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(EDITORIAL CONT.)

In essence, when the jest of your poem (printed March 7) is ignored, the words become quite offensive. I find it quite insulting as well as painful that you would refer to me, as well as other poets here at LTS as "iniquitous harlots", "psychos", and "half-witted tormentors". While your opinion is one that you have a right to express, the words and manner in which you have chosen to express it do not attack the technique of the artist alone, but the artist himself as well. If you are willing to accept that responsibility, launching your attack on the artists rather than sticking to the main issue, than you must leave yourself open to return fire.

If however, your complaint is of the style of the poets in this community, than I would suggest that you do it a little more academically. For the manner in which has appeared here is destructive, quite unintentionally, I'm sure.

However, it is important to remember that each poem or article is a gift of the heart. If one criticizes that gift for its professionalism, one defeats its purpose. For I am quite disturbed when people tell me how to be me, how to express me, and how to love others.

I look for acceptance as I am. We do not look for professional writers here at the Seminarain, but for REAL PEOPLE.

It is a writers responsibility to be real, and allow others to be real (in this publication, especially). Your words, be they in jest or in all seriousness, effect real people. The writer must take responsibility for that, not to the extent that he takes the blame, but the ownership of his work. As well, one must take the fire in return, not necessarily as an insult, but that it comes from real people. Finally, if a writer lets the fire sink his ship, he defeats himself. If indeed my comments stop anyone from publishing work in the Seminarain, than one must figure that that individual is not committed to their

right of free expression. For the majority of comments put in the Seminarain as this particular incidence will witness are done in good hearted jest (rare that they are put in). In that sense I would take little blame for scaring off contributors.

In closing, I would like to share with you my interest in sending a copy of your poem to my publisher. I'm sure she would get as much of a kick out of it as I did.

R. Michael Vaughan

THE CONTINUEING ADVENTURES OF
THE REV. SYDNEY SPELLING
SUPER PASTOR
CHAPTER SIX

Upon the arrival of the ambulance, the rescue team took over. I found myself quite attracted to the restroom, where I proceeded to regurgitate my breakfast. When my stomach had quieted its objections, I set out for the hospital. Mr. Jenson had not responded to my CPR technique, and it was highly doubtful that the gentleman would last long.

Upon reaching the hospital, I found his wife and 24 year old daughter in tears. The beloved gossip had passed quickly into the beyond on the way to the hospital. I sighed a soft sigh of relief, although I thought that my career might actually be saved.

Mrs. Jenson tearily thanked me for my feeble attempts to secure her husband's life but made no mention of the possibility of spreading his rumor.

When all had calmed down, I made an appointment with them to plan the funeral and was on my way back to the office. I was a little nervous, but felt relief in the action, which could have only been by the Lord Himself, which took place this morning. It was in route to the office that it happened.....

What happened? Will Sydney make it back to the office? Is he safe from the dreaded Rumor? Read us next week and see.

IN A JERUSALEM TAVERN
-Ernie Shaffer

The scene is the interior of a shabby tavern in Jerusalem. The tavern is open all night. Its customers are mainly Roman soldiers from the nearby Antonia fortress. Roman patronage of the place has led most Jews to refrain from entering it, though the tavern's owner, who is drowsing, half-drunk, in the far corner, is a Jew. As is the barmaid, who is eyeing with suspicion a big, wild-eyed man in rough dress who came in about five minutes ago. He is sitting on a stool by the smoking fire, rubbing himself. His whole body seems to be shaking, as if he is bitterly chilled. The night air outside is cold; but inside the tavern it is warm. Two Roman soldiers, centurions in the garrison at the Antonia fortress enter. They call for wine, then sit down at a table.

Gaius: Well, your health, Lucius!

Drusus:

Lucius: Yours, too, Gaius my old friend.

Gaius: I've had a letter from home.

Lucius: Wonderful! How is Flavia?

Gaius: Very well.

Lucius: And the children?

Gaius: Very well, also. Grow-up fast. I'm anxious to get back and see them.

Lucius: Ah. I have neither wife nor children, but I'm anxious to just get out of this filthy country. I hate it!

Gaius: Flavia told me something interesting in her letter. You'll be interested, too. She went up to Rome to visit her sister, Druscilla for a few days. Of course those visits always turn into shopping sprees. Flavia ran on and on in her letter about the new shops near the imperial palace. Many of them feature Egyptian jewelry. If

I understand Flavia correctly, it is absolutely necessary for one to have at least a dozen pieces of Egyptian jewelry in order not to appear unfashionable, or as Flavia always puts it, provincial.

