

Spring 1963

Spring 1963

Valparaiso University

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**THE
LIGHTER**



Spring

1963

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THE LIGHTER

the literary magazine
of Valparaiso University

LIGHTER STAFF

EditorJan Seefeldt
Assistant EditorJoAnne Hollis
Art EditorVirginia Eich
Business ManagerDave Busse
Advertising ManagerChuck List
Faculty Advisor....Professor Paul Phipps

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:

Susan Linneweh, Marlise Reidenbach,
Henry Steinmann, Nancy Zeim, Mark
Scherer

COVER by Henry Steinmann

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:

Ted Steege, Donna Hoover, Carol Helm-
stetter, Rudolf Hirschmann, Elaine War-
insky, Michael Quam, William Blount,
Dennis Collins, Kathy Behrenbruch,
Mary Taylor, Bonnie Thormeyer, Geoff
Stein, Linda Brust

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TIME OUT

Be clear without being dull. Be unique without being obscure. Be good!

These imperatives seem to summarize what you as readers (and critics) of the *Lighter* have demanded of it. It is rather simple for the person who merely skims over the magazine, checking for pictures of a pretty girl, glancing at a few poems, or even reading some of the articles, to criticize the contents. For those of us who are more involved in its production, the difficulties of competing with term papers and tests and the lack of enthusiasm for any aspect of campus participation by some upperclassmen temper such criticism. It becomes a matter of perspective as to the amount and type of criticism one will level at any endeavor, whether it be a carved coconut from Tahiti or the Sistine Chapel. The person who knows the amount of work and talent it takes to produce either will be ready to balance this knowledge with the final product. We are ready to acknowledge that we have not tapped all the resources possible to represent typical campus writing; part of that has been our fault — part yours. The continuous cry to use materials handed into the English department does not appear to be the key to our problems. How many essays written in the inimitable Valpo paragraph or line-by-line analyses of poetry would it take to alienate the audience we have? Short story classes do not begin work until the middle of second semester by which time most of our deadlines have passed. For those of you who do take time to read what is offered and find that amateur work is not to your liking, may we refer you to the *New Yorker*, *Saturday Review*, and *Mad Magazine*. We have never considered ourselves as competition for them.

Returning to the opening statements one can see that the first two phrases are indictments against the quality of the material from a literary or academic standpoint. For five years editors have struggled with formats and ideas, sometimes coming up with excellent pieces but often falling into the pitfalls of mediocrity and/or bad taste. It has been difficult to take one step forward because it is often followed by two backwards, as in the case of the last issue. Major accusations emphasize that as a campus "literary-humor-variety magazine" we have spread ourselves too thin. With a catch-all definition like this, any and all material can be incorporated into it; this allows for abrupt contrasts that some people feel should be eliminated. One of the reasons this omnibus practice has been used is the fact that we have tried to present a magazine that will be enjoyed by everyone of the 2700 plus students on this campus; we have tried to please all the people at least some of the time.

Since the last issue one predominant theme has been "Why not a literary magazine — no fooling around with humor that lapses off into bad taste or worse?" This has been considered, and with this issue we are experimenting with the idea. Humor can be a wonderful release from everyday worries and problems, but it takes a practiced hand to render it presentable to the public. Even then there are always objections. The struggles the *Lighter* has had, using amateur material, illustrates this problem most clearly. If our audience is decreased by this change, we hope

that those of you who do not give us up for lost will recognize in the material presented the striving of the staff towards a magazine that has value as part of the educational process of this university.

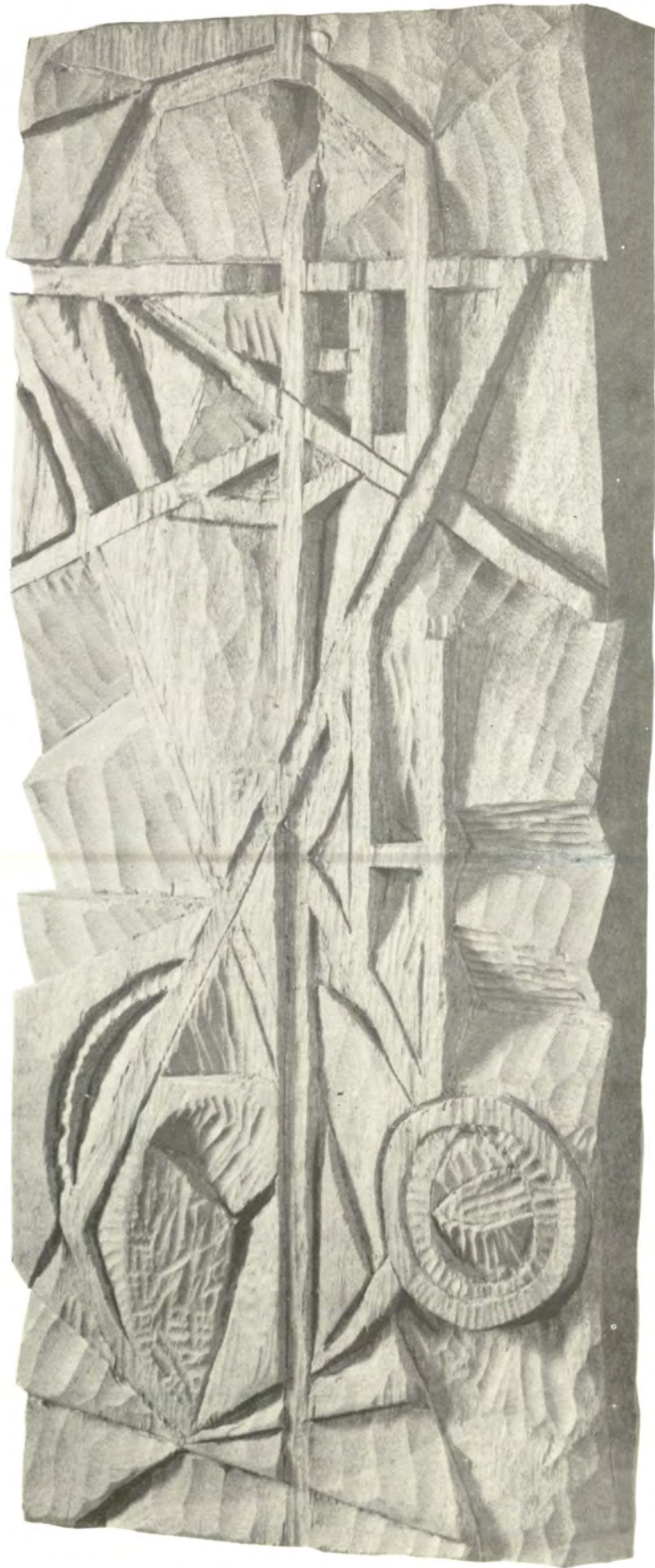
While the majority of the problems are associated with the performers involved — writers and editors — as an audience you must also be ready to do more than indifferently accept each issue as it comes along. Since some of you have expressed the desire not to see the *Lighter* discontinued, it means an honest attempt on your part to lend yourself to what the writers are expressing.

It is the third phrase of our opening that renders us most vulnerable, for it is a double-edged sword. It includes not only an objective literary criticism but a subjective moral implication. To throw around the old saw-horse about no one being perfect is not the answer in this situation. In attending this university we are immersed not only in a cold, academic atmosphere but in one that recognizes the God-given value of one's neighbor. We, as part of God's plan of care for this chaotic earth, are obligated not to join in the chaos. Rather, in whatever we devote our time to — attending class, going on coffee-dates, joining a Greek organization, or contributing to the *Lighter*, we have a responsibility to our profs, dates, friends, and readers. When that responsibility is forgotten, then we must accept the criticism that is due. This does not mean all material used in the *Lighter* must have the flavor of Pollyanna or some other such nonsense, but we must recognize the difference between acknowledging evil's existence and creating it for its own sake.

The dragging winter months seem to arouse a spirit of criticism in every aspect of campus life, and the *Lighter* often bears a major share of it. Some people are anxious to discontinue publication (this has been true since its beginning). We are not claiming to be above criticism, but we would like to hope that the *Lighter* will not be discontinued. It is one place where individuals on campus can express themselves creatively. It does not have to be the place where the Christian community is put in jeopardy every time an issue appears. It is not a necessary function of the university to give the students this opportunity; neither is it obligated to present lyceum programs, art exhibits, bowling alleys, or Spring weekend activities, but we have supported them. Taking into consideration the recent criticism leveled at the *Lighter*, we hope this issue reflects more accurately the thinking of this campus and thus add to the growth of the university in knowledge and understanding.

TIME-IN —

This issue will be the last one for this school year. Because we have been behind in meeting our deadlines and because we realize the presence of a dissenting element regarding the publication of the *Lighter*, we have decided not to print a fourth issue. We would like to thank all of you who have given your efforts for our use, and we hope that most of you and others will be able to continue to contribute your ideas and abilities for future issues.



artist / Marlise Reidenbach



artist / Mark Scherer

ON THE JOB

Ted Steege

The salesman peered through the picture window as he leaned on the doorbell again. Nothing happened. He turned toward the street and folded his arms, gazing absently down the long row of split-level homes with cinder drives and picture windows. Someone's child in a play-pen on the next lawn kicked away its empty bottle and cried.

Just as the salesman was bending to pick up his briefcase, the door opened a crack.

"Yes?"

"Oh! Hi, Ma'am!" He looked almost genuinely startled as he wheeled suddenly to smile at the woman peering through the crack.

"Actually, it's your husband I came to speak to—will you tell him I'm here, please?" He faced the street again, arms folded, scratching his chin with his thumb.

"Come in, young man." Her voice was icy.

"That's quite all right, Ma'am—I'll wait here," he tossed over his shoulder.

"Come in." Her wide, red-veined eyes were unblinking.

He shot a glance back down the cinder drive, and before he could turn back to face her, a tight grip on his elbow nudged him through the doorway and steered him into a well-padded chair. The door slammed heavily, leaving his case on the porch. The air smelled of bourbon.

"Now: Talk to my husband!" she demanded, her long finger pointing toward the ponderous leather sofa across the room. No one there.

"I—I don't understand—"

"Talk to my husband!" The voice quavered and cracked slightly.

His smile had disappeared. He stared at the empty couch, then back at her. "I'm sorry," he gulped, shifting his legs nervously, "very sorry. I—I didn't realize that he was—"

"What's your name?" she asked, easing herself down into a high, embroidered arm-chair. Her voice was calmer again.

"Tod Miller—I'm talking to all the families in the area, getting combined reactions to a couple of questions," he rattled off.

She wasn't listening. Leaning forward, one elbow on the doiled chair-arm to support her, she struggled to bring him into focus. Her eyes opened wider, then she blinked intentionally, hard. The swollen lids opened once more, and she leaned forward still farther, brushing a strand of grey hair back from her tired face. The hand was blue-veined and wrinkled.

