

5-1973

May 1973

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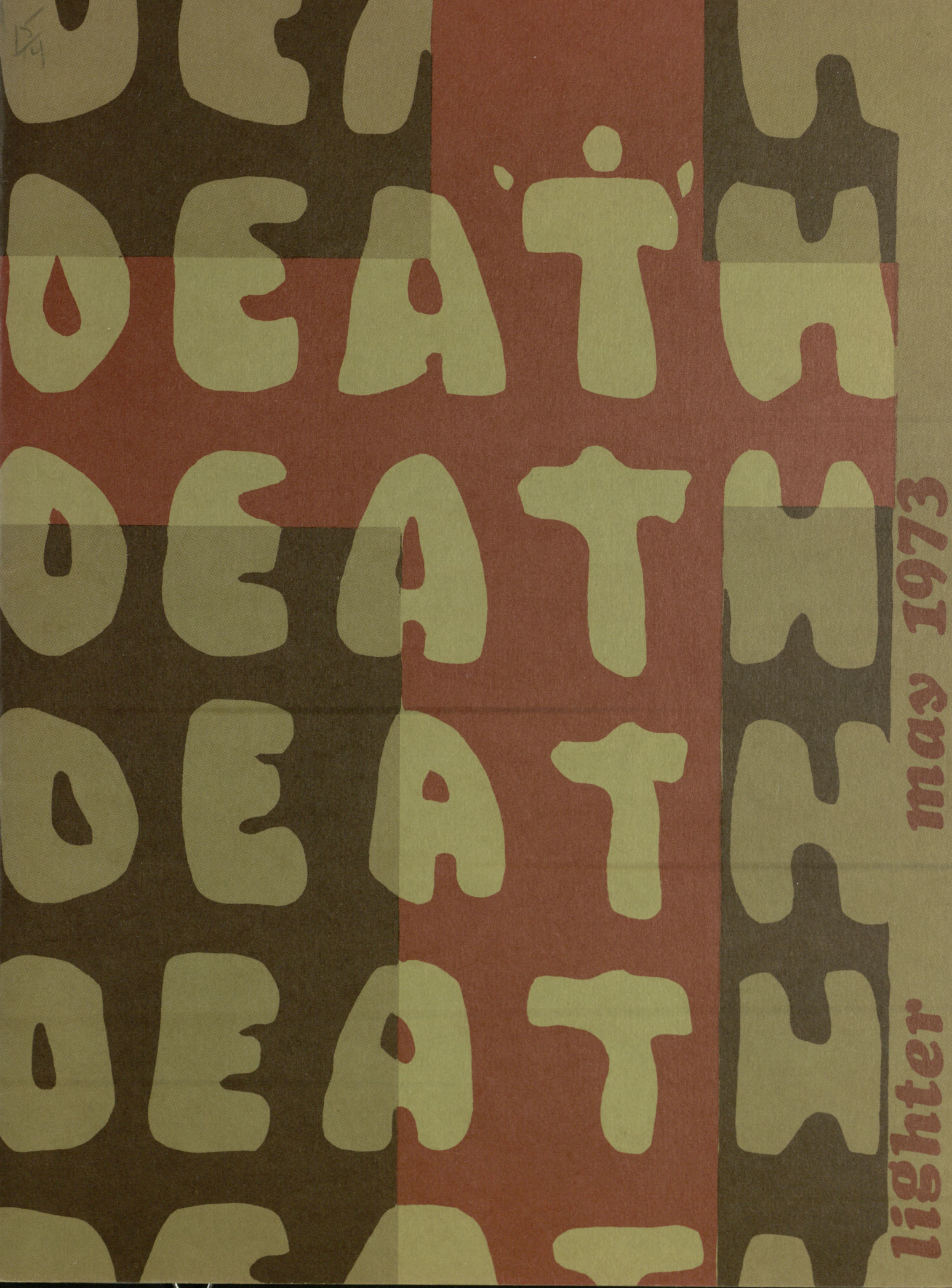
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13/4

lighter

may 1973



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A Quiet Rain and a Paining Heart Dan Smith

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*the*  
**LIGHTER**

**Volume 15, Number 4**

**May, 1973**

**The Lighter** is a variety magazine from the students and faculty of Valparaiso University, funded by the Student Senate. We hope the **Lighter** will also serve to provoke serious discussion on our unique relationships to each other within the context of an intellectual Christian community and our personal and corporate responsibilities reaching beyond campus. Contributions are selected on the basis of quality and their appeal to the interests of all members of the University community. Entire contents copyrighted by Albert G. Huegli, President of Valparaiso University, 1973.

Patrick Keifert  
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Linda Gebhard

CANTO MORTIS SINE VITA

dance, then, shards!  
this porcelain-thin day,  
these madmen,  
who walk to shout,  
run to lie silent;  
when the air is full,  
is wet with desperation  
and each thing ends,  
then. . .

Christ, but there is in the mind  
such a dancing!  
the patterns break down,  
smash to shards and tum sensual,  
humid as new april mornings.  
There are no answers.  
Walk a wet road, a sad street,  
Shout frenzied, die silent:  
Each one at his end shall lie silent,  
once more in the sensual waters  
each Christ fallen.

Grim, soft peace.







# A LAYING OF HANDS

He had the Doppler effect down to a tee. "Soooo-er. . . sooooo-er. . . sew-er. . . SEWER! sewersewersewer. Ha!" He jumped like a gleeful puppet in his bus seat, saluting through his window each passing man-hole cover in an onomatopoeic song and dance. This was Earl Bloomdorf's third transfer since leaving Des Moines. Mesmerized by the road and shrouded deep within his protective traveling bubble he floated up to the driver, paid his fare, and drifted down the aisle to take his seat behind the puppet in one easy movement — like the passing of gas. "Hey meester, lookit da sewers. Sooooo-er. Ha!" If Earl had a surgical glove he would show this drugged young punk a thing or two. He would stretch it over his head and make a noise like a chicken. Lacking any such headgear, Bloomdorf stare through the puppet and out the window.

A stick of sweet soft gum was good in the city, where the glass and concrete passing outside the bus sat so cold and dry on the tongue. Earl's ruminations paused for a moment as a phlegmatic note of reverie suddenly sneezed out from an old man dressed in a plain brown wrap across the aisle. The tweedy figure dropped his jaw and extended a sausage-like finger toward Earl as if to speak, but Bloomdorf looked away again through his reflected image in the window and out on the shimmering fronts of the buildings.

In the mirror of his mother's vanity was his childhood image, in his new Prince Valiant armor. Withdrawing his trusty singing sword deftly from the still warm carcass of a pillow, Earl thrusts the bloody knife onto the breastplate, sending splintered bits of plastic grey matter through the bedroom. Caught between the pleasure of withstanding a blow deadly to dragons and the sadness of losing a favorite toy, little Earl looks at himself in a bewilderment that suddenly climbs to shock. A scream from somewhere works its way under the door, up his backbone, and sits under his helmet, displacing it about a half an inch off his head. He leaves the bedroom and looks down the hall into the kitchen. Standing in the doorway is his grandmother with her arms outstretched and a fork stuck directly into the middle of her forehead. She

yanks it out, emits a hiss which is probably an obscure and terrible Slovak curse, and runs into the bathroom. Earl can see directly into the kitchen where his grandfather sits at the chrome legged table, knife in hand, his eyes twinkling back at Earl standing there with his broken sword. With a grand raise of the eyebrows and a belch the old man resumes his meal with his spoon in silence. All this strikes the little knight as being very strange.

Grandpa, or Pah as his parents called him, lived in a small room in the cellar. When he creaked up the stairs to forage for food, whiskey, or garlic (which he ate like candy), Earl hid behind the sofa. With his nose embedded in the piles of the carpeting, he would contemplate the many mysteries of the house. He was told that he had an eccentric aunt who seeded the hidden places in the attic with toys and money just before her death. No one could find them. In the basement there was the dark abyss of the coal bin and the souls of innumerable chickens his grandmother had beheaded. There was also in the cellar the biggest mystery of all, his grandfather, Pah!

Once when he had the courage, he approached his grandfather while he was eating. He stood there, gazing at the aperture that took in the forkfuls with gusto, until his grandfather pointed out to him a mosquito that had alighted on the lettuce. He paused with his fork raised, then ran it through the bug and into the greens. He took the entire load into his mouth, chewed it slowly, and swallowed. Earl had seen him catch flies with his bare hands, smashing the insects in his fist. Grandpa motioned for him to come closer to the table, so Earl hesitantly walked up to his side. Above him was an expanse of grandfather. In a cloud perfumed with whiskey and garlic, in a shirt that was ripped and swirled with factory dirt, with a cap that only such a grandfather would wear, with glasses, with grey stubble beard, he sat. He placed his hands swollen with the heat of sweatshops and whiskey, on Earl's head like two lumps of sod. A slight pressure, then gradually a definite weight, an unyielding force, a buckling of knees — down Earl went into the floor, past the cellar, falling. He landed somewhere behind the sofa and hid.

Down went the babushkaed old woman onto the pavement in front of the car whose windshield shot flecks of sun at Earl through his bus window. In a brief glance he had seen the car hit the woman, send her bags scattering over the street, and then the entire incident recede to his rear as the green bus continued on. In the years passed since he had lived in that house of garlic he had wondered what had put his grandfather into the cellar. He knew that he was an immigrant who had come on a wave from the old country to live in the new one. Earl's mother had told him that in Europe his grandfather was a craftsman, a glasier whose works were perhaps still hanging in some of the finer homes of Prague. Earl did remember the crystal chandelier that hung in the dining room of his childhood house, supposedly the only remnant of grandfather's career that remained. On winter mornings the sun shook an icy light through the chandelier and onto the walls. On summer evenings the crystal filtered the light into patterns of fire.

His mother told him that his grandfather tried for a time to take up his craft again in this country. She said she remembered him stoking his kiln in the back yard beneath the maple tree, producing from fire and sand magic bottles and goblets cut to shine like diamonds. One day he destroyed the kiln and the glass in a drunken fury,



leaving only the dining room chandelier to remain. From then on he worked in the blast furnaces of the steel mill, scurrying about the front of its devouring flame, an immense heated capacity to fire into liquid and vapor everything that entered its belly.

When Earl was a child he used to sit in the dark kitchen at night, in the corner between the refrigerator and the wall, and beat his head against the side of the icebox. He didn't hit hard enough to hurt, of course, but just enough for him to feel right. This way he could think about things, about his boat for instance, which he was navigating upside down across the linoleum. It was a red boat, made of wood, with a long metal rudder. When he heard a slow creaking coming from the basement steps he sat so still he could hear his heart beat. It was his grandfather shambling up from the depths of the cellar. Just as the door swung open and the frayed old slippers touched the kitchen floor, little Earl flashed on an idea in his dark corner. He poked the metal ruddered boat out from behind the refrigerator, tight in line with the heavy footfalls of grandpa. Slipped foot mashed down on the boat's blade, and down went the old man with a bellow. Earl didn't make a sound. He just sat there poking his fingers into the cobwebs on the coils on the back of the refrigerator.

It was time to get off the bus. He had arrived at the street where his great-uncle Casimer lived, the brother of his grandfather, who had lived throughout his bachelorhood in his apartment in Chicago. The only thing Earl knew about this man was that he had come with his grandfather to America at the turn of the century and had taken up the pipefitter's trade. After his grandfather's death last year he found a bundle of letters stashed away in an old dresser in the basement, all with the return address of his great-uncle. Since it was impossible for Earl to unravel the Slovak script in the letters, and since a possible inheritance hinged on their contents, Earl had set out from Des Moines to find this uncle.

