

## THE ANSWER IS NOT IN THE BOOK

"We must go back to the values of our forefathers," the old professor said from shirred lips.

"How far back?" the studious pupil asked. "Back to whom? My father was a bigot—as uncommitted as a sail without wind. My grandfathers held their generation God-appointed guardians of the world, wanted to shape it all to their image. My great grandfather fought for rights and slavery. His father came on a boat with cattle to see a promised land and soon died of disease. Before that he tilled the earth and maybe always had a dream, I do not know. Behind him lay a worthless title. Robbers took the substance of it. Something worse absorbed its honor—Pride—the parade kind—the ruthless price of nobility that dehydrates without oil. From there I must resort to generalities. The Scots and Irish feuded. There was a war over opium. I also have some Latin blood. In Rome an empire cankered. Spain had an Inquisition. France begat a Napoleon. Germany wet nursed monsters more than once. Shall I look back to Greece, the ancient Hellene culture of a hundred gods and goddesses? Which values do you recommend?"

(cont.)