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The Lighter
from the students
of Valparaiso University

February 1970

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SHUTTLE AND THREAD
TAUT-STRETCHED ACROSS THE FRAME
OF STILL-IMAGINED HOURS
WE WEAVE
THE TAPESTRY OF DAYS
AGAINST THE NON-EXISTENT NIGHT
AND HANG THE CLUMSY CLOTH
UPON THE WALL-STONES OF OUR SOULS
AND CALL IT US

Seven and four is eleven. Karen wrote down the last two figures, and then glanced again over the neat columns of multiplication problems she had been doing. Laying the pencil in the groove in the desk, she slid out of her seat and went up to Mrs. Taylor's desk, where she put her arithmetic paper on the corner and whispered a question to the teacher. At her nod, Karen went very quietly to the teacher's closet to get the big metal watering can and carried it out into the corridor. She walked faster through the quiet school hallway to the janitor's sink; and as the water splashed clatteringly into the can, a shiver of busy freedom went through her. Back in the classroom again she worked carefully, feeling the crumbly soil before she watered the well-tended geraniums that lined Mrs. Taylor's window sills.

GREEN MONSTER

Nancy Freeland



Joan Lundgren

Her classmates were still figuring and scratching at their desks. Karen smiled at her best friend Candy, and admired the long dark hair that Candy pushed away from her face so casually. As she concentrated on Candy, she was aware of avoiding the one face she knew was staring straight at her with wide, dark eyes and a small smile. Still, Karen's unwilling glance picked out the other child's face anyway. Yet the instant that Karen looked at her, Janet's face turned away to whisper over her shoulder and Karen swung her attention sharply back to the watering can. She breathed in the cold, sharp smell from the depths of the geraniums, whose banks of broad green leaves reflected the harsh, oppressive beams of the hot afternoon sun pouring.

As Karen was returning the empty watering can to the dark closet, the bell for afternoon recess shrilled through the building. She and Candy joined the stream of children heading outdoors, where the heat of the day drove many, especially the girls, to the area of shady gravel behind the long school building. It didn't take long for the two girls to locate their usual group, and Karen took her turn in a tearing, heart-pounding game of tag around and through the turning rope. She loved the swish of her skirt around her legs while she flew around the ends and through the half-pause of the jump with her feet feeling light and strong and sure beneath her. She felt as if she could never be caught. But she was tiring, and then she stumbled and

missed. The bell soon ended the short recess, and Karen and Candy turned toward the open doors with the others converging on the narrow, dim opening. But then Karen's grin faded and her quick panting slowed to awkward breaths as she felt herself being pointed to, watched and discussed. She grabbed Candy's wrist and half dragged her friend back into the building.

The afternoon ground slowly but steadily on. Only half an hour before the end of the day, Mrs. Taylor called Candy's name, then Karen's. The teacher handed Candy the list of books and sent the two to the school library. They were co-librarians for the class this half of the year, and were responsible for the library books used by the students in their room. Karen and Candy

whispered in the muffing silence around them as they walked to the school library, but once inside, they became quiet and they presented their list of books to the librarian. With their arms full on the return trip, the two girls made plans for their next Saturday afternoon together.

The dismissal bell rang just as the last of the new books were arranged on the shelf. Candy's bus did not wait long, so she said good-bye and was soon gone. Karen gathered her things

more slowly, said good-bye to Mrs. Taylor, and went out to the brightness of the long cement platform where the school buses pulled up. She walked slowly into the open air and moved carefully into a hopefully inconspicuous spot against the wall of the building. But in spite of her attempts at concealment, Janet saw her. She had been watching and waiting for Karen to come out. As Karen saw the other girl approach, surrounded by her small knot of friends, she tensed nervously. The teasing attack of her enemy struck at her weakly prepared defenses. "How's the teacher's pet? Didn't Mrs. Taylor want you to stay and talk to her some more after school?" Karen struck back angrily at her tormentor. "I'm not a teacher's pet! Why are you always teasing me? Why can't you leave me alone?"

