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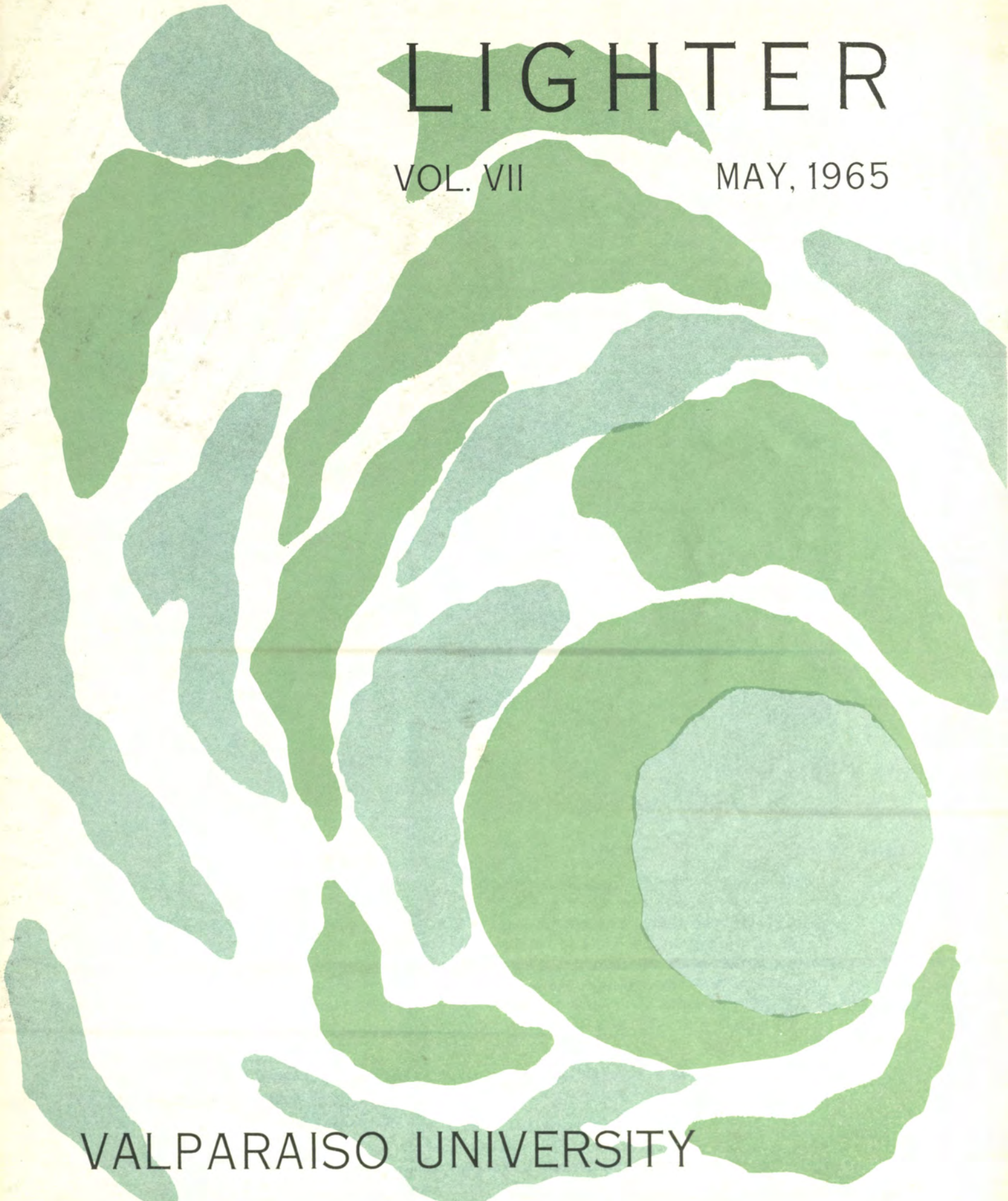
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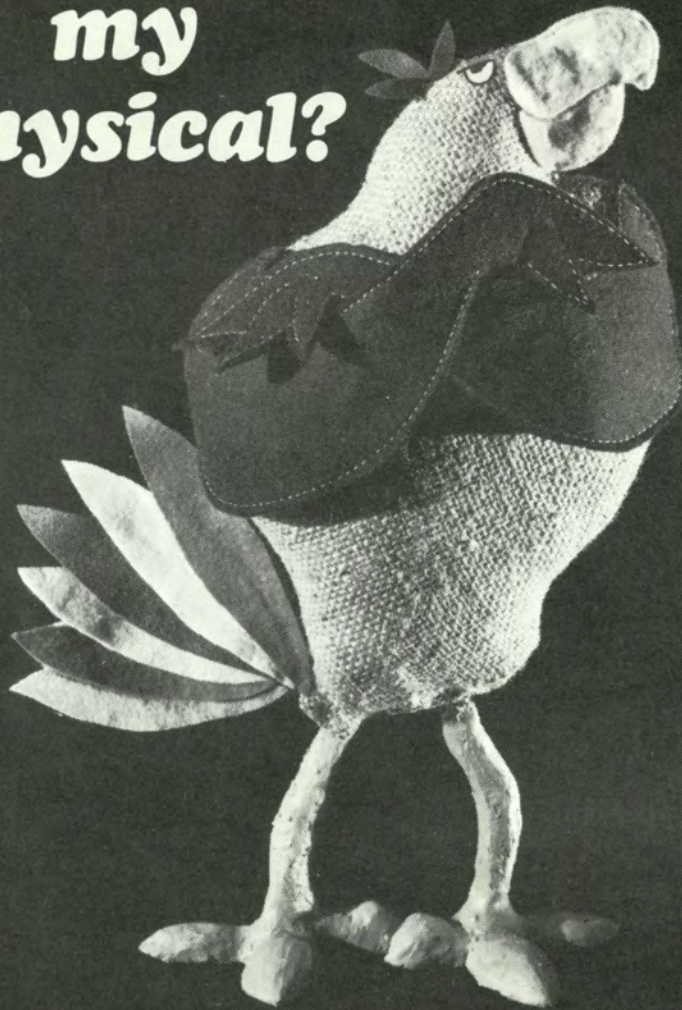
VOL. VII

MAY, 1965



VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

**me flunk
my
physical?**



By age 20, two in a thousand are disabled. More than that have already died. Both figures mount as age increases. But, you can guarantee insurability! AAL offers young people a practical plan — one which insures you now at minimum cost for maximum coverage. Then, AAL provides a Guaranteed Purchase Option which lets you add more life insurance at future intervals, regardless of health. Also, if you become disabled, and own AAL's Monthly Income Disability coverage, you will receive a guaranteed monthly income. Plenty of people flunk their physicals. Cut your insurability risks. Insure early! Ask your AAL campus representative to help you.

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THE LIGHTER

*the literary-humor magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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ON ART, MORALITY

News Item: "The (Chicago) City Council's Committee on Schools voted 8 to 3 Friday night to ask the Board of Education to remove a controversial novel from a required reading list in an English course at Wright Junior College. In a roll-call vote, the committee voiced 'unqualified condemnation' of the fact that James Baldwin's 'Another Country' has been mandatory reading. The action must be affirmed by the full Council to be final . . . Baldwin's novel concerns itself with turbulence in contemporary urban racial relations and deals in part with interracial sexual relations and with homosexuality."

—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Saturday, January 9, 1965

Harold Scheub

(The following should be sung, with chorus, to the tune of "When I Was a Lad," from Gilbert and Sullivan's *H. M. S. Pinafore*.)

SOLO: My patriotic friends, a democracy
Must wage full war against depravity!

We fight the Commies, we imprison crooks,
Now let's turn our attention to these filthy books!

CHORUS: NOW LET'S TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THESE FILTHY BOOKS!

SOLO: Those four-letter sexy words, they frighten me —
They really have no place in a democracy!

CHORUS: THOSE FOUR-LETTER SEXY WORDS, THEY FRIGHTEN ME —
THEY REALLY HAVE NO PLACE IN A DEMOCRACY!

We'll ban the whore, we'll ban the gigolo —
We'll ban Geoff Chaucer and Boccaccio!

The queer must go, misegenation's through —
And then we'll start to purify the Bible too!

AND THEN WE'LL START TO PURIFY THE BIBLE TOO!

These vile, sexy books make us the devil's tools —
We'll exorcise our colleges and Sunday schools!

THESE VILE, SEXY BOOKS MAKE US THE DEVIL'S TOOLS —
WE'LL EXORCISE OUR COLLEGES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS!

Baldwin's dirty novel is so full of dirt:
He speaks of intermarriage and a sex pervert —
If things like that exist in society,

Ignoring them's the only fit propriety!
IGNORING THEM'S THE ONLY FIT PROPRIETY!

We want a free society that's sparkling clean:

We must condemn and censor what we think's obscene!

WE WANT A FREE SOCIETY THAT'S SPARKLING CLEAN:

WE MUST CONDEMN AND CENSOR WHAT WE THINK'S OBSCENE!

AND DIRTY BOOKS

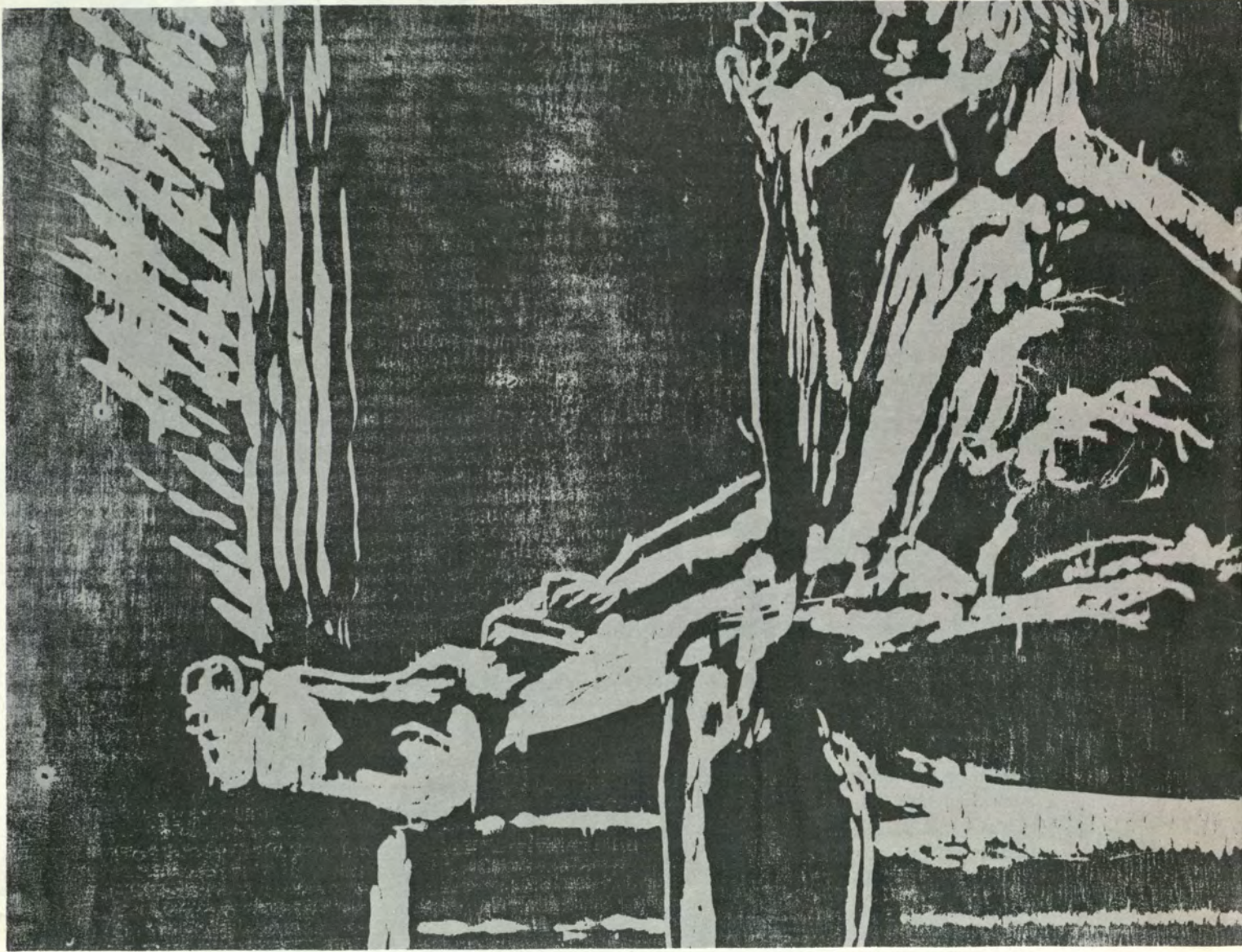
We want clean books without any sins —
Horatio Alger and the Bobbsey Twins!
Our colleges are in a vile rut:
They're filling all our students with this arty smut!
THEY'RE FILLING ALL OUR STUDENTS WITH THIS ARTY SMUT!
What was good enough for Daddy is just right for me —
We must root out every sign of crass impiety!
WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR DADDY IS JUST RIGHT FOR ME —
WE MUST ROOT OUT EVERY SIGN OF CRASS IMPIETY!

Let's burn dirty books, let's burn them all,
And let the intellectuals among us bawl!
When colleges are places where ideas breed,
It's time for citizens like us to intercede!
IT'S TIME FOR CITIZENS LIKE US TO INTERCEDE!
Don't get me wrong — ideas are just fine —
But sometimes universities get out of line!
DON'T GET HIM WRONG — IDEAS ARE JUST FINE —
BUT SOMETIMES UNIVERSITIES GET OUT OF LINE!

