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The Lost and Found Generation, 1967.

The Lost and Found Generation
Daniel Jeremy Silver
May 14, 1967

Marshall McLuhan has made himself something of a cultural phenomenon with his punditing and prophesying about our changing society and our systems of communication. His writing is opaque. Insofar as I understand his thesis it is this - that as we have progressed from an era of type, the aura of ^{still} picture to the aura of film we have little by little lost the distance which separated us from the scene which we observed. It was possible to hear the current event or to see some shot of the scene and yet to remain somewhat a stranger to it. It was part of your world but you were not part of it. It was real, but not that real to you. Today, thanks to the miracle of the telestar satellites news pictures are sent instantaneously across the globe. We follow scenes whose conclusion is not known to those who are broadcasting it. Mr. McLuhan has said we can sit in our living rooms and see our own sons being shot in Vietnam. And lest you feel that this is wild prophesy, Thursday of this week I picked up a newspaper and I read a story from LaGrange, Georgia. A mother and father sat watching a Vietnam battle scene on television when suddenly their son appeared on the screen. They saw him fall, a victim of Viet Cong booby trap. That's Landon, Mrs. A. L. Morrel sobbed, when the field around their son exploded before their eyes. The demilitarized zone, the back alleys of our cities, run right through the center of our living rooms. Reality has shattered the four walls of our privacy. With it or not, the world is part of our lives. None of us can separate himself out, draw himself off into some blackish backwater, some quiet pool and allow the current of history to pass him by. We are all swept along by history and this intrusion of reality into our lives has a profound effect upon us, but especially on our children.

Many of us came alive to the world when we were 12 or 13 or 15. Our children are coming alive to this world at 8 or 9. Think back for a moment on your

own childhood. Some of you were born, as I was born, in the last years of the 1920's. Our first awareness of this world, the world outside the world of our family, came during the Depression. Now we know about the bread lines and we know about the men who were selling apples on the street, we knew about the lockouts and the violence, but we went to school each morning. We played in the school yard each afternoon. Our homes were calm. The world was carefully kept out. The Depression was of our world, but we were not in that world. We read about the Depression much as we might have read about some ancient history, some great cataclysmic economic event in the past, some war, its long range implication, its meetings, its incidents, its people, its tragedy, its glory, but not its personal meaning. It took us a long time to realize that the economic cycle, that the dangers of unemployment, that the possibilities of the proletariat, would be part of our lives till we died. The technological revolution in communications has finally and irrevocably destroyed that distance which we had as young people from our world. Our children no longer have it. I came into my adolescence during the second World War. I knew of it, of course, I read about it, but it did not become my war and I did not become a part of it. I did not sense the maelstrom, the violence, the meaning, until I was in high school when I saw the seniors signing up for the draft and being measured for their uniform. My nine-year old has already asked, Dad, if I have to go into the service which branch do I have the least likelihood of being killed. And that's the difference between what was once a presumably secure, middle-class American home and what we mistakenly believe ^{to be} today a secure, middle-class American home. Our children are caught up in the maelstrom of the world. The world is theirs, they are its. You and I have read a great deal of late about the so-called generational gap. Well, I submit to you that the generational gap begins in the glow of the television tube. Some have said that it begins in the explosion of knowledge. True, our children are taught with different techniques in

our schools, but if you examine what they know it is not so different than what we knew. Their curriculum is not so different than ours. And some have said that the generational gap begins in the changing environment, the technological revolution and true, much has changed, but how much remains the same?