But Janet looked at her friends and laughed. Her purpose was satisfied and she walked away with a couple of smug backward glances. Karen watched the small group of girls move away and leave her alone. When they stopped a short distance from her, her ears caught phrases of accusation and dislike. She knew what Janet said about her. Janet said that she was stuck-up, a teacher's pet and that she acted like she knew everything. Karen leaned against the sun-warmed wall and stared at the red dust blowing in puffs on the road. She was afraid of Janet. . . she hated her sometimes. But she was afraid, and then got angry that she didn't know what to do when Janet teased her and talked about her. She never bothered Janet. Why couldn't she be left alone, too? Janet wasn't

dumb, or ugly, or clumsy, or didn't wear awful clothes—so why could she pick on Karen as if she were jealous?

When Karen saw her bus pull in, she fled to it quickly, seeking as usual a seat by herself next to a window. It was a long ride and she had no particular friends to talk to here. She didn't choose the window for the view of the familiar route from highway to dirt road and back. But what there was to see drew her out of the noisy push of the school bus. Near the cool glass she could daydream, and maybe hum, since everyone else was making too much noise to notice her. The trip had just begun when she heard Janet and her friends laughing and talking loudly behind her. Karen forced her ears shut against them, until it was Janet's stop

and then she watched the aisle to see her leave. But this time, as Janet went by, she tossed a piece of folded paper on the seat beside Karen.

Karen looked at it until the bus began to move again; then she cautiously picked it up. The note was only folded a few times, but she smoothed it out awkwardly and stared at the neat, printed letters: I hate you. Stunned, she turned her face to the window, feeling sick and helpless. When the bus drew to a halt she was up instantly and ran stumbling down the steps. She avoided

the house and ran away from the gravel drive to the shelter of the high grass beyond the fence. She ran some distance into the field before she dropped on her knees below the tops of the timothy. Then she stretched out weeping on the ground. Around her trembling body the shadowy security of the tall grass was crushed aside, and slanting beams of the late afternoon sun glinted on her hair.





Del Jossen



Marsha Siik

CITY SONG

Karla Jutzi

**I am the center;
I am, Today.
Mass of concrete,
Mass of flesh,
And only hope for tomorrow.**

**Rejoice in me, People.
Make me tall, stainless steel and glass;
Make babies to fill me.
I am the City.**

**Quickly rejoice,
Flesh caged in concrete,
You are mine.**

Nick Carson

Shka

shka shka

Tap

tap

shka shka

tap tap

tap

The white cane tapped.

Shka

the coins in cup.

shka

Closed our eyes and sat in rows

shka shka

the dead sound neared
and we prayed to god
hoped and hoped
the death would pass us by.

tap tap

tap shka

shka

tighter still we closed our eyes

Save us from this pestilence!

going by us now.

tap tap

shka shka

pray and closed eyes

passed and in the next car

as we roar along beneath the city street

hands in pocket

thumbs pressed tight against the quarter

Thumbs pressed tight against our heart.

thumb pressed tight against

the quarter

The angel Israfil (whose heart-strings are a lute) and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. "Israfil" by Edgar Allan Poe

if we have ears...

presidential elections happen every four years whether you want them or not, and the longer you live the more you see and the more commonplace they become, but in the '68 thing