The sky above him seemed to be of the same stuff as the sidewalk, the same rigid consistency as the stone fronts of the three-story houses that lined the boulevard. He walked over hopscotch boxes and around bicycles, up to the house where his great-uncle lived.

Earl knocked a few times on the door of the apartment, until he heard a voice from behind him. "Are you looking for Mr. Kovek?" It was an elderly lady standing in the doorway across the hall. "Yes, Mr. Kovek is my great-uncle. Doesn't he live here anymore?" "Look, it's really none of my business. . . don't you know? He died last Thursday." In one she was balancing a Pekinese, in the other the long ash of a cigarette.

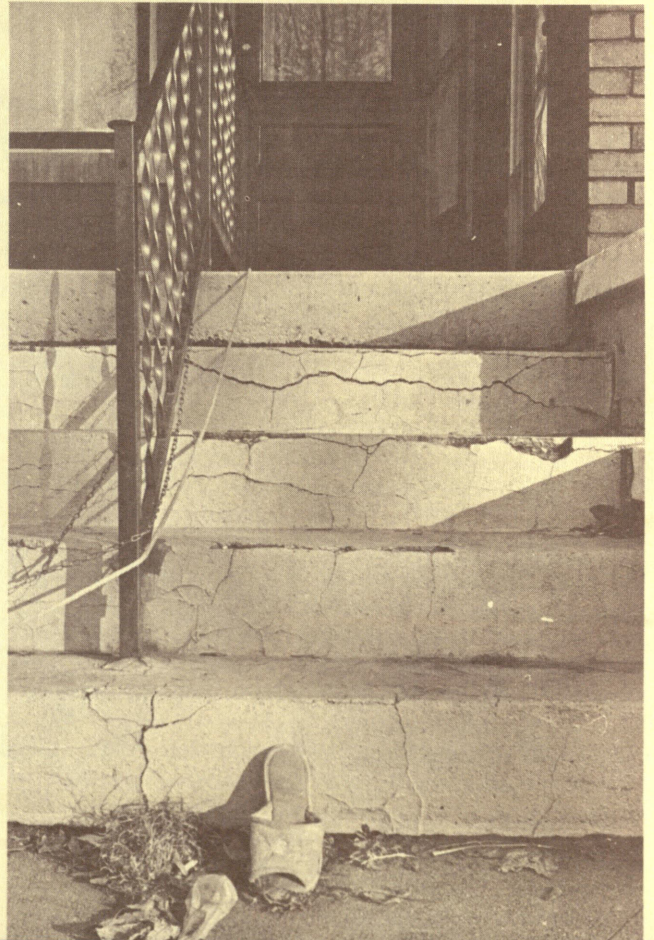
"He was a fine man. He made beautiful things, glasses. Little glass animals and wonderful vases and bottles. Sometimes he gave me glass instead of rent when he was behind on his rent or couldn't pay. Please come in, I'll show you some of his beautiful stuff."

Earl entered a room of walnut and mahogany. Polished cabinets, tables doilies filled the apartment with the old-new smell that reminded him of the cedar chest that his grandmother kept in the attic. On one wall was a large cabinet which held the glasswork she mentioned. Goblets stained red and trimmed with gold, amber bottles that seemed to suspend the light in a flowing form, glass giraffes, clipper ships rigged with webs of glass filament. He picked up a teacup etched with the picture of a castle. Pennants flew on its towers.

"Your uncle was a fine man. Very quiet and respectable. Yet he got a little strange in his old age, if you know what I mean. I got something I cut out from the newspaper that maybe you should see."

**SANDEATER DIES**  
CHICAGO (AP) — Officials at Grant Hospital reported the results of an autopsy done on the body of Casimer Kovek this morning. Although it stated that the first cause of death was apparently a heart attack, it also stated that a sizable quantity of sand was found in the digestive tract of the dead man's body. Mr. Kovek's body was found on the beach at Lincoln Park yesterday.

Earl remembered once when he was very young, living in his grandparents house, he couldn't fall asleep because he was afraid of the dark. He began saying his name, over and over, until it became a sort of chant. Suddenly he realized that he wasn't afraid and gradually fell asleep. As he left the house where his great-uncle lived, he found himself chanting, "Earl Bloomdorf. . . earl bloomdorf. . . earlbloomdorfearl bloomdorfearl bloomdorf. . . ." A curious warmth filled his head.





GOLD

a play in one act

by

Mark Larson

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"Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold."

Robert Frost



I want GOLD to be performed with two stools.  
No special lighting or costumes.  
Do not indicate any particular time or place.  
It is a fantasy.

(The names have nothing to do with the characters  
and are not to be used at any time during the  
performance. They are simply the names of the actors  
who first performed GOLD.)

Opening. One stool is already on stage when lights  
come up. Music starts.  
Billie enters carrying her stool on her head.



She enters as though entering a beautiful garden  
she's never seen. Suddenly she spots the other stool,  
looks around for it's owner and sits across them  
both.

She holds one finger in front of her, and looks at it  
closing first one eye, then the other.  
Jack enters counting things in the sky.  
He spots Billie and turns away quickly. She offers  
him one of the stools, but he continues to count.  
She then offers him the other stool. He looks, then  
turns away. Finally she takes her stool and sits  
on the other side of the stage. Jack then sits.

Music fades, dialogue starts.





Jack: One, add two, add three, make that four.  
 Billie: Look.  
 Jack: Yes, add five-six-seven. . .  
 Billie: See?  
 Jack: Yes, plus fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, make that. . .  
 Billie: (*GIGGLE*) Thirty.  
 Jack: Yes, thirty.  
 Billie: Watch.  
 Jack: Uh-huh. Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine  
 Billie: Forty! (*GIGGLE*)  
 Jack: Forty.  
 Billie: Look at this  
 Jack: Yes, fifty now. Fifty. Fifty-one soon. . .fifty, fifty, fifty. . .  
 Billie: One!  
 Jack: Fifty-one.  
 Billie: Watch.  
 Jack: Now. . .  
 Billie: Yes now! Look!  
 Jack: Where?  
 Billie: Here. (*JACK LOOKS.*) Watch. Close first one eye, then the other. It jumps from side to side.  
 Jack: (*LOOKS AWAY. CONTINUES COUNTING.*) Whimsy.  
 Billie: Yes, whimsy. Now. . .(*FINGER HORIZONTAL*) up and down. . .no, still side to side.  
 Jack: Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four

Billie: (*LOOKING AT HIM*) Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, catch a cobweb. . .  
 Jack: Fifty-five, fifty-six  
 Billie: Pick up sticks.  
 Jack: (*PAUSE.*) Fifty-seven, fifty-eight  
 Billie: Close the gate: (*STANDS.*) What are you doing?  
 Jack: Add to nine, three then, add four seven.  
 Billie: (*WALKS UP BEHIND JACK.*) Adding?  
 Jack: Counting. Uh. . .five twelve, nine, no seven, yes seven eleven.  
 Billie: Counting. . .what do you count?  
 Jack: Everything I like. Fireflies especially. Clouds, anything in the sky, cotton from trees, birds.  
 Billie: Why?  
 Jack: Why do I count them? Because I like them. To enjoy them I have to know how many are left.  
 Billie: Whimsy.  
 Jack: (*LOOKS AT HER.*) You're going to run out before you know the end is coming.  
 Billie: I want it to be a surprise.  
 Jack: (*LOOKS AWAY.*) Whimsy.  
 Jack: Add three, four five make that seven eight. . .  
 Billie: (*WALKS AROUND HER STOOL AND SNEAKS UP BEHIND JACK.*) After time. . .the final surprise is when you can sneak up behind yourself. . .  
 Jack: Nine.  
 Billie: And tap yourself on the shoulder. You turn around suddenly and say "There you are."  
 Jack: (*STARTLED. ANNOYED.*) Here I am.  
 Billie: There you sit.  
 Jack: (*QUICKLY.*) Twelve twenty, add to four nine. (*PAUSE. LOOKS AT HER.*) I dislike surprises.  
 Billie: (*LOOKS OUT INTO SPACE AS JACK HAS BEEN.*) Silver pink.  
 Jack: I can't be surprised.  
 Billie: Yellow orange.  
 Jack: Because I know where I am.  
 Billie: Red gold.  
 Jack: Nothing gold can stay.  
 Billie: (*QUICKLY.*) Frost. (*PAUSE.*) Green. . .  
 Jack: Nothing remains green.  
 Billie: (*TURNS TO HIM. QUICKLY.*) You'd be surprised.  
 Jack: (*TURNS AWAY. QUICKLY.*) 100.  
 Billie: What's your favorite color?  
 Jack: Smoke.  
 Billie: Smoke?  
 Jack: (*DEMONSTRATES.*) Look. If you take in your hand some dust and throw it in the air it won't stay there, you know.  
 Billie: (*SIMPLY.*) I know.  
 Jack: And it doesn't all come down in one place like a rock would. It spreads itself all over. But smoke! Smoke is different.  
 Billie: Different.  
 Jack: (*RAISES HANDS SLOWLY. DEMONSTRATING.*) Smoke is lighter than air. So it floats up and up. If it doesn't get turned into a cloud or inhaled by a bird it will go into



outer space which is farther than the sky — farther than the air, so there is nothing to float on.

Billie: Then what?  
Jack: (*DROPS HANDS.*) It lands on the moon.  
(*BILLIE BREAKS INTO A GIGGLE*)  
Jack: (*ANGRY. SITS QUICKLY.*) ONE ADD TWO!  
ADD THREE MAKE THAT FOUR!  
Billie: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. . .  
Jack: FIVE SIX SEVEN.  
Billie: (*STEPS TOWARD HIM.*) Don't get mad,  
please. . .  
Jack: (*URNS AWAY.*) Let's not argue. It's much  
too embarrassing. If we must argue, let's do  
it before we disappear, so we don't see each  
other afterward. 101, 102, 103,  
(*BILLIE WALKS AWAY. WANDERS A-  
ROUND UPSTAGE*)  
Billie: What would you do if. . .uh. . .you saw a  
black banana?  
Jack: 04, 04. . .  
Billie: (*QUICKLY*) And two people were eating  
it. . .  
Jack: 06, 07, 08. . .  
Billie: What would you do if. . .you were riding  
on the last wave?  
(*PAUSE*)  
Billie: What would you do if. . .I suddenly turned  
into. . .crumbs? What would you do if you  
suddenly turned around and there was nothing  
on this rock but crumbs?  
Jack: I'd count them.  
Billie: (*PLEASED WITH A REPLY, RUNS UP BE-  
HIND HIM.*) No you wouldn't.  
Jack: I'd lick my finger and. . .(*LICKS HIS FIN-  
GER AND PRETENDS TO BE PICKING UP  
CRUMBS.*)  
Billie: (*GIGGLES.*) I'd like that.  
Jack: 200, 201, 202. . .  
Billie: How many crumbs do you think I'd be?  
(*PAUSE. JACK LOOKS AT HER, THEN  
BACK TO HIS COUNTING. BILLIE SITS  
ON HER STOOL. LOOKS AROUND.  
BORED.*)  
Billie: Winters come and go. . .  
Jack: Are you trying to make fun of me?  
Billie: (*TAKES HER STOOL NEXT TO HIS.*) No.  
I'm just trying to be right. Am I?  
Jack: Right?  
Billie: Yes. Do winters come and go?  
Jack: I suppose.  
Billie: You don't know?  
Jack: Yes, I know. I just don't think about it.  
Billie: (*QUICKLY.*) Then what's the answer?  
Jack: (*QUICKLY.*) What's the question?  
Billie: (*QUICKLY.*) Do winters come and go?  
Jack: (*QUICKLY.*) Yes.  
Billie: And smoke lands on the moon. (*SHE LOOKS  
AT JACK AND FINDS HIM FROWNING BACK  
AT HER. QUICKLY.*) Look!  
Jack: Where?  
Billie: There. Through that crack. See that light?  
Jack: Yes.