Lucius: Women!

Gaius: Yes. But this is only leading up to the main point. While Flavia was becoming fashionable in one of those shops, she saw someone. Guess who. Gaius, you know I can't. I'm no good at games.

Gaius: Horatius Maximus.

Lucius: Who?

Gaius: Horatius Maximus. The battle at the three fords. In Gaul. Twelve years ago. Now do you remember?

Lucius: It can't be! By the gods! I thought that man was dead. I mean, I hoped he was dead! I prayed to every god I know for his death. Horatius Maximus--the deserter! Yes! I remember him! How could I ever forget him? Because of his desertion, because he ran away, we lost a hundred good men that day. And you were nearly killed! All because of him! And you say he's living in Rome?!

Gaius: Yes. Flavia could hardly believe her eyes. She promptly hid herself behind a counter, but Druscilla, who was with her, went up and talked to him. What!?

Lucius: Yes. It seems that Druscilla knows him. Knows him quite well. They move in the same circles. Apparently he's quite well-to-do, has a wife and children, and is a leader in society. At

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least that's what Flavia says. She questioned Druscilla about him as soon as she could, not letting on, of course, that she knew his real identity. In case you haven't guessed by this time, his name is no longer Horatius Maximus.

Lucius: What is his new name?

Gaius: Flavia--uh--unfortunately did not tell me that.

Lucius: Disgusting! A disgrace! That a deserter like Horatius Maximus should be living openly--and living very well, too, in Rome! Didn't I tell you about him, even before he deserted? I warned you he was no good. I knew he'd run away at the first sign of real fighting, real danger. All huff and puff. A bag of wind! That's what he was. The coward! And I knew it all along. And I was proved right.

Gaius: Lucius, not so loud.

Lucius: Well, what can you expect with the Emperor we've got? I tell you, if I were in Rome, I'd hunt him--I'd hunt him until I found him--and then I'd wring his ...What are you doing? Why are you kicking me like that?

Gaius: Lower your voice!! Now!!

Lucius: Why? Who is here to hear me? A drunken innkeeper: A slut of a barmaid? That pig of a peasant over there by the fire?

Gaius: Shhh! Lucius! Any one of them, or all three, could very well be a spy. Lower your voice.

Lucius: A spy? They're Jews.

A spy? Here?

Gaius: Lucius, you are a child. There are spies everywhere, How do you think we govern this country? With the troops? If you think that, you had better think again. There are spies everywhere! Pilate has spies. Herod has spies. The Jewish Sanhedrin has spies. They have spies all over the land. And they have spies in each other's houses.

Lucius: But look at that fellow over there. A spy? Him?

Gaius: I have been looking at him. While you were spouting off, I was watching him. As soon as you began shouting about Horatius and his deserting, that fellow stirred himself. He was listeneng very intently, to everything you said. I could swear that stool he's sitting on has moved a foot closer to us while we've been talking.

Lucius: Then you think he's a spy?

Gaius: Well, I rather doubt it. But there's something very odd about him. Just after we sat down, the barmaid approached him and he nearly jumped out of his filthy clothes.

Lucius: Well, if you can't be safe from spies in this tavern, where can you be safe?

Gaius: Nowhere, my friend. You remember earlier tonight, when I was called out of my quarters briefly?

Lucius: Yes.

Gaius: A man came to see me. A spy. He is a Jew, but he is our esteemed procurator's spy in the Jewish Sanhedrin. He is a member of the Sanhedrin's police force, if one maycall it a police force. And because he is a distant relative of the high priest--nepotism is rampant among these Jews, Lucius--he has rather good access to every one and everything in Jewish circles. He has been most useful.

Tonight, he came to tell me that the police force had made a foray into one of the suburbs to arrest one of the Jewish rabbis.

Lucius: Arrest one of their own rabbis?

Gaius: Yes. I admit it sounds rather strange. I suppose this one violated one of their absurd deetary laws--ate the wrong meat on the wrong plate, or something like that.