The salesman stood up and edged toward the door. "Actually, though, we're talking to all the young families in the area—you know, the ones with children still in school?" Gesturing with his hand a foot from the floor, he grinned uneasily. She didn't.

"Sit down," she snapped, like somebody's second-

grade teacher. "We sent Margaret to school . . . Don't try to tell me we didn't do the best we could for her!" The words slurred sluggishly from her tongue when she tried to speak quickly. She sat there, using her tongue to play with the roof of her mouth, until the upper row of shining teeth parted from the gums and met the lower with a sickening click. He bit his upper lip and turned away, studying the wedding pictures which stood on the mantle between an old Swiss mahogany clock and a half-empty cut-glass decanter. Quarter to seven.

"Did you go to school?" she wondered out loud, calm once more. The teeth were back in place.

"Yes, I'm in college right now," he said, sitting again and crossing his legs. "I only work during the summer."

Her face clouded over again. Quickly, "Oh, don't worry, we gave her the chance to go to college! Didn't appreciate it, though. They all do that these days—run off and have kids as if we'd never done anything for them." The angry tone softened into one of deep, hollow sorrow. "She never thinks about me anymore . . . she's not alone."

"Of course she thinks about you," he tried. "She's just wrapped up in life, that's all."

She gave a heavy, humorless chuckle. "I do look sort of like death herself, don't I?" Her empty stare rested on the clean rack of polished pipes on the end-table next to the leather sofa. "How did you know my husband was dead?" she said flatly, without looking up.

His jaw dropped open. "But I didn't know! I'm sorry I asked for him, Ma'am—really I am! I just didn't—"

"Don't lie to me," she cut in, her angry eyes glaring at him again. "You stood at my door not five minutes ago and told me he was dead—you said, 'Your husband died a year ago and I want to speak to him!' Don't try to tell me different—I heard you!"

He started to draw breath for a retort, caught himself, then made a futile gesture and let the air out in a tense half-sigh. "I'm sorry, I said. But don't you understand, that's my job—I have to ask women for their husbands; the company doesn't let me talk to women alone. That's why we call in the evening, because husbands are usually home with their wives. I always have to say that. Honestly, I didn't know . . ." He stared past his sweaty hands at a spot on the rug between his feet.

"Who sent you around here to torture old widows? What have we ever done to you?" she pleaded. Gone was the accusing tone, the flashing rage, and she spoke as from the bottom of a dry well.

"I don't want to torture anyone," the student said, squirming to the edge of the cushion. "I just want to sell books!"

"Books?"

(continued on page 31)

A Different Love

*Why don't we bicker and fight
And suffer pangs of restlessness
As other couples do?
Who are we, that we
Should be so special?
What makes us think we share a love
So much superior to others' love?
Let us open our eyes;
Let us now mature, and see
The way love really is.
Reality is all around; we can see
That love does not mean happiness.
If we look at the world, we know
That love does not mean utter
And complete fulfillment
In one another — let's put an end
To this childish idealism!*

*And yet — must the others all be right,
And we be wrong?
Cannot our love be anything
We wish to make of it?
If we have found no painful shatt'ring
Of golden adolescent dreams,
If we can delight with Donne and say
One little room's an everywhere,
If through the years our love has changed
Only to grow more warm and tender,
Precious and true, why then,
So be it! Let's not doubt
What we know is truth
But let's rejoice
In our good fortune,
And by so doing,
Enrich our love.*

Donna Hoover

artist / Marlise Reidenbach



She finally found her seat and was glad that it was by the window. A bald and smiling man jumped up from the seat across the aisle to help her with her suitcase. That was a relief; it was always heavier than she thought it could be. Of course, it was the books inside—they were worse than bricks. The plump little man grunted as he swung the suitcase up to the rack, but she controlled her impulse to laugh and thanked him with a smile instead.

"It's nothing," he said and watched her as she sat down, deliberately crossed her legs and took a paperback from her purse. She avoided looking up at him, but she knew he looked disappointed. She didn't really want to read quite yet—the train hadn't even pulled out of the station. She thumbed through the book idly and then shut it, leaning back in the seat and closing her eyes. Tiredness rushed through her like some liquid; she felt suddenly limp. Her legs ached and she seemed to be sinking far down in the seat.

"All abo-o-o-oard!" came a voice from far away. She waited a moment and then felt the train jerk slightly and roll softly forward. She always felt a happy kind of excitement, as of expectation, when the train started moving. A smile pushed to the surface, and she realized happily that she had the seat to herself and could probably even get a fairly decent night's sleep. And in the morning she'd be home. They would all be waiting for her, smiling and glad, and she, more able than ever to love and appreciate them, would talk and laugh all day.

She didn't know how long she'd been sleeping, but the train had stopped. It must have been the jerk that had disturbed her; she was a little confused because it was quite dark outside and all she saw was her reflection in the window. She leaned back on the seat.

It had been a long year, she thought, No wonder she was tired. But right now she was hungry. She put her feet down on the carpeted floor and picked up her black leather purse from the empty seat beside her. Although she had forgotten the man across the aisle, he was still there and was now staring at her intently.

"Well," he chuckled throatily. "Will you look at Sleeping Beauty."

"The greatest joy of a college student," she said.

"What's that?"

"Sleep."

He chuckled again. "Hey, kiddo, you must be hungry. What do you say we go get something to eat?"

She was starving. There had been all that packing besides two finals, and she hadn't eaten since breakfast. The notion that she had only a quarter, two dimes, and a couple of keys in her purse presented itself and then stood in sharp focus.

"Thanks, but I'm not hungry." She smiled at him. The best to do if he didn't go away would be to go to the ladies' room for a while.

"Well, can't you keep me company for a couple of drinks?" he burbled.

"I'd really much rather not, thank you."

"What are you, a snob? Damn college kids think they're better than anyone else these days." She knew he was pleading and he looked rather pathetic.

"No sir," she said. The "sir" would probably do it.

He stood up. For a minute he looked like he was going to leave, but suddenly he leaned down and

THE MARKS OF WEAKNESS



artist / Nancy Zeim



Carol Helmstetter

rested his fat fingers on the arm of the empty seat next to her. Evidently he had had a few drinks already.

"You know, you're a nice kid," he said.

"Thank you, sir."

"I hope my daughter grows up like you," he said. He lurched closer and fumes of alcohol enveloped her too. For a moment the smell and the rocking figure voided her mind of anything to say.

He frowned intensely and narrowed his eyes. "I really mean that," he said, his eyes more bleary than before. He straightened up and shambled off, a partner to the rocking of the train.

How Ned would have laughed at his wanting to have a daughter like her. She could see him now, blowing cigarette smoke through his nose, saying with a slight downward twist of the mouth, as if he had just tasted a lemon, "My God, why people don't see through you right away, I'll never know. 'Little Miss Sweetness-and-light!'" And then she thought wryly that he wouldn't have laughed so much at the old man as at her. He probably would have said, "You were starving and penniless, weren't you? What do you expect, a Greek god?" But in a different mood he would have said, "Why didn't you just tell the old bastard where to go?"

"Miss? Oh Miss?" It was the porter. She had the feeling of coming back from somewhere far away and looked up at him. "Was that gentleman bothering you?"

"No sir. Not at all, thank you, just the same." He touched his cap and left. Ned would have laughed at that, too. She could see him mocking her "Thank you, just the same" in a nervous falsetto. Ned had always mocked her, but she had still had a painful delight in being with him, even in the last few months. He affected her in funny ways, most often making her feel like a balloon whose string had been cut. She went sailing off into the blue, dizzy from the height and heady with new-found freedom. From her high bobbing position she was far enough away from the world to laugh at the puppets on it — and laugh they had done, she and Ned, sparing not even themselves. Nothing mattered, really — it was all too ridiculous. Their special target was always phoniness, and they had laughed about finding a rich mine of it at school.

"What I see could keep Salinger busy for centuries," Ned had said. Her special fear had been being a phony herself, but she had thought that the acid of Ned's personality would attack and destroy any falseness she might manage to collect.

She wanted to think objectively about him and tried to remember how they had met and couldn't — he had been such a natural part of her life. Then she almost laughed out loud as she remembered that day in the stuffy philosophy-lecture room. How that skinny boy had irritated her! He thought he knew more than anyone else in the class and probably even considered himself superior to the prof. She had been making a minor point, and before she had even finished, his hand had gone slowly upward. She had heard acid comments of his before and had finished in confusion.

"If this young lady will refer to Descartes himself, I trust she will find that he doesn't even begin from those premises." And he had gone on to point out page and paragraph while she had sat there visibly vanquished. In her resentment and angry envy, she had

vowed to study twice as hard. He wasn't the only person in the world who could understand.

It must have been the same night that he had come over to see her. She had been so surprised that she could feel no irritation.

"I just wanted to make sure you were reading your philosophy assignment," he had said by way of explanation.

"As a matter of fact, I'm doing just that," she had said. And then, "I suppose you don't have to do it all, knowing everything already?"

"How ever did you guess?" he had said and sat down. She had sat down beside him with a faint feeling of amusement and had watched him light a cigarette. The amusement had come from the odd realization that they were friends already.

They had talked a while, nimbly thrusting and parrying pointed remarks. She couldn't remember how they had finally managed to sheath the swords, but they had gone together in search of coffee. And that night as always, she noticed the peculiar tension between Ned and other people.

When they had walked into the Pit, few people had actually stopped talking to look up at them, but those who did had seemed to be scrutinizing them carefully. Being with Ned — instead of against him, for a change — she had felt immediately that a certain blond boy sitting near the door disliked him, envied him, for he leaned forward, apparently lost in his concentration on the book before him. She had thought in the noise and confusion that no tables were left, but an empty table had appeared by Ned as if by magic. No one she could see had been watching them sit down, but she had felt as if the crowd knew that Ned was there and that it was not a matter of indifference to anyone. People she knew seemed to have a definite opinion about Ned, and it was usually one of dislike, whether cautious or intense.

A heavy, greasy-looking boy wearing a loud plaid shirt had pushed some chairs aside and had come over to them. "Lo, Ned."

Ned had hardly responded. "Listen, why don't you use your charm to get a waitress over here?"

As the boy had left, she had realized that she was staring.

"You don't like my friends?" Ned asked.

"I don't know. I haven't met them yet." For some reason he had laughed, and she had thought it one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen. Unlike his wry smile, his laugh was hearty and succeeded in making his tense face pleasant.

"I do have a lot of acquaintances, though," he had said, and his face had relapsed into its usual look of latent disgust.

The distinction between friends and acquaintances had seemed important to her then, and she reflected, it still did. But it seemed to make one very lonely.

