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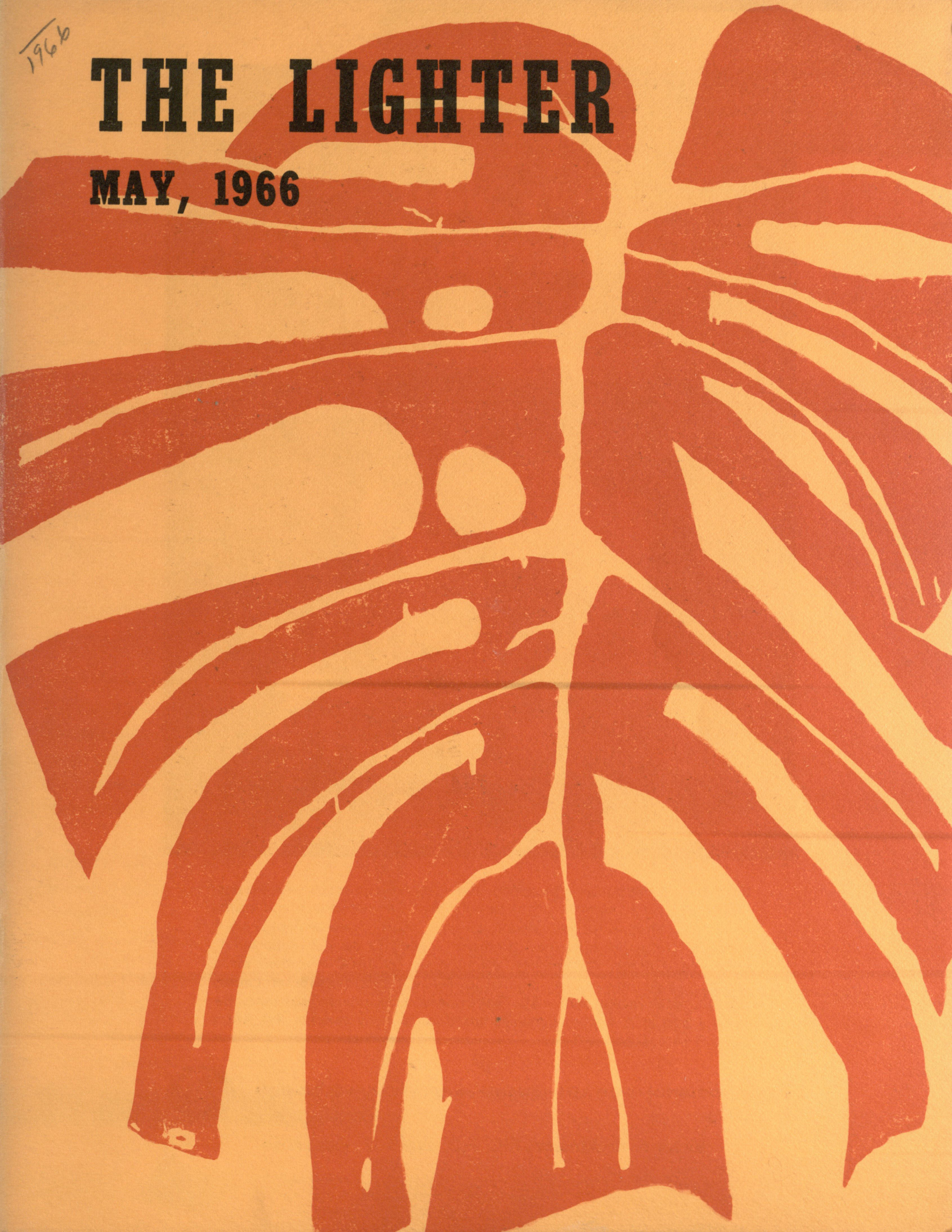
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1966

THE LIGHTER

MAY, 1966



yes you — a Lutheran leader!



Who else? You're studying to be one. You're forming attitudes — about people, philosophy, economics; about careers, the Lutheran Church, and maybe about AAL. Your world will depend on your share of leadership. Leaders succeed! Success creates new problems — what to do with opportunity, with responsibility, with money. An example: 800,000 members make up AAL. Their fraternal help and benevolence grants to Lutheran causes annually reach several million \$\$\$. That's one kind of Lutheran leadership. Become a part of it. You're eligible to share in its many benefits. Ask AAL's campus representative how.

AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS • APPLETON, WISCONSIN

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

THE LIGHTER

*the literary-humor magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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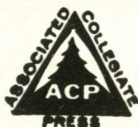
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Askance



a sideways look at gods like you and me

I find it somewhat strange that the God-is-dead philosophy, cult, or whatever, is so widely abhorred by pious Christians the country over — a country in which so many other gods (reigning from other than celestial regions) haven't been killed off yet. You know, the vice-crammed ogres and beasties of materialism which haunt even our closets with a very alive and tolerated aggressiveness. If we were as militant in killing off some of those attractive demons as the philosophy-cult or-whatever people are in killing off our God, what a battle it would be. (And you-know-Who is on our side!) Try and show me a god that is dead, just *try* and drag out the corpse of a money-god or a sex-god or an intelligence-god or an anti-god-god: I won't believe it. From here it looks like the Great Twitch is still definitely twitching. (Sorry, Robert Penn, there's the rub, and it reacts.) Or what about the now-gods of defying time and consequence? Oh yes, they don't even have to wait until after dark; and they're quite definitely stronger than what's stronger than dirt (and you-know-Who is Stronger than dirt!) Or what about the gods of negation, the anti-heroes, the non-violence, the no-deposit-no-return? Nihilism has stolen home. Oh, but we good guys know how bad negation is, and we'll all be true to the Great School in the sky, whenever we get there.

Detours are anti-roads. Unfortunately they are pretty, that is unless the litterbugs get there before the vultures.

Which non-sense means: Aha! Far be it from the *Lighter* to moralize. Moralizing, in the colloquial sense of itself, is a kind of inward-directed blindness. You miss everybody's moats including your own.

*

*

*

It seems safe to say that before speaking, one should be certain that either there is someone at hand to listen, or else there is no one around to hear. The idea of a person talking to himself is almost always bound to bring a snicker.

Why this should be so, I do not understand, unless it is simply because we have decided ahead of time and without careful consideration that this should be a bad habit and along with belching and bubble gum must be stamped out by any means of prohibition.

This is unfortunate, for the self-talker knows talk in its finest sense, that is, speaking not to communicate, but to articulate. By speaking them, he crystallizes his thoughts in neat, workable order and weeds out many that then seem to be incoherent or illogical.

The statements are likely to be ones of deep

Some of the moral accusation between the God people and the anti-God people reminds me of childhood experiences. My daddy is better than your daddy, no he's not, yes he is, no he's not, yes he is just ask mommy, my mommy's prettier than . . .

Which gets nobody nowhere (pretty nihilistically possible) except that it makes us feel pretty good about it, us being verbal martyrs and all. It's just great having the Challenge right there in red on the cover of *Time* magazine, too (see April 8, '66 issue). The battle cries are up!

But as you may remember from history (with the eloquent exception of the Song of Roland-type epics packed with Homer-type verbiage), battles are not too articulate: a lot of people get knocked off without even final rites, and little is accomplished in either victory treaties or in peaceful coexistence. No exit? (Well put — whoever makes those little signs . . .) The existentialist may agree but says you should go ahead and try anyway, brave little creature. Even a man-made fire escape is a rickety structure. No exit? To say there is no solution to the anti-god thing, and to say that it's a modern beastie, is to have doubly diseased vision, or Multiplying Moats. People have turned their backless-frontless selves against God since God knows when. And to say there is no solution is to forget one little incident preferably forgotten: Christ ate with tax collectors. Hated sin, but . . . He was crazy enough to have patience, to love, to understand, to listen, to save. There's something called humility that keeps us from being gods too. And something like it that here we call dialogue. It's the most positive theology going.

thought or intimate reflection, but though they are expressed, they will never be heard or studied. Perhaps their intensity alone is what makes them so offensive to our lazy minds, and it is better that they are spoken alone in a closet where they will not upset the dust of dull brains with tracks of thought.

What we do consider acceptable speech is a small catalog of variously inflected grunts, cliches, and ready-made opinions on the few subjects relatively safe from controversy. We fill hours and days with useless words. We run telephone lines hot with them. The radio blares them at us and refuses to be turned off.

There is very little quiet left for a person to seriously speak his mind. And that may be right enough, for with all the noise, we have been left with very little mind to speak.

CHARLES MINTZLAFF

Notes on Contributors for this Issue

PAT DALY is a junior English major from Rock Island, Illinois. Aside from being Pledge Trainer for Alpha Phi Delta sorority, she also performed during the Week of Challenge in Becket's *Happy Days*.

JIM CROSDALE is a junior English major presently at home in bed in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He is a member of the law fraternity.

SANDRA HAGMAN spent seven months with the Prince of Peace Volunteers in St. Louis, Missouri, last year. She is a 20-year-old theology-sociology major from Pontiac, Michigan and a member of Gamma Phi sorority.

HUGO SANDOVAL is a foreign student, senior philosophy major from Columbia, South America. He writes his poetry in Spanish and then translates the poems into idiomatic English.

VIVIAN HILST is a sophomore with interests in speech and drama as well as in writing.

MARY LU KOZEL is a freshman from Hutchinson, Minnesota. Her personal essay is highly critical of small-town attitudes, but sensitive and sympathetic in its treatment of a few unusual individuals.

WALT KRETZMAN is a senior business major who produces light verse when properly primed and inspired.

PAT MARQUART, a junior with majors in social work and English, contributes to this issue a character sketch originally written for an Advanced Composition course.

CHARLES MINTZLAFF is a junior English major. His short story is drawn from recollections of an incident in a familiar hometown lunchcounter.

RACY PRINCESS PETERS is a sophomore English-philosophy major who writes occasional poetry.

PAT SULLIVAN is a junior with majors in French and philosophy. Her interest in poetry is reflected in this issue's *Lighter Lit*.

A POEM SAYING I AM

A poem saying I am
acknowledges that You are.
 In my flesh
 each curve
 each wrinkle
there is room for you:
for you are already,
 and always
 there.
I cannot be complete
 unless
 you
 complete me.
There is a song that
 reaches out
from my underneath.

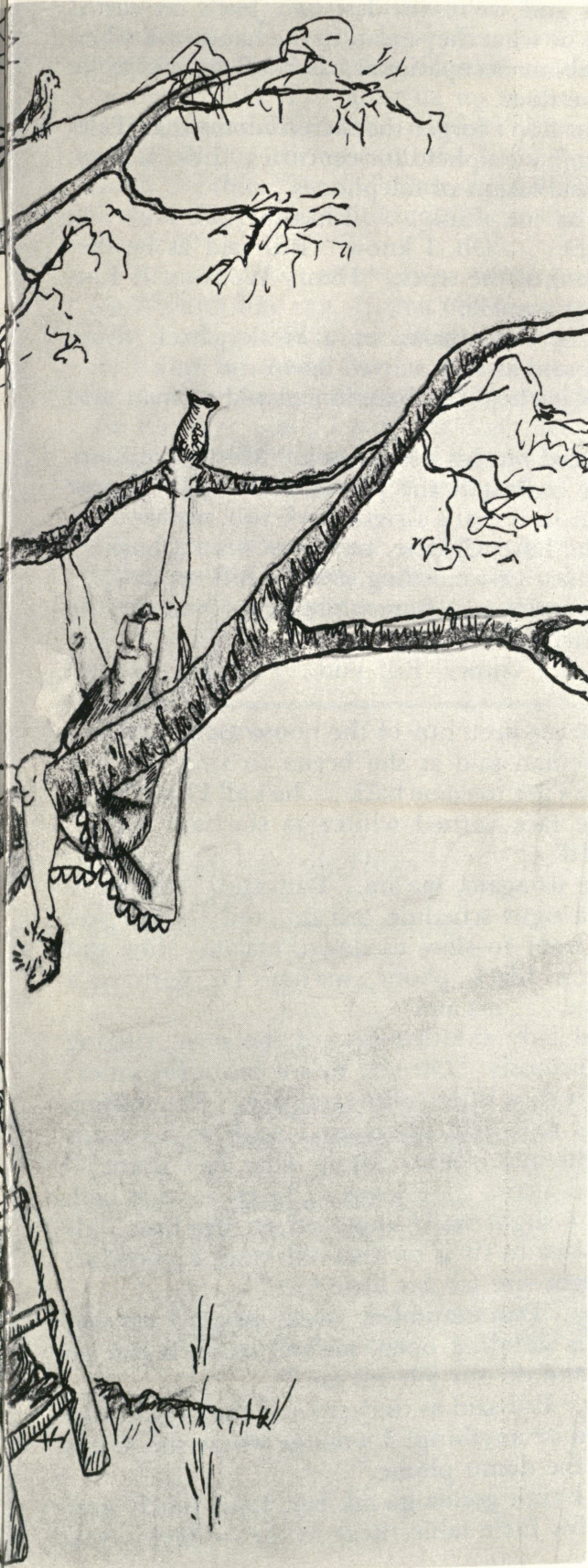
It reaches
 for you
and in this way it must
 and always
reaches myself.
And this song
 like my poem
Says loudly
 vibrantly
 ultimately
that I am.
 It is also
a statement from
 me
 to
 you
which expresses thanks,
 and I accept
 the Grace
that you are.
 Dominique des Anges

TO QUIET

**fiction by
Pat Daly**



A MOCKING BIRD



ART/PEG HANSEN

The driver of the grimy green truck flipped down the sun visor, and his eyes opened a little wider.

"Crap!" he yawned. "Another weekend shot in the ass! Hey ugly, open your varicose eyeballs and speak to me baby! Don't fail me now. Convince me this is just one of those bitchin' nightmares that always follows a drunken night with Bacchus and the boys. Oh, I'm *s-o-orry*, Bill, I know my frequent mythologic allusions are way above your head. Sometimes I have the feeling that before I die I'll turn into a Shakespeare or Milton, or one of those poets; I hear I really get extremely poetic when I'm plowed! Hey, you're as responsive as a corpse today."

Silence . . . Finally, the man called Bill pushed the gray-green cap that was covering his eyes back onto his forehead and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a crumpled-up Pall Mall package, and extracted the one remaining cigarette.

"O. K., so you're gonna be famous." Bill lit the cigarette. "And I'm going to be able to retire at the age of 25," he exhaled, "and spend the rest of my life writing books about the great Dan Bosmejian, and how I knew him when he was nothing but a crumby telephone installer. And I will be a very important person in your life, because I was one of the few that always knew that under the flabby, dull, useless exterior there lurked the mind of a genius."

"Yeah, you can call it *Danny Hill* . . . Well, I'll have to change my name anyway when I become famous, and we might as well use something racey that will even appeal to the ignorant masses."

