


Spring 1965

et cetera

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etc.



spring 1965

et cetera

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Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih. Shantih. Shantih.

T. S. Eliot

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THIS OLD GAL IS HAPPY

I cried because I pitied the old woman. She was ridiculous.

She had walked up to the bench where we sat. "First I wanta ask, have you two been saved? I mean are ya both Christians?"

"Well, yes," we said; I wanted to ask, "And what the devil are you?" She was intruding when we needed so much to be by ourselves, when we had a world to settle between us. (Tomorrow we would talk. This was tomorrow. The old woman didn't belong in it.)

The woman wore a pair of leather work gloves. Goodness knows why she still wore them—they were grimy and cracked and the fingers had holes in them. She carried a Bible. "This old gal has got the gift of prophecy," she said. "This old gal is happy to witness for the Lord."

She wore a dark blue hat (at first I had thought she was from the Salvation Army), an ancient coat fastened with safety pins, a skirt put on backwards, both hose and bobby socks, and tennis shoes. All of her was a contradiction of herself. I felt like laughing and yet I could have shivered.

She was saying, "All the Jews will gather over there across the ocean, to get ready for the Coming, and He's a-coming." I snorted. I thought of some Jewish boys I know gathering in Jerusalem, for the end of the world. . .

Her talk was endless, an endless, monotonous, babbling stream. She wasn't looking at us. She was looking through us, or past us, but not at us.

I thought of mean things to say. "God! Woman, go away! Go witness to those boys over there. Go witness to my housemother. We can't listen to you now." There was a ladybird beetle on the bark of the tree behind us. Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home—fly away! Go away! Oh, go away, go away. . .

I have to laugh a little when I remember . . . One night my dear boy (I used to call him that—it seems so long ago) was saying, "I have to leave now."

And I said, "No! No! You can't go now. Not yet. You can't!"

"Look," he said, "I'm not going to argue about it any longer. No use standing out here freezing to death."

I was desperate. I couldn't believe the things he had said. I had no answers. It was impossible. He held me close, but he kept saying, "I can't help it. I tried. I feel like an ass—"

"You never did love. You never will . . ."

"—but it's the only way—"

"You don't want to. You don't even want to."

"I don't love you—Oh, don't do that!" He took out his handkerchief and wiped my face. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry but I had to tell you. Maybe I never did love you. I just don't want . . ."

"You don't want to. Whatever is going to happen to you?"
". . . things to keep on going . . ."

"Oh, I believed . . . you wanted me to believe . . ."

"I like you but . . ."

"But it grows, doesn't it? Give it a chance—"

"No, feelings change and there's nothing . . ."

"We just don't live in the same . . ."

I was wearing white gloves. I studied them. The fingertips were dirty. I wondered why people can't understand each other. Innocence!

"Dear, I have to leave. We can talk tomorrow."

"You can't go now. Don't go yet!"

I took my gloves off and tried to make the seams match. I couldn't think of anything more to say. He said, "Good night."

I crumpled the gloves and stuck them in my pocket. I couldn't watch him leave. I turned and ran inside. Tomorrow, tomorrow. Tomorrow we would talk.

I will not forget that afternoon in October; the sky was clean and bright and autumn was vivid and sharp and made my throat ache. We were going to settle things. Composure was a weight on me. Disappointment and resignation are heavy. I fought down tears because I was afraid of his wry twisted smile. I wished, how I wished, he would try crying himself sick some time.

And then, this old woman came up . . .

The miserable woman: who had scrubbed her face until it had raw patches all over it: who was ugly with her yellow teeth and the big mole on her chin: who spoke of life and

happiness: who imagined herself exalted and beautified: who was misery believing itself happy: ugliness professing beauty: disparity: illusion and reality.

I was sickened, looking at her and listening to her, and I ran away.

"I had to stop! I can't look it in the face!"

"Stop it! Stop! Calm down, for heaven's sakes!" He was shaking me. "What's wrong with you?"

"I don't know. Everything. That poor woman. I don't know. Don't you have any feelings at all?" I started to beat my hand against a tree trunk. But I decided it wouldn't help things to bruise my hand.

Everything is changed. I am not safe and warm any more. But I am happy.

Last night. It was cold, clear, and nice. I could taste winter coming. I like that taste. There is something stern and purifying and enlivening in icy air. I don't like to be too warm, too drowsy.

