

11-1974

## November 1974

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03](http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Valparaiso University, "November 1974" (1974). *The Lighter, 1962-2003*. Paper 69.  
[http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03/69](http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03/69)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of English at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lighter, 1962-2003 by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at [scholar@valpo.edu](mailto:scholar@valpo.edu).



*the* Lighten



THE EDITORS ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE LIGHTER'S  
PRIZE POETRY COMPETITION

*The competition is open to all students, faculty and  
alumni of Valparaiso University.  
Authors may contribute any sort of poetry of any length  
up to 200 lines, provided it is  
original  
and  
unpublished  
work.*

*Authors may enter as many pieces as they wish.  
All work must be submitted by 5 December 1974.  
Judging will be done by the editors, the critiquing staff and  
selected faculty members.  
A PRIZE of \$25.00 will be awarded for the work judged best;  
two \$10.00 prizes will be awarded to runners-up.*



SHORT STORY COMPETITION:

Winner: Frillman

Second Places: Wolfe, Callaghan



---

THE LIGHTER, Vol. 17, Number 4, November 1974

The Lighter is a variety magazine by and for the students of Valparaiso University, funded by the Student Senate. Contributions are invited from all members of the university community and are selected for publication on the basis of quality and interest. Entire contents copyrighted November, 1974, by Albert G. Huegli, President of Valparaiso University.

The editors thank all contributors for sharing their works with them and invite comments and criticisms on the selection and presentation of material.

CREDITS: Editor-in-Chief - Charles Strietelmeier; Associate Editor - Jim Wiatroluk; Critiquers - Mike Hill, Steve Seigel, Steve Beste, Mary Beth Albertson, Karen Schachtschneider; Layout - Poetry - Donna Urschel, "Short Story" - Rick Mercer, "Anna" - Susan Davies, "Waving to Ireland (Hope It Waves Back)" - Catherine Stoskopf, "Profane Prayer" - Warren Kindler, "O Tempora! O Mores!" - Alice Kern; Distribution - Jeff Nicholis; Ad Manager - Steve Seigel; Advisor - Dr. Richard Lee; Typesetting - Roslynn Voige, Larry Ulchric, Donna Urschel

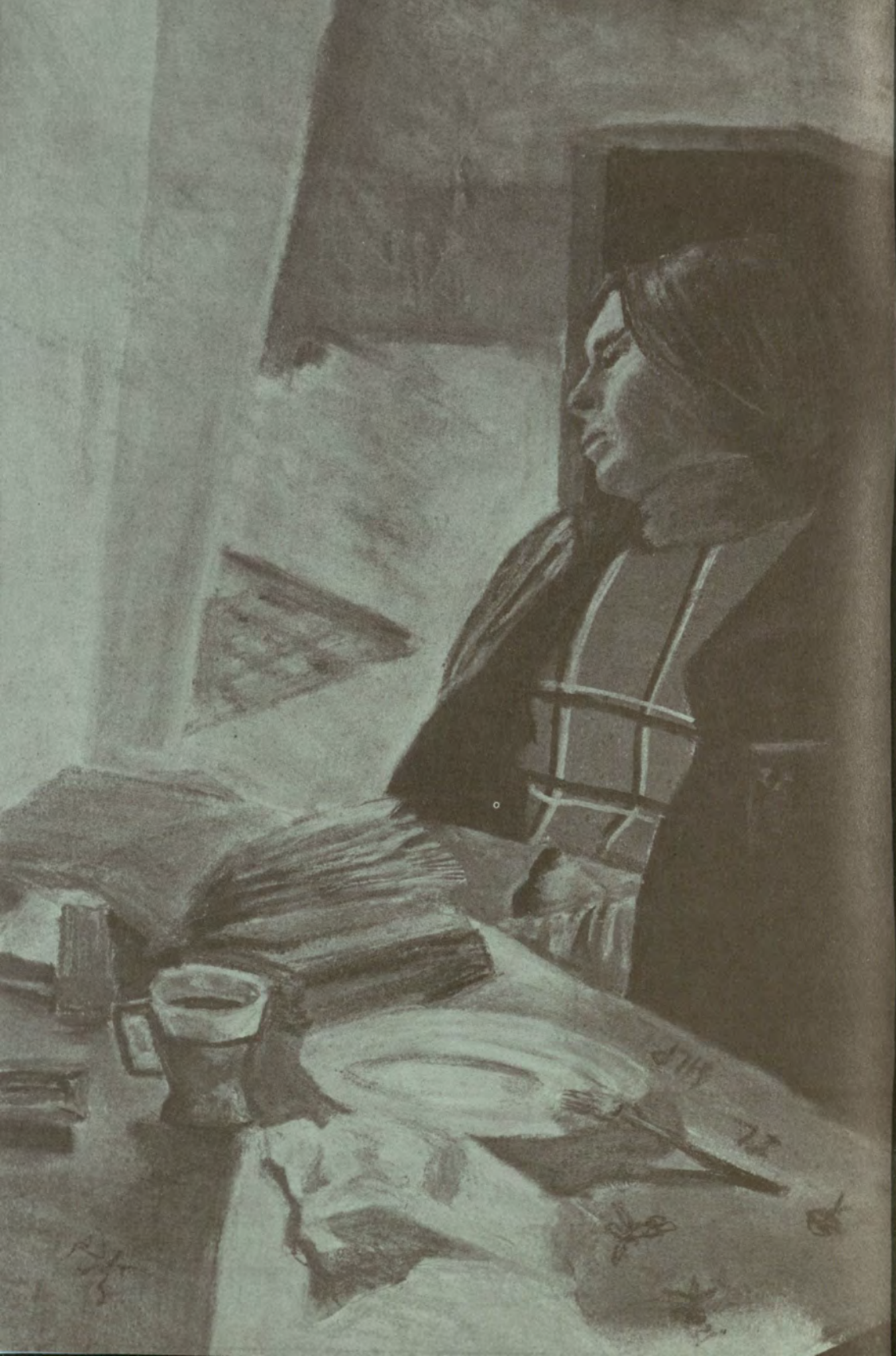
DAYDREAM

sometimes

when i see traces of your passing  
my heart wondersobs and i am lonely  
(i'm dancing in the wind - alone  
a kite with nebulous string  
faint memory of my cage  
a bull with wings who tires all too easily  
and slips back  
down below the misty tops of mountains  
a thousand times laboriously climbed.....vague trails even still  
mar the perfection of their timeless solitude)  
not because i'm not happy  
not because i need you  
not because you're an angel  
but just because i'm a brown earth man  
and a great oak tree  
and a wild-eyed mythological coyote  
and you're a white willow woman  
and a flowered lemon tree  
a lushly plumaged leopardess  
near a pleasant inland sea  
and i'd like to dance with you  
alone  
and fly  
beneath a turquoise sky  
while rainclouds form beyond that distant mountain town

randall j. frillmann september 1974





# A Short Story

by Randy Frillmann

"YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU ARE TOO AWARE OF YOURSELF." said John to Artie. They were sitting across a cluttered kitchen table, smoking tea and drinking chocolate milk. Artie had given up caffeine and nicotine, believing them to have a blocking effect on his direct sensory experiences of reality. He had also become painfully self-conscious without the social smoke-screen provided by cigarettes.

"Hmmm." murmured our hero thoughtfully. Rita looked over at him and smiled the little smile of one who knows another's mind and loves him despite seeing through him. After a moment she went back to her study of the mythology of ancient Greece, copying notes from a pink notebook into her own white one. Artie too was supposed to be accomplishing various intellectual tasks this evening, but he was more anxious to talk with John, who would be visiting for only a few days.

"What do you think lies behind the creative impulse?" asked Artie suddenly.

John began to laugh. "I thought you were going to ask me, 'What do you think lies behind the green door?'. There's a movie, some porno movie playin' in Chicago right now with an ad in the paper that has that line in it. 'What do you think lies behind the green door?'"

"This is college. We don't talk about things like that here," said Artie with a grin. What I'm asking you is, what do you think lies behind the creative impulse?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Well, I'm talkin' about like what enables you to be positive in a situation. What allows you to make some sort of positive contribution to the cosmos, you know?"

"I'd say that anyone who's trying to make a positive contribution to a situation isn't really involved in it enough to know what to do about it. They're probably trying to apply some kind of universal law to it and they'll probably fuck things up."

"O.K. Yeah. I can see that."

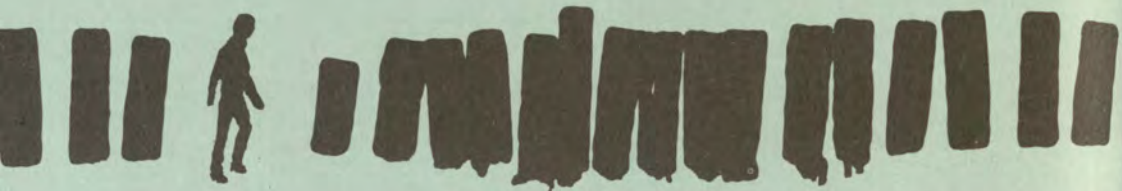
All of a sudden, Artie had a flash of insight. It was the same flash he always had when he was in the easy world of stoned-conversation around cluttered kitchen tables. "It seems to me though, that a truly enlightened being, that is, one who has overcome pride, jealousy, attachment to the world, ignorance, insatiable desire, and anger. . . . ."

Rita looked up at him again. Their eyes met.

". . . . .Did I forget any?"

"I don't think so." she replied with a quiet smile.





"A truly enlightened being," he continued, "would be a positive, if not creative force in any situation. The thing is that, geez, even if you could get by all those other ones, ignorance alone will get you. I tested out to be in the top 5% in the U.S. in intelligence when I was in high school and I don't know shit."

"That's true." said John with a grin. "But then you're pretty lazy."

"Shut up, will you?" Artie replied, half shouting. "I'm having a hard enough time as it is."