"Crap," the other chuckled, "if you really want to be a big name, why don't you just be a hero like Harry Karsel, the 'Albert Schweitzer of the Telephone Company.' Geez, I wouldn't be surprised if that brown-nosin' little creep wasn't nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for heroism or something."

"Yea, I expect any day he'll be called to the White House to pick up his purple heart for serving mankind with faith, hope, and charity at all times, above and beyond the duties of a telephone man. He'll probably start his own secret branch of the telephone peace corps."

You'll probably be the first one to sign up for it too," Bill said.

"Shove it, Billy-boy, I sure might! This job is 'punch-in, punch-out' for me; I ain't doin no more than I have to. Just 'Mornin, ma'am, I'm from the telephone company ma'am, I come to put in the phone ma'am, keep the kids tied up will ya ma'am, I'm a busy man ma'am, no, ma'am, I can't open

your jar of pickles ma'am, No ma'am I can't get that kite down for you, thank ya kindly ma'am, bye, ma'am.' You gotta be hard or they'll walk all over you; ask you to do anything for them."

Bill raised his left eyebrow. "You're tellin' me what I don't already know? The other day, when everybody was sick and the Big Boy sent me out alone, this sorta middle-aged babe, probably quite a queen in her day, she says, 'O Bill,' she says, I'm sure glad they have to sew our names on our uniforms so everyone can treat us like their personal servants, 'Bill, would you mind helping me zip up my dress?' He unrolled the window and tossed out the cigarette. "I mean I could tell she was really up for it," he said with the last exhalation of smoke, "a-h-h-h having her dress zipped I mean. So I told her "I'm really sorry, Mrs., but I have a rash on my hands and I haven't heard from the doctor on whether it is leprosy or not, so I don't think I'd better." G-e-e-z, she ran into that bedroom so fast and I didn't see her again. I mean I could have just seen some old man coming out of the wall and accusing me of raping the old bag."

"Yep. Like I said punch-in, punch-out, that's the best motto. What's the address of this place again?"

"2112 Locust — you know, it's up by that new Junior High School."

"Oh, yea! Hey, what time ya got?"

"Looks like 8:30, but don't count on it. Screwed up watch. Been meanin to take it in to have it fixed again, but that dumb schnook in there never seems to do anything to it anyway — geez, that old guy could about care if I know what time it is."

"Yea, some people are like that."

The truck slowed down and pulled off onto the shoulder.

Bill's eyes narrowed as he turned his head toward the window. "2-1-1-2 . . . yep, dis must be de place!

Dan scratched his slight growth of unshaven beard and ran his fingers through his dull-looking hair. He reached behind the seat and pulled out a gray-green hat that was identical to Bill's. He fingered the silver telephone emblem; then breathed heavily on it and rubbed it vigorously on his shirt sleeve. He held up the hat at his right arm's length and put 3 fingers of the left hand to his brow.

"Upon my honor, I will do my best,
to be as true to Bell,

as Harry Kar-sel! See what I mean? A born poet."

"Well, a-h, excuse me, Milty old-coot," Bill said scratching his ear, "or was that a Shakespearean sonnet? Anyway, a-h-h, look over here and tell me that isn't an old lady standing out there on the lawn of 2112 with nothin on but a see-thru nightgown. I mean now it's *your* turn to talk to *me*, baby, and convince me that I'm still in a drunken stupor!"

Dan howled. "I don't believe it! She must be 70

years old!! Standing there ringin a little bell like a salvation army Santa Claus!" Dan rocked back and forth, holding his sides with his arms. "She probably thinks she's collecting the money in the vase; I bet she's cracked up!"

"Crap!" Bill mumbled. "Let's get in there and put the phone in before she decides she's Adolph Eichmann and we're the last two Jew's on earth! This must be what they mean in the handbook when they talk about occupational hazards," he said as he opened the door.

"Yes, but don't forget the sacred motto that Telephone men have upheld for centuries, 'Life, liberty, and the installation of telephones . . .'"

"A-h-h let me think . . . Lincoln? . . . No? . . . Browning?? . . . Oh, I know," Bill said as he met Dan in front of the truck, "Henry Wadsworth Karsel — Harry's uncle."

"You're pretty smart, for a kindergarten drop-out," Dan said as they started down the walk.

"Here Charlie," the bare-footed old woman said faintly.

Dan pulled out his order book. "Mornin, ma'am, we're here to install the phone, ma'am. We'll just go right on in if that's alright with you, ma'am?"

"Charlie, here Charlie, have you seen Charlie?"

"A-h-h, not this morning, Mrs.," Bill replied.

"Wait a minute," Dan whispered, "who in the hell is Charlie?"

"Heck, if I know," Bill said, "Probably her old man."

"He's never been out of the house alone before," the old woman said as she began to ring the bell faster. "He's got to come back . . . he's all I have left!" Her white face turned whiter as she said loudly, "C-ha-rl-ie!!"

"Excuse us again, ma'am," Dan said, "but we're really on a tight schedule, ma'am, and I know you wouldn't want to slow us down, ma'am. Now did you want a black phone, ma'am? Or perhaps a colored one . . . ma'am?"

The old lady shuffled toward the men, ringing the bell furiously. "Oh yes, he's a beautiful color; all green, with a little yellow stomach!" She sniffed. "He's all I have left. He doesn't want to leave his mommy, he just doesn't know what he's doing!!" She sniffed again. "He loves to listen to this bell, and . . ." a slight smile appeared on her face, "his favorite place to sit is on this old vase; I guess it's just the right size for his little feet."

"Oh boy," Dan mumbled, "well, ma'am I see that the door is standing open, ma'am, so we'll just go on inside and do our job, ma'am."

"Ge-e-z," Bill said as they entered the house, "she ain't weird or anything! I wonder where she wants us to put the damn phone."

"Well, I ain't gonna go ask her. Let's put it over here on this little table, next to the — hey! — this

must be Charlie's cage. I figured he was a bird or something. Sure let's put it over here, that way if Charlie ever comes back and gets bored again, he can just stick out his 'little foot' and call up some of his honeys!"

"Yep, he likes bells too remember." They both chuckled. "Geez, she's stopped ringin her bell; I wonder what's up?" Bill walked to the window. "You're not going to believe this . . . wait . . . yes, I suppose you will. I guess Charlie, or someone who looks a lot like him, must be up in that tree!"

Dan joined Bill at the window. The old woman, still clutching the vase in one hand, was trying to climb the tree. "Damn," Dan said, "I wonder if this is what Frost was thinking about when he wrote *Birches*?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I really don't like this. If that old dame falls and anybody finds out that she asked for help, we'll really catch our breakfast! No lie, Karsel would probably see to it that we got fired; he's got enough suck with the Big Boy. Geez, I wish she'd get the hell down."

A few moments of silence passed before the two men turned simultaneously and stalked out through the door.

Dan cleared his throat. "Ah, excuse me,-ummm-us again, ma'am, but you didn't show us exactly where you wanted the phone, ma'am. Would you mind coming down, ma'am, and showing us where it should go?"

*Magnificent cat, my Hugo:
slung muscles long and hard
on that warm frame. Relaxing,
silent eyes and crouching,
murderously lean. Haunches sprung and
waiting, belly glistening,
taut and cold with scorn.*

*Easy-seeming languor, watching, cat,
strong body tense against the ground.
I know, cat, that slack stare, stark diffidence
that glitters pierces through me,
lays me bare, and know, cat,
that you care.*

Racy Peters

"Charlie, I see you darling. Please come to mommy! Son," she said turning toward Bill, "would you pick up that bell over there and ring it for me? Please . . ." The old woman's voice trembled.

Bill didn't move. Finally, he walked toward the sidewalk where the bell had been abandoned. "O. K., Mrs., I'll ring the bell for you if you'll get down out of that tree!"

Just then a flutter of green wings appeared from out of the tree, and the bird flew over to rest on the fire escape of the school across the street.

"Oh, Charlie!" the woman shrieked. "Come back to mommy, Charlie!" She was now sitting on a limb with both arms stretched out toward the school building.

"For Christ's sake, ma'am, hang on!" Dan shouted as he moved under the tree and grasped her by the ankles. "Just hold on a minute till I get a grip on you. There. Now, I can take you by the waist; just let go."

The big man set the little old lady down on the ground.

"He's all I have left!" she said as she started out across the street.

"Wait a minute, Mrs.," Bill said, ringing the bell rhythmically. "Get back here!"

The old woman stood in the middle of the street. "Charlie . . . ?"

An approaching car slowed down and stopped. La-ady, do you *mind*?" the man yelled out the window. "Hey, you, . . . telephone man . . ."

Dan moved his head slightly.

"Take care of this woman, will you?"

Dan took two quick strides into the street, grabbed the woman's hand, and led her back to the lawn. "Here, ma'am, give me that vase, ma'am. Now listen, ma'am, don't you move a foot from this spot! Come on Bill, and bring the bell."

"Need I ask where we're going? — Why to scale Mt. Everest, I presume?"

"Have you got any better ideas of how to get out of here without being charged with first degree murder of that old bag?"

"Nope."

"Alright, ugly, then let's get over there before Charlie decides to take off for China or something!"

The pair reached the first level of the fire escape. The parakeet was on the third level.

"Ring that damn bell for all your worth!" Dan commanded.

The two began chanting rhythmically, "Here Charlie, . . . here Charlie, . . . here Charlie, . . ."

When they reached the second level, Bill grabbed Dan's arm. "Geez, do you hear something?"

Suddenly the window behind them opened and a young woman leaned out. Behind her stood a classroom full of snickering children.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

WETNESS

Wetness.

The smell of drenched leaves,
And soaked leather;
The touch of the truest prism,
And the image of ripples,
The darkness of the day
And the storm of the heart.

The white clouds of burning leaves
And the smog of the soul.
Worms wriggling, drowning under the night's dark flood,
The mind sinking into the death of life
The insane of the asylums, and the inmates of freedom.

A little girl with a dewy flower in hand
Biology without Reason — with purity.

The fiction of time
And the travel of the mind
A desert with no vegetation or sand . . .

Soldiers at war
Streets in streams — red
Children at play
Rivers of dreams — dead.

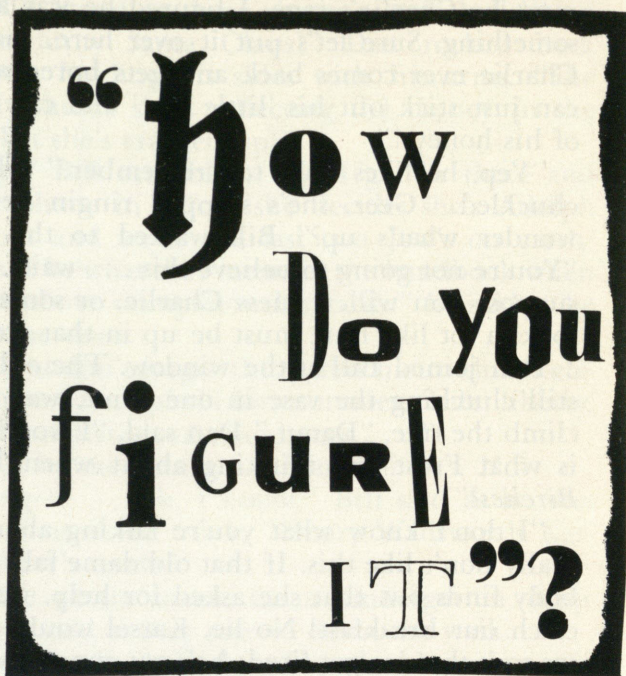
Women of the streets
Cemeteries in symmetry,
insult in innocence, love in limbo.

Men of the world
Rows in ruin, hatred in hordes,
barbarianism in babies.

The immediate and the sometimes before —
a corruption in concepts

The extension of self, a watery handshake,
A grasp at the real,
A limb for love,
A kiss or a laugh
The suicidal amputation . . . a drowning
. . . the slime of the grave.

<p>So you're alive. Don't try to pass it off; It don't matter to me.</p>
--



ART/JEAN HANSEN

TEA TIME AT CHARLIE'S

Its tea time at Charlie's.
Charlie serves only tea
His customers drink only milk
And all the world knows it.

Aunt Martha walks in wearing a derby hat
With a purple daisy in it
She checks her head at the coat rack
After putting her eyes in her pocket.

Cousin Joe stumbles in for another shot
His cup runneth over
He's been flicked for years
He's accredited four-star in every strip bar.

Long John Silver limps in pushing a baby carriage
Full of bones and pieces of eight
His shrimp boat just came in
And he's handing out rotten apples.

The wandering Jew wanders in the front door
Says twenty Hail Marys in the corner
Wanders to the john
And wanders out the back door jumping a rope.

Grandma Moses jumps into the ring
Does somersaults over Rip Van Winkle's beard
Follows Tinkerbell to the rafters
And Never-Never land.

The lady on the mule hitching rides outside
Comes in where there is no room
Phones collect to Heaven House
And complains.

The Indian sitting wooden legged on the floor
Cuts another wrinkle
Turns Green
And picks his nose.

General Will and Corporal Lief march in
Cleaning their BAR's
With pipe cleaners and red rose stems
They've killed a long way together.

Bugeyed Grandma Philly does chin ups on the bar
Licks postage stamps
Signs autographs, rubber checks, armpits
And sniffs glue.

Linn the politician
Comes in spinning a toy globe
He wants to make a speech
But he's sold his tongue.

