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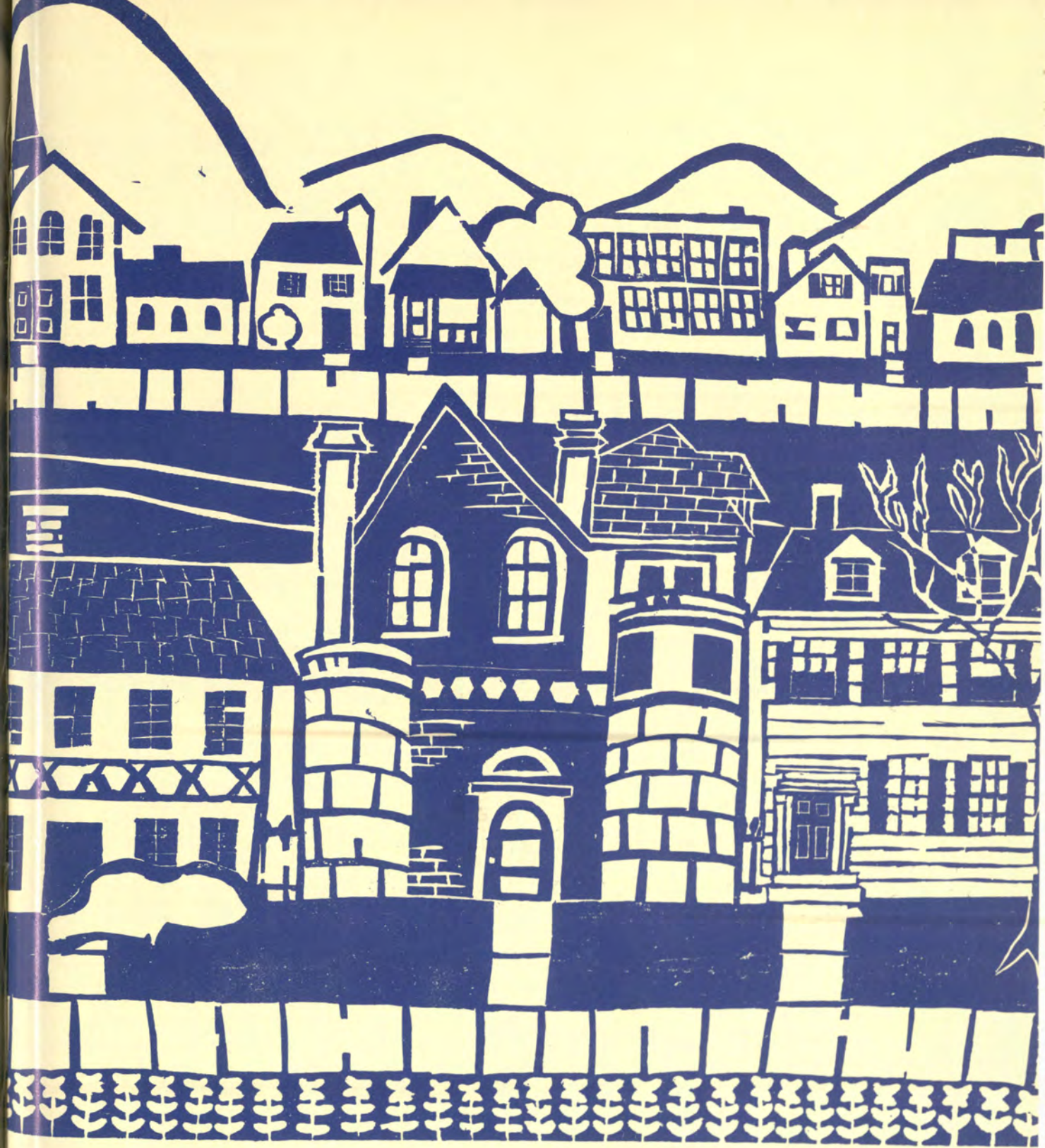


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the lighter

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GENERAL AGENT

Victor F. Kretzmann, FIC
P. O. Box 497
Valparaiso, Indiana 46383

March, 1967

the lighter

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*the literary-feature magazine
of Valparaiso University*

* asterisk

. . . by Süsc

THIS ISSUE, senior English major Pat Daly brightens the *Lighter* with another one of her lively tales. "Better the Second Time" recaptures a few of those "unreal" moments that are bound to happen during anyone's unsuspecting freshman year at college. Miss Daly's reactions to the roommate ever eager for new kicks, her engagement with the big puzzler of a problem that is actually only finger size and her encounter with the notoriously "happy" college male are all designed with a smile in mind.

The spirits in Jim Rutherford's "A Tiger Springs" are not so blithe. Also a senior majoring in English, Mr. Rutherford journeys under the influence of T.S. Eliot's "Gerontion" through the retrospections of "a dull head among windy spaces." Underlying his artful sketch of a man who cannot hope to regain all that he has lost by returning to the home of his youth is the nagging question of the true meaning of success. Mr. Rutherford cogently translates the question into a vivid word-picture not easily forgotten.

January graduate Don Jones examines the views of a man in the Black Power movement who raises further questions to prick the conscience of the comfortable middle class white. The history with a message for today is to be found in Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*. Mr. Jones allows us to see more clearly through the eyes of Mr. Fanon as he looks at the process of dehumanization forced upon the colonized Negro.

Poet Bonnie Birtwistle, a freshman, draws us to con-

sider other aspects of human reality in her poem "Prospero." The outcome of numerous experiences followed by creative reflection, her urgent invocation to a newborn child delineates a task to be fulfilled that perhaps cannot be carried off by a Wizard of Oz who is ultimately forced to admit, "I'm not such a bad man, just a bad Oz." Miss Birtwistle displays a talent in weaving provocative images that should not go unnoticed.

In what she calls "undoubtedly the shortest one-act play ever written," drama major Sherry Smalley focuses in on a character who evinces some of the passion which Mr. Rutherford's old man has lost. "This Way, Please" may represent a brief initial attempt at play-writing, yet it succeeds in building a haunting, suspenseful mood that evokes a desire to see Miss Smalley further her efforts in creating moments of drama.

Lighter readers gain an entrance into the more personal thoughts of junior Barb Scholz as she calls us to climb a tree with her during a time of downcast irre- resolution. Her intimate monologue "And You Think About It" reveals an optimistic perspective on life.

In advance participation in the Week of Challenge, Valparaiso artists and essayists sought to capture through image and word their private convictions of the Good Life. The expressive ideas and representations included here help to introduce the campus to the second annual Week of Challenge.

BIRTWISTLE

DALY

RUTHERFORD



JONES

SCHOLZ

SMALLEY

* *et alii*

PHOTOS / George Shibata

Editorial Comment:

JUST thinking, mind you (if you can call it that) about nothing in particular.

But wondering a wonder: Do we want to be happy? Or do we rather want to be happy in knowing that we are happy? Fact versus symbol. Consciousness of consciousness.

Because for some time now (part of a lifetime and part of a dream) we have been watching, and it has gotten to be an exceedingly bad show: THE ONGOING STORY OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

And between the giggles and popcorn, in a silence of thought, it comes: 'Omigosh, that's us we're laughing at!'

So we look around to see who else is laughing, but nobody is much laughing, and God is dead. Oh yes, Thomas J.J. and all the boys said so. But we know. We have been watching, waiting for him to stir, peep, or fart. But he hasn't. He's dead.

Bored to death and gone home, with all the rest. And while ushers sweep the aisles, the show goes on. But because no one is looking (and maybe because no one would care anyway) we get bold, pull back the curtain, and peek. And mincing say, 'Omigosh, but we do look silly with the mask on.'

So we strip away the last shred of sense and leave by the side exit, tripping down the long road from now to tomorrow.

Until an answer comes to a forgotten question.

The nature of life is unknown and unknowable. And if this is what God hath wrought, well, who are we to contradict him?

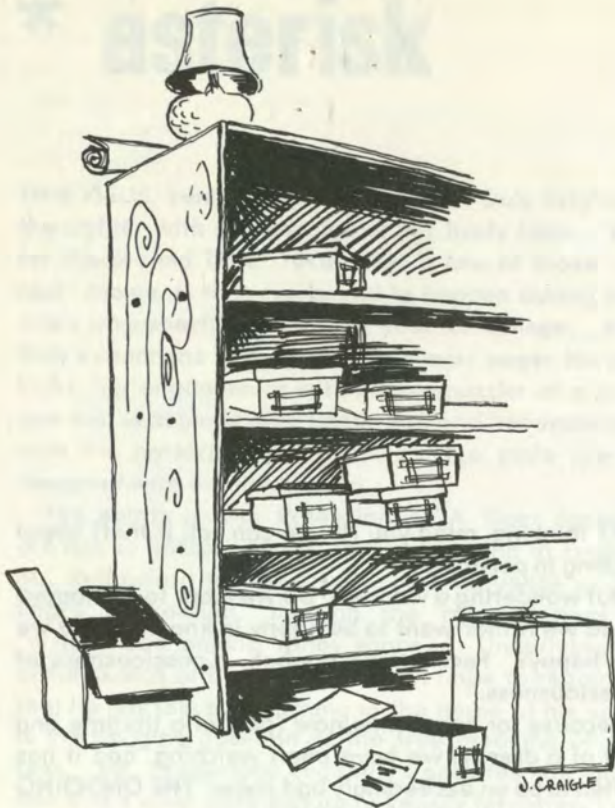
Or for that matter, who is left to contradict us? That seeing you may not see, and hearing . . .