Lucius: Say, I wonder, could it be that this rabbi they nabbed tonight is the same fellow who made that disturbance the other

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day. Oh, I forgot, you've been away. Well, this fellow rode into the city on a donkey with a mob trailing along shouting and screaming. The whole garrison was turned out to help keep order--and to protect His Excellency's silly wife, who turned up in a litter and insisted on watching the parade from a front row position. Which meant, of course, that we had to push a lot of Jews out of the way, shove them around, you know, to make room for her. Well, they didn't like that at all. Thought for a few minutes there we were going to have a riot on our hands. I'd rather be back in Gaul! I hate this country!

Gaius: Yes, I knew about that parade. And about the Lady Claudia. She's been acting very strangely of late. Been having wild dreams. Walks about the palace at night. It's getting on His Excellency's nerves.

Lucius: How do you know all this?

Gaius: My dear Lucius! Pilate's informer in the Sanhedrin is a friend of the Sanhedrin's spy in Pilate's household. He tells me everything that she tells him. But to continue with my story. According to our informer, there was a brief scuffle tonight when the arrest took place.

Lucius: What happened?

Gaius: One of this rabbi's deluded followers--"deluded" is the word our informer used to describe him--pulled out a sword and whacked off the ear of the high priest's slave. Cut it right off!

Lucius: Aha! A fight!

Gaius: Indeed not! As soon as the police grabbed the rabbi and tied him up, all of his "deluded" followers ran away.

Lucius: Cowards!

Gaius: Lower your voice!

Lucius: Sorry.

Gaius: Anyway, our spy was very excited about it all. Until, that is I sobered him up by pointing out that he should take himself off to his temple and thank his god that it wasn't his ear that was cut off.

If it had been his ear that was cut off, I said, His Excellency would have had to secure a new informant. For what good is a spy with only one ear? For that matter, of what use is a spy who is no longer useful as a spy?

Lucius: Ha! Ha! Beautiful!

Gaius: Well! Look who's coming in the door! Flavius! Come and join us.

Flavius: I can't. In fact, I've been sent to fetch you two. You're wanted at the fortress immediately. The procurator has sent word to turn out a detachment of the guards at once.

Lucius: Turn out some guards: At this hour? What for?

Flavius: I don't know. I was told only to find you.

Gaius: Very well, Flavius. Run along and tell Pilate's courier the guards are on their way. We'll be there directly.

Lucius: I wonder what's going on?

Gaius: Who knows? Perhaps the Lady Claudia is having another nightmare. Perhaps she needs someone to hold her hand. Lie with you, Lucius.

Lucius: Gaius!! Be careful, there are spies everywhere.

Gaius: Ha! Ha! I see I've impressed you. I'm glad. But Lucius, don't mention this conversation to anyone. Remember what King Philip said to--oh, I keep forgetting. You were never educated. Well, you know who Alexander the Great was?

Lucius: Yes.

Gaius: Well, one day, his father King Philip of Macedon, said to him, "Trust no one. Learn to live alone." Good advice, my old friend. Good advice.

Lucius: Gaius, can I trust you?

Gaius: Come on, Lucius, His Excellency doesn't like to be kept waiting.

The centurions leave, carefully forgetting to pay for their drinks. The man by the fire watches them go, then turns his eyes toward
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the fire once more. He is still shaking, still rubbing himself. The room is very hot.

DOC SPEAKS AT COMMUNITY HOUR

For all you community hour buffs, the one and only Doc. is going to speak at the Tuesday community hour. That's right, the only time you'll hear him outside of classroom, so don't miss it. Dr. Englert will be addressing the renowned subject of women in the bible. As an added attraction he will lecture as well on anything else which he alone will tell us. (sorry, my source of info was a little unclear as to this). At anyrate, lets don't miss LTS's best loved and oldest professor in action, this Tuesday.

STAFF

Don Mason, Judy Mason, and Mike Vaughan.

YOU KNOW IT IS GOING TO BE
A BAD DAY WHEN:

You wake up face down on the pavement.
You put your bra on backwards and it fits better.
You call "Suicide Prevention" and they put you on hold.
You see a "Sixty Minutes" news team waiting in your office.
Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.
Your son tells you he wished that Anita Bryant would mind her own business.
You turn on the TV and they are showing emergency routes out of town.
The woman you have been seeing on the side begins to look like your wife.
Your twin sister forgets your birthday.
You wake up and find that your waterbed has sprung a leak and then you realize that you don't own a waterbed.
Your horn goes off accidently and remains stuck as you follow a group of Hells Angels on the freeway.
Your wife wakes up feeling amorous and you have a headache.

Yours Truly,
Scott Sanders
in an uncontroversial
vein.