The poet sits under the tea pot
Sterilizing his words in steam
Thinking of a flower
And picking off a wart from Charlie's toe.

continued —

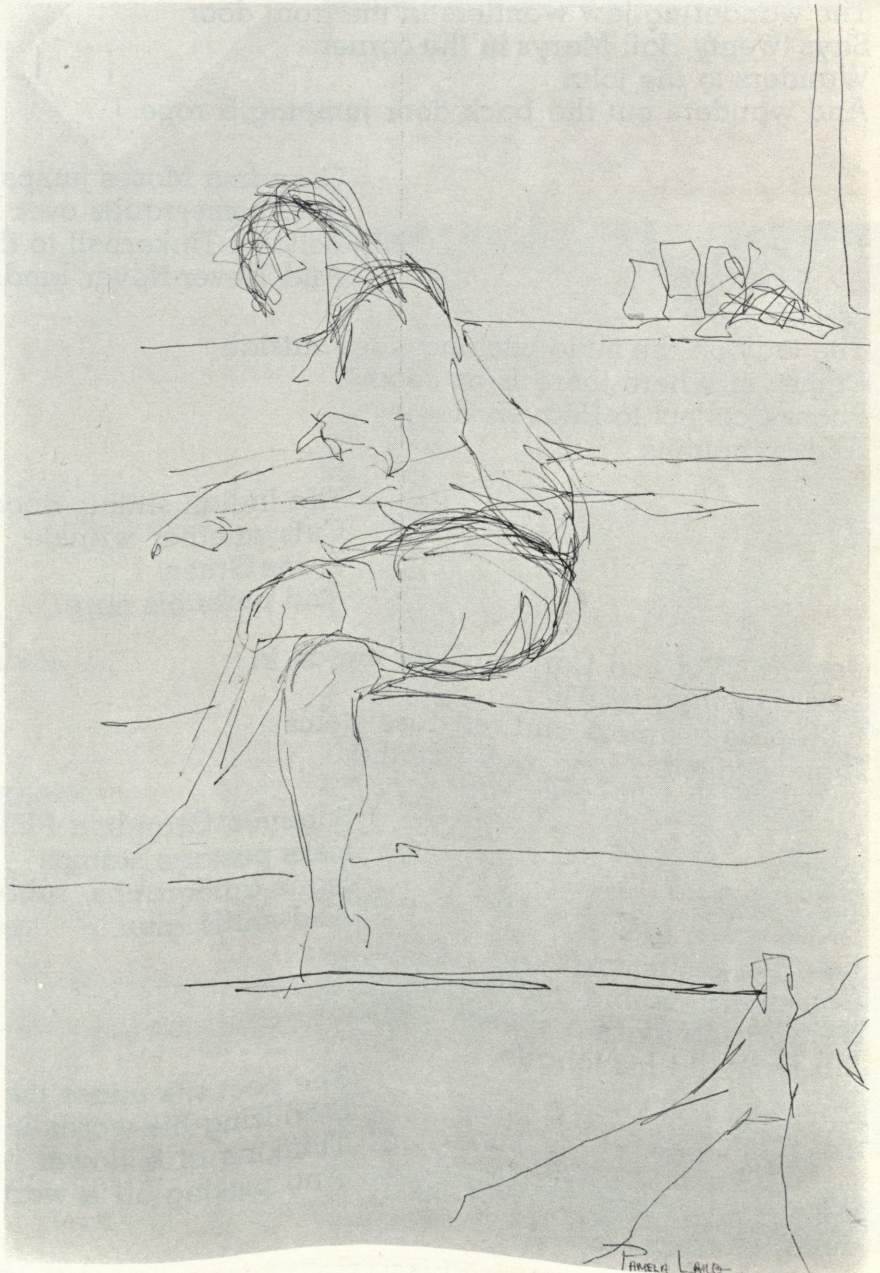
Climb Ax, the lumberjack, comes down from Canada
With a thousand X-mas trees to sell
Only its Easter
And he's missed Palm Sunday.

Blackhooded undertaker rolls up in his Caddie
Hands out name cards
Flashes a grin
Goes home to grind hamburger

A moralist preaches to a Hell's Angel
He says all the world is good
It must only be understood
And Angel's mad 'cause someone stole his cycle.

There's a spider on the ceiling
Crawling symmetric circles around the light bulb
He works every night midnight to five
And no one knows it.

It's tea time at Charlie's
The cow's out of milk
The mother and baby will die
And all the world knows it.



*Blond hairs, brown hairs,
Black hairs, no hairs;
The scene, the pad,
A blast off into the void —
The platinum-plated, gold glittered farce.
A hide-away from mother and
nothing*

ART/PAM LANG

HOW DO YOU FIGURE IT?

*Booted out on a dismal day
(On account of a more than reasonable
dismal drunk)
Not reconciled, not persuaded
The worst transforming the best
The individual — the better end — never aided
Continually surpressed.*

*The gods ranking the virtues for us
Giving the laws to us
Regulating the superficial
Killing the passions
Draining both the major and the minor
Plugging the holes with judgment
and the common justice.*

*The prerequisites of judging
The knowledge of these: Harmony, sensitivity,
virtue
The ability to do the harming
To do the tearing, the sapping, the forgetting
of human rescue.*

*Naked in their sun
Their summer sport turning us out
Pleasure and pain on a seesaw
The fulcrum, teeth that bite.*

*The specific subject of Drunkenness
Coming in on the waxed wings of debate
Sighting instances, keeping score,
Examining the institution;
The hows and whys of censorship*

*Rummaging in the garbage of words
Succumbed by the scent
High on the sound
Panting, drooling, raving
Intellectual spittle foaming on his lips
A proposal for right conduct.*

*The correct commander
Of bad management
Asks rhetorically in the blackness
Of his early morning coffee
"What is the meaning of goodness?
Of course," he sighs,
"Its a conveyance a truth;
The presence of correctness
On the matter of truth."*

*The aim of drunkenness,
of music, of education
(No co-education)
Is to become the Perfection.*

*Education in the right feeling
The early learning of the young
The acquisition of purposeful power
To sing over blood stained graves
With forked tongues
On the subject of perfection
By precepts, prefixes,
And prejudiced yellow jaundice.*

*The elements of right rule
Calculated law
The comprise of fear.*

*Shame — a special kind of fear
A reputation for blowing his cool
In the eyes of his colleagues
Fearless of pain
Fearful of shame.*

*The knowledge of the lost
The State of the individual
A gentle, forceful, termination
of spirits
The end of Childhood.*

*What is given by Nature?
The natural tendency for freedom
Or the social basis for torture
The casket for Death's Requiem.*

*The discovery and condition of
men's souls
The best path — the treatment of
healthful, helping, psychological pathology
The organized man.
And yet, the weasel-worder for all his concern
Knows not the answer
And is but:*

*A dark empty shadow
Stumbling down dark stairs in the dark night
Behind dark dreams and dark glasses
To the bottom and beer
And the dark despair.
And the railing is coming loose
In our hands.*

jim crosdale

Fiction by Charles Mintzloff

"Roast beef is all, George."

"The what? Oh." George looked up from the newspaper spread over the counter. Across from him, over the grill were the short-order prices and under them a small chalkboard reading.

SAY "PEPSI PLEASE"—TODAY'S SPECIALS

Ham hocks & Krout — 85c

Beef stew — 95c

Roast beef — 95c

"I'll have the stew then."

"George, I said the roast beef is all that's left."

"Well Mark, why don't you go ahead and say that then. You go into any other damn restaurant in the whole United States. You sit down at the counter and they give you a glass of water and a menu. You read what they got, you decide what you want, and you order it. They got it down to a real system. But here —no. Here we gotta play guessing games. If roast beef is all you got, why don't you say so. That's the trouble with you kids these days — you don't know how to say anything. Like my brother's kid. We're going up to Club Lake and do some fishing last Saturday afternoon, so my brother says to the kid, 'You want to come along or you want to stay home?' So what does the kid say? He says, 'Okay.' We don't know what he means."

"You want the roast beef, George?"

"Well if that's all you got left I guess that's what I'll have to eat."

"I'll go see if there's any left." Mark went out through the open door to the kitchen. A moment later he came back. "You want applesauce with the roast, George? I mean the coleslaw is all gone. You shoulda come earlier. How come you're so late tonight."

"Okay.' We don't know what he means."

"It's only six thirty. There's no appointment says I gotta get here at five every day. Anyway, I was unavoidably detained. Carlye wanted me to stop off at Bernie's with him and he wouldn't let me out of there until I had a few extra. You know how that place is on payday."

"Is he coming down here yet?"

"Carlye? Yeah, I guess so. Unless he gets so soused he can't eat. Carlye ain't too dependable when he's got money in his pockets."

Mark went back to the kitchen door. "Mom," he called, "you better save some of the roast for a while. Carlye might come down later."

Mark, if it isn't asking too awfully much, could I have my applesauce already?"

"Oh, sorry George. You got George's plate ready,

**"NO
THANK
YOU,
NO
ONIONS"**

ART/JANE SHACKEL



Mom? Good." Mark brought the plate out and set it down on the counter in front of George. Then he went over to the refrigerator and began spooning applesauce from a large can into a saucer. "You really shouldn't complain about the service here, George," he said. Wheeler's Wharf Shanty doesn't draw heavy on the fashionable evening set."

"Mark, if I were rich instead of handsome I wouldn't be eating here, I'll tell you that. I'd be having dinner at eight with wine and music and all. But a working man likes to eat when he's hungry. You got my coffee?"

"Oh, yeah, coming right up, George.

"Mark, black."

"Yeah, I know."

The street door opened and a small man came in with the noise of late afternoon traffic. His tuneless whistling was brought to a halt by an audible belch. "Well, if it ain't the remarkable Mark! Hey, what's good tonight?"

"We've been all through that, Carlye. You get the roast beef; it's coming right up."

"Marko buddie, when you gonna get yourself a job, now that you graduated from school?" Carlye asked.

"I got a job. I work for my old man full time now. We keep it in the family that way."

"Geez, that's no job. Why don't you come up to the shop with me and George. We got a lot of them kids fresh outta high school on the assembly line. Every one of them stupid. You'd get along fine."

"Trouble is, I know better."

"Make more than you do here."

"I never yet wanted money so bad that I'd go out and work for it. Anyways, who'd be feeding you if I was out working?" Mark got a second plate from the kitchen and set it on the counter next to George. Carlye swayed onto the stool in front of it.

"Hey Mark, you still got that Julius Caesar haircut?" he asked.

Mark lifted his skull cap with one hand and turned his eyeballs up. "Pull your hair down like you used to have it."

As Mark reached up to his head with his free hand, the low hum of the traffic outside was punctuated by a blast of air and the growl of a diesel engine. All three turned to the windows to watch the gray and blue wall slide past, leaving a faint cloud of black exhaust in the afternoon heat.

"Greyhound coming down this street now?" George asked.

"Yeah," said Mark, "they used to be stopping at hotel across from the courthouse square for a while, but now they got the Standard Station down on the corner."

"It used to stop up on Franklin Street at the restaurant there," Carlye volunteered. "That was when I was living upstairs over the hardware store."

"Well, they changed it."

"What they do that for?"

"Carlye," George said, "if you will trouble yourself to remember, King's Restaurant closed down on account of a fire last February."

"No wonder they had the fire, either," said Mark. "You ever see the inside of their kitchen?"

"Nope. I make it a point never to look inside of a kitchen. 'Specially not when I want to eat." George swiveled around on his stool to watch the bus through the end windows.

"Say, isn't that old Miss LaPoint getting off there?" he asked.

"Yeah, could be." Mark was scraping off the grill with a spatula. "She comes in here every once in a while now. Guess she goes in to Milwaukee days to go to school for the summer. French or something, she said once. How do you know her?"

"Why she was teaching up at the high school already when me and Carlye went there. That was up at the old place, of course."

"No kidding. She that old?"

"Marko buddie, she was teaching history when you was just an itch in your daddie's pants," Carlye said.

"Yeah, I'll bet. Funny, I never thought she was that old. She's really pretty nice. I mean, most of the kids up there thought she was all right. A little odd, maybe, but all right, for a teacher."

"She is a lady, Mark," said George, "a mighty fine lady."

"She's an old grass widow," Carlye hissed.

"A what?"

"Carlye is trying to make a vulgar reference to the fact that Miss LaPoint is a divorcee."

"I never knew that."

"Well, I suppose most people managed to forget it by this time. It was quite a while ago. Some guy that came into town that nobody much new. Course there was quite a lot of talk going around when they separated. Port was a pretty small town then."

"It still is."

"Yeah, but I mean it was a lot smaller then. More of a small town, you know what I mean? People weren't going in and out on the bus everyday. There was a lot of talk, but like I say, I don't think anybody really new too much about what was going on. nobody even knew her very well."

"I guess they still don't. I mean, even now the kids all think she's a little odd. Always says something about an old bitch kissing a cow."

"Yeah, I remember that," said George. He began to fold up the paper so that he could hold it while he was eating.

"Hey George! Umpmff!" Carlye belched. "Hey George, remember the time she caught me and you in back of the school with that pint from Hillman's? That was way back when we was in school yet and in back of the school with that pint from Hillman's? used to run the stuff off up in his barn. Any kid that could keep quiet about it could get it from him. Me and George had this pint out in the woods behind the school, see, and I guess it was a Saturday night, and we was both ploughed out of our minds and we see this light on in the history room and the window is open. So I was gonna yell, 'Hey George, who's the fattest, ugliest old grass-widow history teacher in the whole world?' and George keeps saying 'shut-up, she'll hear you,' so finally I just yelled . . ."

"Carlye, be quiet. She's coming up this way." George had been watching through the window again.

"Yeah, well I just said . . ."

"Carlye, shut-up!"

Carlye stopped short and swiveled around on his stool to face the street door. It opened and a small, round woman came in carrying books and a handbag.

"Hello Mark," she said. "Why hello George, Carlye. How are you these days?"

"Oh, we're fine, Miss LaPoint," said George. His foot swung over and kicked Carlye's shin.

"Yeah, just fine. How's yourself?"

"Oh, I'm quite fine, thank you. Mark, could I please have two hamburgers to take along. It's too late to cook anything anymore, I'm afraid."

"Yeah, coming right up." Mark already had the patties from the freezer. There was a low hiss as he dropped them onto the grill.

"Mark's just been telling us you're going back to school this summer," said George.

"Yes, I am. The state wants me to be working toward a degree if I want to go on teaching. We never got degrees back at the normal school, you know, so I have to get some language credits from the University Extension."

"French?"

"Yes." Miss LaPoint seated herself sideways on a stool at the far end of the counter and opened her handbag.

Mark turned back from the grill. "That's pretty hard to learn, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. There's an awfully lot to be memorized, and of course that is harder when you're older, but I suppose you have to work for anything that's going to be worth having."

"Well, I think that's just fine," said George.

"Yeah," said Carlye, reaching down to rub his shin, "that's great."

The grill hissed up again as Mark spread minced onions around the meat patties. "Oh, no Mark," Miss LaPoint said. "No onions, please."

"No? Oh, sorry. Just that most of the time people want them, so I just forget to ask."

"Well, that's as they please, I suppose. 'Everyone to their likes, as the old wife said when she kissed the cow.' But still, I wouldn't care for any, thank you," she said. Carlye's foot swung over and kicked George's shin.

Mark picked at the onions with his spatula and scraped them off the back of the grill.

"Oh say, Mark, do you still have that penny collection? I remember you mentioned it once when you were in my class." Miss LaPoint was picking through coins in her purse. "I just happened to come across a steel one the other day and I thought I would hang on to it for you if you might want it."

"Well, actually I don't . . ."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll just leave it with you. If I keep carrying it around with me I'll forget and lose it pretty soon."

"Didn't they come out during the war?" George asked.

"Yes, I believe so. Oh, I don't know that it should be worth a great deal, but you so rarely see them anymore. Let me see." She put on a pair of glasses from her bag and squinted at the coin. "1943. That doesn't seem so terribly long ago, does it? You'd think you'd see more, but then we rarely bother to look, either."

Mark finished wrapping the hamburgers and slipped them into a paper sack. "You want anything to go with that?" he asked.

"No. No thank you; that will be fine."

"Okay then. That'll be thirty, sixty, sixty-two cents, with tax."

Miss LaPoint counted out the coins from her purse. "There you are. And there's the penny for you. Thank you, Mark." She picked up her packages and books and went to the door.

