continue to serve the collective needs of the human race. A realm that was known to every society and culture and a realm that will make itself known to every future society and culture.

A realm that connects the basic spirit of every human being. □

## Outside the Box

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The work that appears in Outside the Box represents the efforts of many talented individuals.

Without them this magazine would not be possible.

We hope that you enjoy their work.