

**Sandy**, an imprisoned English professor in his 50s  
From the play **Sand & Granite On Liberty**, a Drama

SANDY: “He who let’s the world, or his portion of it, choose his plan of life for him has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation.” My daddy told me that when I was very young. He loved to read to me. All sorts of material. He and I would walk along the street and he would pontificate, no, sorry, I should say that we conversed, on all sorts of subjects. One night, we were traversing the town, discussing the last work of Oscar Wilde. It’s called. . . I remember thinking at the time that it was the saddest thing I had ever heard. I wanted to weep. And out of a back alley, a large ungainly fellow lurched out in front of us. He had a very large knife, and he grunted out something at us about handing over our money, I was terrified. Despite believing my father to be the most potent protector on earth, he was not a virile man. Somewhat sickly, in fact, and I hoped that he would surrender his wallet to the onerous man. But he wouldn’t, which I believe I knew already. He said, “I will no sooner give you my wallet than I will commence flying. You may take it from me by force if you so choose, you boorish and overbearing cretin, but I will never simply give in to your nasty and brutish overtures, as if somehow you deserve my money because you are larger than I am. Never, Sir!” The mugger was dumbfounded, abashed, and he stammered something about his “old lady,” for which my father lambasted him with John Stuart Mill: “It is not because your desires are strong that you act ill; it is because your conscience is weak!” I have never before or since seen a more defeated man, utterly destroyed. I almost pitied him.