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The Lighter, 1958-2019

Department of English

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Winter 1961

**Winter 1961, Vol. 3, No. 2**

Valparaiso University

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**1961**

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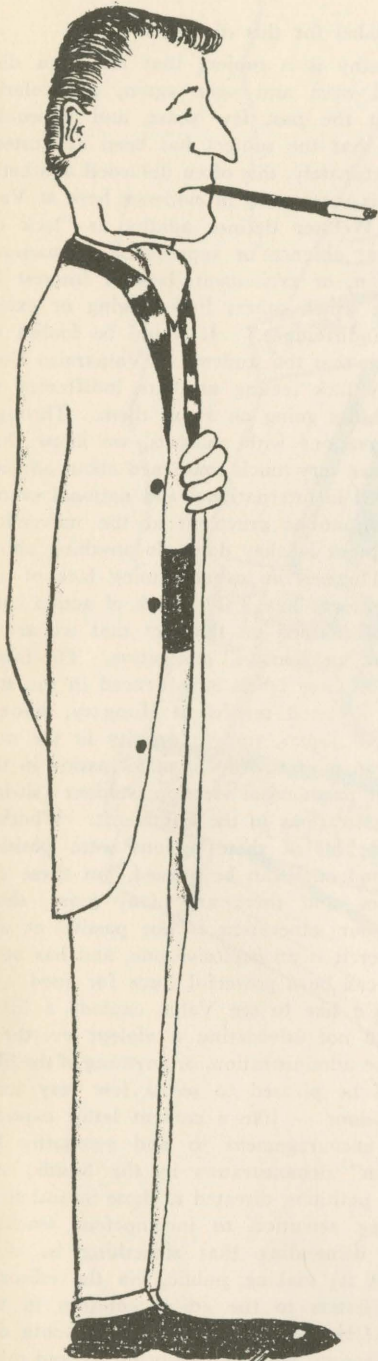
***PLEASE SAY YES  
TO THE  
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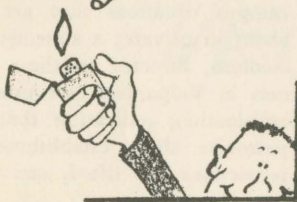
**BIRTH DEFECTS • ARTHRITIS • POLIO**

"We have no ambition to put together another periodical of togetherness, just as we do not attend college for "adjustment." The only reason for college is education. We call education 'entertainment and enlightenment'."

-- from COLLAGE MAGAZINE



J.J.



THE LIGHTER . . .

The Literary-Humor-Variety Quarterly

. . . of Valparaiso University

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COVER by Patricia Rome

VOLUME III

NUMBER 2

# OPINION ON THE BIAS --The Editors

"J. F. K. . . .

The LIGHTER would like to convey its best wishes to John Kennedy for his inauguration to the Presidency of the United States. We feel that as President-elect the great care and insight he has shown in making his cabinet appointments are indicative of the good leadership we might expect from his as President-inaugurate. We do not expect miracles from President Kennedy and we feel that no one should; but of this at least we are certain — that he will lead our country competently as well as imaginatively. It is our sincere hope that President Kennedy's "new frontiers" will be most fertile.

PATHOS . . . .

Agnosticism in the early part of this century was the style; if one wasn't an agnostic, he simply wasn't intelligent. However, now with the resurgence of Christianity among the intellectuals, the agnostic has become little more than a pathetic creature. These are, almost verbatim, the words of one of the more esteemed and respected members of our university family; words which it seems to us need at least to be discussed.

An agnostic's thought may manifest itself in many different ways. For the sake of argument we shall characterize him as one who neither accepts or denies the existence of God, but merely says that God is out of the realm of his experience and therefore not *meaningful* in his existence. The most that an agnostic can consider reality is that which he is able to experience. He does not necessarily insist that all reality be rational or even describable; but he maintains that for anything to be real for him it must be something which he can experience — be it rationally or irrationally, tangibly or intangibly.

Admittedly this a sympathetic definition. But this is the kind of agnostic we wish to talk about — the person who looks at the Christians (sometimes with envy) admitting that their beliefs may be reality to them, but for him they are outside reality. No matter how attractive and hope-rendering these beliefs might appear to him, indulgence in them, because he cannot experience their reality, simply amounts to self-deception. They are an anathesia which provide for more endurable existence, but, because

they are not really real, they are of no ultimate value.

Now the agnostic may well be pathetic; an agnostic might say the same thing about a Christian. But that isn't the point. What is essential is that the agnostic *cannot* be shrugged off as being merely a pathetic creature. We feel that he must be taken seriously, and that he poses at least two problems for Christianity.

Firstly, he forces (or should force) the Christian to re-examine himself and Christian doctrine. Can a Christian actually be sure of the validity of what Christ's act was supposed to have accomplished? Is he able to properly convince himself that all his beliefs are not merely the result of wish-fulfillment, and thus invalid and useless in any ultimate sense? Can the Christian do more than *hope* that his beliefs ultimately are sound and real? Even the agnostic can do this.

The second problem follows from the first. If the Christian is able to answer the questions of the first problem in the affirmative, then he is faced with the task of communicating the reality of his beliefs. Can he indeed even communicate this belief which he considers to be a reality at all, and, if so, how? If the Christian feels that his doctrines are so important as to have ultimate implications, it is in some way his responsibility to communicate their reality.

We don't know the answers to these problems; but we do feel that the Christian Church must find a way to communicate what it claims to be ultimately important. In fact, we feel that this is the Church's *main responsibility* in this day. The agnostic's questions cannot merely be shrugged off; they must somehow be dealt with — unless, of course, his pathetic nature is an indication of something much larger and horribly frightening . . . ULTIMATE PATHOS.

A RESOLUTION . . . .

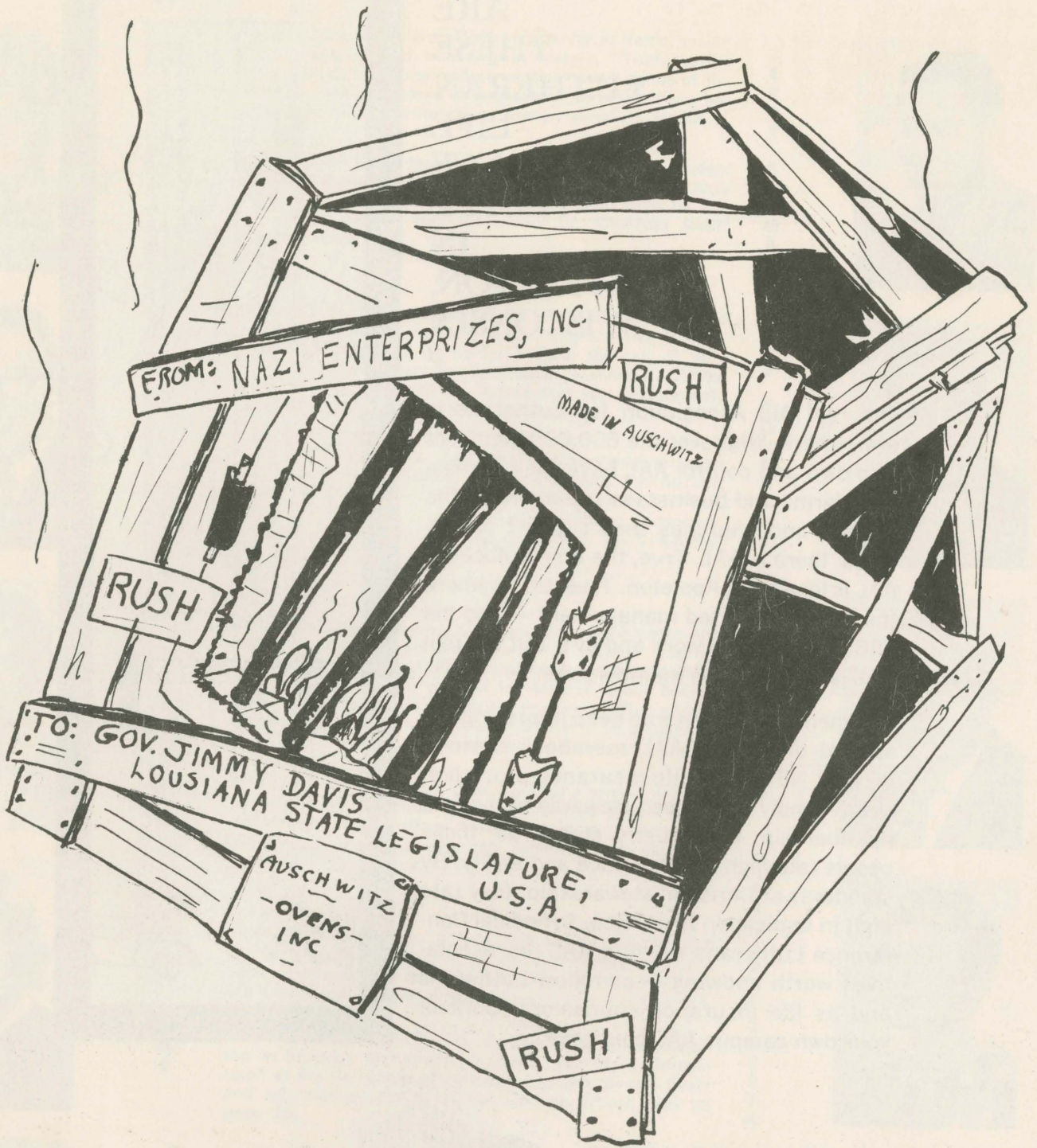
It's probably a little late to talk about New Year's resolutions. Those are usually made sometime in the early hours of January 1st, and then promptly forgotten when the firmly resolving one sobers up. It might be more appropriate to talk about a new semester's resolution, and since, if nothing else, we like to be timely, we'll use

that label for this discussion.

Apathy is a subject that has been discussed over and over again, particularly during the past few years, and it would seem that the subject has been exhausted. Unfortunately, this often discussed apathetic state is very much in evidence here at Valpo. Webster defines apathy as "lack of feeling; absence or suppression of passion, emotion, or excitement, lack of interest in things which others find moving or exciting; indifference." It would be foolish to suggest that the students of Valparaiso University lack feeling and are indifferent to the things going on about them. Through conversations with students, we know that they are very much concerned about and interested in international and national events and situations prevalent at the university. The point is, they don't do anything about it. There is an overwhelming lack of action present here. This lack of action cannot be blamed on the fact that we are a "silent" or "passive" generation. The falseness of these labels is evidenced in the student initiated revolts in Hungary, student riots in Japan, student activity in the new African nations, student participation in the recent presidential election, student "sit-in" demonstrations in the South, etc. Whether or not all of these actions were positive or good ones can be argued, but these examples, and there are many more, show that our generation is not passive at all. Rather it is an explosive one, and has been and can be a powerful force for good.

We'd like to see Valpo explode a little. We're not advocating a violent overthrow of the administration, or anything of the like. We'd be pleased to see a few very mild explosions — like a student letter expressing encouragement to and sympathy for "sit-in" demonstrators in the South; student petitions, directed to those in authority, calling attention to incompetent teaching and demanding that something be done about it; making public, via the editorial and letters to the editor columns in the TORCH for example, those legitimate dissatisfactions with university policy and other campus situations that are always griped about in private; a statement drawn up by students, directed to those places of business in Valparaiso that practice racial discrimination, indicating that they will not patronize these establishments until such restrictions are lifted, etc.

*Continued on Page 34*

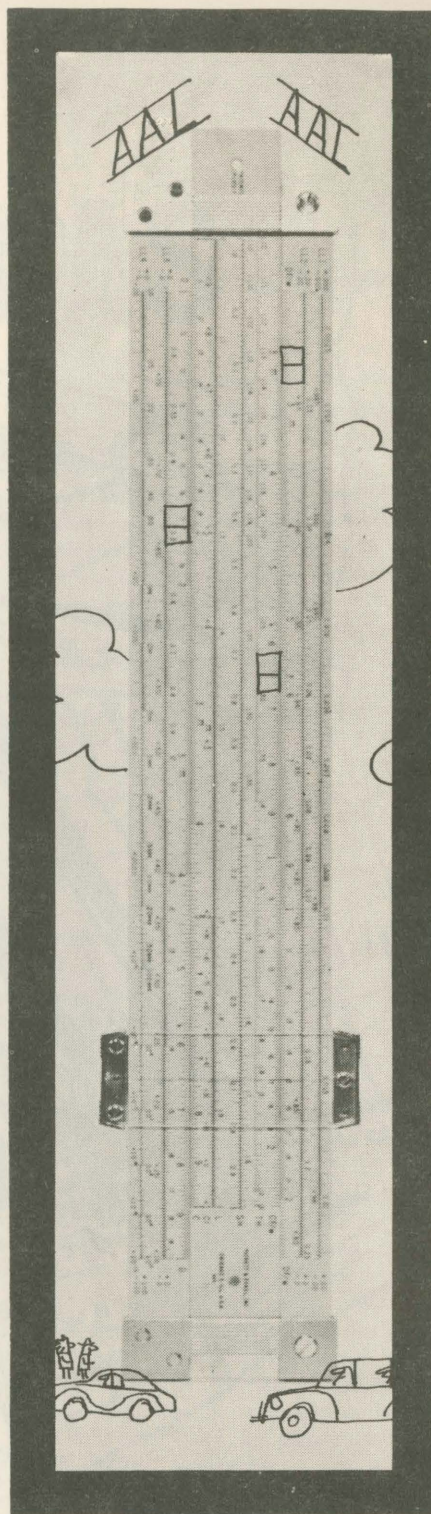


HEIL - YA' ALL . . . . .

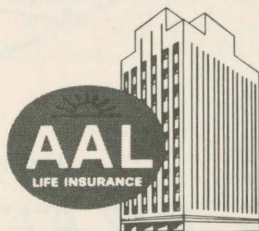
WHO  
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WISCONSIN  
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The real Aid Association for Lutherans is everywhere. Wherever the 600,000 members who own and control AAL have their homes, their farms and businesses . . . wherever the schools and churches they support are located, there is AAL. True, the home office for AAL is located in Appleton. True, that's where the member-elected management — and the 486 employees — work and live. But the real AAL is wherever its members are.

The men and women who keep improving the special difference AAL members share — LOWER NET COST life insurance protection — are simply the chosen stewards of the AAL membership. By industry standards, these people rate high in experience and ability. By standards of Christian stewardship, they rate high in dedication to service. Synodical Conference Lutherans will find AAL representatives worth knowing — as fellow Lutherans and as life insurance counselors. Contact your own campus AAL counselor.



