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1966
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the **lighter**

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From a sketch by Pamela Lang. Miss Lang's work has appeared in several previous issues of *the Lighter*.

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the lighter

the literary-feature magazine
of Valparaiso University

* asterisk

... by Süsc

New to these pages, Dennis Busse is a senior philosophy major. His short story "Whiteman" recalls his disappointing stay in one of Cleveland's Negro ghettos. Working on a pilot project in the Inner-City program, he lived and worked with the people in the neighborhood. But the barriers of white-hatred and suspicion were never overcome. Busse spoke of the lack of communication between himself and the young people with whom he associated. Relationships were tenuous and only surface-deep. "Whiteman" is interwoven with traces of the sporadic tensions created when the two races confront each other.

But the human sameness and unity of all people, exemplified most clearly in the faces of children, come through in glowing warmth in a photographic essay by Sandy Hagman. Miss Hagman spent seven months working as a Prince of Peace volunteer in a settlement house in St. Louis. She likes children and so she took their pictures—to remember and to share with others the people she had known and the other world in which she lived. Yet that world is not so foreign as some believe: people have the same concerns, the same needs, and children play and laugh and hang upside down from clothesline poles.

While some explore the inner city, Pat Sullivan takes a

searching look at the inner being in her essay "LSD ad Nauseam." The essay sprang from two seemingly unrelated interests—Jean-Paul Sartre and psychedelic drugs. But Miss Sullivan discovered that in *Nausea*, the sort of fear of ego loss expressed by the central character was very similar to that of persons under the influence of LSD. The essay flows back and forth between the novel and the drug, forming a strange pattern through which to view one of the greatest mysteries of the universe—the human mind.

On a lighter note, Mary Lu Kozel adds another individual to her private gallery of rogues. Her sketch "A Place in the Sun" introduces a useless, gypsy-sort whom she met this summer. Miss Kozel published a similar essay in the last issue of *the Lighter*—"Someone has to appreciate odd people."

And someone must appreciate normal, pleasant people. "The Treasure" by senior Kathy Flett is a delicately colored slice of life drawn from personal recollections. Miss Flett tells of having read quite enough stories dealing with perverts, sex-maniacs, and murders. Her story is a gentle one, revolving around a thoroughly likable grandfather and his family. No conflicts, no profanity, no violence—"The Treasure" is a relaxing interlude.

SULLIVAN



KOZEL



FLETT



BUSSE



HAGMAN

* et alii

PHOTOS / Bob Leeb

Editorial Comment:

A sign we saw recently in a parking lot gave us pause and reason to consider. It said simply "No Exit." We assume that the intended inference was that that particular aisle of the lot did not afford egress, but, as Charlie Brown would say, "the theological implications alone are astounding!"

Last week in a drug store we happened to pick up the Signet paperback edition of Superman. The cover purported to contain "the best of the original Superman—including the story of how Superman began." We were disappointed with our fifty-cent investment on several counts. The book was poorly put together, and some of the plates seemed to be out of order (though of course, logical sequence was not always essential to the plot). What bothered us more was that the book did not in fact include the story of how Superman began, at least as we remember it from our collateral reading in the fifth grade. But worst of all, while we were reading it the telephone rang at least three times and all the while a little thorn of reality kept pricking in the back of our mind. There was a column to write, copy to get off to the printer, layouts to check, people to call, and what—oh yes, homework to be done.

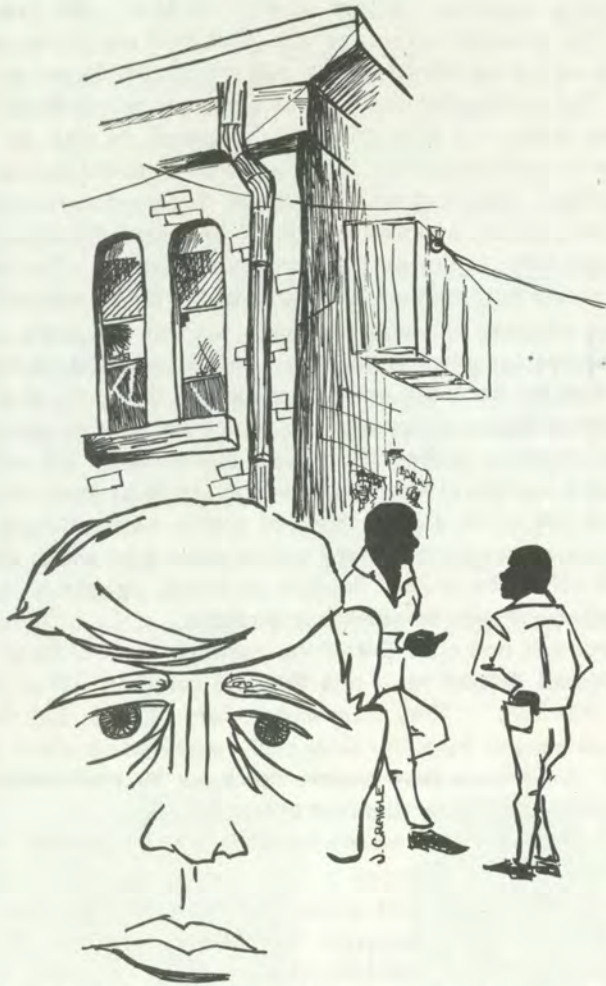
Superman and aisle D-4 of the parking lot of O'Hare International Airport have one thing in common: they are both "No Exit." They may entice, lure, dazzle; but they give no escape from the nitty-gritty, screwed-up mess we are in. We draw a deep breath, check our fly, and presume to say that *the Lighter* does not either.

In a recent article on student literary magazines, the *Saturday Review* pictured a lone typewriter with paper inserted and typed "out picketing." The dilemma facing the undergraduate magazine that attempts to take itself seriously is vicious. Students who are sensitive to the challenges facing the present college generation are also generally alert to the fact that the college magazine is often not. To this we can only protest that *the Lighter* is an open and relevant publication, that it is interested in the ideas students are thinking and expressing, and that it does try to present them in an attractive and readable format. But what should that mean?

We recognize that in these pages haply may spawn the genius of another Hemmingway, Thurber, or Updike—we recognize the fact, but we are not betting on it. The primary and immediate purpose of *the Lighter* is to express the creativity of students here and now. It is not to take them beyond or away from themselves, but simply to let them speak, as fancifully and tentatively as the day.

whiteman

Dennis Busse



Larry and I were going to do great things that year. We'd grown tired of college and had dropped out for a year in hopes of "actually accomplishing something." And everything just fell into place perfectly—one year working as church youth workers in Cleveland's negro ghetto, the Hough area. Acting kind of like undercover agents, we were to cultivate friendships among the teenagers of the area in hopes of discovering the reason for their rejections of religion. And there we were, playing basketball and bowling with some of the neighborhood teenagers every Saturday and Sunday.

There was always Pat. He seemed to enjoy hanging around the only whites in the area—I guess it gave him prestige. And there were Leland and Gregory, who did whatever Pat wanted them to do. Larry and I got to be fairly close to these three.

We were never really buddy-buddy with them, but they did make a habit of coming up to our apartment fairly regularly, and, of course, we always bowled and played basketball together at the parochial grade school where I worked as a janitor. Besides Pat, Leland, and Gregory, there were maybe six or seven guys who came along only occasionally. Pat usually dragged three of them along each time so that we could play full court with teams of four men. They were all fifteen or sixteen.

There was a definite routine for those Saturday and Sunday afternoons: meet at our apartment around noon and then ride down to the school, which was about a half-mile away. Larry had a car and we'd pile all eight guys into it. As soon as we got there the idea was for all eight of us to take down the folding chairs left from the school classes and clean the place up, but Larry and I usually ended up doing all the work while the rest practiced their shooting down at the end of the gym where there were never chairs set up. The other end of the gym had a stage so there couldn't be a permanent basket there, and after the floor had been cleaned we had to roll the portable one over and bolt it down. Then it was game time—a brutal form of basketball, the likes of which I'd never seen before. A good body block and trip were seldom protested and there was no such thing as charging or traveling. Just grab the ball, throw out your elbows, crash under the basket and shoot. If you made your shot you were safe. But if you shot from beneath the basket and missed, you'd always end up being knocked to the floor and kicked a few times in the rebound attempt. This cut down on wild shooting quite effectively.

Pat was the talent of the group and could sink shots from almost anywhere on the court, so we kind of resented him. He'd just breeze along controlling the entire game and fancy dribbling all over the place yelling, "Hey, man! I'm a pro!" After a while we'd get so mad at him we just couldn't take it any longer and would do the only thing we could do to get back at him. We'd decide to go downstairs and bowl. Pat was an equal down there and sometimes we had the pleasure of doing better than he. I think we all liked basketball more, but being able to call Pat a loser made bowling half-way enjoyable too.

The lanes were in the basement and hadn't been kept up at all. They had dips and rough spots, and were covered with dust. Half of us had to set pins while the other half attempted to bowl. We never wore bowling shoes—just our tennis shoes—so we always slid all over the place. What with the

ART / John Craigle

industrial dust covering the approach areas, the dirty balls, and uneven lanes, skill was almost ruled out entirely. You just got the ball off and then worried about catching yourself before you landed on your butt and slid over the foul line.

What was especially choice about bowling down there was the complete lack of acoustics—your eardrums were almost blown out every time some pins were hit. And when Pat, Leland, and Gregory started singing Beatle songs and “Name Game,” the noise was almost unbearable. But just Pat’s being an equal made it all worthwhile—the only trouble was that when he didn’t bowl well he’d refuse to set pins if it was his turn, or, if he did oblige us, he’s purposely roll the balls too fast on the return track and they’d fly off on the curve. On one side they’d crash into a plaster wall and make nice holes; on the other, they’d crash through the wooden partition wall that separated the lanes from the rest of the basement. This wasn’t so bad, though, because they just knocked the boards out and didn’t break them. I could always nail them back in later. Anyway, after about three hours of basketball and bowling it was back to our apartment for soda and any food we happened to have. Leland only got one meal at home each day so he was always hungry no matter when he was up. I don’t think that one meal he did get at home was anything too great.

Of course there were days when things didn’t go quite according to routine. One especially stands out in my mind. Larry had had to go downtown with his car, so Pat, Gregory and I had to either walk or take a bus. It was almost zero out and neither alternative excited us too much because even taking the bus meant standing maybe ten minutes in the cold over at the corner of Hough and 65th Street. I guess we should have called the whole thing off, but I insisted we take the bus and dug up enough change for all of us. At least we had the consolation of knowing that Larry was going to pick us up afterwards.

We filed out the back door onto the porch. The building where Larry and I lived was a two-story brick affair—a row of six small stores at street level with six apartments above. The stores were all deserted except for the one on the end, which was being used as a church. The whole building was in pretty bad shape. The plumbing was bad and the heating worse. We had to put plastic over the windows in winter so that we could heat the place, but when it was down to zero like it was that particular day, even the plastic wasn’t good enough and we virtually lived in the kitchen. The oven heated

it. The wall between the kitchen and the john was slowly sinking and the two floors sloped pretty badly. In fact, we had to put wood blocks under the front of the refrigerator to level it off enough so that the door wouldn’t always come open. We did the same thing to the stove, only it was a much more exacting job to get it level enough so that the cooking grease didn’t pool at one end of the frying pan.