Billie: Now watch. Close first one eye, then the  
other. It's there, then it isn't.  
Jack: (*TRIES IT.*) Yes! It's there. . .  
Billie: Then it isn't.  
Jack: There.  
Billie: Gone.  
Jack: There.  
Billie: Gone.  
Jack: There.  
Billie: Look!  
Jack: Where?  
Billie: There.  
Jack: Gone.  
Billie: A bird.  
Jack: (*POINTS AT IT.*) One.  
Billie: No! A bird.  
Jack: Another?  
Billie: No, the same. See it?  
Jack: Yes. (*POINTS.*) One.  
Billie: No! No! (*POINTING.*) A bird. A tree.  
Jack: (*POINTS.*) One. Two.  
Billie: No!  
Jack: No?  
Billie: Not one, Two. A bird and a tree.  
Jack: A bird in a tree.  
Billie: Yes!  
Jack: (*POINTS.*) A firefly.  
Billie: Returned.  
Jack: A bird, a tree and a firefly!  
Billie: (*EXCITED. WATCHES HIM.*) What else?  
Jack: There's more?







Billie: If you look.  
Jack: An ash!  
Billie: *(POINTS, BUT STILL LOOKS AT HIM.)*  
Another!  
Jack: Two!  
Billie: NO!  
Jack: *(LOOKS AT HER.)* More ashes.  
Billie: Yes. And stars.  
Jack: *(THEY BOTH ARE LOOKING UP.)* Many Stars.  
Billie: Many, many.  
Jack: Many, many, many.  
Billie: Many, many, many.  
Jack: *(LOOKS AT HER.)* Many stars.  
Billie: *(LOOKS AT HIM.)* Yes. Many. And skies. . .  
Jack: Some music. . .  
Billie: Cotton from trees.  
Jack: Whirling and twirling to please the breeze.  
Billie: *(EXCITED.)* Sing again!  
Jack: I already sang.  
Billie: It's not as good the second time.  
Billie: *(LOOKS AWAY.)* A bee!  
Jack: A bee??  
Billie: Are you afraid of bees?  
Jack: Big bees or small bees?  
Billie: Big and small.  
Jack: With colors or without?  
Billie: All.  
Jack: *(PAUSE.)* The question once more?  
Billie: Are you afraid of bees?  
Jack: Are you?

Billie: No.  
Jack: Neither am I!  
Billie: Are you sure?  
Jack: Are you?  
Billie: Yes.  
Jack: So am I!  
Billie: If you were sitting comfortable beneath a tree and a bee happened by. *(DEMONSTRATES WITH HER FINGER.)* I mean without warning, now, would you move?  
Jack: To another tree?  
Billie: Away.  
Jack: Maybe to another tree.  
Billie: Suppose I were a bee. *(BUZZES AROUND HIM. JACK TRIES TO KEEP HER IN SIGHT.)*  
You?  
Billie: Yes. Would you move?  
Jack: To another tree?  
Billie: Away.  
Jack: A big bee or a small bee?  
Billie: Either.  
Jack: With colors or without?  
Billie: It doesn't matter.  
Jack: Maybe. If you were a bee.  
Billie: *(STOPS BUZZING. LOOKS AT HIM.)* But not if I were me?  
Jack: Only if you were a bee.  
Billie: *(SITS. LOOKS OUT AT LIGHT.)* There, gone. *(PAUSE.)* What does a bee have that I don't?  
Jack: No place to go.  
Billie: You may be right.  
Jack: *(PAUSE. BILLIE LOOKS OUT AT LIGHT. JACK LOOKS AROUND.)* The bee is gone now.  
Billie: But I haven't. Bzzzz. There gone.  
Jack: The firefly too.  
Billie: Yes. There gone.  
Jack: There is nothing more to count.  
Billie: Nothing?  
Jack: Nothing.  
Billie: Can't you count stars? *(LOOKS AT HIM.)*  
If you must have something to count.  
Jack: That would take forever.  
Billie: You could count waves.  
Jack: Until I die.  
Billie: Why don't you count lines?  
Jack: I would never find them all.  
Billie: You might if you tried.  
Jack: How would I know for sure?  
Billie: Count your whimsy.  
Jack: Worse than counting lines.  
Billie: *(STILL NOT LOOKING AT HIM. OFF HAND.)*  
You could always count me.  
Jack: No I couldn't.  
Billie: Sure you could. I wouldn't mind.  
Jack: But. . .no I couldn't.  
Billie: Yes. Try.  
Jack: But I could fall in love with you.  
Billie: Whimsy. You already have.  
Jack: *(QUICKLY. GRABS STOOL AND WALKS AWAY.)* 300! 301, 302 *(BILLIE DOESN'T MOVE. SHE IS PLEASED WITH RESPONSE.)*  
*(PAUSE.)* How much do you love me?



Billie: I love you. There gone.  
 Jack: That's all?  
 Billie: If I love you I love you. What more can I say? Huh?  
 Jack: I mean do you love me more than pretzel salt?  
 Billie: (*MOCKING HIM.*) Yes, I love you more than pretzel salt.  
 Jack: Do you love me more than warm socks?  
 Billie: (*CHIN IN HAND. GROWING BORED.*) I love you more than warm socks and soft shoes.  
 Jack: Do you love me more than. . .having your picture taken?  
 Billie: I don't like getting my picture taken.  
 Jack: Oh. (*PAUSE.*) Do you love me more than you hate getting your picture taken?  
 Billie: Yes.  
 Jack: Do you love me more than. . .  
 Billie: (*TURNS AT HIM. QUICKLY.*) Will you quit making me say it?  
 Jack: (*QUICKLY.*) 400, 401  
 Billie: There.  
 Jack: 60  
 Billie: Gone.  
 Jack: 61, 62  
 Billie: There gone.  
 Jack: 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86  
 Billie: 87  
 Jack: 88  
 Billie: There.  
 Jack: (*PAUSE. WATCHES HER.*) What do you love?  
 Billie: (*TAKES STOOL AND WALKS AWAY.*) I already said it.  
 Jack: What else?  
 Billie: I love cheese cake and sometimes bananas . . .when I'm alone.  
 Jack: And. . .?  
 Billie: And?  
 Jack: And what else?  
 Billie: Nothing more.  
 Jack: Me, cheese cake and sometimes bananas?  
 Billie: When I'm alone.  
 Jack: Who do you think you're fooling?  
 Billie: Only you. And sometimes me. When I'm alone.  
 Jack: When I'm alone. . .  
 Billie: What do you do when you're alone?  
 Jack: I count.  
 Billie: What else do you count. . .besides things you like?  
 Jack: Sometimes me. When I'm alone.  
 Billie: Only when you're alone?  
 Jack: Only then.  
 Billie: Why then?  
 Jack: Because that is the only time I'm more than one. When I'm alone I becommme.  
 Billie: (*PLAYFULLY IMITATING HIM.*) What do you becommmmme?  
 Jack: (*RESPONDING.*) I becommmmme anything I want to becommmmme.  
 Billie: Can I becommme?  
 Jack: If you want to becommmmme.  
 Billie: I want.

Jack: What?  
 Billie: To becommmmme.  
 Jack: It's not hard.  
 Billie: (*STRIKING A POSE.*) Am I becomming?  
 Jack: You're beautiful. (*WALKS IN CIRCLE.*) I becommme. . . (*AS HE WALKS HE ASSUMES THE ATTITUDE OF A STRONG MAN. HE BENDS OVER AND BEGINS TO LIFT BAR-BELL. STRUGGLES AT FIRST, THEN LIFTS IT TO HIS KNEES, SHOULDERS, THEN OVER HIS HEAD.*)  
 Billie: Ta-da!  
 Jack: I have become!  
 Billie: (*RUNS TO HIM AND FEELS HIS MUSCLE.*) I become. . . (*SWOONS.*)  
 Jack: Then I become. . . (*REACHES FOR HER.*)  
 Both: Then we become (*THEY EMBRACE.*)  
 Billie: (*AFTER A PAUSE.*) Uh oh. I have become. . . (*TURNS IN A CIRCLE. WHEN SHE FACES AUDIENCE SHE HAS HER ARM ARCHED IN FRONT OF HER STOMACH AS THOUGH SHE WERE PREGNANT.*)  
 Jack: (*FLUSTERED.*) A condition! Here sit. Sit here.  
 (*THEY BOTH SIT ON STOOLS NEAR EACH OTHER.*)

PLAYFULLY

Billie: Hmm?  
 Jack: What's that?  
 Billie: That's us.  
 Jack: What's inside?  
 Billie: A . . .sky.  
 Jack: That's all?  
 Billie: Oh no. There's much more.  
 Jack: What else?  
 Billie: (*PAUSE.*) I don't know if I should tell you.  
 Jack: Please, tell me what's inside.  
 Billie: I can't tell just Anyone.  
 Jack: Then tell just Me. I won't tell Anyone. A sky and what else? Any clouds?  
 Billie: Just one and it's small.  
 Jack: Any dimples?  
 Billie: Oh yes, many many dimples.  
 Jack: What else?  
 Billie: Rubber balls and bingo games and. . .  
 Jack: And?  
 Billie: And glasses of water.  
 Jack: I like that.  
 Billie: I thought you would.  
 Jack: What else?  
 Billie: You think there's more?  
 Jack: I know there's more.  
 Billie: There's wine, love affairs, children laughs and lady faces, shower-soft hands, pumpkin stems, dryer warm socks, running away, coming to, jumping over, some songs and. . .  
 Jack: And what?  
 Billie: And a girl.  
 Jack: A girl!?  
 Billie: (*TOUCHES HIS LIPS.*) Shhh. Yes.  
 Jack: Is she pretty?  
 Billie: Not yet.  
 Jack: But she will be.  
 Billie: She will be.



(BEFORE EACH OF JACK'S LINES IN THIS SECTION HE WILL CIRCLE HIS STOOL SAYING THE LINE WHEN HE IS FACING BILLIE AGAIN.)