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**AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS • APPLETON, WISCONSIN**

Richard P. Koenig  
1010 Linwood Ave.  
Valparaiso, Ind.

# OUR CONTRIBUTORS



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TRUDY BLOSER, Cleveland, Ohio, is a senior at Valpo, majoring in English and minoring in history. Trudy serves on the Student Council and as assistant news editor of the TORCH. We're pleased that she took time out from her busy schedule to write the article on socialism for us.



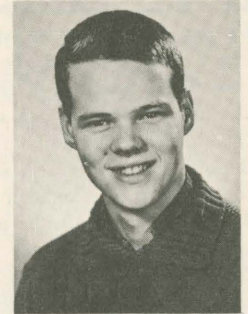
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JERRY BORMAN, Guttenberg, Iowa, is a pre-theo student in his sophomore year. An accomplished musician, Jerry has played trombone in the University Band since he first arrived at Valpo. He's the author of "One-Foot Shelf" for this issue.



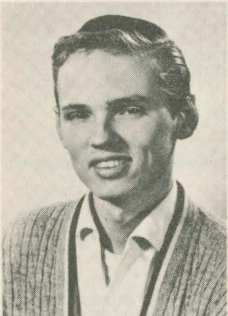
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PETE DICKSON, Park Forest, Illinois, is a freshman whose primary academic interests lie in English and history. Pete has performed for us far beyond the call of duty by writing two pieces for this issue; a short story, **The Task**, and, on page 20, an article that will undoubtedly rank as **the** diffinitive work on the guitar.



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RAY FONTAINE, Pomona, California, is a freshman at Valpo who hasn't as yet declared a major field; but he lists politics and theatre as his major interests at the moment, and is a card-carrying member of the Young Democrats. Together with his brother, Rog, Ray wrote "The Vile-Mess" on page 18.



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ROGER FONTAINE, Pomona, California, is a sophomore and the co-author of whom we were just speaking. Rog has appeared in several U. Player's productions and, together with his brother Ray, worked for several "labor Bosses" in the 2nd district congressional campaign. What pleases the Fontaines most about Valpo is that it is situated in Indiana, a state they have adopted as their second home.



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KURT LENZ, West Rochester, New York, is a senior majoring in government at Valpo. An active member of the Young Republicans, Kurt's efforts have done much to make the group's activities a success this semester. He discusses capitalism in this issue.



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PATRICIA ROME, Chicago, Illinois, is a sophomore at Valpo and she likes to draw — which is probably why she consented to do the cover for us. We like it. We hope she'll do another some time.



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DOT STOEPPLEWERTH, Oberlin, Kansas, is a senior majoring in history. Dot spent her junior year as a German co-ed at the University of Freiburg, and she gives a lively and informative account of her German school days on page 26.



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GEORGE THARP, Dubuque, Iowa, is a senior English major. A transfer student from Concordia Senior College, George is our poet for this issue. An actor as well as writer, he has appeared in several productions at Concordia.



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JIM VAN EVRA, Niles, Illinois, majors in philosophy and is a senior at Valpo. Jim's concern with philosophical questions is obvious in his article on the searching individual. He supplements his income and his knowledge of psychology, his second major field, by working at Beatty Memorial Hospital.



# THE CASE FOR

# SOCIALISM

BY TRUDY BLOSER

Throughout history, idealists have dreamed of establishing a rational society in which all men would have an equal opportunity to lead a satisfactory and peaceful life, free from the specter of poverty, starvation, and war. As early as 1516, Thomas More visualized such a perfect society in his *Utopia*, a country in which no underprivileged class existed because the citizens pooled the products of their labor and drew all they needed from a common storehouse. In addition to freedom from material want, the citizens of the ideal society, which so far continues to exist only in the imaginations of dreamers, would also be bound to one another by fraternal ties, for each would be his "brother's keeper" as all co-operated for the common good. No exploitation of one class by another would take place, for the society would, ideally, contain no classes. Modern socialism, though a great deal more realistic, has its roots in the lofty vision of the Utopian thinkers. Today's socialist does continue to be an idealist in that he believes man is capable of building a social order of equals, free from exploitation and poverty. However, he is realistic enough to realize that, human nature being what it is, a truly classless society will probably never be achieved.

## Take A Look

Americans, since they are, on the whole, a practical, and individualistic people, tend to scoff at socialism as nothing more than a philosophy founded on wispy, impossible illusions, designed to provide a refuge for people either too weak or too lazy to help themselves. Socialism has become a distasteful word in America partly because many people equate it with Communism and partly because they are afraid a socialistic government would rob individuals of freedom and initiative. The capitalist system has worked well for us, for we have never had any seriously down-trodden class, crying for the right to live on a level higher than the day by day struggle to secure the meager necessities essential to life. America has, until quite recently, been blessed with the Western frontier, a land of new opportunity for all oppressed peoples. Here anyone could make an adequate living, provided only that he was willing to work hard. No rigid class system has separated one group of people from another, for Americans have been fortunate to live in a society in which great mobility

in occupation and residence exists. It is therefore hard for them to realize that the free-enterprise system has not worked equally well in other countries of the world. However, with a large percentage of the world's people living today under Communism, a system in which governmental control of the economy is already a reality, and with socialist governments in power in such Western European countries as Germany, Scandinavia, and England, it is time Americans take a long and serious look at the doctrine which stands as the avowed enemy of the capitalist system. Whether we like it or not, socialism is here to stay.

## History's Commentary

In order to understand today's socialism, perhaps the most important new force in the contemporary world, we must take a brief look at the history of its development. Though socialistic ideas have existed since the time of ancient Greece and Rome, modern-day socialism actually began barely 150 years ago, as a result of the miseries of the industrial revolution in nineteenth century Europe. In the early days of the development of industry, a starving, illiterate, and desperate group of people, the exploited working-class, came into being. These people eagerly seized upon the old idea that misery and injustice are the result of the division of society into rich and poor classes. As they struggled to find a way of protecting themselves against their hard masters, the captains of industry, the idea that the ownership and control of production should be transferred from private to public hands grew among them. Britain's Robert Owen, one of the leading industrialists of his time, pointed the way by attempting to set up self-governing industrial and agricultural communities in which private ownership of property was abolished and everyone was asked to cooperate for the common good. The growth of socialism was given impetus by the doctrines of such men as the economist David Ricardo, whose theories led to the conclusion that the labor of the working class is the only source of value, and that the workers therefore have the right to the whole reward of their efforts. In 1848, the publication of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engel's *Communist Manifesto* split the socialistic movement into two irreconcilable camps. On the one hand were the social-democrats, who pledged themselves to securing the transformation from capitalism to socialism by

peaceful means, working within the framework of the existing government. By gradually seizing power and putting socialist measures into effect, these people hoped to reform society through democratic methods. In England, for example, the development of socialism followed the path charted by the Fabian Society in 1884. The Fabians believed that the Socialist commonwealth could be reached slowly and almost imperceptibly by means of reforms extending the scope of public ownership and control of the means of production. Thus, socialism would be achieved through legislative reforms within the framework of a capitalist society. On the other hand were the Communists, who advocated the over-throw of capitalism by means of violent revolution. Capitalists, the Marxists argued, would never voluntarily abdicate their power in favor of socialism. Therefore, power had to be taken away from them through the violent over-throw of government. The split between the two camps was heightened by the Bolshevich Revolution in 1917. After the Russian Revolution, the development of socialism became as much a history of the rivalry between the communists and social-democrats as of the struggle between socialism and capitalism. Though they believed the capitalist system to be morally wrong and politically doomed, the social-democrats felt much more closely akin to the Western democratic system than to communist totalitarianism. Already deeply entrenched before World War II, socialism increased in power as Europe sought to recover from the wounds of the war. Industry and agriculture, it seemed to the people, could only be brought back to effective functioning by widespread state control and ownership of vital industries and resources. Today, in addition to being in effect in Western Europe, socialism has become an important force in the colonial countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

## Socialism not Communism

Exactly what, then, do modern socialists believe and what do they hope to accomplish? As has been established earlier in this article, today's socialists are not communists, as many people unthinkingly label them. Though the split between the communists and social-democrats first occurred as a result of their disagreement on methods, the differences between the two are actually far more basic and widespread than their

*Continued on Page 29*

# THE CASE FOR

# CAPITALISM

BY KURT LENZ

Today America is faced with a demanding decision. Freedom or Materialism? We in America are faced by this decision although many of us are not aware of it. Today we Americans are in a rushing stream of "progress" towards what many prominent men call a happy life. We want and get better housing, cheaper electrical power, more security in our old age, and bigger pay checks. Yet we continue to want to be given just plain more. We are a "gimme" generation. But let us sit back a moment and survey these present desires and their fulfillments. Allow me to cite a few facts about the United States today which deeply depress and disturb me.

1. *Over twenty per cent of all electric power is generated by the federal government and plans are being pursued to double this percentage.*
2. *About fifteen million individuals, who with their families and dependents form well over one-fourth of the total United States population, are receiving government checks of one kind or another.*
3. *The level of farm commodity prices is determined or influenced by federal action.*
4. *Just a reminder, but certainly a relevant one, is that we no longer have the power to decide what we will do with 30-40% of the money we earn in return for our total product hours, energy, and initiative.<sup>1</sup>*

These facts somehow and for some unexplained reason made me feel uneasy. I decided to look back to history to see if perhaps there could be found the basis of my perplexity. I looked through our Constitution and Declaration of Independence (an experience I highly recommend to you) and my findings refreshed many facts that had lain dormant within me for many years. Our forefathers did indeed set up a government founded on the principles that each citizen has an inalienable right to life; and there follows as a natural corollary the right to defend his life (or means to sustain it). One only sustains life by the fruits of his labor or to put it differently, by his property. Thus a man's right to life and property were the premises upon which our country was founded. This was shown in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution where man is protected equally in his life, liberty, and property.

The right to own property is in fact saying that you and I have the right to use our possessions or monies as we see fit; to invest them, save them, transmit them to others, or just to go out and spend them as we wish. This is in essence the basis for America's industrial greatness. Our forefathers were secure in the right to the fruits of their labors and had the incentive to save and re-invest in their own means of livelihood. They did not shove everything in a mattress and hoard it lest the State take it from them. They built, secure in the belief that what they would produce in the future would also be theirs. This is the spirit which I believe helped to make us the greatest industrial nation with the highest per capita real income in the world. They were truly free — free from the fear of acquisition of their property by a State.

## Loss not Material

It seems to me that our basis in history certainly does not jibe with the facts today. In fact the two seem diametrically opposed. Why this change? But even more important, why have not both you and I noticed it before and objected? I know that I myself was caught up in the "gimme" generation, always asking and seeking more in material things and never realizing the price which I was paying. It was indeed an exorbitant price. For everything we gain materially we also lose something. The most evident something is in the form of higher and higher federal taxes. We do surely pay for everything and do not get something for nothing from Washington. But I do not believe that this is our greatest loss. Our loss is nothing which we can hold in our hands and show others. It is not a material object.

Every time we permit governmental action in economic fields we limit our own actions in these fields. We, in fact, sign away the right to use our resources as we see fit by delegating to the government the responsibility we should have for ourselves and for the fruits of our labors. Herein is the greatest danger of increased Statism; the loss of freedom, rights, and man's essential manliness through the lack of taking an active responsibility for our life and actions.

Recognizing the several intangible losses which are affected by increased Statism, let me first consider what I call the paradox between freedom and security. Our heritage was one of freedom in a democracy. As I

have previously stated, each increased field of action which we allowed the federal government to pervade has, by its limits, limited our own personal freedom. How far can this process continue? "As far as the people want it to," comes the answer from the liberal thinkers of today. This does in fact sound very democratic. But is it really? As we previously recognized, our democracy entails certain rights which all citizens by their very nature possess. Every time Americans allow increased Constitutionally unallowed federal action they are actually taking one step from the pole of freedom and democracy towards an all-powerful autocratic state. They are entering deeper into the middle ground between democracy and totalitarianism. With each relinquished responsibility and right they creep from the democratic ideal towards Statism. This, my liberal friends say, is all right because the people want it. But is it? How many rights can we give up; how much responsibility can we give up and still have a democracy based on the rights of the individual? How much freedom can we give up and still say we have freedom? How far can we creep towards Statism and still have democracy? I believe that we are fast reaching the point where Americans will have so undermined democracy that in fact it will no longer be a change in the degree or kind of democracy, but it will be totalitarianism. There is a point where the authoritarian state begins and democracy ends; and this is where rights are legislated out of legal existence by a State. At this point democracy ceases to be a meaningful term, no matter what the surname of the state, and an authoritarian state begins. At this point the rule of one man or of the masses is not democracy, but dictatorship. Without meaningful rights of the individual, our democracy becomes weakened and threatened by extinction.

## "Battle of Democracy"

Karl Marx, in predicting Communism, the greatest outward totalitarian threat to America today, did not say that democracy would be overthrown by an armed revolt alone but by "winning the battle of democracy." This was to be accomplished by legal democratic elections, by the wresting by degrees of all capital from the bourgeoisie

*Continued on Page 32*

# THE

KRAL sat in the waiting room, waiting. He sat forward in the lounge chair, elbows on his knees, hands folded between his legs, staring at his locked fingers. Once his arms tensed as though straining to pull the fingers apart, but Kral's thin face showed no interest or anticipation at the effort, or disappointment when it failed. The fingers had been force-locked together, and only the correct word from the proctor would free his mind and allow the hands to separate.

Kral looked up as a section of the far wall vanished and his proctor stepped through. The proctor, naturally, was close to seven feet tall, but he was followed by a smaller, bald-headed man, Kral's defender. Kral could tell from the expression on his defender's face that the verdict had not been a good one.

"Well?" Kral asked.

The defender shook his head.

"Nonsense," the proctor said, sliding a massive arm around the defender's dwarfed shoulders. "He did well for you Kral. Not many Crime of Passion slayers get less than De-existence nowadays."

"Then I'm not to cease?" Kral exclaimed, straining at the bonds that held him to the lounge.

"You still exist," the defender said.