The greasy boy was, after all, one of Ned's friends, she had found later. But there hadn't been many more, and all of them had been people who were "different" in some way. George with his terrible habit of forgetfulness, who never had his hair cut until it hung in his eyes and wrote no papers until the due date, had always seemed rather stupid to her. But when Ned had talked to him she had seen an intelligent and inquisitive boy who spent most of his time learning anything but the things which were expected of him. Ned hated his irresponsibility, but she knew that both of

them wished for more of his nonchalance.

And there had been Charlie and Meg, a couple she had certainly never admired until Ned had introduced her to them. They were always loud in public, she had thought, and their remarks, especially at plays or movies and even at dances made people uncomfortable. But with Ned she had thought them excruciatingly funny, for they not only outdid one another in sharp remarks but did imitations of people they knew. In their more serious moods they sang folk music, most often the haunting ballads that she had never heard before or since. Charlie was remarkably good on the guitar, and the remembered sound of Charlie's husky tenor and Meg's more penetrating and infinitely pained alto rising and dying sadly in a refrain mingled with the remembrance of crackling twigs in outside fires and showering sparks from the log in Charlie's fireplace. They had been so nearly happy then.

But there had always been the problem of coming back again, of seeing Ned's strained, bitter face and mocking words provoke the people they met, the girls she had to live with.

"I really don't see what you see in him," her roommate had said. "You're so completely different."

"But we're not at all different, you see," she had replied. "Maybe we seem to be, but we have a very real — well, a real kinship — that you probably wouldn't understand."

She had just finished telling Ned about it the next day when she had seen her roommate come into the Pit. She had seen them, brightened visibly, and waved. Willi had not let them off with a smile but had immediately headed for their table.

"Oh, God," Ned had said. "She's too much for me today."

"Come on, be nice," she had said. "She's my roommate, remember."

"Hi ya guys," Willi had said. She had taken a chair across from them. It had been bitterly cold and waves of chill had radiated from her. She had taken off her gloves quickly and brightly and had unbuttoned her coat a few seconds later. They had watched in silence, but she had seemed not to notice it.

"Isn't this weather cool?" she had giggled. "I don't care what anyone says — I love it!" Willi had paused for the response which had not come. "You know I can't stay but a minute, you poor people. Gotta catch those kids over there. Just wanted to see your ever-lovin' face a minute, Rooms. Seems I never see you anymore."

"That's your fortune, not mine," she had said somewhat lamely.

"Whoops, gotta run. My public, you know," she had giggled. "See you tonight. Bye, Ned."

And Willi had rushed off, skillfully negotiating the crowded tables.

Again they had been silent. Then Ned had smiled in the downward way peculiar to him.

"You know, sometimes I do envy her energy," he had said.

She had been embarrassed, not for herself but for Willi. People seemed to make such fools of themselves when they were around him — Willi was not usually quite so giddy, she had thought, but maybe she just hadn't been aware of it before.

"I don't know how you pick out your friends," she had said. "They seem to be the most repulsive people

until you get to know them and then they're fine. They make the people I think are so attractive look like clods."

Ned had tapped his cigarette against the table. "You'll never be happy until you admit that the only people worth knowing are Real Creeps."

"You keep saying that, and I frankly refuse to admit it. Surely there must be people somewhere who are, well, who are genuine and intelligent and broad-minded and who are — socially adept, too."

He had suddenly breathed out smoke in that quick, premature way which she knew meant that he was laughing at her.

"I know you don't believe it, and I must say I'm frightened to see how few people here are really worth anything, but . . ." She had trailed off and then had been inspired. "Well, look at you. You're not a misfit or a degenerate." And she had been forced to stop again, because she had realized that he was considered something of a misfit by many people including her roommate.

"My love," he had said, "you know that's not true. I'm a Real Creep and I really rather like it. I'd rather be a misfit than make an ass of myself even though I'm excluded from some social joys. You don't see me coming in here on tippy-toes and giving everyone a saccharine smile. And I have no desire to work on committees, join groups, form clubs, build floats, or make people think I'm a great guy and a good worker. So you see, by nearly everyone's standards, I am a misfit."

She had touched his arm and laughed for sheer gladness.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing at all," she had said.

The months had flown — she remembered being terribly busy, but all she saw in them was Ned's mocking eyes, Ned's bitter smile. No, she would never recover from him completely. But then an image of another face came to mind — it was her own, and it had as bitter a smile as Ned's. Willi was saying, "You even have his nasty expression now. I wish you'd do something wholesome and constructive like joining the basketball team. I know you think it's funny, but it would do you a world of good."

She had thought herself above a reply. What did she care if other people wanted to waste their time doing things that were welcome only to themselves? She remembered hating the basketball team for reasons clear only to herself.

They were not clear now and she smiled not bitterly. She really was hungry and thought she might be able to get something for forty-five cents at the snack bar — she could do without redcaps tomorrow. Taking her purse, she got up, almost stumbling into the seat across the aisle. Of course, the train was going around a curve. She plunged to the door and pushed it open, and the noise of the train loud in the passage between cars made her eight years old again, excited with the noise and the mystery of a train ride.

The Chuckwagon was only two cars beyond. She found a seat and wrote out her order for a dish of ice cream. A woman sitting by the window on the other side of the car was talking to a very small blond girl who kept putting her hand to her face and shaking her head. The little girl reminded her of Ann — baby Ann who also had blond curls and blue eyes but was so different. Ann's eyes were clear blue — terribly,

horribly clear because they saw and did not seem to understand.

She had gone to her sister's home for Easter vacation because the trip home was too long and expensive, but she had not been looking forward to it because her sister and her husband were so very normal. She had not even wanted to see their little girl very much, shuddering at the thought of a two-year-old's cries and demands for attention.

They were a terribly normal suburb family, for June and Vic worked hard to pay for a brick house and a fairly recent car, and June was busy in the church league and some sort of mother's organization. But Ann was not normal, and the queer jolt she had felt when she first realized it came back and stunned her. Ann didn't walk or talk yet, her mother had said, but they were not too worried — the doctor had said she was probably a late bloomer.

The sun had danced in through the living room window, and Ann had been sitting on the floor. Ann paid no attention to her when she had walked in, and she had had a sudden urge to make the baby laugh — maybe she could even get her to say something. "Hi, Annie," she had said. "Hi!" and she had crouched down beside her. Ann had looked at her with her mouth open, smiling. "Look, Ann, look here," and she waved a rattle Ann had kept smiling, her mouth still open. "Ah, c'mon, Squirt," she had said and had jumped up, scooped Ann up in her arms and had swung her around and around. She had expected childish giggles and delighted screams, but Ann had given no reaction. Breathless herself, she had set Ann down again. Ann had just sat there smiling with her mouth slightly open.

She had looked at the baby quizzically and suddenly felt tears burning her eyes. A host of realizations had crowded around her, and she had felt something toward baby Ann so strong that she couldn't help hugging her, and still Ann made no cry until she was nearly crushing her.

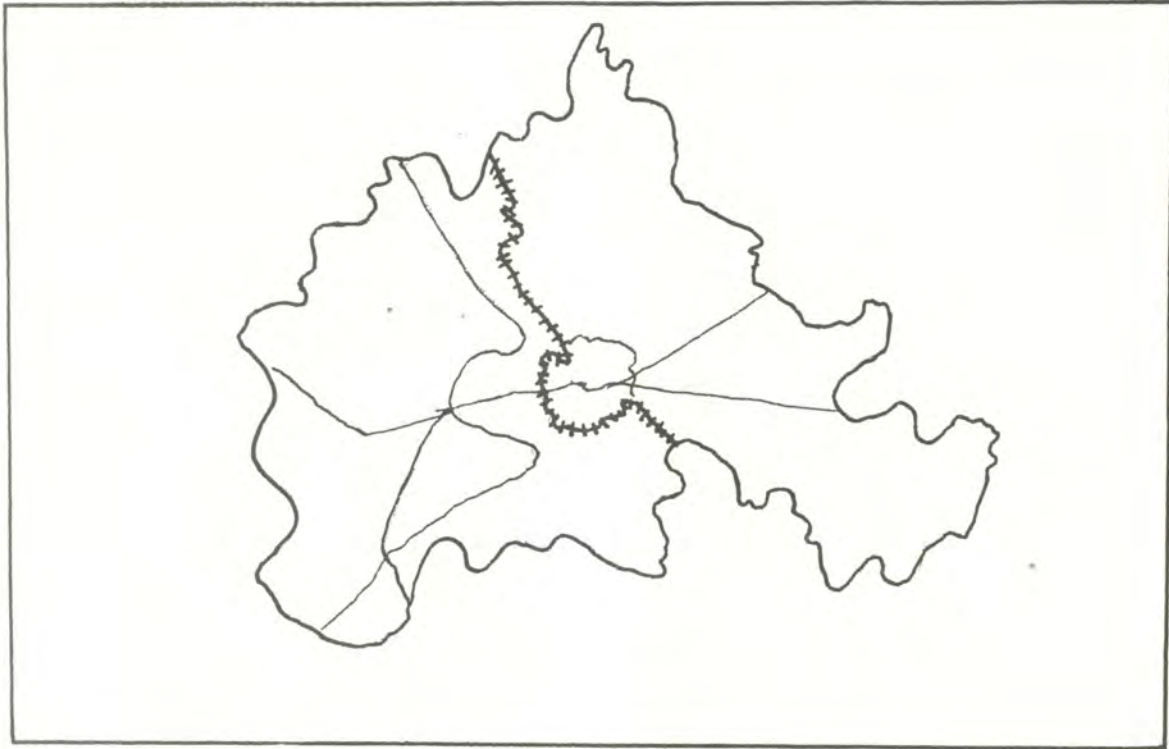
It had been compassion that she had felt, and the power of it had surprised her; for a long moment she had known what it was to be baby Ann. Ann would never be disillusioned as she had been — would never know that people were phonies — but it didn't really make much difference. What mattered was that she wouldn't be able to be fully a part of something — and then she realized that the something was being human and fallible and insincere or noble all at the same time.

She had gone downtown that afternoon and had arranged to meet her sister by the jewelry store shortly after four o'clock. Her shopping finished sooner than she had expected, she had been forced to wait on the corner for more than half an hour. And there she had seen the people. A blond, hippy woman had walked by scraping her heels. She had looked intensely unhappy under her make-up, as if her feet were hurting her; a man in a wrinkled suit had shambled by, leaning for a while on a parking meter. He had been overtaken by a graying man with a crew-cut and a dark suit who walked heavily and quickly with obvious concentration, probably worrying about being late. A thin woman with a long dress and hair blowing about her face had tiredly urged two crying children to be quiet because she was going to buy them ice cream cones after all.

Then she heard a strange noise — it had been like

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An American Reply



One of the most noticeable differences between Valpo and a German university is the degree of freedom the student has in attending lectures. At a German university education is left up to the individual to a much greater extent than here. A student may register for the class he chooses but no one checks or cares whether he attends. Neither does he have to "sweat the grade," because none is given. The thing that counts is his accumulated knowledge when he decides that he is ready to take the examinations for his Doctor's degree or State diploma. How he has accumulated this knowledge makes no difference, just as long as he can pass the exams.