We sat together, not saying much. I touched his chin. "Ouch! Your hands are cold," he said. "Don't you ever wear gloves?"

"Oh, gloves! I left them somewhere I guess . . . Let me tell you something . . . Please, please be careful before you think you are in love . . ."

"Oh, will I be careful!" That was something between a laugh and a groan.

"You're my friend . . . my good friend?" What an awkward word, *friend*, almost as unwieldy as *love*. Neither one can say everything.

We looked into each other's eyes. That is a hard thing to do for two people who have hurt each other and are trying to make up for it.

Then he kissed my cheek, and went away. I watched until he was out of sight. A weight had been lifted from me, but at first I felt more hollow than free.

I had a lonely little walk. I wondered how long I would feel so empty. I looked at the sky. I think I almost shook my fist at Orion, then . . .

Lord! How stinging and fierce my joy!

Arline Roush

The glass is broken
All the trembling tentative
joy scattered
Among pieces cutting the sleep
Of forget and welcome nothing
Gone the blue curved image of
the dear and other part of self
Once read into the glass
Of substance
But transparent
Disturbing.

Arline Roush

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE NICE ICE MAN

ice man lingers at playground
fence to watch running
october children

flows with glacier movements
down thames street past green
wharf where fishwoman sits
crying love & crabmeat

hitches a ride with philly
truck driver hauling north
carolina turkeys to cook county
for chicago thanksgiving

wades through nevada night
carrying mysterious possessions
in red indian blanket looking
for a barn or even a tree

creeps into washington lumber
camp where men sit at fire
discussing companion's recent
fall & broken reality

stands in market street
alley watching little
girls in pink skirts make
long shadows on their way
to sunday school

Jerry Bowles

That tree was small and cut and black from the winter
When you and I sat on the front steps
And needed each other.
But now the limbs are long,
Like gangling giraffes' necks,
Bowing and waving,
Long and ugly,
They, bigger than their source,
Flutter their fans
And taunt me.

You walked over to the thing one night and said,
"What is it?"
"Mimosa," I said.
And I explained how it would look at the end of summer,
And I knew you didn't understand.

Tomorrow, Dad will do the trimming and cutting for winter,
And the long misshapen things
Will be thrown on the
October ground
To rot and disappear;
And the black skeleton will
Stand in the yard
Through the long winter,
Till it can once more send out its feelers
To touch the world around it.

Sharon Kay Rife

I have dreams
And memories
But no now
No substance
Only air
Only breathing it
Only yesterday
And tomorrow.
I had nouns once,
But it's strange
How they die
Before we can hold them and say,
"Here is one."
As with us I think.
I had you,
But I never knew it;
I only remember it.

Sharon Kay Rife

LAURA AND LONELINESS

For the past twenty miles the girl has been carefully surveying the hangnail on her left index finger. Finally with the air of a condemned prisoner who has just resolved that the guillotine probably isn't really as bad as it all seems, she forces herself to concentrate on the voice of another occupant of the car.

"Damn it mother, must you read every road sign we pass?"

"Don't curse dear. I really shouldn't be speaking to you after that little episode back there in the restaurant. Really dear, people will think you're crazy."

"C'est bien dommage, ma mere cheri. They were staring at me. People are always staring at me. As far as being crazy is concerned, I was practically committed you know."

"Stop being melodramatic, you were nothing of the sort. And those people were not staring at you, were they Edward?"

Edward is the girl's father who is driving and is the only other person in the car.

"Were they Edward?"

"Those people were not staring at you dear," Edward says.

"Well, I did overhear you and daddy talking to Dr. Van about having me committed."

"You overheard it because Dr. Van wanted you to. He thought it would scare you out of these silly games."

"He's a fruit, mother and nobody's playing any games."

The girl is disguised as a Wellesley senior. Her long, auburn tinted hair is just a bit too carelessly brushed across one eye. Her clothes are distinctly collegiate with the exception of a pair of outsized, dressy, and expensive looking green earrings which do little to enhance her blue skirt and sweater. A copy of *The Dubliners* rest on the seat beside her. Joyce is one of her many passions. Some others are: ketchup, e.e. cummings, Camus, Jung, Modigliani and Holly Golightly. While in high school she belonged, with considerable esprit de corps, to a secret society which met every Friday afternoon following chemistry lab for the purpose of sticking pins in a voodoo doll which bore a frightening resemblance to the principal. It is reported the group's activities met with some limited success. She once owned a cat named Dinah and for three days after seeing a movie about Anne Frank she kept a diary. Her name is Laura.