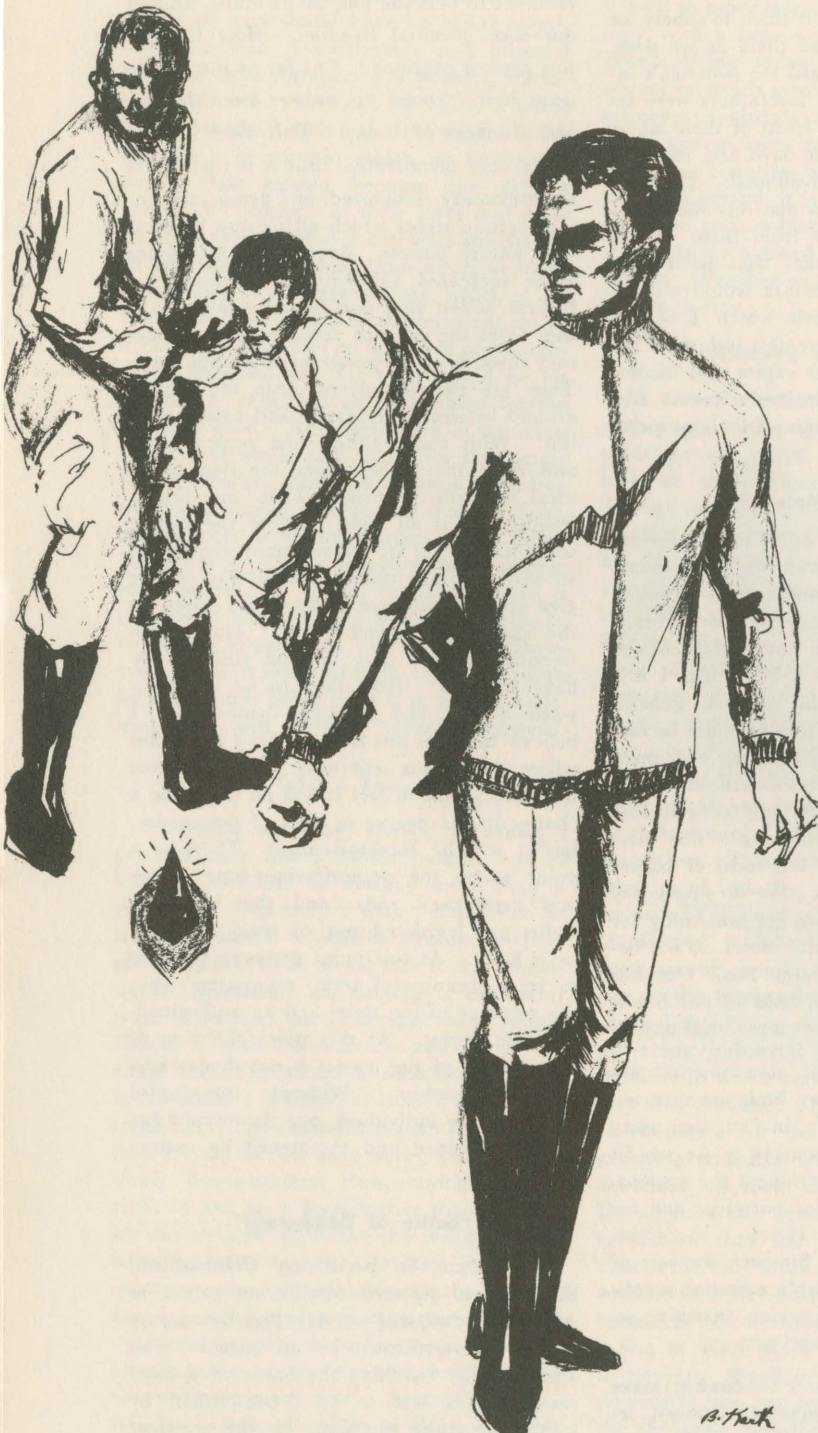
"How long is my sentence?"

"Infinity," the proctor beamed.

"What?"

The proctor blinked his eyes, indicating that he had commanded, and a second later two chairs appeared for himself and the defender. They seated themselves.

"I must say," the proctor said, "this is probably the most unusual case I will ever witness. The politics of it are really too advanced for my comprehension, but as near as I can understand it, you are fortunate enough to have committed your crime at a time when the Liberal movement is gaining strength. They, of course, favor a more emotional existence, so that your crime was not nearly as offensive to them as it would have been to a pure rationalist society. Thus, through a long period of heated argument, it was agreed that you were not to cease existing."



B. Hunt

# TASK

a short story by  
Pete Dickson

"But what is my sentence?"

"I'm getting to that. A rather unique decision, if I do say so myself. You see, Kral, you are to be given an opportunity to determine the length of your imprisonment. You are going to have a task, and when that task is completed, you will be free."

He stood up and his chair vanished.

"Here," he said, "we might as well get this started right away. Thank your defender, Kral. He really did a marvelous job for you."

Kral thanked his defender and then found himself standing on a flat plain of red sand. Overhead, the sky was almost black and pinpointed by unwinking stars.

"This is your prison," the proctor said, gesturing toward the arid horizon. He then took an object from his pocket and placed it on the sand at his feet. It was a pyramid of polished black stone. At the proctor's gesture it was suddenly surrounded by a violet hexagon.

"Your task," the proctor said as he straightened, "is to move this object from the hexagon. However, you cannot move it by any action originating directly from yourself, nor can you have one of our people move it. Otherwise you have unlimited power."

"Unlimited?"

"Right."

"And my time limit is - ."

"Forever." The proctor commanded a time reading. "I must return now, Kral. I'll be checking on you from time to time."

Kral found himself standing alone on the red desert. Unlimited power, eh? Unlimited! He began to plan.

When the proctor materialized, he found the face of the desert changed. Where there had been only flatness before, the plain was now criss-crossed by wide trenches about twelve feet deep with the gouged-out dirt piled on either side. The proctor could not see Kral, but he could hear the roar of machinery from somewhere ahead. He found the prisoner seated on a massive machine plow, just beginning a new ditch. When he saw the proctor, Kral killed the engine.

"You know you could just will those ditches to be here, don't you?" the proctor called.

Karl shrugged. "I've got to have something to do."

"I understand you built that plow yourself. How long did that take you?"

"Who knows? I stopped keeping track a long time ago."

The proctor frowned at the maze of ditches. "All this is going toward moving the pyramid?"

"Maybe. Maybe not."

The proctor moved closer to the plow. "Kral, I don't mean to pry or anything, but is this all you have to show for the time you've been here? We know you've been using tremendous amounts of unlimited power, but we can't find out where it's going. Most of what I've seen here has been done by hand." He gestured toward Kral's shack and the enormous pole that arose over it, nearly a half-mile into the air.

"Am I using too much power?"

"Of course not. It's unlimited."

"Then am I required to reveal my intentions?"

"No."

"All right. Then don't rush me. I'll get out of here eventually." He switched on the plow and began to grind away at his new trench.

The proctor shrugged and disappeared.

The silver needle dropped out of the sky on a licking finger of flame. It stood motionless for a long time after the clouds of sand had settled back onto the desert floor. Then a door opened in its side, and two men stepped out.

"Atmosphere is thin, but breathable," the older one announced. His name was Doctor Sorenson.

"There it is," Paul, his companion, said, indicating the tall, slender column they had seen from their approach.

"A physical impossibility," the doctor exclaimed, "that such an object should stand erect without visible support."

"Whoever built it must not have heard about the law."

Sorenson pointed to the base of the thing. "Does that look like some sort of habitation to you, Paul?"

Continued on Page 35

*There's an expectance in the crack of snow  
That bites the finger tips and spouts  
Glistening in the eye, that takes the nose  
In a pinch, then flicks along the spine.*

*Anticipation squeals from around the corner  
When the wind greets a tired forehead  
With a sudden shove and shouts Wake up!  
Breathe! Breathe! then whisks behind a startled tree.*

*Lethargy is snapped like a brittle limb,  
Swept along without a chance to think,  
Swifted over with a wily grin,  
Startled for a flash, then laughing at itself.*

*For who can dare to decide or split  
A thought in two when there's a sudden singing  
In the hair or the glistening trickster  
Tangles a forgotten foot and snickers?*

*When the ground jumps up and the hand must flail  
For surprise, the time is up before the tick,  
Before a Shall I? or a Well what!  
And a brand new dialectic goes sprawling on its face.*

*Then as sage dignity unstumbles  
Something bursts by with a chuckle:  
A flash of anger, stoic sigh, and finally,  
The grim temptation's victor with a sneeze.*

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LOVELY

*Jean  
Makis*

The very attractive 5'-6", 118 lb., 19 yr. old, Jean Makis, from Hammond, Indiana (who likes pizza, cokes, and chocolate in any form) graces our Winter issue of the LIGHTER as representative for her Sophomore class. She majors in Elementary Education with Music as her elective. Someday, she would like to be a 4th grade teacher preferably in the warmer areas of Colorado. . .





. . .As contestant No. 5 in the 1960 Miss VU contest, Jean was one of five finalists. Her voice was her contest talent which is now keeping her active with the Chapel Choir and the Alpha Belles, a quartet of her sorority, Alpha Phi Delta. . .She likes Valpo because,

"This is the ultimate of a Christian atmosphere, it is not too big or too small and one can meet more people that way." . . .If given a wish she would like to be a "Pop" singer like Dinah Shore or Peggy Lee and sing gay and up-tempo tunes. . .

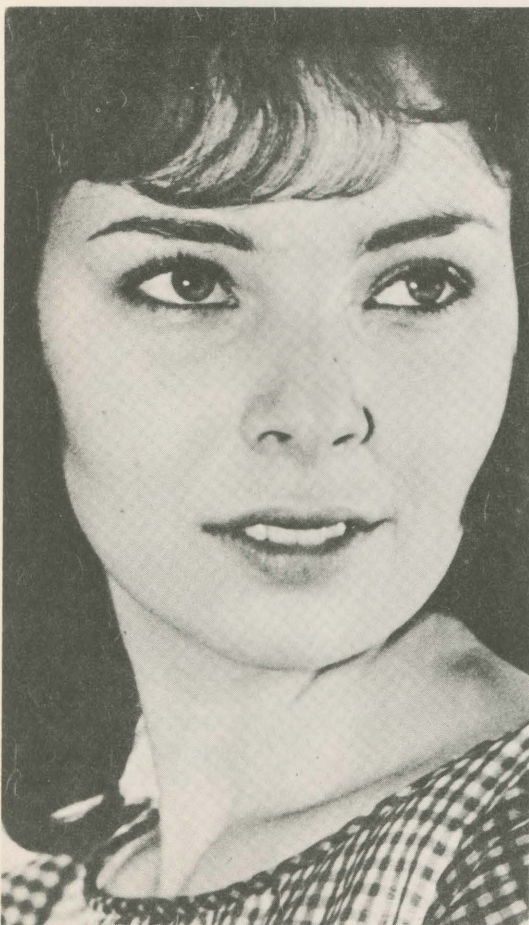




Among her LP's are the Kingston Trio and ballads by Johnny Mathis. She does not like jazz but appreciates more, long haired music . . . In high school, where her brother is a Freshman, she not only was the Letterman Queen but was also chosen the Ideal Senior with the Prettiest Smile. . . She doesn't cook too much because, "Mother is so good that it makes me feel inferior." . . . "I would love to model professionally, maybe training in New York for high fashion" . . . "I am not going out of my way to look for seriousness", referring to the future, "but if it came I might think twice".

. . . With her wholesome attitude, loveliness, and varied interests of singing, dancing, swimming, bowling, music appreciation, we on the LIGHTER staff feel also, that Jean does not need ever to be wanting for friendship.

(Continued on the following page)







THANKS TO:

JOHNSTON SPORTS STORE — Toboggan  
G & G DRESS SHOP — Fashions  
JOAN CARLSON — Attendant

PRODUCED AND  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
ED SCHMIDT

## FOR WANT OF A NAIL

*When Mr. Thackery Anders went back in  
time  
To hunt stegosaurus, he  
Stepped on a butterfly,  
The accident occurred, by chance,  
Before the advent of man.  
(Post hoc ergo propter hoc  
At this point is unwarrantable.)*

*It is notable, however,  
That upon his return to the twentieth  
century  
Hy noticyd a rymarkably changy  
To which yvreony ylsy syymyd  
Oblivious: a-myry  
Linguistic phynomyon  
Forgyd cynturiys pryvious,  
Having no diryct significancy  
For contymptorare living.*

*Mr. Anders now rysidys quytle  
In a symi-privaty nursing ystablishmynt.*

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## HOLY SUICIDE

*Cold in the earth, and yet  
No marker nor a mound,  
Lowered in nakedness  
None else can see:  
What is to live except to die?  
Once were a painful blessing,  
But daily to gasp out  
Seems more than bearable.  
Yet breath is only borne,  
By drowning every morning.*

*Heavily the clods fall  
In sweet disharmony, but a stopped  
Ear relieves with torment, though  
Now unfelt, whose penalty  
Unearthed when is its temple  
Is all that can be paid.  
Wages self-supplied:  
Now be both earner and supplier one.*

*Still suppress the pain,  
Agonizing satisfaction,  
Resurrection coffin,  
(Non mea voluntas, sed tua fiat.)  
Coffin which was in death  
Is only felt by breathing bone,  
(Non mea voluntas, non mea)*

# FOCUS ON MAN,

BY JIM VAN EVRA

In the wide world of the human mind, there exists a phenomenon which possibly constitutes a differentia of the species man: the innate inquisitor. This phenomenon of the mature mind has been referred to as the Searching Individual. Even in our limited community, there is evidence of a few such individuals. These people go far beyond utilitarian existence to seek answers to problems which are very real, problems which mysteriously escape notice by the majority.

Early in the study of psychology, one comes into contact with the concept which states that man is innately inquisitive. Since most people are born with properly functioning cognitive systems, at birth the infant begins to collect and coordinate experience from his environment. Later, it becomes possible to verbalize obvious dissatisfaction with the knowledge that one possesses, and the inquisitiveness becomes communicable. The myriad of mind-rending questions coming from the five-year-old intellectual gadfly gives much strength to this point. There seems at times to be in all people a hidden dissatisfaction with their various levels of knowledge, caused by their realization of inadequacy. Some believe that is only the realization of inadequacy that creates the desire for education. This idea would be valid if there were no other factors connected with the problem.

One factor is that there appear to be heavy sociological forces weighing on humanity. In a modern society, the powers of rationality are taxed to the limit in attempting to keep up with its complexity. Also, in a complex society the individual is well taken care of, and need not question where there are answers provided. This is not an attempt to condemn society, for throughout history much the same condition has prevailed. The modern individual, with twelve to sixteen years of education by rote and poorly functioning osmosis, can step into such a society and become a 'smashing success'. An arbitrary example is the psychology student who spends four years in jesting facts, then settles down to practice psychology cook book fashion. Of course, he comes into contact with abstract concepts, and probably acquires enough fi-

nesse to handle them well. But there is no constantly driving force pushing him farther and farther, making him go beyond the answers in the back of the book. Still, he may very well have the *ability* to search, he simply sees no necessity in it. The few who inquire for the sake of inquiry, regardless of utility, are the Searching Individuals, within whom my main concern here lies.