Rita looked up slowly from her work and said, "I think maybe you left out fear."

Artie and John both looked over at Rita. Suddenly Artie felt foolish and began to feel a darker mood coming on. He sat for several moments staring at a spot on the refrigerator before he got up and asked, "Well, anybody wanna eat something?"

The next afternoon it was snowing hard. Artie sat slumped on a couch in the student union, staring at the space outside of his own head, lost in thought. His eyes began to focus on the clock 100 feet away on the opposite wall of the lobby. As his mind crossed the line between his own dream world and the realm of consciousness familiar to those around him, he became aware of the importance of the positions of the clock-hands. "3:20." thought Artie. "The pool closes at four, and I've got to get that book at the library today. . . .but do I really want to go swimming again?" He shuddered a bit remembering the chill of the air in the showers and the shock of the water upon first diving in. He could not get past these memories to that of the warm glow that always followed a swim. "Ah, fuggit." he mumbled to no one in particular. Besides, his eyes still stung from yesterday's exposure to the overchlorinated water. This pain led Artie to consider once again what he or anyone was doing at a university. The human brain being a marvelously sensitive instrument, Artie was momentarily lost again, eyes squinting beneath his furrowed brow.

Friday afternoon Artie was tired. It had been a long week. For five days he had been struggling with himself, with his emotions, over schoolwork. He had not been able to get things in perspective long enough to get any work done and handed in. All outputs of energy had come to seem futile to him. Try as he might, he could kindle little enthusiasm for the intellectual tasks laid upon him by his professors. All of them seemed pointless. The word 'bullshit' had taken on new meaning for Artie. Now, instead of being able to look forward to a weekend of rest and relaxation, two more days of work and pressure loomed before him. Artie was in one of those moods where he felt that perhaps he was in the wrong place. Perhaps he was not suited to this





academic life, but then he remembered that neither was he particularly suited to any other type of life, at least none that he had experienced so far.

"God, what am I going to be doing when I get old?" thought Artie with a start. It's so hard to hold the line even now." This line of thought served only to increase his feelings of hopeless futility. The future seemed to hold only the prospect of a continuing struggle to maintain pleasant sanity despite ever encroaching desperation. For some, this would be enough, but our hero had never been satisfied with existential courage as an answer to the big pit in his stomach that appeared at times like this. He couldn't imagine anything that he really wanted to do. He was tired of getting excited about course titles and book covers only to find that what followed the initial rush of expectation was invariable the drudgery of academic trivia. Even faces were beginning to get that way. He had even tried thinking about all the worse situations imaginable that he could be in, but this did nothing to cheer him up. Poor Artie. It had come to seem that almost everything he was presently involved in was somehow totally unrelated to his real existence, whatever that was.

"Am I fucked up or what?" asked Artie aloud as he walked over to the Coke machine and dropped in his quarter. "Correct Change Only" was the unwavering message in reply as the quarter clanged into the return slot. Artie turned in disgust, not even bothering to see about change before trudging off to bed for a long sleep.

Saturday morning at 5 Artie awoke. All around him was dark and still. The room quickly filled with images of his own fears and desires. Gone were yesterday's concerns with work. The morning's void had brought him horrors of more personal inadequacies. Faces loomed before him as he lay on his back, eyes fixed on the dark ceiling. He was in the cafeteria, surrounded by fellow students busily munching on sandwiches and gulping down coffee. Artie was sitting, head down toward his book, slowly munching on a cracker. He finished on the cracker and put the book down on the crowded tabletop. A fat girl was sitting on the other side deeply absorbed in her french fries, double cheeseburger, and coke. They had conversed briefly before she had commenced eating.

"Hey, how's it goin'?"

"O.K."


"Double cheeseburger, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Pretty greasy."

She blushed. Artie worried for a moment that perhaps he had insulted her by referring to the greasy condition of the cheeseburger, but it was greasy.





Grey splotches of grease were clearly visible on the edges of the white plate on which the food had been served. Plain as day. Grease. Artie hated grease. It seemed to him one of the foulest things a person could possible eat. He was continually appalled at the quantities of grease offered for consumption, and consumed by those around him. "Well, after all," thought Artie somewhere in his mind, "this is America."

The fat girl now sat with her face turned toward the window a bit more than before. For a few seconds Artie watched her out of the corner of his eye as she chewed, swallowed, and took another bite of the greasy cheeseburger, then reached for the coke and dragged on the straw for a while. Artie avoided looking directly at her, not wanting to disturb her meditation and feeling that she was probably a bit put off anyway. As he opened another plastic wrapped package of crackers, he looked around the cafeteria at the faces without concentrating on any one in particular. Feeling slightly nauseous he got up and headed over to the drinking fountain maneuvering around the busboy who trotted around the corner pushing a cart full of dirty dishes, trays, and discarded food. Snatches of conversation caught his attention as he passed tables crowded with books, ashtrays, plates, and elbows.

"Yeah, he's an asshole. What was it he said in class today? Oh yeah. . . . ."

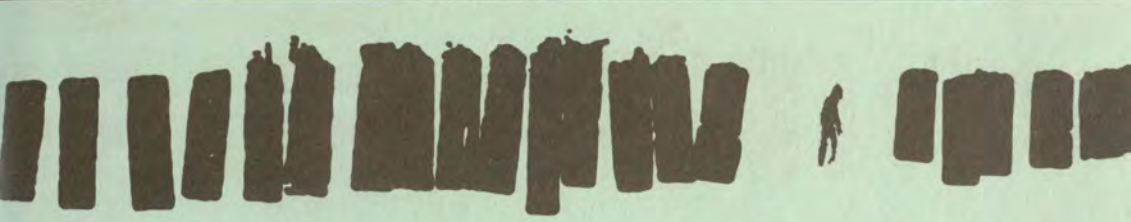
". . . . . 25 page paper due tomorrow at 1:20 and I've only got 6 pages done. Do you know anyone. . . . ."

". . . . . 2:30 he says, 'We need more beer', so Fred says, 'Where are we gonna get. . . . .'"

The water was cold and refreshing as it washed the cracker crumbs down Artie's throat. He felt a little self-conscious standing there so obviously alone amidst the groups of apparently light-hearted friends chatting away. Though the subjects of the conversations Artie overheard inevitable held little or no interest for him, the presence of people in groups like that always made solitude a little heavier for Artie to bear. He longed for some friends to sit and chat with, comfortable, at ease. Artie went back to the table and gathered his books deciding on the couch upstairs as a good place to do some quiet reading. They had seemed the perfect place. . . . . Tears welled up in Artie's eyes as he moaned and buried his head beneath the pillow, breaking the mind connection with "reality".

At 9:30 the alarm went off. Artie slowly came up from the grey depths of too much sleep. He shut off the alarm, lay quietly in bed for a moment, then got up and stumbled into the bathroom where he washed his face and hands, and brushed his teeth. Leaning his weight against the sink, he stared at the reflection in the mirror before him. The face that looked back was calm and pleasant enough, but a little dull. Artie tried once or twice, but somehow he





could not give himself the pleasure of a smile. He groaned in disgust and threw a towel against the wall of the bedroom as he came out the door. Another day had begun. While eating his customary Saturday morning breakfast of two bowls of cereal with milk, brown sugar, and bananas, Artie decided to dedicate the day to walking around campus and studying. "I'm going to get ahead of this game." He said aloud. "No more of this piddling around bullshit."

The walk to the library was pleasant enough. The snow looked nice, the cold air felt good against his face. The sun was shining, but Artie could not let himself relax and enjoy it. His mind was already whirling, forming lists of things to study, letters to write, books he really should be reading, possible things to be doing for fun. . . .

Sunday evening Artie was in knots. His eyes were dim, their energy absorbed in his internal struggles. He was seeing in only two dimensions. The people around him were unreal to him, unreal in the sense that the flow of empathy that exists between healthy human beings was gone. He was merely enduring. Warmth was absent. This made him pretty much of a failure in the social situation that was occurring all around him. People were gathering in the apartment for a dinner. Artie felt trapped. He could not leave, but to be with these people, his friends, was torture. He had nothing to say to anyone and found the conversation of the gathering guests painful to his ears, so he busied himself with peeling carrots and peeking into the pot where the spaghetti was boiling. The twisted, writhing strands seemed to Artie to mirror his own emotions. He was absorbed in trying to unravel the tangled confusion of his own being, trying to go back through his own mind to the source of his depression. Obsessed with the study of his own self and his feelings of helplessness, his present inability to give or receive, he felt frozen and futureless. The only thing to do was wait, as far as he could see. Wait until he came around, until whatever it was inside of him worked itself out. "It's all just a state of mind." Artie told himself. He knew that it was all in his own little head, but it was terribly painful nevertheless.

"I think it's good to fight with yourself," Rita had told him the night before. It's the only way you can ever really get to know yourself." Even this thought, positive as it was, gave Artie little comfort. Rita passed on her way to the living room. "Why don't you come on out here for awhile?" she suggested.

