

10-1973

October 1973

Valparaiso University

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LIGHTER

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Beauty is the sum of what you are
and what you are into.

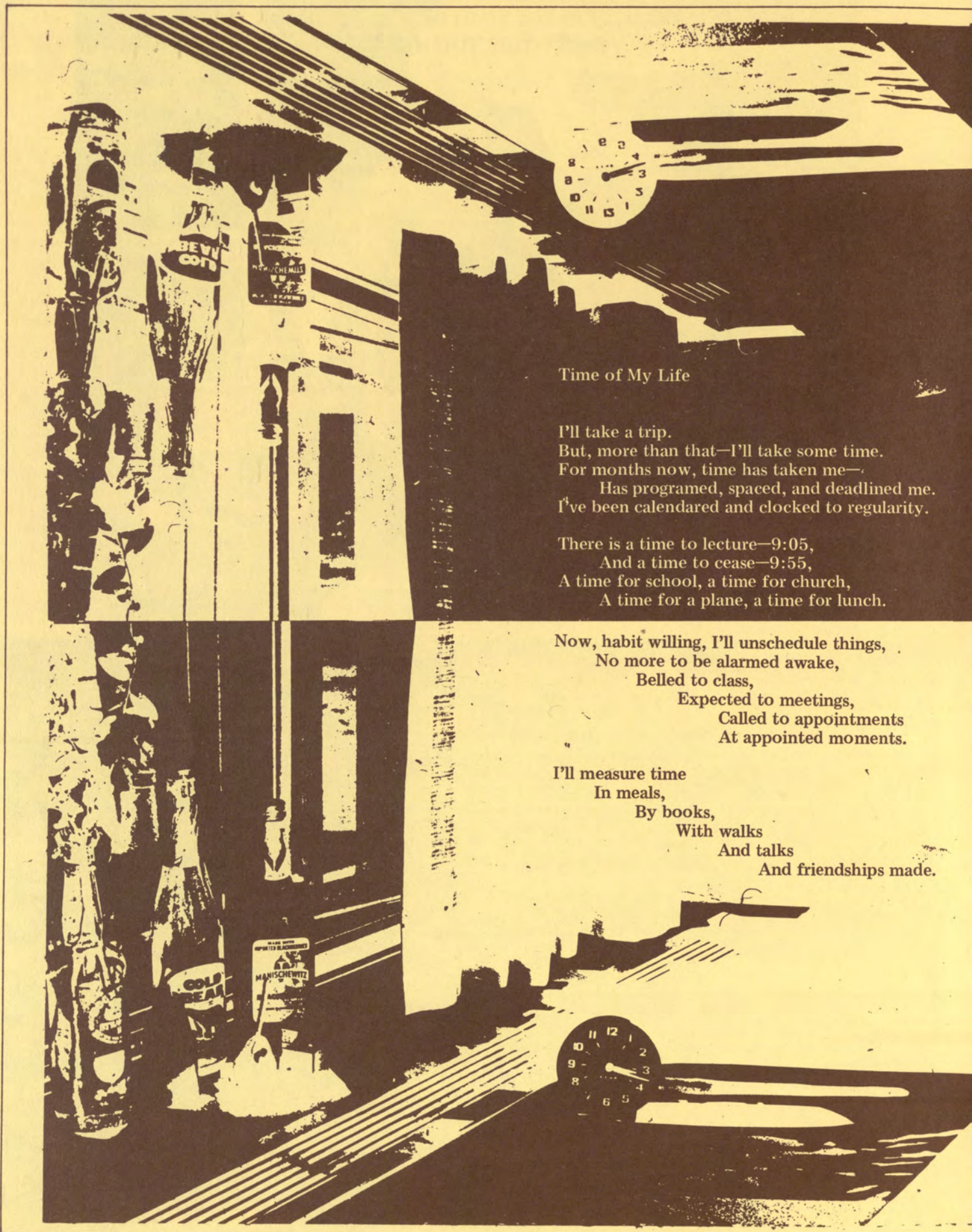


Kathleen Beck

SIGHT-COLD-SENSE

*Capillary network trees stand motionless
beckoning
silently in the dense fog
—wondering if nature will
tonight freeze herself
and cry hexo-lace from her lofty,
sky-eyes
and redecorate the visible universe
with crystalline manna.*

Tony Cassler



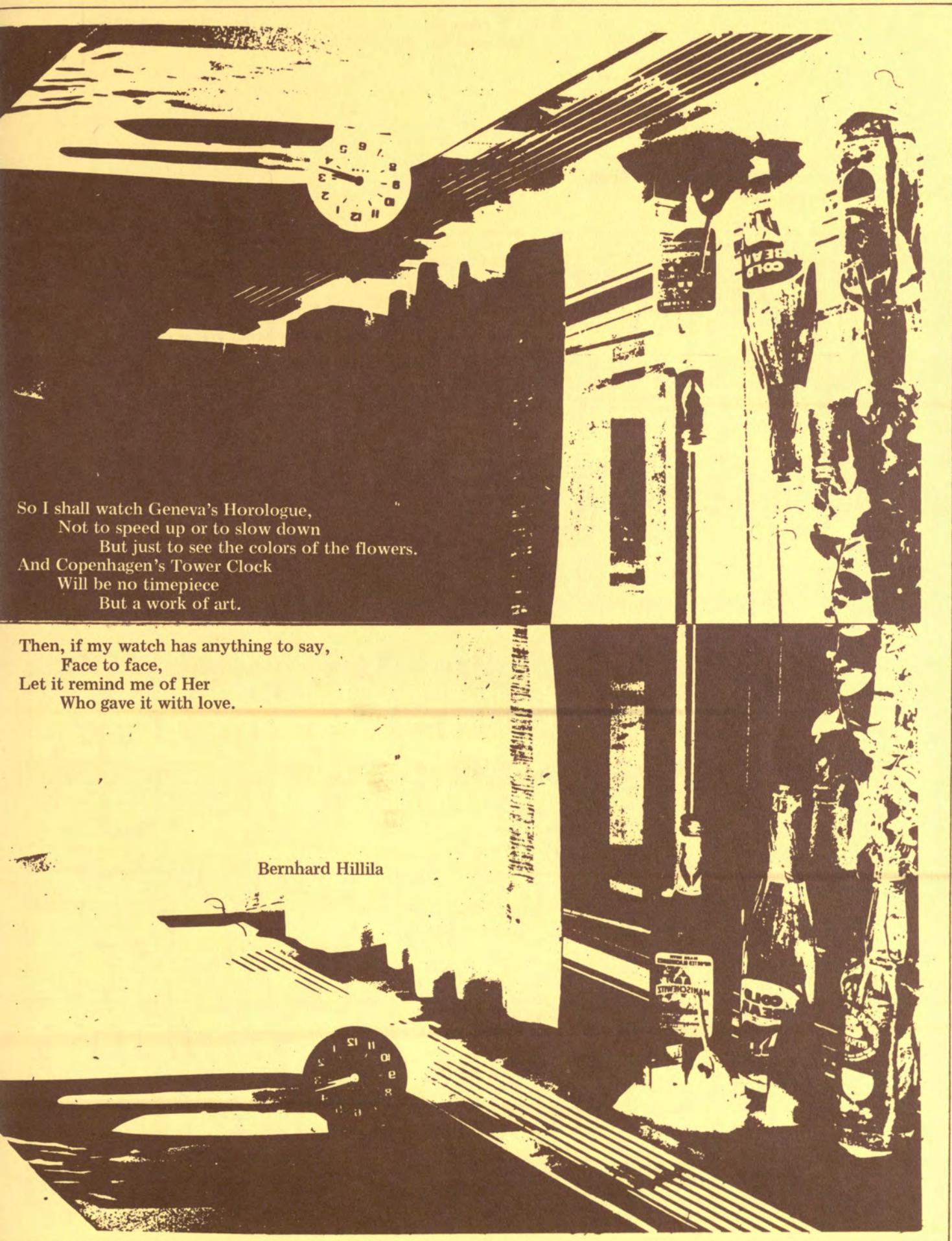
Time of My Life

I'll take a trip.
But, more than that—I'll take some time.
For months now, time has taken me—
Has programed, spaced, and deadlined me.
I've been calendared and clocked to regularity.

There is a time to lecture—9:05,
And a time to cease—9:55,
A time for school, a time for church,
A time for a plane, a time for lunch.

Now, habit willing, I'll unschedule things,
No more to be alarmed awake,
Belled to class,
Expected to meetings,
Called to appointments
At appointed moments.

I'll measure time
In meals,
By books,
With walks
And talks
And friendships made.



So I shall watch Geneva's Horologue,
Not to speed up or to slow down
But just to see the colors of the flowers.
And Copenhagen's Tower Clock
Will be no timepiece
But a work of art.

Then, if my watch has anything to say,
Face to face,
Let it remind me of Her
Who gave it with love.