I was twenty, college-age looking for the right man to show the way, searching, longing to identify, and for a while I knew Israfil's lute, found the man, brushed my hair thick with him, smiled his smile (black and white) with him, waved to his crowds, laughed his laughs, spouted his phrases, but then a city with a fog— call it smog— cut off his air, a "22" in the hands of a tainted patriot set him climbing the golden chain to where they don't vote anymore, and the hair is thick the same, the smiles the same smiles, the phrases spouted true and everyone knows beauty is truth, truth beauty, and that is all you know, you know

but we look to raise our banners elsewhere, and for some the way is clear, jockeying swiftly, gulping the pain, eyes ever ahead I go with the usurper of kings—longer here than my fallen Israfil—there is one yet who burned his brand on an incumbent ass and sent him, hind-cooling in red water, back to graze his cows for riding herd is a massive job—I sometimes think of the world in those terms—and the cowman knows his place, but the smiles don't come so quickly (seldom in black and white) the crowds aren't his crowds, the phrases spout professorially, and the h-h-h-hecklers muscle their way to the front

to the big city, stockyards squealing with elected cattle, blue-coated cowhands beat the flock into numb obedience, they raise their hooves four apiece (some had many more), hundreds wave patriotic red white and blue, slain in the wake the thinner-haired epitome of what was not to be, and out in front struts the has-been's balding baby, humping votes, hairless, smiling, crying, ever chattering, we the people, we, the people, we

and out of unity in another place, free of stockyards, basking in sunshine, comes another, eagle-beaked, soaring as his nose relation high above the beautiful and the rich, spreading his oneness among the ranks, choosing from the file a household word to wear as the lily of his white lapel, the phrases this time don't seem to spout but ever flow, for spouting comes from those striving to rise, not from the eagle, beak-full of confidence, knowing his wing flaps firmly, the issues his feathers stick neatly in place, barely flicking in the breeze, safe, secure, the challenge set, the winner by image already known

but a white smile coughs up still another—two is company—the race three-pronged and race-is the thing, white eyes in white vision see colors clear, the issues fade into one, blue-coats' friend, billy-club, knife and order, order steaming white never grey, preaching in the cities, spin the compass, mine eyes have seen the glory in dixie-cups, the pointed caps of point-head intellectuals, but they never gonna, ain't gonna, we gonna

pull the levers, make the x, intelligence and tradition divide, the golden eagle soars, his bald cousin chews old fat, and for the third nine million spell out n-i-g-g-e-r,

but the sun eclipses even the burning-red of ballots, and we proceed from that day through this, faces and names changed, but the blood beneath still boiling, new hinds yet to cool in water crimson, and the seraph's voice may yet be heard, should we have ears to listen . . . DOUG ROGERS



Joan Lundgren

ROWLAND

I went to a Woman's Press Club luncheon once. They invited us high school girls to read some things we'd written. Plenty of big name children's authoresses were there, telling us how they'd created classics concerning talking fire hydrants. *The Kangaroo* with stripes on her pouch — "My, however did they get there, do you think?", and

little duckies that resolutely refused to quack. There was a woman editor of encyclopedias whose admitted task was looking up cross references in a dusty stack. Also several Lady's Fashion Page reporters and a few undeclared. After their explanations was our turn. We girls were pretty nature-oriented. I myself read an emotional poem about a sand dune and its symbolic best foe in the form of a creeping slag heap. Someone wrote about a tulip's opinion of her garden, in dialect, you know. After we'd all performed in blushing falsettos, the president of the club, formerly non-descript, arose. Her voice came out in small, soft splashes, like gentle rain falling on sheltered weeds under tall oaks. She even looked to me like a green reed blown by some screaming wind. She said to all of us together. Thank you. But a woman must always write against war because it's everyone's enemy, especially ours. Everyone's. It's the only thing we can do.