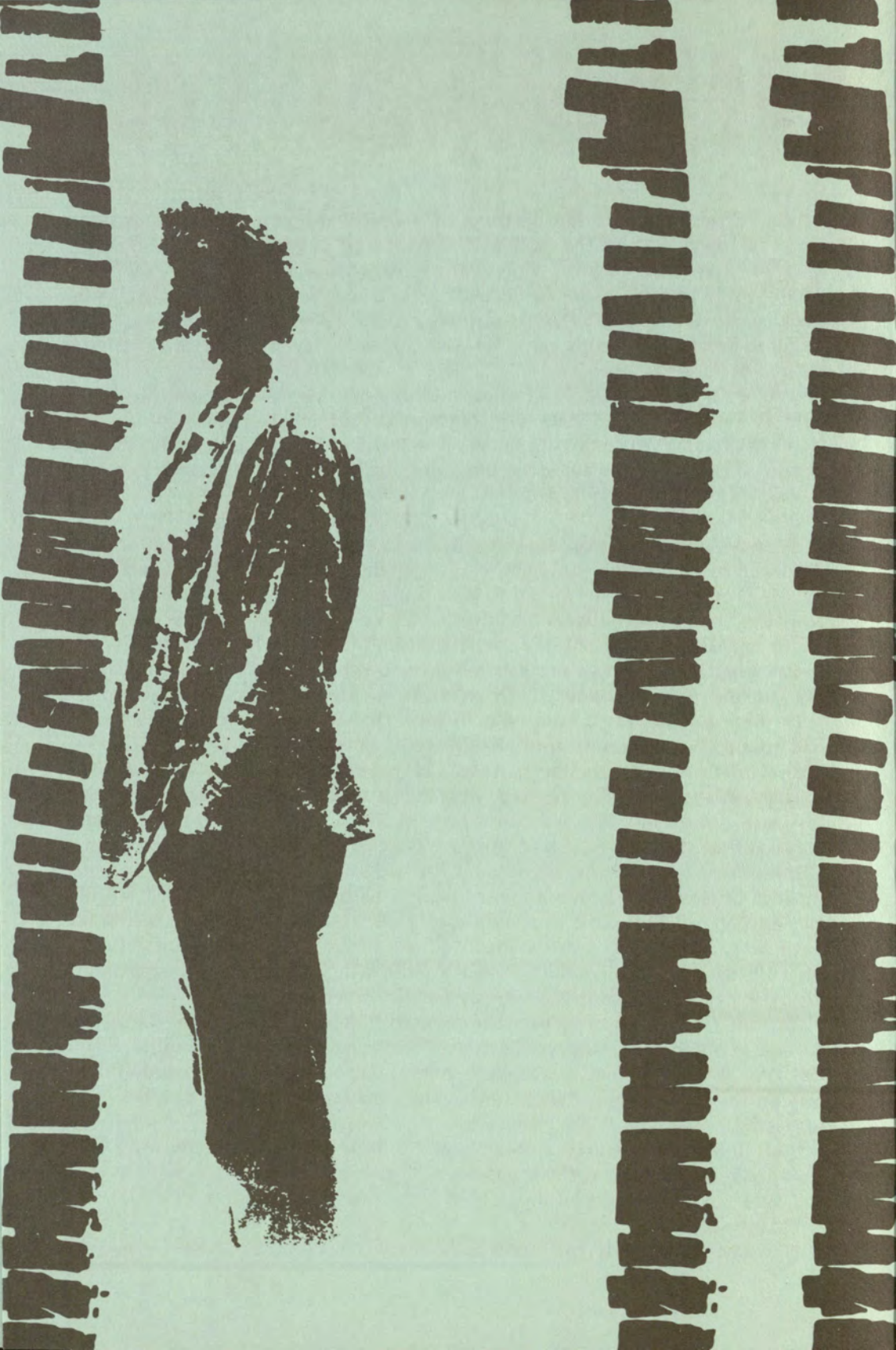
"Ah, I feel really shitty. I don't have anything to say to anyone and I feel really bad just looking at these people. I get nervous. It's ridiculous."

"That's exactly why you should just come out here and relax."

"Maybe later."

Rita gave him a wink, but Artie could manage nothing but a tight smile.







Monday morning Artie woke up easily. He came to his senses immediately as the alarm went off. A good dream was still on his mind and he let the details slip away without regret as his mind warmed up to a wavelength that could deal with the day. The snow outside the windows looked cold but pleasant as it fell. Artie lit the oven and stood shivering in front of it as the kitchen heated up slowly to a more comfortable temperature. As he pulled on his pants Artie realized that he was smiling. The pressure and anxieties were still there, he could feel them, but somehow the smile put them in their place. Though he did not understand why, he felt good. Suddenly he saw himself as if he were the main character in a movie. His life was the focal point of the plot, and it made some sense to him. It even began to seem interesting to him. He began to feel a sense of importance about his own life — struggle. Trying to keep this in mind, he trudged up the hill toward campus, hands shoved deep within the pockets of his coat and shoulders shrugged against the wind.

After Spanish class, while walking back toward the center of campus, Artie experienced a feeling of satori, of things coming together in his mind and soul. The bright morning sun made merry shadows as students scurried in and out of buildings, the colors of their winter garments bright against the fresh white snow. A thousand footprints gave further evidence of the activity of the day. "Feet," thought Artie, "Sheltered feet made these prints. Sheltered from the cold." A little further on he noticed a line of paw prints weaving in and out among the larger, deeper impressions left by thick-soled boots. He stopped and put his bare hand down into a paw print to feel the curve of it in the snow.

"I'm an animal too," thought Artie. "All these people are animals. Human animals with needs and potentials. Living organisms defecating, breathing, eating, thinking, sucking, talking, writing, walking, animals, with fears and desires. He laughed out loud, as he had once before for the same reason a year ago when, very drunk, he had looked into a mirror and seen himself for what he really was, his physical self, and laughed realizing all the games and illusions that had been clouding his mind and keeping him from true perception of self and others. He saw once again that there was no need for it all because sheer physical existence of a self is the true amazing wonder of life. Artie remembered back to seventh grade when he used to walk around feeling good just because he was almost six feet tall, not for anything complicated. Although growing that big had surely been a complicated matter, it had somehow taken care of itself. It was a fact. His own ego and its strivings had had nothing to do with it. He laughed again with the pleasure of enlightenment. Life had suddenly become a game again, a serious one, but a game nevertheless. Artie suddenly flashed onto what it would be like to be a crocodile. He imagined himself sliding down the bank of some river, the sensation of slowly, with scales, entering the chilly water, and gliding just below the surface, out into the current. He laughed again and kept a smile as he walked toward the union. Hopefully Rita would be around somewhere so he could give her a smile. She would know what it meant.





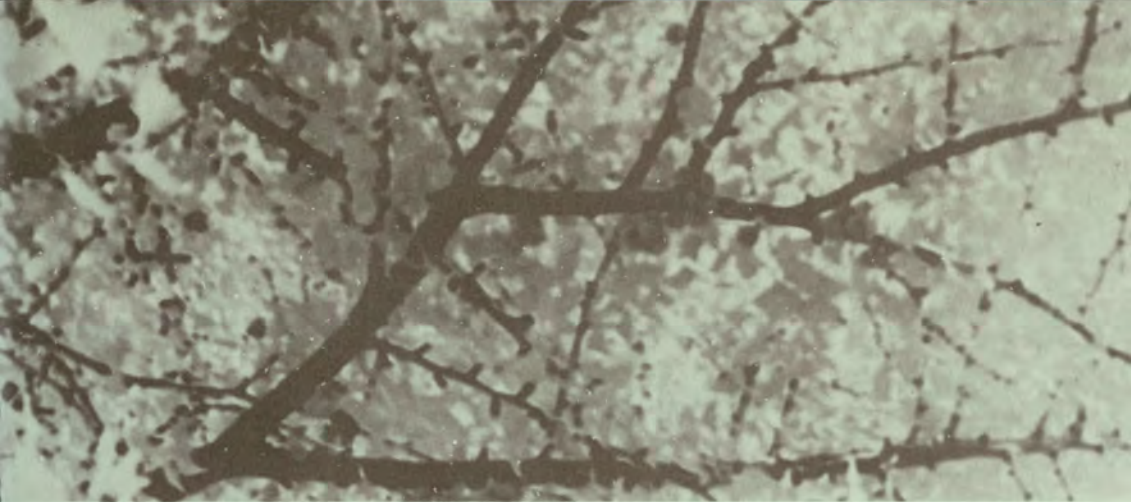
# ANNA'S WAY

T. Lynn Wolfe

*Now you and me and the rest of the world think ourselves right, but there are just some folks who don't seem to run just on our grain of thinking, friend. Yes, I know. They should put people like that away, who take every damnable thing our civilization's created put backwards! Ever think about Anna? Anna Amos, she was, 'tho I can't say she knew how to spell it. Kinda dim, that girl, and it may just as well be for the better that she's dead. Yep, up and killed herself, she did. But don't let anyone tell you their theories on it, no sir, 'cause I'm the only one next to my father, God rest his soul, who knows exactly where the river ran in that girl's mind. Old Dad used to talk to her some in the drugstore at the corner of Mackerel and Main, and he would sometimes send her a nice assortment of cookies now and then, but just anonymously — she'd never accept them otherwise.*

*I was somewhat younger, viewing things just through my father's eyes, but never could you come by a better pair to look through. Dad was always concerned about that girl, the way she was always in that drugstore, buying some new medicine, talking about her ills. She lived a hermit's life, in that clump of woodsouth of Salmon Fork, you know, where the little river takes the bend toward my dad's old farm. Just a lonesome orphan from the city, hiding from life, cultivatin' her diseases. A shrewish type? Hell, no! She was the prettiest, most whimsical little chit you'd ever see around these parts, with that long black hair, delicate little face. Can't say too much about the rest of her, 'cause with those baggy old things she wore. . . . Anyhow, getting back to the suicide, she lived all by herself, her and her medicines, and a radio that advertised more of 'em. Just a vague, slightly retarded type. Like she seemed normal, could take care of herself pretty well, but she just never seemed to have the right reasons for the things she did. Everything was so out of joint, always done right, but never in the right aspect. She did try to take a*





job at the drugstore, but when the pharmacist asked her to oil the squeaky handle on the ice box door, she didn't oil the hinge of the handle, but up and squeezed oil over the whole damn top part of the handle itself! That's the way she was. Doing everything literally right, but never doing what we'd all think was reasonably right.