Bernhard Hillila

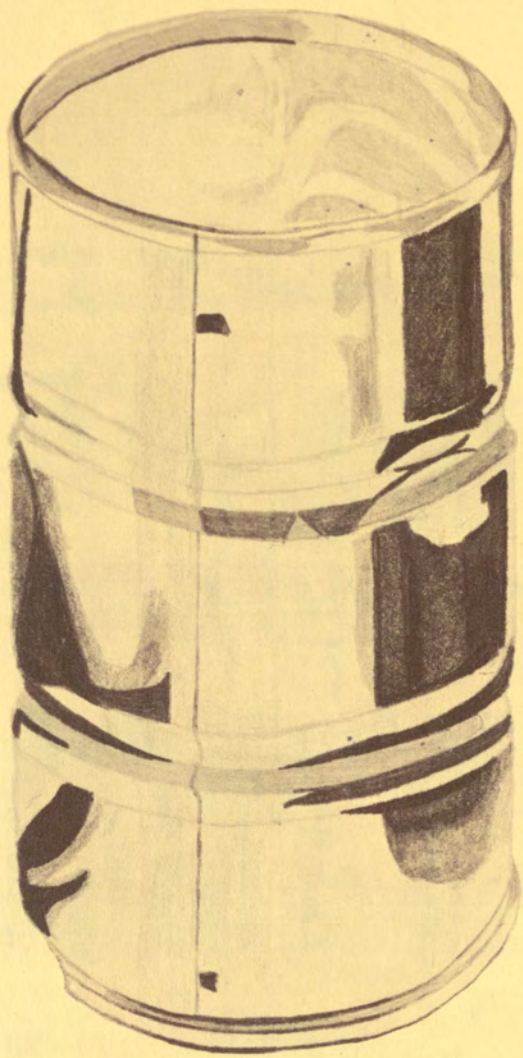
for Piano

Claudio Drez

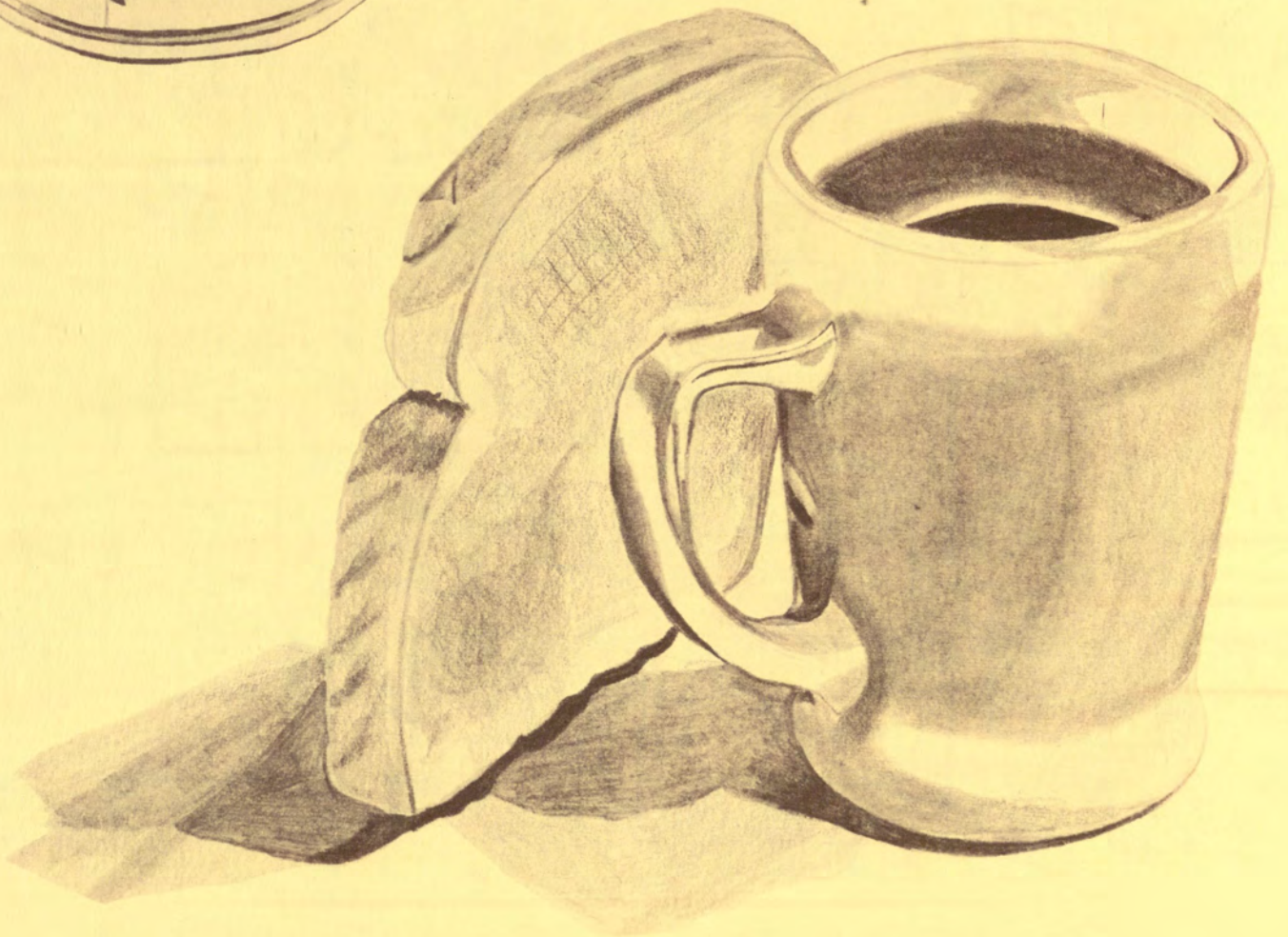
Modenato -
Rhythmically flexible & impulsive

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of staves. The first system is marked *mp* and *Sua*, with a dashed line above it. The second system is marked *mf*. The third system is marked *slower*. The fourth system is marked *Sua* and *mp*, with a dashed line above it. The fifth system is marked *p*. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of five systems of staves. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp* and *mf*, and tempo markings *loco* and *a-tempo*. The notation features complex rhythmic patterns and chordal structures. A dashed line is present at the top of the first system. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.