There are more differentiating factors setting the Searching Individual apart. These will be better seen through a close inspection of this peculiar individual himself.

First, the individual is acutely and constantly dissatisfied with himself. He is greatly affected by the fact that the more he knows, the more he realizes he does not know. This awareness of inadequacy and the resultant search has to my knowledge no explainable origin. Plato, in the *Phaedo*, refers to it as coming from 'heaven' — heaven being used in a metaphorical sense, to show the futility of searching for the cause. It is of little importance that we know from where this dissatisfaction comes. The main point is that it is there and is recognizable. Needless to say, the great majority of these people have no overt awareness of their hunger. Our only knowledge that it is there comes from the external manifestations that we can notice. In other words, all we can grasp are the products created as a result of this dissatisfaction. Ideally, the searching individual would become more dissatisfied the more he sought. The more he grasped, the more he would realize the tremendous expanse before him, until finally his search met the limits of his capability, beyond which he could not pass.

The ever-present dissatisfaction never finds a path to the surface in the vast majority of people. In these people it is buried, or in psychological terms, repressed. It is not difficult to see why this repression occurs. As soon as one feels truly dissatisfied with himself, he will immediately irradicate the dissatisfaction by removing its object, or by repressing the dissatisfaction itself. The person working with problems that are either beyond definitive answer, or at least far beyond immediate grasp, cannot remove the source of dissatisfaction easily. Also, he is open on all sides

to criticism, for the area in which he works is non-directional; there are no guideposts showing the way toward any true solution. Because of the nature of the search, much of it will be done on a purely creative level, which is a very difficult and painful road. The average person's fear of criticism and his awareness of the pain of creativity are valid criteria for his repression. Much thought today is critical in nature, but when criticism is turned on someone, to that person it becomes unbearable. Creativity is always painful to some degree, for once the individual looks beyond the dogma presented to him, he finds innumerable possibilities for direction in his quest. Finding one's way out is much the same as finding direction from the middle of a desert.

Secondly, the searching individual is creative in the broadest sense of the term. Perhaps it would be better stated as an active and reflective creativity. Some time ago there appeared in a noteworthy publication on this campus an article concerning the possible direction of our evolving society. The reflective creativity of the author is shown simply in his looking at something we all look at (and have been looking at) and finding a real problem that is hidden from our view. His active creativity manifests itself in his doing something about the problem he discovered. The talent needed for reflective creativity is intuitive in nature, while active creativity conforms to the communicative talents, which are much prevalent.

All that has been said seems to point to the fact that the searching individual must of necessity be rather bright. Notice, however, that the description given is mostly on the level of idealism. I am sure that one could not find a pure searching individual. If there were such a person, he would be in such a high level anxiety state that he would be plagued with ulcers and short fingernails. Since the searching individual is just as much a human being as anyone, he is incapable of constantly driving himself. Among individuals of this type there is a whole continuum, some seeming to exude this quality almost always, others relatively seldom. High level native ability is something of a help, for it allows the individual to search in higher realms. The

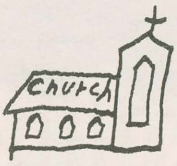
# INNATE INQUISITOR

individual of average intellectual capacity, while more limited, can function as a searcher just as well, although he must remain in his own realm of capacity. It becomes then a "to each his own" proposition. No matter what his level of ability, any individual is capable of being a searching individual.

The strangest facet to be yet uncovered is the fact that no value judgement can be attached to either the searching individual or the rest of humanity. Common sense might lead one to believe that a searcher would be "better" than others, for he could solve many problems others could not. In his *Notes from the Underground*, Dostoevsky shows that this is not particularly so. He analogizes the deep problems mentioned to a brick wall. The average man comes to the wall, sees no way around, and exclaims "darn, a brick wall." Instead of doing anything, he merely walks away. Note that this walking away is the same as the repression mentioned earlier. The searching individual sees the wall and charges it ferociously. Realizing that he has not broken through (though he may have dented it), he picks himself up, walks back a little and charges again and again. That the individual who walked away was wrong (or vice versa) would be a dangerous statement. Perhaps we were intended to be creatures who realize problems and just walk away, or possibly we should all be like those who try again and again. Who knows?

Here then is the searching individual, innately and creatively driven by the realization of inadequacy. We cannot identify the source of his drive, and his products will at best be a dent in the wall. He is neither "right" nor "wrong" — he just is.





# The Hile-Mess



FREE PAPER

JANUARY 25, 1961

for FREE HOOSIERS

## THE HOOSIER SAY

Valpo's own senior citizen, Mrs. Regina Krummacher celebrated her 103 birthday yesterday in her home surrounded by many friends and relatives. The still spry Mrs. Krummacher gave us her special secret for longevity. "Don't smoke or drink, think clean thoughts, read the Bible everyday, and vote Republican." She further said that she has lived in Indiana all her life, and never has been out of the state. "We got everything a person would want right here in this beloved state of ours," added Mrs. Krummacher.

**IT REALLY BOILS ME TO SEE POOR NEGROES DENIED THEIR RIGHTS IN PLACES LIKE NEW ORLEANS. IT IS A GOOD THING THAT WE IN THE NORTH AREN'T A BIT LIKE OUR SOUTHERN BROTHERS. THERE EQUALITY IS AN IDEAL, BUT HERE IT IS A REALITY.**

Well, young Jack Kennedy (he's only 43!) is our next president. I must confess that I'm still puzzled as to how he did it. Guess I shouldn't be though. He had the support of the labor bosses like Reuther, Hoffa, and Bridges. These men literally control millions of votes by buying the working man's ballot. It's a good thing that here in Indiana we have a Right-to-Work law. With this safeguard the Hoosier state could never become another Michigan or California.

Quick thinking on the part of real estate man Sam Krummacher saved Valpo a lot of trouble the other day. It seems a Chinese family wanted to buy a house here from Sam. However, he persuaded them that it would be infringing on a citizen's rights to choose their neighbors, and preserve the value of their property and it would only stir up trouble in this peace-loving community.

## Krummachers Are Enjoying Europe a Lot

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** One of Valpo's prominent families, the George F. Krummachers are enjoying a two week vacation in Europe. Mrs. Krummacher our own Maureen gives us the following report. Mr. Krummacher as we all know owns the Oldsmobile agency in town.

We are having just a wonderful time here on the continent! We spent our first two days in Denmark looking at some marvelous ruins, and then we took a train to Germany which is a very beautiful and interesting country. The natives there all drive those cute little cars that George hates so much. George also says that when they get civilized they will buy American cars too.

We spent a whole day in Paris, and all they say about this fabulous city is absolutely true! We saw the Eifel Tower, and I thought it was just beautiful, but George thought it was a little impractical. I got a touch of "tourist's tummy" and George thought it was the awful food and water. We saw that big church on that island in the river, the Seine. George didn't like it because the heating and ventilation were poor. He said the stained glass windows didn't let in enough light either, although I thought they were rather pretty myself. George added that the Chapel at home was just as good if not better than the European product.

The next day we took a plane to Italy where we are now. Yesterday we had a chance to see the Pope, but George thought it would be against our Protestant principles to see his Holiness, so we didn't go. We saw St. Peter's though and it is simply gorgeous! You can't imagine how really big it is! Well I guess that's all. We are certainly looking forward to returning and seeing Valpo once again!!

## AN EDITORIAL

**CONGRATULATIONS CONGRESSMAN KRUMMACHER!** These are heart felt sentiments of your constituency, the Second Congressional District of Indiana, because of the faithful service you have rendered us and the Nation for the last 32 years. Little did anyone realize in 1928 that you an unpolished small town lawyer would rise to the heights and become the great statesman and international figure known and respected throughout the world. No finer tribute could be expressed than the words of the President, "Charlie Krummacher is a great American, a fighting Hoosier." Congressman, through the years you have earned the title "fighting Hoosier" for your courageous and eloquent fight against socialistic government and so called Liberal "humanitarianism." We know that you are proud of the fact (and we are too), that as chairman for the House Welfare Committee you have consistently blocked irresponsible legislation such as federal aid to orphanages and the blind. But despite your valiant efforts — often singlehanded, to preserve the American Way, many congressmen are falling for the Liberal line. However, you have made it abundantly clear to all Americans that government aid means government control and the end of freedom, which we cherish so highly, especially here in Indiana.

Despite your attainments, Congressman, however, you have remained close to your fellow Hoosiers so that anyone can call you "Charlie" and receive a warm Hoosier handshake and smile. Also Congressman Krummacher, we here in Porter county would like to thank you again for that fine, up-to-date, modern Post Office that you got for us. It is certainly a fine addition for this county.

Well, Congressman, now that you are entering your 17th straight term in the House we wish you in the future as in the past, God's continual blessing and guidance as you resume your legislative tasks.

## GOP Ladies Hold Nice Meeting

The Republican ladies of Porter County held their gala December meeting in the basement of the Congregational Church. The meeting was called to order by chairwoman, Mrs. Verna Krummacher, and the minutes and treasurer's report were subsequently read. The high light of the meeting was a special election post-mortem given by Valparaiso's own political analyst and expert, Dr. Harvey Krummacher. He explained that though the presidential contest had been lost it was one of the closest in a 100 years. He added humorously, "I guess this means that someone we all know will be applying for US citizenship pretty soon."

### DEM. WOMEN MEET

The Democrat women of Valparaiso met last week and discussed the outcome of the election. It was reported that everyone was satisfied with the results.

## Granddaughters Banning Books

The monthly meeting of the Valparaiso chapter of the Granddaughters of the American Republic was held in the elegant and sumptuous home of the society's president, Mrs. Iola Krummacher, and much important business was discussed. First, Mrs. Krummacher announced the date of Valparaiso's first annual Flag Waving Day to be held on January 27. This observance sponsored in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce is a salute to the flag manufacturers of the country, one of which it is rumored is planning to build a factory here. Later, Mrs. Krummacher turned over the meeting to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Verna Krummacher, chairwoman of the Flying Book Brigade. Mrs. Krummacher announced that due to the efforts of her committee and herself over 200 books were removed from the shelves of Valpo's Public Library. According to her all the books were written either by Communists, socialists, or pseudo-liberals. "No clean living, patriotic American would be caught dead reading them," she said. Among the authors included were Howard Fast, Clifford Odets, Irwin Shaw, John Steinbeck, Carl Sandburg, and Bennet Cerf.

### VU LIBRARY RED

Mrs. Krummacher added that the Brigade's next target was the University's Library. "We understand there are many dangerous books unwittingly placed on the shelves for our impressionable college youth to read. We can't let them be duped by the Red lie if our beloved country is to survive."

Entertainment was supplied by little Emelia Krummacher four year old daughter of Mrs. Iola Krummacher. She recited flawlessly the Declaration of Independence, and sang "America," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and other selections to her attentive audience. Refreshments followed consisting of Yankee gingerbread and Pilgrim punch.

## City Council Defends Valpo from Labor Bosses!

### By Bolly Hartburn

The Valpo city council in its monthly meeting last night unanimously voted down a proposed plan to resurface the streets and to put in new sidewalks in and about the downtown area.

Horace P. Krummacher, chairman of the council, said, "I don't understand why some people want to throw away good money by getting sidewalks and streets when the old ones we've got have been faithfully serving us since 1909."

"Besides," Krummacher added, "we resent the pressure from the labor bosses like Hoffa and Reuther who are trying to force us into a fuzzy headed liberal spending spree. Now that they have their stooge in the White House they think that they can tell us how to run our town. They have sadly underestimated the Hoosier fighting spirit."

Councilwoman Vera H. Krummacher also noted that, "we like Valpo just the way it is." And as long as Valpo has councilmen like these then the citizens have nothing to fear either.

A report from the chairman of the Board of Education, Virgil Krummacher, was then brought before the council. He told the distinguished body that during the school term previous a teacher had been dismissed because he was warping the minds of our children. This teacher actually said he believed that the UN was the only hope for world peace and that Adlai Stevenson was a great man "Furthermore," Mr. Krummacher added, "he advocated the admission of Red China into the UN."

The school budget was also presented and called for drastic spending cut-backs. Expenses were lowered by removing unnecessary frills. "For instance," he said, "money was saved by eliminating the school newspaper, and the school library. There

## LITTLE ROLLIE WINS AWARD

The winner of the Junior Citizenship Achievement Award sponsored annually by the Legion of Patriotic American Veterans and the local schools was announced today, and it was none other than little Rollie Krummacher, age 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vergil Krummacher, chairman of the board of education. Little Rollie has won this fine award for three straight years now. He earned it by writing a 200 word essay entitled, "HOW I CAN COMBAT THE COMMUNIST CONSPIRACY AND DEFEND AMERICANISM AS A STUDENT." Rollie said in his prize winning essay that it is the duty of every American student to be on the lookout for dangerous thinking, and report it immediately to the FBI. "Many teachers," he also said, "are duped by the Communist line without realizing it, and relay Communist propaganda unwittingly to their students. Nevertheless they should be fired or suspended until they have taken courses in Americanism." Rollie's ambition is to go to VU and take journalism with hopes of eventually writing for the American Mercury.

are plenty of other libraries in or near town anyway." The last piece of business on the calendar was a resolution to increase councilmen's pay which was immediately passed.

## C. of C. Hosts Big Industrialist

Mr. K. K. Krummacher, president of the giant Inland Steel and Tube Company, spoke last night at the 47th Annual Junior Chamber of Commerce Promote Valpo Dinner. President Krummacher, a two fisted defender of Free Enterprise and Americanism, remarked that 42 years ago he was only a humble tube cooler, and that he had worked his way up to the top. "And I made it without any union either," he added to applause. During his talk he remarked that 25 years ago I. S. & T. ranked twentieth in the nation in tube production, but now it ranked third in the world. "And we did it without unions too," he added to great applause. Then he turned his remarks to Valparaiso. "I've been here many times, and I like this town. Your progressive without being wild-eyed radical and liberal about it. As a matter of fact you've upheld the high American principles of Free Enterprise and Individual Initiative without whining or apologizing about it," and he added emphatically, "you don't have any unions either." The concluding remark was met with thunderous applause.

## LEGION PICKETS RED MOVIE

Commander Verne Krummacher of Legion Post 745 announced today that he and his Committee on Safeguarding Americans from Communist and other Alien Propaganda in Motion Pictures will picket the Premier theatre tonight at the initial showing of "Frances Goes to the Pentagon" in Technicolor.