Anyhow. Got a match? Thanks. Anyhow, one day in the prime of autumn, there came a stranger to these parts. I saw him, too, walking along the river bank, fishin' pole over his shoulder. Big guy, real strong and hearty-looking. Like the ornery kid I was, I followed him real quiet, and saw him come upon the clearing, by Anna's house. It was apparent he'd never been there before, 'cause he'd almost stepped in that quicksand patch around the boulder. He would have, too, hadn't Anna been outside, and called out to him. Probably was the smartest thing she'd ever done, but boy, it turned out to be the worst in no time. The stranger, of course, is not only feeling good toward her for maybe saving his life, but he's gonna wonder at the likes of Anna. So, of course, he goes up to her, talks to her some, and if Anna was known as just a little haughty and strange toward people, you'd never know it by the way she just warmed up to that guy, inviting him into her house and all. Yep, I didn't feel none too good watching that stranger go into her house, but I went back to the farm, not saying a word to anyone, hoping and praying no harm would be done. That was about nine-o'clock in the morning.

Toward sunset, I saw him walking back, without his fishing pole, just as calm as you please. I felt kind of sick. So, it being a moonlit night, I sneaked out of the house after supper, and ran the river bank to Anna's place. A light was on in her hut, but I didn't see her. I checked by the quicksand, but no Anna. Then when I went down the river a little farther, I saw her sitting on a big rock next to the river's edge, singing to herself. I turned, went home, resolving to come again the next day.

And sure enough, she was sitting in the same spot, only this time she had the stranger's fishing pole, and a bucket of bait. She saw me coming, and she said hello, which made me feel awfully surprised, because she usually just ignored you, hoping you'd go away or something. I went up the rock, sat down next to her, and asked her where she got the fishing pole.

"From a man."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know, just a man."

"Yesterday? He come by yesterday?"

"Yep. Mighty nice man."

Then her fishing pole jiggled, and she pulled in a nice-sized bass. I watched her take out the hook, set the bass in her water-bucket, take the bait and put it in the fish's mouth and





*throw the damn fish into the river!*

*"What the Hell you do that for?"*

*"Feeding him."*

*That convinced me that she was her usual self, and I got up, said goodbye, and went back to the farm as quick as I could.*

*The weeks went by, and Dad would mention seeing Anna every now and then, saying how she seemed to be gaining weight and getting sick in the mornings. Dad convinced her that a doctor was the answer, not some new-fangled bottle cure. She must have went, because Dad's nurse let it out all over town that that strange girl Anna was pregnant. And I felt responsible for it. I felt dimmer than Anna.*

*An incident that does stick in my mind was when Anna was buying some new miracle at the drugstore, and she came up to my Dad, who was having his usual coffee break there, and asked him what the big red words said on the back label.*

*"What does that say? I'm not too sure."*

*"Why it says 'Keep out of reach of children', Anna."*

*"I see that on a lot of bottles."*

*"Of course. Little children don't know how to use such things, and such things may be deadly to them."*

*"I see."*

*Then she walked up to the booth, paid for the stuff, whatever it was, and left.*

*The next day, Dad and I took some stuff to Anna, by orders of Mother. We had a blanket, a jug of milk, a hot water bottle, and a box of cookies. It was going on winter, and a mighty cold walk we had to the hut.*

*The hut, my friend, was colder, but our blood froze when we saw Anna lying on her bed, delirious with cramps, and the whole bed stained with that awful stuff spilling out of the bottle in her hand. To this day I don't know what it was, but all I can remember seeing was the big red warning on the label: "Keep out of reach of children." Dad and I tried our best, but she was already a goner. I remember hearing Dad shout,*

*"Why, Anna, why?"*

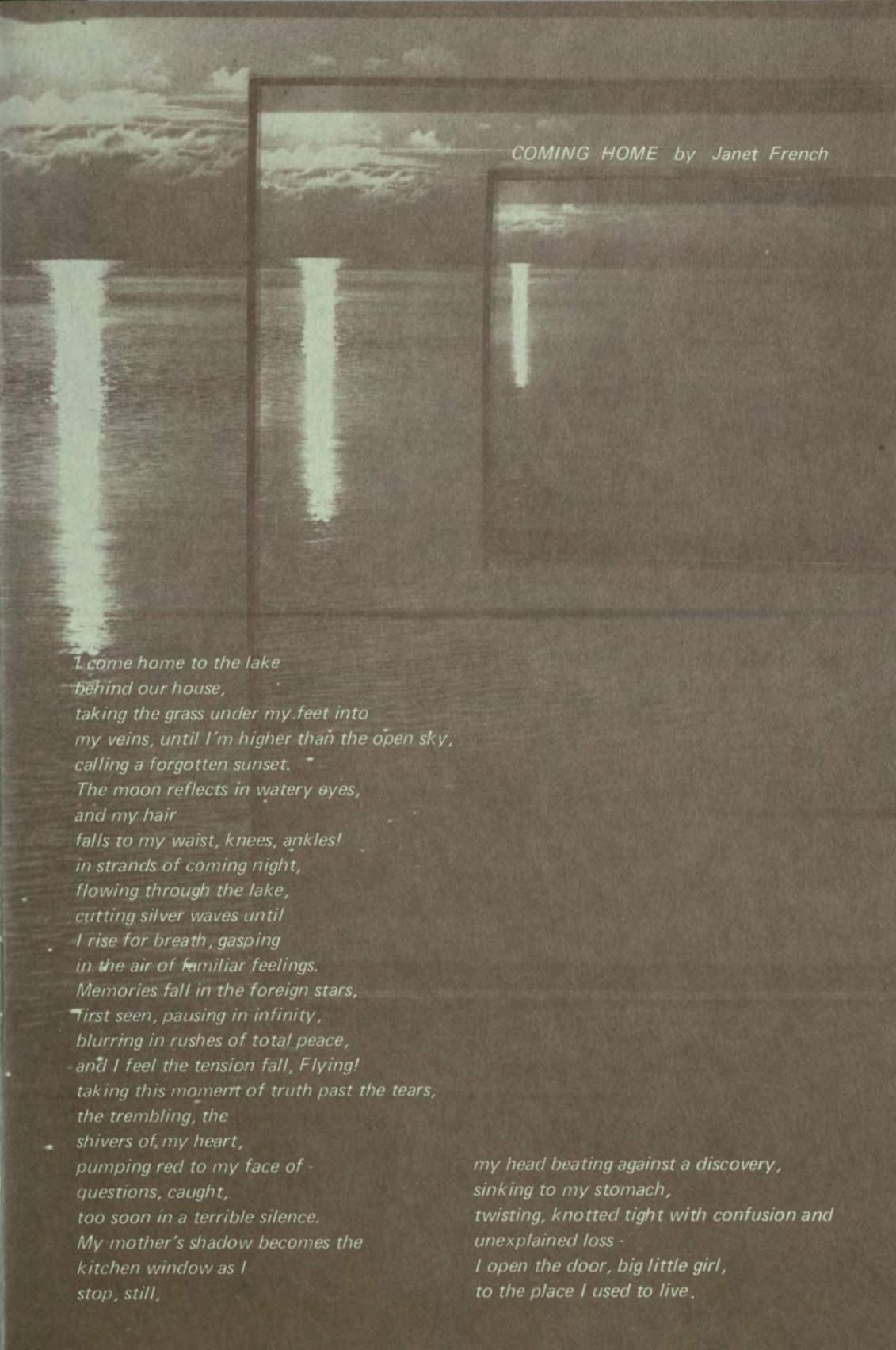
*"The label said to," she whispered, barely understandable.*

*Dad and I needed no more explanations, but we would have gotten none, anyway, because she died right then in Dad's arms.*

*Yes, she was a strange one, that Anna. I wonder what kind of mother she would have been to her child, if she hadn't tried to put it out of her reach. . .*

*By the way, did you hear about the family that got killed on the highway? Seems like the yield sign got twisted, and they though it meant the other lane!*





COMING HOME by Janet French

I come home to the lake  
behind our house,  
taking the grass under my feet into  
my veins, until I'm higher than the open sky,  
calling a forgotten sunset.

The moon reflects in watery eyes,  
and my hair

falls to my waist, knees, ankles!  
in strands of coming night,  
flowing through the lake,  
cutting silver waves until  
I rise for breath, gasping  
in the air of familiar feelings.

Memories fall in the foreign stars,

first seen, pausing in infinity,  
blurring in rushes of total peace,  
and I feel the tension fall, Flying!  
taking this moment of truth past the tears,  
the trembling, the  
shivers of my heart,

pumping red to my face of -  
questions, caught,  
too soon in a terrible silence.

My mother's shadow becomes the  
kitchen window as I  
stop, still,

my head beating against a discovery,  
sinking to my stomach,  
twisting, knotted tight with confusion and  
unexplained loss -

I open the door, big little girl,  
to the place I used to live.