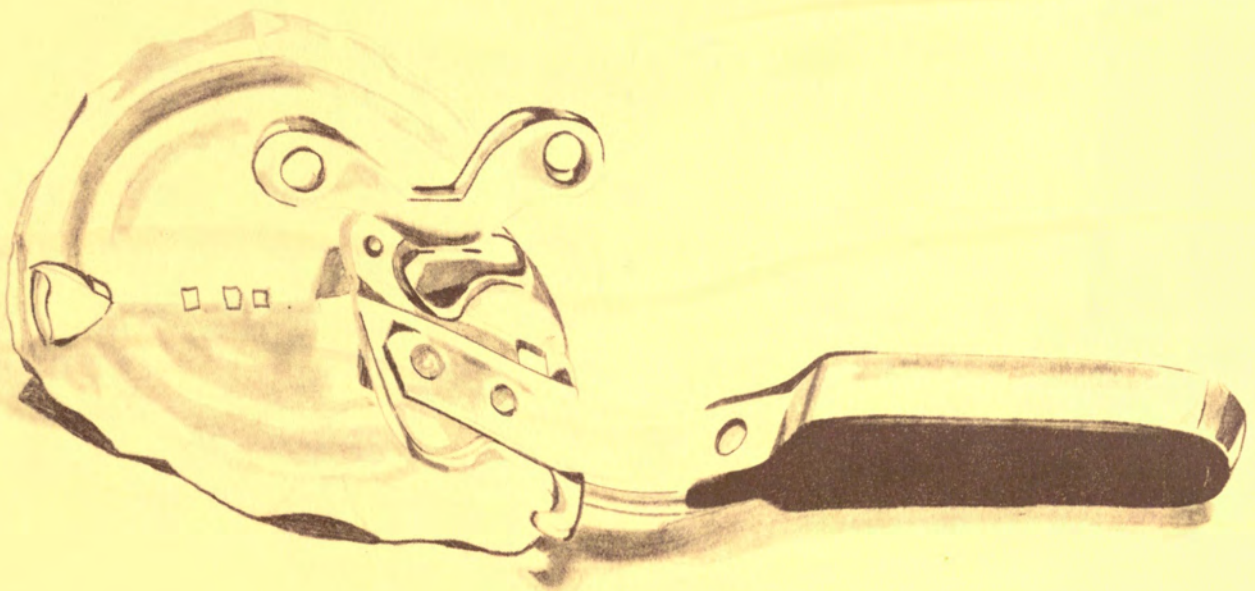
Scott Wolfram

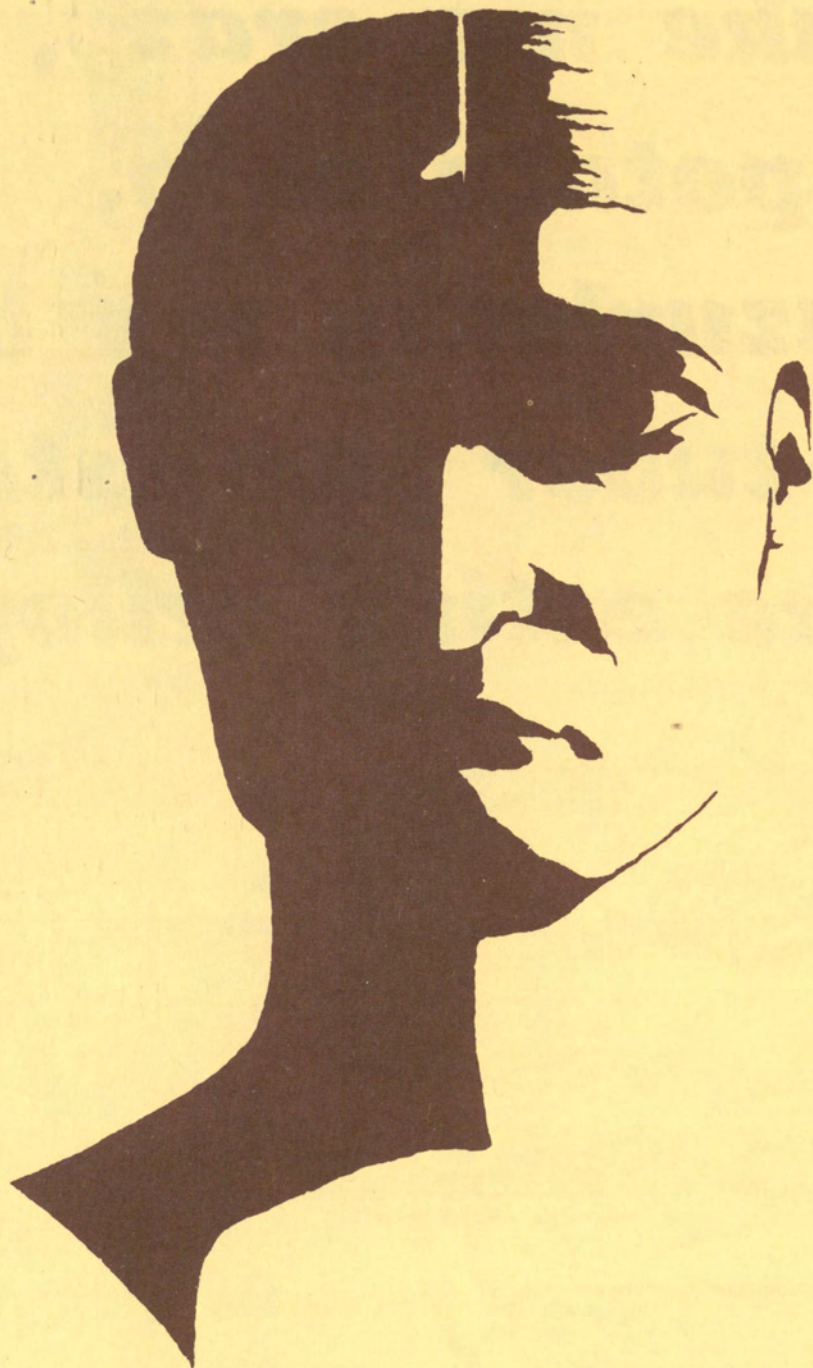


**Make me crazy,
That potato chip,
Mazurka in my brain
Salty tuber two-step
Like eating cellophane.**

Jim Wiatrolik

Scott Wolfram





Alice Kern

You said you understood.
You even said that you
 marvelled at what I
 was doing
 and how I managed so
 well.

Considering. . .

(Yes.
Considering it all,
you are doing amazingly
well.)

And what you don't know
is all the tranquilizers
and bad dreams
and lonely icy tears.
The days of not eating
and chain-smoking.

(Why—you don't
even have an ulcer.)

You don't dig deep enough
to see
the internal bleeding that
all the tourniquets
could not stop.

But I'm becoming a
hemophiliac.
And when
—maybe please tomorrow—
are you coming
to tell me how well
I'm doing.

Kathy Arlt



Valparaiso: A Christian University?

Last year the *Lighter* was one instrument through which members of the Valparaiso University community reflected upon the idea of a Christian university. This year we shall continue, hopefully uncovering a few new perspectives on the problem. The excerpts on this and the following three pages are from articles written by Valpo students in answer to the question, "What is a Christian university?" as applied to Valparaiso. It is our intention, by presenting this set of responses, to offer a sample of the thoughts of the student faction of the university. We received a fascinating spectrum of approaches to the question—and many different conclusions—and we invite your response to our presentation of them.

First, it is interesting to note that in six of the eight articles the students expressed the opinion that the university is defined in terms of its participants; four saw it particularly determined by the students themselves. Considering the many variables involved in a functioning university—the objectives, policies, faculty and administration—it is notable that many students felt the university is basically focused upon them. "It is the students in the university who give it the character and flavor of life," Brian Thalacker remarked.

A primary consideration of the responses, secondly, was the relationship between the words "Christian university" and the reality of life on Valparaiso's campus. Most regarded the Christian university title as a *claim* and then evaluated whether or not the claim is upheld in practice. The majority of the writers seemed to feel that their experiences at Valpo—in the classroom, in the fraternity, in the dormitory—do not warrant calling this a "university under the cross." Others considered the possibilities a Christian university might offer for fulfillment of human potential, and evaluated Valparaiso in that light. Brian Thalacker said the Christian university title is the "underlying perspective" for everything that goes on here. Eunice saw it as an expression of our call and potential as an academic community: "It is here, united as a Christian community by our common salvation, that we also unite as individuals each seeking his own potential, and together we seek the light that

What is a Christian university? Why, it is an institution that is dedicated to spiritual (as defined by Christ) and intellectual development. However, if one does not like that definition, I invite redefinition. It does not matter. The Christian university will always be some sort of Christ-centered institution; and, by virtue of being a Christ-centered institution, a Christian university will always be a fiction not worth too many words.

That Christ and institutions are incompatible is demonstrated by the drives of these two entities. Christ is a servant who has come to save A Man from eternal death. An institution exists for itself and has no other drive other than self-preservation. It lives and complies with demands made on it by its environment, regardless of the nature of those demands, so that it may go on living. Without hope of an afterlife if it should die, it is without need of the salvation Christ offers A Man. It is this "irredeemable" factor that makes any institution quite independent of any metaphysical claims that are made on A Man; it is this "irredeemable" factor that makes the institution independent of Christ.

If anyone doubts the autonomy of the institution, let him look at the history of the Christian Church. Let him examine the movement of the Church from the catacombs to the grandiose stain glass windowed chapels of today. Examination of this history should show that where the institution exists, the institution needs take priority.

In the end the teachings and importance of Christ are significant only to A Man, A Christian, and never collectively to the herd.

Michael Hill

It is hard to answer the question, "What is a Christian University?" because both the words "Christian" and "University" are impossible to define exactly. The question becomes harder to answer when it is phrased, "Is Valparaiso University a Christian University?"

If one assumes that the term "Christian" means an individual who sincerely believes that Jesus Christ died on the cross to save the world from sin and to grant everlasting life, and that a Christian tries to live his life in a Christ-like manner; if one assumes that "University" is a community of people gathered together to learn; then the question, "What is a Christian University?" may be easier to answer when applied to Valparaiso University. Therefore, Valparaiso University would become the individual who believes in the tenets of Christianity.

In reviewing these statements, I would have to say that I cannot go along with all the literature that the University puts out proudly declaring it is a "Christian University" or a "University under the Cross." It is hard enough for an individual to live in a Christ-like manner, but a group of people living as one under the tenets of Christianity seems impossible.

Another problem with the statement that Valparaiso is a Christian University is the fact that Christians tend to act with tolerance and love toward mankind irrespective of race, creed, sex or any reward for their actions. The University defeats this premise in its hiring practices, treatment of students, regard for faculty members, and respect for differing viewpoints. This is not to say that the University is simply the administration; the faculty and students are just as lax in following these Christian principles.

Finally, the statement that Valparaiso University is a Christian University cannot be regarded as fact simply because it is claimed so frequently. The proof comes through Christian actions, not through words.

Kathy Arlt

Many times has the question "What is a Christian university?" been asked, and many groups, I'm sure, have discussed and attempted to answer this question. And many times it has probably gone unresolved. Such a matter is extremely difficult, not readily given a cut-and-dried, black-and-white definition.

Possibly the simplest conception of a Christian university is derived from the answer to the question, "What is a Christian?" The answer to this commonly is that a Christian is one who has accepted Jesus Christ as his personal savior, believing in Him and following His teachings and examples, thereby setting like examples for others. Therefore a Christian university would believe in and revere Christ and promote to its fullest extent Christ's teachings so that the student might know and understand them; it would set examples in the Christian tradition, offering the student every opportunity to know Christ and accept Him for his own savior.