"Yeah. Yeah, thank you too, Miss LaPoint." Mark scraped the money off the counter into his hand as she went out the door. He went over to the register, rang up the sale and dropped the money into the till, holding the extra penny back. He stood for a moment puzzling with it in his hand, then rang up "No Sale," dropped in the penny and slammed the drawer shut again.

"Marko buddie, she wouldn't like it if she saw that," said Carlye.

"Yeah, well I got a hole in my pocket." Mark picked up a damp towel and began wiping off the counter. Then he stopped and looked out the window to the street. "You know, I bet she was the first person to say 'thank you' in here all day."

Carlye covered his face to snigger and sprayed the last of his coffee across the counter.

"She's a lady, Mark," said George. A mighty fine lady."

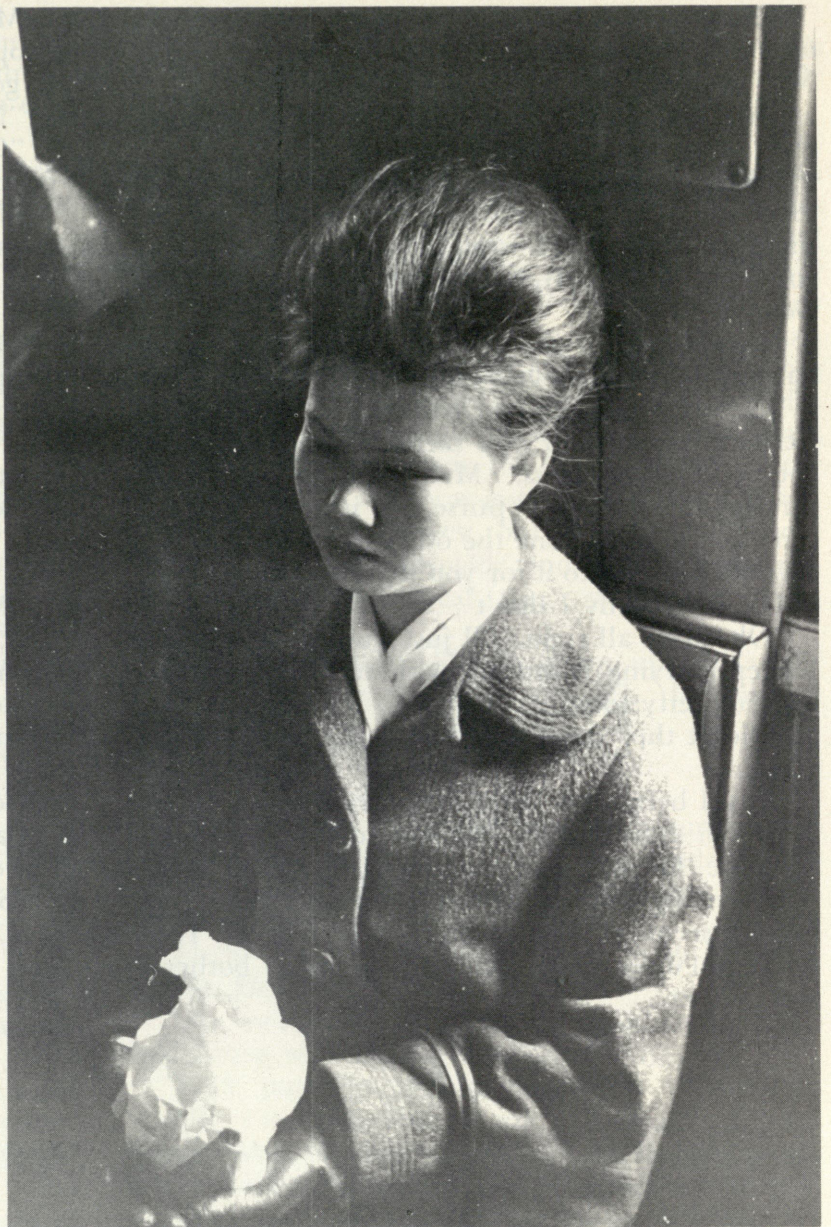
* * *

**Into the air, ray-shot
Whirlwind upthrust: thought (speed
of light or more) roar, burst of
Intensified intelligence sheared sharp,
speared,
sudden!**

**Infinity of air, expanded high, blue —
Falcon-free and expressed: the magic
Majesty of height!**

**But sorrow, tear-spangled
As night-narrowed heavens,
cool, unbright
Brought down the flight —
costly, lost
For no reason: no response,
being out of season.**

poetry
by
sandra
hagman



The above photograph was taken by Ken Cooper on a New York subway . . . For more his photography, see pp. 20-21.

Fullfillment through emptying oneself . . .
Before a pedestal that is cold, unattainable . . .
Or a graven image that doesn't exist?
A misinterpretation . . .
Reflection — of what?
Not to repel what is given,
Perhaps only the failure to realize that something is given.
Both love and misunderstanding can be reciprocal at the same time.
Love is hidden, but always present. And most evident when
misunderstanding are forgiven.
Start again.
Part of loving is seeking to understand a person, just as it
is to allow oneself to be loved.
Let it also be a silent communication.

Community

Dark, dull . . . Perhaps once really alive . . .
But now only occasional flashes of light.
And these from shattered glass
That lies everywhere.

In an unsaluted search
For stability that is
in a love to touch
You are of a total direction
Until tomorrow.

To assert what you call individuality
Is so often a tantrum thrown at the world
By a child who cries
Love the person I am.

Chalkboard

On a one-dimensional horizon of misted white
Sheets and strings form a flowing pattern
Hazed into a corner.
Yesterday's enlightenment.

Recalling buildings in your past
And people now distant
To relive what was once important
Or the summoning of past emotions . . .
All of these are the most worn parts
of the thread-bare rug
Which is the last one
to be pulled from beneath your feet.

The Cardboard Box

As full as you wish it to be,
Or empty . . .
Perhaps never again needed.
Once having definite, labeled contents,
Now standing . . .
Freely offering capacity.
Though partially closed inward,
Square arms reach out to be of worth.
Durable if not misused,
Though fullness is security.
Yes, better full . . .
The weightlessness of nonchalance
Or the encumbrance of a burden.
Open at the top,
Room for towering expansion, yet,
Exposed.
Consistency?
Though content is pieces,
With change, the essence remains
A whole.
Strong but vulnerable,
Opening and closing, misused without care,
It tears.
Use care with love or a cardboard box.

Two Allegories by Vivian Hilst

I.

People need people. Regardless. They stood silently in the elevator. It wasn't an awkward silence — they never had much to say to each other. Harry belched; his liquor breath spewed in the cigar haze, Mr. Jupert's, Old Man Jupert who rode up and down several times nightly, fouling the air with his Prince Albert's. Eleanor rubbed her eyes. The bell clanged 23, the gates slid back and they walked down the hall. "Number 8," Harry said, "that's us." He always said that, "Number 8, that's us." For three years he'd been saying that. He opened the door for her and Eleanor laughed the expected pained little laugh that died as her lips spread out. Home. She leaned against the door as he went ahead to find the light. Flick. She blinked. Couldn't he do anything gradually . . . The bed lamp would have been much kinder so late, instead of making the room a bright yellow box all of a sudden and her in lavender which made her look sallow anyway. She was too tired to say softly, Damn you — by now a reflex. He hummed and pulled off his tie which left a red ring around his fat neck, and opened his shirt. Joy. "I can't get over it," he said. She pulled off her gloves, finger by finger. "What, Harry?" "How dumb you were tonight." She closed her eyes and swayed against the bed, very tired. "No, Harry. Not tonight." "Why not?" he said. "Why not, Eleanor?" "Stop, Harry . . ." "Stop, Harry." He smiled — a thick lipped smirk. "No, Eleanor, you stop. Stop thinking, stop laughing, stop talking. Why don't you stop being, Eleanor?" "Harry," she held her stomach, "I'm numb to this." He looked at her for a moment, then laughed. "I know, honey. You're just a dumb numb broad." He laughed again and went in the bathroom. She heard the toilet, the faucet, and, finally, the shower — the ritual. She walked over to the window and saw the night outside. It would probably rain — the sky was cloudy, no stars. Her skin felt dry and her throat was swollen. A black thing crawled through the dust spots on the window. She hesitated, then rubbed it, slowly, into the glass. She looked at the smear on her thumb. When he came out and the steam from the shower rolled out and he stood there belting a robe around his fat stomach, she turned, tiredly, the ritual, "All right, Harry. It was a good play."



II.

I am no one but myself, but myself is so many people that I can no longer remember the time when I was one — maybe I never was. We're at a picnic but the picnic was rained out and almost everyone loaded their bread and chicken bones in their cars and drove away, but a few are playing pinochle in the clubhouse with the rain sloshing against the windows, and I, I wandered out here to sit in the grass by the river and watch the rain hit the water. It is good — the wetness. It is tears on my face and I'm not crying. I am tired, so tired that I will sit until it rises, crawls over my head and I become a cork in the flood like those who mocked Noah. Have you ever known something and felt a change in your body physically, a pulsing, a need to say it because, just because it's so good and you open your mouth and they kill it, those dead stares, they kill it before it is words but you say it anyway because it was something? When it stops raining, I will get up, leave, walk away, down that dirt road because the ants come out after rain from their anthills and swarm over the grass and the sand. Where I sat. It's hot, sullen hot, summer hot. Sweat runs down my back, down the front of my bathing suit, drips off my forehead. It's kind of healthy—sweat on tan skin and I'm pretty brown because this is the 27th day I've spread out my towel and sat here watching him, the One, who probably has been coming here 27 days to watch me. Vanity, My hair falls forward, hot, heavy, on my shoulders. God, the water looks good. "Doesn't it look inviting?" A little office worker, spinster, nameless one, all brown eyes, giggles nervously and tugs at the bottom of her suit. "Mind if I sit here?" A shrug. It's not my beach. She sits down and begins digging her little white toes in the sand like a kid, sighing, "My, you're tan. You're sooo tan. I envy you that you know, but then, you probably come here a lot more often than I do. I just come on weekends. It's fun . . . something to do, you know." She smiles eagerly, confiding. Wretch. Wretched representative of the sex. I study the curve of my leg. The muscle balls in my calf, relaxes, tightens again. I'm firm. She sees I'm not going to talk so settles back on her towel with a book and dark glasses, snubbed. I stand up, tall, and walk down. I feel like running but I walk because it's waiting for me — the coldness, the shock of the water.

Pictures Through Glass





KEN COOPER is a twenty-year-old amateur photographer from Brooklyn, New York. He is presently living in Greenwich Village and is employed as an electrician. Ken spent one year in Detroit with Valpo students in the Inner City Peace Corps. The photographs on this page were taken on the streets of New York City.

Feature Photography by Ken Cooper



BITTER



mary lou kozel

ART/LAURIE GEHM

HONEY

Sinclair Lewis elaborates on life in a small, rural, Minnesota prairie town in *Main Street*. He was critical, almost nasty, as he capitalized on the absence of culture, indeed if not the absence of literacy, in Gopher Prairie. His characters are a dreary and mundane lot, hypnotized into accepting the pleasures of yesterday as pleasures eternal. There is no change, no variety in his characters because there is no spark of imagination or creativity in them. They are united with the Minnesota earth, clods one and all.

My home is in Hutchinson, a small, rural, Minnesota prairie town. When I read *Main Street* as a sophomore in high school, I felt that yes, Hutchinson is Gopher Prairie all over again. Empty, dusty Minnesota winds blowing over empty, dull people. I felt trapped because, although this was my home, this was far from what I wanted. There was no culture save for high school class plays. The citizenry had grown as familiar as the window display of McGannon's Music Store which had not been changed since I'd been born. Even the Town Scandals came off lukewarm and second-rate, at best. There was no one to talk to. My old friends had become just that — old and dry and worn out. Pastimes were at their breaking point. I was in the limbo of boredom. Defeat seemed imminent. Hutchinson was a dead and barren place.

But for every winter, there is a spring. And in October of that same sophomore year, another kind of vernal equinox occurred — Max.

Max was a young man of Great Potential: chemistry prize-winner, pre-med student, poet and short story writer, pianist, state champion debater, former explorer scout and varsity football player. He had a winning way, exuded pure charm and could talk his way into or out of any situation. He did so to make grades here and there in high school. He did so to get back into the University of Wisconsin after walking out in the middle of a week in the middle of a term. The world was at his proverbial fingertips and anything he touched turned to gold.

But Max pulled back his hand, thumbed his nose at it all and left for New Orleans to be a fry cook in a hamburger joint. He gave up chances to be any kind of success he might choose. Every field was open to him. And he deliberately closed each door and locked it as he passed. But the hall in which

he was walking was not a dead end. He entered instead into a whole new world, the world of people and awareness. Perhaps Max didn't make a great deal of money, but he was wise.

For background he had read: Kerouac, Baldwin, Kant, Pascal, Saint-Exupery, Camus, Durrell, Wolfe, O'Hara, Faulkner, Kipling, T. S. Eliot, Salinger among others. He knew music, everything from Baez to Brubeck to Mozart to Brahms and back again. He spoke of Picasso's blue period with a note almost of reminiscence.

But far more important, he knew people. His tone changed to quiet pathos as he told of an old colored man, a regular customer at the restaurant in New Orleans, who would come in and sing blues to juke box accompaniment. Every line in that old black shoe leather face telling a world of sadness and pain. Or again, pure devilment in his account of the Greek barmaid and her tattoo. A beautiful joy came into his eyes when he thought of his boss's ten year old daughter, a girl with the most beautiful red hair in the world.

Little Robin had wanted to marry him. He recounted tales from the Rathskellar in Madison where the beats read *Winnie the Pooh* and discussed a possible connection between Melville and Hawthorne. A hint of a southern drawl in his voice and a laugh and a smile were all he could show for his desertion of respectable society.

And his advice to me? The only thing he told me to do was, "Live." Do it all, see it all, go it all the way all over. Be honest, forget the phony pretentiousness of America the Beautiful. Do what you think you should do. Avoid owning, or wanting to own, which is worse. Keep everything relative. "Don't get none on ya." And someday "we'll swing right across the universe forgetting we're mortal, thus attaining immortality."

Jeri didn't want to be immortal. She wanted to be a kangaroo. Her logic was quite sound. Kangaroos just bounce around serenely in Australia with no one around and no one to care. Simple and costless and priceless, yes, profound.

But Jeri was insane. Her psychiatric tests told her so. This, to be sure was a definite societal blemish, but it did not make her guilty of any crime against society, only the unfortunate victim of mental illness. Everything would have been quite all right had

she kept her mouth shut, but Jeri was indiscreet. She was frank and therefore frequently offensive. People just wouldn't tolerate such nonsense, not even from a semi-basket case. The mentally ill should be kept as quiet and inconspicuous as possible, stringing beads or working with finger paints.

Alas, Jeri read Jean-Paul Sartre, Allen Ginsberg and Sophocles. She believed in witchcraft, free love and was a devout existential humanist. She deplored the American educational system, Mothers, and apple pie.