If you don't believe me, friends, look at Berkeley U. —
One wonders what democracy is coming to!
What kind of Red ideas do professors teach
When students start insisting that they have free speech?
WHEN STUDENTS START INSISTING THAT THEY HAVE FREE SPEECH?
There's too much freedom on our campuses today:
If we can't have such freedom, folks, now why should they?
THERE'S TOO MUCH FREEDOM ON OUR CAMPUSES TODAY:
IF WE CAN'T HAVE SUCH FREEDOM, FOLKS, NOW WHY SHOULD THEY?

They read Walt Whitman and that Oscar Wilde —
Imagine what that does to a guiltless child!
They read the Song of Solomon and Oedipus Rex,
And other purple passages that ooze with sex.
AND OTHER PURPLE PASSAGES THAT OOZE WITH SEX.
Let's do what we must do, my friends, for all mankind:
We'll burn these filthy books and free your child's mind!
LET'S DO WHAT WE MUST DO, MY FRIENDS, FOR ALL MANKIND!
WE'LL BURN THESE FILTHY BOOKS AND FREE YOUR CHILD'S MIND!

And now, dear hearts, wherever you may be,
If you want to do your part for society:
Watch slyly the school where your child's enrolled:
What kind of new ideas has your son been sold?
WHAT KIND OF NEW IDEAS HAS YOUR SON BEEN SOLD?
And write a letter now to the college of your choice:
Let them hear the calm and reason of your voice!
AND WRITE A LETTER NOW TO THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE:
LET THEM HEAR THE CALM AND REASON OF YOUR VOICE!



The Almost Artist

Steven Borchardt



The first prize of the THETA CHI Short Story Contest goes to Senior English major Steve Borhardt. Although Steve has been a frequent contributor to the LIGHTER, we don't think that he ever found it to be this lucrative. Well done, Steve . . . your check is waiting for you.

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Nu, so you want to hear a story?

If you will sit quietly and listen carefully, my little ones, I will tell you how my grandfather almost became an artist. Comes like this the story.

Many years ago my grandfather — may his soul rest with Abraham! — lived in a small village in Russia with his parents and three sisters. The name of the village, Haplopovitch, and like many other villages it had a large Jewish community. My grandfather was a young man then and worked with his father in the tailor shop (it was the custom in those days for a son to follow in his father's trade). Are you listening, children?

But, the times were changing; yes, a feeling of toleration toward us Jews was sweeping the country. No longer were we forced to live in ghettos, or denied an education. Some said, "perhaps the messiah has come"; others only laughed and said, "we should live so long to see a messiah in Russia!". Yet, who can wipe away a lifetime of ignorance or centuries of pogroms? — not even the Almighty One himself would undertake such a task! And, as it is written (I do not recall just where), "is not even a ghetto a home to the homeless?". So, the old ones continued on as they always had. But the young men —oi, the spirit of youth! — they left the villages by the hundreds. You ask where they went? Where else was there to go but the cities?

My grandfather — may he be bathed in heavenly light! — from the time he was able to hold a pencil had shown a talent for drawing. In spelling and numbers he was altogether no good already. But, when it came to drawing flowers and trees and buildings and people, oi, such talent! Even the neighbors agreed that it was a gift from above. But his father would not hear of it.

"Will flowers put food on the table? Have you ever seen a tree that clothed four children? And I suppose a building is going to support two parents in their old age? I tell you, it is worthless, this painting!".

"But a gift", the neighbors argued, "would you reject a gift from heaven?".

"Let heaven paint its own pictures", my grandfather's father yelled, "or bestow a useful gift. Or maybe you have enough money to buy my son's drawings?".

ART/FRED NAGELBACH

The neighbors had to admit that they didn't, and that would end the discussion.

My grandfather was a persistent man though, (has not our family always been so?) and one day, in his nineteenth year he decided to leave Haplopovitch. I forgot to tell you that he first sent a letter to the great university in St. Petersburg — all in secret mind you, for if his father had found out the venture would never have begun and I would not have a story to tell you. And the answer came back: yes, they would be willing to take one Mendel Yosifel into the university, and would even be willing to pay for his education by means of a special grant of money for "under-privileged Jews". Under such a condition, what Jew in Russia could not qualify?

So, on the evening of the day that the acceptance came — it was the beginning of Shabbes (my grandfather was not only persistent, but shrewd as well, for he knew that it was unlawful to lose one's temper, or to raise one's hand in anger on the Sabbath) — after returning from the prayers at synagogue, my grandfather broke the news.

"An artist you want to be?", his father roared, "What kind of a job is an artist for a Jew? Have you no pride in your family? My father was a tailor, and his father, and his father before him. Our work is known for miles around. When have we ever had an artist in the family?"

"It is as honest a profession as tailoring", My grandfather countered.

"We barely have enough food on the table and my son talks of honesty".

"I have heard that some artists make as much as thirteen rubles a month."

"Thirteen rubbles!", his father screeched, "I'll give you thirteen wacks that will end this foolishness. A schnorrer you'll become — a worthless begger! Oi veh ist mir, that I should have begotten such an ungrateful one! May heaven curse me! May I never rest in peace if I have done anything to deserve such a fate!"

"Yudel, don't excite yourself so", my grandfather's mother interrupted, rising from where she had been calmly sitting. "And there is no need to make idle oaths before heaven. The Almighty — may he deal with us kindly! — should answer your prayers, and then where would we be?"

"Hold your tongue, Gittel, this is none of your concern".

"Since when is a son not a mother's concern? Did you bear him in your womb, or suckle him at your breasts? We will listen to our son — and remember that it is Shabbes, a time of peace".

So, thanks to his mother's intervention — for what mother will not seek the best for her children? — it was decided that my grandfather might be allowed to go to the university and study to be an artist.

Are you paying attention, children? For here is where the story really begins. The day of the departure arrived, and the whole community gathered at the station to bid farewell to Mendel. They even brought a basket of food for him to eat on the train, and the rabbi loaned him his old traveling bag in which to carry his few articles of clothing.

"Beware, mine son", his father cautioned, "it is a strange thing for the goyim to open their schools to Jews. I do not trust them; but then, I am growing old, and perhaps I no longer see things as clearly as I used to".

"And remember, darling one", his mother sobbed, clutching Mendel to her bosom, "you a Jew, the son of Jews. Remember the God of your fathers always, and bring pride to your family".

And with many wishes of mazel-tov from the neighbors, and his parents' blessings ringing in his ears, my grandfather climbed into the train, and set out to make his fortune.

Four days later he arrived in St. Petersburg — in those days the trains did not run as quickly as they do today. Poor Mendel! Such a sight he was: four days of smoke and soot from the engine; his hair uncombed and his beard tangled; and his best suit wrinkled from sleeping curled up on the seat. Oi, like a begger he looked! But what did he care; he was going to the university! So right away already he asked a stranger for directions, and was told curtly how to get to the university. It was three miles from the station, and because he had little money, he decided to walk. He lugged his borrowed traveling bag all the way, shifting it first from one hand to the other when it became too heavy. Once he stopped to rest in front of a church, but before he could even sit down, a priest came out and yelled, "Be off! Jews are not allowed to beg in front of this church — you have your own corners to stand on. Get away from here before I call the authorities!"

So, what else was to be done but to continue. He didn't mind being mistaken for a begger anyway; he was too thrilled to let a few sharp words bother him. Before long, he came within sight of the university. And what a university it was! Such beautiful buildings he had never seen: tall and wide, and all made of stone with many windows. The only stone buildings in Haplopovitch were the church, with its many gilt crosses on its many onion domes, and the grey stone town hall, where the goy mayor had his office. And the trees, and shrubs, and flower gardens around the university, which filled the eye with color where ever you looked!

"Oi, I must paint all these things as soon as possible", grandfather said to himself, as he looked about him. "Truely, the Almighty is to be praised for bringing me to such a paradise!". And he uttered a prayer of thanks on the spot.

After a little searching, he found the building he was looking for, and presented himself to the man in charge of new students. This official sat behind a long, polished desk, on which were piled an assortment of papers which the official was busy stamping.

"Excuse me, your excellency" my grandfather said, approaching the desk with his cap in his hand.

The official looked up from his stamping, and peered at Mendel over the top of his glasses, which were perched on a very large nose, under which curled a bright red moustache.

"Deliveries are made to that building over there", he said, pointing across the campus, and he bent back over the desk.

"Excuse me again, Excellency, I'm not making any deliveries; I'm to be enrolled".

"You?", the official asked, looking up once again. He looked Mendel over from head to foot. "Impossible", he said, "out of the question!".

"But I am, I assure you. Here is the notification of my acceptance". And Mendel handed his letter to the official.

"What is your name?", the official asked, picking up a sheet of paper with the names of new students.

"Mendel Yosifel".

"Home?".

"Haplopovitch".

"Hmm. There is no such name on my list. You must have the wrong school. We are very selective, you know".

Mendel's heart sank almost to his feet. "But the letter told me that I had been accepted under a provision for needy Jews".

"Oh, so you are one of our new Jewish students", the official said, suddenly breaking into the broadest and warmest smile. "How wonderful! How marvelous! I always say that Jews can be made into fine productive citizens, with just a little bit of encouragement". And Mendel was immediately enrolled in the university.

"Now then", the official said, after stamping Mendel's papers — what would officials do without their stamps? — if you have the money for your lodging, I will take you there immediately".

Money for lodging? What was the official saying?

"I . . . I don't understand", grandfather stammered.

"Why, the cost of putting you into a student rooming house, of course".

"But, I understood that the expenses were to be paid for by the university".

"Weren't you informed that the grant covers only the cost of tuition and books?"

"No sir".

"There must have been some mistake made: the secretary evidently forgot to inform you that stu-

dents must pay for their own lodging and meals and personal expenses".

"This I didn't know".

"Well, have no fears, my boy, luckily we provide work for needy students. Of course, it will mean that the number of your courses will have to be lessened".

"But my painting. I want to paint all the lovely things I saw outside".

"Oh, you'll have no time for painting", the official said, beaming at Mendel, "You'll be much too busy with studies and work for such nonsense".

And with that he led Mendel out of the office, out of building, and across the campus to a very dirty looking building.

"Here we are, my boy. This is where you are to live".

They walked in the door, and Mendel climbed three flights of stairs with the official. Mendel's bag became heavier and heavier, and his spirits sank lower and lower as they climbed. They reached the top floor, and the official led Mendel down a long corridor to a room at the rear of the building. He knocked on the door, and ushered Mendel inside.

"Ivan Petrovitch, I've brought the new student who is to live with you . . . This is Mendel Yosifel. Take good care of him, Ivan, he is one of our prize students. Oh Mendel, come in and see me later about assigning you to a work detail. Goodbye for now".

"So, you are the new Jewish student I'm to live with. I was informed that I would be living with a

Continued on Page 28



ART/FRED NAGELBACH



SEX

Gerda M. Priehn

AND THE COLLEGE GIRL

Ever since the former president of Vassar, Sarah Gibson Blanding, made her controversial statement concerning virginity and Vassar College, deans and magazine editors all over the country have exploited, and in some cases, totally distorted the issue. What Miss Blanding decreed was of direct concern to Vassar College women. She told her students that if they wished to indulge in premarital sex or excessive drinking they would have to withdraw from Vassar. That this theme was exploited is most likely due to its nature. Sex makes good reading and will therefore sell magazines. Yet, the very fact that it was necessary for Miss Blanding to legislate on sexual morality at Vassar seems to indicate a definite need for such action. This need-creating situation was immediately generalized from Vassar to all colleges in the United States. Everyone joined in the fun, and helped dig up statistics proving promiscuity on college campuses. Nor was this mud-racking campaign restricted to the women. Newspapers were very quick to print headlines publicizing Harvard orgies, wild fraternity parties in Indianapolis, and "hanky-panky" going on in coed dorms at the University of Southern California. Dr. Graham B. Blaine, a Harvard psychologist, aggravated matters further by stating that more than fifty per cent of college women have had premarital relationships. This, he said, "reflects a cultural change in the United States." Again good reading material was discovered.irate parents deplored, "What will happen to our poor, little girl when we send her off to college?" Sociologists replied, "Nothing, if you raised her properly." Such articles as "Too Much Sex on the College Campus" appeared in the *Ladies Home Journal*. The *Atlantic Monthly* even played along with an article entitled "Must the Colleges Police Sex?" Theologians preached and appeared in print denouncing the "New Freedom." Television rose to the occasion with masterful, compelling melo-

drama depicting the shameful consequences of a teenage affair ending in the inevitable illegitimate child.

How all of this affects the individual college student, the one, after all, ultimately concerned, is the basic question under consideration in this study. Is there evidence of a "new morality" on Valparaiso's campus? What are the attitudes toward sex which influence the behavior of the Valpo coed? These are also some of the underlying themes which I would like to explore in this documentary study.

Direct interviews would probably have been the most effective method to use. However, due to the personal nature of some of the questions which would have to be asked, I decided that an anonymous questionnaire would be more expedient. I selected Scheele Hall as the dorm to survey not only because I live there and am most familiar with the residents, but also because more girls from this dorm date than from any other dorm on campus.

Since the subject under investigation is by nature rather delicate, the formulation of the questions involved considerable discretion. To blatantly ask each girl to state whether she is or is not virgin, and to elaborate on her sex life would not be only an intrusion of privacy, but also highly unethical for a layman. Instead, I decided to investigate attitudes toward sexual morality and to establish their origins. A survey of this type can hardly ever be a clear-cut clinical analysis. There are no absolute attitudes which can be measured and graphed. This is why I had to allow leeway on practically every question for that unpredictable "other" instance, the exception which has to be explained by the individual. I am further restricted by the small returns received from this survey (a low 15%); and by the fact that since this questionnaire was sent and answered anonymously, I cannot really judge whether the sampling is representative of the girls that do much of the

dating in this dorm, or whether it was by chance filled out on a Saturday night by some quiet mousy girl who has never had much opportunity to test her standards in a real-life situation.

