

pretend that all writing is expository, and that the only method appropriate in essentially expository writing is the merely expository. This attitude is a corollary of the assumption that what really matters is the "fact," and that opinions should be hardened into factual statements. Our lives are not like that, however; we live by opinions and, as noted above, by probabilities. When communicating with our fellows, we must weigh our words, and they cannot be accurately weighed in crude scales. Their weight is their value, and they vary widely and continuously. This variability, this flexibility, to change the image, gives them their power to meet the enormous demands democracy makes on us.

The conclusion is, then, that crude word games, the kind that can be played without thought, imagination, and as much education and practice as each of us is capable of, are inadequate to our full citizenship. The best word games are those that involve the whole man, moral as well as intellectual and imaginative. In so far as our education is verbal, its greatest task is to teach us to play word games well.

LATE SUMMER

Brenda Large

Today was that time just before rain falls,
when the air lies placid, filled with the smell
of dying roses,
allowing little space for the traveller to walk.

Today was that time just before prizes are awarded,
when a room stirs with whispers and scholars sit
motionless beneath swaying tassels.

Today was that time just before waking,
when the mind journeys from dream to dream,
suspended in the quiet heavy light of the morning.

Today was that time just before dying,
after the facts have been accepted and the candles lit
but before the climax of the event.