The extent of this air of "Gemuetlichkeit" in attendance was illustrated to me a bit more than a year ago when I was attending the University of Goettingen. It was toward the end of the semester when the Foreign Students' Service invited me to participate in a

Rudolf Hirschmann

one-week trip to Bonn and Berlin together with other foreigners. The cost was to be \$25 for absolutely everything. It certainly appeared to be an attractive opportunity to see more of Germany, to learn more of its political make-up and to be actually confronted with the infamous Wall. I simply couldn't resist, and I daresay that the impressions and insights I gained more than made up for the week of lectures I had to miss.

Our group consisted of forty students from about a dozen different nations, mostly from those receiving foreign aid from Germany. We made genuine efforts to get to know each other, even though this was often made quite difficult by a less-than-perfect command of German. I was usually greeted quite warmly, and it was a thrill to exchange views with people so different from myself and from such diverse places as Arabia, India, Italy, Syria, Persia, Finland, France and Japan. We talked of our customs and studies, our likes and dislikes, and inevitably I had to listen to the standard criticisms of American culture, namely that it is decadent, far too materialistic, that it is dependent on Europe for intellectual life, that it is superficial, and, they smilingly add, that it will be known as the "tin can civilization" to future archaeologists.

But when I asked them to examine the basis for their views, they had to admit that it usually consisted of no more than the ever-popular American movie. To carry on they moved to the realm of politics, where I am sadly deficient anyway, and asked such pointed questions as: Why does the U.S. continue with its nuclear development? Why does this "country of unlimited opportunity" have the negro problem or the strikes which disable whole segments of the economy? Why did the leading world power permit the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion to happen? I mustered up enough courage and German to attempt an answer, but then came the ultimate question. Why did the United States permit the Wall? We stared quietly into the distance and they expected no answer. Perhaps we would learn more about this before the week was over.

During the first day in Bonn we toured the major governmental buildings, had a most excellent meal at the Bundesrat, wine and all, and heard a speech on motives for foreign aid. A big point was made that aid ought to be on a more person-to-person basis and that selfish motives ought to be suppressed. On the bus to Berlin my friends from Persia and Syria insisted that also the United States ought to take this to heart and find a way to help the individual citizen instead of fattening the corrupt state. They assured me that they need and want aid, but that this aid must be given without political stipulations.

The volleys of questions and accusations did not cease, and all four Americans on the bus were having a rough time of it. The prospects of enjoying the rest of the trip were rather poor with American morale at such a low point.

But salvation literally came from heaven. Having announced to us over the bus's P.A. system that we were approaching the border check point, that we should be as calm as possible and that there was nothing to worry about, Herr Kranz, our tour manager, turned on the radio which blared out that astronaut Glenn was in orbit! The news swept through the bus. Everyone listened intently as we found out that he was in the middle of his second orbit, somewhere over Africa. Exciting as it was, we had to turn off the radio because we were now at the check point where any sort of provocation might delay us by several hours. We were even urged to hide our Western newspapers. I stared out the window at the nervous man in the gray uniform, the formidable tommy gun on his back. So this was one of those "People's Policemen" who shot down the would-be escapees along the Wall and the border. These were the people whom the Germans on both sides of the Wall fear and hate so much.

Two uniformed teen-agers with hardened formal smiles, guns at their hips, entered the bus. One of them checked passports and wrote out customs declarations while the other one looked. He even looked under the seats for fear that someone might be hiding. An hour later we received our visas and were finally on the Autobahn to Berlin.

Immediately after the check-point we turned the radio on. Everything was commencing as planned for Glenn. I had a big smile on my face. But there was some talk of a minor difficulty. As we got farther away from the West German radio station it became increasingly difficult to hear the voice. It faded at unpredictable intervals and became so garbled that I had to find another station. To my joy I found a rather strong one which carried news about Glenn. The announcer said, "The Americans again had to postpone their attempt to send a man into orbit around the earth. The scientists at Cape Canaveral again blamed the weather." It turned out to be an East German station, spewing out yesterday's news, as usual. All other stations were either jammed or too weak to receive. Now we only knew that Glenn was on his way down and that there was some sort of difficulty. The time passed slowly as I held my breath.

An hour later we were finally in range of the station in West Berlin, RIAS, but it was also being jammed. Only after we were again checked by the "Peoples' Police" to make sure, no doubt, that we still carried our own passports, and after we had gotten into Berlin itself did we find out that Glenn's flight had, indeed, been successful and that he was in good health.

The successful American space effort was the talk of the town. Many of my foreign friends slapped me on the back in congratulation. In all the speeches we heard while in Berlin there was always a message of congratulation to the Americans. It made me feel proud to be one of them.

LIGHTER SOUNDS

Elaine Warinsky



Is the music predominating our worship services truly a sacred vessel, or is it merely a holy cow, uttering what would hardly be called intelligible, certainly not musical, sounds?

What role can we as members of the participating congregation play, if we struggle so hard to follow the music of the Bender setting of the mass that we can no longer pay attention to the words?

What criteria can the intelligent and conscientious Christian follow in his judgment of the music of the church today?

Judging by the innumerable bull sessions which can be heard following any new or startling musical development attempted during a chapel worship service, it would seem that these questions are asked by many. Can they be answered?

Music in the life and worship of the church occupies a singular role, bridging the gap between artist and amateur, between theologian and layman, between Creator and created. The creature always exists in a relationship of response to his Creator. The worshipping Christian basically is expressing this response in speech, song, prayer and silence. Therefore if church music is to occupy its rightful place in formal worship, its stimulus must be the overwhelming Word of God. It must have as its goal the worship of God, that most perfect response of creature to Creator on the one hand, and the other the negation of the persons of artist and composer on the other.

To illustrate this, let us examine two familiar hymn melodies: "Just as I am without one Plea" and Luther's "A Mighty Fortress." We have each heard congregations mournfully warbling the words to the first hymn. Here and there a few tears force themselves out between closed eyelids. While it is true that we see here the response of creature to Creator, "Just as I am without one plea but that Thy blood was shed for me and that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come." Yet it most certainly is not expressive of the negation of the person of the singer or author. The sinner is without one plea, and spends the rest of the stanzas patting himself on the back because in the midst of all his troubles, he can still come to God. Really now! The sinner courting God with slurry, gushing tunes?

If we acknowledge God as Creator, as the Highest God, can we be content to offer him musically weak, theologically incorrect words? Because tunes of songs have the power to conjure an image and an ideal, it is necessary to be sure that the music of the church does not insinuate a conception of Christ markedly weaker and more limited than the picture of the Incarnate Son of God revealed in the Bible.

Contrast the effeminate, lethargic tune of "Just as I am" with the completely masculine, powerful "Ein Feste Burg." Here is no weak, curly-haired lady, but a glaring, bold, powerful God, whose strength is reflected in the worshipper.

Perhaps we might say that the sincere efforts of the first composer and author were to present a "beautiful" hymn. We must, however, be careful to dis-

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LIGHTER LIT

Michael Quam

William Golding's *LORD OF THE FLIES* is a fable — that much is pretty well agreed among critics. However, unlike many recent attempts by fable-makers, it is also a book of literary merit, apart from its philosophical grounds. At the risk of being labeled a Philistine — it has always seemed to me that any book whose readers testify that they could not put it down — that once started they felt compelled to finish the book, possibly in a single sitting — can claim some legitimate and meritorious success (no matter what the critics label its author or contents). Golding has done this and much more in *LORD OF THE FLIES*. Compelling is the word — this novel pulls its reader along by a fascinating inevitability in both concrete narrative and abstract theme.

The story itself is about a group of boys, ages six to twelve, apparently evacuated from London during atomic war. They are accidentally ditched on a desert island — a world devoid of adult guidance. From this opening scene the story goes on to portray the adolescents' attempts to form a society. Ralph is chosen as the chief. He is assisted by Piggy, a myopic young rationalist, and Jack Merridew, the aggressive leader of a boys' choir. Ralph tries heroically to instill some order into the society: he builds a fire on the mountain to signal any ships that may rescue them, he builds shelters and makes rules for sanitation, and he delegates the duty of hunting to Jack and his choir boys. But soon things begin to fall apart. Jack is a born leader and a natural hunter; he opposes Ralph for the leadership of the society. He soon turns it from a semi-civilized society into a tribe, with ritual and dance and the hunt as its unifying activity. As the narrative progresses we see the regression of the boys to a state of primitive savagery, in which they can kill their own fellows without remorse. The final terrifying and ironic chapter I leave untold.

With its concise characterization, its taut plotting, and its brilliance of style the story as it stands would be worth reading. But the novel is not simply the story; as I said, it is a fable, and as such seeks to convey a message of universal significance (in order words, the theme is more important than the narrative). Golding has described his intended theme thus:

The theme is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature. The moral is that the shape of a society must depend on the ethical nature of the individual and not on any political system however apparently logical or respectable.

He has carried the theme well in his story. It is not because of a lack of rules nor because of the wisdom of the rules adopted that Ralph's attempts at civilization fail. The failure and its attendant savagery are due to the basic amoral anarchy of the hunter that lies deep inside the most sophisticated and cultivated of civilizations. Golding personifies this evil as the Lord of the Flies. The title first appears on the lips of Simon, the little mystic. He sees and recognizes this basic evil when he sees the flies buzzing about the pig's head which the boys have sacrificed to the

(continued on page 29)





COLLAGE

The materials incorporated in this work include not only paper and paint but also wood shavings, pebbles, sand and steel wool.



artist / Susan Linneweh

The Case of the Dangerous Duke

William Blount

(The following script was one of several written for the class in Radio and Script writing submitted to the LIGHTER for publication.)

CAST:

Fenton Hardy: Narrator and partner to Bones
Sherlock Bones: Special Detective, Peabody Police Department
Dora Doo: 18 year old "beat" daughter of Mrs. Doo
Ruby Dooby Doo: Mother of Dora and Duke
Dirty Pushbroom: Janitor, Peabody Parsonage High School
I. Am. Smart: Principal, PPHS
Announcer

Announcer: Hello again, folks, Sudsy Soaps presents another adventure in the exciting life of Sherlock Bones, Special Detective of the Peabody Police Department. Here is your host, the famous Detective Fenton Hardy to narrate today's story:

Hardy: 10:35 A.M., April 5, 1962, received a call from a Mrs. Ruby Dooby Doo; she informed us that her son, Duke "Dangerous" Doo famous tackle, guard, end, halfback, fullback and general muscle-man of the Peabody Parsonage High School football team had failed to report home after last night's practice. Would we find him? We took the case.

10:37 A.M., received a call from Mr. I. Am. Smart, Principal of PPHS, that a typing chair had mysteriously disappeared from the typing room of PPHS last night.

We took the case.