Since nine surveys were returned from Seniors, nine from Juniors, and six from Sophomores, it seems natural to also classify their answers in these groups. Since a statistical approach is impossible due to the relative nature of the questions and answers, I have decided to use their answers in much the same manner as I would have had personal interviews lent themselves to the subject under discussion.

THE SOPHOMORES

Four sophomores are nineteen years old and two are twenty. All except one is in the upper third of her class, the exception being in the middle third. Their social status shows greater variety, however. One is "informally" engaged, one is pinned, two are lovaliered, one is playing the field, and one described her social status as being "nothing." The original source of the sex education of four sophomores is their parents, with whom they indicated having a relationship respectful on both sides. Two of these four further supplemented their parents' sex lessons with information gained from books, with one girl also having been informed about sex from her girlfriends. Their relationship to their parents was described as being "buddy-buddy." The age at which this information was received by the six sophomores is equally divided between pre-teen years and early teen years. The answers of the two girls from the "buddy-buddy" home to the questions, "What has been the most influential factor in determining your moral code?", are noticeably different from the answers given by the other four. Whereas they unanimously checked "parents" and "religious beliefs," the two from the non-authoritarian homes each explained that

they determined their moral code apart from their parents. One stated that she decided her moral code from her "own ideas on the subject" and from the behavior of the boys she dated. The other girl said that she was most influenced by the opinions of her friends. The majority of the sophomores also felt that their parents expected considerable effort and achievement from them academically, socially, and morally.

Directly concerning their attitudes toward sex, three felt that they had become more liberal since their freshman year in college; two felt that they had become more liberal since high school; and, one, since she first started dating. There appears to be a correlation here between the change in attitudes since their freshman year in college and two of them having gotten lovaliered and one pinned. The one who is almost engaged felt that her moral standards had become more liberal since high school. This correlation becomes even more meaningful when one considers that all four of these girls designated that "more serious relationships with the opposite sex" was the reason for the change in their moral standards. In fact, all six girls indicated this reason as being important, with three girls also considering "emotional maturity" as being significant.

The answers to the remaining questions were varied and highly individual. Interestingly enough, the girl who came from the "buddy-buddy" home and had learned about sex from her girlfriends said that her standards had changed as a result of self-initiated reform when she became "thoroughly disgusted with herself." This obviously implies that her standards improved, whereas the others imply that their standards were lowered. This girl also does not object to pre-marital sexual relations for guys or girls under "certain circumstances, such as, emotional maturity and being truly in love." She assumes that the moral atmosphere on this campus is like that of other campuses — "fairly liberal." Two other students saw the atmosphere on this campus as being liberal; only one girl saw it as being emphatically "crude and corrupt," and another called Valpo's moral climate "a great hoax." She explained that students appear to follow the Christian stand-



ART/NANCY ARENDT

ards on the surface, but "will still go to bed with guys in fraternity houses and apartments."

Regarding the question of the double standard, all, except the one case mentioned previously, felt that although they realized that they were being idealistic, they could not condone sexual experience in either the boy or the girl, and would want to marry a boy who was still unexperienced.

Concerning advice that they would give as mothers to their college-age daughters, four of the sophomores replied they would rely on the previous moral and religious training they would have given their daughters "long before she ever thought about entering college." One girl, who felt that the moral atmosphere on this campus was "very good considering the large enrollment," states that she would not allow her daughter to attend a large state university under any conditions. Only one girl, the same one who had an independent relationship with her parents and decided on her moral standards on her own, did not know what she would tell her daughter. She stated that she would have to experience parenthood before she would know what to say.

THE JUNIORS

Five of the nine juniors are twenty, two are nineteen, and one is twenty-one. One is engaged, none are pinned, none are lovaliered, two are "dating around," one is going steady, four

did not explain their situations, and one is confused. Academically, three rank themselves in the upper third, and six in the middle third of their class.

Although eight claim that the relationship to their parents is one of mutual respect, with two stating that it is "buddy-buddy" at times, and one admitting that she runs her parents, the source of the original sex education is the parents in only two instances. The rest learned about sex from different sources. These factors do not, however, seem to influence the academic, social, and moral expectancies which the majority of the girls felt their parents to have for them. Three juniors feel that their standards have changed since high school, one since she started dating, two since the freshman year in college, one later than that, and one feels that her standards could not really be considered as changed because they "go in liberal and conservative spurts."

Seven of the nine juniors asserted that their moral standards had changed because of more serious relationships with the opposite sex, and because of emotional maturity. Two also placed emphasis on the removal from the home atmosphere and the influence of other students. Only two girls felt that their standards were still subject to further modification. One gave a more realistic explanation:

"If I were situated in a male-female relationship in which it would be to my benefit to change my standards, I would. For example, if I fell in love with a guy who appreciated higher standards than mine, mine would naturally go up."

Although, of all the answers received to the question concerning the public discussion of sex, the majority felt that sex was discussed too much in magazines and on television. The girl mentioned in relation to the previous question again came out with a very realistic answer. She feels that sex is discussed too much in the sense of the "fallen morals of the younger generation."

The response of the juniors to the double standard question ranged from extreme rigidity to liberalism. Typical of the rigid conservative view point is the following answer:

"This (the double standard) is one

of the things that shocked me when confronted with it here. To me, the standard is applicable to *both* the boy and the girl, and I would not want to marry anyone who has believed differently."

The most liberal view is expressed by our realistic friend.

"I don't think it's wrong for either. The sex act is one requiring practice. If two people want to learn together after marriage, that's great; but I can't condemn the guy or girl who want to be well-prepared for his or her mate."

Six juniors agreed that the moral atmosphere on Valpo's campus was one of extremes. As one girl put it, "some girls are real Puritans; others have very loose morals." Two girls came to the conclusion that Valpo students are much more sheltered and morally stricter than students from other non-church affiliated state schools. One girl gave an incoherent answer. The advice the juniors would give their college-bound daughters is noticeably more complete than the advice the sophomores would give. The majority of the girls felt that the advice that they would give to their daughters would not be different if she were to attend a larger state school. The opinion most frequently expressed was one of teaching the daughter toleration for a moral code different from hers. Only two juniors considered state schools to be more liberal and saw a need to tell the daughter to be more careful. They felt that they would not have to worry about her at Valpo because "people will take a more personal interest in her here."

THE SENIORS

The age group of the nine seniors ranges from twenty to twenty-two years. Three are engaged, none are pinned, none are lovaliered, one is going steady, none are dating around, and three did not wish to reveal their attachments. Five seniors rank themselves in the upper third and four in the middle third of their class. Only two seniors said that their sex education stemmed from their parents. The nature of the relationship to their parents does not seem to affect the majority of the seniors in their opinion that the most influential factor determining their moral standards are the parents. Only three thought that the opinion of their

friends had been most influential. One thought religion, parents, and the opinion of friends were important in that order. Only two seniors were vague about what they thought their parents expected from them. They did feel, however, that they should try to do their best.

Six seniors indicated that their moral standards had become more liberal since high school, and felt that this change was due to more serious relationships with the opposite sex. Two felt that their standards had changed since their freshman year, and one noted that her moral code had not changed at all, nor was it expected to change in the future. Six other senior women indicated that they thought their moral code to be established at the present time. In answer to question number eleven, three girls checked a condition which would affect a change in their moral code, both answered "yes" to the suggestion which asked if their moral standards were competely formulated. The girl who had so emphatically insisted that her standards had not undergone modification, surprisingly enough said that she accepted the double standard. The three girls who indicated more of a flexibility in their standards in answer to question No. 11 (were in this case so rigid as to say that they could not accept the double standard because it is "against the Ten Commandments to commit adultery.")

The seniors like the juniors again showed a wide range in what they thought the moral tenure of Valpo students to be. The one who I mentioned previously as saying that her standards had not changed at all, stated here that the moral atmosphere of Valpo was extremely high in comparison with the moral climate of state schools. Another said that the atmosphere here was "good," three said that it was typically an individual matter as it is on other campuses, although at Valpo we "maybe just try to convince ourselves that under the cloak of Christianity our overall attitudes are better." The rest of the seniors thought that it was anything from "pretty liberal for the majority of students" to "rather bad," and "downright hypocritical." The latter also made the following comment about the hypocrisy on this campus:

". . . the same kind who go to un-

believably wild parties on Saturday night, go to church on Sunday morning, (and you can't even tell them from anyone else.)"

Most seniors, like the other classes surveyed, felt that no special instructions were needed if the girl who was to leave for college had been brought up in a Christian way.

In general, one can conclude only very limited things from this survey. This in part is due to the small number of returns, and to the nature of the questionnaire itself. What does appear significant is that Valpo does not seem to be infected with the "New Freedom" ideology. The standards of the girls questioned — granted they were only twenty-four — seem predominately conservative or middle of the road. If the girls on the whole say that they do not believe in sexual relations before marriage, at least they are tolerant and liberal enough to grant other girls the rights to their own beliefs. In his way, Valpo coeds are modern. There does seem to be a trend to get sex out of the forbidden aura which used to surround it. More girls, it is true, felt that sex is being discussed too much on TV and in magazines, yet they saw this as offensive only in that the people who were discussing it viewed it as being the cause of all the problems of the world.

Furthermore, since it is the opinion of a good number of Valpo students that the moral atmosphere on this campus is typical of that on other campuses, it would follow that what appears to be a drop in moral ethics is not all that earthshaking.

Judge Jennie Loitman Barron in a typical article for the *Ladies' Home Journal* called "Too Much Sex on Campus," denounces this new moral freedom. What bothers her most is that she feels that today's college girl who has adopted a new view on sex, does not bother to ground it in law, ethics, or religion. Perhaps, the spirit of Christianity is not as hypocritical as one cynical senior claims, and as a result, this campus does have a more Christian moral atmosphere than state schools. Or perhaps, the situation on the state campus is not all that bad. Furthermore, it is very evident even from this inadequate survey, that the influence of the home and religion is very strong on the individual college student.

A DAY

Mr. Frank Tomas leaned over his desk and rested his head on his bare forearms. He peered through a mesh of fingers. Staring at an immobile image is perhaps a better way of describing Mr. Tomas' dilated eyes. He knew he was thinking; he wasn't sure about what. Daydreaming maybe. He remembered the teacher who called him an unimaginative grade school flunkie when he assumed that "bored" expression. He hadn't done it in high school or college, but now no teachers were around — and it *was* a beautiful day in May. He knew he was bored now, he knew he was bothered; he wasn't sure why.

"Hey! Frank! What's keeping you? It's after four. We're waiting in the car." Frank looked up through his fingers at Joe's irritating face.

"Sorry Joe. Be a sec."

"Well get it in gear, ol' buddy."

"Goddam it, I said I was coming." Frank slipped into his summer sport coat and buried a crooked finger in the knot of his tie.

"Easy, old man. What's the matter—anyway?" Joe tested a smile.

"Cut it. Nothing's the matter." Joe's pace quickened down the hall. "With me." He snapped the light switch.

Frank rapped his head on the shiny chrome strip setting off the roof of Joe's new two-door. He had to sit in the back; he hated back seats.

"Watch your head, Franky," said Don, hanging out the right front window. The laughter rose spontaneously and reached a crescendo with Ralph, sitting beside Frank, slapping him on the knee — hard.

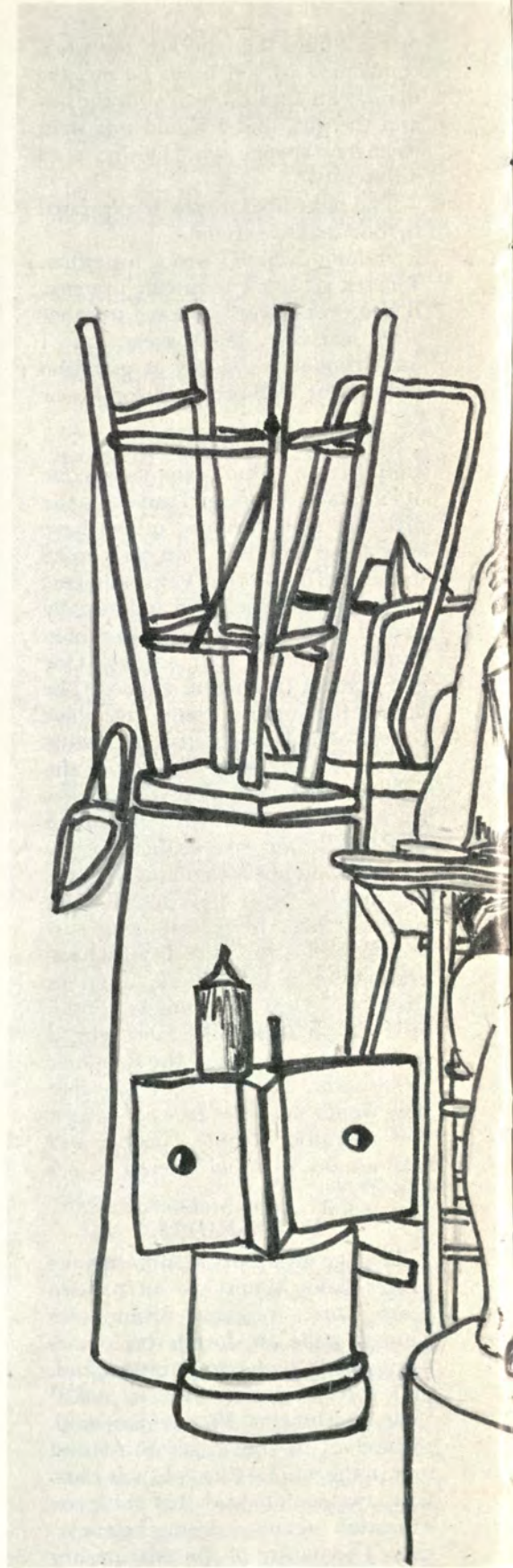
"Ha, ha," retorted Frank sarcastically. He hated being called Franky.