Look! See: Up, down, east, and west; the nature of space is curved. Now if we set the Y-coordinate at zero and scan the next four lines, noting somewhere a field of blue . . .

Hell man, it's creativity time.

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

fiction by
pat daly



MY AUNT always did save things for me. From the time I was seven, when I went to live with her and my uncle, she saved everything from the first letter that I wrote to them from summer camp, to birthday party invitations, field day fourth place award ribbons, and an assortment of “I like Ike,” “I gave,” and “We try harder” buttons. These things were all put into separate shoe boxes marked grade school, junior high, high school, and university. (Somehow I never got through to her that even though I went to a university it was really quite proper to call it college.)

She was sure that someday when she had time to compile all the material into a gigantic scrapbook, I would derive hours of nostalgic pleasure from paging through it. I remember how I always laughed at her and assured her that *I*, of all people, was not the sentimental type, but she would merely shoot me a “some day you’ll thank me for this” look and continue her collecting undaunted. Well, for undoubtedly the first time since I have known her, she was absolutely right.

The masterpiece was in this morning’s mail, and I have just spent the past three hours re-living the first twenty-one years of my life. It’s strange the way a human being can think back upon once-critical moments of his life with a complete change of emotion. For in-

stance, when I came to the page with my second grade class picture, I really had to chuckle; yet, what a crisis that had been! I had worked so hard to persuade my uncle that I really did need to spend two dollars for a picture of me and my classmates. And, I was so bitterly disappointed to discover when they were delivered that all that could be seen of me was my left ear and shoulder because the fattest kid in school, who was my height, had been assigned to stand directly ahead of me. Now, it’s funny to recall clearly how I contemplated running away, throwing myself in front of a car, or burning the picture and saying that I had lost it rather than to have to face up to the disillusionment of the horrible truth.

And the page with the junior high chorus program on it — how vain I had been about that! I’m embarrassed to think of how proud I was that *I*, a seventh grader, had been chosen the accompanist over two ninth grade girls. I was so good, in my estimation, that I didn’t have any friends for a month. But that didn’t bother me; I was absolutely sure that somehow Ted Mack would find out and would one day rush into the school and whisk me off to New York.

But then, I had to feel sorry for myself when I came to the page with the ticket stubs from the show I went to at the age of 15 on my first real high school date. I was

ART / John Craigle

so nervous that I couldn't eat for an entire week before. However, the whole evening went just fine — until he walked me to the door. I tossed my head back to emit a nervous little laugh, and he moved forward for a kiss. When I realized what he was planning to do, I snapped my head forward and my right incisor bore into his lip. His mother made him go to the doctor and have a stitch put in it. I shook for a week to think that I had scarred him for life.

When I read the telegram that I had sent home at a critical point in my freshman year at college, I laughed almost hysterically over an incident that I found little humor in at the time it occurred. The message read:

DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE

AM FINE. AM NOT IN HOSPITAL.
DISREGARD ANY OTHER MESSAGES.

LIZ

The date on it was October 15, 1960. I had entered college at the age of 17, naive, nurtured in a strictly Victorian atmosphere, and never quite sure of what was going on around me. My roommate on the other hand, was a shapely, sophisticated little strawberry blond from Chicago named Marcia. Between my two-week confinement with the mumps and my conscientious attempt to keep up with the load of assignments, I hadn't had time for one date during the two months that we had been at school — not that anyone had asked me. Marcia, of course, was immediately dating in three of the top fraternities on campus, and was never around the dorm very much.

On the day of October 15, a Saturday, she had a date for the afternoon football game and the rest of the evening with Larry who, I noted, had been her constant companion for the past two weeks. However, she was informed that morning by the house mother that due to the fact that she had come in late so often in the previous two weeks, she would be dormed for that evening, meaning that she had to be in by 7:00 p.m.

"I think I may have to 'accidentally' forget to come back after the game," she told me confidentially.

Having thoroughly read the student handbook, I was convinced that a dire fate was in store for anyone who disregarded rules. "No, Marcie — oh, you can't, you just can't!" With such logical arguments I finally persuaded her that her entire future depended on her being back in the dormitory by 7:00.

"... And Larry said the party tonight would really be swingin' too..." Marcia pouted.

"Well, it's not as if everything is a complete loss. You can still have a good time at the football game; it's supposed to be one of the best games of the season, I guess." I offered cheerfully. Realizing my offer of comfort was

to no avail, I then set about to convince her that it would only be proper etiquette to call him and let him know in advance. I don't think she understood why she should do it, but she finally consented to call him and deliver the tragic news. The next thing I knew she shot into the room with the velocity of a small torpedo. When she finally came to a halt on her bed, I inquired how Larry had taken the bad news.

"Oh, it hit him hard at first; but he's the kind of guy who never let's anything stand in the way of a party. So... we're going to skip the football game and go to his apartment for a swingin' little party on our own this afternoon! Isn't that tough?"

I didn't think it was tough; I thought it was just wierd. "Skip the football game?? What could be more fun than that?"

"Well, Lizzie, I think our ideas of fun vary a bit — but I love you anyway!" She tossed her pillow at my lower abdomen and assured me that if I yelled extra loud at the game, no one would know that she wasn't there; furthermore, she was certain that the handbook had no rules about yelling for people when said people were unable to attend. There was something about Marcia that made it possible for her to be sarcastic and sometimes downright offensive right to your face, and yet you could never really get mad at her for it.

Anyway, being frugal, level-headed, and scared to death that I was going to lose my scholarship, I informed myself a week in advance that I was going to forego all Saturday afternoon pleasures because the dorm would be vacant, quiet, and an excellent place to study. And, after Larry arrived at 1:00 to pick up Marcia, I discovered my prediction was correct. When the unfamiliar silence made it apparent what I was missing, I decided to reward myself for my will power. Thus, I spent the first twenty minutes participating in my favorite collegiate pass-time "jagging." I combed and re-combed my hair in an attempt to make it look like Marcia's; finally I reasoned that since I didn't look like Marcia, why should my hair. Not a real sound philosophy, but it made me feel better all the same. The rest of the afternoon I spent with selected portions of *Canterbury Tales*, interspersed of course with momentarily listening to the radio's report on the progress of the game. At 4:00, since we had won the game, and I had nothing left to read but 40 pages in the boringest textbook I owned, I decided that I had earned a short nap.

I don't remember whether I woke up from natural causes, or whether Marcia made that much noise as she weaved down the hallway, but at 6:55 the door opened and Marcia shrieked a drawn-out "Wh-e-e-e-e!" as she twirled around three times and crumpled into a giggling heap on the floor. I looked at the clock with complete disbelief — I thought I had just lain down. Then I looked

at Marcia with complete disbelief — I thought she was drunk.

“Did you have a good time, Marcie?” I asked, hoping that her entrance was all a part of her effervescent little act.

“Ish was a toug-g-h parshy, honey. We were both sorry that you had to miss it.”

Somehow, even *I* found that hard to believe. “Do you feel okay?”

“Yes, I feel won-der-ful-lll!”

“Eh, well, why are you lying on the floor?”

“Oh, this is a tricky ballet position that Larry was teachin’ me. He’s really good at it — ballet.” At that she managed to get up and resume her whirling and twirling about the room, as she began to hum loudly.

“You ever heard this tune, Lissy-Pissy?”

She slowed down and hummed a few bars directly into my face. It was then that I was sure she was drunk.

“I don’t think so.”

“Too bad. ‘S called ‘Bolero’! Kinda sexy, huh?”

Apparently the noise of the “sexy” tune in addition to the sound being produced by her tricky choreography, aroused the curiosity of others, for soon the room was crowded with people. Marcia for some reason had lost her balance and was sitting in the middle of the room incoherently attempting conversation. Her captive audience was easily entertained, however, as they roared at her every attempt to talk or move.

I guess I’ll never know why I did it; I know it’s something I couldn’t possibly have thought about beforehand, but while I was sitting there watching Marcia, I had picked up a ring off of the desk, a cheap friendship ring that someone had left in the room several weeks before and had never come back to claim. Somehow, in the distraction of watching my roommate’s antics, I had worked the ring onto my finger. The problem was that it was on the knuckle of the finger; it wouldn’t slide up and it wouldn’t slide down. Meanwhile, my finger promptly changed from pink, to red, to orchid, to black. Soon the spotlight was on me, as everyone offered suggestions to solve my problem.

“Try soap!!!”

“I’m sure hand lotion will move it. . . .”

“Here, try this baby oil, it should help!”

“Ack, does it look awful!!!”

“You’d better do something. . . .”

I did do something; I started to cry.

Finally, a heavy set P. E. major of few words stalked forward to act. She grabbed my hand and jammed the ring onto the finger. A cheer went up from the fans. We all watched my finger slowly turn from black to purple to red to pink. The group, with the exception of Marcia who was asleep in the corner, agreed that it was much more fun to watch it go from black to pink, than

vice-versa. Furthermore, they took a vote and all agreed that I would have to have the ring cut off, because there was a great chance that my finger would swell up and the circulation would be cut off again. Fine. Where do you go to have a ring cut off, the jeweler’s?