"We object most strenuously to the plot," said Commander Verne. The subversive plot concerns, innocently enough, Francis, the talking mule who by mistake is shipped to the Pentagon, and there through a series of coincidences becomes a two-star general in charge of massive retaliation policies.

"Obviously, the picture is trying to ridicule the American Armed Forces, the same forces that protect us from the Godless Red barbarian hordes behind the Iron Curtain, a member of which I was." The Commander continued, "there is also reason to believe that this commie sounding board was written by a couple of Red writers with the full knowledge and cooperation of the producers — probably Reds themselves, anyway they're Jewish. I'd like to make a final point: I can assure all Americans, especially here in Indiana, that there are no jackasses in the Pentagon, especially Red jackasses."

Picketing will start promptly at 7:00 p.m.

## Ole' Devil Guitar

A little over a year and a half ago a craze was sweeping the United States, headed by three young folk-type characters, the creators of the Ivy League. Dressed in pin-striped, buttoned-down collared, short-sleeved shirts and slim, tailored trousers, and with folk-type instruments hung about their necks, they became the singing idols of our nation. Their name escapes me right now. . . Hart, Schaffner, Marx? No. Snap, Crackle, and Pop? Well, it's not really important. Kingfish! That was it: the Kingfish Trio. Or was it Keystone? Well, it's not really important.

What is important, though, is the kind of music they sang. Folk music, to be exact — anything from medieval ballads to contemporary calypso. These were the songs of the people, modernized slightly, but with enough human enjoyment of the material to make the people of this day want to sing along with them.

Here is where the madness set in. People played the records and turned their hi-fi sets to just below the point of insanity. Then they sang along. Now, you can insult a person about his country, his choice of clothing, his mother, almost anything, and he won't complain. There are two things, however, which he will not stand for: 1) being accused of snoring; 2) being told that he does not have a good singing voice. Thus, every soul with a Trio (I think it's Kingfish) record believed that his voice blended perfectly with the harmonies of the three young men, especially since he could not really hear himself too well above the blasting record.

Nor did the desire to participate end there. I know. Like the myriad of others, I progressed through the voice stage. I also entered and passed through the bongo drum stage, but my mother soon convinced me that my jarring rhythms did not lend to the

calypso quality of my Trio (or was it Keystone?) recordings.

I then entered the third stage: guitar playing. First rule: no one buys a new guitar. This was taboo. There was always someone around who was willing to sell his guitar. If the thought entered my mind as to just why my benefactor was selling his instrument, I quickly dismissed it. The call was too strong to permit trivial doubts to stand in my way.

So whistling "Tom Dooley" softly under my breath, I went to see the guitar. It was a beauty. Inch thick pine, painted varying shades of brown to suggest natural wood highlights, one string missing, and covered with dust. In an emergency it could have served as a weapon of defense and still been playable afterwards.

My musical treasure cradled lovingly beneath my arm, I wended my way home, feeling truly the wandering troubadour. Safe in my room, I spent the weekend breaking high E strings as I tried to tune it. Then, with that task out of the way, I settled down to my *Five Minute Guitar Course*. I soon learned which five minutes they were talking about: the five minutes it took them to write the book.

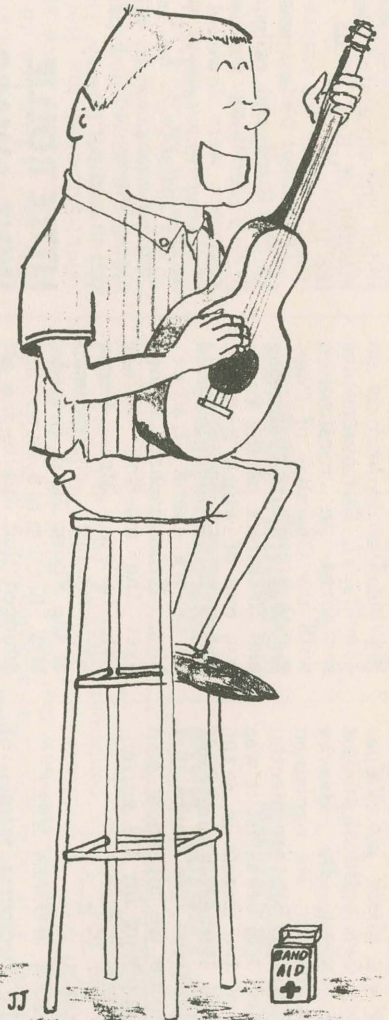
The first thing I learned about the guitar was respect. It has six wire strings, each with the cutting power of a finely-tempered steel razor blade. Then I learned chords.

"Place first finger on B string above first fret. Place second finger on D string above second fret. Place third finger on A string above third fret. This is the C chord."

Half the time is spent mastering chords; the other half is spent working the cramps out of your fingers.

At last the time came. I turned to the

*Continued on Page 32*



# NITE

# LITE



Brother James Brewer . . .  
Featured Artist at The Purple Door

"The *Purple Door* is dedicated to a high level of presentation of all the ethnic arts — graphic and otherwise — and to creating an awareness of the stature of a bonafide folk song and music in the cultures of all people."

Taken from the menu, this quotation pretty well explains what the *Purple Door* is trying to do. Located at 1333 East 53rd Street on the south side of Chicago, this club is unique in several respects. In the first place, it isn't a night club at all, but rather a photography studio run by Mr. Jo Banks. Monday through Saturday, Mr. Banks operates in his position as a well-known Chicago photographer; but as the hour of 8:00 P.M. on Saturday night draws near, he and his assistant, Karen Sajak, begin a process that transforms the studio into small club, and the darkroom into a kitchen. A violet gell is slipped onto a small spot light, and the *Purple Door* is open for business.

But the word 'business' is also misleading. The *Purple Door* does not exist as a commercial venture in any sense of the term. Rather, for Jo Banks, it is an avocation, something he does for fun.

Perhaps this is the time to inject another point of information concerning the proprietor. Banks is, besides an excellent photographer, a folk-singer of some reknown. About six months ago, he decided that by

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THE  
PURPLE  
DOOR



Don Stroub was featured in this sketch. He portrayed a human machine gone wacky.



Penny and George quietly wowing the audience with a fine rendition of "Pretty Little Horses."



Igor and Irina "perform" the Pas de Deux from "Swan Lake" — under most extenuating circumstances.

opening up his studio to various folk-singers for the purpose of entertaining people whose interest in this art was as great as his own, he would be providing the opportunity for relatively unknown folk artists to get a hearing before an audience that was interested in hearing authentically ethnic music. In the bargain, he'd be having a grand time himself.

On this principle the *Purple Door* began. Wanting to keep the place essentially a private club, Banks neither advertised nor attempted to solicit patrons in any other way. But somehow people heard about the place, and the club was filled every week-end. At first, the entertainment consisted only of folk music, but about two months ago, a Chicago television director asked Banks if he could present an original play of his at the *Purple Door*. Titled "I Understand You Haven't Been Feeling Well," the play was a scathing satire on life in general and proved to be quite popular with the *Purple Door* clientele. Feeling that the club provides an ideal atmosphere for experimental theatre of all kinds, Banks has decided to include theatrical presentations in the program at regular intervals. Since the club is a hobby with him, Jo Banks has no need to worry about commercial success and thus can experiment all he likes.

Visiting the *Purple Door* a couple of weeks ago, the *LIGHTER* staff saw a show that consisted of folk music — four artists performed — and a revue that was made up of short satiric sketches. The program opened with Brother James Brewer, probably the best known and most accomplished street



singer in the country. He is also a brilliant guitarist. Singing gospel songs, spirituals and American blues, Brother James gave us much enjoyment and impressed us greatly. People in the audience added some nice harmony when Jo joined Brother James in a fine rendition of 'Down By the Riverside.'

On the night we were there, the folk music was followed by a revue along the lines of the show at the *Second City*. Admittedly the sketches lacked the polished professional aspects of the *Second City* show; but it was, nevertheless, enjoyable and entertaining. Lois Barnett, Maury Loeb, and Don Stroup, the three actors of whom the cast consisted, succeeded in poking fun at everyday human situations and in ridiculing some of our more absurd sacred cows in a delightful manner. The audience seemed to be particularly amused at an hilarious satiric bit on the ballet — The Pas de Deux from *Swan Lake*. In this sketch, two Russian dancers, Igor and Irina float in to the beautiful strains of "Swan Lake" — then the record player breaks down and they try to continue without music, hoping the audience won't notice. To add to the dilemma, they have an on-stage argument, again they hope the audience won't notice. You take it from there.



Grandma Moses at home . . .  
"And the damn fools keep right on buyin' them!"



A session with the child psychiatrist . . .  
The poor kid won't eat anything but worms.

After the revue, Jo Banks, guitar in hand, took over the spotlight for awhile. He sang a couple of numbers, creating a mood that was entirely different but just as effective as Brewer's. When he finished, Jo announced that there were two folk-singers in the audience who were beginning their careers in the field. He introduced a young couple, Penny and George, to the audience, and they proceeded to quietly wow the group with their beautiful, haunting style. We particularly appreciated Penny's solo, "Pretty Little Horses" and their combined efforts on "A

Way Faring Stranger." This ended the first show, which was to be repeated in its entirety around 1:00 A.M.

We were pleased with the *Purple Door*. We liked the non-pretentious and relaxing atmosphere, the high quality music, and the informal, often funny revue. If you are interested in spending an evening at the *Purple Door*, we suggest you phone or write ahead for reservations. You'll be made to feel welcome and at home immediately and we know you'll enjoy yourselves.



This is the proprietor of the Purple Door, Jo Banks, sitting in on a number with Brother James.

# LIGHTER

# LIT-

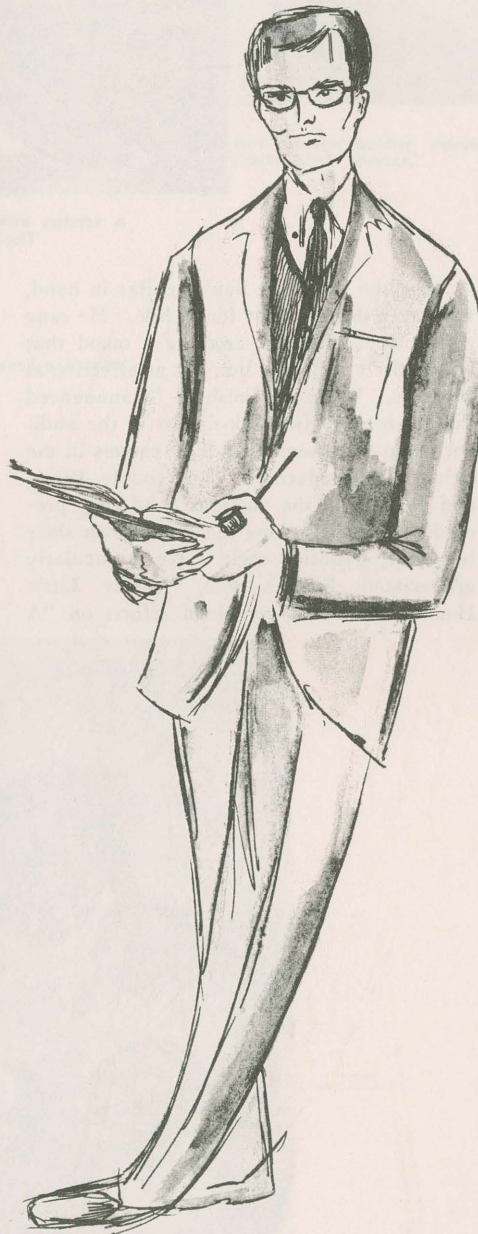
# A BOOK REVIEW

*Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*; James Agee and Walker Evans, Houghton Mifflin Company, 471 pages, \$6.50.

*Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* is a book that began as journalism and ended up as literature. In the summer of 1936, James Agee and Walker Evans were sent on a journalistic assignment to discover and report on the actual lives of typical sharecropper families in the South. They found and lived with three families for one month, and, from their findings, put together words and photographs that were eloquent and devastating. James Agee, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for literature for *A Death in the Family* in 1958, wrote the words, and Walker Evans, internationally famed photographer, took the pictures.

The photographs are not illustrative. As Agee puts it, "they and the text are co-equal, mutually independent, and fully collaborative." Preceding the text, the photographs are fifty-nine in number and can be divided into four sections. The first three sections depict each of the three families in various situations and the fourth depicts the small town in Alabama that lies nearby their small farms. The photographs are magnificent. They are at one and the same time stark, shocking, supremely simple, and beautiful. It is a tribute to Evans' art that his pictures, by themselves, convey the same mood, meaning, and impressions that Agee conveys in the text.

This is an angry book. Agee is angry with those who sent them on such an assignment, with himself for undertaking it, with a country that permits such conditions as he found to exist, and with the majority of those who will read the book, making small clucking sounds of pity as they feel so sorry for those poor sharecroppers without having the slightest conception of what such an existence means to the people who live it. And yet it is a book filled with love for those about whom he is writing. The dedication on the frontispiece reads: "*For those of whom the record is made. In gratefulness and in love.*" Agee is never condescending toward the families about whom he writes; neither does he apologize for them in any way. He relates his experiences among these people, the Rickers, Woods, and Gudgers, with honesty and compassion. If the reader, sitting in his



pleasant, sanitary surroundings, is made to feel uncomfortable and disgusted when he reads of the unbelievably wretched living conditions of the sharecroppers, it is a result of Agee's power of description, and not of any effort on his part to make a cheap plea for pity.

Agee approaches the nominal subject of this book, "North American cotton tenantry as examined in the daily living of three representative white tenant families," as an outraged, subjective critic, as a poet, and as an objective newspaper reporter. The outraged critic is very much in evidence in the following diatribe that Agee directs against those who sent him on the assignment and against himself and Evans for accepting it.