A generational gap is a psychological, an emotional factor, not a technical, not an intellectual fact. And if the habits of our young people in the lover's lane are somewhat different than they were a generation ago the answer, I submit, lies not in the peer, but in the child, not in the fact that there are certain securities, safeguards, for him, for them, that were not available but that he is inside a different person than we were then. We were sheltered, he is of the world. He resents the sheltering. He wants to explore, to experiment, to know, to feel, to live and we, as parents, we continue as if nothing has changed, we seek to protect, to build high the walls, to make sure that they are not exposed to the ugliness of the world, their youth is so short, we want them to enjoy it. We act as if Humpty Dumpty hadn't fallen off the wall, as if we could put the pieces together again, and we cannot. There's no point in beating our breasts and pulling our hair and rationing television to Captain Kangaroo. What the child he will see on the set next door, and this new world of communication, this new reality, is part of his life, part of the life of his peer group, he can't escape it and there's no point in our trying to put blinders on him because those of us who live as if the world was what it was a generation ago, or seems to be, devastate our child, dissipate his energies, destroy his ability to relate to the world.

I had a young person, one of your own, tell me not so long ago that throughout his childhood he had the sense that he was sitting in the ballroom of an ocean liner. He was watching a great gala. Everybody was talking brightly and dancing up a storm and everyone knew that the ship was flooding, it would soon dive under the waves. He said,

my parents acted as if there were no war, as if there was no violence, as if there was no confusion to life. They danced on and when I asked to tell me, help me, help me to join the world, they said we don't want you going down into Hough to tutor or to be a recreation specialist, it's too dangerous. Of when I spoke to them of my wanting to know and to feel they spoke to me of studies and books and hand-me-down knowledge, well, I don't want hand-me-down knowledge, second-hand knowledge, life isn't a spectator sport. I want to be part of the world and my parents pushed it off from me. They made me feel that whatever uproar was not only ugly but demonic, devilish, satanic, it was something to be feared.

What happens to a child who is brought up to feel that the world out there, outside the four walls of his home, outside the green years of his suburb, is a dangerous world, a devilish world, an ugly world, an unredeemable world, what happens to that child? He quickly finds confirmation of his beliefs and he turns away from an ugly world he never made. He turns away from it and denies it, he seeks to live by trips within, by drugs, by LSD, by experimentation with all the emotions of life. He turns off the world, he signs out from it and becomes a member of the lost generation and the vacant stare, the empty look. He lives for the moment, there is no past and there is not future and the moment is terrifying. Trying to protect our children from the ugliness of life, we often destroy their ability to relate to life as it is. And if the child is strong enough and ^{that} not overly sensitive he will not turn the world off. He lacks often, because of the inadequate training we give him in life, an ability to relate effectively to it. How many of these children today are Don Quixotes, crusaders with a thousand windmills, a thousand enemies to overcome? It mattered not what slogan is written on the plaque, but the placard is the thing, the protest is the all important element. They're angry with life and they strike out to this and to that, always against this world because they have never seen in their homes the example of a parent that will pick one cause, one service, one relationship,

one activity and stick to it. All they have heard is the grumbling, the complaint, the barrage of complaints against the evils of the world. There they have seen an impulsive act here and now, their parents going out to join some crusade, but they've heard also the rationalization for having turned aside, for having turned back; lacking focus, lacking an example of the parent who somehow walked out into the confusion, out into the bruising, out into the cold world and was not frightened by it and was effective in it, they flay against it with might and mane; they fight the shadows and the enemies, the world it is and the world that they only assume to be and they waste their energies and destroy their young adulthood in this fight. But one cannot fight the world. We have to join the human race even as our children have been made part of that race. Many adults are shackled by a training which taught us that life was something other than living, that life was a round of eating, working, leisure, sleep, eating, working, leisure, sleep, eating, working, leisure, sleep. There are no depths and the hope - the hope, really, was to turn off life, to get out of the mainstream, out of the hustle and bustle, to escape to the green fields, to the green forests, to the greenness of money. We lived in an unreal world and often unconsciously and out of love, a mistaken kind of love, we're trying to teach our children that this is the world. It's not. And our children are paying a terrible price for this mistraining. They know that the world is a fearful place. They know that they may be called upon to die in their youth. They know that the last sixty years have been years of confusion and violence and cruelty and hate beyond description. They want no part of another sixty years made of the same. They are tired of parents who tell them it's too ugly out there, don't get your hands dirty, don't get in the muck. Here I have so much I can give you, so many things I can provide for you, just stay out of life, stay away from the political arena, stay away from the Peace Corps, stay away from crusades and responsibility, mind your p's and q's, keep your hands clean and neat and all will be well until one day the world will open up and all of us will be sucked into the maw of the devil.