Valparaiso University calls itself a Christian university, but is it really? This has been debated several times. VU certainly fulfills the first part of the definition by believing in and revering Christ. This is

evidenced by the beautiful chapel, the abundance of church services in it, the counseling services offered by it, and the Christian beliefs and concerns of many of the faculty members, often subtly revealed to the student. But when it comes to promoting Christ's teachings, Valpo doesn't quite fill the bill. It's not that the University doesn't offer the opportunities to learn about Christ and His teachings, but the emphasis is either misplaced or totally lacking.

However in this day and age, I cannot fault Valparaiso University. In fact I can't really fault anyone. I question whether it is even possible for a Christian university to exist today as I have defined it here. On paper, such a concept might be feasible and is admirable, but it seems that most students aren't ready for or don't want to accept such an environment for their college years. And although I feel that Valpo is not a Christian university, I commend it for its efforts to provide a Christian atmosphere in which the student has the option to grow in Christ!

Brian Enevold

What is a Christian university?

It's simple to answer. . .!!!

one only needs to ask the right question. . .is valpo a christian university???. . .that's the question that we seem to be afraid to ask. . .the answer is simply: yes.

yes, people are what it takes. . .to make a christian. . . university. . . what kind of people???. ALL!!!kinds of people. . .women and men. . .boys and girls. . .black and white. . .yellow and brown. . . africans and germans. . .JAMAICANS and MEXICANS!!!.these are the ones. . .with many others besides them!!!

the question then arises: are all people christians???. . .the simple answer is: no.

then one asks: how can it be a. . .CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY???

i'm reminded of a comment. . .by an old, wise, respected gentleman. . .that we must not forget that "In Thy Light. . .We See Light". . .therefore we can—those who do and those who don't—nurture one another. . .in different spiritual and cosmic realms: i'm hungry. . .let's rock the cradle. . .for i've got places to go. . .and promises to keep. . .people to talk to. . .people to listen to. . .flowers to give. . .and flowers to receive.and maybe.on the other side of the world.may it be a peaceful one.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY strives to seek its own identity. . .just as another university may use. . .athletics. . .as its selling card. . .Valpo happens to use Christianity.

there are many other Christian experiences. . .human things. . .little things. . .that go on here. . .that analyzing should not forget.

valpo is where making mistakes. . .and admitting that we are wrong. . .and then making it right. . .becomes a university. . .and a christian one at that.that's a university!!!

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY strives. . .for a community of learning and life. . .love. . .expressive of the way in CHRIST. . . "In Whose Light We Would Seek Truth."

Melvin L. Pullen

On every campus there are several standard jokes. Here at Valpo, the biggest one concerns the notion of Valpo being a Christian school.

What makes it so funny? Or, rather, what makes people laugh? Because, I believe, they don't know exactly what a Christian university is. Furthermore, going to a Christian school implies that they are Christians. . .and being a Christian isn't so popular these days.

A Christian University is an idealistic concept, especially here at Valpo. No student, no faculty member can continually live up to the standards Christ set. Even He knew that.

A Christian University is one in which the students have a meaningful relationship with their Creator. They realize His love for them as symbolized on the cross and seek to reciprocate by putting Him first in their thoughts and actions. These actions are based on the light of scriptural authority. Well, fellow students, when was the last time that you evaluated your actions in the light of scriptural authority? For most of us, especially those who have completed their theology requirement, it has been a long time, if ever. As a whole, the student body falls far short of these ideals—or at least they do outwardly.

More importantly, the majority does not share these ideals. Those that think at all about the possibility of a god frequently make up one in their minds that sounds logical to them or seems to contain the truth, whether or not anyone else shares their beliefs. Many base their beliefs on the Father represented in the Bible and twist the rest of the book to suit their own specifications. Are they Christians? Most will deny it.

Then what about the minority that really do worship in accordance with the Lutheran doctrine? They remain, as in any college or university, secular or sacred, the minority—that which Jesus described as "the salt of the Earth."

Nancy Smith

is the expression of the human spirit. 'In Thy light we see light.'" Though the distinctions here are fine, they are important. Should we evaluate Valparaiso as a Christian university in terms of its potential for deepening the human spirit, or should we view our situation here more concretely, in terms of what is actually being done with the opportunities available?

Though each of us approaches the question at hand from his own experience, it appears from the excerpts that the tension between blueprint and actuality at Valparaiso must be dealt with seriously. Though we cannot forget the ideological roots from which day-to-day activities extend, perhaps we as a university community should look more carefully at the students' perceptions of their life at Valparaiso. The tension, then, can serve as a constructive check upon whether the responsibilities and challenges of living "under the cross" are being accepted, considered, or discarded as irrelevant.

The writers quite differently interpreted, thirdly, the relative weight to be given to each of the two words "Christian" and "university." Can a university—an institution—even be spoken of as Christian or not Christian? As Mike stated, "It is this irredeemable factor that makes the institution independent of Christ. . . Examination of this history should show that where the institution exists, the institution needs take priority." Placed next to Tom Macke's statement, "It is obvious that the conception of a Christian university must coincide with the conception of a Christian man," we see different expectations at work. While one student may not expect Christian actions from a university anymore than Christian water from a fire hydrant, another feels a university is a function of its members—it is people, not a thing with a life of its own. Rephrased, the question is: Are procedures, policies, and regulations merely institutional operations, or can they be evaluated as the Christian or un-Christian acts of individuals? Christian people, however, *are* gathered into groups, church bodies complete with common policies, beliefs and goals; and it may, therefore, be impossible to separate Christian people from their institutional groups.

A fourth question is suggested by the responses. When we place "Christian university" in our name, do we expect as evidence of our claim to that title widespread affirmation of Christ the Savior? Must we all testify to the same beliefs if we are to live with one another? One writer was disillusioned by the lack of evidence that students evaluate their actions "in the light of scriptural authority." We must be careful that Christianity does not become an "entrance ticket" to the University, so that we can breathe easily within our proclaimed self-definition. Such a policy would make Valparaiso a haven from which Christians can

look out at the world with Pharisaic satisfaction; this ignores the reality that none of us who say we are Christians "has arrived"—all of us, in a sense, are always in the process of *becoming* Christian. It chokes any possibility for interaction among the variety of beliefs now present on campus, and is both a fearful and elitist opinion of the joys of Christianity.

As we evaluate whether or not Valparaiso is a Christian university, it appears that many of us are forgetting that a Christian university may be, as Eunice said, one which strives. In our strivings, there are failures. What a Christian university can do, as Mel suggested, is to look at its failures through the forgiveness we receive in Christ, pick ourselves up from our un-Christian behavior, and keep on trying. The beauty is that our failure does not negate Christ's ever-present forgiveness and support. The chapel, our name, and our actions on campus should be considered as constant challenges to our honesty. When we feel that our self-definition no longer holds, it may not necessarily be time to abandon our name; perhaps it is just time to re-evaluate it and reshape *ourselves*, in the shadow of that cross.

The Editors

Inquiry into the meaning of the term "Christian University" is necessary at Valparaiso if we are to have a sense of identity as a community of people. The University is different things to different individuals, but it certainly is more than several acres of land containing various buildings and five thousand students and professors. For many students, the University is a place of preparation for and anticipation of the future. From this standpoint, the purpose of attending Valparaiso is specifically to prepare for graduate school or a job.

But the University is much more than this. The people living and working here form an academic community of intellectual inquiry and creative self-expression, and as such a community wherein is manifest the human spirit. In this place we seek to discover and realize our individual potentials as concerned, thinking, contributing human beings. Together, then, as a corporate community, we seek the light of truth so as to contribute to the realization of the human potential and to achieve the noblest possible expression of the human spirit. University Chancellor O. P. Kretzmann called this community the "home of lost causes," for here we cultivate the ideals of truth, faith, and tolerance to which "the world only pays lip service."

Our identity, though, encompasses more than this, for it is bound up in the term "Christian University." Although often we may take the University motto for granted, it effectively summarizes our purpose as a Christian academic community, or, to use another often-heard phrase, a university under the Cross. The focal point of our identity as a university is indeed under the Cross, for here we receive the light of redemption through the Atonement. And it is here, united as a Christian community by our common salvation that we also unite as individuals each seeking his own potential, and together we seek the light that is the expression of the human spirit. "In thy light we see light."

It is highly fitting that, united as a people under the Cross, we seek to be a "home of lost causes," because implicit in our identity as a Christian university is the concept of servanthood. As an academic community our challenge in the world is made all the greater because we are Christians. And we do indeed face a challenge as we enter the final quarter of the twentieth century. The world's need for the values we strive for as a university will never diminish; indeed the need is especially urgent in our time. As Christians in the world we must be conscious of our role as servants, a role appropriate for an academic community and essential for a Christian university.

Eunice Schroeder

What is a Christian university? By definition, definition itself sets a limit. By repetition, this article would merely be a gloss of what others have already said.