Anyway, the back porch overlooked a narrow alley covered with glass from broken wine bottles. You see, sometimes as many as eight or ten empty quart wine bottles were thrown next to the incinerator on the porch—there were at least three or four every morning—compliments of our two lovable neighbors, Agnes and Jesse, who each had four little kids, no husband, but a steady stream of men coming and going at all hours of the night and day. Well, Agnes and Jesse’s little kids, who ran around on the back porch with bare feet and only their underwear year round, always threw the bottles off the porch onto the cement below. It was part of their daily ritual. Another part being waiting for Larry or me to come out to sweep the porch and then yelling, “Hey Whiteman! Whiteman!”

Well, the kids hadn’t thrown the bottles off yet that day—or maybe they’d been set out only minutes before. So Leland decided that he would do it. He got one off okay, but his second shot had too great an arc on it and crashed through one of the windows of the building on the other side of the alley. Luckily, though, no one was home and I gave a sigh of relief. I knew the fat old lady who lived there—she was always yelling at the kids for throwing the bottles off. Leland got pretty fired up over breaking the window and wanted to break some more, only Pat and I dragged him off the porch.

Then I missed the basketball.

“Hey, Leland, what’d you do with the ball?” He’d been carrying it and must have set it down to throw the bottles.

“I don’t know, man.”

Since it wasn’t on the porch it had to have rolled down the stairs, and since it wasn’t in the alley, it had to have rolled all the way down the stairs into the basement. I got my flashlight, shined it down there, and saw the trail the ball had made in the dust. It was down there all right. The thing was, that was no ordinary basement—it was a real chamber of horrors. There were all kinds of trash, garbage, wine bottles, beer cans, and inches of industrial soot down there. And rats all over the place. It smelled terrible in the summer—like a city dump—but in the cold weather the smell wasn’t too bad.

Another thing that made the place so weird was that there weren't any lights any more. And there was the sound of water dripping somewhere off in the back, but the walls were so black with soot that when you shined your flashlight toward the back you saw only blackness. The worst thing, though, was the rats. When you walked down there they'd go running all over the place. They'd vacate that part of the basement where you were and run off into the darkness and then you'd hear the soft rustling they made back there and know they were still around. Whenever I went down there to light the incinerator or shovel it out, I kept thinking of those Dracula stories with coffins in the cellar and rats running all over the place. I always half expected bats to be flying around down there.

Well, I couldn't coax any of the others to go down after the ball.

"Yea, man, I'm a coward! I ain't goin' down there after no ball!" Here they'd lived with these conditions all their lives: you'd think they'd be able to take it. Anyway, I had to go down—not that I wasn't nervous about the whole thing—I was—but because I was afraid Larry would make me go down after it that night when it was dark. I thought they were all standing on the stairs behind me, so I tried to be calm and collected. I followed the trail in the dust and ended up in the room directly in line with the stairs. I walked in, only that cut me off from the other three on the stairs and I started to get a little restless.

"Hey, man, you find it?" When I yelled back that I hadn't, the noise must have scared out every rat in the place, because I heard the rustling sound and thought I felt something brush against my leg. By the time I shined my light down at my feet there was nothing there. I was always afraid one of those rats would run up my pant leg. Anyway, I wasn't about to stay in there any longer so I flashed the light around, spotted the ball up ahead, picked it up, and got out of there quick. Of course I was walking when I came back into view of the stairs, just for show, only all three weren't around—just Gregory. He informed me that Pat and Leland had gone to get two other guys. They thought we needed a couple more.

Well, they'd gone looking for Frank and Tomcat and found them both at Frank's house with a quart of Thunderbird wine. No, they didn't want to play basketball. We were going to call the whole thing off again, but Pat finally found Dunk and Presley in Mr. Williams' store sucking on lemons and talked them into coming along. For some strange reason they had their own bus fare. We walked the block to Hough Street and got the bus there after only about a minute wait, but when we got off at 65th Street to transfer, the 65th Street bus was a long time coming. And it was really cold standing out there on the curb. Pat solved our problem, though; he somehow opened the locked front door of the apartment building right

in front of the bus stop and we all filed inside. It was a little warmer standing there in the hallway. The other five lit up cigarettes though, and the air got so thick I almost went outside to wait, only I had to show them just how tolerant a white-man could be. Well, Leland started dribbling the basketball on the bottom step and made quite a racket, and before we knew it we heard this voice booming down at us, "Hey you black niggers, what you doin' down there—holdin' a convention?" We looked up and saw a large negro woman at the top of the stairs. I guess she hadn't seen me—not that it would have mattered anyway.

"We ain't holdin' no convention down here, you black nigger bitch!" Leland yelled up at her. "We's just warmin' our asses a little bit. It's cold out there!"

"Well you just get your black asses out of my hallway, you black niggers, or I'll call the police."

Leland was about ready to kick out the lady's door when the bus finally came along. We all filed out—each of them cursing the old lady—boarded the bus, and rode to Superior Avenue, where the school was. But when we got there we found out we couldn't use the gym. No one really felt like bowling, but it was better than walking back to the apartment. We didn't have money to ride the bus back, so we elected to stay until Larry came to pick us up. To make things worse, Pat bowled especially well, beat us all, and ended up calling himself "the king of the bowling lanes."

Larry finally got there, though, and we got back to the apartment where the group drank all the ginger ale and ate the corn chips I'd been saving for the late movie. It was Saturday night, and as usual I was staying in. Like Pat always said, "Either you stay in your house and watch T.V., or you go out and get your head busted."

One by one they all left. The afternoon was over. I told Larry what had happened and he just shook his head and kind of chuckled in a way that said, "How'd we ever get into this, anyway?"

"By the way," Larry said, "Jesse came over before to inform me that Agnes is pregnant again."

We toasted Agnes for beating Jesse. We figured Agnes would be over sometime in the next week or two to inform us that Jesse was pregnant too. In the meantime, bottles had started crashing out back. The voice boomed out, "If you throw one more of them goddamn bottles off that porch, I'm goin' to bust every one of your goddamn little black heads!" The neighbor woman had evidently just gotten home and was blaming Agnes and Jesse's kids for her broken window.

The kids started screaming and filed into Agnes' apartment, barefoot as usual and only in underwear—and there was snow on the porch, too! A few minutes later, though, they were back out there tossing off wine bottles again. Evidently Agnes or Jesse had put some more out.

(1)

*She finished her Girl Scout apron first,
Then danced to the rhythm of her voice.
I noticed her,
 smiled approvingly
 because I liked her stitches,
 then quieted her disturbance.
Then next day, at school
 she caused another disturbance
 as her black body clung to the third floor ledge.*

(2)

*I was alone
 in the cold air of the streets
 where a girl should not be.
A figure came across the dark.
She was alone,
 the clerk from the dime store,
But she was lit.
We walked for blocks
 speaking only those words
 which mattered to us
Before we parted.
She warned me
 about walking alone
 where a girl shouldn't be.
I went to my bed;
After three days in the hospital
 the black girl went to her bed.*

*I am now away from the dime store clerk
And my Girl Scout is away from me.*

(3)

*I cried when I read her letter;
She will never forget
 the night we parted
 midway between our destinations,
Someone's child will remind her of it always.
What was I thinking?
 my own family asked.
I told them
 and them let slip
 what really penetrated my thoughts,
But they didn't hear.*

Carol Eckel

A Place in the Sun

mary lu kozel

JUNE through August is a languid world of undershirted men lazing in lawn chairs, letting humid minds hum and whirl with mosquitoes. A raunchy world; air thick with sweat and Coppertone. Tar goes soft in the streets under a naked sun. Cottenwood trees make love to a fetid river bank. Red roses are heavy with cinnamon, openly solicitous. Summer is all too raw and earthy after a pristine winter, after a gingham and violet-covered spring. Hair bleaches and sunburned backs peel. The storm is past, the heart cries out to a rainbow sky and the moon rises red, full, close to the earth.

This raw, green world deserves a sensualist—a big HAW, HAW, raw steak man, a connoisseur of strip shows—who takes a long, thoughtful look at the human condition and bursts out giggling. This raw, green world deserves a Mark.

Mark caught the candid earthiness of summer. Sitting cross-legged on a river bank, he opens his world of the Italian Riviera, North African brothels, rodeos, the forests of the Grand Tetons, carnivals that criss-cross America. The places meant action and jobs—picked up with luck, abandoned in boredom: pipeline welder, trucker, handyman at a nudist camp, hospital orderly, carnie, short-order cook, lumberjack. Work is arbitrary, a means to the final, glorious end—a ranch, a wife, horses, leisure to breed experimental cattle. But until then—he'll improvise.

Impulse guides him. Unpredictable as midwest weather in the summer months, he goofs his time away sporadically. Stop the car, we need music. He drives into a field of soybeans and hooks up a car radio. The alfalfa's in bloom—drive through the whole field. "Cleans off the bottom of the car." That's a lovely little pot hole; let's go swimming. Here, here, sit down and I'll show ya how to call a four-foot marmot, maybe even a young moose. Come on, we got to get going and do something. We can go fishing. No, no, I'm hungry—what are we gonna eat? You stay awake and watch supper and I'm gonna sleep for just a little while. "Let's look at my paintings. I used to be an artist, you know. Maybe I'll be one again some day, but right now I want to be a cowboy."

Mark is a twenty-two-year-old Peter Pan. Continually in wonder, in discovery, he pokes the world to see if it will jump. Life is good and funny because he will not penetrate to the knots of confusion that no one is able to untie. Pleasures are as profound as they are basic—good coffee, "Daffodils" by Wordsworth, girls, prairie flowers in bloom. . . .

BUT girls go home, coffee grows cold and brack and a conscience rears its ugly head: "I'm useless."

Oh yes, Mark, you're useless! You have no trade, you have no home, you pay no taxes. You're a bum, Mark. An affectionate, sensitive, poetic bum, yes, but all the same a bum. You're not a cog in the wheel of progress. You're not a source of investment capital. You're a barefoot, good-natured elf thumbing your nose at the Protestant work ethic.

But this is the rather unkind judgment of normal people based on normal standards. It is an invalid judgment because summer is the off-season for these respectable automotons. Who could look more inane? Seersucker crispness that refuses the wrinkle and wilt of life, clipboards sprouting where there once were hands, no more humor than a sales-chart smile. Living well-ordered lives by time clocks, stop watches, calculations. These people can never know the lush undulation of summer.

Summer is Mark's time. His soul is in tune with the rank, lazy rhythm of the season. Spring, winter, and autumn are all industry and energy, work and anticipation. Summer simply is—just a good hot wet time to grow and rest. A time when workers can pause, look around, and go fishing. School is over: children ride bicycles, drink Kool-Aid, catch frogs. Beaches, campgrounds and parks are crowded with refugees from usefulness.

Functionality has its limits. It may be the cornerstone of an expanding economy, but it will never replace chasing butterflies. Servicability is fine in aluminum siding, but it is ridiculous in cotton candy and green apples. Expediency may cut production time, but skinny dips are here to stay.

Every man has his own huckleberry world of whimsy tucked in some secret place. This world deserves frequent visits. It is from this world that we draw enough laughter and pleasure to justify that quality-controlled limbo of function and value.

The only real difference between Mark and the rest of humanity is that he has taken up permanent residence in such a world. To him each day holds the wonder of a falling star. He can see and feel the innate joy of life and, most important, he can take his time in appreciating that joy. Singing bawdy songs in a rainstorm, reading poetry in a truck stop, drinking white wine from a tin cup—who has time for utility? Stopping to remove a turtle from a busy highway—who needs it?

a las and a loof

*a story for children and
a dult who may like
to think he is.*



ONCE UPON A world ago, in the magic forest of Definitely, there lived an unhappy creature called a loof.