Frank supported his head from the armrest and quietly watched the usual freeway crowd spray oil fumes and imbed broken strips of rubber in the glistening concrete pavement.

"Joey, better turn down Madison, some fool woman got herself piled up over on the Drive," said Ralph, a little too loud and poking Joe on the shoulder.

"Got herself what?" laughed Don.

"Hey Joe, how 'bout some poker at my place?"



ART/RAYMOND MARTENS



Geoffrey Gajewski

it was Ralph again. "We could stop by Sam's bar and —"

"Sorry Ralph," broke Joe, "promised the wife I'd work on the lawn tonight."

"Sure. How 'bout you, Don?"

"Ah, me, well, Mary and I promised the kids — you know, 'must see grandma' and all that."

"Frank?" Frank caught the finger just above the belt.

"You're going to lose that goddam finger, buddy."

"Not by you. Say, you—"

"No." Frank was silent, watching only the rising monoxide vapor and the street signs. Two guys on a scaffold over Howard's Store with long-handled brushes were slapping a giant cigarette package on a Marrideth-made board. They were arguing. One shoved. The other fell on the scaffold plank. In college, they told you how to make friends, or a reasonable, or unreasonable, facsimile, in the business world. They didn't tell you how to live with them, or stand them. He supposed that nobody knew, or cared, how. Something was bothering him, he wasn't sure what.

"What's he doing?" asked Don, nodding at Frank. Frank felt himself being mentally raped and restructured — like the eight ball on the corner pocket waiting for old white ball to knock him in — or off.

"Looks to me," he drawled, rubbing his double chin, "like he's daydreaming. My kid's teacher said it indicates —"

The car swerved into the driveway to avoid the sprinkler. Frank's house was an "L" shaped single story ranch with a flagstone front and picture window. It was a two tone pastel blue; light pastel blue clapboard on top, dark pastel blue clapboard on the bottom. The street was lined with pastels and picture windows; the "L" 's were in different places.

"Looks like you need a drink!" Frank heard Joe as he arched over the leaning front seat.

"We'll see ya, Frank."

"So long, Franky."

Frank watched the car down the street between the elm sprouts and the terrace and turn the corner. Like a strip of the flagstone front, the broken blocks led to the house. Young sprouts of grass, in oval patches across the yard, were bent in the trek of tricycle tracks. Passing the window, his wife slid her fingers up her neck and tucked the edges of loose hair into the sexy wave over the top of her head. He jerked the screen door. Dented and tight at the bottom, the door snapped open, vibrating a tinny sound against the rusted spring. Frank's wife opened the wood door with the three diagonal windows.

"Hi, Helen," he kissed her. Several hairs fell from their pin and curled down her neck.

"Hi, dear. You look tired — tough day?"

"Yeah."

Helen was an attractive woman in her late twenties — same age as Frank. They had met in college and married a month after graduation.

"Johnny's over at Mark's," she said, as if answering a question, and went to the kitchen. A Korning Ware cover clanked on the linoleum counter and the smell of pork chops spread into the living room.

"Johnny's always over at Mark's," Frank mumbled, lifting the *Daily News* and scanning the front page.

"What, dear?" coming in with a plastic basket, she emptied the lip-sticked filters, and clasping the four old-fashioned glasses between her fingers, returned to the kitchen.

"The girls were here."

"How about Kilroy?" Frank separated the newspaper sections and fell back into his black leather chair. Aside from Mother's early-American, Home-Sweet-Home-cushioned foot stool, it was the first furnishing that they had bought; it was his.

"You missed one," said Frank, noticing the red-smear of the glass beside the chair.

"How was the office?"

"The same."

"Tough day."

"The same," he snapped the paper back, tearing the corner off.

"What did the boys know?"

"The boys?" Frank was irritated. "The same."

"Elvira — you know, Doctor Brown's wife — bought this gorgeous spring coat in London and *she* said that —"

"Old lady Brown is a sophisticated ass and so is old man Brown and I don't give a damn about her goddam trip to Europe." Throwing the paper down, he combed his hair back with his fingers. He began staring at Johnny's aquarium. He watched a fish bobbing its open mouth along the water line.

"You're just jealous, Frank."

"Jealous! Me! Do I keep harping about some goddam trip?"

"You're jealous we can't go. And quit swearing! What kind of enviro —"

"I wouldn't go with that club house gang if they — Oh, forget it, Helen." He watched the fish swim down the smeared wall of the tank. "We can go, Helen, we *can* go." He mumbled through the mask of fingers covering his face.

"What?" Helen entered with the clean ash trays. "How?"

Frank glanced up at her. More hair had fallen down over her ears and curved around her throat. Her face was stretched into a pout: the lower lip puffed over a wrinkled chin. Her blouse was tight over a fold of skin which hid the belt of her slacks. Her breasts lay low on her chest. He turned back to the fish.

"You're just tired, Frank — the boys give you a hard time?" said Helen, her smile quivering at the corners of her flattened lips.

"Call it tired or call it realizing, everybody calls it foolish — or rather, nobody calls it at all!" said Frank. "I'm not tired, Helen, I'm tired of."

"Tired of?"

"Tired, Helen, of gross income and graphs, forms and reports, statements, receipts, and the pen that runs dry writing screwy little figures that mean the life or death of some big shot or little shot aiming at new monoxide machines. I'm tired of big asses in small skirts that moisten the desk and show their riggings like some planky old ship with new nylon sails. And I'm tired of amateur comedians who poke you in the ribs with manicured hands and think that smashed cars and banged broads are funny. I'm tired of neighborhoods that polish clapboard and cover grass with folded hands and pray to almighty chlorophyl." He slumped back from the edge of the chair and stared at the fish.

"So the boys gave you a hard time."

Frank looked at his wife straighten the magazines on the mosaic coffee table. "Yeah."

The screen door slammed through the kitchen and tennis shoes squeaked across the linoleum floor and shuffled onto the carpet. Johnny's head bobbed into the room. Frank watched him wipe the long brown hair from his forehead and mat the cowlick.

"Hiya, Dad, Mom, what's for dinner, look at this, Dad."

Johnny let the paper float toward Frank and dropped his books and baseball mit on the davenport. Frank caught the paper. It was covered with columns of numbers and pluses and minuses and a red "A" at the top. Helen took Johnny's jacket and went to the kitchen.

"Excellent, Johnny! That's my boy! Keep up the good work!" Frank smiled and laid the paper on the table.

Continued on Page 30



PRINT/SANDY MOGENSEN

A COLLEGE STUDENT'S DICTIONARY OF PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING

Janet Karsten

A spectre is haunting campuses stretching across God's green America — a phantom which is by no means in the Medieval superstitious tradition, although it is somewhat transcendently transparent and elusively evasive. It is a spectre of snob-words intellectually and authoritatively forming at the mouth, and distributed generously as Intelligensian charity to the incoherent multitudes of semantically poverty-stricken campus coeds and their cohorts.

Well, this phantom has haunted classrooms, lectures, and cocktail parties unopposed long enough. In the battle of words, you and I (my gentle cohort) find ourselves speechless, and therefore incapable of offensive or defensive formations. Upon closer inspection one finds (daringly enough) the glaring semantic eye to be either near or far sighted, and a bit crossed at times (though not to imply that it has crossed itself); and being somewhat transparent it will not mind (we are certain) a little transparency on our part; so thus the Answer (an old Ben Franklin epigram): if you can't lick 'em, join 'em.

This Revised edition of The Dictionary (in limited print) attempts to introduce to you the simpler idioms of intellectual usage (as opposed to popular loosage), which may be mastered by practice at

a few small cocktail parties and then leashed upon sociology and philosophy professors, to theology profs, and maybe even into the Directed Studies Program. (One cannot aspire high enough.) Therefore since you must "find an operational level" — in this case, the context of the cocktail party — balance your gimlet on this Dictionary, and begin operating.

EMPIRICISM (n.): If you can't see, hear, smell, taste, or feel it, forget it.

IDEALISTIC (adj.): irrelevant, stemming from childhood sheltering or college pampering, really passe'.

SELF-LIQUIDATING (adj.): not only burying your bogies, but joining them, as well.

INSTRUMENTALISM (n.): something like using a publication for a hoe, shovel, rake, pick, or bulldozer, only uncommonly done on apathetic college campuses.

APATHY: the Alfred E. Neuman philosophy, as understood by the layman.

ULTIMATE REALITY (n.): what you'd like your drink to be but you suffer it anyway because your host is actually listening to you.

DETERMINISM (n.): a force embodied in the following popular phrases . . . "Uncle Sam Wants You" . . . "No, we

only have section A open, Next?" . . . "Do not pass Go, do not collect \$100."

LOGICAL POSITIVISM (n.):
NON-COGNITIVE SYMBOLIZATION AND TOLERATION (n.): throw this in anywhere, preferably late in the evening, when the guests have collapsed on their respective haunches.

GOD-HYPOTHESIS (n.): a bedtime story for children, mostly to keep them in line (e.g., "If you make mudpies in the the osterizer one more time, the God-hypothesis will GET you!")

CULTURAL LAG (n.): (e.g.) Why doesn't The Bookstore carry **Fanny Hill?**

THE ETERNAL NOW (n.): a handy phrase useful for forgetting the morning after and, later, the night before the morning after.

TABULA RASA: (n.) a pool table with all the balls in place.

DEMYTHOLOGIZING (part.): having shot the balls, you find that the pockets have no bottoms, but the balls bounce. Thereupon, you make up a new game of catching them, of course.

ARMCHAIR PHILOSOPHER (n.): the sufficiently secure thinker who can afford to recline, rather than running about and shouting for attention (flailing of arms, etc.)

The history of Karate is as diversified as the many presently practiced techniques. Most authorities currently agree that Karate originated either on the island of Okinawa or the southern shore of China. There were two existing martial-art forms practiced in these areas between 2400 and 1600 B.C. They were Kung-Fu and Karate. Legend states that a Chinese war lord, Shimazu, had forbidden the conquered Okinawans possession or use of weapons. In this manner he hoped to quell counter-revolution. A small, select group of Okinawans learned the art from a practitioner named Chin Gen Poo, and used it against the Chinese war lord and his soldiers.

Karate largely remained a secret art and was eventually practiced by small cult groups throughout the Orient. The Chinese emperors utilized the brown and black belts. Some schools vary in the

brown-belt class and introduce various belt colors to differentiate their students' proficiency. Black belt is the highest rank obtainable. It is divided into eight dans or degrees. Any Black Belt holder is considered a teacher and must know all the basic attack and defense methods that he will meet in a personal combat situation.

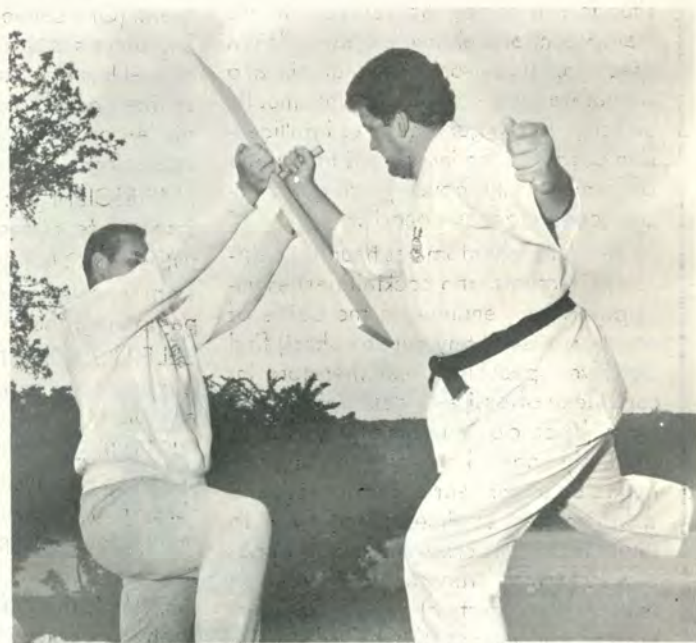
I enrolled in the Oyama School, Tokyo, Japan in December, 1955. Oyama is an advocate of the traditional rather than the new-sport Karate style. For the next ten weeks, five nights a week, I was taught to fall. For four hours a night I fell and fell until it became natural and easy, and I could fall without injuring myself. During this period the urge to quit is great. Only the prospect of working with Oyama, who is considered the greatest living Karate master, kept me at the school. At the end of my

Karate - The

Karate Ka (practitioner) as personal bodyguards as no weapons were allowed in the emperors' presence. The art of Karate consisted primarily of conditioning oneself to a point that you could kill an opponent with a blow from the hand edge, fist, elbow, forehead, knee, and foot. These areas of the body were hardened by repeatedly striking them against practice boards, trees, stones, etc. until calcification occurred, and there was no pain. Much of the success of Karate as a protective art and later a war art rests with the Dharma monks. For many years their order practiced and carried the technique throughout the mainland of China and the surrounding islands.