Jack: (KNOCKS ON HIS STOOL.)  
Billie: Who's there?  
Jack: (OPENING "DOOR".) It's me.  
Billie: Hi.  
Jack: Hi. Can she come to my house?  
Billie: To do what?  
Jack: To play, of course.  
Billie: When she's not busy.  
Jack: CIRCLES STOOL.) Can she go on a picnic with me?  
Billie: If you're back early.  
Jack: We will be. (CIRCLES.)  
Jack: (CIRCLES THEN STRADDLES STOOL.) Can we jump over you?  
Billie: One at a time.  
Jack: (WALKS AROUND STOOL SLOWLY THIS TIME. GATHERING NERVE.) Can. . .we. . . go. . .steady with her? (QUICKLY.) I mean can I?  
Billie: If you're nice.  
Jack: Oh yes.  
Billie: Alright then.  
Jack: (CIRCLES.) We're engaged. I mean if it's alright.  
Billie: Ask her father. (LOOKS ABOVE JACK'S STOOL.)  
Jack: (STANDS FULL BACK TO AUDIENCE. IN FRONT OF HIS STOOL LOOKING UP.) Sir?  
(CLIMBS ON STOOL. PANTOMINES PIPE AS THE FATHER. LOOKS DOWN. SPEAKS IN LOW VOICE.)  
Yes?  
(OFF STOOL.)  
Can I marry your daughter? I mean I would like to. (PAUSE.) If that's all right with you. (ON STOOL. LONG PAUSE. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE BOY, THINKS. THEN BROADENS WITH A SMILE.)  
Ask her mother.  
Billie: tsk.  
Jack: (SITS ON STOOL NEXT TO BILLIE. SMILES.)  
Billie: (LONG PAUSE. THEN SMILES.) No.  
Jack: NO?  
Billie: I mean yes.  
Jack: Now what?  
Billie: What do you mean?  
Jack: What next? I mean what do I do now?  
Billie: You don't know?  
Jack: This is as far as I've ever gotten.  
Billie: Now you're married.  
Jack: Oh, my dear God.  
Billie: You don't want her now?  
Jack: You can have her. (BILLIE STANDS.) I want you.  
(JACK WALKS TO HER AND TRIES TO EMBRACE HER BUT ARCHED ARM IS IN THE WAY.)  
Billie: She comes with.  
Jack: She certainly does.

(JACK AND BILLIE TRY EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO EMBRACE AND KISS BUT "SHE" IS IN THE WAY. THEY TRY DANCING, AND OTHER NORMAL ACTIVITIES BUT CAN'T.)

Jack: I can't stand close to you know.  
Billie: You can stand beside me.  
(FIRST THEY WALK TOGETHER, SIDE BY SIDE, IN A FIGURE EIGHT AROUND THE TWO STOOLS. THEN THEY BREAK OFF AND CIRCLE THEIR OWN. EACH TIME THEY PASS IN THE MIDDLE "SHE" GETS IN THE WAY. FINALLY JACK SITS ON HIS STOOL AND BILLIE WALKS AROUND HERS TWO MORE TIMES. THEN STOPS. PAUSE. LOOKS AT JACK)  
Billie: (SOFTLY.) Now.  
(SHE ROTATES HER ARMS SO THAT WHEN THEY COME UP AGAIN THEY ARE HOLDING A CHILD.)  
Jack: Let me hold her.  
(SHE HANDS THE CHILD TO HIM. HE LOOKS, PLEASED AT FIRST THEN CONFUSED.)  
Jack: This is it?  
Billie: That is us.  
Jack: A sky?  
Billie: In your arms.  
Jack: What else?  
Billie: You think there's more?  
Jack: I hope there's more.  
Billie: There's dimples, rubber balls, bingo games. . .  
Jack: Glasses of water.  
Billie: Yes, glasses of water.  
Jack: (STILL CONFUSED. PERHAPS A BIT DISAPPOINTED.) I like that.  
Billie: You like us.  
Jack: This is wine, love affairs, children laughs and lady faces?  
Billie: Shower-soft hands, pumpkin stems and. . .  
Jack: And?  
Billie: And a boy.  
Jack: (VERY CONFUSED. DISAPPOINTED.) A boy??  
Billie: (TOUCHES HIS LIPS.) Shhh. Yes.  
Jack: But you said. . .  
Billie: A girl. I know.  
Jack: Then.  
Billie: Then I was guessing. How could I know FROM BILLIE AND THE CHILD.) What's the matter?  
Jack: It's not what I expected.  
Billie: We're not what you expected. You can't be angry. How could we know then?  
Jack: But I don't feel I hold all you said I would hold.  
Billie: You hold much more.  
Jack: More?  
Billie: You hold all I love about you and all you love about me.  
Jack: It's not the same.  
Billie: We're not the same.  
Jack: But before. . .you had to sit under it's weight I expected. . .  
Billie: What did you expect?



Jack: But I can hold it over my head with no trouble at all. (*HOLDS CHILD HIGH OVER HIS HEAD LIKE A FATHER PLAYING WITH HIS SON. PAUSE. A CHANGE. HE SMILES, AND PUTS IT ON HIS KNEE.*) Or put it on my knee. Look.

Billie: What are you doing?

Jack: Watch. (*BOUNCES IT ON HIS KNEE.*) Up down up down.

Billie: You better stop now.

Jack: Up down up down.

Billie: You really ought to stop. This has been enough becoming.

Jack: Up down up down.

Billie: (*GROWING ANGRY.*) He was before. Now stop it.

Jack: (*FINGER IN FRONT OF EYE.*) Look. There gone. There gone.

Billie: (*SITS. TURNS AWAY.*) Then now then now.

Jack: Up down.

Billie: Then now.

Jack: Up.

Billie: Then.

Jack: Down.

Billie: Now.

Jack: Up down up down (*FASTER AND FASTER.*) up down up down (*ETC.*)

Billie: Then now then now. Catch a cob web. (*JACK CONTINUES. FASCINATED WITH CHILD.*) Stop it. He's not even real. (*PASSES HAND THROUGH CHILD.*)

(*STOPS.*) He.

Billie: Not he. It. Part of then.

Jack: We.

Billie: Not we. You. I. One two.

Jack: There gone.

Billie: He was part of our becoming is all. Don't think he ever became.

Jack: He was.

Billie: He was perhaps. But not anymore.

Jack: Why did you stop me?

Billie: I was afraid you saw him.

Jack: I did see him.

Billie: And smoke lands on the moon. (*LONG PAUSE. BILLIE TURNS AWAY. JACK TRIES TO APPROACH HER.*)

Jack: But I've changed.

Billie: Turn.

Jack: Now I'm different.

Billie: Turn!

Jack: Where?

Billie: Away,

Jack: You've changed me.

Billie: Please turn away.

Jack: I want to thank you.

Billie: Please.

Jack: Thank you. (*PAUSE.*) Thank you for changing me.

Billie: Shhhh.

Jack: No!

Billie: You are boring me.

Jack: Look (*POINTS.*) a bird.

Billie: (*WITHOUT LOOKING.*) One.

Jack: No. A bird and a tree.

Billie: One two.

Jack: Look. See that light?

Billie: (*WITHOUT LOOKING.*) Where?

Jack: Way out there. Close first one eye then. . .

Billie: Why don't you go out and find what it is?

Jack: (*PAUSE.*) (*MORE TO HIMSELF.*) I am boring you. (*LOOKS AWAY.*)

Billie: By trying to be interesting.

Jack: I am boring you.

Billie: By being excited by me.

Jack: I am excited by you. (*TURNS TO HER.*)

That's not wrong. I am excited by your words.

I am excited by the way you smell, by your steps, the way you see. . .

Billie: Shhh.

Jack: Why can't you bear to admit that?

Billie: No. You can't bear to admit that I don't care.

Jack: Shh.

Billie: You are boring me by being excited by me.

Jack: (*PAUSE.*) I will turn.

Billie: No. It's late.

Jack: You're leaving.

Billie: Yes.

Jack: What?

Billie: This and that and you.

Jack: Tell me where you're going.

Billie: If you don't ask why.

Jack: I won't.

Billie: To another tree where you will never find me.

Jack: But you want to be found.

Billie: Not anymore. Not by you.

Jack: Will you return?

Billie: No.

Jack: Never? (*PAUSE.*) I am afraid, I will want you.

Billie: That is my why.

Jack: I didn't ask.

Billie: No you didn't. (*PAUSE.*) Now count as before.

Jack: I will count. But not as before.

Billie: (*ANGRY WITH HIS SENTIMENT.*) Oh yes you will.

Jack: What will I do between us?

Billie: Let your mind wander. I may be there. (*BILLIE BEGINS TO CIRCLE HER STOOL SLOWLY. SHE DOES NOT LOOK AT HIM.*)

Jack: Where are you now? (*HE DOES NOT LOOK AT HER.*)

Billie: There.

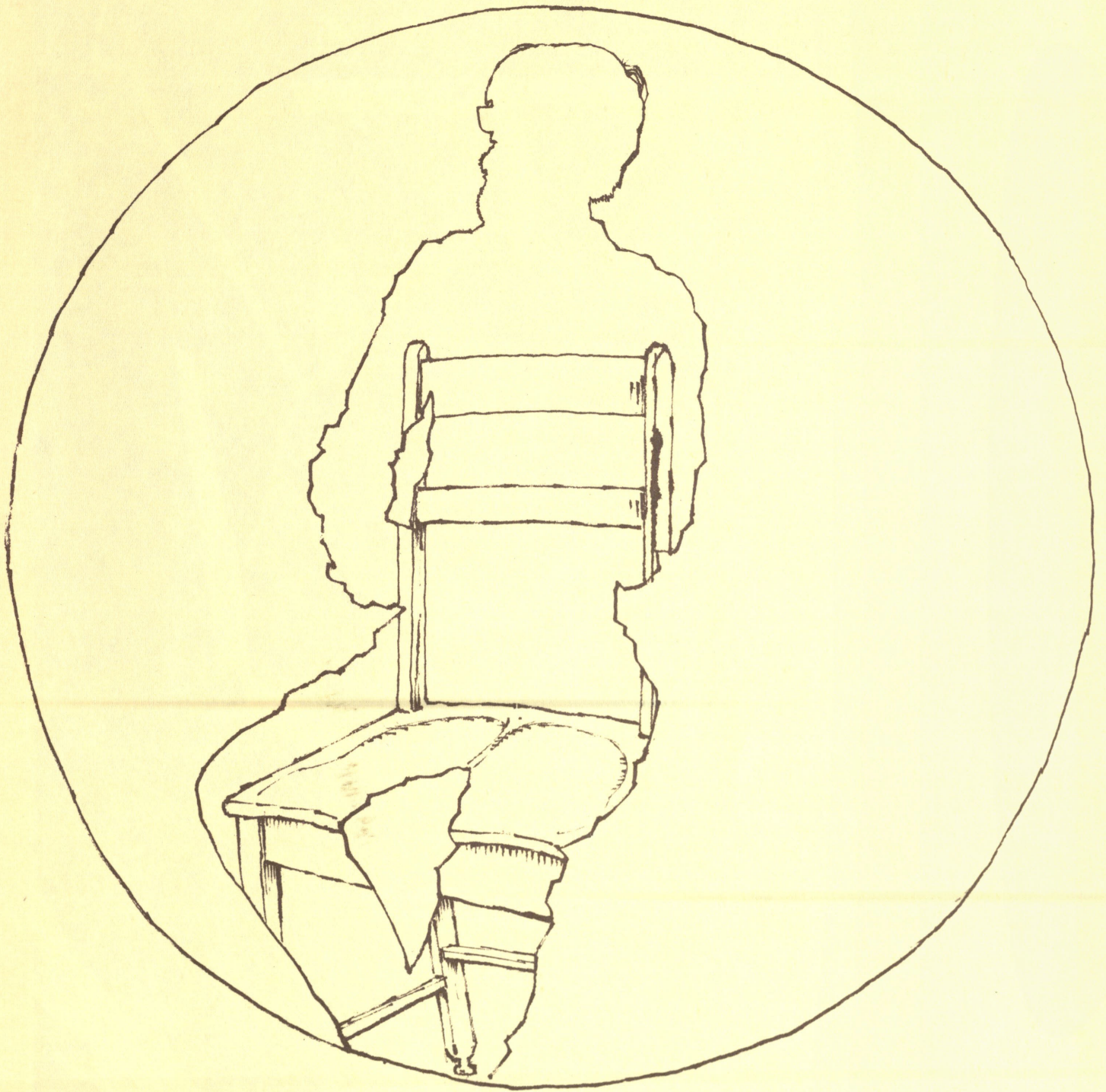
Jack: (*SITTING ON STOOL. TO HIMSELF.*) Only in that without shadow or shade, somewhere in no where is where love is made.