"I am too much a spire," he complained, "and too little a live." And it was true, for he had oh, so very long legs which he always lost track of below the knees. Consequently, he never knew exactly on what or whom he was stepping: AND, he never squiggled his toes in a mour like the other loofs used to do.

He was the grandest of loofs and also the saddest. Such a pathetic creature was forever in a fright of stepping accidentally into a byss or a muck. When a bout other creatures, he was neurotic and a void.

Of course, this loof was not a void when it came to concepts. They were a tracted a round his head in a mass, resembling a halo or a fog. But in fact, the loof came to dislike such a postolic crowd.

"They are not much of a quaintance, and sometimes give me sneezing fits," the loof would sob, sniffing a pointed nose. "I wish I wasn't a drift or a bove or a sinine like they say." And the loof had a cute ear which listened in on such a cid conversation.

They did, in fact, call the loof names which even a bash would not take sitting down; but which the loof, being a nirect creature, had to take

ART / Terry Whittle

standing up.

One very fine day, a skance happened to be attending at such a cuse session. Suddenly, a wry eye caught the long-legged loof approaching. Being a miss of quick foresight, the skance told the others, who were by now in a gonized fear. They scampered to a pex nearby, where they kept a lert safely from a far.

Now the skance is a quisitive, curious, earthy creature who holds her ground. And she did. Suspecting the legs to be merely a lure, she shouted up to the loof, "Are you really a nalogous, like they say?" The loof, desperate in a liveness all his own, called down to her, "Why are you a gog?" He had a gressive voice which made her fear a cost of her life, being as she was in the vicinity of his indiscriminate footsteps.

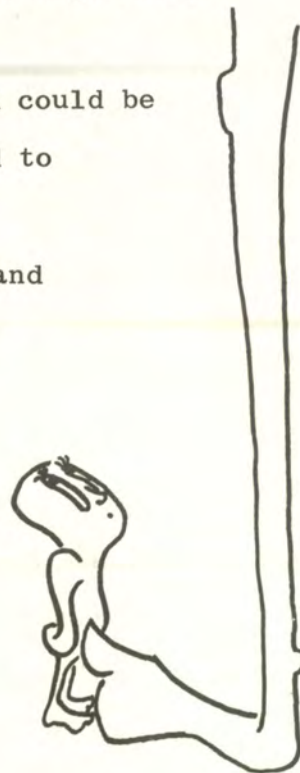
Venturing a tempting reconciliation, the loof suggested, "Then climb up to talk to me, for I have a stigmatism and would like to see you whole."

Now the skance had understood him to say (shouting as they were), "to eat you whole." Her fluttering heart trembled back a pace. Afraid to climb up a natomy, she knew that unless she thought fast, that she might soon become a non.

The skance was not a las without a plomb, however, and could be quite a droit at times. On a sudden inspiration she leaped to his feet, and began to tickle his toes with a lacrity.

The loof giggled excitedly and forgot about the byss and the muck and a trocious creature who lived therein. All he knew was that SOMETHING WAS A FOOT!

¹This, incidentally, was not a dulterous, but rather a nual love rite of a proach among the loofs of old. Of course, the skance could not be expected to know this, being a wary creature unused to such a custom.



The innocent skance meanwhile had tumbled on her back in a giggling fit, developing a skew in her spine and a rousal in the loof. She looked for the first time into the FACE of a loof! What she saw there was more of a live than a loof . . . (and if this appears to be a boutface to the Reader, that is something to make a lowance for). To her, he was a maze-ment alright, but a vailable all the same. His face was a lure even more than a lack. Written all over it was a finity not unlike her own, and a tempt she did not try to resist.

The next day, after a doration of a night, the loof presented the skance with a ray of flowers, as a proval of a fection he had for her. "Oh, what a romatic gesture," exclaimed the skance, sniffing the fragrant blooms, "and what a fair this is getting to be!" And she said to herself, "This is a side of loofs I never imagined."

Soon thereafter, the loof pronounced a vowel of his consonants to the laughing skance, who became a ward of the loof. They lived after that in a partment on the Upper East Side.

And so we bid a dieu to the happy pair, whose future bliss is a parent.

LIKE A ESOP, A FABLE WITH A MORAL: One cannot be a loof
in Definitely.

A plause please.

THE TREASURE

Kathy Flett



The old man took his brown overcoat out of the hall closet and put it on. He reached for a rather shabby fedora, fumbled, and finally lifted the hat off the top shelf.

"I'm going to the drugstore, Jane," he said as he pushed the card table farther into the closet so the door would close. "Do you need anything?"

"Let me think, Dad," came the reply from the kitchen where an attractive woman of about forty was leaning against the sink peeling potatoes. "I guess, I could use some cream of celery soup from the Jewel, and Jerry asked if I would pick

up his shirts from the cleaners. Would you have time for that little chore too?" She lowered her voice as the old man came into the kitchen doorway and leaned against the frame. He reached into his shirt-pocket, drew out a cracked leather tobacco pouch, and began to fill his pipe.

"That will be fine, Jane," he said transferring the pouch to an overcoat pocket and pressing the tobacco down into his pipe with a brown-stained index finger.

"Wait a second, then, Dad, while I get the claim check and some money." She left the room. The old man moved to the

ART / Karl Kerrick

chair next to the kitchen table, and placed his pipe on its royal blue surface. He re-opened his overcoat and searched through his pockets withdrawing a silver lighter. He picked up the pipe, placed the flame to its bowl, and took a long draw. Jane re-entered the kitchen, and he dropped the lighter in the same pocket as the pouch.

"Here it is. I had to go through all those old letters in the holder on Jerry's dresser—remind me to take care of that one of these days." She handed the check and money to him as he slowly rose and headed for the door.

"I'll be back in time for supper," he said as he opened the door which led to the back porch. The outside door slammed. The woman turned back to the sink and picked a potato off the top of the pile of Idahos.

"Mom," came a shout from the basement, accompanied by the pounding of feet ascending the stairs two at a time, "did Gramp leave yet?" A blond girl of about seventeen came to a halt in the kitchen doorway. "I was watching Dick Clark when I remembered that Daddy said I had to take back that black eye makeup today. Though I really don't see why he won't let me. . . ."

"You know what your Father thinks about girls your age covering their faces with makeup."

"Anyway," the girl continued assuming a slouching position against the door as she carefully examined her nails, "I thought maybe Gramp could take it back while he was going uptown anyway!"

"Lisa, you turn off that T.V. and return the makeup yourself, *before* your father gets home." The sentence was punctuated by the slamming of the porch door and the entrance of a tawny-headed seven-year-old in a red snowsuit, followed closely by what appeared to be a miniature husky. The boy held a small rag bundle in his hand.

"Mom, have you seen Gramp?" he asked.

The woman turned to face her son. "What did you say, Jeffy, and *what* in Heaven's name have you got in your hands?" She took a step forward, and the youngster retreated a step, clutching the rag burden to his crimson chest.

"Jus' somethin' I found in the woods that I wanted to show Grandpa," he replied rearranging the rags. "Where is he? In the basement?" The boy started across the kitchen toward the basement door.

"No, Jeffy," her words stopped him dead. "your Grandfather went downtown. He should be back in time for dinner. And where do you think you're going with those rags? Take them right out of this house, and take off those boots before you track mud all over my kitchen!" The boy sighed as he walked to the back porch where he removed his boots and stuffed them, along with his bundle, behind the water meter box; then turned, and walked through the kitchen to the basement stairs.

It was a quarter to six when the old man returned. The pots were boiling on the stove, and the entire kitchen smelled of roasting beef.

"Hello, Lisa." His greeting was lost in the clamor of plates and cups as Lisa went about setting the supper table. He passed through the kitchen, depositing the soup and box of shirts on the sideboard, and put his coat and hat in the hall closet.

"I'm home, Jane," he said poking his head around the corner into the living room where the woman sat mending a pair of faded jeans.

"Did you get the soup and shirts, Dad?" she asked never looking up.

"I put them on the sideboard," he said as he picked up the *Daily News* from the endtable and crossed the room to the large orange easychair. The woman was silent. The old man paged absently through the paper, pausing now and again to press the tobacco further into the bowl of his pipe before lighting it. As he looked up, he saw the boy sneaking down the stairs and beckoning furiously for him. He set down his pipe, looked at the woman, rose, and casually walked toward the stairs. The boy made it down the stairs and sneaked into the wood-paneled den. The old man followed into the room and reached for the lightswitch next to the door.

"No, Grandpa," said the boy quickly. "I found somethin' in Jessups' woods, and I don't want Mom to know." The old man listened intently as the boy grew more excited. "I think it's somethin' important, Grandpa. Me and Rex found it by the B-Bar-B tree. It looks real old!" His voice raised.

"Sh-h," the old man put his finger to his lips and leaned closer to the boy. "Now, tell me more, Boy."

"Well, Grandpa, me and Rex were playin' with the big guys down by the B-Bar-B tree, and some of the guys brought a box of some stuff that they had snatched from Mr. Brannigan's junk yard. Well, they wouldn't let me and Rex play, and they kept pushin' us away and wouldn't let us see what was in the box. When they were done, one of the guys yelled 'Hey, kid, there's somethin' here left for you' and he threw this big heavy thing at me. Well, Grampa, it was black, an' rusty, an' heavy, an' had holes aroun' the top."

"Well, Boy, go on, what did you do with it?" the old man asked straightening up a bit.

"Mom wouldn't let me bring it into the house. So I hid it behin' the black water box on the back porch."

"A prudent place, my boy, a prudent place. Now, we'll just leave it well hidden there until the two of us can go out and have a look, but for now, let's go on and see about that good supper I smelled in the kitchen." He took the boy's hand, and the two of them walked into the brightly lighted kitchen.

"Well, it's about time you two came in. I thought, for awhile, that you weren't hungry. Your father has been home for fifteen minutes, and we have to hurry so he can make that special meeting of the church council by 7:15." She walked over to the stove and picked up two round serving bowls and placed them on the table.

"Jerry, do you want to cut the roast?" she asked of the tall graying man who had just entered the kitchen. He nodded, and she handed him the electric knife.

"I told you to change them before you started on the gravy. Next time you'll know. . . ." replied her mother as she pulled out her chair and sat down.

"All right," came the reply from the master of the house as he took his place at the head of the table. "let's stop this bickering and say grace: For what we are about to receive. . . ."

"Well, Jane," he said raising the lid on one of the serving dishes and leaning down for a closer look, "this sure looks and smells good enough. Why don't we start. Lisa, pass the potatoes and beans." The girl took the top off the two dishes and passed them to her grandfather.

"Now, just to keep the old man happy and up on what goes on in his castle," continued Jerry, "what has happened around here today? Lisa, did you return those things you brought home yesterday?"

"No, Daddy, I didn't have time today. I will tomorrow; I promise."

Jerry directed his gaze toward his small son. "And how about you, Jeffy, what did you and Rex do with yourselves today?" The boy shot a glance across the table to his grandfather. The old man winked and resumed his eating.

"Well, me and Rex went down to watch the big guys build their new fort, but they wouldn't. . . ."