10:42 A.M., Bones and I arrived at the home of Mrs. Doo. We were met at the door by a slender, shapely, good-looking teen-ager.

Bones: Doo residence?

Dora: Yea Daddy.

Bones: Mrs. Doo at home?

Dora: Yea Daddy.

Bones: Would you call her, please?

Dora: Yea Daddy.

Bones: Mrs. Doo?

Doo: Yes?

Bones: Mrs. Ruby Dooby Doo?

Doo: Yes.

Bones: Mrs. Ruby Doo who has a son missing?

Doo: Yes—

Bones: Bones and Hardy here; could you give us some facts, Madam? No emotion please, just facts—that's what we're after, facts.

Doo; Well (sobs).

Bones: (Cutting her off) Facts, Madam! No emotion—it only clouds the issue!

Doo: Duke, my son, didn't come home after football practice last night. When last seen he was wearing his emerald green football uniform, complete with shoulder pads and cleats. He is a tall boy, six feet seven in his stocking size twelve feet, bright red hair, and a two-foot beard—also red. My baby!

Hardy: 10:47A.M., we put out APB, DPPB, QRSTUV-WXY and Z on the missing Duke. We returned to headquarters.

10:56A.M., we received a call from Mr. Smart saying that his missing chair was last seen in the possession of a person matching our description.

11:02 A.M., we arrived at PPHS, set up temporary headquarters in Smart's office, and searched the premises in hopes of finding the missing Duke, and maybe the chair. Or as Bones so well summed it up, locate the chair, find Duke, or locate Duke and find the chair. We figured there was a connection.

Bones: Search the windows and doors! Go to it Fenton! I'm going to check the halls and corridors.

Hardy: 11:05 A.M., we reported back to the temporary headquarters.

Bones: All halls and corridors checked! Locked from the outside.

Hardy: All windows and doors checked. Also locked from the outside. Something is peculiar about this whole business; Bones, what do you think?

Bones: I don't know, what do you think?

Hardy: I don't know, what do you think?

Bones: I don't know, what do you think?

Hardy: I don't—

Push: (*Cutting him off*) Enough coffee is drunk in one year to float 453 battleships the size of the U.S.S. Missouri.

Bones: Who's he?

Smart: That is Mr. Dirty Pushbroom, our janitor, who is also an expert in statistics of various sorts. He is from a monastery where the only English he learned was statistics, and that's the only way he can talk. You won't get much from him.

Bones: Let me determine that. Tell me, Mr. Pushbroom, what were you doing after school let out last night?

Push: American tongues this year will lick 375 billion trading stamps.

Bones: Trading Stamps, eh? You were sweeping up trading stamps; where?

Push: Fifty percent of the peanuts grown in the United States are ground up into peanut butter.

Bones: In the United States, er . . . hum . . . that would make it the history room. Tell me, Mr. Smart, where is the history room located?

Smart: Room 204B.

Bones: And where is room 204B?

Smart: Exactly one room north of room 204A.

Bones: (*With great excitement*) Now we're getting somewhere! And what is taught in room 204A, Mr. Smart?

Smart: Typing—why, what a coincidence!

Bones: Coincidence nothing! Merely a logical deduction from the available facts. Continue please, Mr. Pushbroom.

Push: Americans eat 16 million, 400 thousand peanut butter sandwiches a day.

Bones: Hum . . . peanuts again . . . hum . . . and where is the cooking room, Mr. Smart?

Smart: 204C.

Bones: Figures.

Push: The United States has 80 pretzel factories twisting out 400 million pounds of pretzels a day.

Bones: Food again . . . hum . . . tell me, Mr. Smart, did Duke go to football practice yesterday?

Smart: Yes, but I thought we already established that.

Bones: Merely checking the accuracy of the reports . . . (*with enthusiasm, as if a great conclusion has been reached*) . . . then, gentlemen, "Dangerous" Duke disappeared AFTER football practice yesterday! Tell me now, Mr. Pushbroom, when did you clean the typing room yesterday?

Pushbroom: Six-year-olds eat two times as many doughnuts as adults.

Bones: Hum . . . two minutes after six. And when did you notice that the chair was missing?

Push: When you eat in a restaurant chances are one in three that your potatoes are powdered.

Bones: (*To himself*) Hum . . . food again . . . canned food at that . . . hum . . . let me see—figuring the weight of the can times the hour, divided by the square root of the weight of the tin minus the weight of the clock . . . holding as a constant ratioed fraction the Delta "I" over "I" factor of the again mentioned food . . . (*to all*): One more thing, Mr. Pushbroom, tell me again what you cannot find in the cooking room.

Push: Americans eat enough processed potatoes in one year to balance 37 Washington Monuments.

Bones: That's a whale of a lot of potatoes! Now tell me, Mr. Pushbroom, what is the essence of the cooking room?

Push: About 46 million, 400 thousand Americans eat in restaurant at least once every week. They spend an average of two dollars and nineteen cents on dinner when they eat out.

Bones: Exactly!

Push: It takes twenty months to grow a pineapple, but only fifteen minutes to pack it into a can.

Bones: Correct again. Why, Mr. Smart, this man is a genius! Again Pushbroom.

Push: Only one out of every ten new food products is finally considered good enough to be tested in a market, and four out of five of those that ARE market tested—fail.

Bones: Astounding!

Smart: I don't see that all this prattle about statistics is getting us anywhere. All I want is my chair back, and, if possible, "Dangerous" Duke. Him secondarily; he was flunking anyway—but what a football player.

Bones: Let's not be selfish, Smart. To your untrained mind it may seem as if we're getting nowhere, but, if you would be so kind as to leave the thinking to me, perhaps we could continue.

Smart: (*apologetically, but hurt*) Excuse me, sir. I was only trying to help.

Bones: (*curtly*) Lots of things are loused up by men who "just want to help" but don't. Now, let us proceed.

Push: The frozen food packaged in the United States in one day weighs more than 30 Empire State Buildings.

Bones: Eureka! I have it! To the kitchen of the school cafeteria! At once! Everyone! Move

Hardy: 3:04 P.M., we entered the school cafeteria.

Bones: Gentlemen, spread out, search everywhere (*excitedly*). The Duke is here!

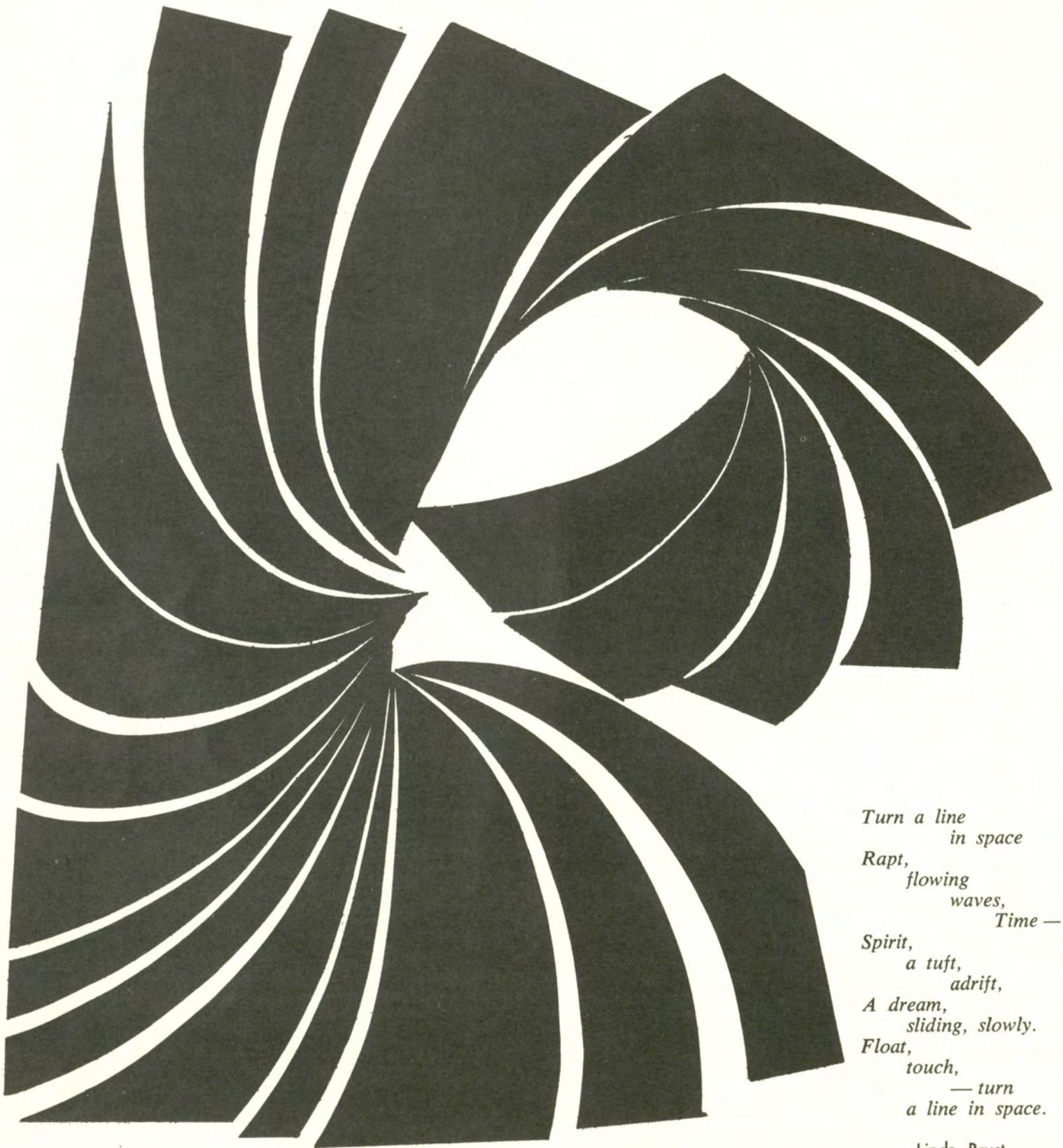
Hardy: 3:05 P.M., we reported back to Bones.

Bones: Well men, what's the report?

Smart: Can't find him anywhere—even looked through the flour mill.

Bones: Dunderhead!

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*Turn a line
in space
Rapt,
flowing
waves,
Time —
Spirit,
a tuft,
adrift,
A dream,
sliding, slowly.
Float,
touch,
— turn
a line in space.*

— Linda Brust

Kriminal: An Immodest Proposal

Dennis Collins

Society imprisons a man who continually incites its members to rioting and lawlessness, for he can only do more harm than service. For the same reason society seeks to reduce modern weapons systems: in the end their power for injury overbalances their value for security. In fact who would question the general principle that society should seek to put aside any thing that breeds disorder without bringing compensating benefits?