Billie: (*STOPS CIRCLING WITH HER BACK TO AUDIENCE BEHIND STOOL.*) There.

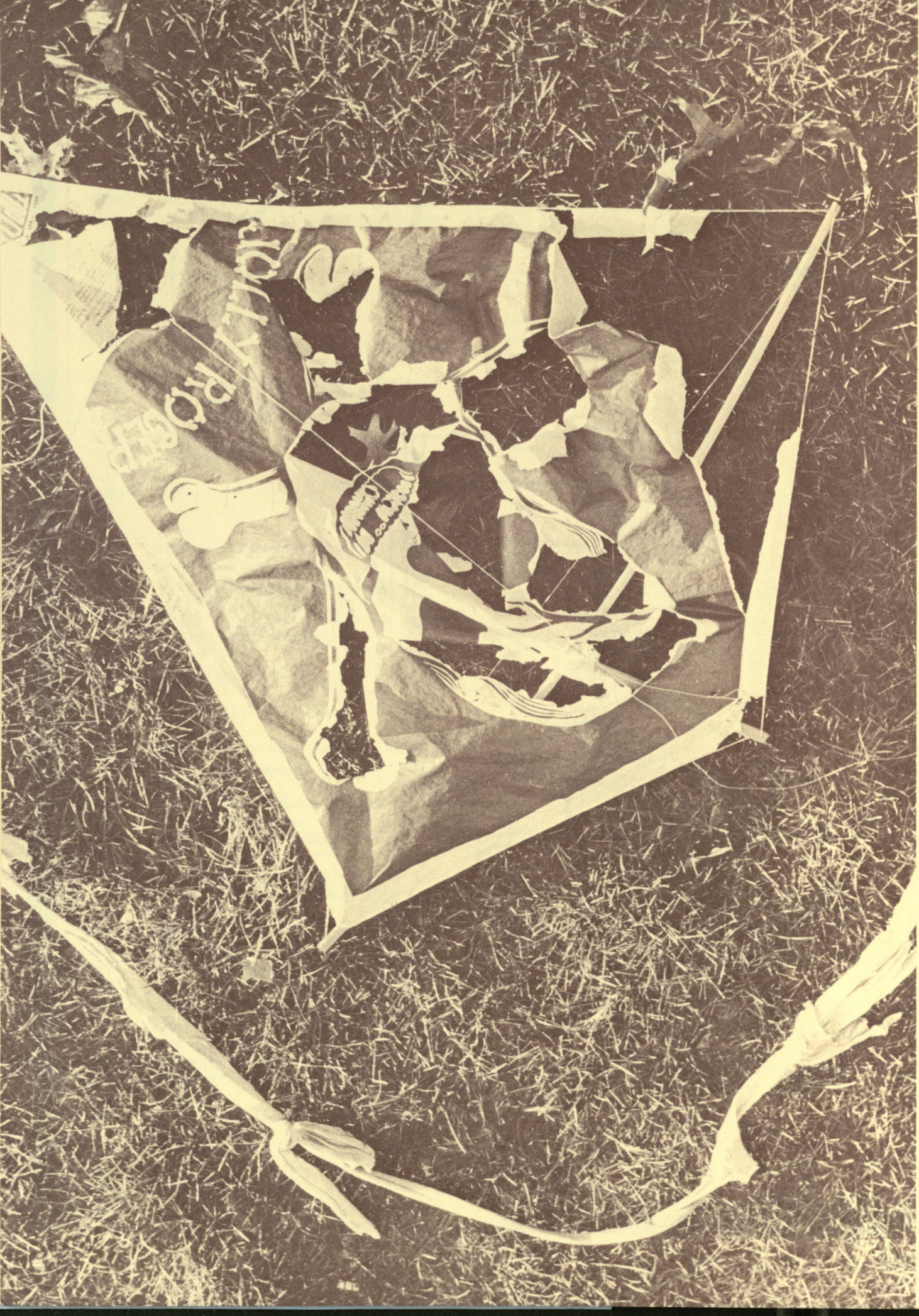
Jack: (*PAUSE.*) Gone. (*LIGHTS FADE SLOWLY*)

THE END.

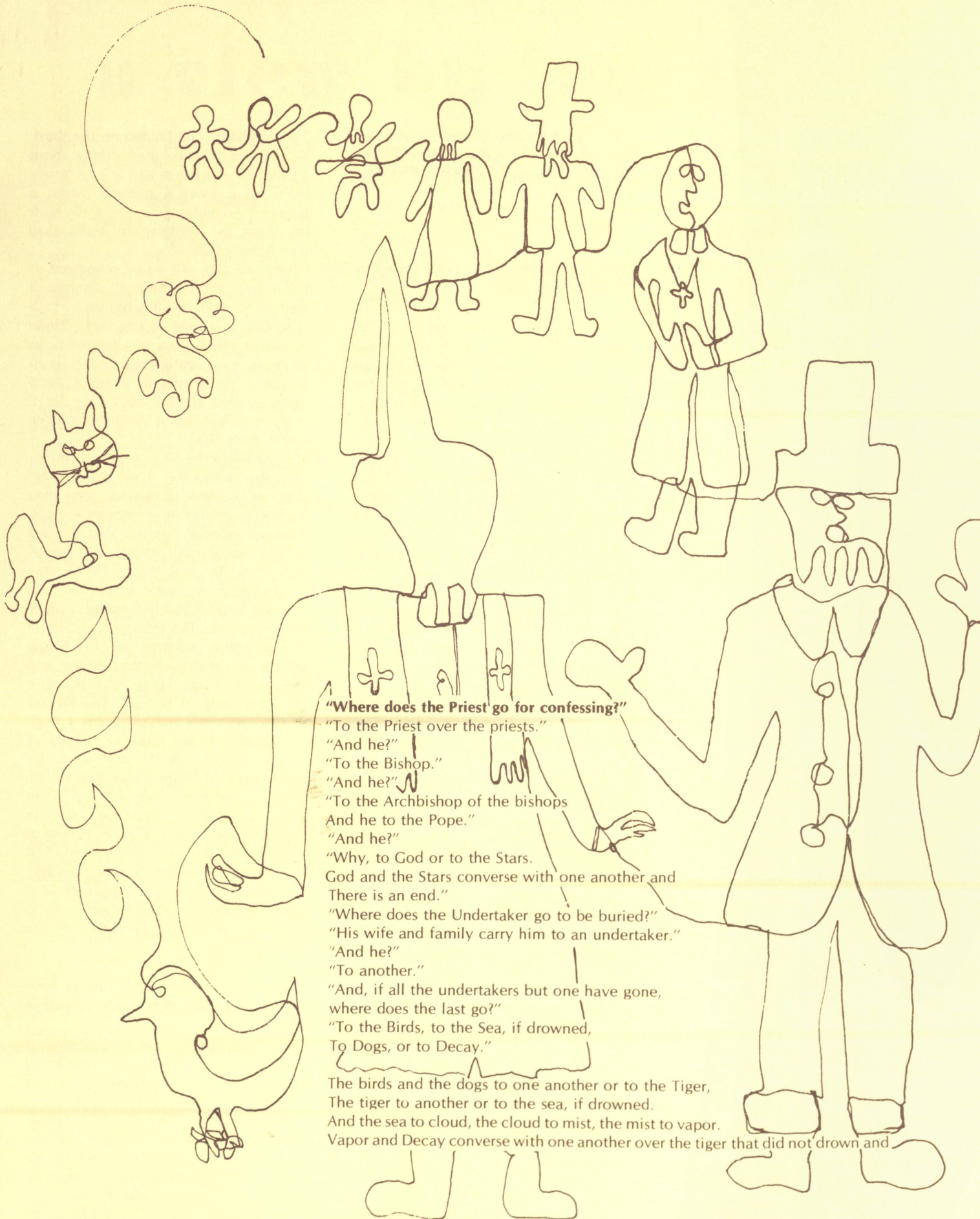












**"Where does the Priest go for confessing?"**

"To the Priest over the priests."

"And he?"

"To the Bishop."

"And he?"

"To the Archbishop of the bishops

And he to the Pope."

"And he?"

"Why, to God or to the Stars.

God and the Stars converse with one another and  
There is an end."

"Where does the Undertaker go to be buried?"

"His wife and family carry him to an undertaker."

"And he?"

"To another."

"And, if all the undertakers but one have gone,  
where does the last go?"

"To the Birds, to the Sea, if drowned,  
To Dogs, or to Decay."

The birds and the dogs to one another or to the Tiger,

The tiger to another or to the sea, if drowned.

And the sea to cloud, the cloud to mist, the mist to vapor.

Vapor and Decay converse with one another over the tiger that did not drown and

There is an end.



# the movies:

(Editor's note: Carol Coppola interviews Richard Lee, a founding editor of the *Lighter*, who is studying film in Berkeley, California.)

**Lighter:** Are there any new, emerging trends in film today?

**Lee:** Very little is ever "new" in the movies. Their commerce depends upon telling the old, old stories over and over again. What one hopes is that new movies will show them to fresh advantage. That's novelty sufficient for the day. There are, of course, always new audiences. Forty years ago your grandparents went to see **The Blue Angel** and **The Public Enemy**. You go to see **Cabaret** and **The Godfather**. The stories are the same, the generations have changed.

**Business as usual** may be the biggest novelty in the short run. In the medium run will be the exploitation of movies for TV, especially cassette TV. In the long, long run will be the making of moving images electronically, not through the projections of shadows on celluloid toward a screen.

Your grandpa can tell you about Marlene Dietrich in **The Blue Angel**. And Grandma can tell you about James Cagney in **The Public Enemy**. You may have to tell your grandchildren what movies themselves were as a medium.

Meanwhile, it is always the business of commercial movies to be fashionable, and fashions will emerge — and submerge — according to the box office. But fashions are not trends. In movies, so long as they live, the more things remain the same the more things change.

**Lighter:** Do you think films today are leaning toward sentimental Hollywood type films of the 30's? Or toward realism?

**Lee:** Yes. The movie industry, like a drunken sailor, is leaning every way at once. It can't afford not to, and still find support.

I think I should add that "Hollywood type films of the 30's" shouldn't be made synonymous with sentimentality. Consider the two recent box office smashes and Academy Award winners,

**The Godfather** and **Fiddler on the Roof**. Would you believe a melodrama about a gangster as a warm and loving family man? Or a musical comedy about a pogrom? Someday you will look back on them as "sentimental Hollywood type films" of the 70's.

I hope we can still enjoy sentiment at the movies and continue to distinguish sentiment from sentimentality, which is feeling in excess of the facts. There is just as much grim sentimentality as there is rosy sentimentality, and both are false. But a film of genuine sentiment, feeling appropriate to the facts, is a fine achievement. Some were even made in the 30's.

Hollywood in the 30's was not all Busby Berkeley musicals. Even they were some of the finer surrealistic films ever to reach commercial American screens. I have no special brief for the 30's, but I think we should distinguish "camp" 30's from the real thing. There were some fine films made then, some to suit any taste. If you like expressionism, try John Ford's **The Informer**. Or if you like essential westerns, try his **Stagecoach**. If theatre of the absurd and pointed political satire is your dish, try **Duck Soup**. If fantasy, **The Wizard of Oz**. For social realism, **I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang** or **Grapes of Wrath**. If you like the grotesque, try **Hunchback of Notre Dame**. If you like epics in the grand manner, try **Gone with the Wind**. All these were shot in the 30's, and with a little historical imagination they can still be enjoyed today. And even the current nostalgic remakes of films like **Applause** and **Lost Horizon** will have to go some to improve upon their originals in the 30's.