Once again a hint of Main Street appears. Her minister branded her a Communist. Town matrons mumbled suspiciously as she passed, long hair swinging, faded blue work shirt wrinkled, humming a Bob Dylan song. The school administration feared her because she had once thrown a beautiful seizure in the auditorium foyer. The school psychologist was overwhelmed because she was far more intelligent and far better-read than he. Her classmates bit their tongues more often than not; she was stocked with endless supply of acid rejoiners.

Her activities were not confined to words alone. Jeri and I did things. Bored with an oppressive study hall, we employed the Gandhi method of civil disobedience and brought our coloring books, dot-to-dot's, and crayolas along for diversion. The supervisors finally broke and called us aside for a tete-a-tete. Since we were disrupting the "spirit of the study hall," would we like to go elsewhere? The solution was a private study hall in the speech classroom. A record player, drapes, a sensuously comfortable swivel chair and solitude. We colored, talked and read *Lysistrata* aloud. There we wrote our poems, told our jokes, and cemented our friendship.

A good thing — for Jeri, although not a seasoned demi-philosopher like Max, felt things deeply. She didn't know the reason for them all because she hadn't seen their sources, but they were real nonetheless. She knew the hopeless, captured feeling of a misunderstood and feared free spirit. She knew the longings and restlessness of a born wanderer. She knew the pain and despair of caring. She could talk about the destruction of children at the hands of Well-Meaning Adults. She knew the joys of escaping Hutchinson, Minnesota, 55350, for a few brief moments in a Pinter play of a Piaf album. She was a misfit, a round peg in the proverbial square hole. She waited only for a kindred spirit, someone with whom to share totally. Fortunately she shared with me.

Her advice to me was subtle and had to be gleaned from ridiculous conversations laced with profanity and finally from letters . . . Life is a dream, so all you can do is fake it. Just go, shake Minnesota, or it'll get you and you'll end up just like them and that would be a shame. There will be no peace with-

out discretion and there is certainly no peace with it. And finally: "Love and suffering are as married. Just as there is physical pain with physical love, so is there emotional pain with emotional love. I used to think that love was related to being human only in that it gave birth to suffering. Now I know that suffering also begets love. The two are inseparable — and so it should be. So . . . suffer and love a little — to keep you human. In order to touch someone you must utilize both cruelty and kindness. Either by itself will fail. That is why you hate the one you love."

From time to time I noticed a tiny flame of hatred in Mr. J's eyes as he spoke of life, but it must have been there only because he loves life so dearly. He is involved with life as no two lovers were ever involved with each other. He tasted hungrily at every spring and yet he dared put all that aside to teach eighth civics and senior high speech in the middle of Minnesota.

Since he had been nine years old, Mr. J had wanted to see the fiords of Norway. The summer after his sophomore year in college, he hitchhiked seventy miles to Minneapolis, then many miles more to Canada where he boarded a steamer and left for Europe. He saw his fiords at last, spent time in England and Scotland and then went on to the continent. In Spain he stayed at a massive hacienda outside of Barcelona with its catacombs filled with gypsies. From there it was on to Italy to Greece. His eyes were almost tortured when he spoke of the Grecian countryside and the icy blue Aegean. This, to him, was *the* place, the world of Sophocles, Euripides, Aristotle. There was feeling of antiquity there and one is instantly so temporal and temporary. And he will return.

But until then, he continues in the classroom. And he does so in a way all his own. The first day of class in my speech course, he asked each member of the class questions. Topics ranged from birth control to civil rights to art to vocational plans. The questions were probing and demanding though and, more important, opinion. At the end of the period, all of us were a bit humbled. At least seventy percent of us had no real opinions, only prejudices or blank expressions. He was angry already. Sponges, paper men had no place in society. They were useless and empty and dead weight. They could contribute nothing because they could not feel. His purpose during the year, if nothing else was to be accomplished, was to make us feel something, anger at him, if all else failed. He would use any means he might think of, including failing grades, if he thought they might work.

Mr. J was pragmatic. He did things because they worked. And he did his best to avoid the busy work that produces no real results save for bulging file cabinets and, later, opulent wastebaskets. He paid

the price for being a system-disrupter. His troubles lay with the administration and the school board, quite enough for any man. He roared when denied use of the stage for his play rehearsals. The junior high choir had to use it for practice and we must share the facilities we have at hand, etc.

He said a rude word. The administration grew frustrated almost to the point of violence when he failed to submit his lesson plans. "My God, I teach and they learn, isn't that enough?" He was not an organized man.

But then life is not to be pigeon-holed. Those who try come out looking like fools or abortionists. Mr. J's lectures were about life and liveliness . . . People who think and love and get involved with life are the only people truly alive, surely the rest go on, but they are parasites on the creativity and emotional stock of others. Those alive people, well, they're tremendous and they do all sorts of fantastic things, and some live right here in Hutchinson and you must learn to look for those people wherever you are, or better still, be one. Be honest, forget your damned little contrived gestures of wordliness

and face the world with some of the awe and wonder which it deserves. Forget just for a minute about being cool, about being detached, about staying uninvolved and taste life, just once. If you're not hopelessly lost, you'll become addicted to that taste.

And what is the taste? Surely this is a taste of honey, a taste far sweeter than wine. The taste of life is bitter; being alive hurts. Yet life is all we have to cling to and it can be so sweet. Bitter bitter bitter-sweet. Let it remain so. The taste for life, to live fully, must be acquired because there is challenge in it. The challenge to be honest and perhaps brave. Anyone can remain detached and uninvolved, look at vegetables. But to live and enjoy it? That is the task given to man by forces undefined. As a result of my friendships with Max and Jeri and Mr. J, I have acquired the taste and I like it. Max was the background and the awakening. Jeri added hilarity and pathos. Mr. J. provided polish and a bit of direction.

Direction out of any away from the Gopher Prairie of my own being. I have nowhere to go but up and out into everything.

*

*

*

FROM A THICKET LIKE THE MIND

I.

*We are now, yet,
Crouching in the narrow circumscription
of broad minds
With our belief in despair spanned
By facetious mirth, responding to its lush growth:
Yes,
Yet.*

*We came, we saw, we laughed the moon down.
We stripped the roots and reharvested
Our jungle of derision:
We were not of them!*

*Them! That crawling mass with sugar-lump
burdens to rush home with —
'For the wife and kids' crouching with the patience
of beasts in their suburbs of sand.*

*And we! in our rich vine-tangled existence
Hung with the sinewy-stemmed jungle blossoms
snarling around and around in opening promise:
Down inside the crimson funnelling mouth where
Pollen stems rooted and flailed, sticky-sweet,
Catching the flies.*

II.

*And yet, now too:
The fertility of Questions,
Breeding out of time new circles,
To track down our Prey (which was our prison.)
And the mind?
Yet groping only ego-ward, toward
the cave-mouth of self,
With that pale tentacle we called detachment.
And my answer (to the question you will never ask?)
"Your Scorn is fear in your teeth!"*

III.

*I have tripped often
In the untangling
And your laughter is yet ringing in my ears,
As an echo in the mountains of my mind.
Yet, I am going now
To discover a village you have forgotten:
It is now, painfully
Stumblingly, a reaching toward love again,
With a little bleeding to show for it,
and a few (thank God!) tears.*

J. Karsten

Then-And Even Now

by
Pat
Marquart



ART/PAM LANG

“Well,” he said, “if you don’t want to discuss it, I won’t keep you.” He closed the anthology. Scraping chairs, closing notebooks, shuffling feet. I was one of the last to leave.

“Coffee?” He caught my eye as I passed.

“O.K.”

He stacked the book on a pack of papers, put them all in his briefcase. We left the room; he held the door.

“Why didn’t you explain it? Why did you let them go?”

His lankiness took two steps to one of mine. My nose reached his beard.

“They didn’t want to stay.”

Into the cafeteria, two cups from the urn, a small table — hardly enough room for long legs. He leaned back.

“What’s the matter; you aren’t very talkative today?”

I stirred my coffee, put my hands in my pockets. “I don’t know.”

He was watching me through narrow eyes. “Do you want to discuss the story?”

“No, not really.”

“Well, what then?”

“I don’t know. Pick a topic.”

He lit up, took a drag, closed one eye as the smoke rose around his head. He surveyed the cafeteria. “Do you think that tree is beautiful?”

I looked at the wall — or, rather, at the wallpaper mural of a weathered cyprus, gnarled and wind-blown, alone on a rocky promontory. “Yes.”

“Why?”

We discussed beauty versus the trees, versus nature, its true meaning, what it was. The coffee grew cold, was drunk, the cups refilled . . .

“Can I drive you anywhere?”

“Just to the dorm.”

We left. The waitresses looked me over. Once outside, I felt better.

“Why do you let us go so often, so early?”

“Because I can’t get through to them.”

“Why don’t you talk to them? Like you do to me?”

“You’re different, you’re interested. Some of them could care less.” He opened the car door; I slid in. “Just push those books over.” I piled them between us. His cigarette smoldered in the ashtray, was ground out. “It’s not just our class. Everyone complains about it.”

“Can’t something be done?” A problem: too large classes, heavy work load, ideal conditions. Digestions. “What was your high school like?”

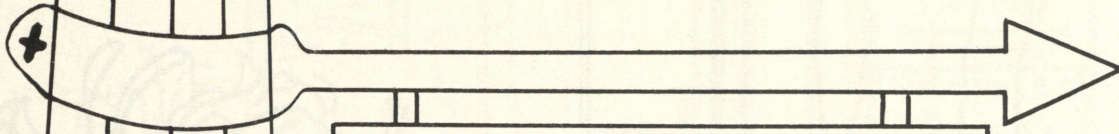
“We had a group of us, all the school leaders were in on it, we nearly ran the school. We were the leads in the class plays, the N.H.S. members, the kids who always received certificates in the honors assemblies. You know? But it fell apart senior year . . . I used to play the records at Y.M.C.A. dances.” His little finger circled the steering wheel; girls going into the dorm sent questioning looks. “I couldn’t dance very well because of my height. Never was very well-coordinated . . . After a while the kids started looking like things, gyrating all over the floor.”

It was dark now. He glanced at his watch, took another drag.

“Well, my wife’s waiting at the C.I. for me. We’re eating out for once. Will you join us?”

I declined, pleading shyness. Good-bye. Coolness, then the lighted, bustling dorm. My roommate had to call twice before I heard her.

THE

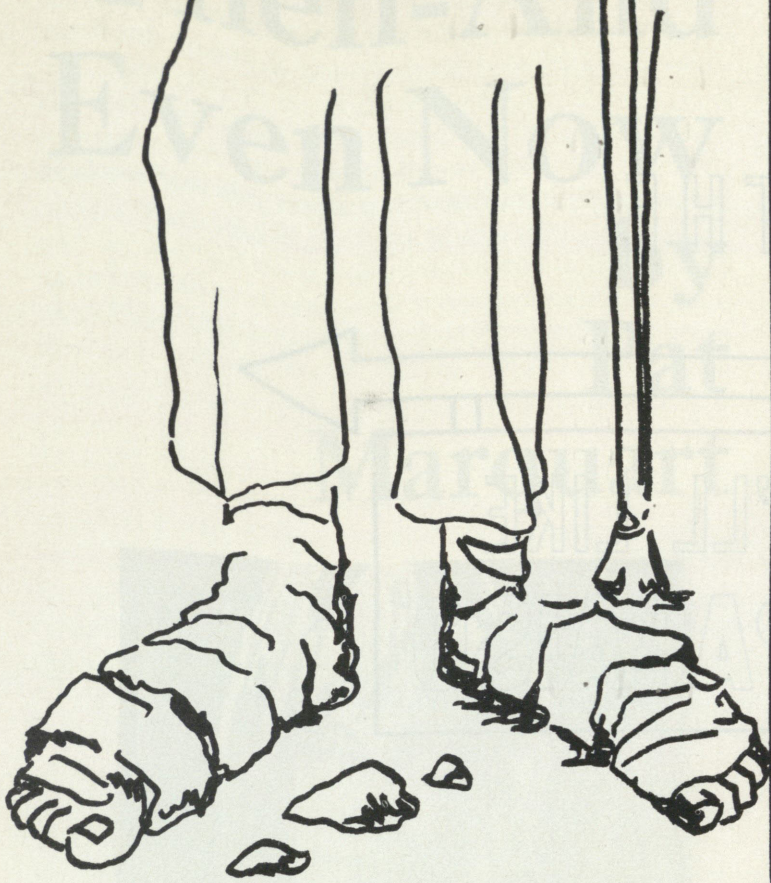


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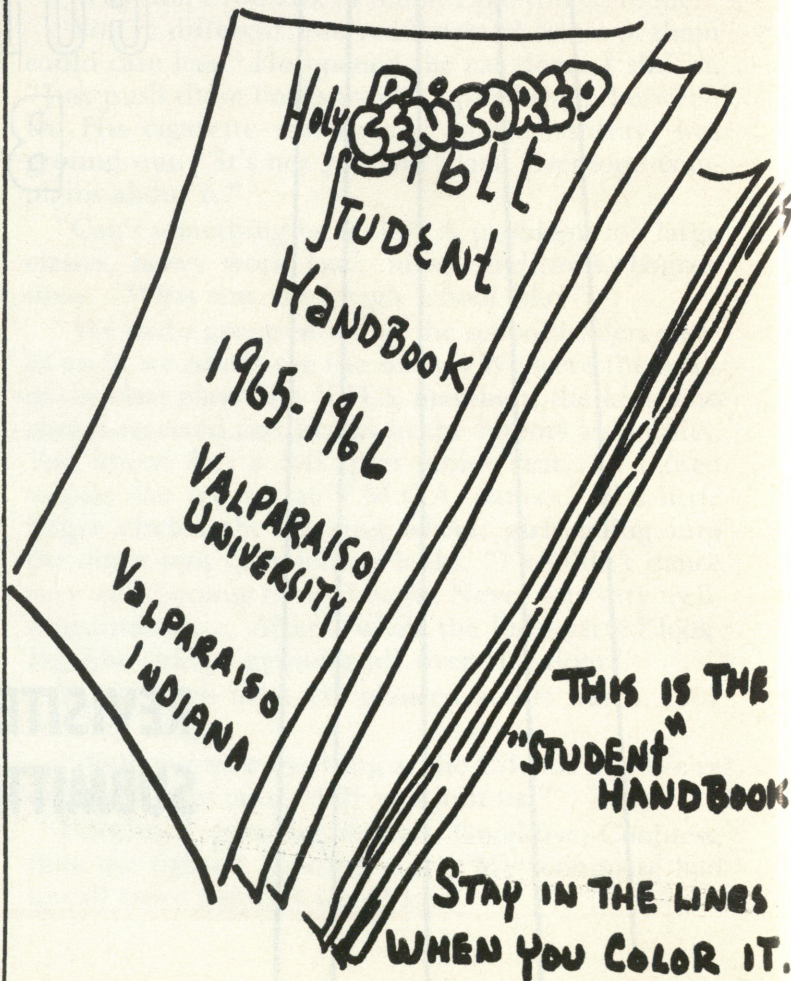
THEir FEET... WALK-ALL OVER U. SEE
COLOR THEM PRETTY TIRED