"Stop biting your fingernails, Laura Ellen. Don't you have any cigarettes? I really shouldn't give you any, you're so skinny."

"Damn it mother, I've been sick. Can't you get that through your skull. Give me a fag."

"The what?"

"Fag, mother. Honestly don't you know anything. Cigarette."

"Well, I really shouldn't. You're so skinny. But I don't have the heart to say no."

"You're all heart mother."

"I knew you shouldn't have gone away to school. I told Edward something like this would happen. You could have stayed in Columbus, but no you had to get away. I guess you know better now."

Laura's mother is in her early forties. She belongs to four bridge clubs and was voted Woman Bowler of the Year by her league last January.

"Stop biting your fingernails dear."

Laura takes a half-eaten candy bar from her purse and starts chewing on it.

"Dr. Van says what you really need is to meet some nice boy and start getting out more."

"He also said I was oversexed."

"No."

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know about that but I do think you should meet more people and make some more friends."

"Honestly mother, nobody but jocks go to State."

"Jocks?"

"Football players."

"Well, we're almost there," Edward says.

"I never heard them called that. That isn't very nice, it is?"

"They're all a bunch of animals."

"Well, I'm sure there are plenty of very nice boys at State and I'm sure you're going to meet them."

"Oh mother, nobody's going to look at me. I'm crazy and besides that I'm flat."

"You're what?"

"Flat, mother. Flat, flat, flat, damn it."

"Don't curse dear. You'll put on some weight after you get married. I was flatter than you before I married your father. Ask daddy. Wasn't I Edward?"

"Well . . ."

"Are you going to give me that cigarette or not mother?"

"I really shouldn't, Dr. Van . . ."

"He's a fruit."

Laura takes the cigarette and rummages through her

purse until she finds her lighter.

"If I had the money I spent on this wild goose hunt we could have bought a new car this year."

"You know perfectly well that most of it was scholarship money."

"The hospital bills, darling, the hospital bills. And paying that man . . ."

"He's a fruit."

". . . twenty-five dollars an hour for nothing. Well, maybe it's worth it to have the family back together again. Caroline will be glad to see you."

"No, she won't."

"Of course she will."

"She hates me."

"Is that any way to talk about your sister?"

"Well, she does. How would you like it if every time you walked into class on the first day the teacher would say to you: Oh, you're Laura's sister. She was a brilliant student. I hope you can do as well. How would you like that?"

"I'm sure she doesn't hold that against you. Your father and I have certainly never made any comparison. We treat you both the same."

"Oh, yes."

"A little rest will bring everything back to normal. Your father and I are driving up to Dayton tomorrow. You'll feel a lot better after a good night's sleep."

"Forget it mother."

"Here we are folks," Edward says as he pulls into the driveway.

The house is early American middle class. It is large and wooden and has a two car garage and is not split level.

Laura is first into the house.

"Where's my baby? Where's Dinah?"

"Stop acting Laura. You know perfectly well that cat has been dead for two years. Now stop it."

Her mother reaches for her.

"Don't touch me. Leave me alone mother. I wish I were dead."

She runs to her bedroom and slams the door. Outside she can hear her parents argue for a moment then move off toward the kitchen.

The room is familiar, although neater than she is used to seeing it. Hilda must have come this week. She always comes on Thursdays. Laura looks at the calendar. Friday. That explains it. She goes to the waste basket, finds a cigarette stub, lights it and goes to the bed. When did it become

real, she wonders. When did it get out of hand?

Of course, the cat is dead. She knew that all along. It was an ugly cat anyway. Silly thing followed mother everywhere.

She removes a bottle from her purse and goes into the bathroom. Just enough for a good headache, she thinks as she swallows four of the tablets and dumps the rest into the bowl. It'll look good, though. She stands for a moment watching them disappear then walks back into the room.

She takes a folded note from her purse, lays it on the nightstand beside her bed and puts the empty bottle on top of it.

She is suddenly very tired. She goes to the bed and lies down but feels cold and has to get up for a moment to close the window. The evening sweeps into the room on roller skates. Black-faced men lurk in shadows and fog threatens Alakazam. A few miles later, the girl is asleep. Laura is asleep.

