

prises the art of creative forgetting as well as the act of creative recollection. We must avoid the sick subjectivity of reminiscence as well as the hypersensitivity of Now-ness, and it is here that we need all of the skills of pedagogic compromise.

If the social scientists' Theory of Progress is to be accepted as the notion of history being the development of civilization from the flint-axe to the electric can-opener, then we must accept creative responsibility as the spirit of daring which moves man. "Might until Right is ready" is the barbaric yawp of the newly-emancipated liberal who is doomed to his false conception of self and purpose. There may be no "right answers" in English studies, but there are right ways to explore the vital issues presented in literature. As a teacher of literature, I *must* conclude that in poetry thought is not pure; it works in alliance with the feeling and the will, and thought, feeling, and will must seek the appropriate medium which order sanctions. The degree of assurance with which serious poetry can be written depends upon the prevailing state of certainty or skepticism about ultimate issues, not solely upon the skeptical. Value is something we develop, and its development is the index of both individual and collective integrity. The values espoused by the Liberal Spirit suggest that freedom of will is the only ultimate truth. This spirit is destructive; it is the tendency to anarchy which surrounds us. And if we live by opinion, we must never forget that it is by experience that our opinions are tested.

THE MIND AND MATTER OF HER GOING

Matthew Corrigan

Upon the hour of her death the wind
 Bullied the earth, as though some male
 Animal would avenge the cold blunt fact
 Of the thing. The fallen thing.
 Trees that gave no protection against the April
 Cold swayed and bent in mock crucifixion.
 Snow spume shattered the windows. The sky
 Was a dark soiled canvas
 Battering above the circus of our loss.
 Lear had seen nothing more terrible
 Than this. Her physical going
 From the blue child's eye of the world.