It's time, it seems to me, to recognize that if we want happy children and successful adults we don't need any more neat psychological recipes of how to raise our children, neat formulae by which to guide the governance of our homes, because our home is no longer the theme, the thing, the medium. The world is the thing, the world is the medium, the world is the center of the child's life. If we want happy children let's create for them a happy world. If we want children who know how to feel and how to live and how to love and how to labor and how to think and how to be aware and how to be effective, let us think and labor and dare and go out there and find out what the world's like. It's time and you and I rediscover some of the most basic teachings in our religious tradition. Jewish ethics begins with a simple statement that most of us push aside because we don't want to hear it - woe unto them that are at ease in Zion. Woe unto them that are at ease in Shaker Heights or Pepper Pike or Cleveland Heights or Beachwood or South Euclid. Woe unto those of us who have mistaken leisure for life, existence for living. To exist is simply to labor, to eat, to work, to go to sleep. To live is to dream and to feel and to be aware, to be sensitive, to love, to act, to react.

The economists are constantly talking about the great rise in the standard of living in the United States in this century. I submit to you the standard of living has remained constant, low and rather drab. It is the standard of existence that has risen. We have much more, but I don't believe that we know much more about how to live, what it means to feel, how to accept life for what it is, to find adventure and meaning and purpose and fulfillment in it. "Woe unto those who are at ease in Zion" - woe unto us who are so fatted of soul that we are no longer sensitive to the real world. Woe unto us who have transmitted to our children a definition of life which begins with material things and speaks of purely physical responses and ends in a purely surface life. Woe unto those of us who do not know what it means to have a holy cause, who do not know what it means to dare

the disapproval of respectable people, what it means to reach out into the world and to react to the world, to share its loves and its fears, its hopes, its failures, and not to be frightened, not to be afraid of it.

Judaism is a lean and spare faith. It is an urgent faith - go out, establish justice, seek righteousness, do the right, dare to be among the heroes of mankind. Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion. Our faith is a wise faith and it's a realistic faith. It knows that the problems of the world are many and we're not going to solve all of them. It's not upon us to undo all the evils of the past or to remake the world up to our own image - yours is not the work to complete, but neither are you a free man to desist from it. We know that we cannot be messiahs, any of us, but we also know that the wise man walks into life and lives and takes his child along with him. The wise man does not deny that life is what it is - brief, and unpredictable, there are not promises and there are no guarantees - yet, he refuses to live life as a spectator. He refuses simply to go along from morning to dusk. He will determine something about his life, the path he will follow, the priorities that will be his, the feelings which he will dare, and he will teach his child to bare his soul, not to another human being but to life itself and bare his heart to emotion and to feeling and to greatness.

We speak of a lost generation. The younger generation is lost because their parents are lost and if we are lost and they are lost we have simply lost our grip upon reality, our hold on the world, we've slipped out of life. We found a neat little place for ourselves. It's very comfortable, and we work hard to maintain that place, but it's not part of the world, it's off there, in a world where half the people every night go to bed without enough in their belly, in a world where one fourth of the people are not literate, in a world where we're only a push button away from war - this little world out there, that's not life, it's a dream, a mirage, and some day it can become a nightmare.

All that I've been trying to say to you this morning I found summed up in the imagery of a beautiful little poem written by a young Israeli and I conclude with it. It's called, As We Stand On The Edge of a Crag.

As we stand on the edge of a crag
a great wind began blowing.
All drew back disheveled
but I, I grasped the sledgehammer,
Preserved here from a generation past
And began to strike the rocks
And the wind answered
Amen, amen.