Joan Lundgren



Joan Lundgren

Joan Lundgren



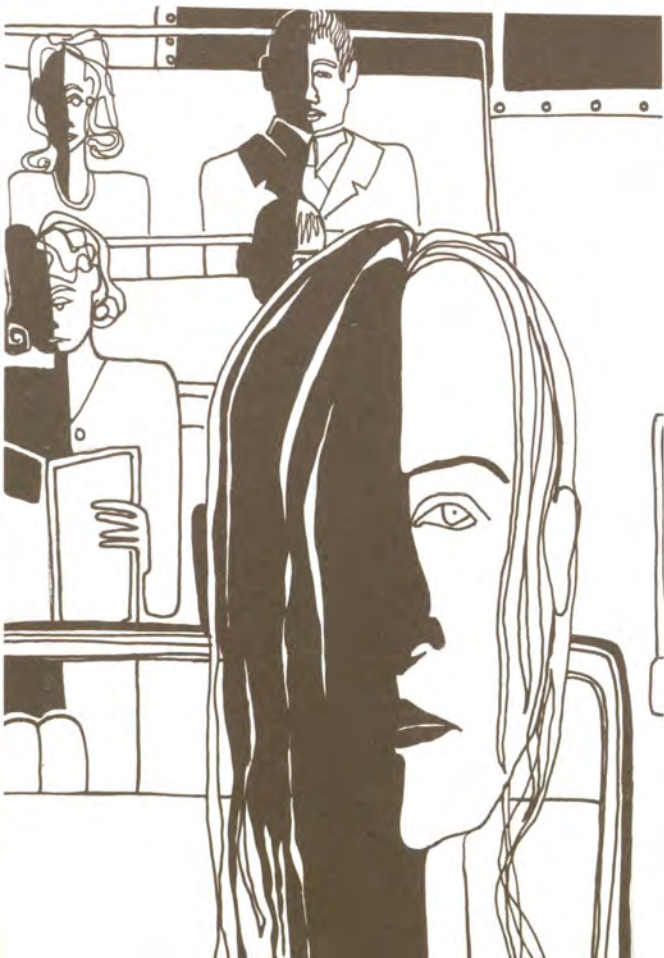
The monster was deceived,
His shaggy strength, his roaring might
were chained.
Cunning Ulysses withheld his name,
put all the blame
on Noman.

Now Noman is here among.
In those panes
where yesterday's streaks of water clung,
dirty traces of many rains
from strange skies mocking.
One man —
Fist clenched — cursing.

Hear now
The cracked voice, hollow whisper
of a washed-out creature.
On his knees — gently dying
not sobbing
In the mud.
The dusk with rapid swelling shower
pelts the ground and glass and body.
But before he flows —
Recognize his blindness.

that which remains

David Nunley



Mona Bornhoeft

Riding. . . forever riding. It had been days now; she wasn't sure how many. The stomach of the man sitting next to her grumbled. She decided to speak to him.

"Where do you think we're going?"

"Don't you know?" He wrinkled his brow.

She indicated that she didn't.

He glanced at her with a pitying expression. He didn't seem to want to tell her, but he spoke nevertheless.

"I thought they had told everyone before we began. Don't be alarmed, but we're really not going anywhere. Oh, we'll get off sometime — don't worry about that. But when this thing finally stops, we'll find ourselves at the same bus stop we started from."

"But I have a destination," she replied. "I do have somewhere to go, somewhere I want to go. I have to get there eventually. Do you understand?"

He grinned. It was a malicious grin, although he didn't intend it to be that way. "Ah, but that's the point. That's what they're trying to tell you. That you have no destination, that

Becky Post

you don't really have to get anywhere. And you see, it's true if you think about it."

She was distressed. This man clearly didn't understand her side of it. She opened her paper sack and unfolded the paper napkin. The man's stomach made some more noise. She took a bite of her beef sandwich and gulped it down voraciously.

"I have friends expecting me," she said. "They'll be waiting. I can't disappoint them."

"They won't be disappointed," he said. "they're not waiting. They've been told you won't come."

"Who told them?" she cried. "Who's running this thing? Stop it. I want to get off! Bus driver!" Her voice was raising. A hand from the seat behind her reached around and expertly clamped her mouth shut. "Grmmph." She tried to bite his flesh but could not. The man next to her took her sandwich and finished it. His stomach was quiet.

The hand from behind let her go. People were staring. She didn't know what to say. She peeled her banana. "Will they give us more food tomorrow?" she inquired.

The man next to her shrugged his shoulders. "One can never be sure."

