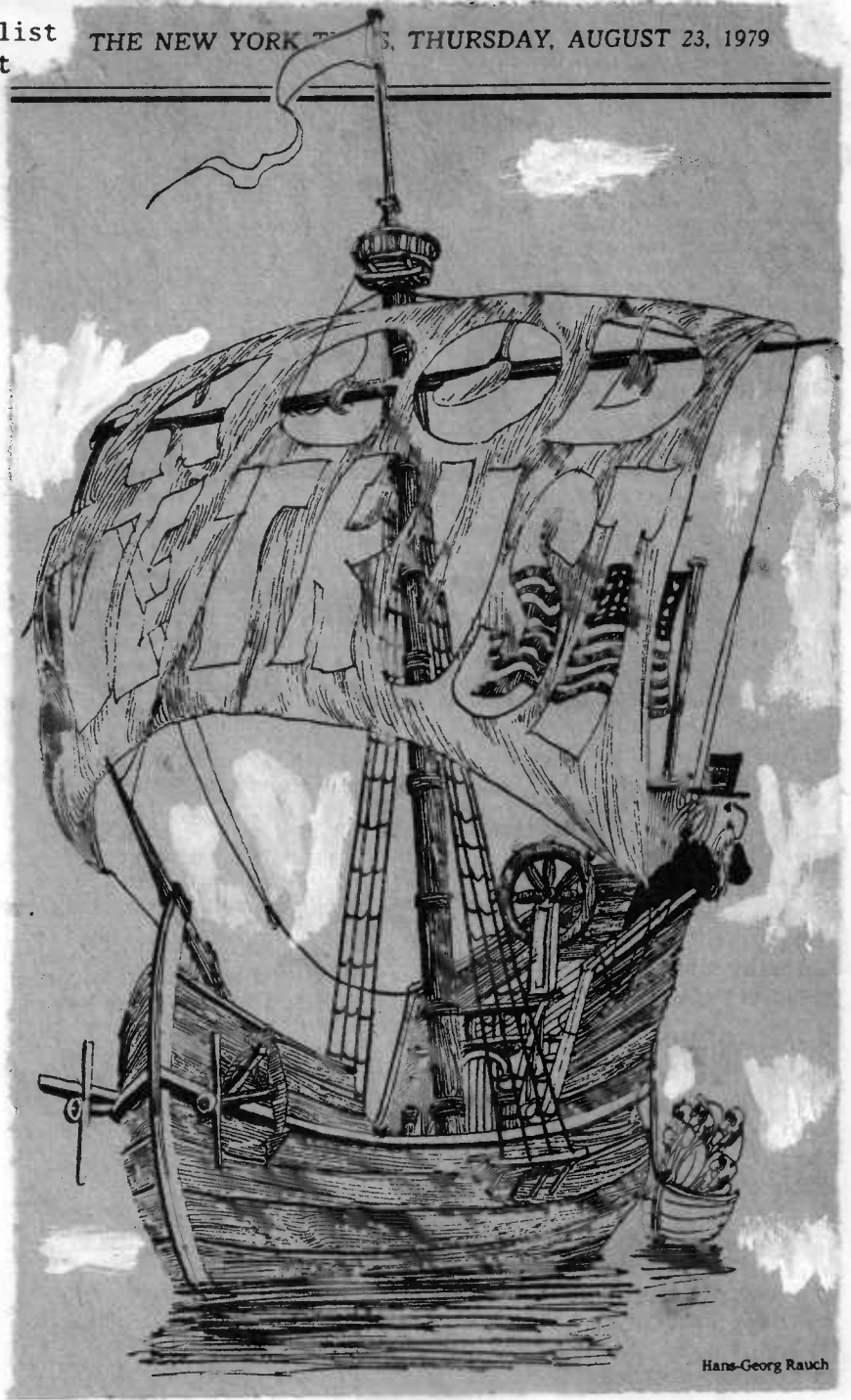


Till time is called, quick-list
on this side everything that
comes to mind while staring
at this cartoon; when time
is called, write on the
other side three state-
ments cosmizing your list.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1979



Hans-Georg Rauch

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1 Sept 79

NEW YORK TIMES
Letter to the Editor

I noted a rueful though unwitting synchronicity on the August 23 OpEd page. On the very day of the 19th centennial of Pompeii's obliteration, you published a great Hans-Georg Rauch cartoon showing Uncle Sam alone in a becalmed 17th-c. sailing ship.

The population is in the dinghy, our faces anxious. The sail is useless, full of holes, the holes spelling out "In God We Trust."

In what were the Pompeians trusting? Their lush mountain had been quiet for a millenium; nobody even knew it was a volcano.* Their empire had been quiet with *Pax Augusta* for as long as anyone alive could remember.

But between breakfast and lunch, they had to leave town forever. And *Romanitas*, the order that was to have lasted forever, was soon to become becalmed and then to founder under the twin evils of exploitation and parasitism.

We have a little time to come up with an appropriate version of "In God We Trust." A little.

Willis Elliott

* Divorce is the volcano in personal life, then and increasingly now. Your same page has "Mrs. X" "Teetering on Divorce" under the societal pressure of hyperindividualism.