"That's just fine, Son," he said reaching under the table and patting the boy's knee, but directing his gaze across the table at his wife. "Jane, before I forget, did that man call about the carpeting for the livingroom and hall? I called him this morning, and he said he was planning on being in the



neighborhood and would drop by. . . ."

When Jerry finally glanced at the clock over the stove, it was 6:45. "Let's return thanks," he said bowing his head. Chairs screeched as the family rose, Lisa mumbled something about hair styles and going over to Betty's as she assisted her mother in clearing the table and stacking the dishes in the sink.

"Well, Boy," the grandfather said coming up behind Jeffy, "are you going to show me your bit of treasure?" The boy took the old man's hand and led him through the kitchen to

the back porch.

"Here it is, Grandpa," he said, drawing the rag-wrapped bundle out from behind the meter box, and began to unwrap it.

"Not here," the old man said as he reached for the bundle, "let's take it downstairs." Jeffy released his treasure, and the two walked through the kitchen ignoring the two females who viewed the scene with quizzical expressions.

"All right, Son," the old man said as the two reached the foot of the basement stairs, "unwrap it so I can have a look-see." He handed the bundle to the boy. Jeffy began to unwind the dirty rags which served to camouflage his treasure. He handed the object to the old man. The grandfather looked carefully at the object as he turned it over and over in his hands. It was a six-inch length of wrought iron pipe. The pipe was beginning to rust around the edges, and the holes drilled around its top were also displaying advanced stages of decaying rust. The boy looked anxiously at his grandfather.

"Very interesting," the old man mumbled, "very interesting, indeed." He looked at the boy as he continued to turn the pipe in his hand. "What do you make of it, Boy?" The youngster shrugged the width of his seven-year-old shoulders and looked serious.

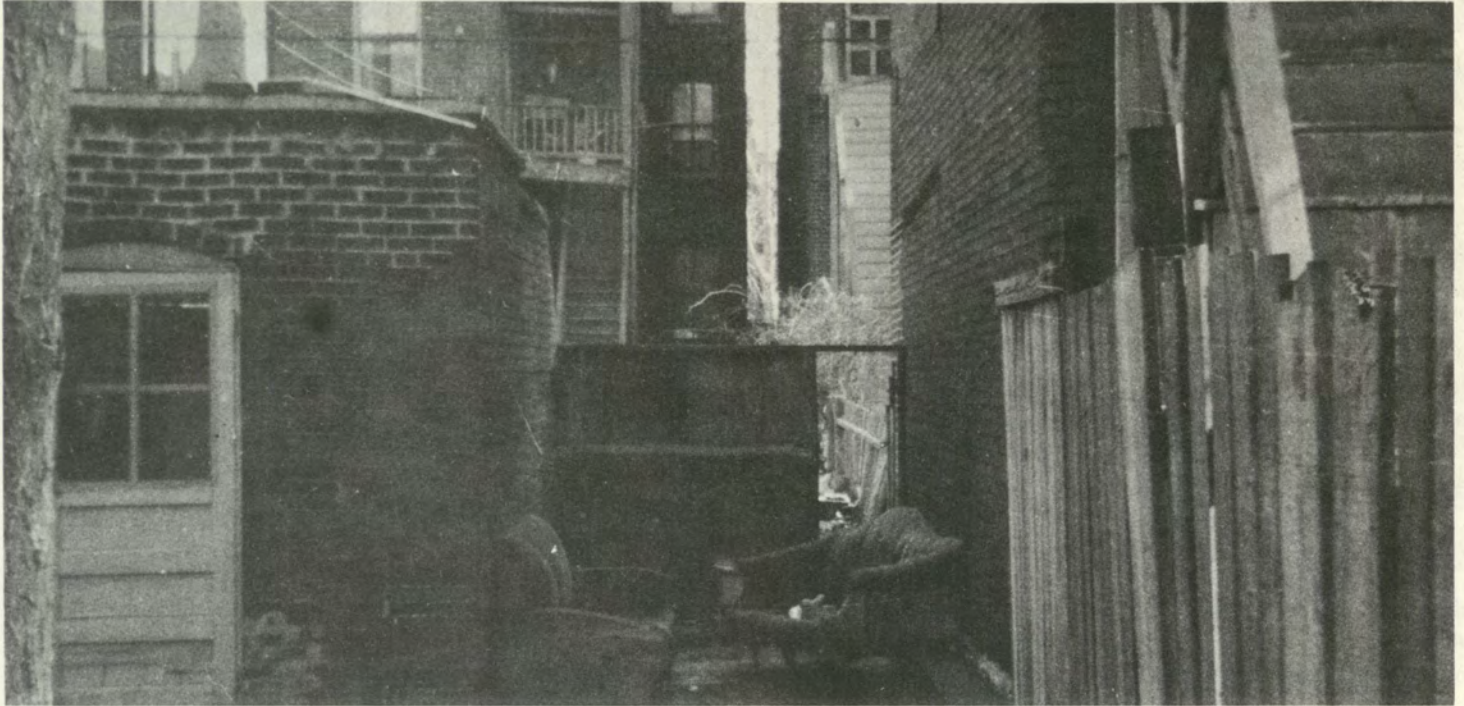
"Well, Grandpa, it looks pretty old to me, maybe even as old as the time of the pirates." He looked inquiringly at the old man.

"You're quite right," the old man said as he stepped over to the daybed and sat down. The boy joined him. "Yes, the more I think about it, the more this piece looks like it might have been an important part of the compass on an old pirate ship." The small boy's eyes grew wider as the old man continued, "Jeffy, it was very prudent of you not to let those boys throw something as valuable as this away. Why this could have been part of the very same compass that brought Capt. Jean Laffite into New Orleans. Do you mind the story of Capt. Laffite?" The old man drew out his pipe and tobacco and began to press the fragrant tobacco into the bowl. Having completed this he withdrew the silver lighter and took a long draw as he relaxed against the wall behind the bed, and looked contemplatively toward the ceiling.

"Well," he began, "Capt. Jean Laffite was on one of the greatest pirates that ever looted ships off the coast of New Orleans. . . ." Jeffy drew his feet up onto the bed and rested his head against his grandfather's shoulder. The old man took another leisurely draw from his pipe. "As I was saying, Capt. Laffite very well known to the people of old New Orleans. He wore elegant clothes and never failed to astound the good people of the town with tales of bloody raids on Spanish ships as they made for the harbor."

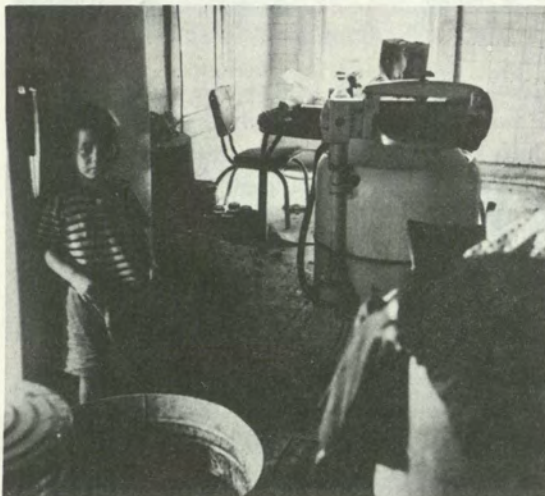
The boy nodded, and his head grew heavy against the old man's shoulder. The grandfather reached for the rug at the foot of the bed and pulled it up about the small boy's shoulders, put the pipe slowly to his lips and inhaled. "Yes, indeed, Capt. Laffite was quite a pirate. . . ."

Notes on the . . .



INNER CITY

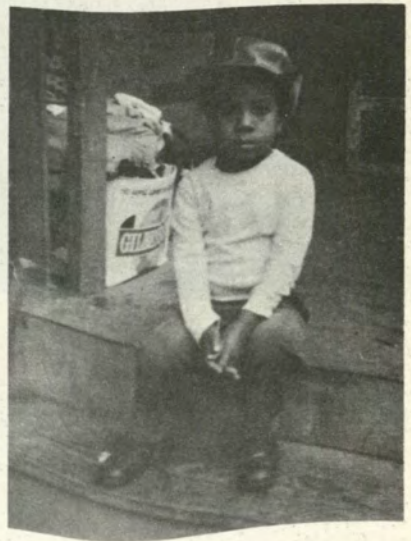
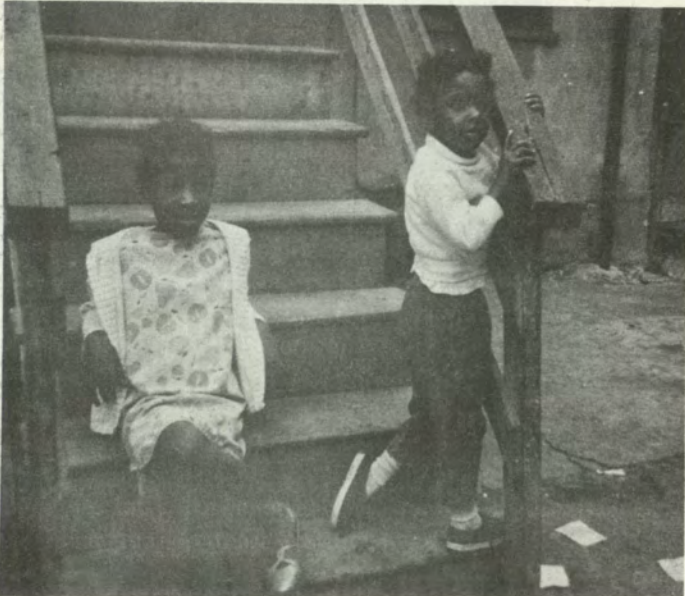
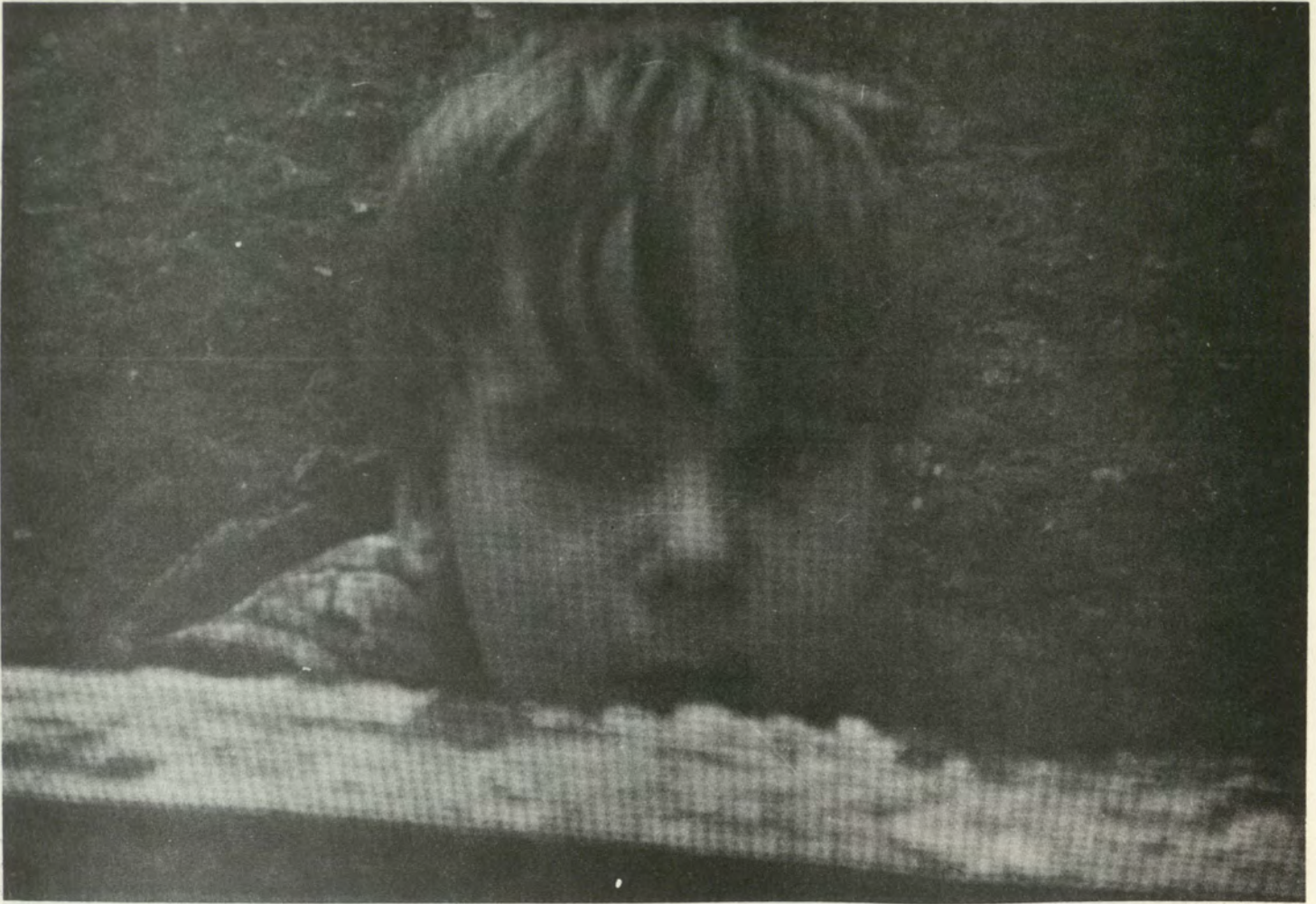
Sandy Hagman