# Waving to Ireland

infinite flux yet ever so rhythmic life is a wave after wave after wave as I wave hello/goodby to deckhands on the boat they wave back to me showing thumbs-up free-for-all give-'em-hell brotherhood that never guarantees leastways formally its direction but nonetheless without even thinking starts forever at the word stop; stepping from boat to Dublin shore my eyes collide right away with dark-haired beauty thinking of her loney granny at home who, knitting by the fireside remembers the sun-exploding days when she was as beautiful as her granddaughter who stands now waiting for an arthritic bus while unbeknownst to her a pair of ragged eyes peering from behind a bush disguised as hair memorizes the shape of her legs texture of her lips far past the limit of eternity; wanting to marry the lass immediately but deciding not to ask I move away with unnameable regret and unmentionable wishes advancing stumbling finally into Slattery's pub world-famous throughout the universe as frequent home of the sometime mind belonging to that obscene writer James Joyce, visions of his thick glasses and mazed mind hover and float over the black pint of stout in front of me staring bemusedly at my mouth preparing to embark on its mission of mercy down one more parched traveler's tired throat this hypnotic thought brings me far from crowded buses/busy crowds recalling how underneath dead patriot's statue midst hustle and hum of O'Connell at one time Sackville Street long I sat comparing present living picture to lines so often read but not felt in dusty books of history watching wishing anyman's dream mouth actually starts to quiver at thought of staying, mind scorches to black at thought of leaving; this first night of yellow lights playing up and down upon the ripples stinking as they are of River Liffey the beggars stopping everyone including myself for a handout, holding their babies now turned to plastic no longer human they are

products on display their parents point out the distinct look of hunger in the eyes forgetting that hearts of blood and flesh continue to beat within the breasts of Dublin's starving infants, in the meantime over their shoulders those posters of Sinn Fein proclaim that unity's the thing and pretend to heal the very wounds they so maliciously rip and tear with claws of gangrene delusion; another series of staggers and whispered et ceteras over a stubbed toe or two and into O'Donoghue's I go standing in the middle of an Irish folk symphony orchestra with female soprano appendage attached spilling notes and chords and things onto the ears of its surrounding drunken followers when all of a sudden my gaze spies a shrunken anachronism lurking in the corner composed of red face and snow-white hair with many lines of age thrown in, Kevin his name is, he takes from a pocket the most disgusting dirty old pink comb I've ever had the displeasure to view he puts it to his lips not actually touching them you understand but a flea would find it easy to leap the space left inbetween as pub falls into a state of suspended animation, faces bending down to the tune of Kevin whistling his lips quivering across the teeth of that dirty pink comb at length he finishes and all these inanimate puppets gush into orgasmic applause over this feat of mind-over-matter as Kevin mutters *if only I had a harmonica* he slips into a stupor once again dreaming of when his home

(hope it waves back)



# Waving to Ireland

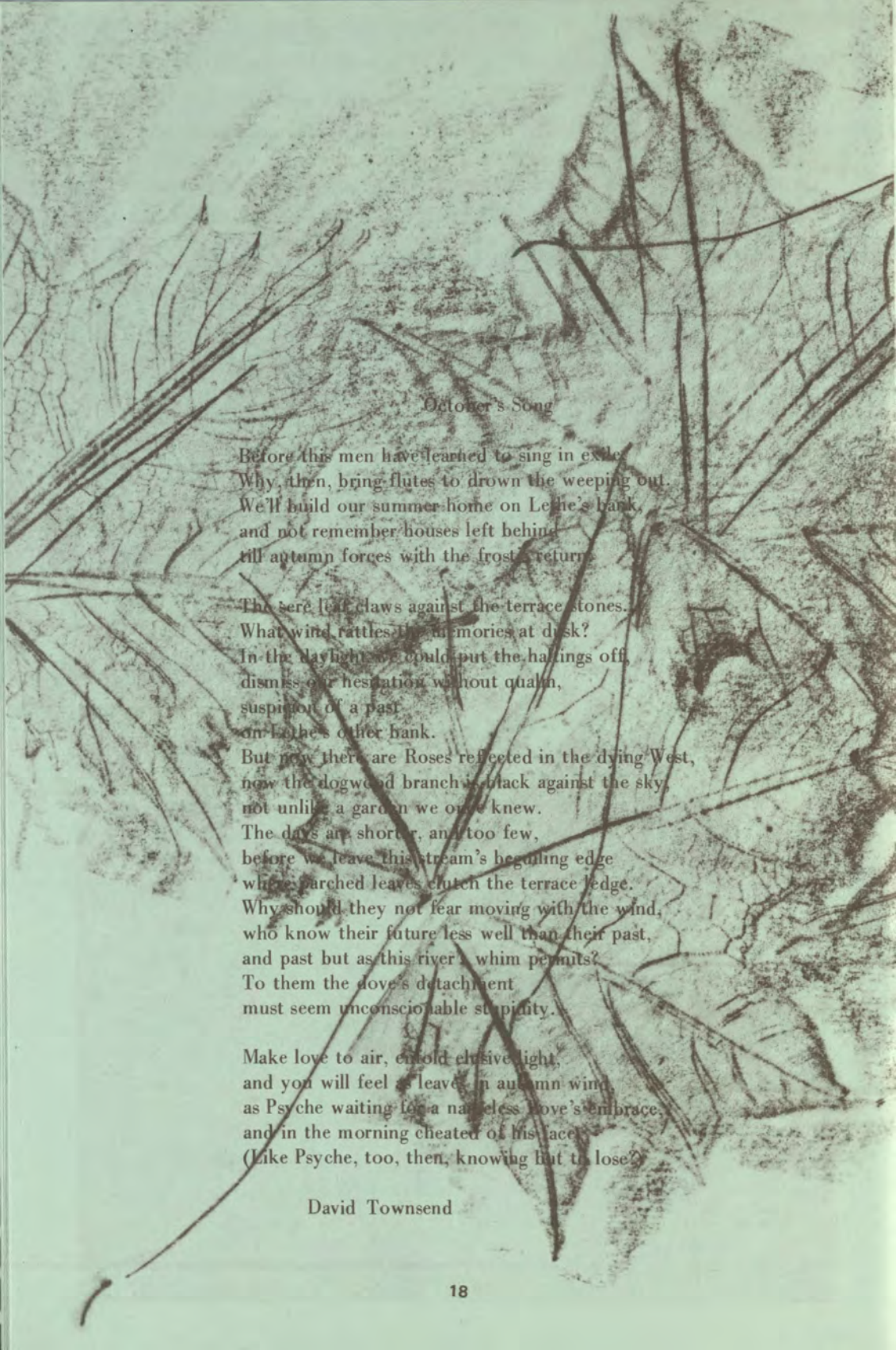
was encircled by flames and shots rang out in an overpowering darkness until his young blue eyes blinking from the fire gathered enough courage to search out images in the night, grew accustomed to the light just in time to perceive and old man bending down isolated in his purpose to pick up a forgotten rifle then without warning a report found its victim and an index finger went flying into space as all existence squeezed itself into the next unexplainable second before another absolutely indifferent bullet blew the back of the ancient's head away sending his soul in a state of anxiety to that far-off star called injustice always twinkling never dying keeps humanity under its mocking glare the air fills with sorrow and Kevin's eyes fill with tears; knowing the contagion well my head turns away from him to greet a laughing smile teeth so smooth and white eyes dark as a treacherous thought but cutting through the most rigid blackness with a searing brilliance impossible to escape, this emerald girl Shane is her name draws me like a magnet more than halfway across the room where the naked will of her life force captures me bolts me to her face, those glowing eyes shine in stark defiance against death murder fire hunger menacing phantoms of all shapes and memories peering at us wet-eyed and moaning from behind eerie shields of fluorescent green patiently waiting for satchel-bombs of the IRA, bullet holes from the guns of vengeful troops, tomb-faced kids of the Liberties scratching for pennies, not understanding reasons for life but dreaming about their own silent hearts at night, waking up wide-eyed amid cold sweat and screams calling out for a concept unthought an emotion infelt a solution unknown (or is it merely hidden); Shane and I being but two persons in the vortex could not hope to bend the time-hands of fate like some ancient rusty pipe, destroying a villain which calls itself both liar and savior a villain that dangles the cords of

life just out of reach sending those who are brave or timid enough to grasp at them swinging out into an abyss which chooses to have no bottom and as this Traveler gives a farewell glance to the swirl of pounding feet clapping hands singing voices happy shouts through the air one question remains in this exploding head of mine dear Dublin could your story have been a sweeter one had your valiant sons been less willing follow a rampaging vengeance full of gleeful hatred over the edge of a repeating cliff, in favor of an unglorious but ever so much more precious word known to some as cowardice but to many as forgiveness?

All vision slides away into a wet-stained blur, uncontrollable now because cruel time give a reminder that tomorrow I must leave Joyce's Paradox City never to return, we turn to schemes more plausible and if dreams are meant to be broken then break me Ireland relentlessly in half; is it love or pity I feel for your ironic shores your death-filled lungs screaming revenge your diamond-cut hills fading into dusk this tin voice echoes lonely and without response across channels too deep to ever allow any hope at all for survival but Mother you may find me at last one day sleeping oh so peacefully in the soft River Shannon, head rising and falling slowly above its foamy brain wave after wave after waving eternally my blue mouth uttering words only Erin knew I would say, waiting patiently for the day when weary and lost I could die without fear or any regret at all in her softly outstretched arms of absolute perfection.







October's Song

Before this men have learned to sing in exile,  
Why, then, bring flutes to drown the weeping out.  
We'll build our summer home on Lethe's bank,  
and not remember houses left behind,  
till autumn forces with the frost, return.

The sere leaf claws against the terrace stones.  
What wind rattles the memories at dusk?  
In the daylight we could put the halings off,  
dismiss our hesitation without quail,  
suspicion of a past  
on Lethe's other bank.

But now there are Roses reflected in the dying West,  
now the dogwood branch is black against the sky,  
not unlike a garden we once knew.  
The days are shorter, and too few,  
before we leave this stream's beguiling edge  
whose parched leaves clutch the terrace ledge.  
Why should they not fear moving with the wind,  
who know their future less well than their past,  
and past but as this river's whim permits?  
To them the dove's detachment  
must seem unconscionable stupidity.

Make love to air, enfold elusive light,  
and you will feel as leaves in autumn wind,  
as Psyche waiting for a nameless dove's embrace,  
and in the morning cheated of his face.  
(Like Psyche, too, then, knowing but to lose?)