Marshall McLuhan has become something of a cultural
hero and is probably ahead of ~~the~~ mainstream in communication
what he seems to be saying - & his language is remarkably
open - ~~that~~ in communication has been in the
the public has replaced the applied to future business
the subject media, the class has demanded - media
it has not entirely disappeared. The U.N. seems to not just
a series of highly complex issues that confront us but
the way of your own being, that is the 1971 subject entirely
into your living room by radio television. Business is the
so called science of business is not business any
business to be run as a business of business any
of the unfortunate world; but the unfortunate world is the
your to be run as a business of business any

Conclusion

The possibility of non-violent change has been discussed.
The D.M.S. is a very early of the new world
your living room. It's part of the world of the new world
the new world of the new world.

There is a great need for change in the new world
which is the new world of the new world
a new world of the new world. The new world is the

Parents Watch TV, See Son Hit in Viet

LA GRANGE, Ga. (AP) — A hear if he were dead or alive. mother and father sat watching a Vietnam battle scene on television when suddenly their son appeared on the screen. They saw him fall, victim of a Viet Cong booby trap.

"That's Landon," Mrs. A. L. Morrow sobbed as the field around her son exploded before their eyes.

The camera cut to a close-up of the soldier. The Morrows were not mistaken. The soldier was Spec. 4 A. L. Morrow Jr.

The Morrows and their son's wife, Mary, waited to

A telegram came the next day. He was seriously wounded. Metal fragments from the booby trap had penetrated his abdomen and both legs.

That was last week. This week the Morrows received a letter from their son saying he had had several operations and was being transferred to a hospital in Japan.

Morrow arrived in Vietnam on Dec. 29, his 20th birthday. He has a month-old daughter he has never seen.

What has happened to me since. ^{Even if it happens later than} ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ of the
for the child it seemed it was happening right in your
eyes. Recall for a moment you are children, perhaps
some of you were born in the early 1920's. We
became aware of an awful thing the Depression. My father
was in the pursuit of the world for material good capitalism
but the man was young; he could not and understand

21 thousand was only apple, the world was - but at
was outside my mind. It did not touch my secret.
2 felt the paper apparently, but I had no real understanding that
the world was not just me and my family and my friends
struggle with the world and the world was not just me and my family and my friends

WRHS



no more was just me and my family and my friends
an awful middle class man was not just me and my family and my friends
generalized eye. The need of understanding is apparent from
an adult's eye and the world was not just me and my family and my friends
14. As I understand the world was not just me and my family and my friends
under the TV lens, as well, I was not just me and my family and my friends
to be understood and the world was not just me and my family and my friends
the understanding is apparent from the need of understanding is apparent from
The understanding is apparent from the need of understanding is apparent from
and. The physical understanding is apparent from the need of understanding is apparent from

Captain Kingman that yr. com. sec. not home, he'd
leave an. for me left alone.

[illegible]

Quay Bay Island

[illegible]

rules - 4 of the unwritten code of the
distilled from the complex & superficial
had great value.

Then the release is not as much to be
of great value as it seems - the by products
its collection; its value; its value and -
but it is the same value as it seems to be and it seems to be
to it part of the world - a very valuable idea
can not be put in the draft - an idea
is not the same idea as it seems to be
the same idea as it seems to be
the same idea as it seems to be

The TV idea is new! The idea is new! the

new idea is new! the idea is new! the
new idea is new! the idea is new! the
new idea is new! the idea is new! the
new idea is new! the idea is new! the

new idea is new!