Secrecy muffled Karate from exposure to the rest of the world. The techniques, even when seen, were unrecognizable to the untrained observer. During World War II the Japanese Imperial Marines utilized it as their basic hand-to-hand combat method. Not until about 1953 did Karate become even remotely popular in the United States.

I was first introduced to Karate on Guam, an island in the Marianas group in the Pacific. I was attached to a Marine contingent stationed aboard a Naval operating base there. There was a Sgt. Emery Duke that held Shodan, first Dan or first degree black belt. His practice sessions interested me, and I began to work out under his direction. There are four basic ranks in Karate. They are white, green,



This strike utilizes the Yawara (Death Stick). This Gincho Stick is shaped to fit the palm with indentations cut into it for the fingers. It may be used in a hammer blow, as seen in the photo. It can be used to thrust with like a knife or to grasp i.e., a nostril, ear, windpipe. When used as a grasping implement the area retained is held tightly to the cap of the stick by the thumb, then twisted. For centuries the Yawara has been utilized by the Karata-Ka. It is an item of issued equipment to the metropolitan police forces in Japan and China, where it is considered a lethal weapon and possession of it is severely regulated.

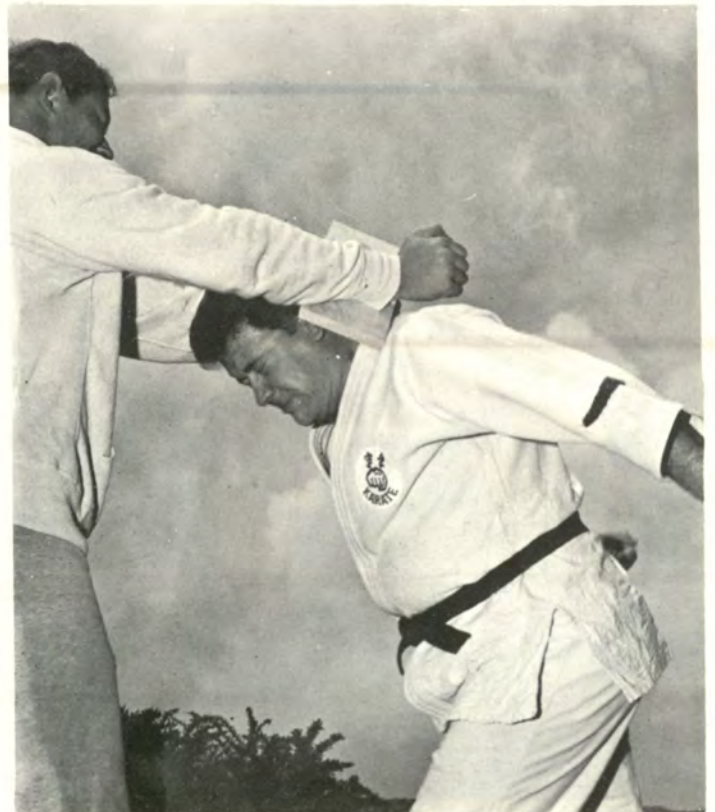


Jack Green

Jack Green, a sociology and psychology major at Valpo, transferred from Vanderbilt University in Fall, 1963. His short story which appears on page 24 has received Honorable Mention in the Theta Chi Short Story Contest.

Empty Hand

fourth month I received my green belt. Oyama has a home on the outskirts of Tokyo that includes a fenced-in garden and grounds that cover about four acres. His technique entails Karate under the most natural conditions. While we were working in teams of three, two sparring and one doing Katas (death dances), we were continuously subject to attack by members of other practicing teams or by the higher ranking brown and black belts that worked out about the grounds. This bred a constant defensive air that later took months to calm down to a point that allows an individual to associate with the street public. Within eleven months I had obtained my brown belt. When I had begun school, there were sixteen Americans in my group of thirty-seven classmates. Now there were five Japanese and one American other than myself left. We were allowed to witness Oyama work. To the uninitiated his ability must seem somewhat beyond belief. I have seen him crush ten-inch field stones with his hands and feet. Bricks and roofing tile were broken as part of his daily workout. On one occasion I witnessed him break ten one-inch-thick boards that measured ten inches with one strike. About once a week he would put on a demonstration in the open-air market in Tokyo or Yukusha. He would kill a full-grown steer with one to three blows of his right fist. This was done to demonstrate the potential of the trained



This frontal head strike is usually employed against an opponent that has grasped the Karate in an arm immobilizing hold. It is directed at the bony structure of the face or the cartilage of the throat.

Karate and the extent of hand power available through concentration and practice. I have pictures of these demonstrations, and to my knowledge they are still being carried out.

The Karate must be careful not to place too much emphasis on the breaking of boards, etc. This suggests to the public that this is the mark and method of the Karate. It is not. It is done to demonstrate potential bone breakage and tissue damage that cannot be otherwise demonstrated without possibly inflicting serious injury to an opponent.

My training included studying anatomy and physiology and various pressure-sensitive and nerve points. We studied the history and the philosophy of Karate and worked out three hours daily. In January, 1958, I received my first degree black belt, Shodan. At that time I asked permission to stay in Japan and study with Oyama. There were two openings and seventy-four applicants. I was turned down because I was attending the University of Tokyo at the time, and I had discussed with Oyama my eagerness to return to the United States to school. He allowed me my wish and home I came.



The rear elbow strike is used to break a hold applied from behind. The area attacked ranges from the naval to the clavical. This is a dangerous technique and is used only under extreme conditions.



The knee strike is usually utilized as one of a series of blows in a total attack. It might follow an open handed chop to the head though the groin is its primary target. It may also be directed to the head.



Deadly Katahojime choke known as the Sentry Silencer No. 9 death grasp. There is no prescribed defense or break for it. Once applied it can be fatal in 15-25 seconds.

I have taught Karate since 1958 and try to remain active even when not teaching regularly. My students have included children six years old, women, policemen, co-eds, and a sixty-three year old swimming instructor. There have been many individuals and occasionally a group that I have refused to teach. In August, 1963, I was approached by a representative of the Black Muslim organization who requested that I teach a section referred to as the "first of Islam" offensive techniques. I refused, and he merely told me he would find a teacher elsewhere, and he did.

At present there are approximately four hundred black belts in the world. Many are in Japan and the U.S. with especially the West Coast having more than its share. There is, of course, much more to be said about Karate. I could discuss the Japanese-belted Karate versus the American-belted Karate, but I will not frankly because I do not wish to embarrass my American-belted brothers. It should suffice to say that my Shodan earned in thirty-five months was considered a rapid ascent through the belts. In America I have heard of Shodan ratings being earned in a year or less. So I will not discuss this.

There could be more said about the philosophy and aims of Karate, but the interested shall find out for themselves, and the curious reader might just be bored. There are a number of photographs accompanying this article that demonstrate varying moves, strikes, and blows. I feel that the creed of the Karate Ka is good as any as a place of Sayonara: "I will defend with honor."



The above certificate was granted by the Shukoh-Kai. It allows the bearer to teach Yawara stick techniques. The diploma below is Registration of a Ni Dan (second degree) Black Belt. It shows the regular number thumbprint, photo, and officials of the school attended.



PHOTOGRAPHY —
NANCY FERGUSON

Frontal kick can be delivered to all body areas from the shin to throat. The foot can be conditioned to break 3" of pine. This movement is effective against an opponent trained in standard defense, such as boxing.

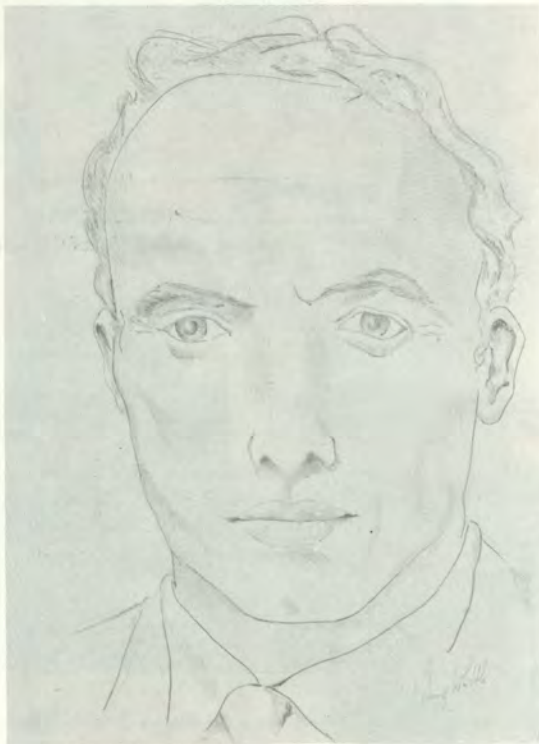
The Headmaster And The Black Barbarians

Harold Scheub

The story speaks for itself. There is a quality, an understanding that could only be expressed in such manner by a person who has lived in Africa. Mr. Scheub spent two years teaching in Africa in conjunction with a Columbia University foreign education program now adopted by the Peace Corps. While teaching a variety of subjects in a Uganda high school, he became more than an observer of the African way of life — he became a participant. Through his experience he derived a knowledge and understanding of African attitudes and those of the British school system — African style — to which the students are subjected. These attitudes, together with his own, are artistically expressed in the following satire.

Mr. Scheub will be leaving Valparaiso in June to study anthropology in the field of African studies at UCLA on a three-year fellowship program. He plans to return to Africa and involve himself in the growth of the African people — the African nation. He'll be missed on our campus. He'll be missed as a stimulating, innovating teacher, one deeply interested in students and their development.

G.C.G.
D.W.J.



ART/TERRY WHITTLE

The headmaster — stout, a flush of crimson — walked across the school compound, his arms swinging stiffly. He was glaring angrily at the lorry tracks: deep black ruts grinding tortuous channels into his newly planted paspalum patch. Mr. Edgar Grimbley, M. A. (Oxon.) — family man: one son, two daughters; civil service career: rather slipshoddily planned, he often thought, but he had been making his way in Uganda's Department of Education for fifteen years. He considered himself an honest though not exceptionally *moral* man — that was the way he liked to describe himself when the conversation at the Club took a philosophical turn. By that he meant he condoned quite a number of things, really, and he liked to be thought of as *liberal* rather than *moral*. Liberal rather than moral was Mr. Grimbley's ethical stance, but he was very high church when it came to Moslems and pagans and polygamy. The headmaster made no distinction between Moslems and pagans and had, early on in his Uganda career, selected the practice of polygamy as the symbol of degeneracy among these heathen people. (Eleanor Brancroft, the prolific journalist whose comments on the African scene were described as "important" and even "perceptive" by people like Grimbley, placed herself solidly in Grimbley's camp when she insisted that, left alone the African people would gradually regress "to their pre-European state of savagery" — a thesis that received wide support at the local European club.)

Mr. Grimbley was massively proud of his paspalum. "This will be my legacy to the school," was a Grimbley boast widely quoted in the kingdom — for the headmaster spoke often now of his return (always imminent) to the United Kingdom ("Surely sir, you cannot return to England!" Owera, the headboy at Kawera Senior Secondary School, had learned to exclaim whenever the headmaster got into one of his time-to-leave moods. "What a pity that would be! Why sir, we need you here!" And the headmaster would usually lean back in his chair, grunt rather tentatively, smile somewhat cautiously, raise his eyebrows threateningly, then casually assure the headboy that the time had not yet come for him to say kwa heri).

And contrary to the often heard opinions of several cynics (*all pimply-faced University of London graduates, the HM was quick to note*), it *was* a considerable legacy, considering Mr. Grimbley's attitude toward education in general (he was bored) and education of Africans in particular ("An impossible task, really, given the small brain cases of these black chappies — not much intellect there, you know." Then, usually, as a generous afterthought, for after all, he *was* committed to educating African boys: "Though I must say *this* for the watu: they *can* memorize!")

So paspalum was about all that could be expected of Grimbley, and he seemed to sense this somehow. In any case, he was doing his best to leave *something* to the school, something for posterity.

Fiercely, the headmaster fought back the bush, and, one might say, dauntlessly. Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon during the period known as "Estate Work" (from 4:30 to 6, just after tea), with considerable prodding by the HM and his small staff, ninety school boys and the six hired hands combined reluctant forces for the biweekly onslaught against the amazing adamant bush. And slowly, almost inch by inch, the elephant grass was driven back — until now, the HM could feel that he had indeed succeeded. Except for the odd rut here and there which required leveling for the school's new football field, and except for a few brick-hard ant hills that snubbed into the air about the area, the heavy green paspalum was taking hold, and it would be but a matter of a year or so before Kawera Senior Secondary School rolled its thick carpet of green down to the rusty murram road. The school was set back about three hundred yards from the road, and it was (the headmaster was among the first to admit it) not much at the moment to look at: a single glass brick of a structure which was the school dormitory (there were no shades and the boys constantly complained that the glare of the moon kept them awake — one boy, Amone, told the headmaster once that he was actually *afraid* of the moon, and Grimbley made a mental note of this, excellent material for light conversation at the Club) — but it was rather super when one consider-

ed that it was, after all, 150 miles north of Kampala — in real bush territory. This was genuinely Upcountry Africa! Elephants, leopards, baboons and the rest. Frightfully symbolic, thought Mr. Grimbley in one of his contemplative moods. "An outpost of progress," was what he called it in his first report to the school's board of governors. Potter House was the name of the dormitory — named after a past district commissioner of the area. Sir Ralph J. M. Seyton, K. B. E., then governor-general of Uganda, had come to Kawera to dedicate the new structure just a year before — and the boys in the top form still recalled with horrified glee how, when the governor-general went to the dormitory to tour the new structure, followed by Mr. Grimbley who was "excrutiatingly intellectual" (as the nursing sister put it) in his academic robes, his excellency found the doors quite firmly locked and it took well over an hour to find a maintenance man who had the keys!