Of course I must be kidding because everyone knows that you have to go to the hospital. It was strange though the way, when the entertainment and thrills were over, everyone either had to go study or get ready for a date when I asked for a volunteer to go to the hospital with me. Almost immediately, the room was empty except for Marcia. I pulled her out of the corner, took off her trench coat, and left her sprawled in the middle of the floor, where she looked quite comfortable.

As I put on my coat and walked out the door it suddenly occurred to me that I had no idea of where the hospital was located. So, I turned around, went back in, asked the house mother for directions and then called a cab — I never was too good on understanding directions.

I decided to wait for it outside, since I hadn’t been out all day. I sat down on the ledge by the steps and, as I was musing over how Marcia had apparently spent her afternoon, a masculine voice came forth from the shadows.

“Hi.”

Well, if I hadn’t already been in a state of shock, I would doubtlessly have passed out, or maybe just croaked right there on the spot. When my heart finally landed in the approximate area of my esophagus, I managed to wheeze out a faint “Hello.” I guess I thought maybe if I was nice to him he wouldn’t hurt me. He quickly moved down to sit next to me on the ledge.



"Aren't you Marcia's roommate?" he demanded, trying to look into my eyes.

His breath smelled just like Marcia's had. My deductive mind led me to believe that this had to be Larry. At the same time it led me to believe that I didn't want to get involved.

"Marcia who?"

"Come on, I know I've seen you with her before; you're her roommate," he said confidently. His confidence scared me, so I confessed. I tried feebly to make amends by saying that I always called her Marcie and I forgot her real name was Marcia. I had the feeling that even a drunk could see through that.

Where was I going? — out. What was I doing? — nothing. Was I trying to be a wise-ass — no. I took advantage of a silent moment to pray for the speed of the taxi. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Hey, really, why are you doing here?" Somehow the syntax of that sentence led me to believe that I'd better play it straight.

"Well, I'm going to the hospital," I said quietly.

"My God, you're going to have a baby and you're just sitting here?" he asked as he again tried to focus his eyes on mine.

"A-h-h, no. People *do* go to the hospital for other things. I'm just going to have this removed," I said, pointing to the ring.

"Holy crap, you poor kid. How can you be so calm about having your finger amputated?"

Oh, I was obviously a very brave girl, but it just wasn't right for me to have to go through this ordeal alone. Therefore he vowed to stick with me all the way through it. Had anyone contacted my relatives? Oh, I didn't have a thing to be concerned with, he'd take care of it all. That's what I was afraid of! I tried interrupting every few minutes with "It really isn't necessary," but I wasted my breath.

All the time he was talking, however, I was formulating a plan in the back of my mind. When the taxi pulled up I would run down the steps, jump into the cab, and order the driver to be off so fast that this drunk would be left reeling. Of course I, having never been fully coordinated, had to get a fairly agile drunk! When I stumbled on the bottom step, it gave him time to get to the cab and wait there, holding the door open for me while I regained my balance.

"Don't need any help, huh?" he grinned, poking me in the ribs.

"Cheer up," he said, as his piece of gum tumbled from his mouth.

"To the hospital," he demanded of the driver. "Oh, don't worry, buddy, she's not pregnant; she's going to have a finger amputated."

The driver turned completely around and gave me a

sympathetic glance. I turned my head, and resignedly stared out the window. We went a total of two and a half blocks and stopped.

"Here ya are folks," the cabbie said.

I was embarrassed to discover that it was so close. I reached for my purse; Larry handed him a dollar.



"I hope it goes well for ya, Miss," the cabbie bellowed as we climbed up the steps.

I inquired at the desk as to exactly where I should go in my situation, while Larry moved about informing everyone in the waiting room that I was not pregnant, and I was merely going to have my hand amputated. The nurse directed me to the emergency ward, which was impossible to miss because it had a large neon sign at the end of the hall.

As we started down the hall, Larry grabbed my arm.

"I think I can make it by myself, thank you," I said dryly. I wasn't so afraid of him in the bright lights when other people were around.

"Maybe you can, baby, but I can't. That gin is really grabbing hold of me now — it must be the air in this place."

I couldn't tell if he was faking or not, having had no previous experiences with drunks, liquor, or hospitals. But I could vouch for one thing: he was definitely staggering! As we reeled down the hall, he stopped one janitor (who dropped his mop when Larry addressed him as Dr.) and two nurse's-aids to ask their assistance in locating the emergency ward; of course at the same time he explained fully the purpose of our visit.

When we reached the emergency ward, the nurse asked me to go on in and, recognizing Larry's condition, she commanded him to wait in the waiting room. After explaining to the nurse that I was there to have my arm amputated, he obediently layed down on the empty couch like a worn out puppy.

Inside, the nurse told me that the emergency doctor had left, and she was going to have to cut the ring off alone. She had never cut off a ring before. She had never even seen a ring cut off before. I smiled at her weakly, while I contemplated the thought of Larry's amputation prophesy coming true. She pulled out an instrument that looked like a huge can opener, and sat down to read the instructions. When she finished, she smiled brightly and assured me that it looked as if it would be a simple job. I hoped so. She got the apparatus on my finger perfectly, but didn't have enough strength to get the machine to cut through the thick metal. After 25 minutes, when she had about spent all of her energy, the door opened, and Larry bounced in.

"Just though I'd check to see how the operation was coming along," he said. "Why are you cutting the ring off?" The nurse and I didn't say a thing, but Larry kept talking in such a circle that he came to the conclusion this was a prerequisite for the actual amputation. Anyway, he read the directions quickly, and none too gently released me from the ring in approximately 30 seconds.

From that point on, I felt somewhat indebted to him. I decided the only way to get out of there would be to humor him into believing that the doctor had decided to do the operation later that evening, and that he would contact me at the dorm, so we were free to leave.

The night air seemed to help Larry's walking.

"You know — Oh, God — I don't even know your name."

"Liz, Liz Walgren."

"Oh, well, ah I'm Larry Kraemer. I imagine you're wondering why I was at the dorm tonight. Well, Marcia said she had been dormed but I figured it was just an excuse to go out with someone else."

I assured him that Marcia had told the truth, and had in fact considered ignoring her dorming to go out with him, but I had talked her out of it. He said he believed me.

"Yeah, I think you're a real straight kid; I believe ya. Liz, what do ya think of me, I mean as a person."

Well, the only adjectives that came to my mind when I considered the course of the evening's events were words like overbearing. . . obnoxious. . . show-off. . . embarrassing. . . "Well Larry, I hardly think I can answer that question fairly. After all, you have been drinking." That sent him into a sililoquy, the rate and confusion of which surpassed anything composed by Shakespeare.

Yes they had been drinking, but they had been drink-

ing gin only because it was his favorite booze, not because of its reputation as a "panty dropper." Did I know that gin was a "panty dropper?" No, I did not know it was a panty dropper, but I did file that away for future reference. He had not done anything to Marcia — no; he believed a guy should be a virgin as much as a girl should be. Did I believe that a guy should be a virgin too? Well, I hadn't given it much thought, but I supposed I agreed. He hit all the big subjects in addition to sex and alcohol — politics, war, religion, etc.

I let him continue his tirade for twenty minutes on the dormitory steps; finally I got up the courage to interrupt him and remind him that I really should go inside and wait for the doctor to call. He pulled his folded handkerchief out of his pocket and scrawled a phone number on it with his pen. He told me it was a number that he didn't just give out to anyone in town and he made me "cross my heart and hope to spit" that I would call him as soon as the doctor called so that he could go with me.

He spent the next twenty minutes reassuring me that nothing bad would happen to a straight kid like me, and that he'd be there, and that he would let my relatives know, and that I had nothing to worry about because old Larry was my friend.

I spent several minutes trying to explain in simple terms why he mustn't send any messages to my relatives, but I could see that rational arguments were of no avail.

"Well, thank you Larry for all your support this evening," I said as I turned to go. Slowly I felt myself being turned back around. I could smell his breath again, as he kissed me on the forehead and made me repeat once more an oath that I would contact him as soon as the doctor called.

"See ya later. . . . Hey, you, I said 'see you later,' I'm going down to the hardware store. . . ."

"Oh, o.k., Larry."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you know all that junk my aunt was always collecting? Well, she finally made it into a scrapbook."

"Is that what you've been laughing about all morning?"

"Well, this stuff all seems so funny now."

"Is that the telegram you told me about that you sent home the night we met? Ha! You must have really thought I was out of it! Hey, look at that. Isn't that the picture you sent to your aunt when we first started going together. . . ?"

"Yea, remember how scared we were that she wouldn't approve?"

"Liz, look — where did your aunt get ahold of this? Remember. . . ."

PROSPERO

PREFACE

Beware the hypocrite's litany
And false prophet's pitiable cry:

"Jesus of Nazareth passing by!"

Neither shall they believe if someone should rise from the dead.

— bland, blind man —

shaking reed,
whisper ripple brook,
and quivering new twig —
These raucous preface of a miracle
stillness
Pounding through forgotten senses
and above the hollow
roar of flesh.

Mercy, God, mercy
and if not worthy that,
then peace.

PROSPERO

Beautiful child,
Tiny blossom of a man,
Smelling sweetly of infancy,
Reaching desperately in your miniature manhood;
And babbling obliviously
The dream that you are made of . . .