**Lighter:** What types of influence have foreign films introduced into American films?

**Lee:** "Types" of influence? Hmmm? I don't think you have time for a fair answer to that one. Foreign films have had a pervasive influence upon American films in every way. In styles, themes, and techniques especially. But to answer your question worthily I'd have to go into many areas, at least three.

First, we should need to see film as an international art from its beginnings to



# a view by interview

the present. When the American movies were young and silent, we raided Europe not only for its films but also for its directors, cameramen, designers, and actors. I'd guess half of the best talents in early American movies were "foreign imports." And today, coming full circle, many an American film is made in Europe or made with European directors, cameramen, designers, and actors. "Runaway" American films are, in some considerable sense, foreign films.

Second, we should need to note the "golden ages" of film in many foreign countries from which all film makers draw inspiration from time to time. I hope it is no shock to note that film makers swipe from each other shamelessly. Many countries made very important films right after a time of great national agony. The best German films anywhere in the world were made in Hungary. Many American film makers have learned from those "golden ages" of foreign films, and show it. My point is that the average American does not need to see foreign films to be influenced by them. All he or she need do is to see American films by directors who were influenced by foreign films.

The United States is a country which has never suffered, not as a whole, not in extremity. Perhaps our film makers must borrow the inspiration for great film art which a time of national suffering seems to produce. Art can, of course, arise from fullness as well as deprivation. But, on the whole, I would not expect great film art from the United States. We may have to pay for our good life with our thin art.

Third, we should need to trace dozens of particular influences of foreign films on American films in your own lifetime. Certainly the realism of the Italian cinema after World War Two had international repercussions, even in Hollywood. So did an eddy of alienation and **anomie** films in Italy and Sweden in the 50's. And so did the "New Wave" of French films in the early 60's. One can even argue that some sexual candor in recent American films was influenced by that of longer standing in certain foreign films, if only to compete with it. We seem to have come up with violence by ourselves, although there were some Japanese and Brazilian films which suggested the way.

In short, I can't answer your question without filling a full **Lighter** to do it justice. As an old **Lighter** editor, I can't imagine a worse disaster. Next question?

**Lighter: What are your feelings about the importance of the film to the American public?**

**Lee:** My feelings are unilluminating. The box office is solid ground. As a medium of entertainment the movies are vastly less important to the American public than they once were. When you were born about 100 million Americans went to the movies weekly; now less than 20 million do. You are living through the **demise-en-scene** of the movies as a truly mass medium of entertainment. Film titles like **The Last Picture Show** and **The Last Movie** know what they're talking about!

And the real heydays of American movies were before you were born, especially in the 20's and 30's. I'd guess your generation would find it unimaginable to be told the movies were once the fourth largest industry in the country, that whole **families** once went to the movies each week, that movies once probably did more to homogenize American popular culture than all the schools and possibly arouse morale more buoyantly through gray days in the early 30's and early 40's than all politicians and preachers together. Try as you might, you could not fathom, say, the outpouring of grief at the death of Valentino, the righteous indignation at Fatty Arbuckle, or the adulation of Garbo. That past is another country. People live differently there!

To a great extent the American public has outgrown the movies as cult, habit, ritual and bond. To my mind, that's all to the good. Insofar as those functions are fulfilled today they are served by the tube.

As a medium for art, however, the movies are somewhat more important than they once were. People who no longer go to **the** movies will still go to **a** movie. A young person today with any poetry in him or her might as equally turn to film as to writing, painting, music, or theatre. What I see in experimental, independent, and student films is very mixed, but hopeful. We

shall see if your generation finally gets its act together and does something with film both as art and entertainment. Better hurry!

**Lighter: Have you ever considered making a film for the public?**

**Lee:** (Laughter) Only in my fantasies. Those who can make a film, do. Those who cannot, do criticism. I wouldn't care to count how many movies I've remade in my mind's eye. Mentally cutting a wayward scene, trimming some superfluous dialogue, moving the camera in instead of out, muting an oppressive sound track, arousing an actor to a different performance, and so on. I view films like President Nixon watches football and the Watergate scandal. I'm always sending in a new game plan.

Needless to say, it's ungracious to remake other people's films. I wouldn't write my remake into my criticism. But sometimes film criticism involves seeing what isn't in a film as well as what is there. At those moments criticism is a creative act.

**Lighter: What, in general, do you recommend to students who want to study the movies?**

**Lee:** Get to a film archive and see all the old films you can. **Ad fontes!** If that is not possible, gather some film catalogues, start a film society with your friends, and bring the films in to brighten the corner where you are. By the way, be sure you have a good pianist in your film society to accompany the silent films. The silent cinema was only speechless, not soundless.

Or, if neither of those routes is open to the students, I'd suggest some movies are worth viewing on TV, especially the classic film series on NET. If you are reading well in film history and film criticism, your TV set can be used well as an archive. If all else fails, I blush to suggest you could take a course in film. Students orchestrating their learning around the image of **In Luce Tua Videmus Lucem** might take note?

**Lighter: Thank you.**

**Lee:** I'm flattered you asked. See you at the movies.



# Oh Lord I'm Down

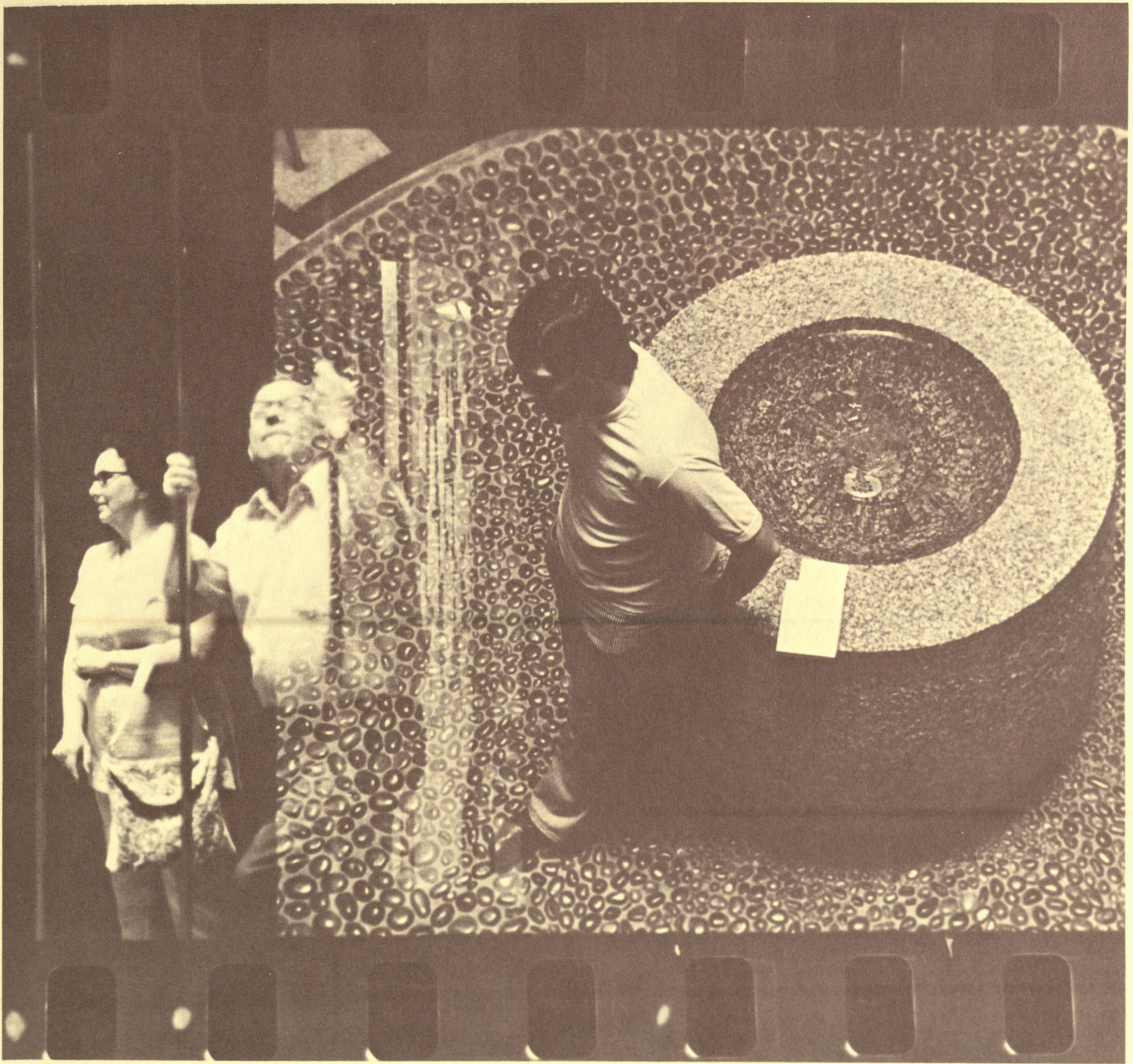
Smoothly

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Smoothly'. The lyrics are written below the notes, and guitar chords are indicated above the staff. The chords used are D, Em, D, Em, D, Em, D, Em, D, Em, D, G, Em, D, Em, D, and Em. The lyrics are: 'Oh Lord, I'm down, I've gone all wrong; oh Lord, I'm down and I've no-thin' left and all seems hope- less. Could you tell me why? Could you get me out? Could you give me strength? Oh Lord, I've no one else to turn to. I need your help. Could you give me some be- fore it's too late for me? Could you lend a hand? Oh Lord, I've gone all wrong.'

Oh Lord, I'm down, I've gone all wrong; oh Lord, I'm  
down and I've no-thin' left and all seems hope- less. Could you tell me why?  
Could you get me out? Could you give me strength?  
Oh Lord, I've no one else to turn to. I need your  
help. Could you give me some be- fore it's too late for me? Could you lend a hand?  
Oh Lord, I've gone all wrong.