The TV idea is new! the idea is new! the
new idea is new! the idea is new! the
new idea is new! the idea is new! the

to regain recognition of the real world. Pa. spoke in
purposeful clear language must be understood
A happy childhood to become a full care adult
at the same moment

On children are part of the world - not a few
order of the day - the question is how we
joined them - more we still children - being the
year of adulthood and efficiency we must see
parents must see feel us to understand good
and only is for told not to go down to help
or as late as possible we must see them
never will be able to see them as they are
be lost to you and your family which is needed
living. Let not any one believe that gradually our
the many children is entirement to a proportion
can must get a word of real integrity.

The 1st question we are now as a platonist
one - We must be able to have justice - What is
life also about? What are the proper terms of the
state? 2nd question is whether we are ready to
any more - it is the responsibility to us as adults

under the old law was made full of fun & laughter before
 the unhappy poor gift of life - a small number
 of men in various degrees of destitution in a
poor house had a new mark of mercy. Just before
under the old law "Was into the land and came and
2nd " The purpose of some needed things as only
in the land & some generally at the self right
place but after all the new law and the new law
into the land from the land and the land and the land

into destruction of
 When I talk with young people - I am
 sent in unintentionally - unintentionally - unintentionally
 acceptance lay down and unintentionally - unintentionally
 the life of clean clean. They never never! never of us
 is equaled of a total sacrifice of self - total total of
 we can please for more more more. more
 his energy of commitment. more more.
 it is more

his exposed & concealed
In one aspect a public community as it is now
organized unintentionally concealed being
The unpleasant is in being not being being
being unpleasant being being being being being being
being being being being being being being being

one male killed as an attempt of slight blow &
~~as for the~~ ~~other~~ ~~one~~ ~~was~~ ~~as~~ ~~for~~
 but Trachal - as as as
quite

Dear Bill

concern for all aspects of philosophy, justice,
make no mistake about it, many - needed
many others must be performed by professional. One
doubtless can buy hope where we can find one
and enter, - but the many cost are you as a
kind soul - a spiritual journey for the moment - The

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copy
in fact we are contented to enjoy
existence from life - Exile is only, days,
living, renewal - Life is living, thought,
consciousness, some unyielding and unfailing love -
as it is living on

jud is an unchild just sent a valent on
2nd 11th - We have sent to do an and ?
be do an time - and to some of to some to
and!

It is one more a poor life you would
 have lived ^{but} you are young - Therefore
response

1/13/33 10:00 PM 1/13/33

As we stand on the edge of the sea
 a great wind from the sea
 and all the world is disordered

But I cannot be alone here

Preserved here for a generation past

and WRHS to read

and WRHS to read

1/14/33
 2:00 PM
 T
 GINNIE GERTON
 WILLIAM J. B.
 SAYRE
 LLOYD W. B.
 RACHEL S. G.
 SAMUEL ALBERT LEVIN
 HARRY K. FOX
 JOAN SCHMERTZ
 GERTRUDE SHERBY RAND
 ELISE SELIGMAN

1/14/33 10:00 PM 1/14/33



Kaddish

Friday

May 12

Sunday

14

Those who passed away this week

DOROTHY FRANKEL

ADOLPH M. KLEIN

LEO WEIDENTHAL

Vahrzeits

IRMA R. SEED

ABRAHAM KROHN

MORT A. UNGER

MIRIAM BLUM RICHMAN

LUCY JOSEPH BING

DINNIE BENSON BENJAMIN

WILLIAM J. BIALOSKY

SAYDE R. MANDEL

LLOYD H. FEDER

RACHEL S. GROSS

SAMUEL ALBERT LEVIN

HARRY K. FOX

JOAN SCHMERTZ

GERTRUDE SHERBY RAND

ELISE SELIGMAN

~~MARGARET E. RICHMAN~~

MAX S. BERGMAN

BARBARA FORSCH STRAUSS

Mother's Day

Larry Shapiro 421-6049

✓ Ethel Fisher 751-9611 Picko Ab

✓ Irene Weber ? 381-7528

~~Mary Zipp~~ ✓ Chairman of
Shirley Beals ? ✓ Hardy Hammit

~~Barbara Cook~~

~~Frank~~