Jerry Bowles

THE SWING SHIFT

The leaf,
Humped on its points
Hissed in the street and prickled on before me.
It was an omen, surely,
The symbol and the essence and the wind.
The elusive and the negress in the dark.
She wore a white head-scarf.
I saw it fade between two houses and disappear.
It had its meaning in that she was old,
And I felt old inside, blank and mysterious,
And numb from too long working at a press.
What was irrelevant is this: the stars,
A paradox of distance, meaning nothing.
The street is red.
The street is yellow.
The street is green.
The end of dreams
Is walking when the night is far enough.

Victor M. Depta



I hardly dare accept and taste
Your red sweet wine in words.
It is an irony:
The thing on which I fixed my
 wanting
Once found awakes in me a little
 fear
Touches one chord that makes me
 cry—
 Say it was not
 Too many emptied vinegar smelling
 glasses
 Too many little stolen kisses
 Too much mood and blue and
 celebration
 Too many candles whitely, poignantly
 burning!

It is exquisite
Even because somewhere there is
A small god painful knot of doubt
Which you, I will dare hope,
Can soon unravel
(You, not the poor dear tisch there
 at the last)
And in the new confusion of torn
 tissue paper feelings
Find my rare and sometimes shy
Sometimes impertinent gift of love.

Arline Roush

Spring wind—
He is like a lover
Scattering dew and white violets
 at my feet,
Playing with my hair with gentle
 fingers,
Drying my tears with soft
 whisperings,
Caressing my face with cool hands,
Taking me by the wrist and begging
 me
To fly away with him.

Arline Roush

SLAVES OF FREEDOM

A large part of our present intellectual climate—indeed, our way of life—has been molded by certain assumptions which are of relatively recent popularity, and which have largely become accepted due to the widespread interest displayed since World War I in the psychology of Sigmund Freud and the philosophy of John Dewey. I should here like to examine some of these assumptions, in particular as they are reflected in the words and works of A. S. Neill, founder of Summerhill School in England, one of the most radically “progressive” schools in the world.

The first of these assumptions is that the purpose of life is to be happy. Now it is easy to see why psychologists and psychiatrists should think this. It is, after all, their business and their profession to make people happy and well-adjusted; only a person with a great interest in human happiness would become a dedicated psychiatrist. The idea itself, however, is as old as Epicurus; any criticism of it has nothing to do with the validity of Freudian psychology, which merely attempts to show how to attain this or any other psychological state.

Summerhill is completely given over to the principle of happiness, interpreted in terms of the Freudian “pleasure principle.” For example, it is purely a matter of choice whether a child is to go to class or not. Many do not bother to learn to read for years. They, as well as the instructors, are allowed to wear anything they please—or, for that matter, nothing, if the weather permits. The instructors are called by their first names, and at the meetings of the school government (composed of everyone) each person, from the six-year-olds to the instructors and Neill himself, has one vote. If, says Neill, a child is not allowed his “natural rights” and is made to do things he does not want to do, he will become “repressed,” “neurotic,” “unfree” and “unnatural.” The last two of these terms (I call them terms because in Neill’s writings they acquire a quite specialized meaning) will be discussed in greater detail later.

It is only to be expected, too, that Neill should be anti-intellectual—since abstract thought, the kind that intellectuals prize above all others as instrumental in the “search for truth,” is usually uncomfortable, and is apt to cause loss of sleep and other “unhealthy” conditions; furthermore, and even more importantly, it isn’t very “useful.” Therefore, Neill says, it should not be bothered with. Academic subjects are not to be studied to inspire the child’s mind with a knowledge of his cultural birthright, and train him in good thought habits and a passionate love of learning per se; they are mere

collections of facts, to be learned simply for their concrete "utility" in later life. Mathematics, foreign languages, and history are thus "useless" to most children; they don't like them, and therefore they should not be exposed to them, in accordance with the principle that if any child is made to do something he does not want to do, he will become "warped" and, of course, "unhappy." As for abstract thought and reasoning, it should be subordinated to the emotions. Neill never uses the word "reason" in any abstract sense, but always in the meaning of "common sense" or some similar idea.