He was a difficult person to talk to, she decided. She made an excuse to go to the restroom in the back. There, sitting on the stool, she thought. There was so much to think about all at once. Going nowhere. No one waiting.

Not even sure of food, of bare survival. What point was there, then, in going at all? They were moving — she was sure of that, even though the windows were blackened and opaque. Every once in awhile she could feel the bus speed up, slow down, or turn a corner. And then there were those exhilarating moments — the feeling of ecstasy that overwhelmed one whenever they zoomed over the top of a hill. Momentary weightlessness. That, at least, made it all worthwhile. Somewhat. She washed her hands, straightened her hair and re-applied her lipstick. She walked back down the aisle, looking for a different place to sit. She found a lady, about her age, who was reading comic books. "Ah, we probably have more in common," she thought, and sat down.

"Isn't this a lovely trip?" she attempted.

"Yes," agreed the lady without looking up from her comics.

"I do think we're going somewhere. That man was only joking, wasn't he?"

The lady said nothing, but silently took a water pistol from her purse and squirted her in the face.

A little boy was playing jacks in the aisle.

She noticed he'd grown several inches since they had begun their journey. Remarkable. "My, how you've grown!" she said to him. He stood up, unzipped his pants, and pissed on her.

She was now completely discouraged. She took a hammer from her bag, crossed the aisle, and swung at a window. The hammer bounced noiselessly back at her. The other people in the bus began to notice her frenzied state. Someone counted to three and they all began hissing.

She screamed and ran up and down the aisle. A man tripped her and then they all were upon her.

A few days, or years, later, she had recovered from her numerous bruises. She was just a little hungry. Her stomach complained audibly. The man next to her spoke.

"You really were fortunate, you know. We were quite kind to you. Others haven't been treated with such sympathetic understanding."

She smiled sincerely. "Yes, I know."

He tenderly lifted her hand to his lips and bit her finger. It bled. She, enlightened, spat in his eye.