For the casual observer touring this campus, reading the literature printed about this institution, and talking to the recruiters, this place looks and sounds impressive. Outwardly maybe it really is impressive. Graduates have gone out by the scores to accomplish honors in society; there is nothing sardonic in that. Yet, to not sound a hackneyed phrase, graduation totals, buildings and monies from donations play their role, but it is the students in the university who give it the character and flavor of life. However the institution, as all institutions, fails to inculcate values—in this case Christian values—in some individuals for anything but a short term and transient period.

A Christian university is from my experience a reevaluation of aims and goals of life. The Christian university is dialogue and debate. The institution itself is a sounding board, for my thoughts on the nature of life and this world, my purpose in it, and the vistas of experience I am yet to encounter all are put in conflict at some point in time within myself. Conflict of debate in the Socratic tradition leads one closer to the truth, sorting out relevencies and irrelevencies from the grey area between. Debate creates a university of change, and change helps create life, action and new perspectives.

Political perspective, social outlooks, and the miracle of new theory all are underlaid in the Christian university by the love emanating from Christ. For me, the underlying presence of a personal spiritual perspective, a personal theology, is a result of the attempt on the part of the university to aid me to become more humane.

The Christian university is education; however, education is in its end result not to vocationally promote any individual, but rather to base that individual's view of the world on a stable foundation. The purpose of the university is not to become a producer of the corporate man, the scientific man, the political man, but rather the whole man able to view the world in a balanced manner. Maturely facing reality of day-to-day existence, the graduate of the humane institution realizes that his education has just been initiated, and that this Christian university is itself a resource in the development of self-expression.

Yet, the major learning experiences from day to day—the interpersonal relationships and growth of friendships—have garnered for me the greatest sense of reward. The Christian university is sitting in Friends on a Saturday night, sitting on the tundra on a Sunday afternoon, or just sitting in the Union fruitlessly trying to read. It's the catharsis of congregation singing in the chapel; it's the catharsis of being there alone.

Brian Thalacker


"Christian" is the label given to the followers and believers of Jesus Christ. Various patterns of behavior are both socially and theologically expected of any one who calls himself a Christian. These expectations have been further extended to apply to the institutions in which Christians assemble to worship Jesus Christ. This essay is concerned with one such institution, Valparaiso University, and whether it fulfills this author's conception of a Christian university.

It is obvious that the conception of a Christian university must coincide with the conception of a Christian man. Just as a picture of the entire personality and being of a man is painted when he is called a Christian, so a picture can be painted of Valparaiso University under the assumption that it is a Christian institution.

Let us look first at what Valpo offers with regard to faith and God. We have a beautiful church and regular daily services. Theology courses are offered in the curriculum to better our understanding of the whys and hows of faith in God. Finally, a majority of the people are usually friendly and open and we can assume that their Christian background has molded them so. Now, set aside these attributes of Valpo and examine their counterparts. The services which are held on Sunday are eternally ritualistic; they have all but alienated the average student from the joy and happiness one can receive when he experiences the love of God. I see at Valpo a total absence of student-initiated Christian activities on any kind of respectable scale. Take away the church and how does Valparaiso University show its love for God? Examine the Greek system and notice the rash of rumors and deceit which exists. What happened to the friendly people, the trust?

There is no doubt in my mind that there are many Christians on this campus, but to call this university Christian on the basis of that assumption only is ludicrous. If Valpo is ever to be given the title of "Christian University," it must first prove itself capable of acting as a body—as one man composed of many varying factions. Until the students of this campus can show that one of their main reasons for attending Valparaiso University was and is because it offers them an avenue through which they could establish their love for God, I cannot consider Valpo a Christian university.

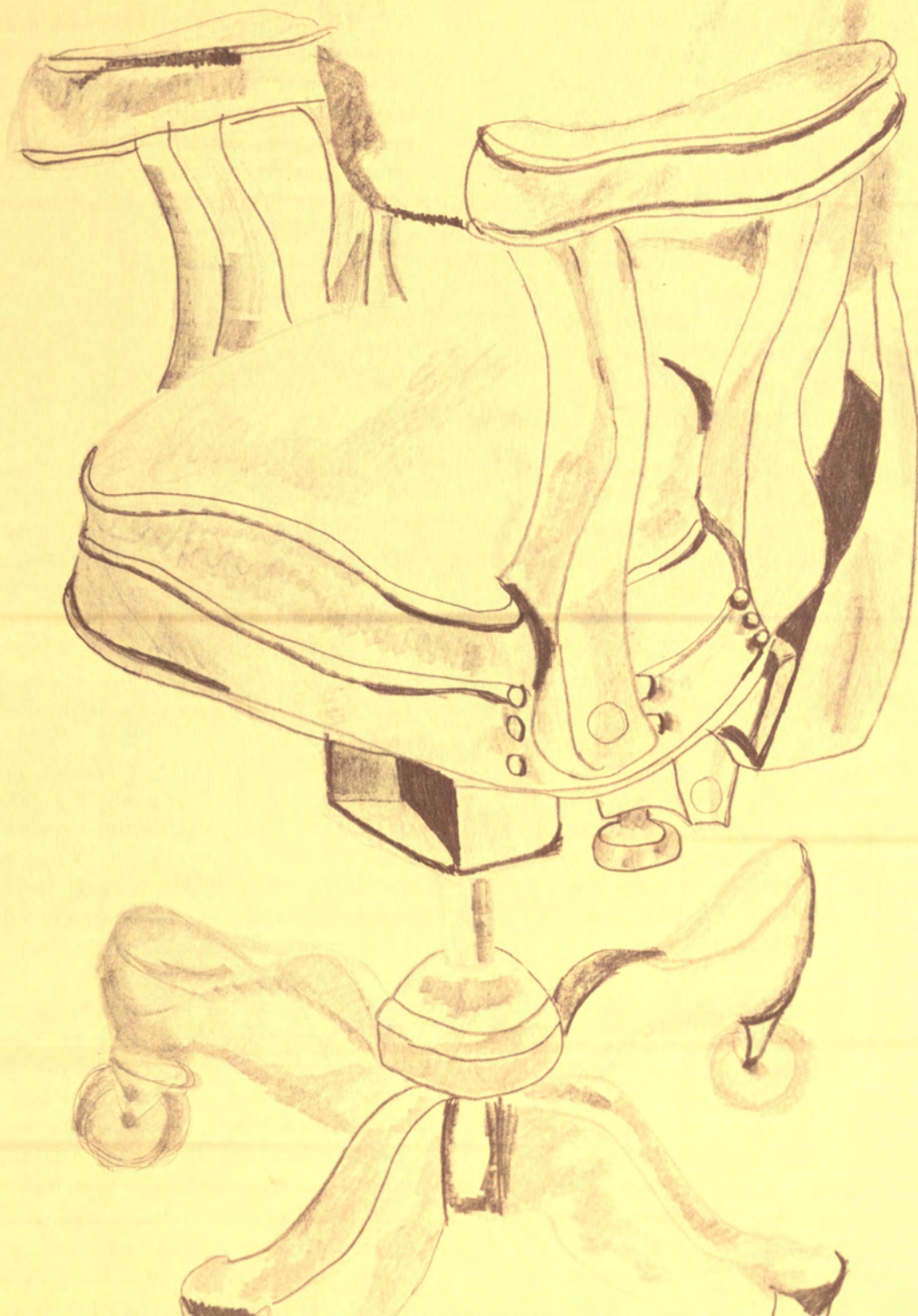
Tom Macke



looking up from his intricate paper folding
and smiling and thinking that he was a pretty
good old paper folder he saw (shudder, shudder)
a metal folding chair. how dare such a thing
exist, it is against all the laws of nature
it is defferent an i don't like it at all.
refusing to accept its existence he looked in another
direction and saw a plastic sheet very big.
this too is a piece of foolishness and
i must stop eating mushroom pizzas before bedtime.
with a huff and a puff he went back to his
paper folding paper is all that is it is
what i am used to and i like it
i can make whatever i want whenever i need it
an as he spoke he flipped his wrist and out
popped a newspaper tree and six or seven
construction paper flowers. paper is very beautiful
he said, do you like music, and as he spoke
and without waiting for a reply his hands
deftly formed a cardboard orchestra playing beethoven
with a little practice you too could do such wonders.
i have all i need and then some he smiled.
at this exact same time and instant
the sky became dark and black clouds
choked out all the sun and the wind blew,
then big drops of rain began to fall.
this is impossible he said no sane man
could believe in this it is not paper
all the same i am beginning to get wet.
but there is no worry for i will make a paper house
and in three and one half seconds a beautiful
ranch style home popped up. see how paper
is the best and is good for everything.
he ran inside but paper is not always
the most watertight thing and there
were a few leaks and after absorbing
a great amount of water the whole thing fell in
and the rain was still coming he was very wet
and very cold. suddenly he spied the plastic sheet
and dived under it. plastic the material of the
future thats what counts he cried out. he is happy now

i only hope that no big hail stones fall.

Hermann A. Photon.