That was all there was — just Potter House, and the new refectory which was now in its early stages of construction: a forest of knobby poles forming a curtain of scaffolding about the building so that one was able to get only the slimmest idea of what the structure looked like.

"It's the only grass that'll grow —" Grimbley speaking of his paspalum again — "and keep the weeds out." He always said this as he escorted visiting dignitaries to his paspalum patches. (Grimbley considered any European, be he High Commissioner or mere tourist, a dignitary, and few escaped the inevitable trek to the paspalum. It might be noted in passing that the headmaster did *not* consider American tourists as dignitaries, however, and he tried to avoid their blandishments whenever they bus-loaded onto the school's campus. "Silk-shirted, dollar-bloated boors," he called them, and Peter Shanks, the principal of the agricultural school in Kawera who did not like Yanks at all, thought Grimbley's epithets "poetic.")

Grimbley stood there for a moment, his face swimming under the sun, the scalp beneath his thinning hair fiery red, a slight breeze flipping the ample khaki excess of his tropical shorts. The boys were coming back from the temporary classroom down

in the village — one o'clock, time for lunch.

The construction workers, all Africans, had just completed their lunches — the headmaster noted corn cobs and chewed bits of sugar cane that littered the trodden paspalum where they had eaten — and were now returning to work on the refectory. Grimbley began to mutter something to himself, but he was interrupted by a commotion in the vicinity of the new structure, a disturbance which struck the headmaster as uncommon. He looked over in the direction of the work area.

"Ruddy watu!" he said, but the noise grew somewhat louder and he could see a few of the workers running about in a small circle. "Now what?" Grimbley had already spoken — just a weeks ago — to Singh, the Sikh foreman, about the noise his men made. This was especially bothersome in the morning when classes were in progress — or, worse yet, during morning prayers.

"Now what in bloody hell?" The headmaster was muttering aloud now, the noise was increasing, It was obvious that the workers knew that the headmaster was nearby, but they paid him no heed — whereupon the headmaster adopted a grimace of what he was fond of calling "authoritative displeasure," pulled his lips down so, squinted against the sun, fell into a somewhat militant pose — and, statuesque, tried to stare the men into passivity. But they didn't even look in his direction, the volume of the noise kept rising, and the headmaster suddenly found himself pounding his feet into the paspalum. He was getting angry now, truly angry, the noise increased and he seemed powerless to stem it. Throbbing veins thrust out across his forehead, the combination of red flesh and blue veins a source of curious delight to the Africans, but today they did not notice.

The workmen continued to run about the refectory, the headmaster still could not see what they were doing. There was a sudden, loud yell — "Wild men!" growled the headmaster — then it subsided again into low, excited murmurs.

Grimbley started to walk in the direction of the activity, his gait indicating his growing agitation (his arms were held stiffly at his side,

lips pulled further down, the squint now dominating the upper portions of his face). He wondered how to say "Idiots!" in Swahili (he had done rather poorly on the civil service language examination — but what did he care? he was leaving anyway — and would *soon*, bloody Uganda!) — the noise got louder.

Then he saw what the shauri was all about: a magnificent buck, sleek, flesh rippling, flew past, almost knocking the portly headmaster to the ground. Immediately behind the buck came the Africans — laughing, shouting, disregarding the HM completely. In fact (or so it seemed to the headmaster), a number of them were determined to brush up against him hard. Grimbley bobbed about for a few seconds in the midst of the chaotic charge, then managed to pull himself out of its path. It was obvious now what the fracas was all about, and he noted with horror that the workmen were carrying bricks with them.

The headmaster's quiet anger now burst into an almost wild fury. "Stop!" he screamed, forgetting even how to say "Stop!" in Swahili. And again, "Stop." but he was ignored. He ran in the direction of the roaring crowd. "You fools!" he bellowed. "What are you trying to do?"

The buck careened out toward the proposed football field, handsome, frightened, its tail flipping wildly, then it headed toward the road — and safety, because it was fast out-distancing the tiring Africans. But a rickety lorry loaded with mattresses and driven by a local dukawallah turned in toward the school from the road and frightened the buck which turned again, and, confused, ran in the direction of the refectory.

Grimbley could see what was coming. The animal was moving, frenzied, alarmed, within range of the African workers. They shouted gleefully, and prepared to propel their bricks.

"No!" screamed the headmaster, running again, somewhat confused himself. "No! H-ha-hapana!"

Now the Sikh foreman came out of his construction shack and, taking in the situation, was also confused. He saw his workers, saw the buck. He stared at Grimbley, thinking that the Englishman had finally lost his mind. What did a buck mean anyway, dead or alive? It was with apparent re-

spect that the Indian stared at the headmaster — but that was a pose, for the Sikh still smarted from Grimbley's constant, dictatorial interference in the building of the refectory. He grunted, amused, then turned and went back into the shack, pleased that the sun had done its work at last.

But Grimbley did not notice the appearance of the foreman. He saw the the buck was doomed.

A brick landed on the head of the animal and stunned it. The buck fell to the ground, the front legs buckling, but it scrambled to its feet again, turned slightly, and ran. A brick hit the animal in the hind-quarters. Startled, it turned, and rushed, confused, toward the workmen. A shout went up. Another brick hit the buck this time in the eye. Blood flowed, and now a cloud of bricks poured down on the creature and it was on the ground.

The hind legs kicked feebly, the animal was down and the men were on it. From a short distance, the schoolboys had stopped to watch the proceedings, laughing, excited. Now they too hurried up to the downed animal. The men already had their pangas, and they were busily, nosily, carving the animal up. Blood and flesh littered the ground, and, periodically, an African would rush from the group with a few pounds of buck meat in his hands, blood dripping over his legs onto the ground.

The headmaster's fury was complete now, and he stalked wildly toward the excited, chattering men.

"Goddamned savages!" he screamed. "Black barbarians!" The headmaster paced, uncontrollably it seemed, behind the Africans — but they were busy carving. Grimbley threw himself in among the ecstatic workers, and he pulled one of the men from the mangled carcass. "Bloody brutes!" he screamed. The workmen pushed against the white man's shorts. The men ignored the headmaster — still talking, carving, elated — and this maddened Grimbley. "Stupid!" he shouted, taking a few steps away from the group. He looked at the sweaty backs of the black bodies huddled over the buck's remains. "Stupid primitive monkeys!"

The school boys were backing away from the group now, their eyes on the headmaster, incredulous. "Asses! Blundering asses!" Then one of the

workmen stood up and faced the angry European — about four feet away, staring at Grimbley, quietly. "Bloody black savages!" shrielled the headmaster, his anger still unbridled. Another African stood up and stared at him, another. The boys moved farther back, not removing their eyes from the almost foolish shape of Mr. Grimbley. They were amazed, some seemed to be afraid. Other Africans stood now, and soon a crescent of African workers, their hands dripping with blood and filled with raw buck flesh, staring at the headmaster. And all was now very very quiet.

Grimbley was at last aware that he faced a crisis. He stood there, stubbornly; he couldn't retreat. Peter Shanks, a strong proponent of standing one's ground against the Africans, constantly recalled at the Club the great error made by the British Colonial Office: failure to stand its ground. And it was thus losing its Empire, Peter would never stop criticizing Grimbley if his drinking companion turned cowardly now.

But as the Africans, now murmuring again, started to move toward him, he did become rather nervous. "Bloody savages," he said, but not so firmly this time, and softly enough so that only one or two of the Africans caught his words. The boys stood in the background, transfixed. They had never before seen their headmaster's apparent ultimate authority so clearly challenged.

The headmaster now saw the length and breadth of his awkward situation. He looked around, as if for help — and saw the Sikh foreman. But the Sikh simply stood there, and it did not appear that he would provide much help. Grimbley seemed to be surrounded by animosity. Black faces, angry, glaring, muttering something obscene about the "bwana makubwa." The headmaster, suddenly shaken by an initial tremor of terror, backed up a step or two — he heard a quiet but shocked response from the school boys. The African workers moved in a step or two, seemingly unaware of the dripping clumps of meat in their hands, oblivious of the African school boys in the background. They were clearly angry, and the time it took for the headmaster's fury to dissolve into sheer alarm could be measured in seconds. He was prepared now for reasonable discussion,

but the workers were not. And that contemptible Sikh didn't do a thing to help; the HM had thought at times that the Sikhs were of the same mental calibre in the great chain of beings as the Africans, and now he was certain of it — the Sikhs, their long hair shoved into those filthy turbans, dancing about at night in calabashes of water to clean their feet. "Their feet are the only clean things about them," Grimbley suddenly muttered, a sneer. That surly foreman would probably be quite pleased to see the headmaster get a few bruises that steaming afternoon. The sweat on the HM's face was soupy now, and he moved back another step. The only sound was the quiet but angry muttering of the Africans, like their drums. The headmaster suddenly felt silly. He thought of Westminster Abbey and Piccadilly Circus and the cottage on the sea, he thought of cricket matches, of Stratford and the Lake Country. He never would understand these savages, that he knew. And he concluded, with a grunt that always accompanied his important conclusions, that that was precisely why he was in this present predicament. One cannot reason with savages anyway. But what could he do? He couldn't just turn around and run. The boys would see. Worse than that, he'd be the laughing stock of the boma. Peter would never, never allow him to forget it.

The Africans moved in a few steps. The headmaster tried, almost surreptitiously, to smile. Perhaps that would calm them. The bwana mkubwa smiling at them. But it didn't work. Grimbley moved back another step. The Africans immediately made up for it. This is ridiculous, the headmaster thought. Take your goddamned buck. Take it!

Then, for the first time, he noticed the school boys. They had moved around the crescent of African workers and were apparently closing in on the Englishman from the rear. Grimbley had not expected this. The boys were going to turn on him as well! A flash of anger tempered his fear momentarily as he watched the prefects lead the boys slowly behind him. The anger dissolved, and desperation heightened the HM's terror: what can you expect of Africans after all? Didn't this stupid situation simply support what Grimbley had said all

along? These people are uncivilized, primitive, barbaric. Loyalty is skin deep, he always said, oil will find oil, black will seek out black. No such thing as loyalty among these brutes.

Well, what was he to do? The boys were moving in slowly behind, not saying a word, just moving in, silently. And the workers, seeing their new advantage, were slowly inching their way toward the headmaster, their hands pocked with dried blood, the murmuring becoming louder, the distance closing.

Grimbley turned slightly and faced the boys. He couldn't tell from their expressions what they had on their minds. If anything. All Africans look alike, Grimbley knew, and it is impossible to tell what a black man's thinking. The headmaster's theory was that they acted from impulse. No real thought, no genuine logic, no reason that far down the ladder. That would have to come later, he had decided years before, after quite a few decades of British education and British rule and British values. That was what Peter always said, and Grimbley, like most of the Europeans in Kawera, agreed substantially with whatever Peter said. "These ruddy blokes rule themselves?" he had asked only the other day at the Club. "They'll all end up as slaves! Slaves — with an Nkrumah over them! Dictators and slaves — they'd exchange British rule for that?"

But this was talk for a more serene atmosphere. Right now, Grimbley had to think of a way out of his predicament. He would have to report this gross insubordination to the police chief — who fortunately, had not yet been Africanized, so he could expect some loyalty from *that* quarter. That would settle these damned African construction workers.

As to the boys, well, a few extra hours of estate work would teach them a few things about respect. That, and a good thumping for each of them!

They were all quite close now, the workers on the one side, the boys on the other. The headmaster turned to the boys.

"Now boys," he said, grimacing somewhat because of the pleading tone he detected in his voice. "Now boys . . ."

The boys were slowly surrounding the headmaster, surrounding him in

a tight little circle. Grimbley began to tremble. He tried to check the trembling, but he couldn't. Fifteen years in Uganda, countless experiences, some of them close calls, but never anything as close as this one. All this for a bloody buck? Let them go to hell! If they want to kill their damned animals, then let them!

The boys had completely surrounded him now, surrounded him in such a way that the African workers were on the outside of the circle, Grimbley on the inside. Then the boys turned, turned their backs on the headmaster and faced the African workers.

The headboy said something to one of the workers, and the headmaster knew that the boys intended to defend him from the mob. He sighed, almost a sob, and some of the former strength and authority returned, dribbled cautiously back. But he said nothing, nothing, until the African workers, after muttering a few imprecations, turned and went back to the buck, back to the refectory.

The headmaster noted that the Sikh laughed loudly, then walked into his tin hut, speaking in Gujarati or something to another goddamned Indian.

"All right, boys," the headmaster said, and the boys turned to face him, not saying a word. The headmaster was embarrassed.

"Time to eat, boys," Grimbley said.

The boys left, quietly, and went into the small thatched house next to the dormitory to eat their matooke and bean soup.

The headmaster stood there, then shook his head, kicked at the paspalum for a minute, and went slowly to his home for lunch.



ART/FRED NAGELBACH

Ted Quick wasn't like the rest of the kids in Fowlkes. He didn't really belong. He never talked about his Momma and Daddy, but we heard they had died when he was a youngun, and he had been passed from pillar to post since. He must of had a hive of shirt-tail relatives 'cause he didn't come to Fowlkes till he was 15.

when Ted Quick threw his nickle in and then went in after it. Fighting wasn't fun when it was for keeps. It wasn't long before we found out that Ted ranged from eyes to crotch and everywhere in between. Tooth and nail, fist and foot, he was a catch-as-catch-can roughouser, and he turned all of us every way but loose.