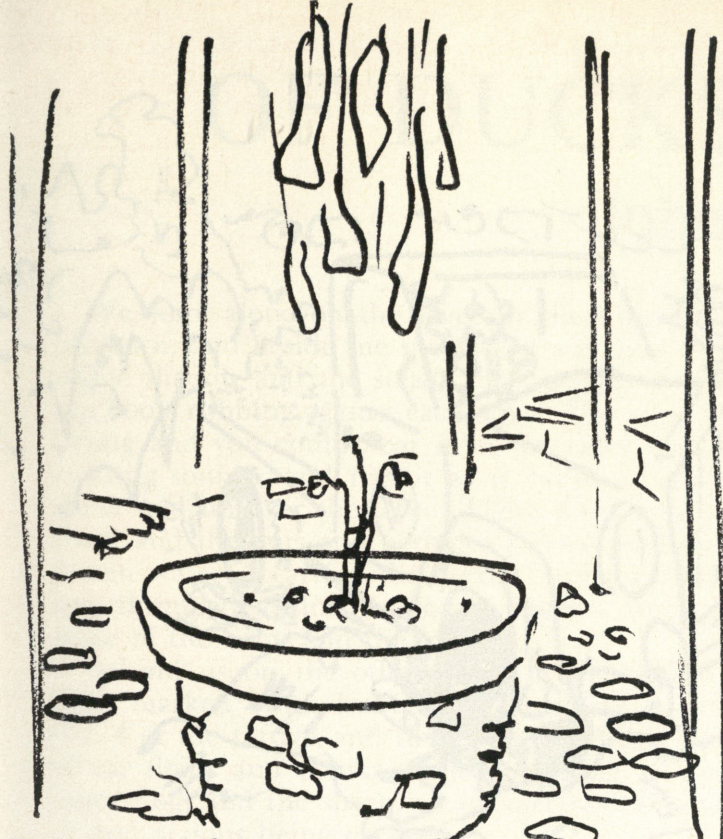


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DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

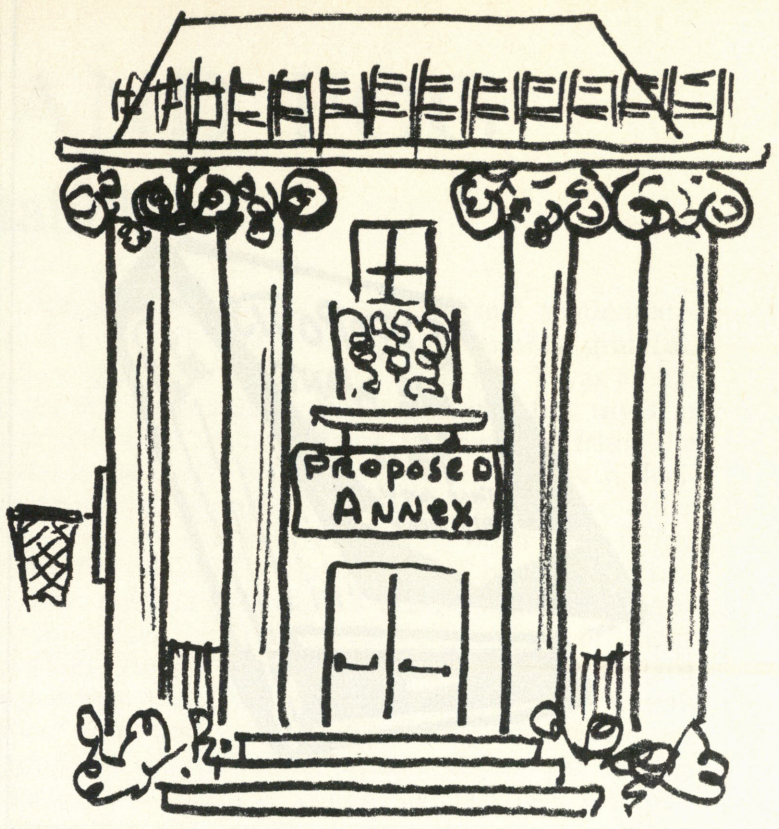


THIS IS THE SCORCH. IT DID. COLOR IT
OBSCENE AND QUICK BEFORE THE
GUILD NABS IT.

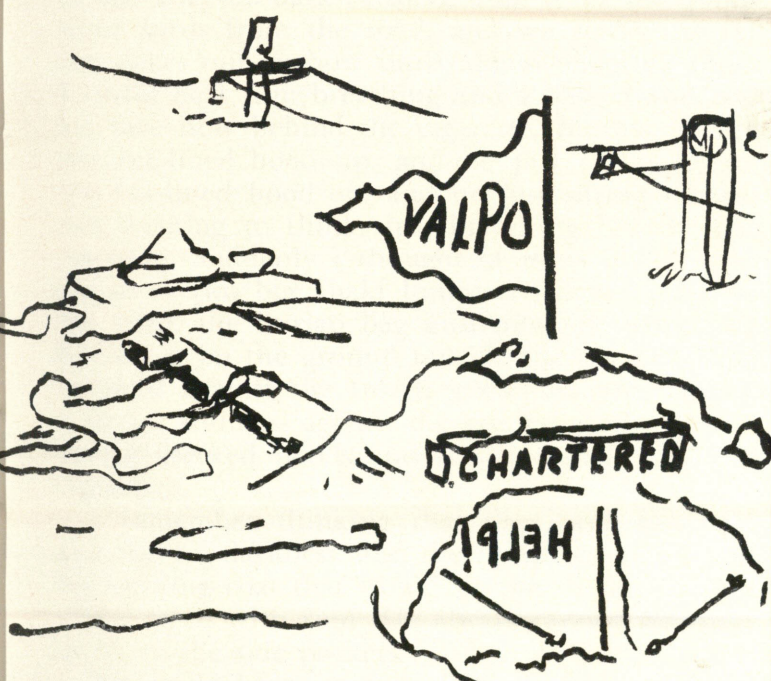




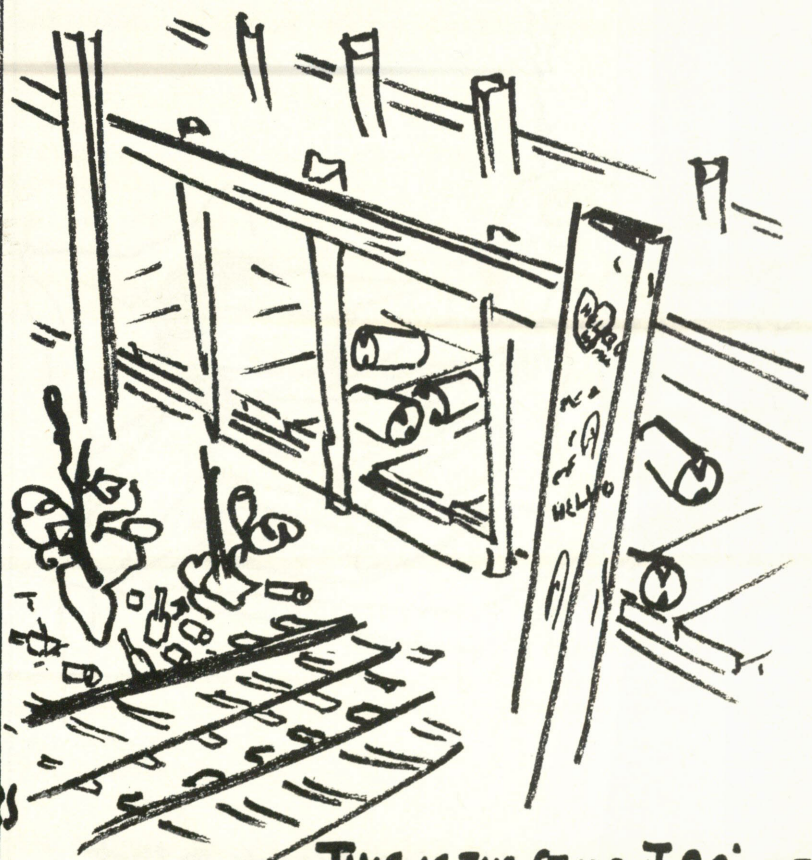
See the **STONY** baptissy font... Color it Pagan
That's the beauty of it...
IN case anyone asks.



THIS IS THE FIE DELT HOUSE. THEY ARE
IN FOR IT, AGAIN. DON'T COLOR THEM.
LET THEM COLOR THEMSELVES.



THESE ARE THE VICTORIOUS VALPO CRUSADERS
COLOR THEM UNBELIEVABLY
SNOWY



THIS IS THE STUDENT BRIDGE
COLOR IT HIGH. LIKE THE PEOPLE WHO
WERE ON IT.



This is a campus matchbook, dispensed by The University. Color it slightly subtle.



This is a V.U. maintenance crew assaulting icy sidewalks. Don't color those cads back there worried. Everybody must get stoned.



This is called a V.U. closed week, so that students can get a head start on exams. Don't be fooled. Color them studying for closed week.

This is the fourth issue of the Lighter. It is certainly imaginative. If you can't see it, try prayer.

OF DUCKS AND FOG

John Stahnke

We were alone on the levee in the fogged-over predawn, and beside me my father was only a big vague shadow and the steady, dry rasping of loose hip boots rubbing against each other. The wind was strong and you could hear it in the tules, making rustling sounds, and feel it as it swept across the water and up over the levee. There was ice on the road, and the ruts and potholes carried pockets of frozen water. I carried the decoys, and the burlap bag thumped against my back, distinct from the noise of the boots and the wind.

Behind us on the other road, pencil beams of light marked other hunters just arriving at Area No. 4 of the refuge, and there was the distant slam of car doors and trunks, someone calling an over-eager dog, and the sharp, clean, mechanical sound of gun actions being checked.

It was hard going in the dark with the ice and layers of clothing and the fog hanging close like just thawed air about the islands of our bodies, and we stopped after a bit and squatted down on the road.

"Cigarette?" I took one of his and mostly we just sat there and smoked in silence. We laid our guns on the ground and I set the bag of dekes down. It was still too dark to shoot even if we did jump some birds from the road, and we could not set the dekes out anyhow until almost shooting time. I could hear him breathing and I looked and saw his face now behind the cigarette, burned darker the fur-lined hood up, and he just sitting there, the fur-lined hood up, and he just sitting there, not seeming to think, just breathing heavily and smoking. Suddenly I thought of us as ducks must see us — two big khaki lumps crouched down on the road. the burlap bag glistening ice where we had set it on the ground outside the car or it had brushed against the frozen grass, the gun barrels a darker dullness against the ground, and the camouflage-flecked hoods and the two small coils of cigarettes.

I remember thinking that then, and the cold and the fog-darkness, and the lump in the back of his hunting coat that would be the thermos of hot coffee laced with rum. He always carried his spare shells in the side pockets.

We could hear someone behind us now, voiced whispers and the clink of a dog chain and some mutterings. My father reached down for his gun and the neck of the burlap bag and stood up.

"I'll take the dekes for a bit, son."

"Okay." It sounded stupid to me, inadequate, as if I should protest or sound humbly grateful, but it was all I could think of to say. I was as big as he was then and probably stronger, but my arm was still tired and my head felt swollen from the brandy the night before. We moved off again, feeling for ruts through our rubber cleats. The other hunters were still behind us. The birds were flying now. We could hear them take off from the refuge a few miles away with a sound like prolonged thunderclaps, and the deep, low whistle of wings as flocks passed by overhead. A lonely hen mallard squawked back in the marsh somewhere at the almost day, and once, right beside the levee, we jumped a whole flock of birds, and then the sudden flutter of wings was almost like a covey of quail except for the sounds against the water and the burst of frightened quacks. We couldn't see them. It was too dark.

"Sprig," he said, or "mallards," as the sounds passed by overhead, and once, "Geese — snows, pretty low too." We looked up then, eyes shaded, his one hand pointing at what were still only sounds.

"Too dark still," I said. It was lame and he just said "Yeah — I guess," and pushed back the sleeve of his coat from his wrists and then looked up and we walked the rest of the way in silence. It was almost shooting time when we reached the end of the levee but still not light enough to wade out through the marsh and try to locate a decent blind and set the decoys out properly. We stopped and had another cigarette apiece and my father reached behind him and tugged the big thermos from his coat and unscrewed the top and poured coffee into the red top that also served as our cup. The steam from the coffee and the walking had fogged his glasses again and his eyes were hidden when he handed it to me first.

We were on our second round when the hunters behind us came up, first the clinking chain and then two of them tugged out of the fog by a big black labrador. The dog was sniffing at the ruts in the road and the marsh grass but stopped to look at us and then was gone again, pulled back into the fog by one of the men. We could hear the slap of their chest-high waders heading North after they had disappeared, up along a smaller levee toward the restricted area where the geese were exploding off the refuge and passing by in flocks overhead. Their shotguns had looked new and unruined and the camouflage spots against the rubberized canvas

hadn't faded yet. My father stood up and snorted and said, "The dog's probably a thoroughbred too!" and then he laughed and said "What do you think?" and looked at me.

"South," I said, and we turned and stepped down into the water. He pulled ahead, breaking the ice, and it was heavy going with the mud sucking at our boots, and the submerged roots, and there wasn't much breath for talking, and we were quiet so we wouldn't jump any ducks still down for the night too far out. He turned once though, and tapped the wooden call on its thong about his neck and said, "If this fog holds they should be low all day, and in the wind they won't want to stay up long." And then, "Could be a good day — better be. We have to bring back a few birds for your mother." He turned and we kept on then and I couldn't see his smile in the fog. Mom had always teased us about all the money we used to spend on hunting.

I remember thinking that it was all right again, with the rum and coffee warm in my stomach and the sweet-bitter taste in my mouth and Dad smiling at me again. I had felt funny before, uncomfortable, even after the brandy, like I was trespassing or wasn't worthy — it had seemed like too obvious patchwork after all the fights. It had been so long since we'd hunted together. But now it was like before, when he was big and I was small, the little eldest son, and used to traipse along after him in the field and play dog and carry the dead game or sit quiet in the blind or strapped into the boat — before the chafings and the arguments, before the deer hunting trip.

Guns were starting to go off, the distant shots like hollow pops muffled in the fog, and the closer ones heavy and loud. I shot the first bird. We had reached the end of open water and I shot it as it jumped for the line of rushes, a big hen widgeon dead almost before it left the water.

"Hey!" he said. "You almost took my leg off with that shot! For Christ's sakes, if you're gonna shoot at least wait until you've got a clear shot before you pull that trigger!"

"The bird was way off to the left," I said. That wasn't enough. "It was a clean shot. I didn't shoot anywhere near you."

He splashed over and picked up the bird. "You dropped it clean enough. Blew his whole backside apart." He held it up. "She's a big one — what's left of her." He grinned at me then stopped. "A cripple though."