Child,
It is not easy to believe
You, too, have fallen victim;
Become so soon the diminutive implement of
Sins of Forefathers
Visited upon the third and fourth generations
Of an atomic evolution,
Convulsing sporadically through the
Labyrinth of reality
Into the leviathan jaws of eternity . . .
Squirming, pulsating new joy,

Refreshing dependency in suffocating speed of growth
Hesitate,— for me.
I need singularity;
That warmth alone can revive frozen sensitivity
Entombed within the numb catacomb of conscience.

Child,
Ignore the eerie hiss of serpents
Begging us to leave in scattered remnants
The hope and dreams of a millennium,
Cluttering the desolate acres of battlefield,
Dying grounds for scores of endeavors
finding success
in the closing waters of surrender,
diffusing

— blood red —

to that yawning forever . . .

I pray you
Sleeping being, dormant soul —
The man you must be has been born
to gather fragments scattered,
seal them with the sanguine
mortar of defeat,
By the sweat and infinity you control.

Oh child,
These crumbled bits and fragments,
Screaming with your infant fury,
Expect no answer but the silent echo
Of prodigious necessity.
Expect only the hollow joys of wasted wisdom
Amid grim shadows in massive caverns,
Or mangled in the whine and grit of synthesized thought;
Can sense only the stench and smog of metropolis,
Sweat rolling off reeking flesh of billions,
Crowded and grumbling,
Babbling in the steel towers of progress,
Begging in dark alleys of prejudice,
Groveling for twopence of prestige.
Lulled to garish sleep, at last . . .

tick tock . . . tick tock

Lullaby of key punch.

Perhaps child,
You are the One.
Perhaps yours the vicissitude, the stubborn will,
Not to surrender,
Not to slumber;

To write on walls the creed of hope;
Walk the streets of the city, and with your breath,
Purify the nauseous gas of terror,
the musty odor of apathy;
Mop the grease from sleeping bodies of animate statistics,
And heal their crippled minds,
their broken spirits;
And their purposes,
their purposes fill with one passion:
to live again.

Will you pay this single debt?
Child, child —
Even a little love is not futile.
Forget the odds,
It is your love that turns the wheel,
Spurning pity and complaint,
Your fierce deliberation between liberty and license:
To cast the lot for blind love or blind luck:
God's job — or man's?

Tell me,
For you are Pilate's truth,
Grasping in your fist the man who fell
Your task, child —
Measuring depths of prayer and wishing well,
Exploring within the marginal plain of
obedience and hypocrisy,
Interrogating mercilessly the culprit Motive,
Paradise found struggling through hell . . .
The mannequins of this earth
are begging, clamoring —
You needn't tease tomorrow any longer —
Child,
Plunge, if you must — REBEL!

But can he keep the promise to posterity?

prospero . . .
prospero . . .
prospero . . .

prospero

By all that is good,
If this beautiful child, too,
must fail this task,
Be left to the corroding forces of inevitable defeat,
Pray voices crying in the wilderness of pity
Answer his agonizing litany of shame:
*He was not such a very bad man,
Just a very bad god.*

THE TIGER* SPRINGS



F I C T I O N
b
y

in the

New

James

Autherford

YEAR

HERE I AM, an old man in a dry month. . .

He didn't know why he chose the volume of Eliot poetry to take along, probably because in his last search of forgotten articles he had spotted the volume in the desk drawer and didn't have time to pack it in the trunk.

ART / Jan Karsten

His mind strayed from the poem's opening words.

He glanced up from the book and looked out the window. His cab had merged with the innumerable other green and yellow shapes that were quickly leaving the terminals. The car was not air-conditioned and he envied the group in the passing shuttle-bus, chatting and smoking easily with the windows tightly rolled up to preserve their comfort. Even the breeze as the driver accelerated onto the expressway was unrefreshing. The utter lack of wind had been especially noticeable when he left the airport. The heat enveloped one like a rolling fog, draining and sucking all life from the body.

Old? No, he really wasn't old. Not chronologically, anyway. He felt old though, very old and tired of it all. And now he was going home. Home. The word had a strange, fantasy-like connotation, as if a miasma of happy voices, Christmas trees, dogs, and nostalgia should be immediately associated with it. Home Sweet Home. God Bless Our Home. Oh there's no place like home for the holidays.

He became aware of the heat again, bodiless and stifling. Perspiration multiplied on his forehead and neck. He could feel it bead and swell, then gather momentum and slowly trickle down his skin to be suddenly destroyed by his damp handkerchief.

Homecoming. He wondered what it would be like after all these years. He knew it couldn't change. It would contain the long main street, dominated by Corrin's four-storied Emporium. . .and the many haunts of his youth. . .Pop's Pharmacy with its collage of magazines, hair preparations, and the little soda fountain where they lingered over a coke. . .The Village Theater where two-month-old films could be seen. . .and the old A&P where he used to run down to get a last-minute item for Mother. Then the business area would slowly recede, giving way to the little hills and gentle mountains that bore the expansive white dwellings and emerald lawns that made the town such a pleasant retreat, or so the visitors and tourists proclaimed.

He could see them all now when the news spread of his return. Mrs. Dilson would still be President of the Bridge Club. As she played her trick, she would pause and insert his name, and they would all cluck and shake their heads; his former classmates, now businessmen and salesmen would dissect him over afternoon cocktails at The Jolly Coachman; while the high-school set would ponder his fate as they slurped sodas at Eddie's Drive-In, adding additional fields of pimples to their poor complexions.

Back at Stanton, everybody would be doing the same thing. However, in place of the bridge club, The Jolly Coachman, and Eddie's, the frequenters of the Faculty Club, the assorted cocktail parties, and lavish dinners would drop his name during lulls in conversations of

academic freedom, tenure, and promising new students. They would shake their heads sadly, then sip their drinks to banish his memory in a fitting tribute. The first professor in the two-hundred year history of Stanton University to be asked to relinquish the Emmet Chair. It was undoubtedly the best scandal to hit the University in years.

Oh, they had all loved him once. The grueling years of frustration and anxiety over his dissertation gave way to the urgency, begging in fact, of Dean Lyden in persuading him to join the faculty. What a success those first years had been. His colleagues respected him and held him in great esteem, his students loved him, and every Autumn he was deluged with letters from leading Universities asking him to speak as guest lecturer the following quarter. Oh, he had been a striking figure then. Posing benevolently at interviews, witty and urbane at fraternity and dormitory bull-sessions, and how could he forget the deference and admiration of passers-by when he and Laura strolled with the children on Sunday afternoons. Cool, fresh, afternoons, with the multi-colored leaves slowly gliding down and the sunlight highlighting her hair.

He felt the heat of the car again and he felt sick to his stomach. The last drag from his cigarette made his mouth feel dry and tasteless. He crushed it out in the ashtray and observed the smoke languidly stretch out, billowing a brief moment, then called to oblivion by the outside air. Much like life, he thought, a brief billow, a snatch at success, and then disintegration. He turned back to his book:

*And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
Guides us by vanities. . .*

His mind wandered again to those early years when each day dawned splendid and exciting. How he would look forward to every registration, where, to the envy of his peers, students would line-up hours before in order to insure a seat in one of his classes. Colleagues would drop in at his office to chat and seek his advice. Then back to the ample Tudor-style home where Laura's eyes would brighten when he entered and the children would drop their toys to run and hug him.

Each morning, after a long and relaxing breakfast he would stop for a moment and admire his appearance. The deep, brown eyes that could question, insult, or twinkle merrily at the slightest provocation stared confidently back. He was pleased by the neatly brushed black hair that was beginning to show flattering touches of grey. A quick touch at the firm, close-shaven jaw, a glance at the impressive wardrobe selected with impeccable taste, and then the charming smile would appear. He had even worn sunglasses to heighten the dynamic

and devil-may-care effect.

Classes had been a triumphant *tour de force*. From his entrance to his exit the class remained attentive and enraptured. His clever comments, inserted to provide comic relief, never failed to draw laughter and applause. While lecturing, he allowed his voice range to delve into probing whispers, then soar to a thundering climax emphasizing his point.

When *Time* in its coverage of the nation's leading educators devoted an extremely flattering paragraph in tribute of his craft, he accepted the congratulations of the multitudes modestly and graciously. Yet he always had a goal. . .the Emmet Chair in the Humanities. He could taste and savor its wealth. The Emmet Chair, the position that afforded a professor *carte blanche* in content matter and enormous prestige across the country.

He longed for Old Doc Pearson to retire or even die so he could get the appointment. Everything was directed toward this goal. At cocktail parties he and Laura would subtly bypass old friends and maneuver toward the Department Head and circle of Deans. Laura was always instructed to aim for the better clubs composed of the upper-strata of faculty wives, and she had played her part remarkably well. Soon nothing mattered but this position. He spent endless hours in the study, writing and thinking, while Laura usually went to bed neglected, and the children learned not to bother him.

Then that wonderful day when Old Pearson finally gave up, falling down the stairs on his way to greet a student and breaking half the bones in his old body. The next day all his hopes and plans came true. The faculty committee voted him the Emmet Chair and his career and future were insured.

The tiger springs in the new year. Us he devours. . .

He looked up from the line. A song had distracted his attention. A group of teenagers were singing in a passing convertible. They appeared refreshed and healthy, emitting that wonderful glow that depicts an absence of problems and utter contentment with life. He once had the same glow. The boys in the car looked about the same age as his own sons.

