

# is there a fate worse than death?

Death would in most circumstances come as a second alternative. Many people, especially in the younger generation, would be immoral, indecent, characterless or down-trodden in order to remain alive. The public opinion seems to be: "While there's life there's hope," which is perfectly true.

It seems that this subject has been open to much discussion recently, perhaps more than ever before. The disputation has not occurred so much in the national newspapers but in magazines, especially those produced by the younger generation. It appears that the old-fashioned idea of martyrdom, or "Death before dishonour," is now redundant. This is because young people feel that it does not take courage to kill oneself, but it does to stand up to one's perdition.

There is the attitude of "Better dead than Red," still prevalent. Although there are few who firmly believe this bar the fanatic, who thinks that Communism is nothing but a domain of evil. Communist Russia may be a place where a capitalist people would not tolerate life for very long, but surely there are far worse conditions in other parts of the world, where few ever get a proper meal. Surely the freedom from hunger must come before the freedom of speech?

One noble way to die is in the attempt to save others; many of our generation would willingly make this supreme sacrifice. We are often regarded to be less brave than previous generations; this is probably because we have not been put to the test by a major war. War is a lunatic situation in which we kill or are killed, for reasons of which we are either totally ignorant or are only dimly aware. So do you think there is a fate worse than death? If there is, then what is it?

P. NORRIS VA



## after death

To lands beyond I pass; untouched  
By human love or hate.  
Beyond the stars, past every slight rebuff  
The world has offered me of late.  
Through tracks unknown I soar; unbound  
By human thought or strength.  
Past worldly reach that held the earth around  
Us so sharp and taut and tense.  
I pass to freedom.

And so at last I'm free; unseen  
By human eyes, nor felt  
By human hand, but sensed as in a dream.  
Past asteroids that felt  
The earth that I long left behind  
At death so calm and mild,  
Where all the fickle business of mankind  
Seems as the antics of a child.  
I pass to freedom.