***“I
will
make
you
fishers,
of
men...”***

To catch a verbal fish, one must first cast a conversational hook into the crowd. It may be that in the place you throw your lure, there are no takers, for any of a number of mishap-rationalizations. Possibly there are no fish smart enough to know food when they see it, or no fish dumb enough to bite. We have recorded a history of strikes, though.

This is intended as a primer of sorts for conversational fishing. It is not the traditional hook, line and sinker approach, nor is it a lazy man's guide to where the fish are biting. It is a look into the morality of butting into the personal lives of fish everywhere.

When we examine social intercourse we do not usually look into its ethics. That is, we may discourse on right or wrong practices within dialogue, but very few of us pause to examine whether or not it is morally right to communicate with other people. I suspect that of the few who do take up this cross, a great percentage are destined to become hermits. Let us look into this problem more closely.

The first written record of communication between beings is the story of Adam and Eve. The Lord commanded them to take care of the Garden of Eden and said, “Leave that tree alone.” From the record, we have no account of any further speech until the serpent coaxed Eve into eating the fruit of the tree. Then the trouble began. Did the problem stem from Eve's decision to eat the fruit, or was it the act of communication which started everything?

I propose that without speech, Adam and Eve could have done very well by themselves, and could possibly have populated the planet with no other intercourse than that of the sexual kind. They may not have needed that either; things were different in those days, and man had no need to subject woman, since the ego had not yet been invented. But, the damage was done. Somehow, those people got their messages across to each other, and history began. Back to our question: was it right or wrong for men to communicate?

You may say, "But communication is the beginning and end of civilization." Right you are, but what have we gained from civilization besides problems? The Garden of Eden was Paradise, and we could be there yet, except for civilization.

Have you ever doubted the validity of education? I don't mean the selling out to the dollar, "go to college and get a high-paying job" nonsense, but the actual worth of learning. It's worth doubting. We've all heard "ignorance is bliss" used in some connection, and we usually dismiss it promptly, because we know. But what is this "knowledge"? It is the record of thousands of years of sensitivity to mistakes. At best, knowledge is a scapegoat for our own mistakes. (A mugger steals up behind you and gives you a vicious crack to the side of your head. You promptly turn the other cheek, he wallops you again and you're out cold. He gets your wallet and you say, "I've done the Christian thing." You could have had his wallet.) Education, then, is a placebo, an alternative to living in the desert, alone and happy. We are making a desert of this earth right now through knowledge. Knowledge builds the bulldozers that wipe out plant and animal life. We all know that the intention is to build a paradise, but intentions and outcomes are often at odds.

Let us explore "intention". Most of the ruined persons we meet are the products of misguided intentions. Conversation needs intention to exist. When you talk with someone, isn't your motive about the same as the fisherman's? He comes to the water to catch fish—you approach a person to learn or get something. When a woman is approached by a strange man, she is immediately concerned with his intentions. (Why isn't it the other way around, with women propositioning men? This is one of the great faults of our society—indeed, it sometimes occurs with very agreeable results.) These doubts and fears on the woman's part are the building stones of insecurity and neuroses. Better that we never talk rather than contribute to such tragedy! In any given dialogue, there is bound to be a giver and a recipient. That is one of the mechanical rules of conversation: one talks and one or more listen. But there is another factor which is too often ignored. There may be takers as well as recipients, and the giving may not be voluntary. Certain ones among us have been known to applaud a clever business transaction, or an important political concession. But for one person to win necessarily implies the existence of a loser, and this is my concern. Big business gets big by feeding on the corpses of the losers. To beat big business or "the establishment", even to deal with them, is to further the cause of losing. Loss is the



Kim Sisson

substantive reality of all gain, but we tend to discount this, because it is easier and more agreeable to concern ourselves with gain.

How much do we lose for each gain we make during conversation? In my experience, everything. We lose our individuality merely by making the concessions necessary to begin conversation. When we approach a person with the intent to converse, our first impressions are likely to be negative ("She looks terrible"). Or, if we are the ones approached, we think, "I wonder what he wants this time." I must warn you, reader, against your "innocent," "but I like people" nonsense. That is irrelevant here, and I am confirmed in my cynicism and will not be dissuaded. Anyway, a conversation typically begins with the concessive formalities: "How are you? Fine. Gee, that's great." It may be that the person is not fine, but does not want to lead the conversation down a dead-end street. We must concede our individuality to make conversation possible. Socialization is not merely bad, it is the antithesis of individuality in evolution. At some point in the future, everyone will be socialized to such an extent that no one will have anything meaningful to say, and I often doubt whether they do now.

We come now to the physiological considerations of dialogue. Dialogue makes the ear all important. If we had no conversation, the ear would become merely a receptacle for random bird-calls and occasionally a warning of a rampant lion attacking from the rear. (Don't discount lions—without civilization, they'd be everywhere.) But, in general, the ear would deteriorate, giving rise to the development of the eyes. I for one would celebrate this, since my ears stick out abnormally, and as a true social creature I am aware of and mortified by this (I let my hair grow to cover them). The eyes! Ah, without auditory exchange, body language would be all-important. If the woman dresses sexily, or not at all, you know you're in, and neuroses be hanged! True, the nose might gain a bit, but with everyone wearing larger noses, the differences in size would be less noticeable, and therefore less embarrassing. The tactile sense would gain tremendously, and the touch people would be in paradise (surely you've run into touch people—they cannot say "hello" without grabbing your arm).

If I am against communication, why do I write this? Obviously it is an attempt to communicate my thoughts on the topic of communication. I may be called hypocrite by the reader. I am prepared to take that risk. But please, do not assign me to the category of fool, or dismiss

this work as lighthearted or in jest. This may be my farewell message to society, for I have been seriously considering becoming a hermit. Of course, I haven't spoken to anyone about it, and don't expect to gather a very large following. But my experience with conversation boils down to this:

"What's happening?"

"Nothing."

From light in the chapel, for o.p. and
others now gone

Despite his damp, womaned hand
Clutching then more than championing
The solid of the cross upon his breast,
We were the last romantics.

Not that our passioned play
Shamed mute his plodding passion.

He was the father, tugging us from the tiles
On which we splashed the rioting colors,
Muddily scornful. His hands confessed
Our boastful confusion to each clearly-leaded
System of color. Our hands squirmed in his,
tracing soft-nuanced knowledge,
The lines keeping earth-reddened cock from flame chalice
Discerning dark cross-gold from hosanna yellow.
Each glass-flattened finger
Learned ancient letter; and open-eyed,
Carefully, we read the sentence; we dreamed its sigh,
Cracking the hollow dark chapel with candles.

Despite his dry, phoenixed hand
Ungently now more than urgently
Dangling shameless hope upon his breast
We are the least romantics.

Not that his deathless play
Maligns our murky dying.

We are the victims, wishing to speak old words,
Caught without candles, lame without leaded
Visions in courage. Silently starved
Of conquering colors and prisonless queries,
Worn damp from each winter and frayed
From the glaring milk darkness, we finally
Mumble to fists.
Forgetting, except when we dare not to
Dawdle with living, the legacy pressed
In our prayer-puny hands,