I grabbed it by one leg and looked at it. The back above where I had hit it was a greenish blue. "Just waiting to die," he said. "You put her out of her misery." He flung the bird into the tules. "Come on, son. There'll be others."

We pushed through the wall of rushes and broke

into a smaller slough, following the open leads to more sheltered water. He was still big, standing hip deep in the brown icy water, shouldering his way through brush — even after the operation and months in the hospital had taken weight off him and the heavy canvas coat hung on him a little across the shoulders, and I was in college now, playing football and twenty pounds heavier than when I had seen him last.

He seemed larger now because we were against each other again. I couldn't get that gangrenous duck out of my mind and I kept hearing his voice and "clean shot" buzzed in my head. The marathon begins again, I thought, and the brandy wasn't really significant but only a concession like the other previous concessions, one more in a long line, and oh God how could I be so stupid, so God damned stupid to think that there was any difference or there could be any change, and papa is still the papa.

We reached a small, sheltered slough with rushes for a windbreak on three sides and an open lead on the downwind side, and enough open water to bring ducks down. It was almost full daylight and the fog was dissolving in the wind. Above us we could see ducks and geese pass over us from the refuge, headed South. My father went to set out the decoys and I waded to a dry little hummock and began hollowing out the center to build a blind. He was back as I finished bending the last few tules over the top. Thirty yards out the decoys rocked serenely in the few gusts that seeped through the rushes.

"That should do it," he said. "The wind's holding anyhow, and maybe we can call some in." He nodded at the decoys. "They teach you how to place decoys in school, boy?"

"No, it's not a standard part of the curriculum," I said.

"Good. There's more important things to learn. I was only kidding, son."

"I know."

"Okay, as long as you know."

He shot almost before I saw the duck, and it hit the surface and skipped a few feet like a flat stone. It had come in low, downwind far out across the decoys and he had dropped it with his first shot.

"Jes'," I said. "Nice shooting. That sucker must have been almost sixty yards out. He was just passing by."

He broke open the gun, fished in his pocket, and slipped in another shell. When he looked up his eyes were bright. "Guess I haven't lost my eye yet," he said.

I still remember that look on his face, proud with the same touch of arrogance: sandlot competition when all I really wanted was some extension

of equality, some recognition by the old man that I was at last becoming capable. But it never came and in his own way my father was as suffocating as Mom with all her fussiness and my favorite meals, and making the beds and picking up clothes, and crying when I left for school again. I wanted to shake him then and tell him that he didn't have to prove anything to me, but he was too proud and I couldn't do that to him.

He had always seemed big to me and even in college he had that larger than life quality that fathers always assume in very small boys. He was a big, rawboned man who had hammered at success until he had finally won that game and had gone on to put in a swimming pool and send his kids to college.

He had driven himself at his work and with promotions came added responsibilities, and the trips ceased, except for Mom. He was always great to her and they were forever going to conventions in some part of the country.

Later, when I could drive, I went hunting with friends or sometimes took my brother Bill, and it wasn't so bad that the trips had stopped then because stolen cigarettes and nips of gin were part of the fun.

When he was young, he had confessed to us once, he had wanted to go to law school, but that was in the Depression and there was no money for college. The Depression became a common vocabulary word, the standard text for sermons on thrift and a guaranteed panacea for frivolity.

The big flights were flying low, but he didn't shoot or say anything or make any noise except to shift once in a while in the blind, and squawk on the duck call. If I had been with Larson or Staley or Bill we would probably have shot at some of the birds. But now I didn't shoot or even say anything. They were still pretty far out and unless we dropped the birds dead, without a dog and the rushes so thick, we were almost sure to lose them.

After a while one looked low enough, swinging out over the decoys, and I stood up and shot twice and missed and finally dropped him, a big drake mallard, with my third as he was climbing to get away. It was a simple going away shot and he fell way out in the rushes. He seemed in range but maybe it was just that I had sat so long.

When I came back to the blind my father was sipping coffee.

"He was in range, Dad," I said. "Just over the decoys." He didn't say anything, just poured me a fresh cup and handed it to me, and then, "Yeah, it was close either way," and started calling again. We never did find the duck.

He hated crippling birds and leaving them to rot like that widgeon had rotted, still alive, and dying only after a while or maybe sooner if some hunter stumbled on it accidentally.

"I don't think any are going to come down," I said. "They've been shot at too much. They'll just keep right on going to the next refuge." I looked at him. "Where they can land with immunity."

He just looked up and didn't say anything, and I remember his face was like it had been the night before when he'd given me the brandy in our motel room, gruff and almost guarded. "I guess we might have to start picking off lone singles if we're going to get any birds," he said then.

"If you're old enough to go to war, I guess you're old enough to have a drink," he had said that night and handed me the glass. The glass felt warm without ice and the brandy was just cut by a little water from the tap in the bathroom. We sipped our drinks for a while and then he had said, "Do you drink much at school?" and I had said, "I've seen the stuff before, Dad," and he had just said "Oh, and then only "Yeah, I suppose." He'd bought a pint of Christian Brothers at some little general store outside Gridley but we'd gotten lost in the fog on the shortcut to Colusa, and it was midnight before we got to the motel. We finished off the pint between us, drinking slowly and not saying much. I tied new anchors on the decoys to keep them solid and facing into the wind. After a while the pint was gone and he stuck it in the wastebasket beside his bed and rinsed out the glasses in the sink, and then set the alarm and we went to bed. It was the first time he'd ever offered me liquor.

We got up at three and ate breakfast in Colusa's one little all night diner, crowded close against other hunters at the counter in the little, smoky room and ate eggs and bacon and drank cups of black coffee in sulky, hungover silence.

It felt funny sitting beside him so close and being with him again. We hadn't gone hunting together since I was ten years old. Then we'd still lived in Minnesota and he had taken me deer hunting up North in the snow. We had only made this trip because my brother had sent in the applications and received the permits while I was still at school and then had gotten a job during vacation at the last minute, and my other friends had now been either shotgunned into marriage or had disappeared somewhere in the two years since high school.

Mom had pushed the trip and we had gone, both I think, somewhat reluctantly. I don't know if he ever said anything to Mom about the deer hunting trip. She never mentioned it to me and if she knew anything, she always hid it pretty well. My father and I had not got on well at all in high school. He was gone so often on trips or at conventions, but I gloried in my then threads of independence and chafed under his discipline when he was home. It seemed there were fights about everything then, and I was always unhappy or angry or frustrated at something that I never seemed able to express to them. It was a relief when I left home to go East

to school, and I always fought for the best jobs and worked two shifts during the summer so I wouldn't have to accept any of his money.

The check-in stand opened at four-thirty and we were there at four fifteen, when they first switched the lights on before the game wardens slid back the wooden windows and stood back behind the opening like cashiers in faded gray uniforms. There were people ahead of us but we got in the "Reservations" line and got our permits and our licenses stamped and were at our zone by five.

My father mumbled all the way out about standing in line to go duck hunting, and talked again about the old days and the big Northern flights that swept down in mass migration out of Canada on the tail end of the last good weather before the blizzard and the big freeze. I was only small when I had gone with him then and the sight of hundreds of bluebills coming in among the decoys with wings set was an image conjured as much from snatches of the old man's and grandpa's tales as it was an actual memory.

We had a cigarette and I turned on the radio until my father said it was hard on the battery and then we opened the doors and stepped outside and slipped on our boots and held our guns by the wooden stock because even through cotton gloves the metal was cold.

I don't know if I could ever have forgiven him for the deer hunting trip. The buck was in a little stand of birch, pawing at the snow and rubbing his horns against the bark, and you could see his breath when he snorted, dancing at the tree. The next second he was just a pile of meat and I remember the sight of him with the acrid smell of my father's gun still in the air after the second — the little red hole high up in the shoulder and the eyes gone glassy already, and the tongue hanging out bitten through. He had kicked a bit when he went down and my father walked up with gun up, but it wasn't necessary and he was dead when we got there. My father was smiling and he thumped me on the back and kept saying over and over again, "What a beaut! God, what a nice buck!" He pulled his knife away from the belt and bent over the deer and said "Come on, son. I'll show you how to clean him."

I turned away. I felt like crying, the deer had been so beautiful. But my father turned around and looked hard at me and said "Oh, for Christ's sakes!" and then, "Come on. Sit down here. He's dead." Then slashed at the deer's belly with the knife and I thought I was going to be sick and he reached inside and then he turned with his sleeves rolled up and his hands and forearms bloody and looked at me and grabbed me by the scruff of the neck when I said I didn't want to see, and said, "God damn it, I'm not taking any snivelling girls hunting with me." I was crying and I fought him and

he pushed me at the deer and my head went inside the opening he had made with the knife. I remember the salt taste of the blood and the hot, wet feel of the intestines, and then I got sick and I guess hysterical because the next thing I remember he was holding me on my back on the snow and wiping at my face with a rag and saying over and over, "I'm sorry, son. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry, I'm sorry." and I was crying and couldn't stop.

I don't know if he ever said anything to Mom. It was never brought up again and we never went hunting again after that. Once he came out to my room when I was lying on the bed reading and tried to make it right and explain, and I had said "God damn you, you bastard," ten years old and just words I had heard at school, and then I turned away and he had gone back into the house. We had started fighting after that, and I tried to forget, but he was still the big man who was my father and who had pushed my head inside a deer's guts.

Even in college I thought of him as "my father" and only rarely as "Dad" as if Dad seemed too close a word for the relationship we never had, and my father conveyed more adequately inside me the sense of aloofness I always felt near him and also the feeling of weight and solidity he still inspired in me, like when I was younger and your father could beat up everybody else's father.

It was a good day for him that day, maybe not as good as the old days, but I remember his smiling and he had his limit before I even had two birds. He dropped almost all his birds with one shot and they were usually far out, tricky shots, with the ducks streaking downwind or crosswind and just passing over the blocks and not decoying at all.

He was a big man just starting to grow old, and his hair was gray in tufts beneath the hood and the whiskers were like speckled salt where they pushed through. He seemed to be continually smiling after that first shot, bent over the old broken-open double, pulling out empties and inserting fresh loads, or squinting up against the sky with the call between his teeth. I felt resentful because I was shooting so poorly and my feet were numb where the water had seeped through patches on my boots.

Seven years. It all seemed so clear again, in patches, like old times once important are forgotten and then resurrected again. And now I saw, sitting talking to some silly bitch in a dingy restaurant, how important it had been to him to outshoot me, and I think I saw for the first time really the man behind the grizzled face and the flashes of temper — the man-boy who had to be best and who had never gone on to school, and could not be old. Now even the hunting is gone, I thought.

I had not been paying much attention to her talking all morning, and now I didn't hear her at first. She was speaking across the top of the coffee cup, blowing her words so that I thought some of

the coffee would spill over the top and burn her hands.

“... wonder you didn't mention your father before,” she was saying. “You know, I really can't picture you as a little boy, growing up with a father and mother and all that.”

“I didn't,” I said. “I was hatched full-grown — you know, like Diana.”

“Oh. No, I mean seriously.” It took a minute for that second sentence.

“I don't mention him very often,” I said. “It's painful for me.”

She set down the coffee cup. “Oh, I'm sorry. Did he pass away recently?”

“That afternoon — duck hunting — I shot him accidentally as we were leaving to go home.”

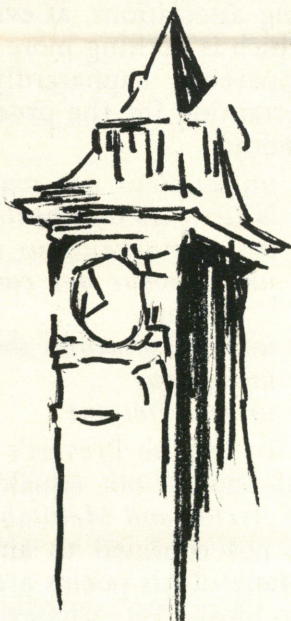


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one-word rhyme, only seeming
to be.

I, the Mover motionless,
I, Inertia, still until
the day of Creation.
When
from the nothing that I am
I made a something, called it man,
gave it form and was born
of myself — to nothing.

Then
I looked above and called it Good and reached;
I looked below and called it Evil and wept;
I looked inside and called it God and prayed;
I looked outside and called it Love and lived.

Spontaneous generation, in the vacuum
pure Creation.
Nothingness beat into life
by me, by will, alone.

Though no Great Book relates it,
Each Great Birth restates it.

Jadey

In Review:

The Lighter Lit

PAROLES, Jacques Prevert. Editions Gallimand
Livre de Poche, 1949. Paperback, \$.85.

REVIEW BY PAT SULLIVAN

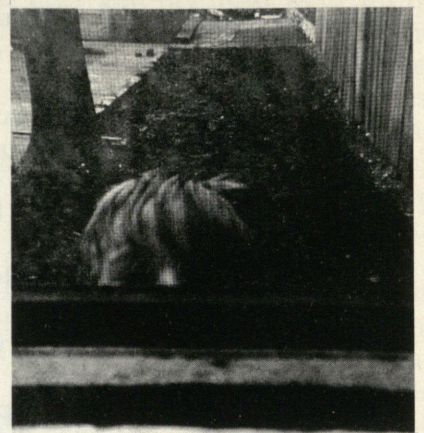
All the droll humor and sensitive humanity of the French are captured and comingled in *Paroles*, the first (and best) volume of verses composed by the French poet-movie writer-rebel, Jacques Prevert. Since the book was first published in 1946, it has sold several hundred thousand copies, and a number of the poems have been set to music by Joseph Kosma and sung by Les Freres Jacques. Some of them, such as "Barbara," have become popular tunes throughout France.

Prevert reaches an audience much broader than the intellectuals who ususally turn out for Poetry Reading, because he has a whimsical way of combining familiar language and events into unexpected patterns that strike the reader and set his imagination in motion. Thus, in "Quarter Libre" the soldier puts his hat in the cage and the bird on his head. When he encounters the commander who asks whether one still salutes, the bird replies that one does not.

*Ah bon
excusez-moi je croyais qu' on saluait
a dit le commandant
Vous etes tout excuse tout le monde peut se
tromper
a dit l'oiseau.*

As in the poem above, Prevert often creates in his poems an appealing world from which the customary rules and procedures have vanished. With this expression of his revolt against middle-class conventions sham intellectualism, and pompous formalities he taps a latent human longing for freedom from these restrictions. Perhaps the most popular expression of such wish-fulfillment is "Et al fete continue."

*Debout devant le zinc
Sur le coup de dix heures
Un grand plambier zingeur
Habille en dimanche et pourtant c'est lundi
Chante pour lui tout seul
Chante que c'est jeudi
Qu'il n'ira pas en classe
Que la guerre est finie*



*Et le travail aussi
Que la vie est si belle
Et les filles si jolies
Et titubant devant le zinc
Mais guide par son fil a plomb
Il s'arrete pile devant le patron
Trois paysans passeront et vous paieront
Puis disparait dans le soleil
Sans regler les consommations
Disparait dans le soleil tout en continuant sa
chanson.*

Similarly, the poem "Page d'écriture" concludes with the rigid academic order of the schoolmaster being overthrown by the music of a lyre-bird who flies in the window and distracts a math lesson.

