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## Country Philosopher

# *A Difference of Perspective*

BY AMOS ARTHUR HOLMES



I am not a hard guy to get along with. I have, hopefully, gained that degree of wisdom that allows me to believe in, and practice, the rule of give and take. I have not buried my head in the sand and I have tried to keep my thinking healthy and progressive.

The changing world has been a burden for some. The dissipation of various codes and ethics has churned a deep turmoil of discontent. The horrendous Supreme Court ruling that abolished prayer in public schools sent a million Christians to their knees. The foreign policy that has allowed every country in the world to forge a vibrant hatred for the United States.

The conscientious mind has become bewildered at the moral forfeiture that will allow a citizen easy access to pornographic material. By golly...you can even pick it up at the corner drugstore. The bikinis, the see-through blouses, the mini-skirt. The young people living together without benefit of legal marriage, and jeepers...that's sin no matter how you hack it.

I have taken every change with a beneficial calmness. What is past is prologue. The Supreme Court ruling on prayer in public schools sent a tremor of dismay through my Baptist-trained philosophy but I compensated by telling myself that prayer was a personal thing and not an institutional thing. Our

foreign policy folly didn't really matter as I firmly believe that mankind will eventually blow it all in a holocaust of atomic mayhem.

But enlightened as I am, I cannot accept the abominable attire being worn by our women. How can one concentrate on purity when he is confronted daily by the up-lift bra or (more terrible than that) no bra at all. How can one adhere faithfully to the Ten Commandments when nudity is flaunted provocatively and constantly?.

Even this did not overpower me with repugnance because my intellectual awareness gave me the realization that some things were beyond my control. Women certainly had the right to display their assets in debauched indecency, but I could care less as long as my wife remained a testimonial to good grooming and properness.

But something happened last night at our dinner party that completely demoralized me and I'd like to tell you about it.

Twenty minutes before our guests arrived my wife came downstairs. I watched her descend the steps and I couldn't believe my eyes. She was wearing a red satin evening gown that clung desperately to every square inch of her anatomy. There were protrusions and indentations I hadn't known

existed. But the thing that dissolved my constitution was the neckline. I was not unaware of plunging necklines but this was ridiculous. Why would a neckline plunge to that extreme? What right had a neckline to plunge itself from neck to waist? I was mortified but I didn't say a word. I would just let my wife continue this obscenity and let the astonishment of our guests embarrass her into a more respectable conduct. After all, she was the mother of my three children. And this fact alone should have kept her from parading around in a dress that was immoral, lascivious, and salacious.

The guests began to arrive. There was Dr. and Mrs. Paul Snidehouse. Doctor Snidehouse couldn't take his eyes off my wife's neckline until he was jerked violently across the room by his wife. Judge and Mrs. Timothy Hayden arrived and the good Judge couldn't take his eyes off my wife's neckline until he was jerked violently across the room by his wife.

My wife was entertaining in the library when I opened the door to admit Clara Smedley. Clara was a neighbor who had been recently widowed and we invited her to our dinner party because we thought she might be lonely. Clara

and my wife had struck up a friendship but I hardly knew the lady. The only time I had actually seen her was when I passed her house on my way home from work. And I hadn't been overly impressed. Clara had been kneeling in her flower garden. Her hair was in disarray and she wore a mud covered smock that was stupendously unfeminine. And so here, on the night of our dinner party, I was prepared to greet this neighbor with polite formality.

When I opened the door I was stunned. Clara Smedley was absolutely beautiful. When I took her coat I noticed that she was wearing a red satin evening gown that clung desperately to every square inch of her anatomy. And then I notice the neckline. Plunging from neck to waist. I thought of finely sculptured alabaster. I thought that here, at last, was a woman who would defy the outmoded, archaic hypocrisy of society. Here was an individual who was not ashamed of being womanly and who could display the bountiful treasures of nature with grace and charm.

I smiled the smile that so many women had laughingly called suggestive, and I gazed in deep appreciation at this colossal display of generosity.

"My dear," I said, "What a lovely, lovely gown."

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