"It seems to me curious, not to say thoroughly obscene and thoroughly terrifying, that it could occur to an association of human beings drawn together through need and chance and for profit into a company, an organ of journalism, to pry intimately into the lives of an undefended and appallingly damaged group of human beings, an ignorant and helpless rural family, for the purpose of parading the nakedness, disadvantage and humiliation of these lives before another group of human beings, in the name of science, of 'honest journalism' (whatever that paradox may mean), of humanity, of social fearlessness, for money, and for a reputation for crusading and for unbiased which, when skillfully enough qualified, is exchangeable at any bank for money (and in politics, for votes, job patronage, abelincolnism, etc.); and that these people could be capable of meditating this prospect without the slightest doubt of their qualification to do an "honest" piece of work, and with a conscience better than clear, and in the virtual certitude of almost unanimous public approval. And it seems curious still further that, with all their suspicion of and contempt for every person and thing to do with the situation, save only for the tenants and for themselves, and their own intentions, and with all their realization of the seriousness and mystery of the subject, and of the human responsibility they undertook, they so little questioned or doubted their own qualifications for this

*Continued on Page 33*

A  
RECORD  
REVIEW

# -ONE FOOT SHELF

BY JERRY BORMAN

*Bach, Krebs, Homilius: Barch Festival. Chorales and chorale — Preludes for Organ and Brass Choir.* E. Power Biggs, organ, with Roger Voisin, Armando Ghitalla, Marcel La Fosse, trumpets; Jacob Raichman, Josef Orosz, trombones; Ernest Panenka, bassoon; Roman Szulc, timpani. Concerted chorales under the direction of Rocario Mazzeo. (Columbia, M.L. 4635, \$4.98)

This record begins with a joyful sound for Thanksgiving, and in outline follows the seasons of the Church year. It brings together the best loved of the chorales.

The evolution of the chorale began with Martin Luther in the first half of the sixteenth century. Luther, an accomplished musician as well as a reformer, saw no reason why, as he put it, "the devil should have all the good tunes for himself," and he drew upon folk song and plainsong sources for the inspiration of his strong and compelling melodies.

Bach, some two hundred years later, laid the foundation of his work on the chorale treasures of the past.

Charles Sanford Terry has written illuminatingly of Bach and the chorale as follows: "Bach's art is inextricably associated with it. His earliest and his last work as a composer was based on it. All the chorales in common use he harmonized with matchless skill. They are rarely absent from his cantatas and oratorios. They provide the core of his passions, the most intimate part of his motets. His organ technique was developed on them, and they are the theme of the bulk of his music for that instrument. In brief, he associated them with all he did in the service of God, embellishing them like precious jewels in a holy shrine."

Terry further states, "But Bach's affection for the chorale was not simply a personal inclination. It was in the blood of his people, a prop of their faith, as essential an adjunct of the same genius . . . if in form we must rank the Chorales among his minor works, in significance they stand among his greatest. For, to a degree nothing else he wrote surpasses, they are his 'credo'."



From this record can be heard the masterful work of E. Power Biggs, and also the brilliant trumpet work of Roger Voisin, and Armando Ghitalla. These tunes are done with the expression of musicianship that characterizes E. Power Biggs' work and are made splendid by the addition of the trumpets.

*Handel: Suite from the "Music for the Royal Fireworks"* (arranged by Sir Hamilton Harty); *Suite from the "Water Music"* (arranged by Eugene Ormandy); *Corelli: "Suite for Strings"* (from Opus 5) (arranged by Ellore Pinelli). The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. (Columbia, M.L. 5417, \$4.98).

The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a treaty ending the War of the Austrian Succession, ushered in a period of relative security, strong government and prosperity in the England of 1748-9.

The king and his government decided to prepare a celebration for the populace. Fireworks, still something of a novelty, were to cap the merry-making. Handel was sent for and told to write music for this Hanoverian spectacular. He did, and it was a most successful element of the celebration. In fact, the celebration was a flop except for Handel's, "Fireworks Music." The fireworks display had been poorly constructed and it burned, causing a stampede in which women were trod upon and two people were killed. The success which was Handel's was an enduring one however, for it is widely listened to even today.

The overture is rich, full and flowing. The trumpets add an intense brilliance and color to the work. The minuetto brings the noble work to a completion.

Handel's "Water Music" was composed in 1719. The complete work is comprised of twenty movements. Mr. Ormandy has selected six movements and has recorded and arranged them in the present delightful suite. The movements are marked as follows: I — allegro; — II — andante espressivo; III — air; IV — Bourree; V — Hornpipe; VI — allegro deciso. The work, as such, is very well done. Although a certain amount of appreciation for Handel's "Water Music" can be obtained from this

Continued on Page 36

**STUDENT STUDIES  
ABROAD**

# THE PEARL OF

BY DOT STOEPPELWERTH

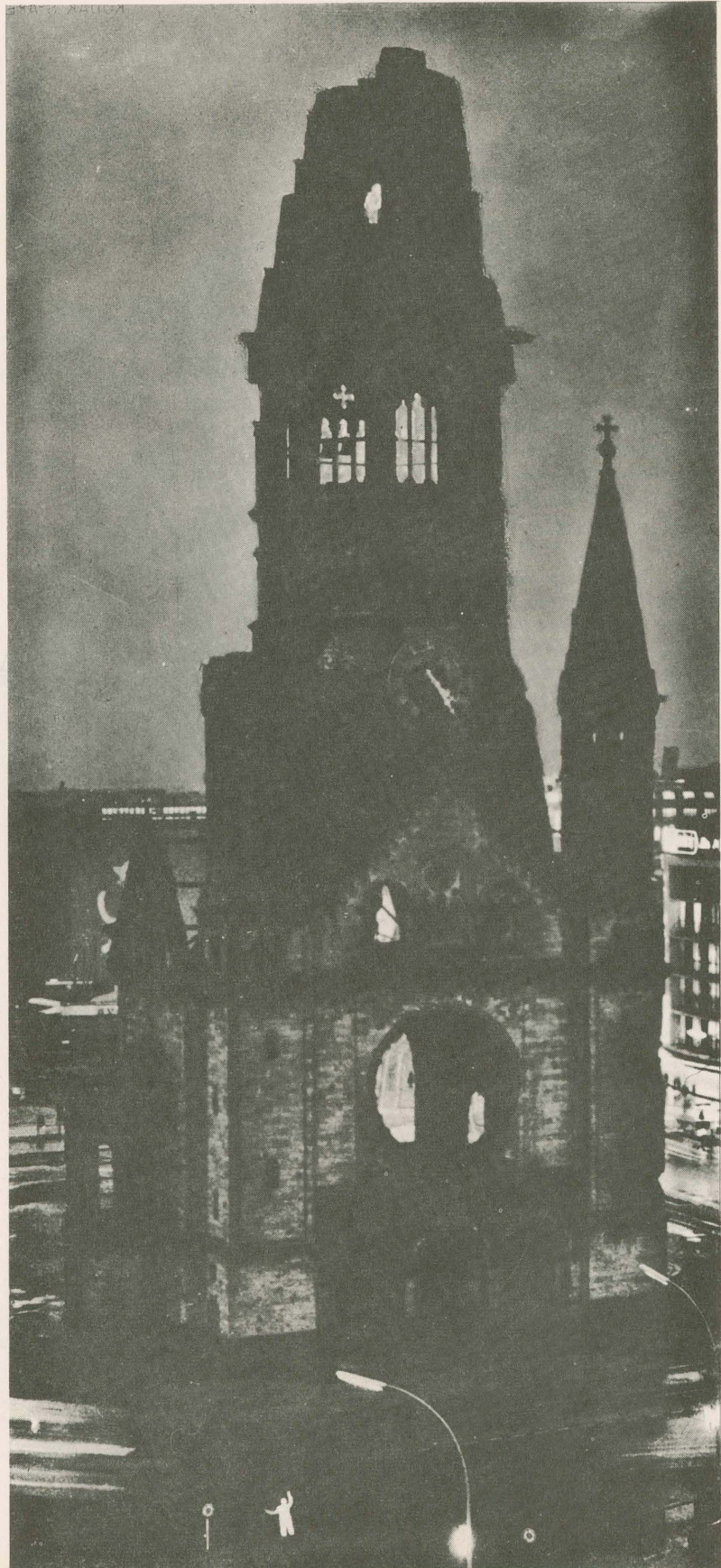
I spent one year in Europe, mainly in Germany, from August 10, 1959, the day I landed in Rotterdam, Holland, to August 10, 1960, the day I left Rotterdam for New York. It is impossible for me to write a brief summary of the entire year. I am much too verbose for that. I will, however, select a few events from my academic and social life and travels.

My academic life centered around the Olbert-Ludwig University in Freiburg, Germany. During August, September, and October I attended language classes in Freiburg to prepare for the school semester beginning in November. Even then, my understanding of German was not up to standards. (I had had only three semesters of German at Valpo)

The first day of classes was particularly a day of confusion. Wanting to hear a lecture on Thomas Mann, I misread the room number and became a member of a philosophy class. I kept waiting to hear the words "Thomas Mann." When the professor began talking about Kierkegaard's "subjectivity" and "existentialism," I knew I was misplaced. The lecture lasted two hours and there was no way possible to escape, since I was sitting in the front row. "Existentialism" was something I barely understood in English and found it, in German, impossible to comprehend.

As the months went by, my knowledge of German improved. I was able to take a variety of courses, some of which were: German Writings of Naturalism and Impressionism, the European Great Powers in the Time of the World Wars, Chosen Chapters of the Cultural History of the Early and Late Middle Ages, and German Politics 1914-1960.

Many lectures were held at night. A specific example of one was "Will There be a Reuniting of Germany?" The lecturer was a pacifist and severely criticized the Adenauer administration. He said that ten years ago a reunification of Germany would have been possible. Then the Communists were willing to compromise. But now there would never be a united Germany. He criticized the West for considering all their own acts as "white" and all the Communists' deeds as "black." He felt that many of the Western manufacturers would not want East Germany, because they would lose their economic strength by



# THE BLACK FOREST

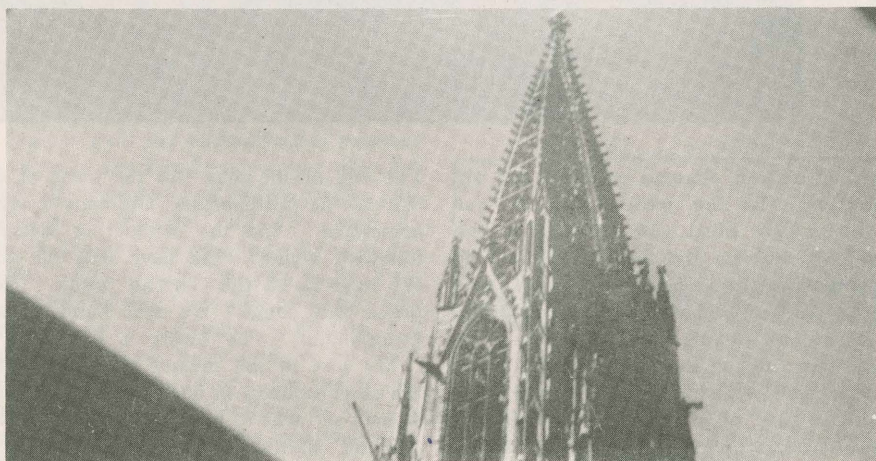
having to raise the level of East Germany. The audience was divided in its opinion of the speaker. Half the students were saying "ssh," the sign of definite disagreement, and half were pounding on the table in agreement. Several left the room. One student made a dramatic attempt to leave by the side door, but the door was locked. In that one nervous look he lost all self-confidence and had to walk in front of the audience and speaker. He stopped to shake his fist at the speaker, and the speaker smiled.

My social life was quite varied. I did everything from visiting a German family celebration of St. Nicholas Eve to joining a group of hikers in the Black Forest for a Sunday afternoon excursion. One of the special highlights of my year was Fasching. This annual holiday time is similar to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Young and old both break routine and join in the festivities. The students abandon their studies and celebrate every night, mostly with masquerade balls, during the last week before Lent. The celebration was originally only in Catholic communities, but now Protestant communities participate too. Basel, Switzerland, a Protestant center, has Fasching a week later to show her independence from Catholicism. During Fasching, the formality of German life is hidden and even strangers are addressed by the familiar form of you, "du." On the last night of Fasching I attended the festivities of the committee in charge of Fasching in Freiburg. I was the youngest of all present and the only American. After a couple of glasses of German champagne, my German improved noticeably. I was asked to sing a song from my native land, so I taught the "Hokey-Pokey" in German to a group of people all old enough to be my parents or grandparents. After singing the song, I was awarded the "Narrenzuft," a medal initiating me into the Fasching fraternity of fools in Freiburg and the chairman of the committee, age 70, kissed me. I felt like a homecoming queen.

I traveled as much (to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Italy, Switzerland, most of West Germany and behind the Iron Curtain in East Germany) and in as many different ways as possible (with church groups, my landlady, skiers, art lovers, hikers, and cyclers). Perhaps the most enlightening of my travels was my participation in a student political seminar in Berlin. The group originated from the university and was com-



Outside Freiburg on a 25-mile bike hike.



Tower of the Cathedral at Freiburg.



Students on their way to a political seminar in Berlin.



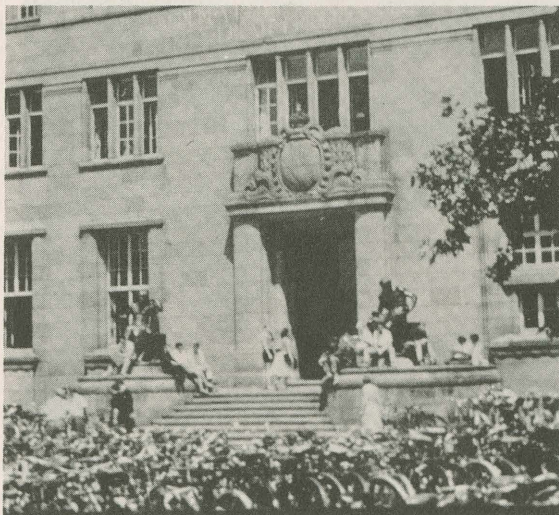
posed of sixteen German students and six foreigners. In the weekly seminar our mornings were filled with lectures on the East-West problem and the rest of the time we went in small groups to East Berlin. One evening we went to the theater in East Berlin to see *Mother Courage*, a story of the thirty years' war. But at the last minute an actor became sick and instead we saw *Winter Battle*, a play of the battle of Stalingrad between Germany and Russia in the second world war. The scenery was complete with authentic tanks and motorcycles. The play stated the truth about the Hitler regime, but the very scenes enacted (no freedom to speak, secret police, split in the family) are also present in the Communist system.

The end of the play was the scene of defeat as the battle-beaten Germans dragged homeward. And the conquering Russians followed, saying: "We have won the war. We have saved the German people. Now peace will come. We will build a new Deutschland. The future is bright."

My seat in the theater was apart from the other students in our group. A German woman sat next to me. When she saw that "Winter Battle" was playing instead of "Mother Courage," she was very disturbed. She talked continuously to me, thinking that I was a German. "I have seen war myself. You were just a baby then. My homeland is lost. I do not want to see more. What is the sense of this play?"