Sheryl Freeman



Phyllis Root

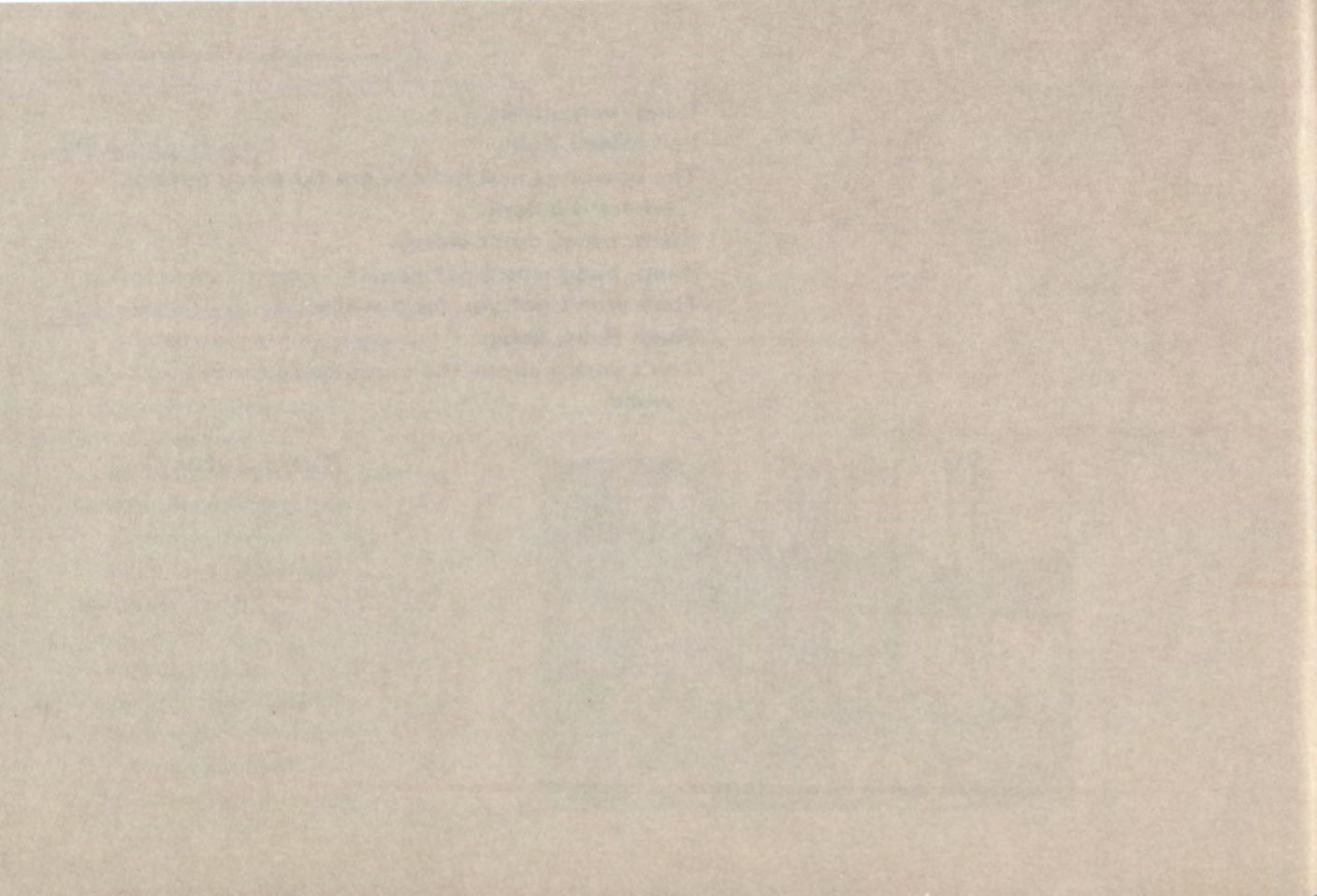
make fast the shutters of the night
and pray the hasty hail-marys
of a distant light-strung rosarie
while the all consuming darkness
calls her children home
and locks the doors
against the hanging sultry evening-
light and life will stretch across
the sky again
in the day's gethsemene
and puzzled night
will search
beneath the lilacs
for her slumbered children
and hear the cock proclaim
"they are not here
why do you seek them still?"



Joan Lundgren

**Bang, bang, baby.
Fall asleep tight.
The cowboys and Indians are far away outside
where it's dark.
Hush, baby, don't worry.
Bang, bang won't get you.
They won't get you for a while.
Sleep tight, baby.
Don't worry about the bang, bang for a
while.**

Karla Jutzi



Davey Sandel

a bleached desert beach with strewn gull brains, bloated in age and rot, untouched by the hermit scavengers of the desert, and out of reach of the sea. a lovely lady in pink sheer-ness winds through them, and her breeze blows the grass in every direction. she releases her voice and scratches a dreamness into life, and seven million cats crouch around her. every color and every size, and stretching to the boundless borders of the page. a drawing only goes so far, but there is an understanding that the scene continues. every painting is a segment from the circle, and the cats fell into the horizon-blue and the lovely lady smiles and sings to them, and they hiss and come to her and stand in line to rub her leg, and she smiles and burns out their eyes with a bunsen burner plugged into her breast. she is full of gas. she is a Shell Woman and is on vacation from Madison Avenue. tomorrow when she wakes she'll get dressed, pay the cowboy twenty dollars and take the subway uptown away from her dresser and the perfume and the bilious pillow.

this evening it's algeria, tomorrow it's the plain steppes of Poland and Russin and they will be flooded with milk, and she is a skin diver into and through the creamy scum, which all milk gets when it sits too long in the sun.