HONORABLE MENTION

On the Telling

Marcus Tate was Ted's uncle, or at least he called him uncle. Marcus was a diddler: he worked on anything that needed fixin' from cars to coffee pots, and he was the best around those whole parts. I remember Marcus as old but then I was young. He had a Model-T ford that had a box on the back where he carried junk. He used to come over the I.C. railroad bridge and coast up and hit this one old telephone pole because he didn't have any brakes. Both of Marcus' feet were turned around so that his heels were in the front, and we used to laugh and waddle around almost falling forward like he did. Marcus wasn't mean to us because he counted on our folks for his livin', but everyone said he beat up his wife Oma all the time. I can't remember anyone ever saying they saw her in town, but when you went by their house you could see her behind their house boiling clothes in a big iron pot or working in their garden. After Ted started coming to school, we used to ask him about his aunt, but he would just mash his mouth into a straight line and stand and look at us and stare us all down. Ted had been living with Marcus for about three weeks when my dad had gone out and talked to the Tates about sending Ted to school. Since Dad was the sheriff and Marcus didn't want any trouble with the law, Ted came to school the next Monday.

Ted was big for his age and was younger than he was big. Being strong in Fowlkes where you made your livin' with your hands was held as a point of pride, but Ted tempered his strength with a complete disregard for laters. He really didn't care about what happened to him, and when anyone started a fight with him they had to be ready to kill or cripple him before it was finished. Our school had seven big rooms and went from the first to the ninth grade. Fighting was to us like big game; sometimes we would finish a fight at lunch that we had started during morning recess, but Ted ended all of that. He was like a bull, diving right into the middle of anything that looked rough from a shoving match to a free-for-all. Even private fighting became public

The Tates lived like many in our town did, but like no one should have to. They had land to farm, but it was worn out through misuse, and Marcus was largely unable to put in the kind of labor a farm required. Theirs was strictly a hand-to-mouth existence. I never saw Ted in any outfit other than blue work shirt, overalls, and brogans. I remember his right sleeve was ice-slick from elbow to wrist; handkerchiefs were hard to come by. He was always loungey-relaxed but like a cat, dark and curly haired; we always felt a bit uneasy around him. For girls it was different; he looked at them openly and completely like they were heifers at a 4-H fair, and he was the judge. You have to understand that being 15 made no difference — when you were man-sized and did man's work, then you were allowed man's privileges.

At school recess was a complete turn loose. Things like wars and baseball was continued exactly where left off. There was a lot of bruising play and cussing and fooling around with the girls. Ted organized us. He proved he could out cuss the whole of us, spit twice as far as the best of us, and he had the girls from south town join up with him in a club he had built by cutting a clearing in a patch of six-foot Johnson grass in the thicket behind school. We used to pay him sandwiches or cake from our lunch to allow us in his club. He had brought his lunch from home only once. It was sliced turnips on biscuits so he never did again.

I got along well with Ted. From the first time my dad had gone to the Tates to get Ted into school, he and Ted had talked, and Ted considered Dad his friend. This could be because now he could be away from the Tates all day or because he enjoyed school. At first, he would have done as well staying home. He read slowly and would sit and stare out the window and ignore us all. He smoked in class, and once he threw a can of coal oil on the stove and almost burned the school down.

My mother heard that he was having trouble and had me tell him to come to our house. He had dinner

with us, and it was an experience I'll never forget. My mother was blind, and when she insisted he go wash his hands and face and comb his hair he just sat and gaped at her, but didn't move. Mother reached across the table and took his fork and spoon and told him if he wanted to come to her table like an animal he could eat like one, right out of his plate.

of a Stone

He just grinned and went out on the porch and washed up. From that time on they became friends. Before becoming blind my mother had been a teacher so she taught Ted. He was quick, and within the month school work was no problem for him. Only at school and in my house did I ever see him relax, and at school this was true only in the classroom. Outside class he was the quick and the wary.

One Friday we were allowed to organize a broadcast from our classroom. We used an old school trophy for a microphone with a string leading from it to a cardboard box nearby. Each one of the students would get up and sing or recite. When Ted was called on, he ambled to the desk and picked up the pretend microphone and told how Sunday last he had been crossing the school yard and had seen Miss Gunter, our teacher, and Billy Leonard playing on the see-saw. It was his way of saying it as much as what he said. There wasn't a sound for a long time. Then Miss Gunter came up and took the trophy from him and said we could all nap until time to go home, and she walked out. There was such a complete silence that you could hear her all the way down the stairs. Ted stood by the desk with his frozen grin. Finally, he walked back to the seat and noisily began to leaf through his book.

Loving Miss Gunter was not a thing that we were aware of. She was patient and young and dusty-freckly on her nose, and she always smelled clean of soap and starch and flower-like. She made learning fun and was understanding and would laugh with us at things we sometimes made funny. Then we all went home.

Monday morning we were all in school eager to see, yet dreading what was to come. There was no sign that anything had happened at first. As the day passed, we knew somehow that Miss Gunter was different: she was quiet and seemed far away from us, unsmiling and later ungiving. As the days passed, we realized that Ted had stolen part of her away from us. Knowing maybe that she was everything he was not, he had driven away the part of her

uncommon in him.

At first it was hardly noticeable, then more and more so. No one was talking to him; even stranger no one was talking about him. He had been dismissed. At first he ignored this; then he became angry, then to shove and shout, but he didn't exist to them, and no one cried out or spoke.

Jack Green

It was perhaps a week later, late dusk just as dark was coming. I was in the kitchen adding sugar to a glass of lemonade. I heard voices on the front porch and walked through the living room and saw Ted standing, talking to my mother, her sitting still in the swing.

He had a bundle that looked like an old shirt with its sleeves tied around itself tying in his belongings. They talked softly, and I could not hear them. He looked up and saw me through the screen door and started to speak, but instead raised his bundle in sort of a wave and stepped off the porch, crossed our yard, and across the bridge.

My mother had given him an old leather-bound diary when she had been tutoring him. He had admired it, and she had torn out the first few pages she had written on and given it to him and told him to write in it when he wanted to. Ted had come by to give it back before he left. Mother asked me to read what he had written. I brought an aladdin lamp out of the bedroom and turned the mantle up, and the old maroon book was washed in a white light.

There was much scribbling and drawing skipping throughout the book. Some about school and the names of some books. On the last two facing pages in the book there was, in Ted's scribble, two written pieces.

On the first page was:
Spring is yellow and white.
Summer is red and green.
Spring is birth.
Summer is life.
Spring, a small girl, frightened when it rains
Summer, woman full, head and breast high, smiling
Summer is Spring grown up.
and on the other page:
I stand and see the stars
and stretch my arms to hurt.
Like house lamps they shine warm
through windows to the street

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A SITDOWN

David Johnson

I guess I thought of them as niggers and P. R.'s now as the brakes screamed and the lights flashed for an eighth of a second and they all got off underneath Harlem and the doors closed and the train clattered on to the gay white way. Weird, no sad, no bad — what the hell — what the city, and it's wicked to amalgamate everything in that conglomeration of boroughs, bars, streets, beards and cathedrals, typewriters and galleries into something so unified as a city, did to you, for you. You didn't love anybody here, or maybe you just loved specifics or stereotypes; but one thing for sure, you didn't, you couldn't, hate anybody, really hate them. God you couldn't hate them, there were too many, there was too much, to get down and really gutsy hate. We were underground now and ripping past the gray smudged walls about two inches from the window where there were no more Carlos loves Mary signs because no one who wasn't out of his head would ever get in that little tunnel where those trains . . . , God if you tried to love or hate them all you'd . . . , you could sure hate in the "quaint", "rustic", "ethnic", "picturesque", "simple" little farming village where number one son first saw the ever so beautiful morning sun through the Venetian blinds at five o' five the morning of.

"Giddap, whoa, giddap, whoa, giddap, whoa", the pony's feet stopped on the threshold of the tavern and his matted and manure-stained belly sagged under the big Bohemian's weight. Joe Kerme's feet almost touched the floor and they hit against the door frame as he tried to kick the pony into the tavern.

"Goddamit, goddamit, goddamit Joe, get that horse out of the tavern."

With red flecks and foam on the cold shiny steel the bit dug into the rubbery mush of the pony's mouth and the haunches rippled and the feet danced sagging off the curb of the sidewalk and away from the yellow mellow of the light in the bar. The polka came out at the door of the bar, the notes biting hard against the swinging door and softening as they pushed into the night against the brick of the implement shop across the street and up around the street lights where the mosquitoes and moths buzzed. The notes rolled on down the silent part of the street fading past the grocery store and blending into the nothingness and cricket chirping at the railroad tracks where red warning lights were dark and still. The tavern only interrupted the silent night.



ART/ Carol Schwennesen

Inside some draped on stools, red plastic stools with the stuffing showing around the seams. Against the light their features were harsh and defined. Yellow white with blonde whiskers against the beginning redness of his face Herb eased his lower lip around the glass, stuck his tongue into the foam and mooded off to the fishing pictures on the wall and the plastic trout with a red Hamm's circle in his tail fin. His face was ruddy, round, full, pink; pleasing Norwegian, pink lips and blue eyes. His shoulders gathered under the denim and the power flowed smooth and rippling through the biceped arm and into the hand, the big, long fingered hand wrapped around the foam protected by the glass. Kermes came back into the tavern and up to the bar by Herb. He leaned on the bar and rested his face in a hand. Herb's hand tightened around the glass so the sun-burned hand turned white and the pink pushed on up to his wrist. He lifted the glass drained it, and set it back on the dark wood. He had that smell again, Bohemian, the smell with the mysterious element heightened by manure ammonia, corn silage, the moist night air in the fibers of his jacket, and beer. It was a smell peculiar to Bohemians, offensive. Kermes was offensive. He was offensive like Herb wasn't. He leaned heavy against the bar, eyes bulged at nothing and jowels, thick jowels, shadowed by whisker stubble. His was a dark face, Dinarian face, thick, heavy, white at the collar where it stopped. The white followed down to where the skin was covered by the undershirt. Thick and heavy, that was Kermes, all the Kermeses for that matter.

"Beer Choc"

Even that he said too loud, or rather too out of joint, too grating and bouncing in the wrong places. He couldn't pronounce words American. He had a muscular body, but hidden, wrapped in flesh layers, pale white flesh layers around the thick arms and the thighs that were so much bigger than the thin calves and ankles.

Herb was sure of those thighs, the way they'd be. He didn't like Kermes, or the rest of the Bohunks for that matter. It wasn't their bodies that bothered him, the bodies, the fast encased bodies, thick thighs and skinny ankles. He saw the old Kopocek woman, blubbery and blimpy in the print dress at the mailbox with arms thick as any man's he'd seen. It wasn't the faces, thick faces with eyes bulging at nothing and noses heavy with cartilage. It wasn't the smell, the god awful pungency of the race, so elusive to labeling but having something to do with perspiration and yellowed undershirts. It was their manner, their goddam, dumb, cocky, naive, innocent and knowing manner. The way that heavy bastard leaned over the bar and his familiar "Beer Choc". The accent, it was the accent, the unAmerican sound, the way they broke into Polish if rubbered on the telephone. They were so clannish, the way they grouped

together in the stores and in front of the Catholic church in the city, standing in flowered dresses, doubled breasted suits, and those high topped dress shoes, and the way they worked and bought their farms together, almost like a goddam collectivized farm.

"Two hundred and fifteen HEY do I hert twenty twenty twenty Hey the man in the blue shirt goes twenty twenty five two hundred and twenty five dollars for this land it's a steal HEY thirty thirty thirty . . ."

Herb Hanson stood kicking the sod piece at his foot Two hundred and twenty five dollars an acre was as high as he'd go; but that forty would have nicely rounded off the farm. His farm was too little for today's farming, you can't do it on a hundred and twenty acres, you can't. Con wouldn't give him more than two fifteen an acre and he'd already overstepped that and you didn't mess around with the bank. It had been just him and the Kermeses bidding towards the last. They stood in a group off to his left in bib overalls, father Harry with crumpled straw hat and big nose, the younger boys, and Joe. It was Joe's turn to bid he heard, the forty adjoined his place too.

"Two thirty once, two thirty twice, you bought forty acres Joe."

Herb turned, walked back to the pickup truck, choked the engine, sputtered it, and drove off through the other cars pulling off the shoulder and onto the August dry gravel road. You don't bid against the Bohemians, at least he learned that today.

Herb squirmed on the stool. He wanted to leave but not make it obvious.

"Have a chair Joe."

Herb got off the stool and walked into the summer night.

The train was crowded now. She stood above me and she had packages, shopping packages. She set them down carefully on the floor and gripped a metal hanger. There weren't anymore seats on the train. An old man with torn leather shoes, dirty yellowed collar, and beaten fedora sat across from me. I could see him around her. Newspapers alternated up and down the rows of people sitting. A group of Puerto Rican boys with slick hair and black cabretta jackets stood by the sliding door of the subway and the cop stood by them. The man next to me in business suit rustled the paper, changed pages, and settled down again. She stood there, big. About nineteen or twenty, she was tall and heavy. A stupid, vacant look was in her eyes. She stared at the floor, shook, and shifted her feet as the train slowed then speeded up again. Chris said you didn't give your seats to women on New York subways. She hung on the metal hanger and swayed with the moving train. It was probably shyness on

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THE ALMOST ARTIST — BORCHARDT

Jew. I've never lived with one before, you know, but I'm sure you'll get to know me very well".

"So?, a letter they sent you? I never got one".

"I thought that Jews couldn't live with gentiles".

"It is", said grandfather, "and I didn't know that I would be living with one. But, the times are changing you know, and some of these old ideas must go if we are to learn about each other".