What had happened? He tried to forget by turning back to the poem, but the pages blurred. His gaze reverted to the open window. They passed a field. Cows grazed contentedly, oblivious to the speeding traffic. Trees, farms, and filling-stations sweltered in the sun and merged into a glittering and colorful collage as they sped by.

He longed for a drink and silently cursed himself for neglecting to buy a bottle at the airport. The effect of the drinks he had consumed on the plane had worn off and left him with an odd feeling. His body seemed heavy

and he had a penetrating headache; headaches bothered him constantly now. He felt sick at his stomach and nausea was gaining control. Why had he been fated for destruction? All his talent, respect, and brilliance turned into waste.

*I have lost my passion: Why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated? . . .*

Once more he turned away from the volume. He was staring out the window but no longer recognized objects, only various colors caught his sight. Reds and yellows blended into brilliant orange. Blues and greens merged into refreshing shades that left him unrefreshed. Life had become a disillusioned nightmare, with only liquor as a brief escape. What comes next? Complete breakdown? Psychiatric care? Suicide?

He almost shook the driver, wanting to ask why, why had he lost all sense of hope, all drive, all his ambitions in such a short time? Oh he had searched for it, had searched so hard, but it had vanished like a leaf in autumn, unable to cope with a dominating wind. Had vanished. Vanished. His classes had become dull routine. He no longer took care of himself. . .hair wind-blown and uncut, unshaven, eyes bloodshot and listless, and clothes unmatched, hanging lifeless on a lifeless body.

At afternoon cocktail parties, heads would turn as Laura bravely tried to steer him out, so it would not appear that he was as drunk as everyone thought. Then the invitations came less frequently. Mornings were bleak and his mind clouded. A cigarette and a glass of warm scotch substituted for breakfast. His one-time virtuoso performances degenerated into listless mumbings, usually culminated in an early dismissal of the class. Then that day when he had wandered home early in the afternoon, not even bothering to go to class and drunker than usual. . .and Laura and the boys gone. Nothing but a brief note that their lawyer was handling everything.

The following registration proved the beginning of the last stages of degradation. Fewer than ten people had enrolled in the course that hundreds used to fight for. He had sobered up long enough to be coherent when he was called to the President's office the next day. Maybe a long rest, a good doctor, a European vacation.

The taxi had pulled into town. The Emporium. The Village Theater. Pop's Pharmacy. Yes, they were all intact. . .only he had changed. He didn't hear the taxi driver ask to what part of town he wanted to go. Nor did he notice the driver oddly staring at the trembling man crying in the back seat of an old Checker Cab.

Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.

THIS WAY, PLEASE

a short play in one act for one woman

by Sherry Smalley

SETTING: Small room with grayish walls — like an office. There is a chair, sofa, lamp, coffee table, and a few pictures on the wall. On stage right and left there are doors leading to offices. Upstage left of center is a door leading to the outside. During this scene the lights fade down so that only the actress can be seen.

(As the scene opens a woman is seen seated in the chair. She is in her early forties and has bleached hair that is an orangish color. When you first look at her face it appears to be young but at a second glance you see age — hard age. Her black dress is too tight. She takes out a cigarette and lights it.)

“Why in the hell don’t they hurry? I’ve been waiting at least an hour. Jesus, what do they think I am? I haven’t got all day. Women are supposed to be slow! Christ, I wish I had a nickel for every minute I had to wait for a man. I’d be a millionaire.

I wonder what they want? Damn, I hate mysterious things. They aren’t cops. I wasn’t soliciting so they can’t get me for that. I’m not vagrant. Thanks to Mr. Richard “Bastard” Stewart. Ha! Ha! Little Richie Stewart. Prim and proper. Little Richie Stewart who played with little girls behind the garage — when no one was looking. Remember Alice, Richie? Couldn’t shake bad habits could you? Even in high school. Why

Alice? She was a good kid. Where is she now Bastard? You’re going to pay for what you did to her. I’m going to put the screws to you like they’ve never been put before. The apartment is just the beginning. You pig! You ass! When I get done with you, you’re going to cry. Cry hard — just like she did.

Maybe Richie hired them. Maybe he started thinking. No. That fat ass pig only thinks of what satisfies him at the moment. He can’t think ahead. It would be too much strain. His pus brain couldn’t stand it. Oh God, Richie! Are you going to cry!

Where the hell are they? Why don’t they come back? And what, in the name of God, happened to the damn lights? This is enough to drive you off your tree.

I never could stand waiting. All my life I’ve been waiting. Waiting for something that never comes. Waiting for Mom — Alice — Steve. They never came back.

(Footsteps heard offstage)

Well, it’s about time. Christ, I could’ve died in the time it took them to do their damned business.

(Goes to pick up purse, gloves, etc. from coffee table. Footsteps heard coming closer.)

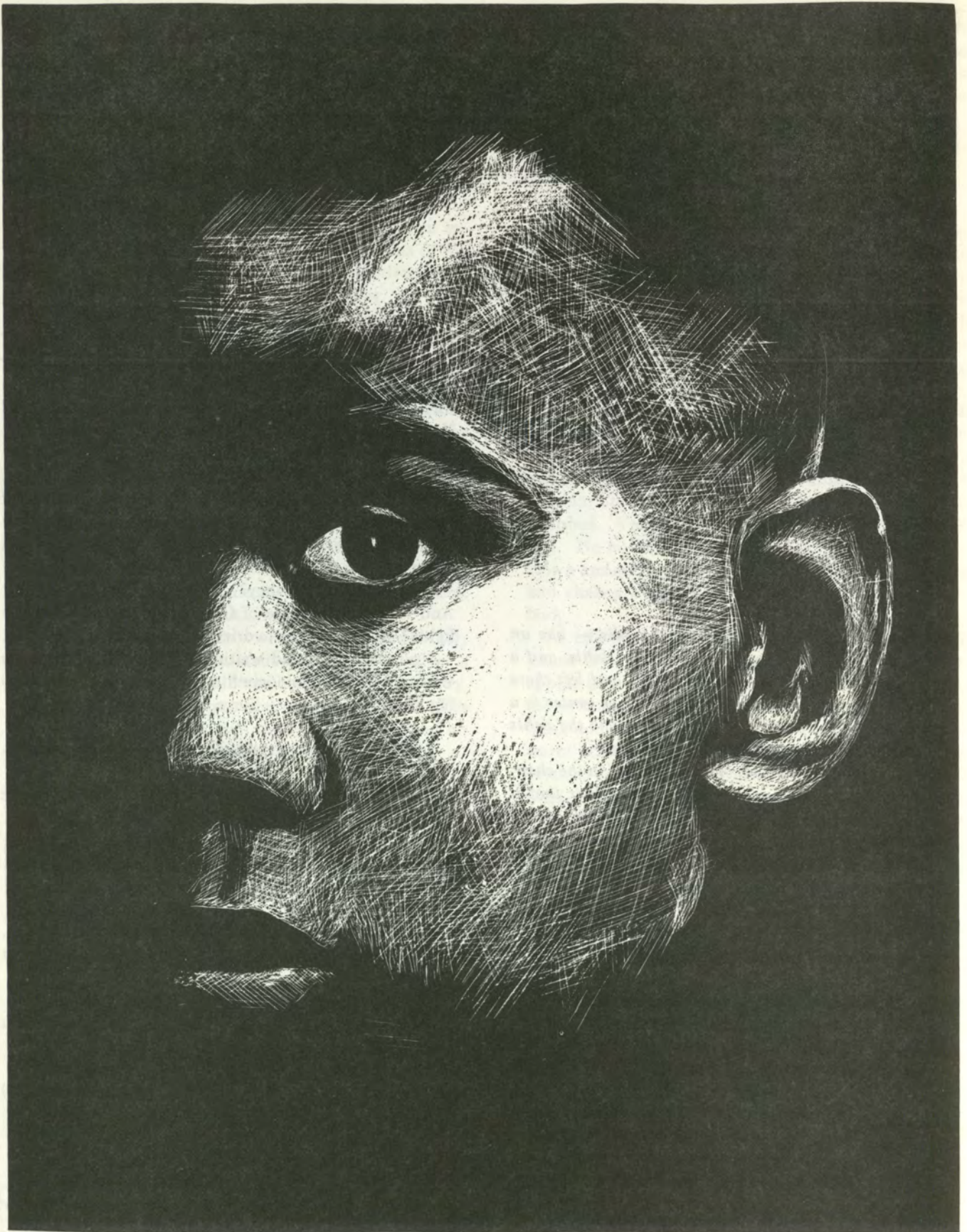
Now maybe I’ll find out what this is all about. Damn, I went through half a pack of cigarettes waiting. Must be nerves.

Maybe I inherited something. That would be a switch. My dear, dear relatives won’t admit I’m alive. And then leave me something. Hah!

(Footsteps are close. Then they stop. A knock is heard.)

I’m coming.”

(Lights come up enough to reveal no door in room. Knocking is heard as the woman searches frantically for a door and the curtain closes.)



ART / John Craigle

Wretched are the Meek

Donald C. Jones

FRANTZ FANON, author of *The Wretched of the Earth*,¹ is a Black Algerian originally from Martinique. He is a psychoanalyst and a medical doctor, and also one of the most articulate spokesmen against colonialism advocating Black Power and negritude.