1969







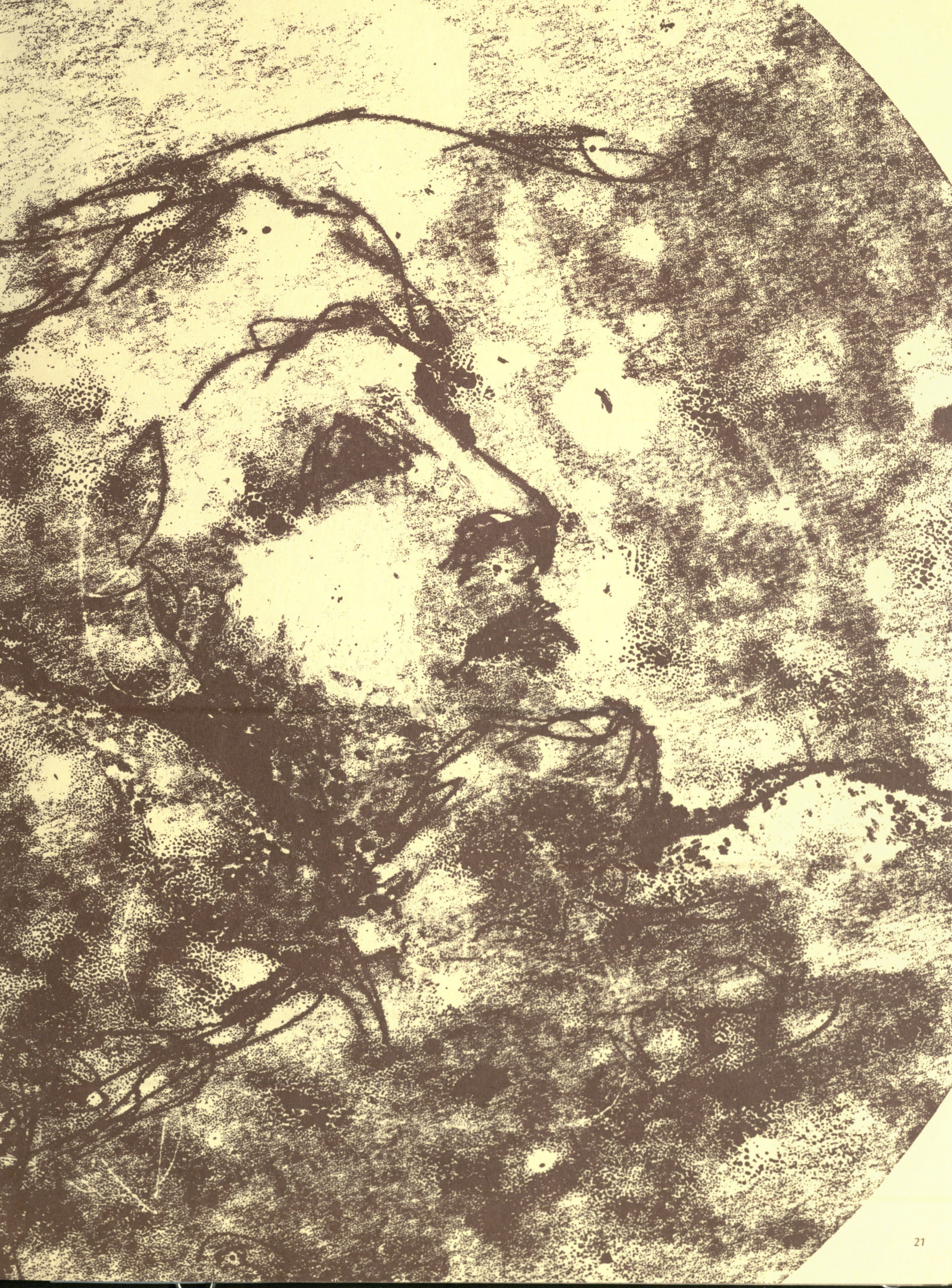
Dan Smith

*THE ROOM* was warm with a shroud of intensely sweaty air, although it was sometimes pierced by a puff of cool, misty summer air at the open window of the darkened bedroom. Noel Fredericks felt the slow, light rains of early summer in a different sense tonight. The rains' relaxing freshness lowered itself into being, again interrupting the room's dismal shroud. The air's moisture just made his body, clinging now to the sheets, sweat all the more profusely. He looked at the window, the clock, the larded beads of sweat which made a puddle out of his navel. Seldom did his vision escape her, and seldom did his heart beat as nervously as it did tonight. Wives had it so easy nowadays, he thought to himself. They didn't have indigestion, restless sleepless nights or hairy navels. The thought amused Noel.

## **a Quiet Rain and a Paining Heart**

*In the quiet of the night, he felt terribly close to her and wanted to reach his paining arm out to her and touch her, but knew in doing so she would awaken. Noel slowly massaged his arm and rubbed both sides of his tense neck until the pain seemed to subside. He was careful not to let the motion awaken his wife. He felt his face grow red and then empty of blood as he breathed. Joselyn always slept soundly, but a word from her husband or the murmurs of the baby aroused her with an automatic, "What's the matter?" Noel watched his wife, quietly breathing in the dark air and thought to himself: Love at night is more than a feeling; it is a lifetime condensed into a single shadow of a pulsating room —, so much like death. And annoyed by the fact that he shouldn't wake his sleeping mate, he heartily sighed an ominous breath. (His thought reigned freely, so much unlike the chained and irregular rhythm of the pounding in his extremities.) His chest bowed slowly under the stress of pain. Noel wondered about many things, including the most worrisome: his heart. He wondered how many buildings were built as of today, how many planes had been flown.*







"That's it. I can't keep track of anything. Not anymore. And if I try to count sheep or heartbeats, I'll go insane!"

He toyed with the hair on his chest, pressed in on his breastbone. Looking blankly at the faint ceiling and thinking deeply, his thoughts were disrupted once again by a sharp pain and another dose of indigestion. Especially, he noted, that since he hadn't been feeling well the last two weeks, and particularly the past few days, he shouldn't have indulged in pizza and beer. Expressly against the rules. The pizza which had tasted so good only hours before just kept rolling over the beer, and the beer kept making bubbles, and the bubbles kept tickling the lining of his now fully awake stomach.

"That's all it is. Boy, what an imagination I have. Only indigestion." But in the darkness he knew that it wasn't so simple. He knew he was not alone: the pizza, the mist, the beer were his companions, and his heavy thought mixed emotionally with it all, and colored his destiny. "Quit thinking that you're dying, old boy!" Of these companions, the mist was ever-present and the indigestion, though monstrous, was sporadic. The thought was dragging him down into the depths of half-dream and half-sleep. How much longer could he keep his secret? Noel was sure that Joselyn knew his heart was bothering him again but he hadn't mentioned it, nor had he felt the need to. But he thought now, perhaps, that he should have told someone. His dream fantasies became first external and then within. The mist was being blown in by the wind, or perhaps being sucked in by the shadows of the room and he wanted to pull himself out of the shadows and into the mist. Noel wanted to refresh himself, to breathe the airless wave like a drowning man, because he was drowning. He was trapped here, if for only a little while longer, and he relished the interim in his thoughts. Noel became an outsider in his dream, much as he had been in his relationship with Joselyn over the past two years. Dreaming, he secretly intruded upon a group of intellectuals and every so often plagued the man who was doing the talking, the doctor who had told Joselyn that she was pregnant with an unwanted baby. But Noel had no breath with which to argue with the man. A ghost, no less of the thought, to haunt the offices of unlearned doctors, ones who probably weren't married themselves and didn't understand marriage anyway. . . . The baby hadn't saved the marriage as the great doctor, and Noel, had hoped. The ghost flourished between Noel's sleep and waking, and Noel was at once transformed into the very same man as whom he was haunting. Just as dreams sometimes have no reason, Noel found himself falling into pain with the dream, and to a pillow which, choking him, found the dreamer being shaken.

"Noel! Noel! Wake up! You're dreaming Noel!"

"Oh, yes, yes I was! I'm sorry to wake you. Honest, go back to sleep. It's just my indigest. . ." and sighed, looking at her and

groping for words. But by the time he had found the words, Joselyn was asleep again with one arm around Noel's back, the closest he had felt to her in a long, long time. Noel was lying face down, his body leaning towards her; she in another dream world with her head almost in his armpit. Noel was again cognizant of his surroundings: the darkness, the rain, the open window, his distant wife and his pain. Cautiously, he moved her arm.

"Are you all right, Noel?"

"Yes, I just need some seltzer, that's all." Should he tell her the truth? (Barren and empty had been their relationship for so long now, why should he give in to a fear. And after all, it was only a fear and she probably didn't care, mumbling something which Noel thought sounded like "Chrissakes, go to sleep.") But Joselyn had sleepily asked for a glass of water herself and then clutched at a dream which she had lost again, eager to its resolution.

When he got up, Noel strangely remembered his dead mother's voice telling him to stay in bed, not to catch cold, and he wasn't quite sure if he had answered her by speaking or just his imagination. She was in his imagination, wasn't she? And anyways, the bathroom wasn't far. "Go back to history, Mom," he was ir-rately admonishing her. "Please go; all I need is a drink. I don't want to go anywhere else." Noel, as he painfully walked towards the sink, his left arm now dangling down at his side, somewhat like what happens when one's limbs go to sleep, knew he should remain in the shadows, warm and sweating, not moving and not provoking matters. The cold mist, stark on his impaled lungs, forced a resounding escape from his deepest entrails, and he felt a bit better for a brief moment. He felt more like a man now, but only for a moment. His condition was crippling his concept of male, and himself.

Echoing in the darkness, the sound of the rain on the roof cluttered the room, padding Joselyn's dream. He had needed to wake her, he knew. In a dual sense, the couple was physically vulnerable to themselves for the first time in months, yet there was an incomprehensible distance between them. A faint crack of thunder fell far in the distance.

Joselyn wakened to light coming through the open drapes. The rain had stopped but it still sounded as though it were pouring buckets outside. Suddenly, she bolted upright and saw the faucet still running and her husband's face on the vanity, clutching his chest, with eyes wide open and red with terror. His legs bent loosely at the knees, on the floor in front of the sink, twisted with limpness. Noel's left arm hung straight down, this time bending at the wrist, backwards, it seemed, on the floor. Joselyn knew it wasn't a dream.











**Needles**

wind blowing down Chicago alley  
Young child. . .wild eyed old man,  
Dirt and Grime. . .Tears in eyes,  
Needles in the arms of the land,  
O God. . .

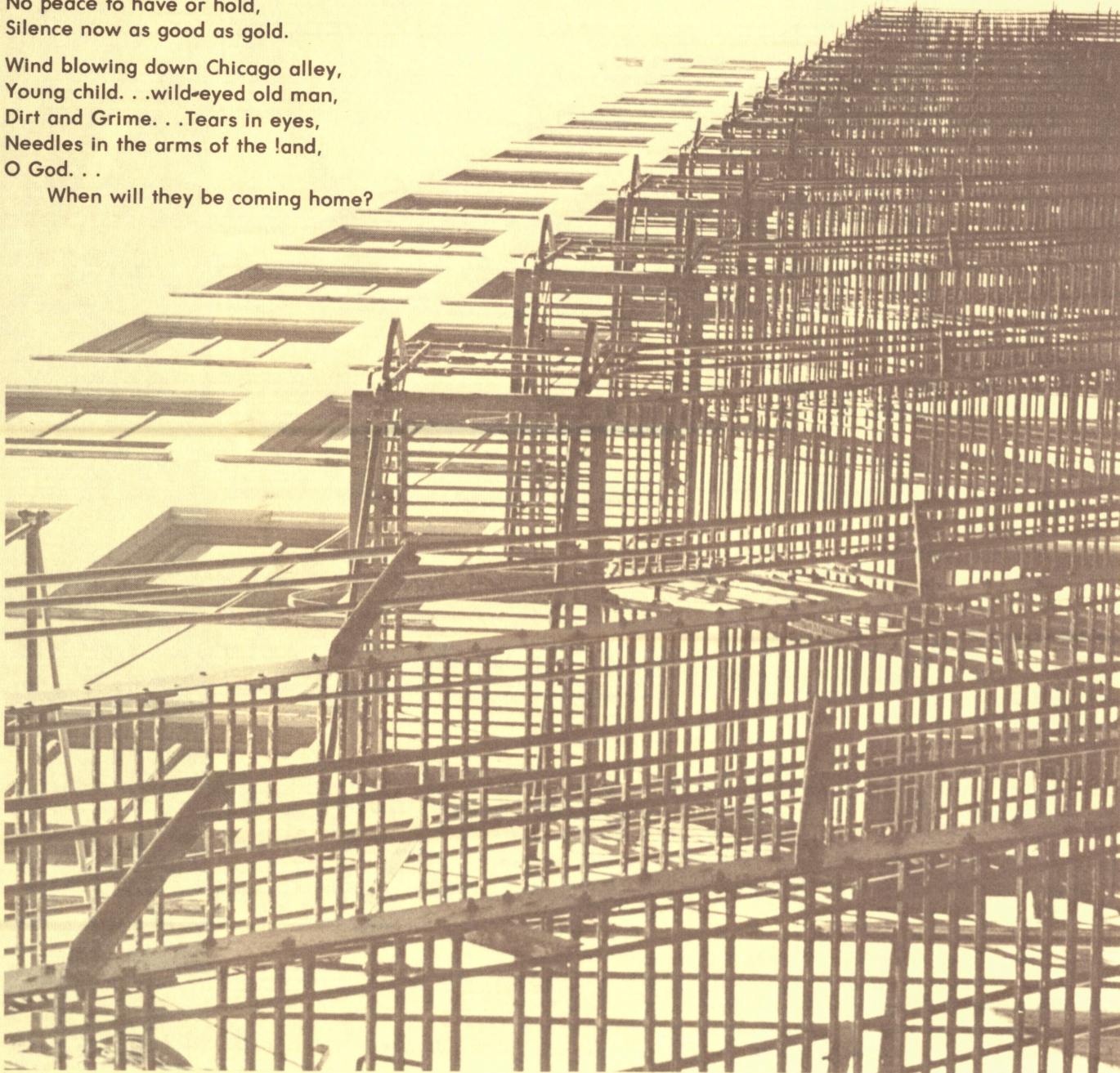
When will they be coming home?