"Oh, I know all about you Jews", said Ivan, offering Mendel a cigarette.

"No thank you, I don't smoke".

"My father employs several Jews in his store — he's a merchant you know . . . one of the biggest in St. Petersburg. And then there are the other Jewish merchants he has dealings with. A very shrewd and thrifty race, the Jews".

"I wasn't aware that we were so thrifty", said Mendel.

"Oh yes, always pinching pennies; very smart indeed".

"My father pinches so many pennies maybe, that he was able to send me to this fine university?"

There was an awkward silence for a moment, and Ivan finally said, "Well, I must be leaving. I'm meeting a group of students for an outing. I'd ask you to come along, but, well, you're new, and frankly you wouldn't feel comfortable; at least not until you've been around for awhile, and get to know some of the other students first. I'll be back later".

And with that, Ivan walked out of the room and left Mendel to unpack his few things. A short time later there was a knock at the door.

"Come in", Mendel called out, and in walked another stranger.

"Sholom aleichem! I'm Chalvne Zissel".

"Aleichem sholom!" What joy surged through grandfather when he heard that greeting! For what could be more beautiful for a Jew in a strange place to hear than another Jew greeting him with the word "sholom"?

"I heard that another Jew was to live here, so I thought I would come to meet you".

"It is indeed a pleasure to meet you. You live on this floor?"

"No, one flight down".

"And you too have a goy to live with? or were you fortunate to be placed with a Jew?"

"A goy, what else? You . . . what is your name?"

"Mendel. Mendel Yosifel . . . from Haplopovitch".

"You will have much to learn, Mendel Yosifel".

"Yes, I am looking forward to starting my art classes. I am going to be an artist".

"Ha", snorted Chalvne, "did I mention anything about studies? I meant you will have much to learn about being a Jew".

"Nu, so what's to learn? A Jew is a Jew."

"Not here, my friend, a Jew is a freak".

"How can this be, Chalvne? Has not the university been so kind as to pay for our education? How many goy would be so willing to support a Jew, I ask you? The Jews here should fall on their knees and thank the Almighty for his blessing to the sons of Israel — may his blessings never cease!".

"May heaven preserve us from such a kindness! and keep its blessings for someone else! Their kindness is for their own benefit: They tell us they will pay for our education, and after we arrive and are unable to pay for food or shelter, they put us to work for them — out of the kindness of their heart! They make us to live with the goyim, against all the rules of our faith, so that we might see how fair minded they are — out of the kindness of their heart! And to make matters worse, if such a thing is possible, we are required to attend the religious services at the church — out of the kindness of their heart! I spit on their kindness!".

"But, surely they are well intentioned. Perhaps if they were informed that our religion . . .".

"Since when has a Jew the right to inform goyim? And what good would it do? Can thirty Jews among thousands of goyim make themselves heard? A blind man would have an easier time seeing! I tell you, it was a mistake to have come to this place. Wait till you have been here a year. Did I say one year? No, you have only to be here a few short months to see the error of coming. See if what I say is not so!".

And grandfather did see. Within the next several months, Mendel began to understand what Chalvne had meant on that first day. Was this the paradise he had sought? When he tried to enroll in the art classes, he was told that he would have to wait another year until he had met certain requirements in other fields, among them, language and mathematics. Oi, what a struggle Mendel had! What had he to do with numbers. His parents wondered why he was not doing well, and the university threatened to end its support if his grades did not improve.

"But I'm not a mathematician", Mendel explained to his teacher, "I want only to be an artist".

"It is not enough to be an artist only", his teacher explained. "One must be prepared to take an active role in society; that is why we demand a broad background for our student".

As for the religious question, when Mendel suggested that perhaps the Jewish students might be excused from attending the services and Saturday classes, and from living with gentiles, he was informed that it was the universities policy to integrate the student body. It was not good for the Jewish students to isolate themselves.

"Isolate ourselves?", said Chalvne one evening, when Ivan had left the room, and Mendel was alone studying, "it is they who isolate us! I must attend classes with them, eat, sleep, and worship with them, work for them as well. But was I allowed to join the

debating team? Could you get into the student artist club? No! It would have been better for us to have stayed in the villages and ghettos: there we could at least live as Jews and be proud of our heritage. Here we are expected to think, and to live as goyim, and still they treat us as if we were in the ghetto!

"Perhaps you are right, Chalvne", grandfather sighed. "I don't know what to think any more".

"We must take a stand for our rights, Mendel . . . we have waited long enough".

"So what are you talking, Chalvne?", asked grandfather Mendel suspiciously.

"Students all over Europe are beginning to protest the oppression of the proletariat. Are was not students, and have we nothing to protest?"

"Chalvne, how many times must I tell you? I want nothing to do with this "socialism". Haven't we enough problems without adding another?"

"What socialism? Did I mention anything about politics? I'm only suggesting that with Passover approaching this would be as good a time as any for us Jews to assert our right to celebrate our holiest feast day. We have drawn up a petition, asking the President to allow us to remain out of classes and to hold a Seder on campus, so that for once we might be recognized as Jews. Is this socialism?"

"Who is we?"

"Moishe, David Katz, Yossel, and myself: we've appointed ourselves as a committee. Do you wish to see the petition? Here it is".

Mendel head it slowly, several times. "This does not appear to be too much to ask — may I sign it?"

"What Jew would not sign it? Let him shrivel up, and blow away in the wind!"

So, the petition was signed by the Jews at the university. And not the Jews only; no, many of the gentile students and some of the faculty signed it as well.

"Well, it is done, Mendel", said Chalvne, about a week later. "The petition has been circulated, and we have hundreds of signatures. Moishe has taken it to the President's office, and will ask him to meet with our committee".

"The President is a good man, Chalvne", said Mendel, "he will read it and grant us our wish. We will celebrate Passover as Jews, and be proud of the faith of our fathers. It was a good idea, this petition of yours. Who would have thought the day would come when Jews might make demands and be listened to by the goyim? Could our parents have envisioned such a day? My father warned me not to trust them; but he was mistaken, Chalvne, for they are good people, these goyim, even if their customs are outlandish! I tell you, it is a new era for the Jew in Russia. No longer will our education consist only of learning the Hebrew tradition in cheder. With the blessing of the Almighty — may his praise be ever on our tongues! — I will become an artist yet! Next

year I will enter the art class, and in no time I'll be making more money than I could at tailoring in Haplopovitch".

"It is true", said Chalvne, whose eyes were filled with a hope not seen in them since he had first arrived at university. "And I will become the first lawyer from my village. Think of it, Mendel, that a Jew should see the day when he might become an artist or a lawyer and live in peace with goyim! We are helping to shape a new generation where Jews may speak out and be heard; where the goyim will make amends for all the centuries of hate and death!"

"Amen, Chalvne. And may the God of our fathers smile upon our children's children, as he has upon us!"

But don't get your hopes up, little ones, for it never came to pass. No, the very next day all the Jewish students were expelled from the university. Why you ask? Does a Jew have to ask why misfortune comes his way? That's the way it has always been. They were told that they were trouble-makers and that they were ungrateful for the opportunity to better themselves. Since they could not conform to standards, and wished instead to cause discontent among the other students, the good President ordered them to leave the campus immediately.

So, where did my grandfather go? he went home to Haplopovitch, naturally; where else could he have gone? He went to work again with his father in the tailor shop, got married to a fine Jewish woman, my grandmother — may her soul sleep in peace! — and lived to be an old man. And never again did he draw a picture — not even a little one!

So you see how fortunate you are to be in this wonderful country of America, my sweet ones? For here a Jew is a Jew, and he can be anything he wants to be — even an artist. Because the All Merciful One — may his mercy toward Israel never end! — has provided a land where all men are free to live in dignity. And the universities here are open to everyone; yes, even Jews. And they do not try to make a Jew into something he is not. Never forget that; and never forget Mendel Yosifel, my grandfather. Nu, so who could say? Perhaps one of you will grow up to be an artist!

Childhood Friends

Small talk stretched over a hollow drum,
Its sides

Cracked pieces
Of shared time
Balanced on

The base
Of petrified memories,
Its sound —

A dry, but lasting,
Rattle

Unless change again cements the parts
Into a mellow whole.

Kathy Behrenbruch

A DAY — GAJEWSKI

"Pretty good, huh Dad?"

"Very good, Johnny, very good." Frank ruffled Johnny's hair and patted him on the nape of the neck, smoothing down the cowlick.

Johnny shuffled into the family room and Frank heard the drone of a newscast followed by the click of the channel selector. He eyed the aquarium, the fish was swimming around a plastic castle. Helen came in with a martini glass in each hand and gave one to Frank. Frank looked. Her hair was in place now, and her blouse was tucked in. He watched her put Johnny's book on the table and sit down.

"Thought cha might like a martini," she said, her smile giving.

"Thanks—honey." Frank sipped. His face relaxed, he smiled. Helen's eyes rolled to the corners to see him as she pressed the rim through her smile. Frank took another drink. Her eyes looked blue now and her breasts higher.

"Johnny's doing fine in school — conquered second grade arithmetic."

"So I see."

"Dinner's almost ready."

"What we having?"

"Pork chops."

"Good."

"I knew you'd like pork chops."

"Thanks, honey."

"You drive tomorrow?"

"No, Dan."

"Blue Wednesday?"

Blue Wednesday. Frank's thoughts echoed her words. He shifted his weight in the black leather chair and took another sip of his martini.

* * *

ON THE TELLING OF A STONE — GREEN

through sky to the field.

Where I am.

On a mountain top stars would be closer.
Like up to the house on path, walking
I'll find a mountain.

When I finished, my mother just sat and slowly moved the swing. I asked her why Ted was like he was, and she replied that she was glad that I hadn't called him mean. She said that someone or everyone Ted had ever met had done to him what he had done to Miss Gunter, driven a bit of the good out of him until it was all gone or driven so deep in him it was hard to get to.

Much later my father heard from Marcus Tate, Ted's uncle, that Ted had been in a fight with a railroad brakeman in the railyard of a town in

Georgia. The brakeman had been had hurt, and Ted had been caught and sentenced to one of the state's road gangs. My mother had dad write to the town to see if she could get Ted's address so she might write to see if he needed anything. He wrote on the county stationary wording the request like an inquiry from one lawman to another.

The next week we received a letter that told how Ted Quick had been drowned while working on the state chain road gang installin pilings for a new railroad trestle across a stream at a town called Flowery Branch, Georgia. The body was never recovered.

When my father finished reading the letter, we just sat quiet-like and my mother said, "They never found the body. He did say he'd find his mountain."

A while later Dad said, "Yes, and he's one that's just ornery enough to have done it."

* * *

A SITDOWN — JOHNSON

my part. I formulated invitations, "Have a seat", "Why don't you sit down?" "Seat?" or maybe I should just get up and point. But maybe it was fear, those faces lined up along each side of the train, peering over their papers, putting them aside maybe, to watch me. The man with the fedorah who would look up from the gum wrappers and mud tracks and the others who would all watch me hang on the handle. And she'd be embarrassed too. For her I would give an individual civil, or was it social, rights demonstration. I couldn't hate like in Hayward. Didn't know her, couldn't love her either. I stared hard at the gum wrappers and mud tracks. She had to be a goddam Negro, why'd she have to be a Negro. The subway was stopping and I made a move to get up. Another old man, like the one in the fedorah, but heavier and shorter and with his shoes in pretty good shape saw me tense for rising and started to move around a couple people. He wanted the seat. I watched him, on him were the legs I always imagined would be the kind with gout, get his face serious for taking that seat. The girl looked like she was slow and probably timid, soft stupid eyes, but she was closer, much closer. The door opened and I got up and pushed through I blocked the man, threw him off balance and quarter turned him. I stepped out of the harsh light of the subway into the dank dark of night in a subway station, dark with lights, but dark. The rained in air cooled the blood in my face. This wasn't my stop and I waited for the next train, same destination, Times Square. I looked hard at the departing train but I couldn't see them. God, I hope she got that seat. Oh gutless love.

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Alienation

A place
Why can't there be a place?
A place to think and dream and cry
And no one see
A place to look out from
To peek out at the world
And it can't get in
Just because it **is** too big
And I don't have to be afraid
And I **would** be alone
Not lonely
But really alone
Not a bad fit in the wrong niche
But merely absent
And I could sit and think and observe
Not cry
No need to cry
Because there would be no hopes to lose
No dreams to fall apart
Not happiness
That would be too much to ask
But just a place to be
Alone with me
And no one see.

Kathy Behrenbruch

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I. THE SITUATION IS THIS

I'd say it was a remarkable event
(At least many remarks have been made about it).
But what it really was, I don't know for sure.

There was this guy, see,
And he died, see,
And then God raised him up, see,
But what I don't see
Is what I'm supposed to do with him.

II. CONFRONTATION

I saw Christ today
An He wasn't a longhaired white-robed shepherd,
Posing for a portrait with His cutest lamb.

I saw Christ today
And He didn't tell me to be a-good-little-girl
Or to give a-dollar-a-week to church.

I saw Christ today
And He wouldn't tell me all the wise answers
A young Jewish boy gave in a long-ago temple.

I saw Christ today
And He was wearing tan chinos and a white sport shirt
And His shoes had been newly-polished yesterday
But now they were a little dusty.

I saw Christ today
And He told me I was a God-damned sinner,
Then He said, 'Follow Me,'
And it's tearing me up inside.

III. NOW

"Live, Live, Live," I heard,
But no one was telling me.
I had it in my hand and it was solid and I was grasping it
And I don't know what to do next.

Marilyn Tschannen