The city? Well for one thing, it's where the kids know all there is to know. . . about how to play stickball in the alley. . . about too many children and too little money. . . about second-hand TVs and first-hand experience. . . about how to enjoy life on one roller skate with a dime for soda.

DESIGN / Dave Rybat





Even the kids wonder, though, just what the rest of the busy world is all about. Maybe you wonder too. So you move into the inner-city to find out what it's really like. And if it's a sunny day and not too cold, the kids may teach you how to manage on just one skate. . .if you have the dime for soda.



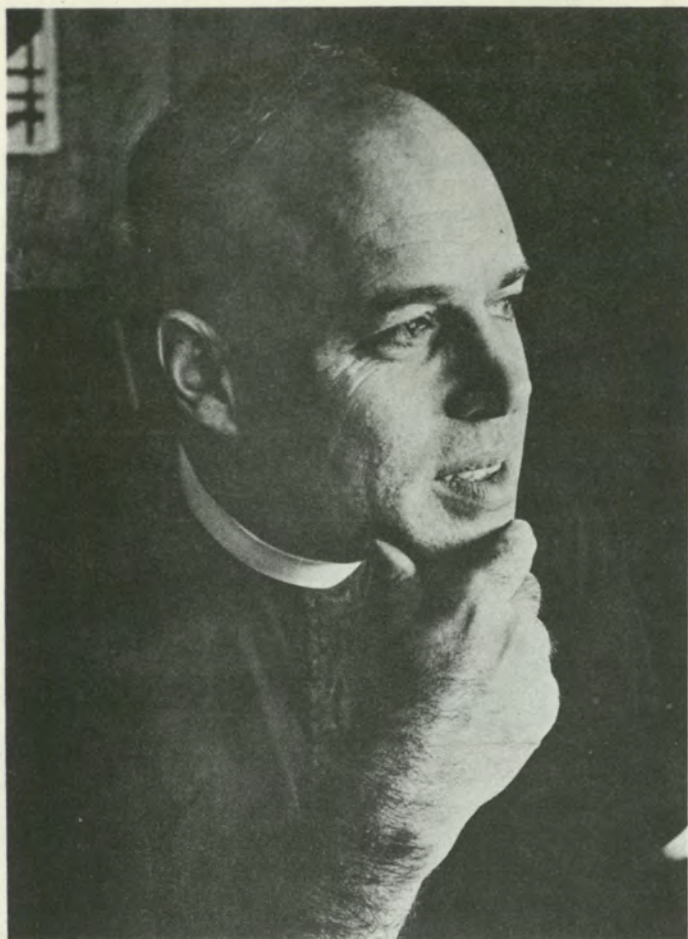


Photo by Washington Star

MALCOLM BOYD

an interview

In your introduction to Are You Running with Me Jesus?, you speak of a change in your prayer life. Could you describe this change—what it is that you are moving away from, what you are moving toward?

I grew up in a family where part of the meal ticket was to go to Sunday School; I was in the choir and was an acolyte. When I got away to college and did not have to do that anymore, I found that it had no meaning for me whatsoever. It

Fifteen years ago Malcolm Boyd left his career as a Hollywood television producer and entered the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, the seminary of the Episcopal Church in Berkeley, California. Following his ordination into the priesthood in 1955, he began a ministry which has brought skeptical and anathematizing reactions from the Church and considerable comment from the press.

Newsweek magazine wrote of him, "Boyd will use any method, no matter how unorthodox, to get his message across." 'Any method' for Malcolm Boyd has included anything from name-dropping to saber-rattling. He believes that religion should go where the people go, whether it finds them in churches, on university campuses, or in slum bars. He has spoken the Christian message in the theater, films, coffee houses, and nightclubs.

Today, as a field representative of the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, Boyd is also active as a chaplain-at-large to university campuses throughout the United States and spends much of his time with students. He has written several plays and six books, the most recent being a collection of his prayers, *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*

Father Boyd says of himself, "I feel very much at war right now. I do not understand the meaning of patience at a level. You are very much responsible for the moment and it seems to me that in a time of such ferment, passivity is impossible."

We met Father Boyd in Detroit early this September, where he discussed with us the Church's role in human relations. His comments below are portions of that conversation.

seemed quite irrelevant, possibly even dangerous and negative, kind of an opiate of the people. So I just dropped it. Then a number of years later I took up the study of theology and more importantly was moved by events and circumstances in my own life.

In graduate school in the seminary, I had to work for my meals so I'd get up and work in International Health's kitchen for three hours and it sort of helped me. There was a book of prayers that had a prayer for every day, and it helped to read

this and then go off to do my work, run to my classes. One day a number of years afterward, I happened to take that book down and look at it and it had no meaning for me whatsoever. I could not begin to pray that way honestly. I think a relationship to God, or to any human being, is, well, I do not even know what the word is—phony, dangerous, bad, abortive—unless it is honest. In a sense it meant that I was no longer content to pray to a God who was up there, who was not here.

I could not stand a very respectable, ghettoized, nicey-nice relationship with God which did not embrace all of life, but which just touched parts of it, and I had to get over the language situation too. I mean of “thee” and “thou” which frankly has a lot of false piety and false reverence in it without any real reverence. So all of this had to be worked out and faced.

A major concern of mine was not to over-emphasize this prayer for the free self, which to me very often is sitting in your own vomit, not being concerned about the world, but to get out of yourself, which is so difficult sometimes. The thrust of the book is really not so much personal, I think, as trying to relate people to others, the city, sex, race, movies—the world, life.

Is this the kind of selflessness that you see in the life of Christ? How does what you are doing relate to orthodox Christianity?

I do not quite understand the question, because I think Christianity at this point has very little relationship to Jesus. I think the Church has gotten involved only as an organization. I think it has lost much of its integrity and thrust as a movement. The Church that is in effect the body of Christ will have to then be compared to Christ. When it is basically a real-estate-holding operation and the chaplain of the status-quo, I think it has lost its prophetic, scandalous quality. I see a great dichotomy between much of what is called the life of the Church and the life of Christ.

In leading a life of prayer like this, do you feel you are getting closer to what the life of Christ should mean? That you are being an imitator of Christ?

I think that in the relationship between Jesus and His Father there is no sort of strained dishonesty. I see that relationship as being open, honest, and not put on. Therefore, to attempt to follow Christ in this sense we have to go deeper than the words.

A lot of people look at my prayers, I think, and do not get beyond the words. Prayer to me is not essentially words. In my introduction I mention the man who wanted to pray when his son died. What was so sad was that he thought this involved words. We live in a society with a great many words, and I am not saying that words have nothing to do with it,

but prayers, I think, are more deeply reflected in deeds and attitudes. There has to be a relationship between the life of the pray-er, the person praying, and the prayer.

Something is wrong if a person hates Jews and Negroes, but feels that he has a nice, tight personal morality and is saved, and is very self-righteous about it. There has to be a unity between the words in prayer, the actions in prayer related to the words, and then the life-style, the style of your life. If you have these savage gulfs in your life between these words and actions and your life-style, I think there is a great malaise, and I think there is a mis-understanding of prayer probably.

What can the Church as an organization do to rid prayer of hypocrisy, or can this only come through individuals and in individual lives?

We are the Church, sitting in this room. In other words, the Church is not some bishop off somewhere, and it is not a building off somewhere. We so often speak of the Church abstractly, but forget it is us. I think Church renewal through history, whether it was Catherine of Siena, or Bernard of Clairveaux, or John Wesley, or Martin Luther, or Pope John XXIII, or whoever—I would include her Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and ironically, Albert Camus—has meant individuals who instead of feeling helpless about the meaning of an individual versus something corporate, have been aware of the power and the meaning of an individual.

Then, of course, community enters into this, because usually an individual was aware of his own fallibility, his weakness, the very short life-span. So the individual is aware that it is going to take more than just an individual, it will take individuals who are bound together in a community.

On page thirty-three of the book, my prayer for community might be the most personal prayer in the book and I think it says what I think about community today. Often, living as we do today, we can not sit down and plan ideal communities so much as accepting community where and as it is given to us, which could mean that the three of us here can have community. Maybe this is the most community we will ever have. So we share it and leave. This has an enormous meaning if people realize what has happened.

But what should be done by the Church organization, the Church that works in buildings and real estate, what we understand by denominations?

You can not even speak about denominations anymore. They are too fragmented. I was with three Missouri Synod Lutheran students not long ago whose only reason in going in was to be ordained and then shatter everything they know of the Church. This was their purpose to be ordained. I know some Methodist seminarians who are not going to say anything about smoking or drinking because they intend to smoke

and drink. I know young Catholic nuns who are dedicated to obedience to Christ rather than obedience to Cardinal McIntyre. This is a new bag. The ecumenical Church has come, but it is underground.

How can this be brought to people in the parishes?

I have a few theories on that. They are not cut and dried; it is a very fluid situation. For one thing, we have not solved the seminary problem at all; everyone admits that. Seminaries still, well, I hate the word brainwashing, it is very unfair, and yet there is a great deal of it going on. People are prepared in seminaries, as I think they are in most colleges and universities, for a world that does not exist anymore.

So much leadership is lacking on the part of the clergy. I do not want to be unkind about it on this level. I know there are some men in it for the money and the career, but so what. There always have been. More men today are lost in it. They do not know what to do. I was in the Watts revolt in Los Angeles. You could see that the churches in Los Angeles had not been moral nor had they led, therefore there was no moral leadership. I think a lot of this is going to have to come out of individuals; it is going to have to come out of people who see that the priest, or minister, or rabbi is neurotic, sick, frightened, threatened, and can not lead, and needs help and leadership.