The sound of *K* or at any rate the letter *k* is such a thing. To see why the letter *k* is most certainly a net loss to the world, we must examine it at the beginning of a word where it has greatest force and most clearly shows its rabble-raising character. For a start, look at the warped collection of words that have initial sound *k* (=c or k in English). Most of these words have connotations, and nearly all the connotations are bad. Most of these words refer to viciousness, insensibility, or force: *kick, claw, cackle, club, cudgel, cut, and kill, or cold-blooded, cruel, crass, coarse, crude, and caustic*—and this is only a starting list even for verbs and adjectives.

That this deformity is not an accident of English shows even more plainly in the Latin language: *calcitro* (to kick), *capio* (to seize), *cogo* (to compel), *concido* (to cut to pieces). Indeed that Latin prefix *con-* or *com-* before so many of our words in most cases only intensifies the force of the following word (motion, commotion). In general then, the word beginning with the *k*-sound is more suggestive of power and violence. Ernest Hemingway seems to realize this in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: "War, *guerre, guerra, and krieg. Krieg* was the most like war, or was it?" Shakespeare would have thought so, for in *Taming of the Shrew*, he gives the name Katherine to the heroine. And anyone realizes that *Karl der Grosse* is a more forceful name for Charlemagne.

At this point the reader may wonder, "If the sound *k* is so descriptive of violence or force, is this not a reason for keeping the sound rather than removing it and losing the rich connotative power the sound contributes to language?" To see this we must first show the probable meaning of the sound for early man. Enraged when he witnessed his son still mis-throwing the spear after having hours of patient instruction, or sighted his enemy daring to enter his domain, he probably reacted as the incensed man of today: his fists clenched, his jaws clamped together, his back arched, and his blood pressure mounted as he slowly inhaled until his tongue moved to hold the pressure he had built up. If he finally burst out in speech, whatever he said began with the letter *k*. There grew a link between words for times of stress and the sound *k*. And to some extent the person making the sound *k* still goes through the motions of the early man in his most aggressive mood. This fact would have been no

reason for concern years ago when, as a psychology book says, "man was considered a rational animal, [and] it was supposed that the conscious experience of emotion came before the other two phases [of overt behavior and psychological changes]." But now there is reason to believe that "we are afraid because we run," that emotions come after our reactions (the James-Lange theory). For this reason making the sound *k*, because it patterns the explosion-like reaction of early man, may well tend to bring about to some extent his emotional state, a condition of unthinking rage. It need not be a great emotional push, for even weak emotion, if the situation is right, can cause another overt act, which in turn intensifies in a chain reaction that finally renders the person irrational. Now many crowds may have acted to their shame for little other reason than that a few agitators took up the cry of "Kill! Kill!" or perhaps "Crucify him!" and thereby generated a vicious circle of emotional force that ended in aberrant savagery?

The democracy has specially to fear the coupling of meaning and emotional sway in words that have an initial *k*-sound, for these words add to the threat of absolutism and war. The sound *k* has become so associated with decisive power in the mind, that its user immediately seems more authoritative and forceful. The sound gives him an aura of invincibility. To show this it is necessary only to recall the titles of those who have held absolute power: king, khan, kaiser, caliph. In the era of presidents and prime ministers, this may pose no threat, but the author of *Mein Kampf* came to power as *der Kanzler* and the position still remains. And names still count. No wonder the Roman republic fell under the spell of Cassius, Cataline, Caesar, and Cicero (all *k*-sounds in Latin). True over the ages many have seized power without a name beginning with *k*, but an unproportionate number have. Even the proverbially orthodox English government could fall to a Cromwell. But the rallying cries for power today are from a different point — the ideology. Here the *k*-sound undoubtedly raises unnecessary tension and increases the chances for war. How much is the hysterical fuming of some Americans based on an overblown fear conjured by the word *communism* alone, or that of the Russians, on a hate reinforced by the words *capitalism* and *colonialism*? To prevent war we need cool heads.

If the *k* has two strikes against it in the meaning of its words and the force of its sound, it strikes out in form. No letter has a shape that better matches its character. Little wonder some accuse the Germans of militarism. How could they help it with the German language assigning that rigid, pointed cast-iron symbol to every *k*-sound. And if the shape of the letter can increase the militaristic tendency of a nation, think what it must do to the person ill-fated enough to have it in his name. No painters, no composers, and very few writers have

(continued on page 31)

Mister:
Respect clings to the title —
Hope!

in spite of

through

Rules!
Irrational, cruel guide —
Emotion:

Dreams:
Familiarity is sweet —
Transient!

but

still

Escape!
The fifth of secret sin —
Disgust:

Elliptic Fortune
by
Kathy Behrenbruch

Defiant:
Fanned by social taboo —
Restraint!

and

by

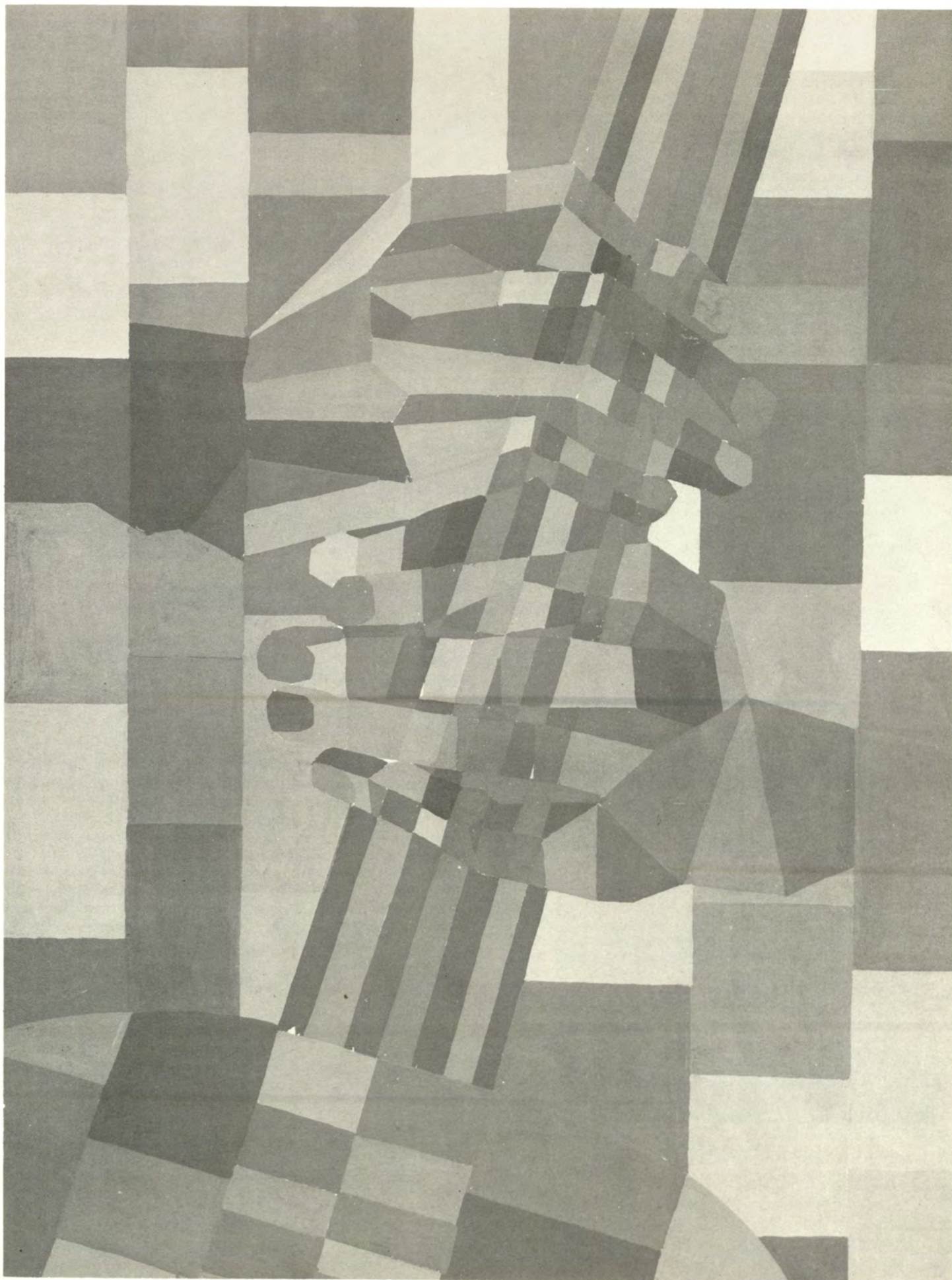
Repress!
A maelstrom twisting within —
Desire:

Intellect:
The rod and the staff of my journey —
Denied!

that

and

Fear:
The wall of frustration —
Compels!



"Where is he, Mac?" the lieutenant asked, as he stepped into the room.

"In the bedroom," the policeman by the window said. "I think he's got the door barricaded with some furniture. He was shovin' somethin' around in there."

"What the hell happened here?"

"I don't know, Lieutenant. You'd better ask Gaines. "I just got here."

The lieutenant turned to the man by the door.

"It's just like Mac says, he's in the bedroom. That's his mother out in the hall. She put in a call sayin' we'd better get right over here — her son's got a gun and he's gonna shoot his old man. When we get here the old man's in the hall with a couple of bullets in his chest. The door's partly open right by the old man so Blount kicks it in, but the guy musta been standin' right there, 'cause Blount caught one right in the chest. I tried to get in the room, but he musta fired three, four times. The last one grazed my arm. I think I hit him though. Anyways, he ran for the bedroom."

The lieutenant's eyes scanned the room, then they came back to the bedroom door.

"How long has he been in there?"

"About ten minutes now, I guess."

"Have you tried to get in?"

"No, sir. I'm pretty sure he's got the door blocked."

The lieutenant glanced around the dingy apartment. There was a round, heavy, wooden table in the center of the room with three empty glasses and an empty Jim Beam bottle on it. One of the chairs was over-

8:47 p.m., Feb. 19th

turned. An overhead light, an old chandelier type, with one of its three bulbs missing, gave the walls a dim and soiled shade. A single bare bulb exposed the dirty white porcelain of the kitchen sink. One of the kitchen drawers had been pulled out and its contents dumped on the linoleum floor.

"Let's see the mother."

Gaines said something to the cop in the hall and the old woman stepped inside the doorway. She was wearing a faded man's bathrobe over her slip. Her hair was wispy and graying. She was barefoot.

"Is there any way he can get out of there, m'am?" the lieutenant asked softly.

"Naw, there ain' no way outa there — 'cept a fire 'scape." The woman was mumbling and her eyes were downcast. "You gonna get him outa there?" she asked loudly, suddenly raising her head.

"We're going to try," the lieutenant replied, his voice was still soft.

"Damn kid! I tol' Harry to watch out for him. No damn good! You better get 'im outa there. Lock the damn good-for-nothin' punk up!"

"I think she's had hers out of that bottle, lieutenant," Gaines said.

"Then get her out of here! Take her back out in the hall." His voice was edgy.