Closely related to the idea that the purpose of life is to be happy—indeed, almost inseparable from it—is the idea that the highest good is to be "normal" and "natural"—that only in being natural and well-adjusted does one find freedom. Once again, it is easy to see why psychologists should hold this view, particularly Freudian psychologists, who are primarily concerned with the study of the normal, well-adjusted personality, what makes it that way, and how aberrations from the "norm" may be eliminated. A man whose life is dedicated to studying the normal, natural, happy mind is very likely to believe that such a mind is the best mind.

At Summerhill, all effort is expended to determine the child's natural desires, and then to let him grow up in their gratification—for, of course, any attempt to change his "naturally good" behavior would result in a traumatic experience, and cause him to grow up warped and—need it be said—unhappy. This idea is also behind the school's principle of "freedom," referred to earlier. It is the limits of this freedom, even more than the amazing extent of it, which illuminates most clearly the notion of "naturalness" and "freedom" held by Neill.

At Summerhill, the initiative of a child to do something is conceived of as having to come from him, or it will, it is asserted, be worthless and even harmful. No child is made to do something he would not do naturally, even—and this is important to note—even if he could easily be made to like doing it.

The children there, even the youngest, are allowed to use any kind of language, however unprintable, and do so volubly. As mentioned, when it is warm they may go about completely naked. What Mr. Huxley calls "hunt-the-zipper" is in evidence among the smaller kiddies. As for sex in adolescents, Neill says that the only reason he does not allow boys and girls to room in the same quarters, provide contraceptives, and let nature take its course is that, after all, to continue running the school he must stay out of jail.

However, a child may not play on the roofs of the build-

ings, nor play with air rifles and similarly dangerous toys, nor swim in the nearby North Sea without the presence of an instructor trained in lifesaving. If he is sick he must take his medicine, however unpleasant; and the smaller children must go to bed at a fixed time.

Out of these examples emerges a pattern. Summerhill children are forbidden to do anything which is likely to cause them physical or psychological harm, and they are made to do things which are for their physical or psychological good, though these may be unpleasant. However, such "interference" with the child's natural desires is strictly avoided in all other situations. The examples of Summerhillian "freedom" which I have mentioned above entail no physical or—assertedly—psychological danger. Yet they shock most of us because we consider a third factor: not only the physical and psychological, but the spiritual; not only physical and psychological facts, but purely ethical and moral values.

To Neill, however, all this is nonsense. To him, religion is escapism, "running away from life." It is "inimical to human nature" and therefore automatically bad. Neill himself seems to believe in a God, but this God is a sort of distant abstract being, from whom nothing is to be expected and for whom nothing is to be attempted. "I," he states, "have no religion." The person who is not afraid to face the "real world" will not need religion; he will direct his energies to solving the problems of his earthly life rather than wasting his time striving toward a "mythical Heaven." Children are not "naturally" religious. Prayer is "a sham." Summerhill children stop going to church after a few weeks. Neill gives no indication that this may be due to discouragement of the practice by the unconscious infusion of his own attitudes into the children; he merely says that he never verbally mentions religion to a child—unless he asks, of course—and assumes that therefore there is no influence one way or the other on the child and that his discontinuation of the practice is due to a "natural," "healthy" dislike of religion. He states that natural, happy, "free" children "never ask for religion or mysticism of any kind . . . do not seek any God from whom they can ask pardon, because they do not feel guilty."

It follows, then, that objective moral values do not exist. Neill is convinced that children are "naturally good." The only measure of man's actions is man; the best child is the "well-adjusted" one, the "natural" and "free" one. The child who is taught "arbitrary" moral ideas—that is, values based on spiritual beliefs, or simply on basic ethical principles—grow up "neurotic," "Thwarted," and, above all, "un-

philosophy at Cambridge University, writes, "we could get little pleasure without desiring or at least valuing and liking for its own sake something other than pleasure." If we did not desire some things X for their own sakes, we would not feel pleasure when we got X.