Then I think we are going to have to get out of seeing the Church as a building. Most people see the Church as a building. I would like to see more communities of people. I would like to see us rent restaurants of a Sunday morning. Rent the place for fifteen dollars, have the service, and then get the hell out. Why have we mortgaged the gospel, the prophetic quality, so many things, to pay for another building? We have to quit being economically captive to the building syndrome.

Then there are still problems. There is such an idolatry; I feel that many people today are worshipping religion rather than God, and that religion has become an idolatry, a most insidious idolatry, standing between people and God.

If religion is standing in the way of people's reaching God, would you want to turn away from religion and look for something more affirmative of life?

Dietrich Bonhoeffer spoke, as we all know, of a religionless Christianity, which is this phrase that is haunting all present-day theology. Frankly, what I am after with people is a practiced secular humanism, a practiced Judaism, a practiced Christianity. We live in a pluralistic society.

I think when somebody has had the courage to really ask the tough questions, to work through for himself and his relationships, and come up with a practiced faith of whatever kind, then it seems to me a commitment can issue from that

faith. A person's social attitudes stem from it, the way he is going to run his life, the decisions he is going to have to make in any number of areas. This I find so preferable to people who are threatened by any kind of a discussion in which they are asked to justify the nitty-gritty in their lives and who live such fragmented lives.

I know one priest who said, "My job is just to stand at the altar and give them Jesus in my hand. I don't want them to touch me. I don't want to have dinner with them. I want no relationship with them. If they come to the altar they go to heaven; if they don't they go to hell, and I'm not responsible for bringing them to the altar." That was one extreme attitude.

I know a number of people who are almost superstitious about not eating meat on Friday. They are almost superstitious about getting to certain religious services, and a number of these people have almost a sexual orgy within maybe two hours after the religious service. I am not being anti-sexual here, but I think the kind of promiscuous sexual orgy they engage in is a lack of responsibility and a lack of understanding of freedom and license which I think is suicidal. It is a deliberate, ritualistic observance and then sort of screw—not love, not sex, not intercourse, just screw. In other words, religion is in an area, and now I am going to get the goddamn out of the area. But these are people who would say, "How dare you not have filet of sole on Friday!" This is the kind of legalism that says, "I went, I performed my service by going to the service, and now . . ."

I can show that I'm still human?

It is even more than that, because frankly it is not human. I do not think they would even say that. I think it is more complicated than that. It is a vastly complicated thing. Somebody helped me very much, a lawyer friend of mine in Indianapolis, where I had my first parish. We were having lunch there on a Friday, and I was asking, "Were the lobster flown in this morning? Is the shrimp creole? What shall I have on this fast day?"

I remember Claude said, "I'll have a hamburger; I'm fasting." It was beautiful. What does it mean to fast? It means to eat less, to deprive yourself in a sense.

If you want to get rid of all the hypocrisy, bigotry, and idolatry, what do you do about the stained glass windows? Should the church buildings be taken down and the bricks used to build restaurants?

Since they are not going to be taken down, the question is sort of meaningless. Church renewal today means working much within the structures, but it means quitting games. I do not like the renewal people who play games. Renewal to me has some very hard core meanings. A rational approach

to Church renewal is to do what is possible, to do the utmost of what is feasible, but not to play games about it, not to romanticize.

I think one of the worst things that we have are the religious foundations on almost any campus in the United States. They are not ecumenical; generally they are highly denominational. For whatever reason, they seem to represent students with a certain arrested development, who are not asking the tough right questions. They want the bathroom private from the student union bathroom, they want the spaghetti supper Sunday night, they want a kind of preciousness identified with religion, but they can not at this moment relate the gospel to campus politics. How are they going to relate the gospel afterward, after they get the hell out of the campus ghetto? After they get out of their little unnatural life on the campus and get out into the next phase of life. To be Christian on the campus today means to be very much involved in the life of the campus, the issues of the campus. But we generally find that it is the secular-humanist student who is more involved and the so-called "religious" student is holed up in a ghetto studying I Corinthians, but not relating I Corinthians to what is happening on the campus.

This is my objection to a jazz or folk mass. Too often it is just an artificial gimmick. You get a situation where nothing is happening and somebody says, "Well at least we can look good with a jazz or folk mass. We'll get on the church page and there will be pictures and publicity and it will carry us for six months." I am not opposed to good jazz and good folk music, but I am opposed to the gimmick. Frankly, I am quite critical of church-related coffee houses. It is great if it is an honest coffee house, but it is wrong if it is a dishonest coffee house.

Then you would oppose lowering the Church to popular culture?

I do not think it is a matter of lowering the Church or raising the Church to what is popular. I think if you believe in the Church, when it is meaningful, then it is related to life. It is not a museum piece. It is a much harder thing for Christians to participate in a secular coffee house, where excellence will be the criterion, and there are open sessions for any ideas. The degeneration of this is when people in a Church-related coffee house would rather that *The Zoo Story* was not read because some of the language might offend someone. They want to edit some of the words. I say it is immoral to edit words. Profanity and obscenity are not words; they are attitudes.

You say that in The Zoo Story you see a prayer in Jerry's monologue about the dog. By what criteria do you identify this sort of prayer?

I think the key to this particular monologue is Jerry's awareness when he says, "Was my attempt to feed the dog an act of love, and was the dog's attempt to bite me not an act of love?" It is one of the most desperate prayers for a relationship in our whole time. The whole play is a cry for a relationship, but it is honest because Albee is aware of hangups. Jerry in all of his ambiguity and sickness, is so desperately seeking a relationship, and is yet at the same time fighting it off with twice the strength like so many people.

How does someone strike through this hangup and reach someone else?

It is very questionable that Jerry ever hears Peter, that he ever listens to Peter really. The key thing in that monologue is that Jerry has all the lines. It is very difficult to act the role of Peter because he has nothing to say; he is listening, but Jerry is not. A key thing here is the listening.

This reminds me of an incident in Rochester, New York. It was just after Watts. To me, Watts was not a riot, it was a revolt. So let's say they had had the revolt. I was with some middle-class Negroes in Rochester and it was a fairly bland evening. We had done what we were to do, and I said that I would like to meet some black nationalists. They told me that they did not know any.

"Well," I said, "you had a revolt. I'm sure that if we looked under some rocks we would find one." So I found a slum bar and I went in and there was this big guy, very black and he said, "Hello whiteman. What do you want to know, whiteman? What can I tell you, whiteman?"

I said, "Nothing man; I just came by to get acquainted. Let's put our black ass and our white ass down together and get acquainted." So we did and we talked for several hours. He was fed up with the damask-cloth-covered conferences, the agendas, the hand-picked people that set the ground rules and say there will be no controversy. In other words, the people had not been heard. Here was a man who led thousands of ghetto Negroes. Middle-class Negroes and whites did not know his name.

At a meeting they are not prepared to listen to this man. They are only prepared to say, "Well you slob, we're very busy, we're very important people; but if you are nice, we'll throw a few pearls at you." There is so much to the listening aspect of it. Also listening and listening. You are listening to more than just words. Otherwise it is just a role playing situation.

But Albee is saying something about Peter too, isn't he?

Yes. Peter has tried to have it cut and dried. More of us are like Peter than Jerry. We might like to think we are more like Jerry, but almost anyone in a university setting today is more like Peter than like Jerry. The dormitory has replaced

Mom and Dad, and the rules are there. The activity is usually within a pretty tight context. What appear to be risks usually are not risks. It is pretty cut and dried, particularly when people make the sacrifices for grades which they do make, more at a Ph.D. level than at the undergraduate level. And with the faculty publish-or-perish dictum, there is no particular freedom from it.

This is not the easiest culture in the world at the moment in which to be an individual. It is a culture in which you can kid yourself about being an individual, a culture which puts up with some eccentricities as long as they do not cut very deeply, but the similarities between people, the options, the alternatives, are really quite limited. Dissent is not attractive in our culture, whether you are criticizing art or the government.

Then for an individual to be an individual, it seems that more important than the long hair, the sandals and dungarees, is the ability to relate to others and recognize relationships?

Sandals and dungarees, and long hair, are matters which I consider to be important only when they so threaten some people that they want people to cut their hair and quit wearing dungarees and to wear a different kind of shoe. Then it takes on a certain significance because obviously someone has become so threatened by this.

Who is wrong in this case?

I do not think there is a right or wrong here because the motives, the reasons for each person, would vary so within different contexts. In other words the old cliché "the conformity of non-conformity" at a level is very deadening. A great many people who appear to be caught in the conformity of non-conformity are not.

This introduces us to the word beatnik, a very important word, and a very misunderstood word. The people who look like beatniks in the popular image or who are supposed to be beatniks may not be beatniks at all. "Beatnik" to me is simply a word in this time—and I think every time has had such a word—for someone who is quite sensitive and wishes to express individuality in certain forms which cut against a normative grain.

I find the present generation much more moral than their parents because this generation has discovered public morality. The previous generation, when it said morality, meant private morality and then went into a double-standard morality.

What do you mean by public morality?

To me, public morality means, instead of swallowing goldfish, to be involved in moral issues, as in black-white relations.

Instead of making laws about what goes on in the bedroom?

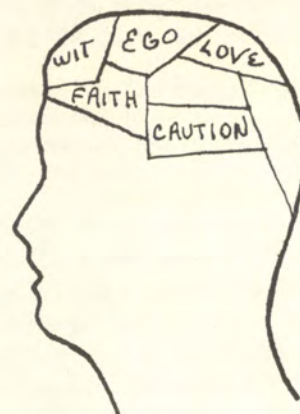
Well, nobody can be in every back seat and bedroom anyway. This is where freedom and license come in. I might cite an example here. A girl came to see me once. She said, "Look, I'm sort of horny and there's this guy who is married. He has a couple of kids and he loves his wife and kids. So it won't get sticky. It'll just be for the weekend. I didn't come here for any moralizing or preaching, but do you have anything to say?"

Something that D.H. Lawrence said came to the spirit of the gospel, I felt. He said that every meeting is a new bondage and every parting implies a new meeting. What I get out of this is that there is not anything casual in life. Everything has meaning. I think this is particularly true when you involve another person. So often we reach out in love and I think we ought to provide a bandaid.

What does someone do if he is in the condition where he is so afraid of hurt that he will not reach out. Albee says, "We neither love nor hurt because we do not reach out."

I have been in that bay, and I assume you must have been at some time. I can not generalize about it. In my own case, I think the answer is that when I make an affirmation to live rather than die—I do not mean the final act, but I think there is daily living and dying—it comes to me, this affirmation, generally in a relationship which touches me, or else often in an incident completely outside of me but one with which I empathize, and so in that moment I make an affirmation, I mean I painfully reach out either to initiate or to accept what is being offered.

I think the saddest thing we can do with ourselves so easily is to get very worldly in terms of getting cynical and hard and not vulnerable. Then we try to operate at a machine level. Much of the meaning of life is to retain the capacity to be hurt. Otherwise we so decrease our humanness that we do become machines, and it is not worth it. Many times I repel people who are reaching out to me, but sometimes I do not. The pain of not responding is worse than the pain of responding. So there is pain anyway.