David Townsend



## THE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER

In a late fall day, as withered leaves  
Tumble and vault in the wind's commotion,  
And motled grey clouds whirl and tear  
Stooping high above a barren ocean  
Of empty, booming soon-December air,  
In a late fall day,  
A sober, gentle man relieves  
His dog along the public right-of-way.  
Round and round and out,  
The spaniel like a tumbling Eros loops  
Around his man, and strains along a route  
Rocked by explosions, buffeted by a gout  
Of sharp emotions and a lover's temperament.  
His random aim at other dogs  
Frustrated by the falling of a spent,  
He turns and roots among the moldy logs,  
And falls among the thorns that grow in ranks,  
And turns to plash among the low-flung pools,  
And turns his ruddy flanks  
Dew-muddy brown, to bleed into  
The funereal grass;  
And all the while a stupid smile,  
Articulated by his breathy steam,  
Plays on his face, and his lovely brown eyes gleam.  
Round and round he circles through  
His sober master's steady line of steps,  
Which pause for him;  
And in the traces of that kindly sight  
That guards his sport with torn delight  
And greater watchfulness and sense of care,  
He revels unrestrained  
Until his name, rising high and clear,  
Called by a cherished voice, his master's sound,  
Recalls him like a weary quail to the ground,  
Back to his master's tread.  
There, there, a grey-gloved hand stoops low  
And strokes the tumbled fur upon his head.  
And there, a weary, footsore dog turns round,  
Luxurious tongue rolling, head barely aloft,  
Trailing in the footsteps of a sober man  
Homeward, to a steaming supper pan  
And a special blanket in their heatless dormer loft  
Beside his master's bed.

C.R.S.





::Let us sing now and rejoice for a night out with the boys::  
 After masculinity, after our senility  
 We shall then all bite the dust, we shall then all bite the dust.

::Where are those who went before, those whom we should now adore?:  
 Either ghosts and doing well, or they've all gone straight to hell;  
 What's the use? That's where they are! What's the use? That's where they are!

::Life is short, so death to all! There's no safety, all must fall!::  
 Death will come velocruciously, take us off atrociously:  
 Any living? No, not one. Any living? No not one.

::Health to Academia, Health to all with Ph.D.'s!::  
 He who our companion is, and to each and every Ms.  
 May they always be content, Mat they always be content.

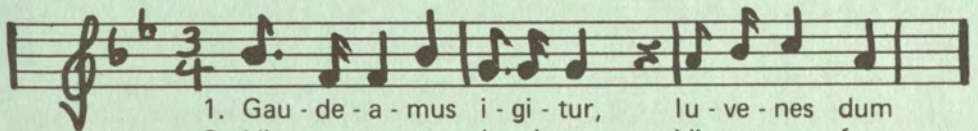
::Health to every sweet young thing: Looks and shape and bod we sing::  
 Health to all the women, too! Tender, dear, and fun to woe:  
 Good you are, but work too hard. Good you are, but work too hard.

::Here's to the Domestic Scene, to the President we mean!::  
 To the State, good health we sing! To the Arts, good wishes bring!  
 We love them; they're good to us. We love them, they're good to us.

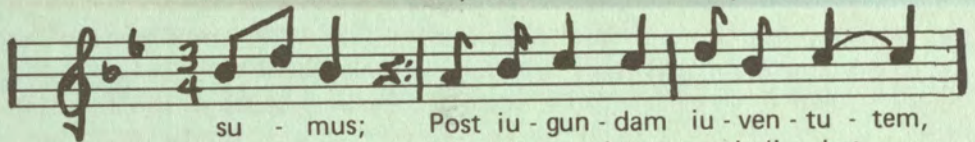
::Let all sadness go to hell; Grouches, bitches, hags as well!::  
 Send the devil packing, too, anyone we've come to rue,  
 and the mockers, idiots all; and the mockers, idiots all.

(Translated by Christopher T. Cahill)

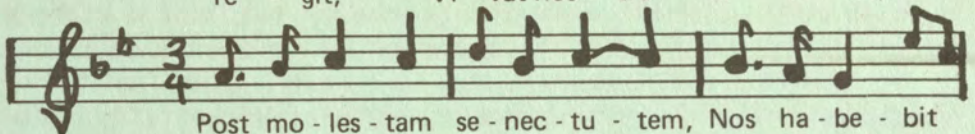
IGITUR



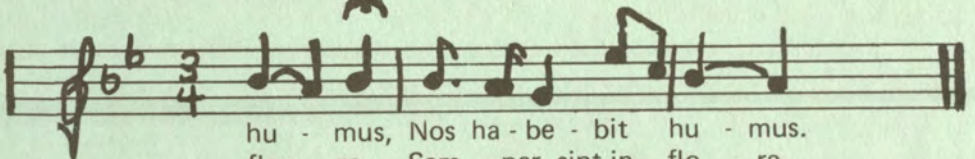
1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, lu - ve - nes dum  
 2. Vi - vat a - ca - de - mi - a, Vi - vant pro - fes -  
 3. Vi - vat et res publica Et qui il - lam



su - mus; Post iu - gun - dam iu - ven - tu - tem,  
 so - res, Vi - vat mem - brum quod - li - bet,  
 re - git; Vi - vat nos - tre ci - vi - tas;



Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem, Nos ha - be - bit  
 Vi - vant mem - bra quae - li - bet, Sem - per sint in  
 Vi - vat haec so - da - li - tas Quac nos huc col -



hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.  
 flo - re, Sem - per sint in flo - re.  
 le - git, Quac nos huc col - le - git.



# PROFANE PRAYERS

Micheal was usually a self-composed man, radiating confidence. Every aspect of him was measured, balanced and in control. His hair was long, but not shaggy. His suit mod, but not garish. His face handsome in an angled way, almost rugged. On most days an odd, roguish light sparked his eyes and the curved suggestion of a smile teased his pale lips. But today his eyes were clouded and his lips unconsciously rigid.

It was with Miss Reguly Asmith that this thoughts were preoccupied. Arguments were rare in Mike's existence, but Miss Asmith was such a belligerent creature. At any little thing she would balk like a mule and assert her own obstinate logic while Mike concentrated mainly on keeping his composure. Because of this he could not even remember what the fight had been about. Perhaps he did not even realize that the reason he had chosen this particular building out of the vast Spiritual Headquarters to guide his group through was that Miss Reguly Asmith was somewhere inside.

As Mike strode down the corridor, he gradually gained control of himself again. All unpleasantness drained away and a flood of details, statistics and clever anecdotes filled his head. By the time he reached the room where his group was waiting for him, the old light accented his eyes and his composure was complete.

Without a pause, he introduced himself and scanned the faces. It was the usual flock of eager men and women, standing in awe of the vast complex that was Spiritual Headquarters. He immediately took control and ushered the group into an elevator. The door shut with a wheeze.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," Mike began, "is one of the 3000 buildings, each containing 600 rooms that form our department of 4,000,000,000 people known as Spiritual Headquarters of Internal Troubles." He paused and his smile became more marked. "Called by some, the Department of Anonymous Malevolent Namecallers." His lips parted in a grin. "However, nobody abbreviates up here."

The elevator doors slid open, revealing a monstrous room, bustling



with activity. Young men and women walked quickly between long aisles of desks, carrying stacks of paper. Seated at the endless rows of desks were older people with headsets clamped to their ears. These people seemed to be listening to something intently as they gazed into large, red globes on the desks in front of them. They seldom moved except to scribble a hurried message and lay it aside for one of the teenage couriers to snatch away.

Mike let his group assemble in the room, so that they all could get a good look. He allowed them to drink in the scene. It was one of Mike's favorite rooms. Everything moved so efficiently. There were no conflicts here, only harmony. The hushed tread of footsteps on thick carpet was the only noise.

"This is where all the so-called 'profane prayers' uttered by mankind are recorded, sorted and filed. Every day millions of God's subjects request his retribution on tens of millions of annoyances that constantly plague them. We receive these requests, make note of them and store them for future action by the Heavenly Benefactor.

Let's visit the desk of a typical message taker. These dedicated men and women are the main stays of our operation. Occasionally we receive a written communication from Mankind, but most of our work comes to us through these red globes. Called "think phones," these globes zero in on any profane prayer uttered within a specified locality.

"Each think phone registers twenty people at all times and automatically adjusts for births and deaths.

"As you can imagine, many times the messages overlap and arrive simultaneously, so that the message takers are required to think rapidly and listen very closely. Few messages are lost. However, we generally disregard unspoken profane prayers if their duration is less than half a second.

"I believe our man here is due for a break."

Mike stopped beside a bald, fiftyish gentleman with a pronounced middle-age spread. The man suddenly straightened up and removed the headset. He looked at the group with a round face etched with deep lines of concentration.

"Ah, yes," Mike confirmed. "I was correct. The message takers may switch their charges over to the Sentinel Computer when the charges are asleep. Even during their slumber however, they are monitored in case a profane prayer be uttered in their dreams.

"Tell us, sir, how do you look upon your job as a message taker here at Spiritual Headquarters?"

The message taker had been listening to Mike intently. Now he leaned back and rubbed his belly under his shirt. "It's a demanding job. The think phones are far from perfect, and sometimes the messages are hard to record. Strong, irrelevant thoughts may confuse the phones — such as sexual profanation — which has nothing to do with Headquarters.



"Even with actual profane prayers, there is the element of time involved. Very strong judgements may be rendered in a split second. An instantaneous decision must be made whether to record the prayer or let it pass."

"That would be difficult," said Mike.

"Then there are near prayers," continued the message taker. "What to do with a 'Goshdarn', or even a 'Goddarn' presents a sticky problem. I have to attempt to ascertain the motive. Did he really mean to utter a profane prayer but stifle it because he was with his wife and children, or was it merely a harmless thought, not intended for the flies?"

"That would be a problem."

"And while I'm pondering that question, another of my charges is requesting judgement against his dog for chewing up his slipper. A difficult incident.

"But of course there are rewards, too. I wouldn't want to give your group the idea that there weren't. Just last month, one of my charges lost control of his car on a slippery pavement. As he slid into a telephone pole, he uttered a judgement on his vehicle." The message taker paused. "It was his last request."

A buzzer sounded and the message taker fumbled with his headset. "One of my charges woke up and left his bed." He listened a moment, then whispered: "Oh, he stubbed his toe on the TV set. Definitely a judgement." Grabbing a sheet of paper, he scribbled the message down. "Now he's returning to bed." He paused. "He's asleep." The message taker leaned back again. "Here's a problem for filing. He definitely requested judgement on the TV, but it shouldn't be filed under Television because he wasn't condemning the programs, only the appliance."