Finally, the man in front of her said, "Please keep your opinions to yourself. I do not want to hear them." She whispered to me, "He's a member of the Communist Party. He wears the traditional pin." Everyone in the theater was dead-silent even during the frequent pauses. She left during the intermission. She was evidently from West Berlin, since no East Berliner would dare to talk so openly.

These paragraphs conclude my article on Germany. The year was one of adventure and education. I will not forget people or places there, and especially not "The Pearl of the Black Forest," Freiburg.



Students taking a break at the University.



Dot and her bicycle in the midst of the Black Forest.

conflict over the revolutionary and peaceful road to power. The two systems, first of all, differ in their conceptions of the role of the state. Communist doctrine views the state as a means of suppression of the many by the few. Thus they claim that as society moves toward the millenium, the perfectly classless communist heaven-on-earth brought about by the proletariat, the state will wither away and die. Socialism, according to communist theory, is only an intermediary step in the progress toward the Utopian communal society from which all class antagonisms will have disappeared. Unfortunately, instead of achieving the socialistic stage, Russia, the great communist experiment, has deteriorated into a one-party dictatorship which does not seem to be giving any evidences of "withering away." Social Democrats, on the contrary, hold that the state should be retained, for it can be made to serve rather than to oppress the individual. They oppose totalitarianism and favor a multi-party parliamentary type of government. The communists are notorious for their suppression of religion, for communism is a secular religion, and, as such, will tolerate no rival doctrines. Socialists, on the other hand, uphold religion and are, indeed, deeply influenced by the ethical concepts of traditional Christianity. Contrary to popular belief, socialists do not, like the communists, advocate the nationalization of all industry. Rather, they wish to nationalize only the basic industries and public utilities, leaving many of the less vital businesses to compete, providing only that they be under some sort of public regulation which will keep them from exploiting either their workers or their consumers.

#### **Capitalism — Opportunity Not Equal**

Even as social democracy is free from the taint of communism, so the second major objection to socialism, the fear that it will rob men of their freedom and initiative, may be largely discounted, argue the exponents of the system. Quite the contrary, in fact, socialists claim that their form of organization would increase both freedom and opportunity for initiative by removing the paralyzing social and economic barriers binding the majority of people. According to G. D. H. Cole, president of the International Society for Socialist Studies, the final purpose of socialism is to raise not only the material standard, but also the equality, of human life — thus enabling mankind to live more nobly and in fuller fellowship. True fellowship between men cannot exist as long as class distinctions continue to hold them apart and prevent them from associating on equal terms. For this reason, the economic barriers separating men must be broken down so that no family lives at a standard so far above or below the average as to pro-

hibit its members from mixing with others on a fairly equal basis. Man would, therefore, achieve social freedom. Economically, he would be free from the inequalities of the distribution of wealth rampant under the capitalist system. He would be under no restrictions in his choice of occupation. Rather, his opportunities for showing initiative would be increased, for he would have a voice in the operation of the industry, business, or profession to which he belonged. Thus, the ideals of socialism are essentially democratic. The capitalist system, the socialists argue, has proved itself incapable of providing most people with the opportunity of living full and satisfactory lives, for capitalism is a means of exploitation of the many by the few.

#### **Socialism Must Break With Capitalism**

Though Americans condemn socialism as a system too impossibly idealistic to work, the fact remains that many countries have found it effective. It is true that none have as yet achieved a pure socialistic society, but Great Britain and Scandinavia, for example, have managed to progress a considerable distance along the socialist road. The British Labour Party has nationalized a substantial sector of the British economy — the coal mines, the transportation system, public utilities such as gas and electricity, and the Bank of England, to name only the most important. Social legislation, such as the Public Health Service, has also been put into effect. However, socialism in Western Europe has not, so far, lived up to its advanced billing. Though the system has not resulted in the bureaucratic confusion or the loss of the liberties of expression and choice its opponents predicted, neither has it drastically altered the way of life of most Europeans. In assessing its achievements so far, however, one must remember that socialism has struggled under two severe handicaps. First, the post-war conditions of Europe were such that any system of government would have had great difficulty in restoring prosperity. Secondly, the strain on the economy caused by the Cold War, with its emphasis on building defenses, severely handicaps the socialist governments. Whether any country will ever achieve a completely socialistic society, a society in which everyone will do his share of work without the incentive of differential wages and in which no classes will exist to separate men from one another, is a matter of some doubt. Whether such a society is possible for man, with his selfishness and desire for power and distinction, is questionable. Many members of the socialist fold do not feel that the party has gone far enough in the attempt to establish this pure socialistic society. These critics believe that socialism has reached an impasse. Either it must advance to more drastic reforms aimed at abolishing the class-structure, or it must content itself with achieving a Wel-

fare State in a society which continues to remain basically capitalistic. In order to make further progress, according to these critics, socialism must free itself from its present unnatural alliance with capitalism, an alliance brought about by the antagonism between the Social Democrats and Communism. The Socialists of all countries must unite in a concentrated effort to halt the Cold War by establishing an atmosphere of co-operation between the East and West. With the pressures caused by today's international tensions removed, the Socialists would be able to stand alone as the opponents of both communism and capitalism. Only then could accelerated peaceful progress be made toward the establishment of the socialistic system of economy and social organization.

Whether or not Socialism will be the answer to man's quest for a more materially secure and spiritually satisfying way of life remains yet to be seen. In the meantime, much as we may scoff at their "idealism," or disagree with their system, it is hard not to admire them for their supremely ethical world-view. At any rate, we cannot afford to remain ignorant of one of the most dynamic forces in our world today.

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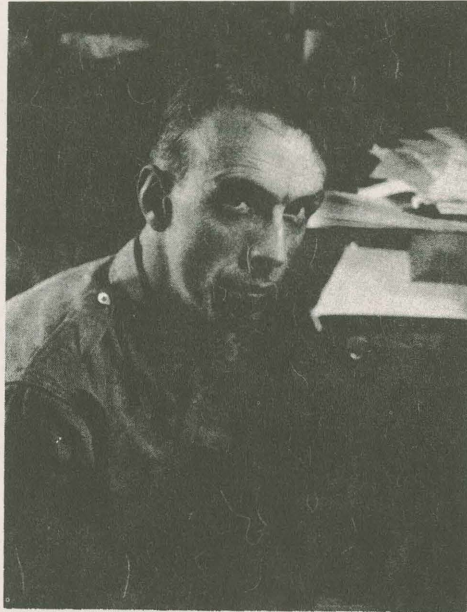
**The Red**

**Menace"**

**BY**

**LITTLE ROLLIE**

**KRUMMACHER**



Born in Maine in 1930, Mr. Wilson is a New Englander transplanted to the Midwest. He took his B. A. at Bowdoin College, graduating in 1957 with honors in English literature, and he has done work in English at the University of Iowa, and in Russian language at Syracuse and Indiana Universities. He is presently an instructor of Russian at Valparaiso University in Indiana, where he now lives with his wife Charlotte and their two sons, Stephen and Philip. This is his first book of verse.

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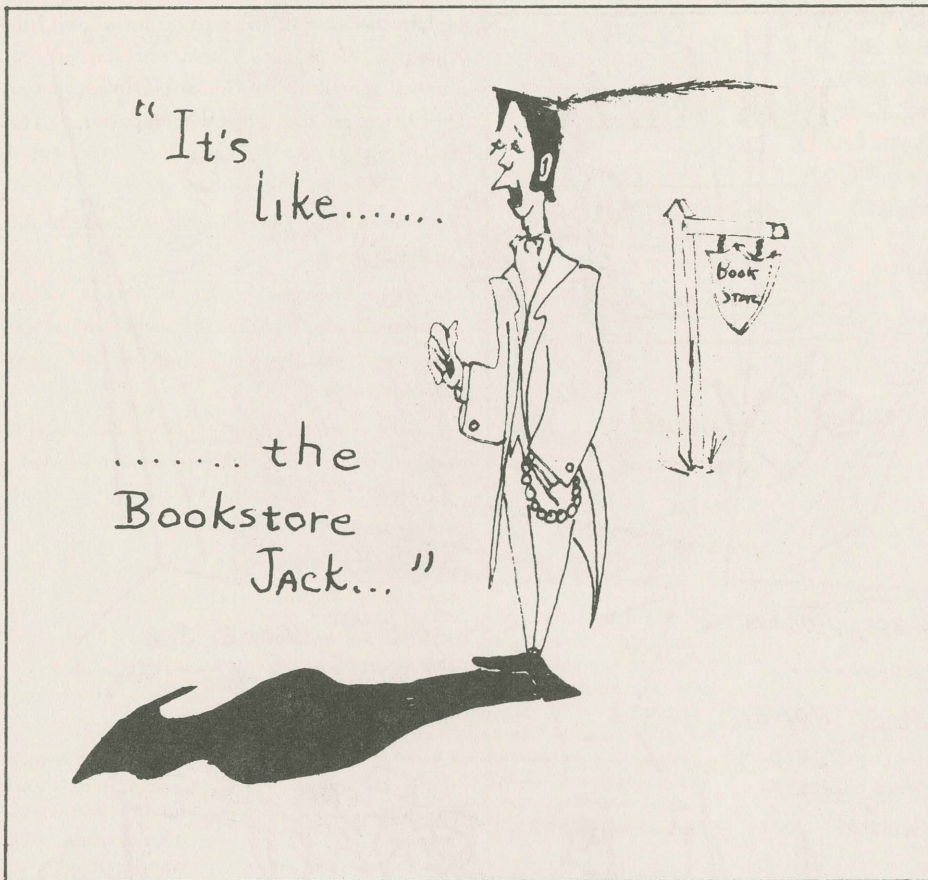
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Ed King



**CAPITALISM . . .** Continued from page 7 and centralizing all . . . in the hands of the State.

There is still a greater loss than even democracy to man in his present "gimme" relationship with the federal government. This is the loss of the essential nature and responsibility of man as man. There is a great "decline in the sense of responsibility within our industrial organization and in our general economic life. Intensive Socialization can achieve mass benefits (material benefits) but man and morality can be seriously hurt in the process."<sup>2</sup>

Freedom is not purely an acquiring process. To be free man has to be responsible as an individual for his acts. Man wills, reasons, and acts. His acts become his responsibilities. Any infringements upon the inalienable rights of another person become the responsibilities of the actor. This responsibility is the basis for criminal, moral, and religious sanction. It is the basic characteristic of man as man. But Statism (Socialism) lays first stress on the State and society as bearing responsibility. The Socialistic ideal in its great quest for organization emphasizes centralization, regimentation, and subordination to the State. Herein man becomes only man when he acts within society or the State. Here man is not responsible for his actions or lack of actions, society is. Society takes care of man and his needs because man is not responsi-

ble even to keep himself alive. But here is where the logic of socialism becomes distorted, fuzzy, and inconsistent. Socialists themselves realize that social responsibility is an unworkable tenet, for they insist upon individual responsibility in the field of crimes and their punishments. Today in Europe (especially West Germany and Great Britain) socialist thinkers are themselves finding that the myth of social responsibility in economics will not work and are once again returning to individual responsibility by the repeal of socialistic measures and the continual return to the tenets of capitalism as expressed in the responsibility of the individual. The attribute which makes man a true man, not a mere passioned animal, is his responsibility for all acts — moral, political, social, and economic. No system can take this complete responsibility and continue to operate except by force, physical or mental. When such force enters democracy, freedom and the manliness of man leave by the same step.

In concluding I would like to state once again that I believe you are better able to control your life than I am. I believe that I am better able to control my life than you are. I believe we each are better able to control our own lives than is the head of any government, whoever he may be.

Remember the compulsory payments and contributions we must make, the hours we can work, the interest rate we can earn,

the wages we must pay, are no longer our responsibility, nor do we have a right to decide these. Only the right of speech and worship of all our inalienable rights are still intact, and recently there was an attack on the right of free speech.

These conditions greatly disturb me, and I hope that you and I, realizing the great dangers to the things we hold of value and to our very nature as men, might work together in the true progress of reasserting today our rights and responsibilities as men and in reawakening the spirit of true democracy in our beloved land.

#### Footnotes

- 1 Lipscomb, Ed., essay on "The Personal Practice Freedom."
- 2 Quoted from the text of the statement of the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States issued November 19, 1960, at the close of their annual meeting in Washington, D.C.

#### OLE' DEVIL GUITAR . . .

. . . Continued from Page 20

back of the book where the songs were located. Here was a good folk-type tune: "Red River Valley." I started in:

"From this G (pause while I get the G chord. . . valley they say you are C (pause while I get the C chord). . . going. . . (pause while I realize that I have D7 instead of C). . . going. . . (another pause while I check front of book for correct C chord). . . going. . . (there). . . G. . . (panic! I can't remember the G chord) . . I will miss your bright eyes and sweet D7 smile. . . . (Aw, h---! Now I've got C). . ."

This continued until I finally mastered "Red River Valley." But I was becoming impatient. The Trio (Kingfish, for sure) didn't sing "Red River Valley." So I got another book with Trio (it could be Keystone, though) words and music in it. It was then that I made the discovery. The chords I had learned were good for only two songs: "Red River Valley," and a Zuni Rain God chant. And when I tried to learn the necessary chords to accompany my idols, I was forced to retreat to the medicine cabinet for ointment for my cut and bleeding hands. Steel gloves helped but made delicate fingering difficult.

My guitar is now a conversation piece. It sits on my windowsill, packed with earth, giving life to a bouquet of beautiful flowers. I have since come to the conclusion that those three young folk types are an optical illusion. Since no one in the world but a twelve-fingered steel robot could possibly play the guitar, I am quite sure that it is all done with mirrors before live audiences.

Now let me see. Was it Keystone? I'm reasonably sure that it was, only. . . Let's see. Keystone. Kingfish. Which sounds better. Kingfish; that must be it. Keystone. . .

work. All of this, I repeat, seems to me curious, obscene, terrifying, and unfathomably mysterious."

And we turn a few pages and meet Agee the poet. The form may be prose, but the method of expression gives evidence of the poet. Agee has been discussing one of the children of the Gudger family, and now attempts to express what the life of this child is.