LSD

ad nauseum

PAT SULLIVAN

Let him peddle around the universe in his shiny new space toys, chop up the past into bitesized eras, invent a social game so complex only 007 has the suave to play it, man still doesn't know much about what's happening beneath his haircut. Like any fifth-grader he sits in the dark telling spooky stories about what goes on inside him—like the one about “the ghost in the machine” (see Gilbert Ryle's *The Concept of Mind*). This is the scary story of man's invisible, invulnerable, immortal soul which lives and rules inside his slavebody and even labels, observes, and tinkers with the whole universe as if it were a mammoth hunk of machinery.

What is even scarier about the story of the ghost in the machine is that it doesn't work anymore. The universe, including man's own body, has begun to appear less and less machine-like of late, while at the same time the embarrassing clay feet of this ethereal, wispy entity, the soul, have become distressingly obvious. There is no longer either a ghost or a machine. The two seem to have merged into a single sticky substance; man suddenly feels himself swallowed up, digested, and become indistinguishable from the whole universe of existence. In the face of what thus seems to be a total loss of his identity and purpose he either panics or throws up (or both!) depending on whether one wishes to use the terminology of Leary or Sartre.

Dr. Timothy Leary, the ex-Harvard professor who has received so much notoriety for his experiments with the psy-

chedelic drugs LSD and psilocybin, describes the panic a voyager often experiences on his first LSD trip in the following manner:

Bobbing around in this brilliant symphonic sea of imagery is the remnant of the conceptual mind. On the endless watery turbulence of the Pacific Ocean bobs a tiny open mouth shouting (between saline mouthfuls). "Order! System! Explain all this!"¹

Leary also refers to this panic as fear of ego loss. Under the influence of a psychedelic drug like LSD, which is the most powerful, subject-object relationships (i.e. ghost-machine relationships) dissolve in the face of the realization that one's sensory apparatus transforms, is even part of the impression of the "outside world" it transmits. Suddenly it becomes difficult to determine just where "I" leave off and "the world" begins. Hence, voyagers often have the feeling of being "one" or coterminous with the universe. A few express this feeling by exclaiming that they are God or "at one" with God.

Such a feeling may or may not be frightening to the LSD voyager. Leary suggests that it ought not to be, that one need not fear drowning if he keeps his cool and lets himself flow with the current. It is only when he struggles frantically to keep his precious, acculturated ego dry and intact that he may be overwhelmed by the flood.

It is an interesting coincidence—though only that—that Jean-Paul Sartre wrote *La Nausee* in 1938, the same year in which Dr. Albert Hofmann first synthesized d-ly-sergic acid diethylamide, or LSD, from ergot, a rye fungus. For there are certainly remarkable similarities between the effects of this drug and the experiences of Antoine Roquentin, the principal character of *Nausea*. In fact, nausea as Sartre describes it seems to be identical with the fear of ego loss described by Leary. It is the struggle of a self against a universe in which the walls have suddenly opened up, the sickening realization that all the walls came from the self in the first place, that "These are honest hypotheses which take the facts into account; but I sense so definitely that they come from me, and that they are simply a way of unifying my own knowledge."²

Roquentin came to this and other LSD-like realizations because of the solitary life he led. Leary acknowledges that psychedelic drugs are but one way of expanding consciousness. Among the other effective means he mentions withdrawal from society, a sudden and drastic change of environment, or a psychotic episode in which one simply refuses to play the culture game for awhile and is considered insane. All of these alternatives apply to Roquentin who at the outset of the novel has just returned to the provincial French town of Bouville after several years in the Orient. Since he makes no effort to renew old acquaintances or to form new ones, he exists sufficiently on the fringes of society to slip out of its games without drawing undue attention or censorship. His daily life no longer appears to have the neat dramatic form of an adventure because he no longer tries to verbalize events into amusing anecdotes for his friends. Roquentin's life simply flows, minutes, hours, days, without any sense of their passing either quickly or slowly. As with the LSD voy-

ager, time becomes meaningless.

Labels, too, drop away from their objects, and the latter are seen simply as bare existants without name or function filling the universe. The question why has no answer, for existence simply is. It is this overwhelming lack of necessity which Roquentin first senses in a stone he holds in his hand and which first brings on nausea. It is *de trop*, too much. The rational mind, the ego, demands an explanation, but instead of replying the silent universe simply oozes more and more existence.

In *The Joyous Cosmology* Alan Watts recalls his impressions of the intricate patterns on the wings of birds and butterflies as he considered them while under the influence of the psychedelic drug mescaline.

All this involved delicacy of organization may, from one point of view, be strictly functional for the purpose of survival. But when you come down to it, the survival of these creatures is the same as their very existence—and what is that for? (p. 55)

The functions of objects do not explain them, unless they do not exist in the first place. A circle, for example, is clearly explained by the rotation of a straight segment around one of its extremities. But neither does a circle exist.

This root on the other hand, existed in such a way that I could not explain it. . . In vain to repeat: "This is a root"—it didn't work anymore. . . The function explained nothing: it allowed you to understand generally that it was a root, but not *that one* at all.³

But this is no cause for fear. The world of explanations has never been the world of existence. It is only the ego which still seeks a reason for existence. Standing before the chestnut tree, Roquentin finally gives up his frantic search for a reason. Like Meursault in Albert Camus' *The Stranger* he opens himself at last to the benign indifference of the universe. At that moment Antoine Roquentin and his nausea are obliterated to be reborn the next moment with empty eyes raised upward, spellbound by his "deliverance." He found he could no longer think about the abstract concept of existence as he had been, because, "Existence is not something which lets itself be thought of from a distance; it must invade you suddenly, master you, weigh heavily on your heart like a great motionless beast—or else there is nothing at all."⁴

Those who have tried LSD recount the same death, called ego loss, the same rebirth into a universe with which one is coterminous, a world which is on the brain as a picture is on film. It is not surprising that man fears to venture so far from the myriad games and adventures and concepts he has invented to give form to the swarming omnipresence of existence. To give up these things seems to him tantamount to surrendering his entire being, his very existence.

But the farther one ventures in consciousness expansion, the more one recognizes the game character of all behavior. These games are apparently learned from infancy on in a fashion analogous to the imprinting process in baby ducks who follow the first moving object they see after hatching. Psychedelic drugs are thought to suspend chemically the

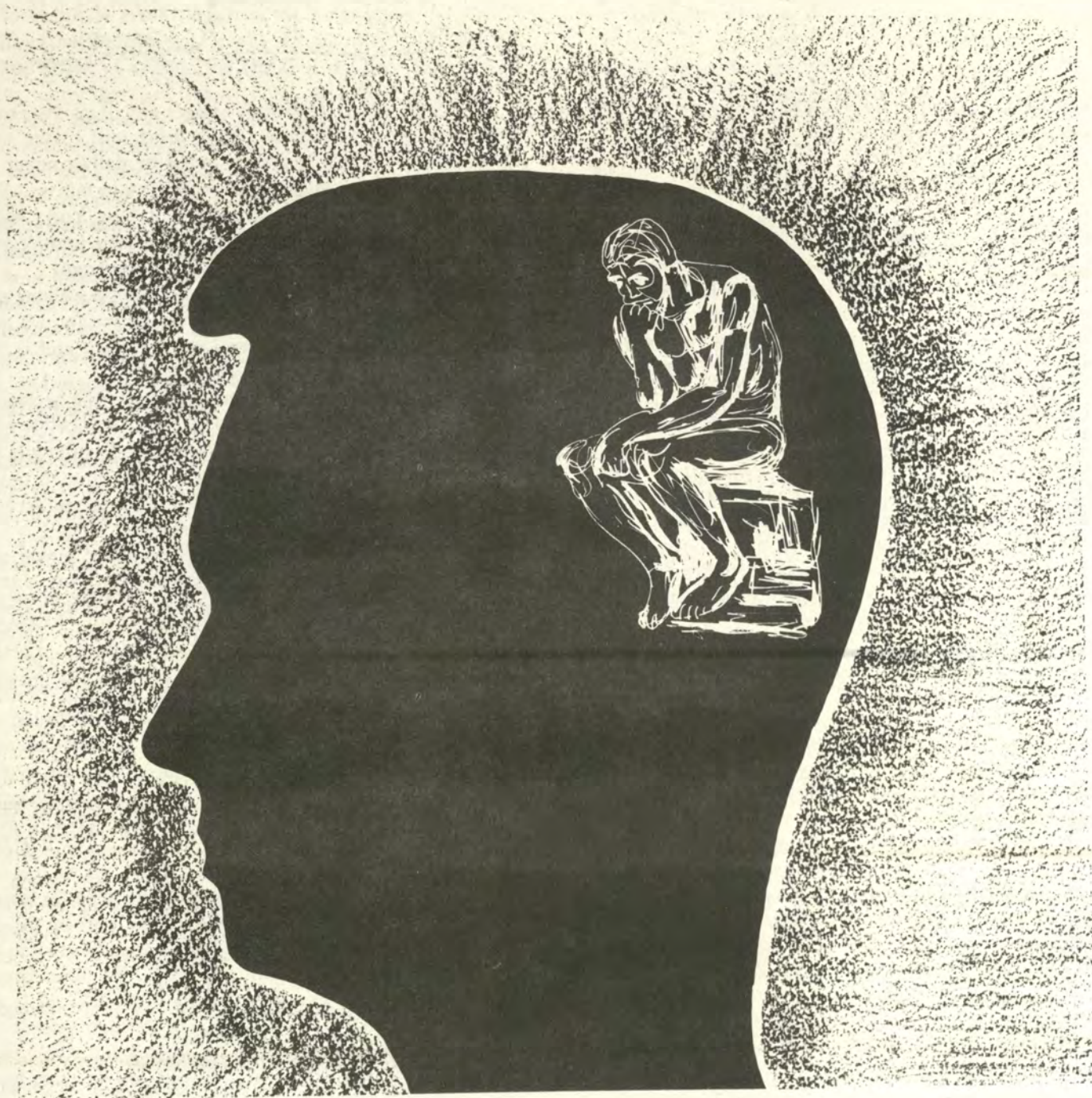
effects of a similar imprinting process in humans, thus permitting new areas of the brain to be used. However, Sartre was able to describe the same sort of expanded consciousness without the aid of any chemicals. Research into the chemistry of man's "metaphysical" urges has only begun. What causes the psychedelic experience of ego loss or Roquentin's

nausea is largely unknown. It appears that the world is still much more than we know.

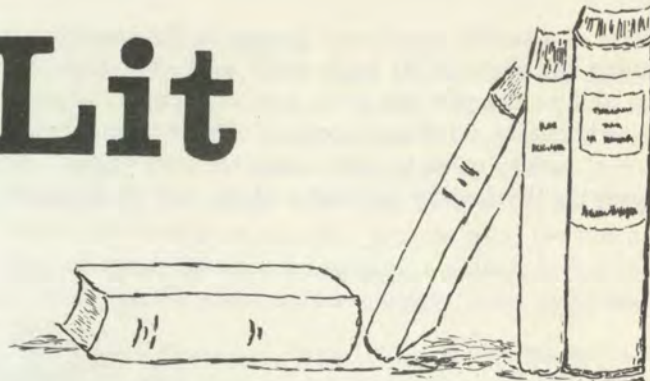
¹ Leary, Metzner, and Alpert, *The Psychedelic Experience*. University Books, New Hyde Park, New York, 1964, p. 49.

² Sartre, *Nausea*. New Directions, New York, 1964, p. 23.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 174. ⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 177.



Lighter Lit



PLEASE DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL, Herman Wouk.
Pocket Books, Inc.; Paperback, \$.95.