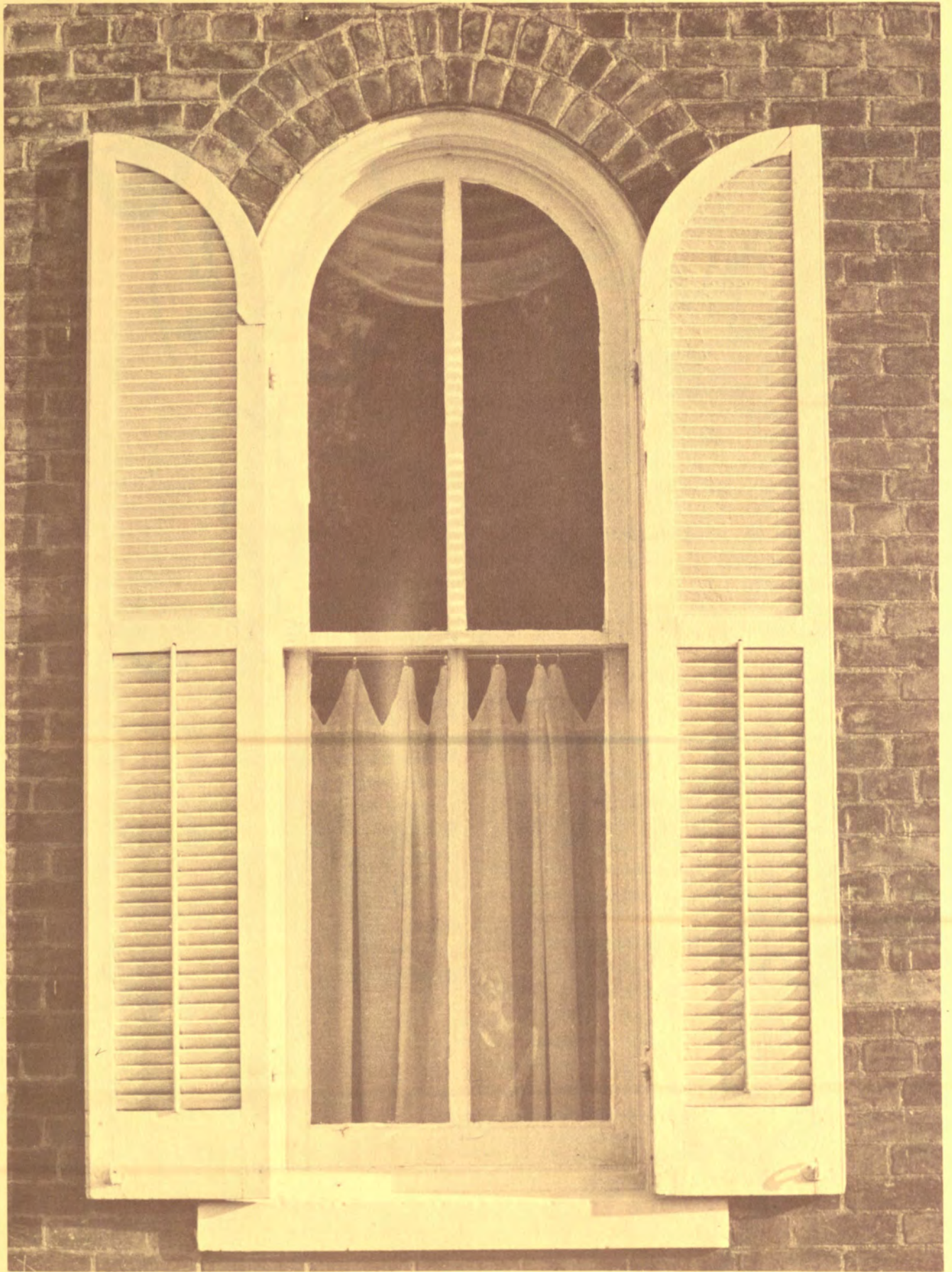
The prisms.

Bill Godecke



Bill Godecke

Kathleen Beck



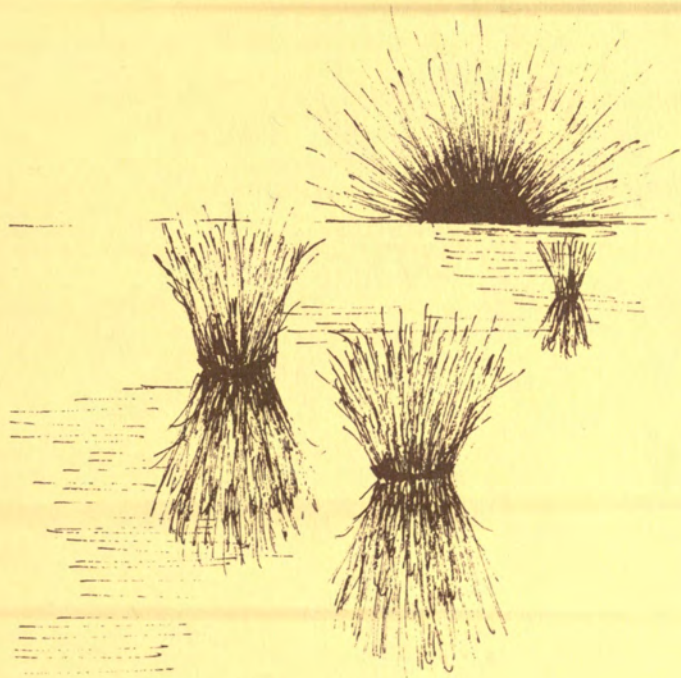
Spring, I teach
Guiding young buds
to opening.
I can teach only openness.
Quicksilver shooting
in one day, small idea leaf
and fat, graceful slow dawning of thought
open—all,
Each in its own green time—
Birthright of a bud.



Summer, stumping farmer
I walk straight furrows
of useful knowing, laid in spring.
Teaching the little school of agriculture
I read the weather winds,
Write the lines of toil
on the land
Brown, rose, and blue.
Creature of the full circle—
My people of the valley.

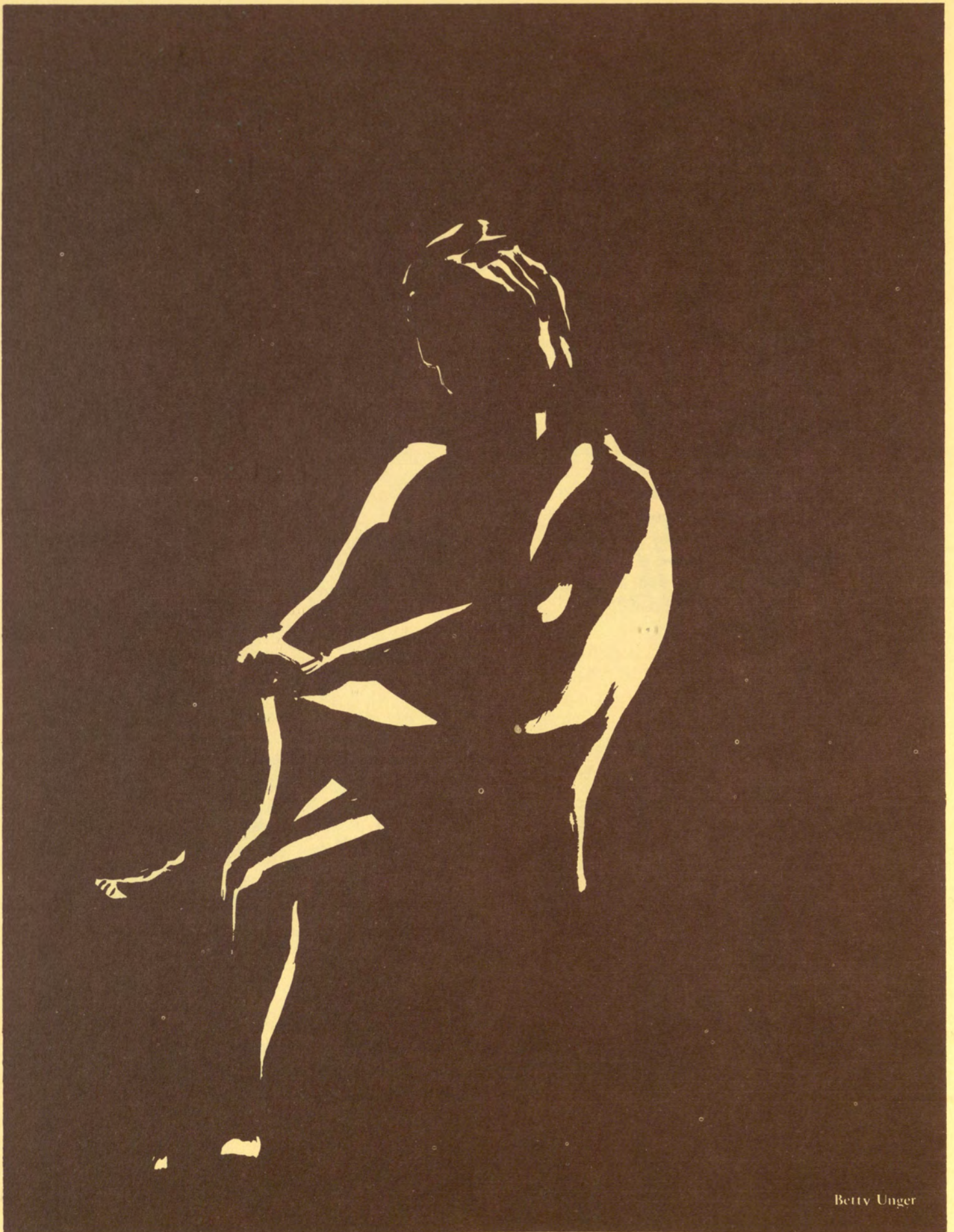


Fall, I am free
My people turn to the harvest,
 the reaping of the small knowing.
I don the wandering cloak,
I walk the dream uplands.
The winds of old controversies
 tear at my garment of seeking.
I drink the idea streams
 welling strongly from the
 inner rock of my race.