Let us, however, for the sake of argument, make the three by now very rash assumptions that (1) happiness is the highest good, (2) it is not only the highest good but the one from which all others are derived, and therefore ultimately the only good, and (3) Neill's concept of the "normal personality" is accurate. We see now that what Neill pictures as the goal of life is obey one's "pleasure principle" within the framework of a normal personality. To such a person, the only good is to obey his instincts, since they are by definition sure to be right. If two instincts are in conflict—and to be "well-adjusted" is, in the final analysis, to have as few such conflicts as possible—he should, of course, follow the stronger one, because there is no other way, within this system, to measure the "goodness" of a "normal" impulse than by its strength. However, it is patently impossible for a person *not* to follow his strongest impulse, whether this impulse originates from instinct or from intellectual or moral considerations. Neill is thus put in the position of exhorting us to do that which we cannot help doing. Obviously there is no ethical system here. We must fall back upon the assumption that happiness and normalcy are the highest goods because they have been proven scientifically to be so—and this has been shown to be contrary to reason. An examination of this and related points reveals that Neill's ethical system is no system at all; it is in fact nonexistent. Neill supposes that his new *ethos* is based on "scientific" or "psychological" truths; in reality, as has been shown, no values can be derived from these truths, if truths they be. All the values which he calls upon in attacking conventional values are in fact derived from those values. If he really stated outside all conventional values, he could never reason his way into any values whatsoever.

Neill, indeed, accepts many of the traditional values, under the illusion that they can in some way be derived from his system; others he is forced to discard because they are more obviously incompatible with it. For example, he praises courage and integrity while denouncing duty and chastity. He has high words for truthfulness and beneficence, while decrying the ideas that a child should respect and obey his parents and that his parents should in turn inculcate ethical values into the child—in fact he rather hotly refers to such "interference with" and "manipulation of" the child as

"wascism *in toto*." He has come to the same conclusion as C. S. Lewis reached when the latter wrote, "A dogmatic belief in objective value is necessary to the very idea of a rule which is not tyranny or an obedience which is not slavery"—but whereas Lewis recognized this as a *reductio ad absurdum*, Neill takes it seriously. Inasmuch as Summerhill children possess at all the qualities Neill praises, it is not because these qualities arise spontaneously in them, but because Neill's qualities as a man are much better than his principles, and his psychological knowledge and understanding of children enable him to infuse these qualities into them without their knowledge—or even his own.

Indeed, Neill's definition of value as happiness does not even give us any ground for believing the ancient saying that "It is better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied." Neill writes that, when visitors come to Summerhill, he jokingly refers to the small children as "the pigs," and that they "grunt appropriately." More appropriately, perhaps than they or Neill think!

Any attempt to single out one or two of the values of traditional ethics, those values the basis of which have been accepted in all civilized societies, as the ones from which all others must be derived (selecting these values either in a naively deliberate fashion or in the more subtly fallacious manner of Neill, who labors under the misconception that his *summa bona* are the only ones which can be derived from "scientific" principles—a misconception because no values can be so derived; if they are at all valid, and cannot be derived from other values, they are their own *raison d'être*, or else, if this is illogical, must be related not to a lower but to a higher system)—any attempt to do this, accepting those of the traditional values which can in some way be derived from one's hand-picked "eternal verities" and discarding all those which cannot by any process of trimming and pounding be made to fit, leads to difficulties similar to those noted in Neill's system. If we are to embrace courage and integrity, we cannot in any rigorously logical manner exclude duty and chastity, for they are no less "realistic" than any other values. If the pursuit of happiness *per se* is good, then there is no logical reason why we must abandon the pursuit of knowledge *per se*; any such abandonment, any significant restatement of values at all, must either be more arbitrary than the pronouncement of any "bourgeois moralist" or must be based on a philosophical outlook quite different from Neill's. It has been truly said that there has never been, and never will be, any radically new value judgment in the history of the world. There have been many advances, some regressions; but a

basic rethinking has never been accepted as valid, since so-called "basic" restatements are all set on a supposedly "objective" basis, starting out with no values at all, and this is impossible.

It is clear, then, that although early happiness is good in itself, it is not necessarily the highest good; and even if it were, this would not mean that everything should be sacrificed to it on every occasion, for there are other ideals, other goods, which are independent and should on occasion be pursued without regard to "happiness" in any sense of the word, especially the lower ones. This falls under the general heading of what we call "duty". A person may become able to derive happiness from pursuing these ideals; so much the better—in fact it may be said that the goal of life is to pursue the ideals one ought to and derive pleasure from so doing. These ideals, by the very fact of their being absolute, are not necessarily "natural", that is, springing spontaneously from the human mind and consistent with natural human impulses; because of this we generally think of them as proceeding from a divine source. To know and understand these ideals is called "wisdom"; to follow them is called "morality"; and to derive pleasure from doing so is called "the good life"—indeed, it is happiness in the true sense of the word, the kind of happiness of which Jefferson was thinking when he affirmed our inalienable right to its pursuit, the kind of happiness which is a worthy goal of a man's life.