The lieutenant waited for Gaines to return; then he spoke to him. "You say you think you hit him?"

"Yes, sir. And he hasn't made any more noise since we heard him pushin' the furniture around."

"Lieutenant, what about that fire escape."

"We've got that covered."

The lieutenant checked the bedroom door with his eyes again. Then he circled the room cautiously, keeping close to the walls and out of line of the door, until he reached the wall to the right of the door.

"Dixon! Dixon, listen to me! This is the police! Give yourself up!"

The room was quiet. Even the voices in the hall quieted.

"Come on Dixon! Come on out! There's been enough shooting. Don't make us come in there after you."

"Yeah, you come on in, cop!" a voice shrilled from behind the bedroom door. "You come on in! You come on in, I swear I'll kill myself! I'll kill myself, I swear to God!"

"Has he still got the gun?" the lieutenant asked softly.

"Yeah, he's still got it," Gaines answered. "But I don't know if he's got any more shells. He musta fired five or six times at Blount and me."

"You haven't got any shells, Dixon! We know that! You aren't going to kill anybody. Now come on out."

"Sure! Sure I ain't got any more shells. But I got a knife! I got a knife! You come in here, I'll use it! You come on in! You dirty sonofabitch! You come in. I got a knife. You come in." The voice trailed off.

The lieutenant turned to the man by the door. "Check the mother on that knife!" He was beginning to tighten up.

"She says yeah he's got one — a big carving knife from the kitchen," Gaines reported.



"Dixon!"

Nothing.

"Dixon, you hear me? Listen! You haven't killed anyone. The old man's going to be all right. Put down the knife and come on out."

Still nothing. Then a low moan and a soft scraping sound. Then silence.

"Signal them to start moving up the fire escape," the lieutenant said to the man by the window. His face was very tight.

He remained leaning against the wall, tense, talking to Dixon, until he heard the furniture being pushed away from the door.

A red-faced sergeant opened the door. Dixon was slumped on the floor, leaning against the wall opposite the doorway in a sagging sitting position. There was a small stain of blood under his right thigh and his right trouser-leg was black with blood. His left leg had folded under him. The gun, a policeman's .38, was lying on the floor on the other side of the room and the knife was beside him. They were putting handcuffs on his wrists, even though he was still unconscious. Some of the ambulance boys were coming in now.

"What should we do with the mother, lieutenant?" a young cop asked him.

"Take her downtown and book her."

The lieutenant walked into the kitchen and got a drink of water. He had to step across the utensils on the linoleum floor.

—Michael Quam

*Let melancholy
Have its day
E'en though consequently
A tear may
Be shed
Which shall dampen
And discomfort you
For awhile . . .*

*If melancholy be this:
The heights and depths
Of joy and sorrow
Meeting quietly within
One's heart . . .*

And I say it is . . .

*Then you are
All the richer
And more wise
For the experiencing of it . . .*

*Let melancholy
Have its day . . .
Permit its blessing
Rejoice and be not disturbed . . .*

*Then take heed
Lest melancholy
Steal
More than its day
From the portals of time . . .*

Mary Taylor

*The dismal heavens, the naked trees,
The biting sting of rain,
The murky puddles, sodden grass,
A starving dog in pain;*

*The children's cough's, the shabby house,
The rusty roller-skate,
The worn brown shoes, the wearied face,
The year spring is late.*

Bonnie Thormeyer

*Can you hear the rumbling?
Listen.
The earth itself is shaking loose
From reason, thought, and peace.
Hear them?
Our men are fighting over miles,
They strike our life to fire.
An island is our epitaph
The tool for our grave,
They'll kill us all to give us freedom.
Where is the world that war will save?
The taste of victory
Will be ashes in our mouth.*

Geoff Stein

"....,, and Charity."

*There are questions, many questions,
Profound questions, deeper questions . . .
Man has asked so many questions,
All become reiterations.*

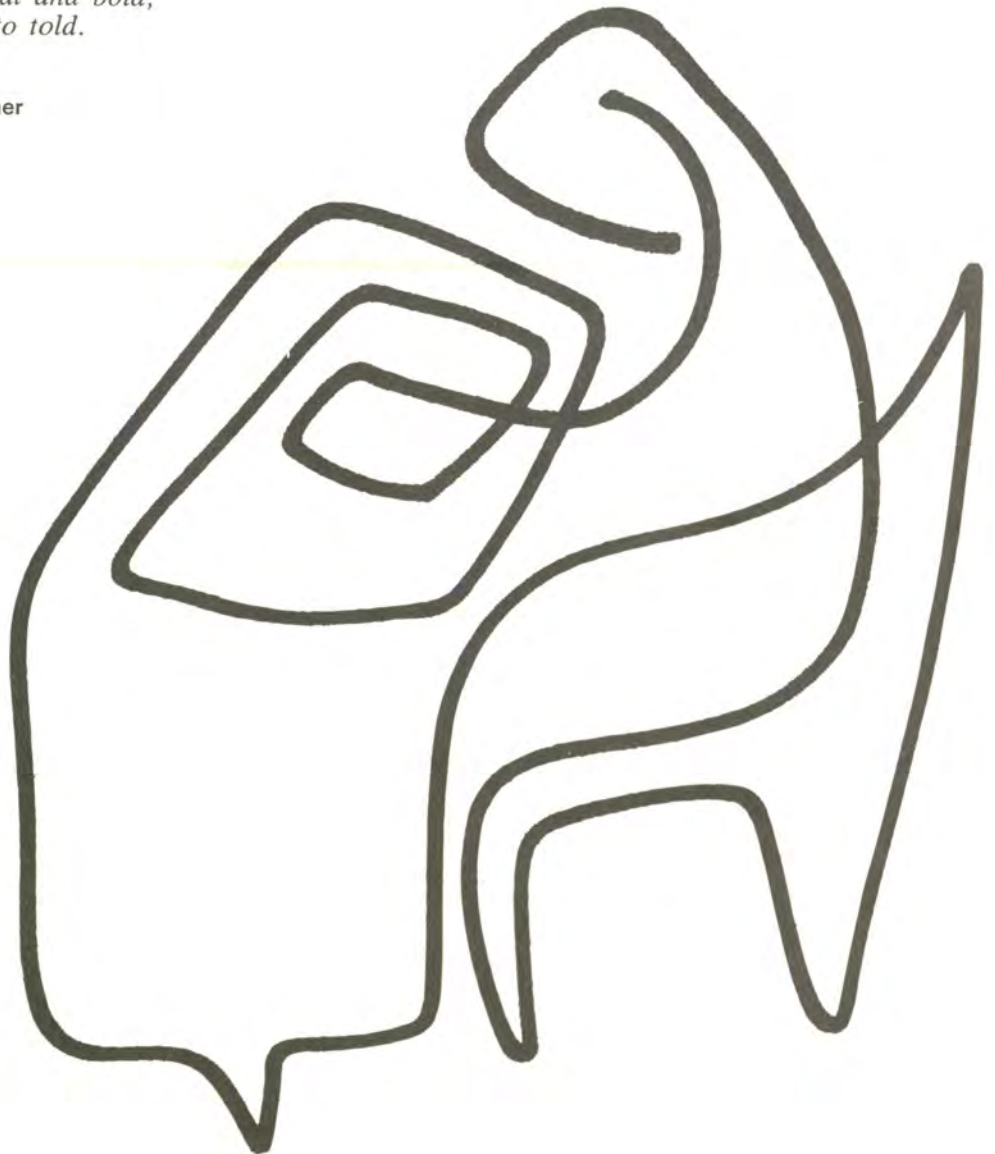
*Organization, socialization,
Communization, nihilization . . .
Mankind balks in indignation.
Is there an answer in any -ization?*

*I, too, felt this deep frustration;
Many nights in search had I,
Spent in thought and contemplation,
Asking where my answers lie.*

*I have glimpsed a clear solution;
(I am but a naive soul),
Knowing man can find an answer,
Such that permeates the whole.*

*Prophets said it once, and then,
Ancients, pilgrims, over again;
Forsaken, unheeded, still vernal and bold,
Eternally true, it will always be told.*

Rich Kraemer



MARKS OF WEAKNESS . . . from page 11

an electronic signal or the twangy boing-boing of a vibrating bedspring. She couldn't see where it was coming from at first, and then she had noticed a thin little man holding the arm of another and moving his lips. No sounds had come from them, but he had been making words — toneless, electronic words — through a stick-like instrument he held to his neck. She had gulped, incredulous. That little man, too, was frowning intently.

For some reason she remembered part of a poem:
I wander thro' each charter'd street
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

She had not the right — no right at all — to make fun of any of this. Oh blindness! And she had felt sorriest of all for Ned. For whether he liked it or not, he was part of the procession and was not more or less human than any of the rest of them. The Real Creeps and the attractive phonies were part of it, and they were not so terribly different, after all. Baby Ann was a part of it too. And what else could her brother-in-law and sister do? Dissipate their energy by going from one doctor to the next with Ann? Or could they laugh at the whole thing, and think life ridiculous? No, the only thing for them after all was the brick house and the occasional movies, the bridge club and the Brownies.

Ned had been waiting for her in the dorm lounge when she had come back from the vacation. She had tried to tell him of her new, great discovery, and he had been frightened by her passion. He couldn't understand what she barely understood herself — that they owed something to others, that they were a part of others, that making life livable for them was sometimes more important than sincerity.

Willi had come into the lounge in a new pink skirt and sweater, apparently absorbed in the letter she was reading. She had been biting her lip and somehow looked like a disappointed child ready to cry at any moment.

Ned had bristled. "Well, well," he had said softly and sarcastically. "First time she hasn't come bounding up to us with that big sweet smile on her big sweet face."

But Willi had seen them — or heard him — and had come toward them after a moment's hesitation.

"Hi Ned! Hiya Rooms! Nice to see you made it back!"

If there was anything she hated, it was being called "Rooms." But she deliberately ignored her reaction to the word. "Willi, I just got here — is something wrong?" Willi's smile had lapsed into a distracted frown.

"Oh no, not really. Just found the funniest letter in my mailbox, Rooms. The funniest thing — I mean not ha-ha funny, dear, but — Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't understand."

She had paused for a moment. They had all seemed to be waiting for something, Willi curling and uncurling the empty envelope.

"Can I help with something, Willi? I'll be up to the room in a few minutes."

"Oh, don't make Ned rush off. You probably feel more like laughing at Ned's jokes than at me. Anyhow, you wouldn't think it's important by now. See you tomorrow morning. I'm going to bed early."

She had left the lounge and they had heard her running up the stairs. "Poor little Willi," Ned had said.

"She probably found out that her panda bear lost his stuffing. No, it's more than that — her best sweater has unraveled and the pigeons are nesting in it." He had tapped a cigarette on his lighter and lit it.

"Now wait a minute," she had said. "You're no doubt right and it's not important —"

"Did I say that?"