Review by Janet Karsten

Herman Wouk has dreamed up a merry-go-round tale set in the tropic heat and glamor of a small Caribbean island. His gaily-painted ponies include Norman Paperman, ex-Broadway agent who escapes New York to his dream incarnate in the Paradise of Amerigo; his wife Henny, both city-worn and charming, sympathetic and sarcastic, realistic but sometimes unconvincing; the lovely ex-actress Iris Tramm, divorcee and available but whose loose sense of ethics keeps Norman's record clean; a gentlemanly flock of Caribbean businessmen managing scores of lazy native workers; and other appear-disappear characters, such as the bearded artist-bartender who screws all available chambermaids, grinning black gondoliers, a dull but earthy frogman-gamber, and a flirty, flippity daughter who dashes from her married-separated-bearded-writer-professor to the forementioned and foredoomed frogman.

Henny and Norman have their headaches. As brand-new owners of the Gull Reef Club in Amerigo, they find that their combined suave, so adequate in New York circles, is quite inadequate in situations of mounting difficulty and confusion. The caprices of tropical weather, the innate laziness of the natives, and the lack of skilled help, culminate in financial landslides that threaten to bury Norman and Henny in uncomprehended and unpaid bills.

A worse fate than any of these, however, would be a bedraggled and bankrupt return to New York to face the many friends who are envious of Norman's bold escape from the Manhattan jungle to the shining isle across the water.

Paperman's attempts to entice American tourist trade to sunny Amerigo (thoughtfully named by some creative State Department employee), though thwarted at every turn, end in blissful success. Wouk makes this possible by creating a New York "paperman" with a touching dream, a story-book hero who callapses and then revives with the art and grace of any story-book hero — no more, no less. With his little-boy naivete and his verbal alacrity as his only weapons (plus a surprising amount of manufactured good fortune), Paperman charms, even amazes us.

The glib Esquire Magazine passages describing Paperman's glamorous New York society truly bring mist to the uncultured midwestern reader's eyes, jaded by daily contact with unending cornfields interspersed with drive-in movies. Wouk spins for us our own wistful picture of New York, only to disparage it in describing the disillusionment and desire of escape which bring Norman and Henny to Amerigo.

The dream of New York remains, however, a walking ghost that reappears with more tempting regularity than we might expect. Whose dream is the real one after all, and is there really an unending carnival anywhere?

Tropic or Temperate, the carnival spirit can become (to quote an ancient Manhattan proverb) rat race frustration whose humor is simply slapstick instead of the subtle stillettoes bandied about at Sardi's. The comedy comes through only in Norman's gross foolishness, his zero-hour escapes, and occasionally funny quips on stock comedy situations.

The dialogue is contrived and, unfortunately, meant to be funny. The same holds for the transitions which are clumsily made. And Wouk's insistent references to Norman's social finesse and charm seldom take the form of actual conversations, but are merely narrative comments by the author. One suspects at last that if Wouk cannot supply the allegedly suave speeches, our paperman hero could hardly do it himself.

THE HOBBIT and THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, J.R.R. Tolkien. Vallantine Books (Authorized version); Paperback, \$.95 ea.

Review by Elizabeth Burkhard

*Three Rings for the Eleven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-Lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne
In the Land of Morder where the Shadows lie.
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them
In the Land of Morder where the Shadows lie.*

The Rhyme above is first recorded in the Red Book of Westmarch, written by Bilbo Baggins and was later translated and

assembled into four books, *The Hobbit* and the trilogy *Lord of the Rings*, by J.R.R. Tolkien. *The Hobbit* is a selection from the first chapters of the Red Book which is the tale of Bilbo himself, the first Hobbit to go on an adventure. Along with Bilbo went Gandalf the Grey, the wizard who specialized in Hobbit lore, and thirteen dwarfs including Thorin Oakenshield, the descendent of the Kings of the Mountain.

The party was organized as an attempt (successful we might add) to rescue the great treasure of the Kings under the mountain from the Red-Dragon, Smaug, its guardian. Along with the destruction of Smaug, the battle of the Five Armies was fought, many deeds of valour done, and the forces of evil temporarily destroyed. Though of interest to the historian the adventure would have soon been forgotten and never would have deserved a whole book — even though written by Bilbo himself — except for a mere accident along the way.

During the early part of the quest the party was attacked by a band of Orcs who captured all of the party, except Gandalf, and took them into the orc-mines under the mountain. There Gandalf freed them with a burst of wizardry, but in the ensuing confusion Bilbo got lost. While wandering through the orc-tunnels looking for a way out Bilbo happened upon a Ring, and slipped it into his pocket to be inspected later. Bilbo worked his way down to the heart of the mountain and there stumbled, almost literally, upon Gollum, a most vile and wretched creature who lived in the depths of the mountain eating raw whatever he could find and strangle, mostly Orcs.

Luckily Bilbo had a sword, or else Gollum would have probably eaten him right then, but the creature feared the weapon. Instead Gollum challenged Bilbo to a riddle-contest. If Bilbo won then Gollum would show him the way out, but if Gollum won then he would eat Bilbo. Having no other choice, Bilbo accepted. The battle raged long and hard, until finally Bilbo, trying vainly to think of a riddle, put his hand upon the forgotten Ring, and cried, "What do I have in my pocket?" Gollum failed to guess, even though demanding three guesses. Bilbo insisted that Gollum keep his word, but the loser, treacherous after many ages in the deep, slipped off to get his "precious" which would enable him to have his fun and eat it too. (Though Bilbo did not yet know it, Gollum's "precious" was the Ring in his pocket.) However, the Ring was not where Gollum had left it and with a blood-curdling screech Gollum guessed the answer to the riddle, too late.

Bilbo hearing him rushing back, fled in terror with Gollum practically upon him. Suddenly, he tripped, and the Ring slipped onto his finger. Terror-stricken, the little Hobbit waited for Gollum to grab him, but the creature passed by, still cursing and mumbling about his Ring. Bilbo did not understand, but getting up he followed Gollum, hoping he would guide him to the door. As he followed, Bilbo gradually began to make sense of Gollum's mutterings, and discovered that the Ring had the power to make its wearer invisible (which explains how Gollum caught enough Orcs to keep alive). Thus Bilbo escaped.

After joining his friends he withheld the part of the story

about the Ring, which disturbed Gandalf deeply when he discovered the evasion, since Hobbits are usually very truthful. Bilbo used the Ring often, returning after the adventure with the Ring and part of the treasure, to his home in the Shire, which ends the tale of *The Hobbit*.

However, the story is not yet ended, for in the Trilogy is recounted the tale of the War of the Ring, in the third-age of the Middle-earth, when the forces of evil began to regroup and threatened to bring all living creatures under the sway of darkness. At that time, the One Ring, the Master of all the Rings of Power, was still held by Bilbo, who did not yet realize what he had. However, Gandalf, who never let his curiosity about anything be piqued for long, had discovered the nature of the Ring. To its wearer, the One Ring gave power over all of the other Rings of Power, and thus mastery over the world. However, since the Ring had been devised by the evil power it eventually corrupted any who wore it. The Enemy, having re-discovered the existence of the One Ring, which had been thought lost, now sought it, for with the Ring his power was complete.

Bilbo knew nothing of all this. He thought the Ring only a good way to miss seeing unwelcome friends. However, when Frodo inherited the Ring he also received knowledge as to the true nature of the One Ring. Because of the Ring he had to flee his home in the Shire, pursued by the Dark-Riders of the Enemy (those who held the nine Rings). Barely escaping with his life, he and his friends finally reached Rivendell, the home of Elrind, king of the Elves, where a great Council was held.

At the Council Gandalf explained the nature of the Ring to those present, who represented the forces opposing the Enemy. After long hours the Council finally agreed that the Ring must be destroyed for the good of all, and Frodo agreed to become ringbearer. Together with eight companions, Frodo started out on the long and perilous journey, beset by many dangers within and without the party, as well as the temptation to use the Ring and thus become corrupted by it.

The task for the nine was to return the Ring to Morder, the land of the Enemy, and there destroy it in the only way possible; by casting it back into the fire from which it was forged. However, by the end of the first book of the trilogy Frodo realizes that he alone can return the One Ring to the Fiery Cracks of Doom, since those in the party whom he could trust were too dear to go with him to a certain death and the others would be too easily corrupted by the Evil of the Ring. Therefore, he attempts to slip off but is caught by his faithful Hobbit friend Sam, who begs to go with him. Frodo relents and the two of them set out for the Land of Morder. At this point the first book of the Trilogy ends, but not the magic woven by the books.

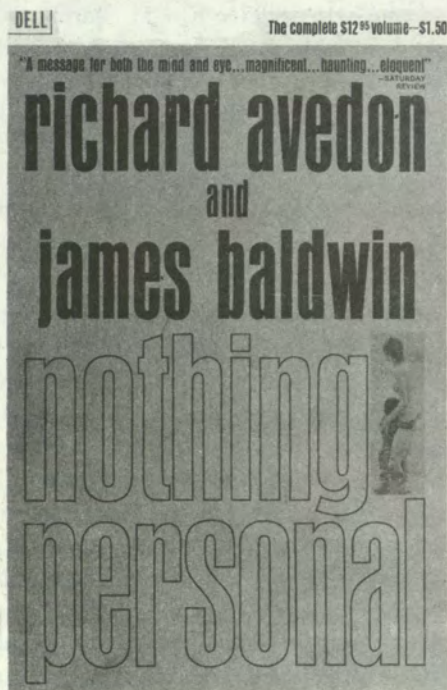
Many people have read the books (*Time* reports Tolkien as the newest college fad on many Eastern campuses) and probably each has his own explanation for their "magic". Some call it "Sheer Escapism", while to others the "whole idea of dwarfs and elves is simply disgusting." However, something vital has been overlooked. In each of us, as we grow up, there

is a little seed of childhood left, often hidden and covered by the conventional "Big Children don't do that" or "Don't be so childish" way of talking. Gradually, the childish delight is lost, grass and trees become objects and Easter eggs become just hard-boiled eggs. We still have enough of the spark left to realize when we see children that they have something we have lost as adults. However, we usually only turn sadly away and remark that "it's just growing up."

But Tolkien shows us it need not be "just growing up", for with his tales he touches again the seed with sunshine and like

any other seed, it soon comes alive again — and grows. Soon deep inside we have the most delicate flower in the world; for it is us as we were, and things of the past are always the most fragile. Even if the flower soon crumples, like a corsage taken from an old album, the memory of that flower is with us forever, keeping the magic alive. If one is afraid to be so touched then he should not read Tolkien; but those who are mature enough to accept a free gift of magic, I urge to read J.R.R. Tolkien.

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—John Gunther

"One discovers the light in darkness, that is what darkness is for; but everything in our lives depends on how we bear the light. It is necessary, while in darkness, to know that there is a light somewhere, to know that in oneself, waiting to be found, there is a light. What the light reveals is danger, and what it demands is faith."

—James Baldwin, *Nothing Personal*

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*Meanwhile the deserted one stands
 in a field of purple wheat
 The windmill clatters at the
 empty gaze
 Of paneless windows
 Of the empty house
 Weathergrey
 Leaning to fall
 Having to stand
 For that
 is all
 there is
 to do.*

sandy hagman



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*He set the Jug down slowly at his feet
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not, he paced away.*

—Edwin Arlington Robinson, "Mr. Flood's Party"
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