"Here then he is, or here is she: here is this tender and helpless human life: subjected to its immediacy and to all the enlarged dread of its future: out of a line, weight, and burthen of sorrow and poison of fatigue whereof its blood is stained and beneath which it lifts up its little trembling body into standing, wearing upon its shoulders the weight of all the spreaded generations of its dead: surrounded already, with further pressures, impingements: the sorrow, weariness, and nescience of its parents in their closures above and round it: the ghastly influence of their lovelessness, their lack of knowledge hope or chance, how to love, what is joy, why they are locked together here: has repeated witness of the primal act, that battling and brutality upon a bed which from his pallet on the floor of the same room he lifts his head and hears and sees and fears and is torn open by: their hopeless innocence how to 'raise' him, an ignorance no less enormous than in the parents of the rest of the world, yet not less relevant nor less horrifying on that account: the food which is drawn out of his mother distilled of the garbage she must eat; and the garbage to which he graduates: the further structures of psychological violence, strangling, crippling, which take shape and stress between him and his brothers and his sisters and between all of these and their parents; ;for all these all are utterly innocent, totally helpless: the slow, silent, sweet, quiet yet so profoundly piercing enlargement of the physical sensual emotional world whereof, as we have said, not the least detail whose imposition and whose power to trench and habituate is not intense beyond calculation: all such that in the years of his very deepest defenselessness, who shall always be defenseless, and in the years of his extremest malleability, by the time he is five or six years old, he stands at the center of his enormous little globe a cripple of whose curability one must at least have most serious doubt."

Although this passage and others like it often make the lives of the tenant families unbearably real for the reader, they still

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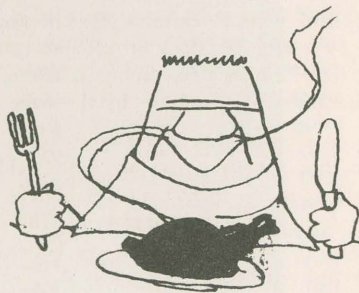
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retain, because of the writing form used, the qualities of fiction. Agee hits hardest, he makes the situation most believable when he becomes the objective reporter. The following is a camera's eye description of a closet in the Gudger home.

"On nails on the inside of the door of the shallow closet:

A short homesewn shift of coarse white cotton, square beneath the arms and across the chest and back: a knot in the right shoulderstrap.

A baby's dress, homemade. The top is gray denim; the collar is trimmed in pink; the skirt, in a thinner material, is small yellow-and-white checks.

A long homemade shift of coarse white cotton, same rectilinear design as above. A tincture of perspiration and of sex.

On the closet floor, to the left, a heap of overalls, dresses, shirts, bedding, etc., ready for laundering.

On a shelf above, three of four patchwork quilts of various degrees of elaborateness and inventiveness of pattern, and in various degrees of raggedness, age, discoloration, dirt absorption, and sense-of-vermin, stuffed with cotton and giving off a strong odor.

On nails along the wall, overalls, dresses, children's clothing; the overalls holding the shape of the knee and thigh; an odor of sweated cloth.

On the floor to the right, folded one on the other, two homemade pallets for children: flat rectangular sacks of thin white cloth thinly padded with cotton.

On the floor at center, two by two, toes to the wall, a pair of woman's black slippers, run-over at the low heels. A pair of workshoes, very old, molded to the shape of the feet. A pair of girl's slippers, whitened over scrubbed clay and streaked again with clay. A pair of little-boy's high black shoes, broken at the toes and worn at the heels, thick clay scrubbed off. A pair of little-girl's slightly narrower and softer tan high button shoes, similarly worn and curled, similarly scrubbed. A pair of little-boy's black high button shoes, similarly worn, curled and scrubbed. One infant's brown sandal. These shoes, particularly those of the children, are somewhat gnawn, and there are rat turds on the floor."

Direct quotation has been used at such length here in order to convey the magnificence of the writing in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. Although Agee says that he didn't intend it as such, the book achieves the stature of a great work of art. It's the best thing we've read by an American writer this year and we feel that its stature will continue to grow throughout the years.

no  
i havent tasted many  
things in life  
and never  
will

and  
when i die  
(if)  
i wont know the half of it  
or ten percent  
or whatever precious  
little  
man can know

but  
perhaps  
he knows i knew i dont know

thats enough

MIKE QUAM

happiness has been a condiment rather than a staple. The peace was not peaceful enough, the affluence not affluent enough. Even for those who were spared illness or hunger or other external calamity, there were the usual and abundant sources of personal unhappiness. Childhood and youth have their special kinds, as do the years of maturity and then of decline. Ambition is frustrated, sometimes abruptly and sometimes gradually but in neither case agreeably; and if realized seems suddenly hollow. And if civilized people have escaped from the shadow of the nagging old belief that the end of the world is nigh, what have they done but to substitute new and more sophisticated shadows? Whether the product of superstition or of science, such shadows serve the identical purpose of clouding the mind of man with that chronic anxiety which is his normal condition. Some few have found their own way to a state of serenity. But they are not many, and they are not likely to be more numerous in 1961 than in 1960, 1860, or 1760, or any other year you may care to name back to the birth of mankind.

#### OPINION ON THE BIAS . . .

. . . Continued from Page 2

These are only examples of ways in which students could act — but don't. We are all guilty of feeling strongly about something, of becoming emotionally involved in various issues, and not doing a blessed thing about it. This is the resolution we'd like to propose:

Resolved: that we *do* something about it —

---

The New Year is a month old already, but we feel that the following editorial from the **Baltimore Sun**, Jan. 1, 1961, is still most pertinent and we are pleased to reprint it in the LIGHTER.

#### QUOTED FROM BALTIMORE SUN . . .

Happy New Year, we all say. Some say it automatically, merely substituting it for How Do You Do. Others try to make it sound more sincere. Everybody likes to think that the future could be happier than the past, while knowing perfectly well that it won't be. History offers nothing whatever to support any such hope. Even in Golden Ages of peace and what is now called affluence rather than plenty, years like the past seven or eight in this country,

## SNOW

*As the snow runs down the long ribbons of roads and telephone wires, each flake smiles at the minute work of dirty men. Packed upon the sleek asphalt which lies helpless as the cruel tires of cars slide painfully without contact, the black snow laughs as it becomes red with the blood of empire builders and empire breakers. On the warm streets of steel cities, the snow melts with a vigor which seems to taunt men's cordovans and their weak stockings made in mills containing slaves who are chained to their paychecks and hung with debts of a growing and meaningless society. Spread on once green hills like butter on the bread of fat pigs who call themselves the heart of society, the blue snows of the country make the offsprings of money worshipers happy in their unknown little worlds. Unsuspected by the material hungry men of the twentieth century, snow has its purpose. Cities and villages where men make small talk shall be changed into seas of snow and ice. Snow shall be the hangman and all men shall hang with their evil wants and needs. Only death can satisfy the cruel desires of men.*

— PAUL BUSSE

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**THE TASK . . .** Continued from Page 9

"Yes - - hey, there's someone coming out of it."

They approached the man who stood before his hut. He looked fairly young, except for his eyes. They were old, as old as time itself. As they neared him, the man help up his left hand for them to stop. With his right hand he pointed toward a shiney black pyramid surrounded by a violet hexagon.

"What's he want?" Paul asked.

"He's gesturing for us to come closer now."

"No he isn't. Now he wants us to stop. What do you want?"

But the man made no answer. He pointed to the pyramid again.

Sorenson's face lighted with understanding. "He wants us to pick it up."

"Don't do it. It may be a trap."

"You're right. Perhaps we should go back and get guns."

They started to return to the ship, when they glanced back at the figure. He just stood there, his whole body sagging, the pleading gone from his features, the essence of defeat.

"I'm going to get it," Sorenson said. When he looked up, the pyramid in his hands, the man had disappeared.

"I can't believe it," Sorenson exclaimed. He had spent the last hour reading and re-reading the flickering message visible through the translucent surface of the pyramid.

When you read this, the reason for your existence, Kral, will be gone. You will have freed him from his imprisonment by moving this pyramid from the hexagon. It was to this purpose that you were born.

Billions of your years ago, Kral was set the task of moving the pyramid by completely external means. Since then, he has spent great quantities of unlimited power, first to create life on your world called Earth, and since then to guide the evolution and history of your civilization till you had advanced enough to build a craft capable of taking you to this planet, Mars, so that you could free him.

Kral made many mistakes in his

first uses of the power, false starts which he had to erase. You may be thankful that he thought you and your society capable and worthy of freeing him.

Kral thanks you.

"Do you realize what this means?" Sorenson breathed. "This man, this being from another planet, was God. He was the Creator. The Divine Plan was to have someone move this hunk of rock. Mankind has been the pawn of another man."

Paul saw that the doctor was becoming hysterical and tried to stop him, but the older man shook loose from him.

"What's left to believe in? What has man put his faith in all this time? Oh, God help us, what a useless fate for mankind! Do you realize that I've just answered the eternal question: Why? This is why, this thing in my hands!"

Suddenly he gripped Paul hard by his shoulders. "Listen to me, Paul, this must never be known. No one but us must ever realize that there is no God."

They returned to their ship, and to a world without purpose.

And Somewhere, Someone smiled.

**ONE FOOT SHELF . . .** Cont. from Page 25

suite; for better continuity and a fuller appreciation of the work, it is desirable to hear the "Water Music" in its entirety.

The French horns in the beginning of the suite are especially delightful and refreshing, and the tempo is quite invigorating. In the slower andante espressivo the orchestra is most expressive and flowing. The air is sweet, lyrical and soothing to the listener. The allegro deciso is probably one of the best remembered parts of the work and, as the last movement of the suite, brings to a close a most enjoyable twenty minutes of listening.

*Billy Taylor: A Touch of Taylor* (Prestige L.P. 7001, \$3.98).

Billy Taylor is perhaps the most underrated pianist in present-day jazz. Billy swings constantly and has technique superior to most of his colleagues. He has the creative ability to construct fresh original ideas that are reflected in his remarkable style.

The Billy Taylor Trio delights audiences wherever they are heard. All the musical facets of the Trio's playing are to be found in this album.

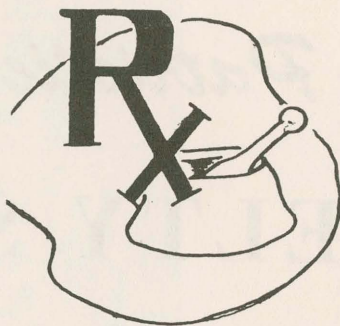
The Billy Taylor Trio debuted at the Down beat Club in New York; a two-week engagement that was such a success that the club's management extended and re-extended their appearance until they had rolled up fifty additional weeks.

Billy has also won some fame as a speaker, having lectured at Columbia University (his alma mater), Virginia State College, and Riverdale School in New York as well as at many high schools throughout the country. In addition to this he has written and published eight manuals on jazz and jazz piano playing.

The Trio is sparked by bassist Earl May and drummer Percy Brice. The team creates new dimensions of rhythmic, dynamic, and harmonic color.

True progressive jazz cannot be set down on paper; it has to come from the heart, and can only be felt and expressed by the individual performer. The deep inner feeling expressed by the Trio in the lovely ballads with their cool elegance, or in the swinging up-tempos brightened by their flashes of wit is very obvious in this album. The arrangements and choice of compositions of this recording are excellent and offer to the listener superb examples of jazz interpretation and imagination.

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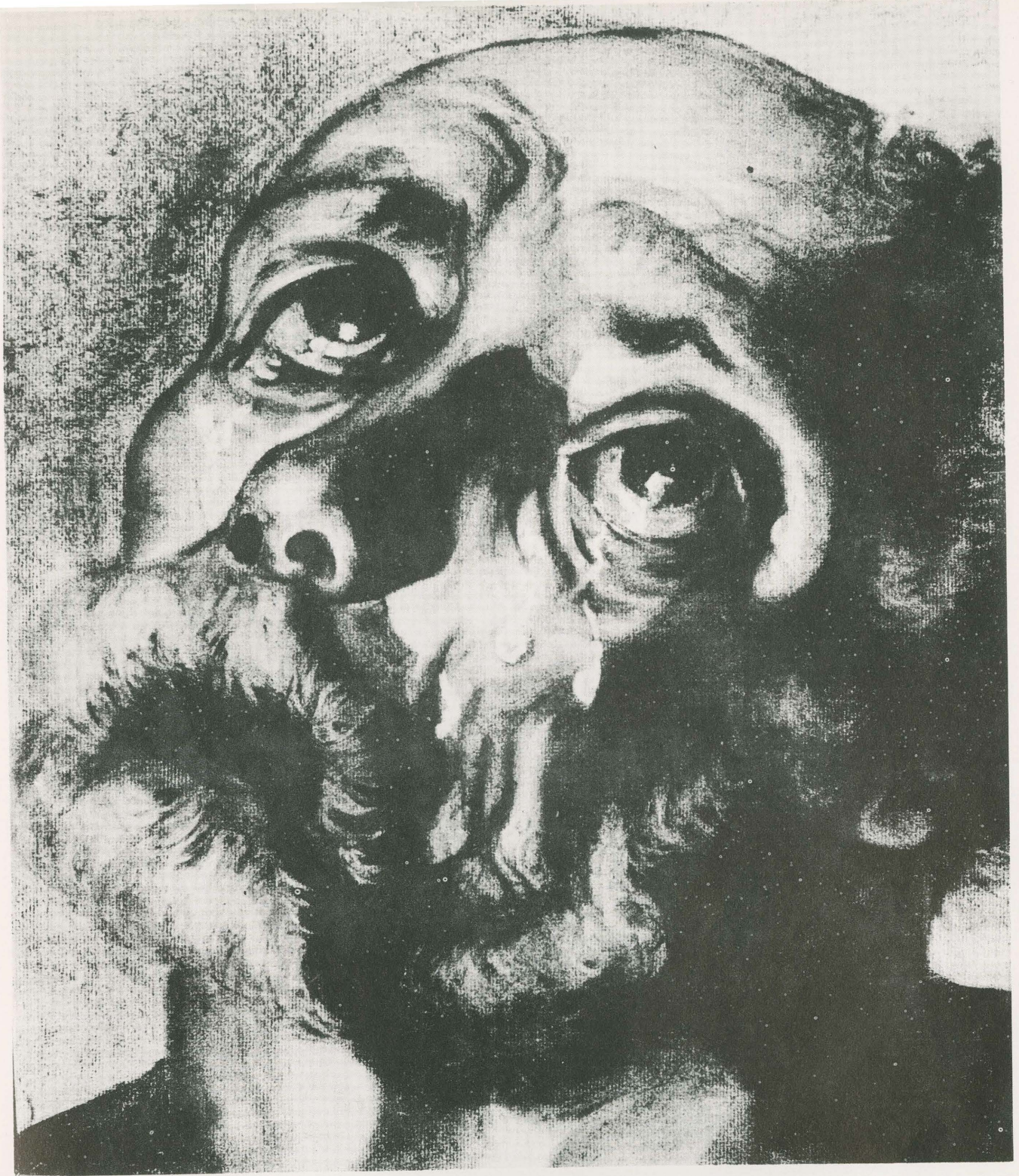
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