

A Progressive Regression, Cariska, the Future Polis

Editor's Note: Now that we have laid apathy to rest at Meredith perhaps we can glean some tangible ideas from 'Ca riska! to incorporate as new goals of action to renew interest and participation on the campus. Carol's creation is fascinating; we hope you will enjoy it.

take a trip with me
to the polis we'll see
the future of the past
and the present

gather round . . .
let's check the date
it's may the third
of 2028

now, choose your seats
and open your mind
it won't take long
till we reach our skies

the greeks had their way, though
it's changed since those days
but some features
are still to be seen
unfasten your head

and step right on up
to the platform
where we'll be greeted

welcome, my friends!, you may call me joel
we are pleased to have you come.
i hope we will share some thoughts later on.
i'll tell you of us in a general, brief form,
and then we'll begin our stroll.

we are the cariskans, and we name ourselves so
because no previous word was satisfying for us.
consequently, we invented our own: cariska.
it has no set meaning, and we'll carry it so,
it's really too vague and wide-thrown.

we're closest to the greeks
who cherished their polis,
just as we love our cariska.
we seem to be brothers of those faraway greeks,
and maybe we differ because
they were then and we will be . . .
we could be the greeks
reincarnated after time,
but we really do not believe this to be true.

i'll have to remember to remain on the track of your nose,
if you'll try to forget your bodies that may worry your toes.

let's make a fake plane, one of fastest speeds,
that will transport us to greece
and with the slightest breeze, return us to here . . .
so we may freely bounce back and forth.

the greeks built a polis out of their very own minds
a community with all life around . . .
moral, intellectual, spiritual, and social
all these were part of their polis.
one of their faults we've corrected here
is the realization we all are the same.
the greeks had their slaves and
the greeks had the rich,
in cariska, we all have the same . . .

we, the cariskans, have arrived at a summit
where no laws need be xeroxed on paper;
philosophic wisdom with some common sense on hand—
this is the mixture by which we all stand.

we have no god—as far as gods go,
whereas the greeks had a god for each cell!
we believe in something, far too emotional for talk . . .
surely, we have been created by it . . .
in a way, you could say, we're part of an abstract expression—
an art expression . . . from an artist's brush . . .

now, we find no pleasure with rivaling others
such as the greeks' glee . . .
but we do hold a game in our head—
we try to broaden and heighten ourselves . . .
to reach, before death, our best.
it's a rivalry here . . . between me and myself,
and it really has no influence on you.

we are kin to greeks in this next way—
the universe is a one lawful whole . . .
the winds, and rain, the daylight and dark—

regularity shows clear in the nature . . .
it's so simple to see, don't you all agree?
i know you're not tired
so let us commence
let's walk through the beautiful cariska.
i wanted to tell you—you may ask questions later on,
but feel free to ask along the way
it's usually best when the question is present
than to wait for others to arrive . . .

i must state a point
it may have confused you by now,
cariska is the title for all . . .
our "city," our "school," our "infirmary . . ."
all things ARE cariska . . .
this may appear foolish, but it really isn't so . . .
if we know what you're going to do,
we obviously know where you'll be.
it's as simple as can be . . .

aw yes, my friends, here's a nice spot to view
you know it is an amphitheater
for music and plays and dances and parties
and even for a discussion or meditation . . .
some couples have been seen playing
"kiskey-wiskey, pressey-body" down there . . .
HA HA HA, yes, the amphitheater has many uses . . . HA HA

i'm surprised of you all for not asking wonders—
surely, you must be amused . . .
but i won't press you now; i'm sure they'll come soon.
but, please do not hesitate to stop me . . .
come along and i'll show the shelters we have,
you certainly will enjoy the top level.

see that bubble there? like a gypsy's crystal joy . . .
it's a cross between an elevator and a helicopter . . .
it arises and moves all about in the air . . .
now, that we're here—hop on aboard . . .
it's really as a huge balloon!

it ascends with ease, but i'm in full control.
its principles are far past your reach
the day doesn't allow for explanation
so for now, just relax and enjoy . . .

our school has been coed for the last five years,
and there have been no complaints as of yet.
now, over there!! those four bubbles!
one purple, one orange, one yellow, and one white—
each is a dwelling-complex for the students . . .
they live where they want . . .
and with whom they want . . .
though, it really is of no importance . . .

DO GUYS LIVE WITH GIRLS IN THE VERY SAME ROOM?

oh, yes . . . it's essentially so . . .
for so long, we were lost, and drew a line between the two . . .
but now it has faded, and we're all a big one—
you could call it a communal living . . .
you see how we feel . . . we all have a body
it's nature that differs us so
why should we hide and close up ourselves
when there's nothing to disguise
a famous poet, a few years back
wrote of how it is we feel . . .

the world has now gone white
as they sit in partial stare
more too many textures
of a time that wasn't there
all those blues and oranges
are now a constant shade
one blurry consistency
masses of one big haze . . .

you might be interested to know . . .
contraceptives are used,
whenever the girl feels she's ready.
sex it not condemned—it's freely shown,
it's all part of beauty and nature.
we have no rapes — we have no abortions,
by this, our way is also good.

WHAT ARE THE BUBBLES MADE OF?

a material like your glass—
it's transparent and strong,
we use it to keep nature in sight . . .
it's heatable in winter, and air-conditionable in summer,
and no weather can bring them down.
we have walk-ways, also . . . to avoid the extreme days . . .
they're made from the see-through, too
you can see one right there—like a massive worm,
you could call it an above-ground tunnel . . .