"Right," agreed Mike. "It should be filed under Appliance — Household — Entertainment."

The message taker put his headset down. "There may be many difficulties to this work, but that is what makes it interesting and worthwhile. Working with people is truly the most satisfying of occupations."

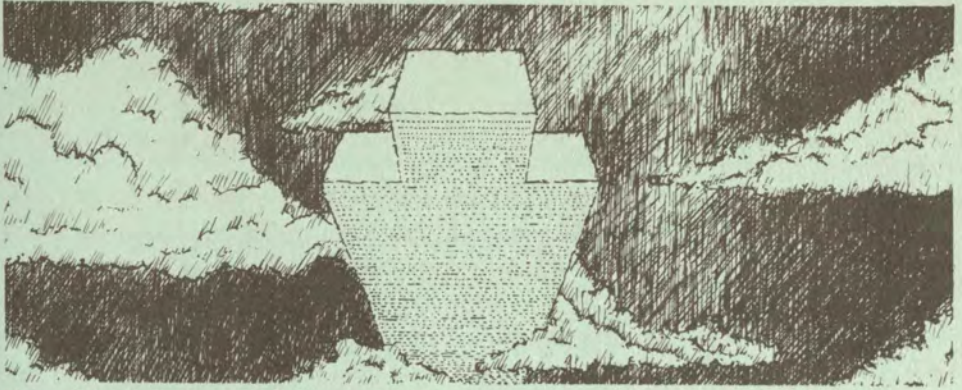
"Thank you very much," said Mike. "May we take this message to filing? I will show them the filing room and the Master Computer at work."

"Of course."

"In this room. . ." Mike walked through one of the swinging doors where the young couriers were delivering messages and returning with fresh paper. ". . . are the files where the records are kept." He entered the room, holding the door for his group to follow.

This room was smaller than the first, but still huge. It contained only a single row of desks where people were sorting and stacking mounds of paper. The high walls of the room were lined on three sides with millions of





tiny drawers. At the far end of the room, taking up the entire back wall was a massive computer with banks of whirring tape recorders and a panel of lights that flashed rhythmically.

"These tireless workers have the job of sorting the requests and punching the computer cards that are later filed." Mike paused, searching the faces of the workers. Unconsciously, he was searching for Miss Asmith. When he realized he was ignoring the group and staring off into space, he became confused and his composure slipped a bit. He quickly began again. "We have a system of cataloguing that covers every problem. In this section of five hundred filing compartments for example are stored all profane prayers against Tools and Implements. A sub category of Tools and Implements would be Farm Tools or Building Tools. Under Building Tools are major types and minor types. One major type of Building Tools is the Hammer. Minor types of Hammers are Claw, Sledge, Air, and so forth." He pulled out a drawer stuffed with computer cards. It extended six feet. "This drawer is devoted exclusively to the Hammer. You can certainly appreciate the prodigious task of sorting this material so scientifically." He closed the drawer. "This next section contains Appliances with sub categories of Household and Industrial, and such major types as Cooking, Heating, etc. Here is where our request will eventually be stored.

"Some of the problems we encounter are staggering. For instance, last week a ghetto family was using their old-fashioned, open-sided toaster to heat their one room apartment. The toaster gave out and naturally the housewife called God's retribution down upon it.

"Our problem was whether to file it under Appliance — Household — Cooking, or Appliance — Household — Heating. Major decisions such as these are usually channeled to Mr. Menninediger, one of our top controllers. You will meet him later. Mr. Menninediger decided that the way the appliance was being used should be considered over the natural function of the implement. Consequently, although the toaster is a cooking appliance, in this case it was filed under Appliance — Household — Heating. This is important because people often use things in ways for which they were not intended.



All this is considered in the Final Judgement.”

One of the gentlemen in the group, a tall man who still had his hat perched above his long, boney face, raised his hand tentatively. “About this final Judgement. Er – what exactly is it, and how will it affect the – uh – condemned things?”

“The final Judgement is God’s action at the last to deliver His retribution upon all things that cause His people trouble on Earth. It is not in our jurisdiction. We are merely a – go-between. All action is reserved for the Heavenly Benefactor.”

Mike crossed the room with a brisk step. The group shuffled after him. “The case of the ghetto family leads us into the largest category in our filing system, for no sooner had they denounced the toaster, than they also called judgement down upon the landlord. This entire wall, containing no fewer than one billion drawers, is reserved for profane prayers against people.

“The wall is divided Male and Female, with sub categories of Occupation, Relatives, ect. and major types such as Plumbers, Politicians, Teachers, Husbands, Wives, Children, ect. I doubt very much if a person ever existed whose name is not in our files, or somewhere at Headquarters, or in the archives which is where most people go one year after their death. And because people play many roles as they travel through life, their names are most probably filed under many categories.

“One interesting example concerns the case of a man who was condemned by his wife. Years later he underwent a sex change and was subsequently condemned by his ‘husband. A most unusual case.

“Of course with people, unlike Appliances, Tools or other inanimate objects, Final Judgement is not considered mandatory. After all, to err is human, to forgive: divine. And, as I stated, all decision rests with the Heavenly Benefactor.”

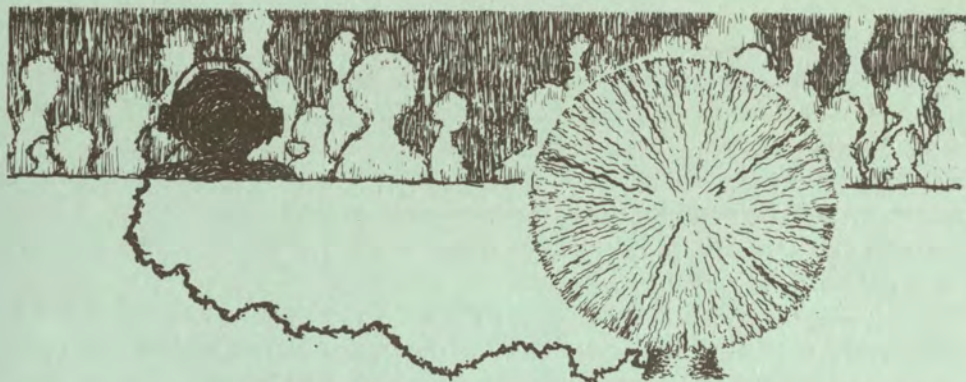
Another of the group, an older, matronly woman spoke up in a sudden, high-pitched voice. “Have you ever thought of looking up your own name in the files?”

Mike closed his eyes in calm assurance. “Oh, no, Ma’am, I would never take the time to search these files for references to my own name. Although I’m sure it is recorded – somewhere.”

A young girl with straight, blond hair and a nervous habit of gnawing on her lower lip said: “Even famous people – celebrities – are on file?”

“Oh, yes. The famous people we have on record are legion. These drawers here are each devoted solely to a head of a state – Dictators, Prime Ministers and Presidents. These are some of the few files we have to keep active even after the person is long dead. Just yesterday, I believe, a gentleman from the continent of North America pronounced a belated judgement on a president who lived about a hundred years ago. These





requests are not in vain, but are all stored for future reference. Any other questions? Very well, let's go to Mr. Mennindiger's desk."

Mike lead the way past the stacks of drawers. The computer at the end of the room grew larger and more impressive as they approached it. Mike stopped at a large desk. Mr. Menninediger stood up and shook his hand. He was a tall man with slick, black hair. His face was pale, expressing little emotion.

Mike stood beside the controller and waited for the group to assemble. "Mr. Menninediger, this is an honor. We were hoping to see you."

"Nonsense," replied Menninediger. "I find it an honor to all visitors who tour Headquarters. I trust your guide has given you an adequate picture of our operation?" He scanned the group for confirmation of his statement.

"Mr. Menninediger," said Mike. "Perhaps you could give us your concept of the operation and what it means."

"Certainly." Menninediger's voice changed subtly into the broad tones of an orator, giving a well-rehearsed speech. "Here at Headquarters, we are a living example of the fact that the Heavenly Benefactor cares for His people on Earth. That same Entity about Whom it has been said that no sparrow falls to earth without His notice, also listens to every word spoken by His beloved subjects. It matters not that the so-called 'profane prayers' are often uttered in haste, without much forethought. *He* gives them thought and forever keeps each message for future reference in the Final Judgement. The very fact that the Heavenly Benefactor has established and does sustain the Headquarters is conclusive proof that He is a God of Love." A faint smile transformed the controller's face in response to the effect of his words on the group.

"Thank you very much," said Mike, beaming, "I am sure your words gave new inspiration to us all."

Mr. Menninediger nodded and sat down.

"Now let's continue to the computer with our message." Mike's footsteps were hurried as he walked towards the end of the room. The giant computer grew larger as he approached. It rhythmically flashing lights had an



almost hypnotic affect. Mike walked still faster, almost forgetting his group. His eyes lit up as he saw a girl. It was Miss Reguly Asmith.

Reguly was standing beside the computer. She was a young girl, dressed efficiently in a short skirt and a nylon blouse that showed the outline of her brassiere. Her long, black hair shone with the changing patterns of flashing lights. In spite of her youth, there was a certain harshness about the girl. She was thin, almost boney, with the awkward grace of a model — mannequin.

“Miss Asmith!” said Mike. “We were hoping we could catch you.” He turned to the group. They were lagging behind where he had left them. He waited in embarrassed silence as they caught up with him.

Reguly was puzzled at first by Mike’s sudden appearance, but while he waited for his group, she began to understand. She doubted if Mike even realized it, but she was sure he meant to win last night’s argument by forcing her to say things in front of a group. She hated him for it. As the group assembled, she composed herself.

Mike again came to life. “Miss Asmith is in charge of the Communications Relay Workers who deliver messages to the filing personnel. She is also one of the few people who can manipulate the giant computer in front of you.”