The Wretched of the Earth is a bitter book that can be best described as an extreme reaction to extreme provocation. The provocation itself stems out of the brutalities, inhumanities, and frustrations that come out of colonialism, which in its very nature is an exercise in oppression and racism. The bitter vindictiveness Fanon hurls against all colonialists is not only understandable, but is to be expected. He finds that the oppressed are constantly cautioned not to be bitter. But this is like demanding that a man being clubbed to death not scream out in pain. Fanon is totally aware of the existence of such bitterness and has the intention of directing it in some purposeful way in order that the colonized may literally slap the foot of the oppressor off his neck.

Fanon wrote *The Wretched of the Earth* in French in 1961, before the Algerian revolution. Therefore, much of the book prefigures that revolution. But beyond the Algerian revolution, the book is still very current today in the terms in which it preaches the overthrow of all sorts of oppressors. Clearly written for the oppressed, *The Wretched of the Earth* is both an explanation of oppression and a suggestion for its cure.

For the eradication of colonialistic oppression, Fanon recommends the use of violence, which he feels is essential and necessary for this overthrow. In the terms in which he considers such an overthrow, Fanon is very violent, and very unashamedly violent. But he sees this violence as merely a reflection of the violence which is perpetuated upon the natives by the colonists through their intermediaries, the colonial police.

If we must look for a reason or a motive for Fanon's having written this book, we can attribute it to his most overriding concern: that of the gross dehumanization of the native oppressed beneath the foot of a colonial regime. This can only be possible by means of violence, since violence is what has constituted the vocabulary of the colonialist's language in his relations with the native.

In Fanon's view, colonialism emasculates the native of his identity. The colonialist powers do all that is pos-

sible to strip the native of his original identity and then quite purposely give nothing to replace that lost identity. The void that is left fills with self-hatred. Instead of unity, the native feels alienation; instead of freedom, slavery.

The dehumanization that the settler imposes is only carried half way, however. It is in the colonial interest that it should be so. In so doing, the settler has created a half-animal and at the same time a half-human. In this state, the native still retains enough faculties in order to function within society as a sort of beast of burden.

But unbeknownst to the settler, he is creating his own monster that will one day destroy him. The native has become the most dangerous sort of man of all: one who has nothing to lose. He becomes even more dangerous when he discovers that his humanity and freedom can be regained *only* with the destruction of the oppressor. It is inevitable that he will eventually discover it more valuable to die as a man than to live as an animal.

Some naive few may ask how this process of dehumanization is carried on. It has been (and is continuing to be) carried on in terms of torturings, floggings, and punitive amputations, but a more effective dehumanizing weapon is fear. It is only natural that the native must conquer this fear in order to regain his humanity. For this reason he does not regret having to die fighting for independence and freedom; on the contrary, he would feel cheated if he did not have the chance to die. The price for freedom is high for the native, but his life regains its worth when it is paid as the price for freedom. In this struggle, the native finds identity with the other oppressed peoples, whether they be Arabs, Black Africans, Vietnamese, or Black Americans (and Fanon gives reference to all of these peoples).

Philosophically, Fanon must be received as a Marxist. This influence on his thinking is clearly indicated by the references he makes to Marxist literature and by his use throughout his book of the dialectic method to analyze the tensions in the colonial system and to reinforce his own premises regarding them. The humanism inherent in Marxist philosophy forms a bridge to the thinking of Jean-Paul Sartre, who in his introduction to the book matches the skill and depth of Fanon's own writing. Sartre points to the concept of mental slavery, which Fanon finds fundamental to maintaining the fear and physical oppression of the African. This mental slavery is common to all the colored peoples of the world who have ever in their history found themselves second-class citizens in a white-dominated society. Fanon is not only trying to dash asunder those physical fetters which shackle the oppressed; he also seeks to destroy the much heavier and stronger chains that colonialism has imposed on the minds of men.

Fanon does not spell out the logical extension of his presentation, but the most impressive lesson to be learned from *The Wretched of the Earth* is the unavoidable conclusion that the Black American of today is living in a colonial situation. The ghetto of the inner city is the bantustand. The urban police are the colonial police, suppressing the natives, protecting the settler (who appears behind the white-controlled stores and apartments charging exorbitant prices for the essentials of life), and extending the latent violence of the colonialists into the Black community.

Some differences between the situation of the African and the Black American are undeniable, but they are limited to specifics, whereas the similarities are numerous and speak of universals. The problem in translating Fanon's book into a case for Black Power in America today is not one of establishing fact; the facts stand to speak for themselves. Rather it is a problem of leading

the Black man to see the humanity which has been denied in him and inciting him to speak out to a Caucasian population which has been either dulled with platitudes of innocence or else incensed with indignation.

Fanon's clarity and conciseness are not eclipsed by his polemics. Rather, his work approaches the intimacy of Malcolm X's autobiography. The voice with which Fanon speaks is that of the oppressed. He exudes the bitterness and frustrations which the battle against oppression incurs. His scars are deep and he has no intention or desire to forget them because he knows that is impossible. His message is for every Black man who has felt those scars and for every Caucasian who has inflicted them.

¹Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*. Pref. by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated from the French by Constance Farrington. New York, Grove Press. 1966.

AND YOU THINK ABOUT IT

by Barb Scholz

HAVE TO get moving

But when you're going

You're leaving something;

And when you're on your way

You're headed for something.

And what you're leaving is the same thing you're headed for; but when you're not running, you have nothing to run to. You're content, but you're not satisfied because you can't find a kick and you're afraid to be passive.

But it is contenting and you live level — there's no deciding if you want ups and downs. Your soul says yes, your mind says no, your body doesn't care, and they are all interchangeable — leaving the conflict.

You do need, but you don't want and there's no middle; so you create one — walk a few steps and find a tree. You kick it and lean up against it and think. So you climb it, find a branch and swing a while, but that up isn't what you thought it would be so you climb down and think about it a while.

Sit down and think; get up and kick the tree. Think about it and look up to see if you might catch a falling leaf — but it's not the right season, so you think about it and kick the tree.

You rub up against the trunk and you can't feel yourself getting sore, but you're getting red and you think about it and kick the tree and sit down and dig a hole between the roots. You get dirt under your finger nails and you think about it so you fill in the hole with the side of your foot and your foot gets dirty, but it was dirty anyway, so it doesn't stain and you think about it.

And a wind blows a little or it's just movement and you think about it. Anyway, an old newspaper is clinging up against your leg and you think about it and pick it up and try to read it but the words don't say anything; besides, you can't read anymore so you spread the paper out under the tree and sit down to think about it.

Then it starts to rain and you think about it and put the paper over your head and you think about it and take the paper off your head and wrap it around the tree and kick the tree.

You curl up next to the tree and put the paper over you and you shut your eyes, but it isn't night and you can't cry, so you think about it and you make the sounds. They never sound real and you think about it and kick the tree, but it stops raining and you look down and see a green sprout rising from the hole you filled in. It doesn't want to die. It's fresh and new and shiny and struggling and you want to laugh and you do and tears are streaming down your face and you taste them and they're sweet.

You're smiling inside and out and you look at the sprout. You look at the tree and you don't kick it, but you walk away.

THE GOOD LIFE

1967 1967

THE MORE I become involved in preparation for the Week of Challenge 1967, the further I am convinced of the excellence of its theme: "In Search of the Good Life." Since its acceptance last September, some have attempted to define it, and still others have explained it in terms of their particular academic discipline. We have tried to involve students in interpreting the theme by conducting a student essay competition on the good life. Also a student art contest produced over 12 collages representing the many facets and incongruities of the theme. It is nearly impossible to say that any one comment, essay, or painting of the good life is wrong or right. Each gives an answer to just one of the many questions implied by such a theme. These questions will be further explored by the various lecture and discussion presentations beginning April 5 through April 12. As a member of the Week of Challenge committee, rather than define the good life, it is my intention to explain the theme, as it was understood when originally accepted for the Week, in an effort to clarify its implications.

This year's central problem is intentionally broad — as is obvious from its most important part: the word life. This encompasses a continuing process with which everyone is familiar, and about which almost everyone has opinions. The general area of life is given a direction, however, in the concept of "search" — which may imply the quest for the unknown, or for that which is known but not yet attained. Nevertheless, it is a search for life qualified only as "good" life. But is it our intent to find out what the good life is, as though it were hanging around somewhere awaiting our discovery? Definitely not, for the good life can only be considered as something in which we participate while we are very much alive.

a prospectus for the Week of Challenge, 1967

The good life must therefore be an active process. In searching for a good life we are participating in *the* good life. This is precisely the point made by Joan Davis, winner of the student essay contest. She stated, "The essential quality of the good life lies not in the chosen goal, but in the search itself . . . it is in our striving to attain them (the goals) that they serve us best."

Once we understand the place of goals in the good life we are ready to investigate it. Although it is not the goals that makes the good life, but rather the striving for it, yet the goals are centrally important. They determine our method of striving and, consequently, our good life. This is where the various disciplines and questions come into play. What goals must we search out for a good life? Can they be attained? Is the good life a personal matter, or is it an interaction with one's environment? What knowledge is most important to have in our search? What part do the various academic and cultural disciplines play in establishing our goals? These are only a few of the many questions that confront us when we consider our search for the good life.