Kurt Hahn, founder of the Outward Bound philosophy of education, tells an anecdote which illuminates this and our next point. One day during the years shortly before World War I, while he was a student at Oxford's Magdalen College, he was watching some deer browsing contentedly in an English park. Noticing how spiritless they were, he saw an analogy with many young people—quite contented and, in a way, happy, yet enervated, deprived of human values and intellectual life and firmly under the control of their animal instincts. Drawing on the Republic of Plato for inspiration, he formulated a system of education which, though leaning perhaps toward the other end of the spectrum in its application, is solidly based on the objective values which have been the guide of Man's conduct since time immemorial.

We begin to see now what Dr. T. E. Jessop, professor of philosophy and psychology at the University of Mull, England, meant when he wrote: "Man is free, and is the only created thing that is free. He is free so far as he can resist natural pressures and live by non-natural laws." The truly free person, the one with a *Liberated mind*, is the one who,

not shackled to his impulses and instincts, is free to use his intellect and his very real *moral consciousness* to see beyond mere "human nature" and live by his demonstrably existent higher nature, in accordance with the words of Aristotle: "We must not listen to those who advise us 'being men to think human thoughts, and being mortal to think mortal thoughts,' but must put on immortality as much as is possible and strain every nerve to live according to that best part of us, which though small in bulk, yet much more in its power and honor surpasses all else."

The child who goes to Summerhill, however, loses the capacity to do this. Tame as Hahn's deer, untouched by the discomfort of true thought, chewing on the soporific Lotos (or is it the Moly, the drug of Circe?), he gradually forgets his intellectual birthright, his moral consciousness, and even his Eternal Father. Sacrificing all to happiness, he loses sight of everything that can possibly produce or spiritualize happiness. Under the guise of civilization, he becomes the vanguard of a new barbarism of happy, illiterate pagans, to whom "pleasure is the only virtue, thought the only sin"—"absurd men," in the words of Albert Camus, "who, without negating it, do nothing for the eternal." In the name of humanity, he is blinded to that distinction between *wollen* and *sollen*, between desire and duty, which is the basic quality separating free humanity from unfree bestiality. In the name of Freedom, he is allowed to fall under the comfortable, yet iron-hard, sway of brute Nature—the lowest and most insidious tyranny on the face of the earth.

Rodger Cunningham

HOW TO UPDATE A SUNSET

A day, one, another, and time
The folding of an invoice,
The ones too thick for the machine.
And late, the lights dimmed
And the black man with the deft hand
Glistening in the corridor.
To lean against the corner
Of the building, stunned by the man
And dazed by colors of the evening,
The sun so smothered
That the sky is filled with ending,
Dust and orange and sulphurous tangerines.

Victor M. Depta

FUNNY FARM BLUES

i dont know nothin about art but
i know what i like—
the fat cracked lips surrounded
by salt and pepper stubble belched
at me one dead-gray that wanted
to be a philosophic leaf fall time
but somehow got hung-up on medio-
crity and didnt quite make it.

i have nothing against the afro-american-
he said as he patted one well-manicured
sequin-finger nailed hand tenderly
on the black tom's thigh and then i
ran out into the street and began
urinating on innocent cab drivers
tires.

da movie was ok but it wassn colla—
after they extracted my foot from his
mouth they took me to an unreal place
and asked me to see petunias copulating
in ink blobs; they then reported to
the Waiting World that i had completely
recovered and their nine year old daugh-
ters were once again safe on the streets.

they found him standing naked on the
hill arms stretched toward the wind
crying love me love me.

it took only one bullet carefully placed
in his beautiful head to kill him.

JAH



EINE KLEINE
NACHTMUSIK

but
only sadly
we watch
our songs
consumed &
reshaped
by the
night-drinking
flames

afraid
as children
we pretend
we do not
hear the
concerti
fuse into
our little
symphony

&
instead sit
& laugh &
stab holes
in the paper
night with
dancing
cigarettes

Jerry Bowles

Felicitas Est Parvus Canis Calidus.

Charles M. Schulz