“The computer does all the work,” said Miss Asmith. “Anyone can learn the correct buttons to push.”

Even Mike could detect a certain tension in her voice that made him uneasy. She was still upset about last night. If only he could remember what their fight had been about. “My — uh — group has already patiently listened to my explanations, and they have heard the opinions of Mr. Menninediger and a message taker. I’m sure they would be interested in what you have to say about Headquarters.”

“Oh, I doubt that they would.”

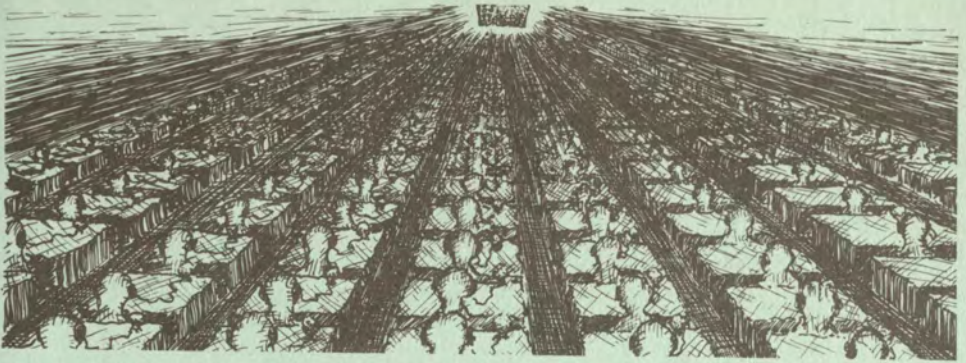
The statement was clipped and final. It threw Mike for an instant and his practiced assurance slipped. “I’m sure they would.” He turned to the group for confirmation. “Come on. Everyone has their say at Headquarters. After all, listening to people is what Headquarters is all about.”

Reguly glanced at the group and looked back at Mike. This last statement was a challenge she couldn’t ignore. She drew a deep breath. “Yes, that’s what Headquarters is all about. Receiving countless messages everyday — sorting them — filing them — keeping an ageless record of the words and thoughts of every Generation. . .

“Profane prayers are taken seriously here. We listen and record and keep a file for the Heavenly Benefactor and wait for the Final Judgement. . .”

Reguly had raised her voice above her customary monotone. Mike fidgeted, wrinkling the message in his hand. His mouth bent unnaturally into





the suggestion of a grimace. He noticed Mr. Menninediger approaching.

"... but the Judgement never comes!" Reguly concluded.

"But, Miss Asmith, surely that is the decision of the Heavenly Benefactor." Somehow Mike felt that they had been all through this once before, like a horrible dream that repeats itself night after night. Was this what the argument was about? "When and how the Judgement will come on all things recorded in the file are known only to Him. Surely all this will be taken into account."

Reguly forgot the group and turned to Mike sharply. "I doubt it. When I first came here, I believed in the Final Judgement. I knew that profane prayers would be accounted for. But it has been so long. And God has not so much as raised a finger against a — against a hammer or a toaster. Do you realize how many judgements are requested against a simple hammer? And nothing has been done!"

Mike broke out in a light sweat as Menninediger came up beside him. He wished Miss Asmith would stop. He wished he had never come to this building today. He didn't understand why all this was happening.

Mr. Menninediger ignored Mike. He was glaring at Miss Asmith. His back was rigid as a poker. The veins in his high forehead throbbed visably.

Reguly was lost in anger. The things she had to say compelled her to go on. "Nothing has been done. So many requests completely ignored. The old God of the Prophets would not have let His people cry out for so long unanswered. The old God is dead!"

Mike shrank inside himself. The final blasphemy. He remembered it now from last night. It was his fault this showdown had occurred. He turned to Mr. Menninediger. "I am sure Miss Asmith is just tired, sir. Perhaps a rest..."

Mr. Menninediger pushed Mike out of the way. "Miss Asmith, do you realize what you have said?"

Reguly was quiet, subdued, her anger spent. The blood subsided from her face. "I do, sir, and I meant it."

Mr. Mennindiger rose to his full height.

"Goddamn you, Miss Asmith!"





I had originally hoped to be addressing myself to the issue of whether or not our English language has been degenerating of late, in this country at least. However, I find it necessary at this point first to pave the way to that future discussion by taking this time to examine the present state of our educational system, which I find to be in similar ill-repair.

It is interesting to note that while there have been many critics of our present education system, including such well-known figures as A.S. Neill and Charles Silberman, these have all nevertheless advocated change within the system: that is, these critics would have us change our "traditional" classrooms into "open" classrooms. Ilych and McLuhan, on the other hand, would have us abolish classrooms altogether, for they believe that classrooms of any kind perhaps do more harm than good. There is, however, a third possibility, a thesis advanced by no less a scholar than Arnold Toynbee in his *Study of History*, which calls for retention of the schools but abolition of the education system; this is the thesis I wish to examine in these articles.



Mr. Toynbee proposes the theory that the processes of societal democratization have greatly contributed to the decline and degeneration of the education system of the West. He cites the opinion of latter-day educators that an equal education for all would be a great benefit to the society, but he also mentions a few "stumbling-blocks" which those educators did not foresee:

The inevitable impoverishment in the results of education when the process is made available for "the masses" at the cost of being divorced from its traditional cultural background. . . . the utilitarian spirit in which the fruits of education are apt to be turned to account when they are brought within everybody's reach. . . . The bread of universal education is no sooner cast upon the waters than a shoal of sharks arises from the depths and devours the children's bread under the educator's very eyes. (Page 339, the Somervell abridgement.)

There are perhaps many examples of each of these complaints of Mr. Toynbee, but here there is space for only a few. Let us look at them then.

First, Mr. Toynbee cites the growing absence of cultural background from the educational process. This appears evident in the present ubiquitous notion of "relevance" and the cry of modern educators "Let us make the studies relevant to the children, and they will be more eager to learn," and with this cry much of our cultural heritage is dispensed with on the grounds that it is less relevant than what is being done today. This is very obvious in high school English classes. It often appears that the advanced English classes read nothing but what we could consider "classics" (e.g., *The Canterbury Tales*, *A Tale of Two Cities*), yet the regular classes have book lists which contain nothing earlier than the early 1960's. It could be argued that the more advanced classes could better handle the more traditional material, but then a few questions come to mind: can they handle modern material less well than the traditional works? If education for everyone is the "great equalizer," why do advanced English classes limit themselves to works of "literary merit" while regular classes read works which are "relevant"? Thus we have the notion that there are indeed great segments of the educated population that have become detached from their older cultural heritage.

It is always amazing to me that people have a somewhat set reaction to the story of Euclid and his student. Recall that the student, after successfully completing a geometric proof, went up to Euclid and asked "This is all well and good, master, but what good is it?" To this Euclid replied "If you must find some good out of geometry, if you must know what benefits you may reap from its study, then take this coin as your benefit and begone." It is amazing to me that so many that hear this story laugh a little at the crass vulgarity of this student, and yet don't we all have a



little of that in each of us, and some more than others? Do not many people go to college, for example, simply so that they may get a better job? Has not the college diploma become, in certain respects, the admissions ticket into the vast possibilities of a bigger and better business world? And yet, it is perhaps due to the democratization of our society that this has occurred, for it is now implanted to a certain extent in each of us, this idea that "college now equals money later."

In support of his last complaint, Toynbee cites the fact that in 1870 the structure of British universal education was finished, and approximately twenty years later, time enough for the first generation of "universally educated people" to have grown up and gone through the education process, the first hints of yellow journalism appeared, in which the papers began to take advantage of these semi-educated people who thought they were getting an education but actually weren't; and simultaneously with the yellow journalism came unscrupulous politicians to follow the examples of the Yellow Press. This Mr. Toynbee could not have known when the Study was written; but does it not seem curious that almost exactly twenty years after the beginning of the "Post-War Baby Boom" the United States underwent a seemingly endless series of riots and eruption on college campuses across the nation? Muse on this a while, and then ask yourself whether Mr. Toynbee might not have a point.

There is one final point that I would like to make, and that is this: when Horace Mann was struggling to persuade the Massachusetts legislature to enact universal education, he envisioned his idea as a "great equalizer." Yet with something so unequal as the state of education in his time, how was one to make it all equal? As it turned out, it was apparently easier to lower the quality level of the better education and raise the lower level only up to midrange than to attempt to raise both low- and mid-quality education up to the best level. Thus we have the somewhat cynical but nevertheless true observation that Horace Mann's idea was not so much the "great equalizer" as it was the "great leveler."

It is my hope that in a future article I shall look at the present state of the English language, and that in the final article of this proposed series I shall offer some solutions to the problem raised in the first two. I leave you with one more item upon which to meditate: when Thomas Jefferson wished to go to a university, it was required not only that he spoke "perfect" English but that he knew "some Latin and a little Greek" before he could even be admitted to the university; contrast this with the test given by Valparaiso University to all freshmen AFTER ADMISSION which determines whether they know correct English grammar or not; and even then there are English majors who guess on some of the questions, and others who cannot spell correctly a great deal of the time — EVEN AFTER THEY ARE ADMITTED.





# JADE 東 玉 EAST

The Jade East Lounge will be featuring tropical drinks at one-half price after 9 p.m. on weekdays and 10 p.m. on weekends.

Carry-out menus are available at front desk or phone to order.

## MARTIN BINDER JEWELER

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

JEWELRY

23 LINCOLNWAY  
VALPARAISO, IND. 46383

PHONE 462-5931

## VALPO BIKE SHOP

12 E. JEFFERSON ST.  
VALPARAISO,  
INDIANA 46383

BIKE SALES  
AND SERVICE

PHONE 462-6041

## SHUTSKE'S CYCLE CITY

BICYCLE SALES  
SERVICE AND  
24 HOUR REPAIR

462-0322

LARRY SHUTSKE

823 LINCOLNWAY  
VALPARAISO,  
INDIANA 46383