This expansive consideration of life is precisely the importance of the theme. It challenges us and, in fact, demands that we become aware of every one and everything with which we come into contact. It dares us to dialogue with life, with the world that we know; for the most productive search is often the most genuinely intense. As Miss Davis concluded, "In selecting our goals, and aiming high, we are already leading the *good* life; but in the process of the search itself, we lead the *better* life." You are invited to, we hope, a searching Week of Challenge.

—Peter Whiteside
Chairman, Week of Challenge publications

WEEK OF CHALLENGE SCHEDULE

Wednesday, April 5

4:00 p.m. Keynote Speaker
7:00 p.m. William Glenski
..... Frank Snowden Hopkins

Thursday, April 6

9:00 a.m. Dr. Thomas Melady
10:30 a.m. Mario Pei
1:30 p.m. Dr. Lewis White Beck
3:30 p.m. Dr. Richard Flacks

7:00 p.m. Dick Gregory

Friday, April 7

9:30 a.m. John Taylor
2:00 p.m. Paul T. Heyne, Yale Brozen
7:00 p.m. Heyne, Brozen, Taylor & Graham discussion
7:30 Play "The Gallow's End"

Saturday, April 8

2:00 p.m. Dr. James B. Kelley
4:00 p.m. Hubert Heffner
7:00 p.m. Dr. Alan Schneider
8:30 "The Gallow's End"
Discussion — Schneider, Heffner, Sitton,
Luebke

Sunday, April 9

10:30 a.m. Dr. Oswald Hoffman
2:00 p.m. "The Gallow's End"
4:00 p.m. University Civic Orchestra
8:30 p.m. The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike

Monday, April 10

.... a.m. Pike Discussions
2:00 p.m. Presley McCoy
4:00 p.m. Martin Diamond

Tuesday, April 11

2:00 p.m. Lejaren Hiller
4:00 p.m. Edwin C. Berry
7:00 p.m. Nathan A. Scott

Wednesday, April 12

2:00 p.m. Colin Wilson
4:00 p.m. Howard Nemerovski
.... p.m. Concluding Remarks and Discussions

Tentative: Harold A. Richman

Appearing Throughout The Week:

National Students Association representatives:
Tom Isgar and Art Wiener
(Tentative: Eugene Groves, and Edward Schwartz)

Chicago Art Institute Display

Student Art Display

Additional discussion groups will be announced and explained in the day-to-day bulletin ad program for the week appearing April 1st.

THE SPEAKERS

Dr. Lewis White Beck, author and Burbank Professor of Intellectual Philosophy, the University of Rochester. His topic: "From Aristotle to Dear Abby".

Edwin Berry, Executive Director, Chicago Urban League.

Dr. Yale Brozen, Professor of Business Economics, the University of Chicago. His Presentation will be in conjunction with Dr. Paul Heyne: "The Good Life and the Welfare State"

Dr. Martin Diamond, one of *Time's* Ten Great Teachers, presently a visiting lecturer at the University of Chicago. His topic: "Living Good vs. The Good Life".

Dr. Richard Flacks, a founder of the Students for a Democratic Society, author and Assistant Professor of Sociology, The University of Chicago.

William Glenesk, a new voice on the American religious, cultural and social scene attempting to relate religion to modern life.

Dick Gregory, social critic, comedian, author and civil rights leader.

Eugene Groves and *Edward Schwartz*, President and Director of International Affairs, respectively, for the N.S.A.

Hubert Heffner, Department of Speech and Theater, Indiana University.

Dr. Paul Heyne, Associate Professor of Economics, at Southern Methodist University. His topic, in conjunction with Dr. Yale Brozen: "The Good Life and the Welfare State".

Lejaren A. Hiller, author and Professor of Music, the University of Illinois. His topic: "Electronic and Computer Music."

Oswald Hoffman, Speaker of The Lutheran Hour, Chapel Sermon.

Frank Snowden Hopkins, Department of State, Director of Program and Services, and in charge of all cultural programs state side. His topic will be: "The Good Life in the American Future."

Dr. James B. Kelley, nuclear physicist specializing in the peace time uses of atomic energy, presently Visiting Professor in Nuclear Physics at Marquette University. His topic: "Technology and its Implications for the Good Life."

Dr. Thomas P. Melady, President of Africa Service Institute of New York and Visiting Lecturer, Afro-Asian Affairs, Brooklyn College. His topic: "The Revolution of Color."

Dr. Thomas Molnar, political and intellectual criticist, Brooklyn College.

Dr. Mario Pei, linguist, author and Professor of Romance Philology, Columbia University.

Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, author and staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

Harold Richmond, M.S.W., White House fellow at the University of Chicago.

Alan Schneider, Broadway and off-Broadway director of Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and others, The Pinter Plays, Becket plays, various television films and regional theaters; he has taught at Yale, John Hopkins, Columbia, U. of Wisconsin, Stanford, and others.

Nathan Scott, Professor of Theology and Literature, The University of Chicago. His topic: "Art and the New Radical Style."

Art Weiner and *Tom Isgar*, in charge of cultural affairs and tutorial programs for the National Student Association. They will participate in informal discussions on the student and the good life.

Collin Wilson, author and Writer in Residence, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland.

SUGGESTED READINGS

- Beck, Lewis W., *Six Secular Philosophers*, New York: Macmillan, 1966.
 *Philosophic Inquiry: An Introduction to Philosophy*, Prentice-Hall, 1952.
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SEARCHING FOR THE GOOD LIFE

*The following essays and art work
with artists' comments were assembled by
the Committee on the Week of Challenge to
indicate some of the thinking and cre-
ativity stimulated by the theme for Week
of Challenge 1967.*

You've got
a fight
on your
hands

where the
action is

ART
LIVING

NOTHING IS
BETTER FOR THEE
THAN ME!!!

alive!

The Dreams
This is Grandet

of
the
world

do
What You Can
With What You Have

PEG HANSEN. . . "The three heads are the three senses of the artist which are the most important and most used. His eyes look, hear, smell, touch, and taste; his heart and soul feels; and his mind thinks and ponders over the other two. So, with the application of these three senses, the world belongs to the artist. And, by these three, he can share it with others through his works."

The following essay, winner of the student competition, was written by Miss Joan Davis, fourth-year government and English major.

WHEN SETTING OUT in search of the good life, each individual selects a value or mode of living that to him constitutes the *good* life. This selection will doubtless reflect his social and cultural background, the limitations of his physical situation, and the range of ideas and ideals to which he has been exposed. While common value choices may be discerned, reminding us of our mutual heritage and humanity, each individual's inner goals somehow remain a unique and private version of the good life. Yet there seems to be a connecting thread that is the distinguishing feature of the search for the good life. In our quest for finalities and certainties on which to base ourselves, it is far too easy to overlook the obvious link: The essential quality of the good life lies not in the chosen goal, but in the search itself.

This conception of the good life is by no means new. Robert Louis Stevenson expressed it compactly in saying, "To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not how we end, of what we want and not of what we have." Today, existentialist literature abounds in images of man-in-process, of man "becoming." Yet one certainly does not have to be an existentialist to appreciate the

value of a tentative, dynamic approach to life. It is a common experience to derive greater enjoyment from the anticipation of a coming event than from the event itself. The same is true of goals: it is in our striving to attain them that they serve us best.

Perhaps a contrast can best underscore the crucial importance of the search itself in living the good life. In *Walden Two*, by B. F. Skinner, we are shown a possible version of the society of the future, a community in which the individual members have their values and goals psychologically "programmed in" in a computer-like fashion. The founder of the community has selected the laudable goals of happiness, productivity, and artistic creativity for his people; and through a process of human engineering, the members of *Walden Two* live contentedly as the human fulfillment of these goals. While this picture of a future society does not leave the reader with the chills of a *1984* or a *Brave New World*, it does create a more subtle kind of discomfort. This is doubtless due in part to a natural human dislike of the thought of being psychologically manipulated, yet it involves more. While we cannot condemn the happiness or productivity of life in *Walden Two*, one feels that something basic is lacking. The goals fulfilled are in themselves good; but once they are accomplished, they become static values. Life in that society of the future is comfortable, but painfully stagnant. Man is locked within an established set of goals, for his search has been ended for him.

This is not meant to imply that goals are not useful and necessary to the good life; without them, man would be a perpetual drifter in a world of disjoint, chaotic experience. Our individual goal or private concept of the good life can be viewed as a roadmap, providing us with a picture of our direction and ultimate destination. But this map is just a piece of paper until we get in the car and start driving.

No one would be astounded by the suggestion that people's goals change. A quick overview of an average college career, contrasting seemingly naive freshman aspirations with more mature senior values, exemplifies this truism. This constant shifting and development of goals reflects the centrality of the search itself. To live the good life, one must stay in motion, learning from failure and learning from success as well, setting new goals on the basis of experience. Such an approach may easily entail frustration and uncertainty, but perhaps such feelings are as intrinsically human as aspiration itself. To indulge in a final literary fling, it is difficult to resist quoting Robert Browning's well-known lines: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" In selecting our goals and aiming high, we are already leading the *good* life; but in the process of the search itself, we lead the *better* life.

HOW TO
KILL GOD

FINAL!

Wait!

MID STUFFER

The shocking
truth

BAZAZZ

You have until March 15
to make up your mind

"I love you, Mom!"