She ignored him. "Well, it's important to her, and she can think things are important just as well as you can."

"What brings this on? The glorious Defender of the Downtrodden — here read Friendly but Misunderstood — rises in her rages and quoth, 'Sir,' quoth she, 'thou art not nice.'"

"Well, thou art not. But that's not the point. I'm trying to get it across to you that she's one of the people I saw in the crowd on the corner. And so are you and I, as a matter of fact."

"Maybe I'm on the corner, but I'm the spectator, the observer. I don't want to be anything else, and the crowd passing by doesn't want me to be anything else. And if you do, my fine friend, why aren't you upstairs consoling your wounded Rooms?"

"That's just what I was going to do."

"Oh, go right ahead. Don't let me stop you. Of course, if you laugh at her — and I don't see how you can help but — you'll just make things worse."

"But I won't," she said. "Her problems are really mine too, in a way —"

"Oh for God's sake, get up there and leave me in peace. I'm leaving."

His cigarette had glowed brightly for a moment and then had fallen to the floor. He had stood up and had crushed it on the bare floor with his heel and had left without another word.

It had been raining then (she still remembered the blurred lights she had seen when he had opened the door), and the lights outside the train were blurred from rain or mist now too.

The blond child on the other side of the car had left the milk she was supposed to be drinking and had gone to the window, her nose pressed against the pane, enraptured with the lights and the rain.

She smiled. Her towheaded friend would learn about the charter'd Thames soon enough.

The *Lighter* editor wishes to apologize for the faulty editorial judgment which resulted in the publication in the winter issue of material violating the canons of propriety and good taste. Neither the editor nor anyone on the staff had any intention of maligning the University or its President, and we deeply regret this lapse in editorial responsibility.

SOUNDS . . . from page 14

tinguish between two kinds of beauty. The first we may call subjective beauty, or beauty which exists merely to attract attention to its own loveliness. The second, or objective beauty, is the transmitter, or signpost of a beauty outside itself. The music of the church can never dare to be pretentious in show or floweriness or emotionalism, calling attention to itself, rather than to the message it would proclaim. For behind this kind of facade is an implied insufficient backing of truth and honor.

We would agree that the message of the church is truth and honor. In the communication of this message, it is the message, not the messenger which deserves highest acclaim. This musical proclamation demands a modesty not heard in the chromatic romanticism of the 19th century hymns or the 20th century Gospel songs.

An inherent newness is also present in this ageless message — it is new to each person who hears it. Something of this newness must also be presented in the musical Word. If music is a bearer of the Word, it must lose itself in this Word. Decency plus contemporaneity, modesty plus newness are the standards by which we must judge church music of today.

In the world of the twentieth century tension, struggle, fear, anxiety, hate and love play leading roles in the emotions of man. If sacred music is to be an accurate response, it must speak from within these states. When the world is confronted by the Christ-word the tensions and rifts become glaringly evident — the Christian man is as much of a sinner as the heathen. To us today, this paradox is appallingly apparent. This paradoxical tension is reflected in and speaks through contemporary church music. In the apparently confused cacophony of the Bender setting we see the Christian man crying out of his battle-scarred life to Him who still gives him Life. The great Kyrie of the Church today is not the sacharine sentimentality of the "Sweet Hour of Prayer," but the strong, fervent, demanding faithful cries of the Christian *while he is yet fighting his battle*. There is no rest for the Christian, and the collection of chorales and hymns of the church from Plainsong, through des Pres, J. S. Bach, J. N. David, and R. Wienhorst, serve as mirrors of the ages which produced them. Can we, so vehement about progress in business and politics, allow the service of the Church to be in any way a victim of second rate shoddiness or status quo-ism?

I suppose that there is no unified answer as to what *really* is good church music. Theologians and musicians have fought this battle for centuries and probably will continue the discussion over celestial steins of ambrosia. But we as laymen can and must begin asking some serious questions and subjecting the instruments we use in the high service of God to at least the same critical analysis we give to the latest model car!

LIT . . . from page 15

Beast. (The name the boys give to the shapeless primordial fear of the unknown). What Golding is pointing to is the death of innocence and the awakening to the power of evil in man, a power which human systems of ethics, societies, or governments do not cure but only gloss over.

Mr. Golding has waited a long time for recognition by the public. LORD OF THE FLIES is now eight years old. When it first appeared the critics greeted it with some warmth, but it was not until just last summer that the reading public began talking about the book. Since then it has become a best-seller in such widely divergent intellectual climates as the Columbia University Bookstore and the Ft. Wayne Sr. College Bookshop.

Readers of LORD OF THE FLIES have become interested in two other titles by Golding: THE INHERITORS and PINCHER MARTIN. For some excellent criticism of Mr. Golding's work I recommend: E. L. Epstein's "Notes on LORD OF THE FLIES" in an appendix to the Capricorn edition of the novel, and John Peter's "The Fables of William Golding" in the 1957 volume of the KENYON REVIEW.



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DANGEROUS DUKE . . . from page 19

Push: Americans produce enough red meat every 18 months to outweigh the Grand Coulee Dam.

Smart: What the devil does the Grand Coulee Dam have to do with it?

Bones: Tell, me Smart, do you perhaps eat only the whites of your eggs?

Smart: What?

Bones: (with great patience) I said, Tell me, Mr. Smart, do you perhaps eat only the whites of your eggs?

Smart: Well yes, but how did you know?

Bones: Deduction, simple deduction. It follows. You are characteristic, Mr. Smart, in that you eagerly consume the irrelevant things around you, but miss the best part, and I might add, the most important. You were saying, Mr. Pushbroom?

Push: American hens last year laid 61 billion, 828 million eggs.

Bones: Check the meat and egg department men!

Hardy: Here Bones—here—listen! We pressed our ears close to the huge steel doors of the meat freezer. Inside

we could hear sounds of eating and a fire crackling.

Bones: (with great pomp and authority) Open the doors!

Push: (Excitedly) An eight ounce glass of hippopotamus milk contains exactly 400 calories.

Bones: Duke! Duke, my boy, come out of there—we know you're in there.

Hardy: And indeed the Duke was in there! Another example of the astounding mind of Sherlock Bones. Duke was sitting in the missing typing chair, eagerly devouring a side of beef which he had just finished roasting on an open fire he had somehow built out of the labels of cans.

Announcer: Tune in tomorrow when Bones wraps up the case and solves the riddle of how to get 380 pound Duke out of the typing chair he is stuck in. We will hear Dirty Pushbroom utter the final clue which enables Bones to solve the puzzle:

Push: There are exactly 14,000 drops in a quart of distilled water.

ON THE JOB . . . from page 5

"Yes, encyclopedias. That's why we speak to couples with children — they'll pay hundreds of dollars for books, but other people aren't interested." He made another move toward the door.

"Sit down and talk to me!" It was more a petition than a demand. He slumped back in the chair again, without a word.

Once more, propped on an elbow, she squinted to see across the room. "You're a fine boy," she said, "I can see why my daughter liked you. She always talked about the fine friends she had in college . . ."

He shook his head, slowly, in disbelief.

Without warning, this mother of someone hoisted her tired body from the chair and stumbled her way to the table at the other end of the couch, and picked up a small composition book, bound in motley black-and-white cardboard, like the ones children use to scratch out their first alphabets. Handing the student a pencil and the resting the book into his lap, she wandered over to lean against the mantle and stare at her daughter.

"She always told me, she said, 'Mother, I want you to keep this book handy, and if any of my friends come to see me when I'm not here, have them write down their name and address in it.' That's what Margaret said whenever she left." Not looking at him, she still faced the picture.

After beginning to scrawl something like "John Jones, New York, N.Y." on the first clean page, the student glanced at the woman and quietly lay the notebook on the nearby magazine-rack.

The woman's eyes settled on the half-full decanter. "Like a drink?"

"Not on the job, thank you." The salesman looked out the window, where the orange of sunset was glinting off another picture window, then back at the woman.

"Have I ever shown you the family scrapbook?" she wanted to know.

"No — I'd like to see it," he said. There was no

scrapbook in sight.

"I know just where it is," she said to herself as she stepped unsteadily around the corner into the next room.

The salesman jumped from the chair, took a final look around the room, and headed for the door. The old clock said quarter to seven. A quick turn, a deft pull, and he was in the fresh air once more. He peeked back through the picture window and saw the mother settle into her embroidered chair and page through the past, sipping the time away.

He picked up his briefcase, hurried down to the street, and started up the next cinder drive to another split-level home. The child in the playpen cried at the sight of the stranger.

KRIMINAL . . . from page 21

made their way to greatness with a last name beginning with *k*: people expect the person whose last name begins with *k* to have the same insensibility and unbending personality his name implies, and he comes to accept this. This letter distorts the personality of countless persons with last names beginning with *k*, besides making people in general subject to its tyranny over their emotions and actions.

For this reason the sound or at least the letter *k* should be removed from the alphabet as unbecoming so exalted a group. English has already taken the first step in rendering the *k*-sound a *c* in print. What Orwell would do in Newspeak to destroy thought, society must do in the case of *k* for the opposite reason of making men more reasonable. We need not have Kennedy's capitalist society and Khrushchev's communist bloc in a crisis over Castro's Cuba.

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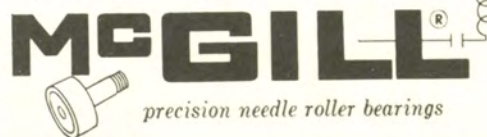
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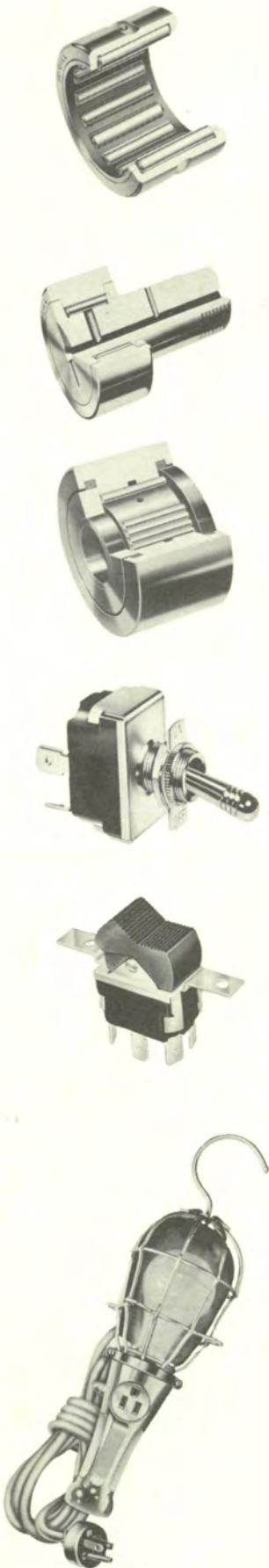
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