Though Prevert's verse is irregular and unpunctuated for the most part, he frequently employs rhymes, alliteration and assonance. He is a master of the pun and juxtaposition of words to form startling associations, as evidenced in his "Inventaire," which is nothing more than a list of sundry objects apparently haphazardly mentioned but highly entertaining for the order in which they follow one another.

*un scupteur qui sculpte des Napoleon
la fleur qu'on appelle souci
deux amoureux sur un grand lit
un receveur des contributions une chaise trois
dindons
un ecclesiastique un furoncle
une guepe
un rein flottant*

In English Prevert's whimsy is perhaps approached, though not equaled, by Don Marquis, author of *Archie and Mehitabel*. But Prevert's imagination is not confined to any single situation or mood. Many of his poems are also biting or gloomy, acid or bleak. Yet, whatever their temper, they are always refreshingly and genuinely human. Naturally, these poems are all in French; therefore, if one has unwittingly enlisted in the German department instead . . . eh bien, tant pis!

THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY, Tom Wolfe. Noonday Press; Paperback, \$1.95.

REVIEW BY JOHN STAHNKE

The situation is contemporary, the topic of discussion American culture, and *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* Tom Wolfe's rambling social commentary on the new style and its artifacts.

The book itself is a collection of informal essays. The comments the author makes on the new culture are incisive and punctuated by a very good conscious attention to detail.

Wolfe describes a culture born Postwar of war money and created by gangsters and "rancid people" with "ratty hair and dermatitis and corroded thoracic boxes and so forth" and epitomized in the teenage ethic. It manifests itself in the Twist, the Surfer, Beatles, Bouffant Hairdos, Drag-Racing and "Free-Form". Like previous cultures, the Postwar Teenage is characterized by a lot of attention to form and the money to build monuments to it, but it is a sharp break from the "elite" culture of the past. With infusions of money into all levels of society other classes of people are building monuments to their own style. The product is "Pop Society" and Wolfe's vision is of a brave new world where Baby Jane Holzer, New York's "Girl of the Year" is the hyper-version, super-symbol of the new style of life in America, and the neon-lighted, boom-rang-shaped skyline of Las Vegas is its monument.

Titles of the different sections of the book range from "The Fifth Beatle", "The Loverboy of the Bourgeoisie", and "The Secret Vice" to "Las Vegas (What?)" and the title of the book itself. *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* is a well-documented and very witty judgment of the "unconscious avant-garde" and neon motivators which are building new forms and styles.

*just for instance —
so much to be your lover and
friend all at once
knowing outwardly that
to be your friend is easy
and yet more difficult to
actually be.*

*to be called your lover
harder and still so much
easier to be.*

both — an impossibility?

*then merely your friend, and
it is easy for you to look
and say — my friend!*

*you would rather look and
say lover if you weren't so
afraid? — because of the
response, or don't even care to!*

*not knowing promotes a temporary invulnerability;
to be vulnerable seems more desirable,
or do i merely seek affirmation?*

*Or does what you say carry that much significance?
Perhaps merely to see what you are saying or aren't!*

Anon.



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idle chatter . . .

*smoke winding around empty glasses
words that form somewhere
yet . . . never to be spoken
and
die without ever being born.*

Sandee Dively

MOCKINGBIRD

(continued from page 7)

"Gentlemen, I am trying to conduct class. Could you perhaps be a bit less entertaining?"

"Our humblest pardons, ma'am," Dan said tipping his hat.

The young woman closed the window.

"Who knows," Dan said, slapping Bill on the left cheek, "Maybe we're destined to be the next Laurel and Hardy act."

"Geez, I hope not. I think I used to like being a telephone man; but I must admit vaudeville would be a snap compared to this!"

"Here Charlie, . . . here Charlie, . . . here Charlie . . ."

When they were half way between the second and third levels, the bird flew down and landed on the vase.

"Geez . . ." Dan mumbled. "Hi Charlie old boy, how the hell are ya, boy," he said sweetly. "Keep ringin that bell, Bill . . . hi, little birdie, nice day isn't it?"

As they made their way back across the street, Charlie sat stiffly on the edge of the vase.

"I don't like the look this bird has in his eye," Dan confided. "If he starts quoting 'Nevermore' run for your life!"

The old lady ran to the edge of the road to greet them. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie . . . And you wonderful, kind, honest American men. You're more than just heroes, you must have been sent by God. To think you got my Charlie back for me when you didn't even have to. He's all I have left you know. . . . Oh God bless you both, I'll never forget you . . . Oh, Charlie, welcome back to mommie!"

The bird moved onto her shoulder and stuck his beak near her ear. "Mommie . . ." it croaked.

The old woman began to cry. "Charlie . . . is . . . all I have left . . . I still have him thanks to you two . . . Charlie."

The men stood with their heads down.

Dan cleared his throat, "A-h-h . . ." There was still something wrong with his voice. He coughed. "Umm," he took a deep breath, "do you think you could show us where you want the phone now, ma'am?"

The next day Dan stopped to pick Bill up for work in the same grimy-green truck.

Bill came down the walk toward the truck. In the middle of the sidewalk he stopped, took off his hat, put it over his heart, and closed his eyes. When he opened the door, he said with an exaggerated lisp, "Geeth, I juthst can't help it; now don't teathe me. Iths thuch an overwhelming thight

to three that emblem of Bell Telephone . . . I juthst can't help but think back to the day when I took my first oath 'Upon my honor . . .'"

"Get in here, you knuckle-butt, were late already!"

Bill got in and closed the door. "A-h-h!! Goth, you can't talk to Harry Karthel like that! I'm one of the nitheth moth dedicated guyth at the company, everybody thays tho; you'll never get my autograph!" Bill licked his little finger and ran it over his eyebrow.

"Its sickening enough that we're going to have to see the brown-nosed little creep in a few minutes without your feeble imitations. Besides, how do I know that you're kidding? Maybe deep down, you're just like Karsel . . . You know 'A rose by any other name . . . ?' I think it applies to fruits too!" Dan laughed out loud.

"Geez, don't start any rumors," Bill said soberly, dropping the lisp. "Like I always say, I do kinda like my job." Bill turned toward Dan and sighed, "I know, now I have to figure out what wise-guy you quoted . . . g-e-e-z . . . Paul Revere?"

"Wrong, baby! I think it was Poe. Geez . . . could have been Hitchcock, who knows? Anyway, one of them spooky guys!"

"Speaking of spooks," Bill said as Dan stopped the truck near the door of the large building, "There he is in person . . . A-h-h! Do you have any smelling salts; I think I may pass out I'm so excited."

Snap out of it, Billy-boy."

The two men went inside, punched-in, and hustled to their lockers to deposit their lunchboxes.

As Dan kissed a full length pin-up on the door of his locker he whispered softly, "Good morning, Clarence."

"Clarence?" Bill giggled as he goosed Dan, "Are you kidding me?"

"Shhhhhh. I don't want the little creep to get suspicious; I feel bad enough that Karsel has to look down on me cause I'm not on his level of heroism — why make it worse by revealing that I have a passion for something other than Bell Telephone Company? Let's go."

"Wait!" Bill caught Dan's hand before the locker door was completely shut. Bill whispered into the crack, "I'll meet you here later Clarence-honey, we'll get rid of this guy and it'll be just you and me baby!"

"Ummm boy, we're both in rare form today," Dan said "Oh, God, look who's coming. Probably got a new medal to show us. It's your fault, stupid. We could have been cleared out of here by now . . ."

"Hi, fellas," a gentle voice said. "How's everything in the hero business today?"

"Whaa . . .?"

"I hear you've been performing some humane deed, beyond the call of duty!"

Dan blinked. "Who the . . .?"

Harry smiled. "Come on guys, I know you're just being humble but I want to hear the whole story exactly the way it happened."

"What story?" Bill said as he pulled out a cigarette.

"Oh, allow me!" Harry said, reaching for the lighter in Bill's hand. "It isn't everyday two heroes come into our midst."

"Karsel, you must have battle fatigue," Dan laughed. "You're the Florence Nightengale of *this* group!"

"No, seriously, Dan, the things I've done are nothing compared to your near escapes from death to save an elderly woman's pet parakeet; I want to be the first to congratulate you."

Soon the room was crowded with men elbowing closer and reaching toward them.

"Ohhhhhh! I touched one of them Smitty! I'll never wash this pinky again!"

"Geez, what's a matter, Mac? You never seen a professional telephone installer before?"

"Telephone installer! Why Bill, I heard this morning that you and Danny are going to be made district supervisors!"

"My gosh, I touched a supervisor!"

"Yea, and their special assignment is to rescue old ladies out on a limb!"

"What do ya mean?" Dan protested. "You know our motto is 'punch-in, punch-out; we were just doing our jobs.'"

"Doing your jobs alright! And mighty well too; made the front page! Look at the caption 'Telephone Men Get Their Bird!'"

In the midst of the roaring laughter Dan leaned over to Bill and said disgustedly, "I think it should've read 'Telephone Men Eat Their Crow!'"

"I give up," Bill mumbled blankly, "who said that? Longfellow?"

"No . . . I think it was Dan Bosmejian."

END.



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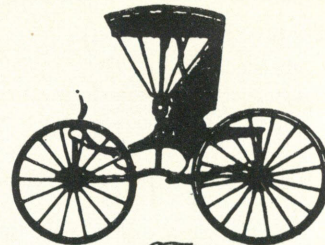
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*The sea,
wrapped in its moonbeam blanket
goes to sleep
while the stars swim in water,
the fragile fish of light.*

*Egyptians crabs
scar their hieroglyphics on the sand
where salt glitters; and I
am searching for you,
as in a dream.*

Hugo Sandoval

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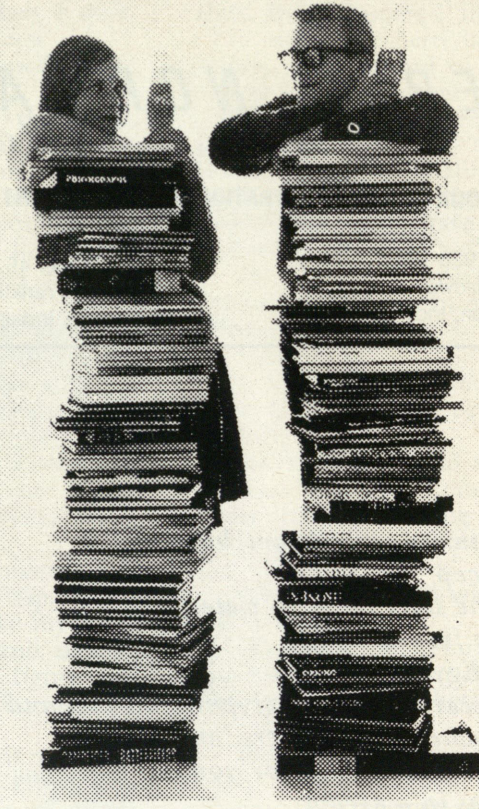
ONCE UPON A DRUNK

Here's to the happy buzzing bee,
With sex so small you cannot see,
You cannot tell a he from a she
But he can tell and so can she.
The buzzing bee is a busy soul,
It has no time for birth control,
So that is why in times like these
You find so many sons of bees.

W. J. Kretzmann

We are like the night-lone child,
thirsty, crying
for a drink of water
in a desert of sleeping adults.
Like him
all we want is a face in the darkness
bringing
a glass full of love.

Jadey

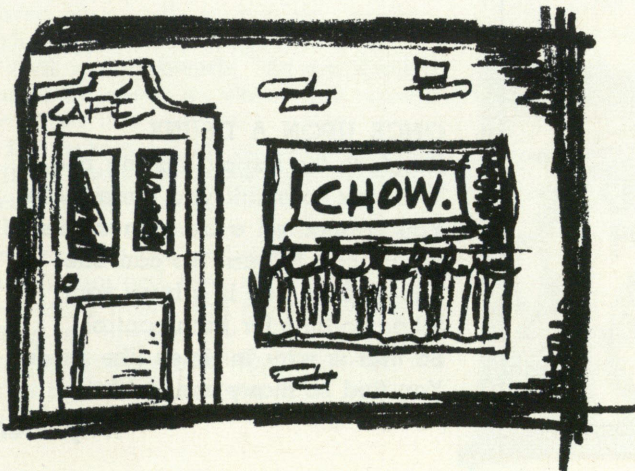


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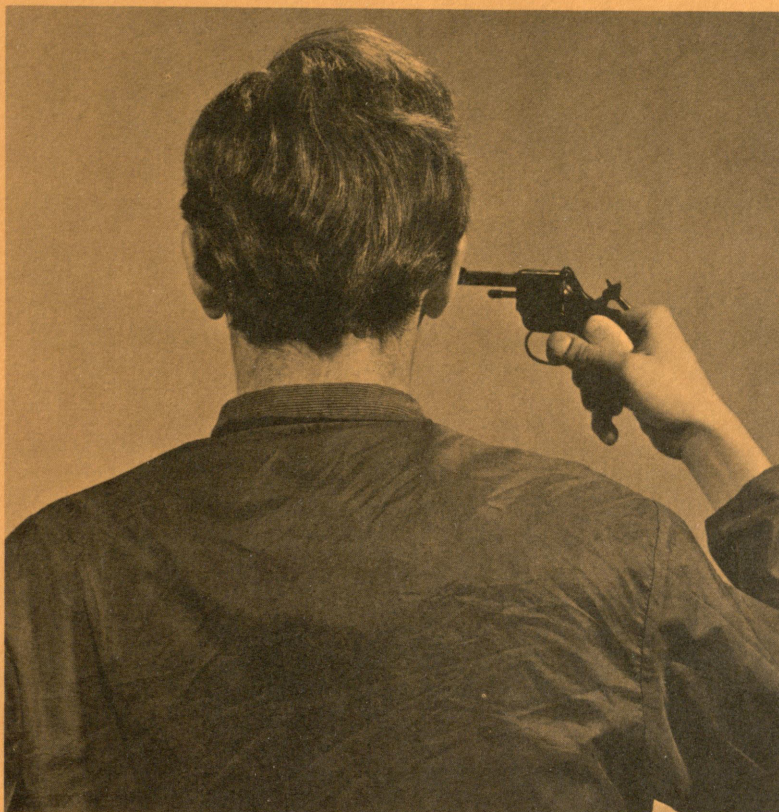
things go
better
with
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Stop! Wait!
It's not to late

(that rhymes)

To write for
The Lighter.

(almost)

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or send them to the *Atlantic Monthly* if you're going to be that way about it.

winter is gone
silent johnny -
it's mockingbird
time