

Let me remind you, Mr. Wylie, while you drool, that this was an all-day job, with time taken out only for the small, incidental task of preparing the regular three meals expected, as usual, by the man of the house. The fact that the man of the house was most often a "Life with Father" kind of man merely, I suppose, offered an extra touch of excitement and a greater challenge to the woman in the kitchen.

That woman, Mr. Wylie, is your culprit. The same one whose culinary skills you so ardently extol eventually came to realize that the game wasn't worth the candle. She rebelled. In rebellion she found her strength lay in alliance with science which, as you so ably pointed out, is applied honesty in search of truth. Now the truth is that we can eat with our eyes. Witness, as an example, the still great number of over-weight men and the fast diminishing number of over-weight women. The former still relish food, modern or not, and the latter no longer find it necessary to taste while cooking to assure the indomitable male a palatable meal.

In short, Mr. Wylie, woman has asserted her right to live a little too, and her first step toward that goal had to be out of the kitchen. I'm afraid your call to insurrection is a bit late, thank Heaven.

Another Life

Judie Penny

IF I WERE a Hindu and still believed in reincarnation, I would not be too concerned about terminating this life and beginning anew in a different form. I am not convinced that the life of a *homo sapiens* is the best. In reality we are weak creatures, ill prepared for existence—we are susceptible to disease (the strongest are no longer the ones that survive), have no natural protection from the elements, such as fur or feathers, cannot sleep through cold or adverse months. Our highly developed mind with the ability to reason abstractly supposedly has made up for our frailness, but is this true? Is not a mind often a burden? How many people have committed suicide or have gone insane because they could not bear the weight of their thoughts? Also the origin of much sickness is in the mind. Because we are gregarious and thinking animals, we have set up certain behavior patterns to be followed to the letter (Emily Post incorporated); that these "rules of order" may be unnatural seems to be of no concern. One soon realizes that man is the least free of the warm-blooded creatures here on Earth. If I had my life to live over, I would be born something wild and free, without care or concern.

Because I'm partial, I might choose to be a crow in my next life, although the form of a snake, racoon, mouse, cat, or deer would do as well. With luck, I would be born in a tall oak, safe from other birds of prey, small boys, and hunters. From the time I pecked my

way through the shell of my egg until I was cocky enough to fly away on my own, I would be fed and cared for by my parents (in fact they would push the food down my gullet). When I tired of such dependence, I would fend for myself with no attachment to my parent crows (they had raised me because it was the natural thing to do and no more). Upon reaching maturity, I would choose for a mate the strongest and most handsome bird that strutted before me, and that would be it. There would be no parrying as to age, wealth, race, religion, or blood type. It would then be my turn to raise a family or six families as the length of my life permitted. There would be no question of keeping my mate interested in myself (the "husband" need only be for one season); it would make no difference at all as long as more crows got born. When I grew old and ready to die, I would cease flying with the flock and go off somewhere to wait my approaching death—alone. I would have served my purpose in life and there would be younger crows to take my place. Life and death would have assumed their just proportion as natural things to be accepted. In this existence there would have been no questions as to God, morals, or obligations. My actions would have been guided solely by instinct and education (experience in the field).

Yes, if I had my life to live over, I would want a release from worries and unnatural restrictions. Being a "happy fool" has its advantages, for in such a state there is little restlessness or dissatisfaction; contentment in ignorance could be a blessing. Another gift I want in my next life is to be born with the ability (and to have the freedom) to see the great beauty of nature. A child has this gift and accepts with wonder the softness of a rabbit, bright colors of flowers, snow, a rainbow, fireflies. . . . After these first glimpses of nature, our eyes are closed for us and our actions influenced and hampered. It is condemned as strange if one listens to the sounds of the night, tries to hold the earth close, sees beauty and senses closeness in a cloudy day. It is believed that God made us in his own image, but generations of men have distorted that masterpiece and have brought shame to our persons. In contrast, a wild animal has been influenced only by his environment, and that has made him strong; his body still retains its clean lines, his actions retain purpose. If I had my life to live over, it would be in protest to this "civilized" existence we all so worship.