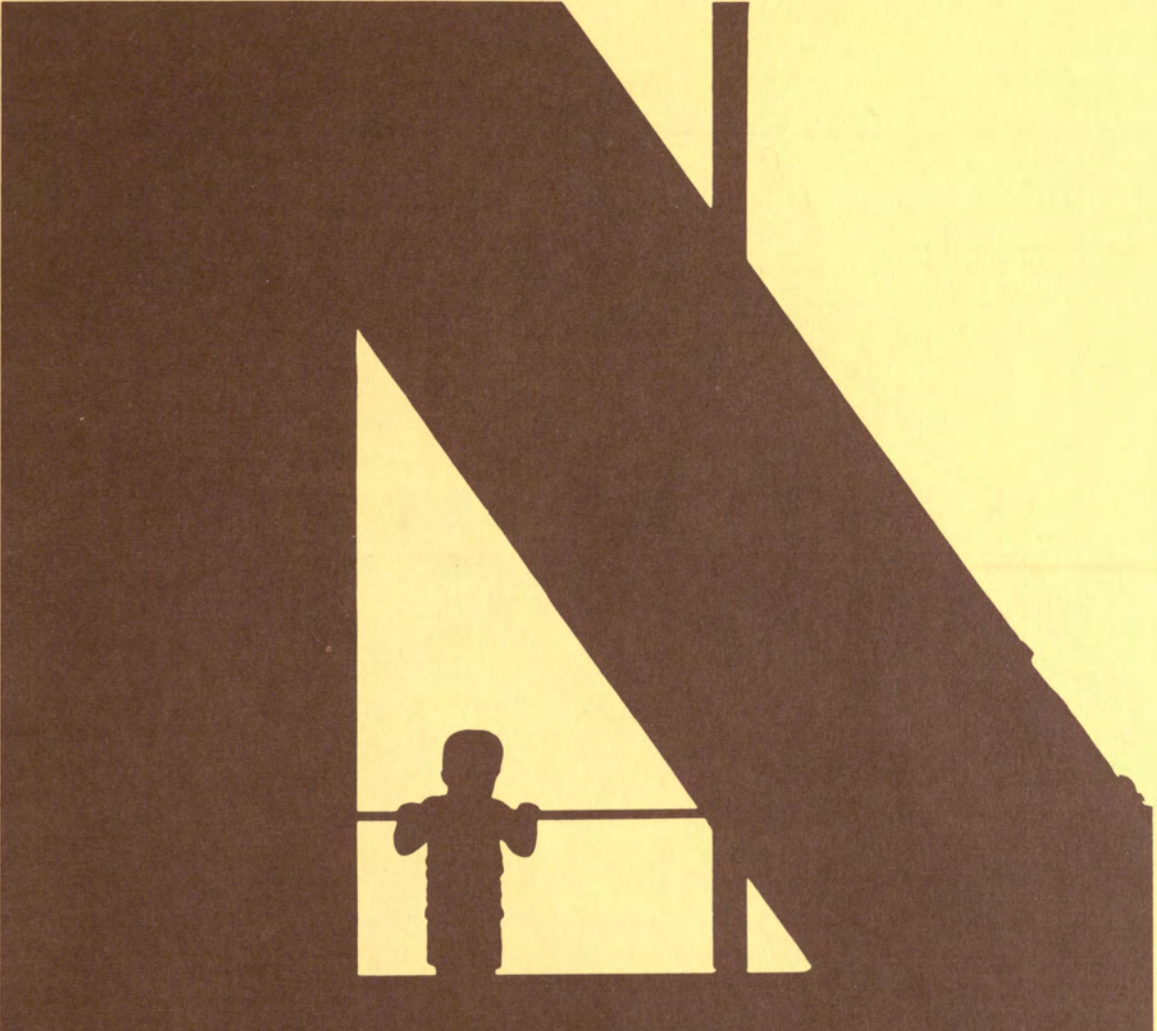


Howl of hill dogs to distract
my way—I push on,
 seek under dead leaves
 the living path that leads back.
I grow cold, head burns,
Flesh of my knowledge melts
 from my bones.
Boots grow thin—
 staggering over the stones
 of the lost trail
Cloak is gone, the boots,
 eyes cast down, bleeding feet
 involuntary stop.
Insane eyes raise,
Seeker stands naked, starved
 before blinding snowfield
 of unknowing that is knowing.
Weary blind eyes light; weep
 Tears of submission.

Judy Noyes



Betty Unger



oblique times, these:
you, child of the city,
making it, back once again
in the rich dark hideaways,
streets of your soul—

the die fall:
your hands fly
winning, winning,
cutting your losses and running,
running away—

i watch you, watching the glee,
amazement impetuous caught in your eyes,

the street-child in you,
he flies, he dances. . .
he sprints to sunlight. . .
he survives. . .

Linda Gebhard

Bill Godecke



Warren Kindler

what is the brittle secret
that you have decided to teach me?
I can no longer bear my own flippant silence;
yet, though you would reach me,
all I can see is a wasteland of words.

how we have come through confusion, to brittle exhaustion!
you are so sure: on and on you speak past me;
somewhere behind me the walls note your reasonable words.

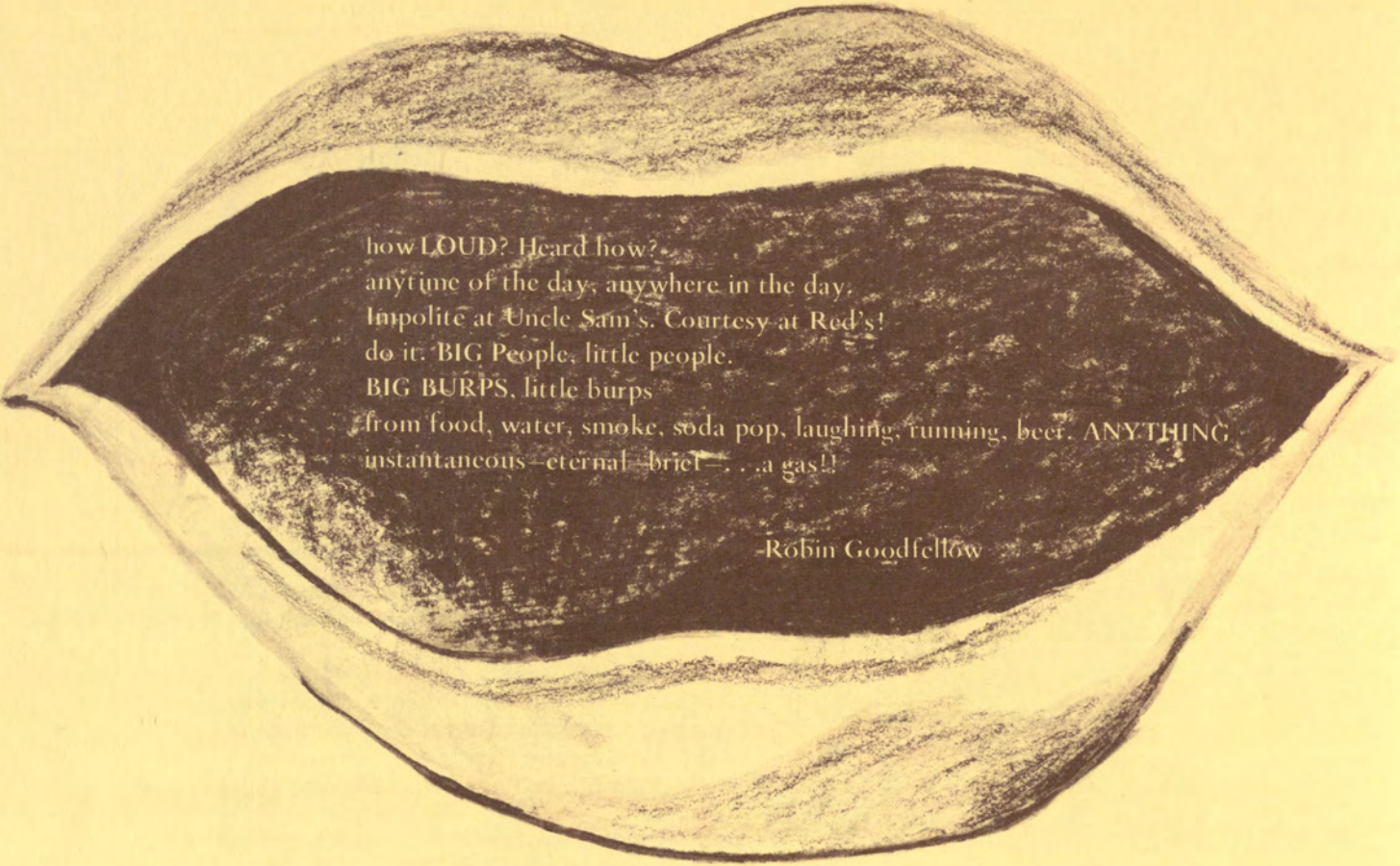
love is not easily governed
nor flesh to flesh, hot to cold, smoothly denied;
the empty embrace of your sentences clutches
this child finally frightened,
this woman left aching with reasonless anger—

whatever the secret
I have not learned it:
how is it so easy to give love the lie?

yet, I would memorize your eyes,
would snatch once more their colours;
oh, then, oh,
I would let you go.

Linda Gebhard

the Burp



how LOUD? Heard how?
anytime of the day, anywhere in the day.
Impolite at Uncle Sam's. Courtesy at Red's!
do it. BIG People, little people.
BIG BURPS, little burps
from food, water, smoke, soda pop, laughing, running, beer. ANYTHING
instantaneous—eternal—brief—... a gas!!

—Robin Goodfellow

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