Shots I heard once in the villages,  
Black-eyed women on street corners,  
Speaking in whispers to my friends,  
Moon sparkling on monsoon waters,  
No joy to hear, speak or see. . .  
Please kill them before they kill me.

Heat I felt in the blazing sun,  
Rotted trees and burned-out forests,  
Daring not the churches,  
Dreams dancing on cool sweating foreheads,  
No peace to have or hold,  
Silence now as good as gold.

Wind blowing down Chicago alley,  
Young child. . .wild-eyed old man,  
Dirt and Grime. . .Tears in eyes,  
Needles in the arms of the land,  
O God. . .

When will they be coming home?





# Melancholy

CLAUDIA DREWS

(♩ = approx. 80)

Slowly, Expressively

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic and a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth notes with various accidentals.

8va

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, marked *8va* and *mp*. The music continues with eighth notes and includes a long, sweeping slur over the final notes.

loco

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, marked *loco* and *mf*. The music features eighth notes with a *loco* marking and a *mf* dynamic.

p gradually becoming louder and more agitated

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, marked *p* and *gradually becoming louder and more agitated*. The music consists of eighth notes with a *p* dynamic.

8va

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system, marked *8va*. The music continues with eighth notes and includes a long, sweeping slur over the final notes.

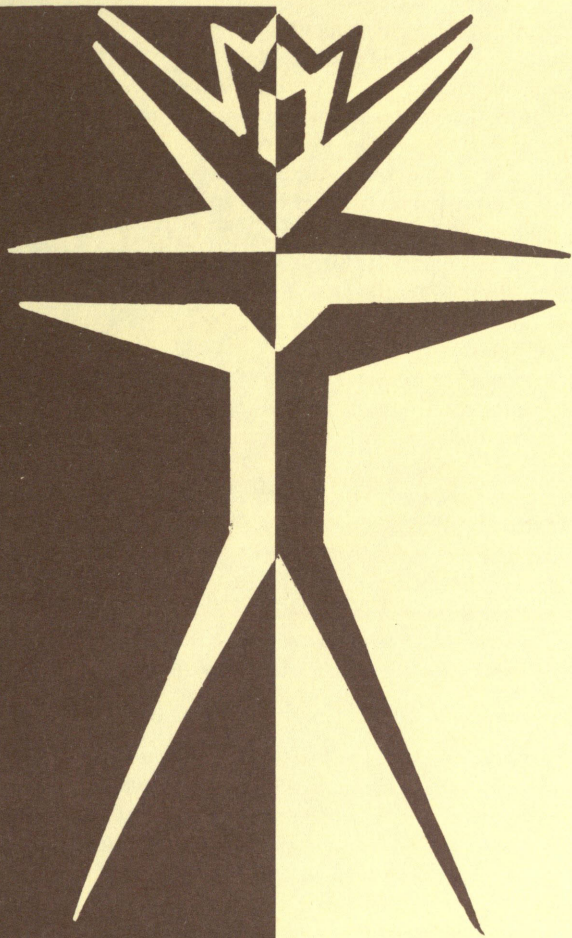
loco

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system, marked *loco*, *f*, *p*, and *slower*. The music features eighth notes with a *loco* marking, a *f* dynamic, a *p* dynamic, and a *slower* marking.

p

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh system, marked *p*. The music consists of eighth notes with a *p* dynamic.





**What**  
**is**  
**a**  
**Christian**  
**University?**

It was Gertrude Stein who, just before her death, asked, "What is the answer?" When she received no reply, she said, "well, in that case, what is the question?" I'll admit I do not know the answer to the question, "what is a Christian university?" I do not think I have ever heard that question really answered. There are, however, certain questions I would like to pose which might help me to come to some decisions, to find some answer or answers.

Quintilian found it difficult to define rhetoric. He was more comfortable defining the orator, whom he saw as "the good man speaking well."

Instead of attempting a definition of the Christian university, we might attempt to describe the good man (Christian) learning well. In these terms the man becomes more important than the institution. Administrators, faculty, and students are then placed into a position of responsibility both for goodness and for learning.

Beginning with what seems to me the less difficult of the two, let me ask what is learning at this confusing point in time? Is it acquiring knowledge for vocation, or is it a preparation for living? If, as I suspect, it is both, what does a university curriculum do to advance the two? Somehow I cannot buy Francis Bacon's statement, *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est*. Knowledge itself is *not* power. Two other intellectual habits, it seems to me, must direct knowledge. What is the place of understanding in learning? What is the place of wisdom? Surely understanding is more than comprehension. Doesn't it have to do with how and why that knowledge is used? Is wisdom simply an attribute of old men and women? Certainly, it is a gift of the spirit, but as I was taught in my early courses in theology, it is a virtue as well and, as such, it can be cultivated. Shouldn't wisdom tell us when and where to use knowledge? It is obvious, of course, that understanding and wisdom cannot be taught; but, for that matter, creativity cannot be taught. We talk about it, however; we attempt to foster it. Shouldn't the man who is learning well be aware of the place of understanding and of wisdom? Shouldn't he be responsible for applying these two virtues to his vocation and to his life?

Now what about the other word — Christian? Is the Christian always a good man? Surely not, but what are some of the means by which he can become a good man? Faith, hope, love, certainly; but there are other media as well. Thomas Aquinas defined prudence as "right reason in that



which is to be done." He defined art as "right reason in that which is to be made." Before anything can be done well, one must establish goals. Before anything can be made well, one must know the aesthetic rules. Prudence and art have their roots in philosophy but their end in policy and program (or technique). Both prudence and art must be based on honest and, one must add, unself-conscious evaluation. They are based on truth. What things must be *done* to *make* the educated man? These virtues, it seems to me, are existential in the truest sense. They elicit in man the making of decisions. They force him, student, teacher, administrator, into the role of the process critic. This is the individual who must decide what must stay, what must go; how good or how bad a work really is. More importantly, they force him to make real decisions about himself both as an individual learning and as a member of a body of learners. What bothers me about the Christian institutions I have observed is that no one seems to be making those decisions.

This brings me to other questions and another word — justice. How well do we apply justice when the good man learns well? Disraeli called justice "truth in action." That is a visionary statement, but it seems a trifle glib. Clarence Darrow was probably more to the point when he said that "there is no such thing as justice — in or out of court." The habit of justice, however, is not the realization of equity, but "the perpetual and constant *will* to render to each one his right." The student in a Christian university has the right to be prepared for the difficult task of living. He should be developing the tools which will make him capable of grappling with the problems of his vocation. Does justice in the learning process apply only to the giving and getting of grades? How deeply have we probed into individual needs? How honestly have members of faculties in Christian institutions evaluated the student on the basis of what he can do? More often, it seems to me, justice is based on the premise that there are certain courses we want to teach rather than the premise that there are certain courses which should be taught. In terms of the learning process how does the administrator balance the needs and rights of the community against the needs and rights of the individual? By attempting to do this the administrator is put into a Creon-like position, but it is a position he must take. One of the important questions to ask however, is how does he make decisions on the basis of a will to do justice rather than on the basis of convenience or popular response?

A rather unpopular term in these days is the word temperance. It conjures up pictures, I'm afraid, of a small group of dedicated, but nearly defeated, ladies in Evanston, Illinois. There is however an intemperance in the learning situation which can be much more damaging to the human spirit than drunkenness, or gluttony. Temperance should imply moderation. The temperate man in the Aristotelian-Thomistic duplex was an extraordinary man of almost Sophoclean proportions. He was an ideal. He knew himself and his powers well enough to have confidence in his own abilities and he had scrutinized these abilities sufficiently to be aware of their broadness and their limitations. On the one side of his confined road was the precipice of pride, on the other, the fallow field of pusillanimity. This is pretty heady stuff and, in actuality, it sounds almost intemperate in its extremes. Temperance, however, like prudence and justice, resides in the will and, like prudence and justice, it is guided by reason and truth. For this rea-

son it presents us with certain problems which must be resolved. Have we really asked the question, what can we do best? Certainly, we say we give more attention to the individual. I'm not sure we always do that well. Who is that good man, anyhow? How does who he is apply to what he can teach or what he should learn? Does he, at times, become so involved in his own specific field that he forgets to keep an eye on the whole? When is activity necessary; when is it simply aimless? When should there be a proliferation of courses; when should there be an elimination of courses? And who is going to have the courage to make the decision?

Courage (or one could use that pompous word fortitude) denotes a certain firmness of mind. I do not like to think of fortitude as simply a gritting of teeth in the face of adversity. Aquinas saw it as a curbing of fear and a moderating of daring. To him, then, there was a temperance to fortitude. Fortitude is more than that, however, it is a keeping one's eye on the goal; it is a perseverance. The question to be asked about fortitude, I suppose, can only be answered after the questions previously posed have been answered. As I see it now there is only one. Once we have decided who the good man learning well really is, can he be convinced to keep his eyes on the vision and his feet on the road?

In a recent *Newsweek* article, Eugene McCarthy commented, "no society can make orderly progress unless its philosophy, its policies, and its programs are reasonably in phase." We have a philosophy of living based on the cross and on the scriptures. But have we clearly responded with a philosophy of learning based on the same sources? Once we have hammered that out, what are the policies and ultimately the programs which will reflect that philosophy? It seems to me that nothing much has been done to bring philosophy, policy, and program into phase since the days of the great medieval universities. Isn't it about time we started doing something about *that*?

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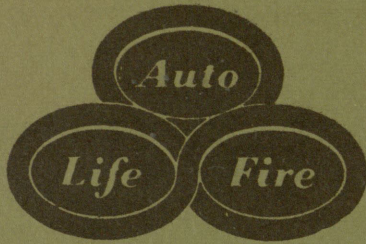
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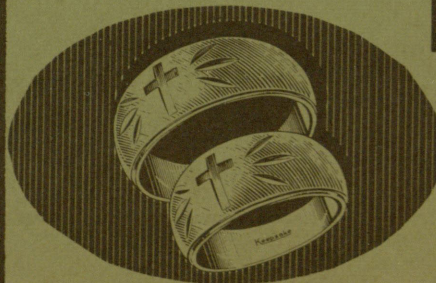
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