Ugly

May we introduce you to

something better.

immamvelous

difference?

Can you tell the

SUDDENLY!
FINALLY!

The Tree of
Life
NEW
BATTLE
OVER SEX

Which is better...
draught beer
or bottled beer?

adwise

Budweiser

KING
OF THE ROAD

LOOK

HOLIDAY

The following thoughts on the Good Life were submitted by Professor Don Affeldt of the Philosophy Department.

I CONFESS I was startled at my own reaction when the adjective slipped out of its slot and scurried to the end of the phrase. 'The Good Life' became, in that instant, 'The Life of Goodness.' There's a difference between the two — a difference that does not dissolve when you remember that most nouns have their corresponding adjective. It might be helpful, in sorting through the descriptions of The Good Life that we will hear in these weeks, to range the points of view under the two headings: The Good Life, and The Life of Goodness.

In the phrase 'The Good Life,' the accent is on 'life.' That's not surprising, for life is the given; we've got it, years of it, and the question is what we will do with it. Given threescore years (and ten, if you live right), how can you beef them up so that when your time is up you can die with a smile on your face? On this reading, the search for the good life is a hunt for quality within categories which are already fairly set. You're getting an education, and you'll get a wife, a job, a house, a car, friends, vacations, children, advancement, and retirement income; that you know. What you want to know is how you can work it so that you get the cream of each of these categories. You want to go first class, not tourist,

as long as you've got to go anyway. Of course, you could get off the plane, but that tends to make a splat if your plane hasn't landed — and in any case, talk of death tends to chill the discussion of the good life.

In the phrase 'The Life of Goodness,' the accent is on 'goodness.' The concern, on this reading, is with values in themselves. You are prepared to admit that some things seem better than others, and perhaps you will even say that you know that some things are good and others are not. In talking about life, then, you want to say that there is such a thing as a *good* life, even though you may be uncertain about what it is, or even how to find out what it is. You will deny, from this point of view, that the basic pattern of life is already established; the only given you confess is the present presence of life, and its future absence. The search, then, is for categories of value, for priorities, for things worthy of commitment. Life itself will determine how well you succeed in whatever you set for yourself to do. The future is open-minded; you can do what you want. The question is: What should a man want? And if someone should make bold to answer that question, you have another for him: Can there be a tenable defense of those values, or are the priorities you cite just your own preferences? Assuming that your interlocutor will not whip out a tablet of stone, or other suitably impressive authority, you think that you have him. You drift away from the conversation wondering what you do now, since there seems to be no objective ground for the values you hunger to embrace, and you might discover them, or some of them, in the next weeks. Or years.

What is the good life? The question isn't hard to answer if you take life to be set, at least in its bold outlines, for you. But if you ask 'What is the good?' in preparation for *living it*, answers come harder. But they're the only answers worth having — or worth looking for.

HARRY SCHMIDT. . . . "Ask any child what he wants most in the world and he will surprise you with the request for a bottle of real draft beer! Most of our youth today need cars so that they can drive to school and to jobs they have to pay for the cars. . . . It is a shame that we don't have school busses any more. I can remember when it used to be fun to walk to school, as long as nobody saw you doing it."





BOB MCKINNEY. . . . "For God so loved us, that he ripped into himself to give us His son, so that we might kill him, so that he might kill the other Gods. And we had so completely lost the game of life, that the almighty God could figure out no other answer. There is no other answer."

PAMELA LANG. . . . "Nearly everyone is searching for a someplace, a good life, but they find that it is never theirs. That someplace is beyond their gropings, because they themselves remove it. They limit it when they insist that it cannot be now. Realization of what we have and are now might prove to be more meaningful than wishful conjecture into dreams as extensions of ourselves."

Lighter Lit



SELECTED POEMS, Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Penguin Books (paperback) 65¢.

BRATSK STATION AND OTHER POEMS, Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Doubleday Anchor Books (paperback) \$1.25.

Review by J. Paul Longanbach

If your friends are tired of hearing how you read Tolkein before it came out in paperback and that your "Frodo lives" sticker is worn with age, then it's time to jump on the Yevtushenko (yev-too-shen-ko) bandwagon. Controversial enough to be avant garde, simple enough to be easily read, impressive at parties, criticized by *Time*, prostituted by *Life* and published in basically inexpensive paperbacks with aptly artful covers which give even the conversation drop-out an avenue for meaningful exchange, the Soviet poet's work is tailor-made for the college student — pretentious, dilettante, concerned, bored, or albeit literary. It would be wise to act quickly, however; Yevtushenko, having toured America and been published in *Life*, may end up on his way down the yellow brick road of success like so many rock 'n roll groups, or at least become widely read for all the wrong reasons.

During the last five years Yevtushenko has commanded a great deal of attention among the learned and pseudo-learned. This can be attributed in part to the general lack of interest in Soviet writers during the Stalin era and the constipation of post-war poetry, which didactically pounded out political commentaries whose intent was far from literary. Then appeared Yevtushenko — set up by the newspapers and critics as Russia's angry young man, "the stalking horse of the Soviet government," the anti-communist rebel. The poet's clothes, his mannerisms, effect on Soviet society, his role as a communist pawn have been described, lauded, censured — but not ignored.

In fact, the critics saved all their ignorance for the content of his poetry, mainly because few had bothered to give it more than a cursory once-over. The less ner-

vous reviewers pointed out that Yevtushenko poetry "contradicts what is generally expected of it." It then appears necessary to throw out all the arbitrary labels placed on him by a superficial press and forget the anathema of things — Soviet-held by most Americans in order to focus one's attention on the poet's work.

Born in 1933 after the Revolution, Civil War, the death of Lenin, and too young to remember much of World War II, he is affected only by a securely established Soviet society. For him there is no reason to discuss the question of the conflict between old and new orders of society. "The remarkable impact that Yevtushenko made (and is still making) sprang from his being a representative of a new generation seeing old ideals within a youthful perspective." Although not a member of the Communist Party, he is an intense Leninist.

Yevtushenko, however, is not a dupe; an affirmation of conflicting ideals maybe, or perhaps a "humanist inquiring into Soviet society in a context of ordinary life, independence and self-analysis." He smacks of integrity and displays an intense concern for universal ideals. "Bratsk Station" is a significant example of the poet's search for this relationship between himself, his country and its people. In the poem he discusses Russia's modern history through the October Revolution; and then — within the context of the Revolution seen as a vehicle for the ideals and purposes and legacy of Stalin — Yevtushenko attempts to "solve the problem of his own role as a writer desiring to exist within the spirit of his people, his heritage."

Yevtushenko's critics have labelled the poem uneven, illogical and too filled with emotionalism to be coherent. But he is speaking of an incoherent situation. Perhaps it is this same incoherence, experienced by today's youth who so vigorously support him and decried by those who criticize him, that forces upon Yevtushenko the ambiguous title of spokesman for his generation.

Yet, even without the labels, the deep insights, interpretations and prejudices, Yevtushenko is good reading — intense, articulate and thoughtful. Besides, if *Time*

didn't like him, he can't be half bad. *Yevtushenko, Selected Poems*, published by Penguin Books, or *Bratsk Station*, published by Anchor Books, should get the average reader through at least one party and a couple of deep discussions. For the more materially minded there

are "I love Yevtushenko" pins for sale which are appropriate for the above-mentioned situations, as well as high-class weddings, funerals, bar mitzvas and anti-Ronald Reagan demonstrations. ■

The play's the thing . . .

The Complete Text of

MACBIRD!

"BRUTALLY PROVOCATIVE . . . GRIMLY AMUSING"

Robert Brustein, *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*.



BY BARBARA GARSON

"He's so despised it's fashionable in fact
To call him villain, tweak him by the nose,
Break with his party and jeer him in the
press."

— Barbara Garson, *MacBird*

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STRANGE, wonderful things happen to people who write for the *Lighter*. The following are excerpts from the anonymous notes that keep slipping in under our office door:

—“Exactly one week after I submitted a manuscript to the *Lighter*, I got a note from the registrar stating that I had received a grade of A in ‘Introductory Physics.’ I was so thrilled. I hadn’t even registered for the course.”

—“My old 1949 Studabaker never would go much over forty-five. Last Wednesday I submitted some poems to the *Lighter*. That same afternoon I was stopped for speeding on U.S. 30. The officer said he clocked me at 113 m.p.h.”

—“I sit behind this real tough blond in my Grammar O class, but I never even had the guts to talk to her. Then I turned in an article to the *Lighter*. The next day in class she turned around and asked me for a date.”

—“I always did have a lot of trouble with acne. I looked so bad that people who saw me would want to throw up. But then I gave the *Lighter* my paper on ‘Sexual Mores of the Paramecia.’ Now I still have acne, but it doesn’t bother me anymore.”

We of the *Lighter* staff make no special claims on the basis of these incidents. (We don’t even claim they’re true.) We merely report them in the public interest. If *you’re* interested, why not bring in your short stories, essays, poetry, humor, art work, photography, and anything else you have which may be adaptable to the printed page.

(You never can tell what might happen.)

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To Your Health

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Flowers, Cards, Jewelry
Gift Items
THE PAPPAS CO.

*from my black cloud home
i fell on your eyelash
clinging there with loving wetness
but you closed your eyes to kiss her
and i slid weeping to the grass.*

mary ann hope