$\text{♩} = 75-85$
WITH THAT SPIRIT

YES INDEED

Sy Oliver
arr. Schneeweiss
Gouker

[1st solo]

SOLO
MALE CHORUS

Yes In- deed Yes In- deed I've got that feel-in' in me, Yes In-

Oh Lord- Oh Lord- in me Yes In-

[2nd solo]

SOLO
MALE CHORUS

deed. You will shout when it hits you, Yes In- deed. Yes you'll shout when it hits you, Yes In-

deed. [HUM] Oh Lord- [HUM]

[4th solo]

SOLO

MALE CHORUS

HORN - EUPH. (c)

TROMBONES (c)

SOLO TRUMP (c)

deed. When the spir-it moves you, you'll shout Al-le-lu-ja when it hits you, you'll ho-ler, Yes In-deed

Oh Lord [HUM] Lu-ja Oh Lord

fp *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp* *fp*

HORN-
EUPH.
(C)

TROM-
BONES
(C)

SOLO
TRUMPET
(C)

ad lib (+)

ad lib (cc)

ad lib (to 2nd)

HORN-
EUPH.
(C)

TROM-
BONES
(C)

SOLO
TRUMPET
(C)

cadenza (to dom.)

MALE CHORUS

HORN-EUPH.

TROMBONES

SOLO TRUMP.

Yes In-deed I've got that feel-in' in me, Yes In-deed Oh-Lord

Handwritten musical score for Male Chorus, Horn-Euphonium, Trombones, and Solo Trumpet. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are "Yes In-deed I've got that feel-in' in me, Yes In-deed Oh-Lord". The Male Chorus part is in bass clef, while the instrumental parts are in treble clef. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamics.

Like so many other structures in which action takes place in modern society, the traditional format of the musical concert has come to be an assumed structure. For the most part planners of concerts fail to consider anything about a program other than the music to be played and perhaps the order of performance. When additional work is done, it rarely goes beyond the choice of a suitable location, seating order, and uniform dress.

While the assumption of the structure in itself is not bad, failure to realize the assumption is. Each facet of the concert format should be, in some way, functional. Someone who plans a concert without taking full consideration of what parts of the traditional format are and are not applicable in attaining the desired effect of his concert is overlooking a major portion of his work.

Several factors should be considered with an openness to the possibility of alteration and with the intent of a better understanding of why the normal procedures have become normal. Some of the factors that should be so considered are publicity, programming, program construction and arrangement, performer-audience spacial and personal relationships, audience constitution and response, performer acknowledgment of response, dress, stage props and aids, lighting, transition into and out of the concert proper, approach to the performing position, and audience involvement.

Dave Gouker

In studying these procedures and aspects of the traditional concert, one is led to the conclusion that some of these practices have completely lost their original function, while others have suffered in functionality merely because of their constant use without understanding.

One such glaring example is the opening of the concert. The blinking of the stage lights or house lights and the emergence of the performers are the only elements of transition from the state of being a group of people in a room to that of being an active audience or, at least, an involved audience. By the time the group begins to clap they have already begun to be an audience, and by the time they have finished clapping and the performers have been seated and tuned their instruments, the audience must be totally involved.

This is truly minimal transition; in many cases it is totally insufficient because it fails to give a group of unrelated people a sense of being an audience and because it fails to acquaint that group of people with the performers.

A more functional and interesting transition was suggested to this writer by the Goodman Theatre's production of **Tom Paine** last spring. In this play, the performers were already on stage as the audience arrived. Some of the performers merely sat around, talked or read, while others were active in setting the stage, doing calisthenic preparation, or creating focal disturbances. Eventually out of these disturbances, a unifying element grew and the play commenced.

Recently the men of Phi Mu Alpha attempted a similar transition period into their fall concert. The performers came before and during the entrance of the audience. Some warmed up their instruments while others sang, talked to people in the audience, played soccer, painted, sat quietly, or in some fashion attempted to create situations to which those in the audience could relate. Finally, after the secretary's calling role (the traditional beginning of any important endeavor) failed to begin the program, a unified clapping came out of the melee of noises and actions. Gradually each of the performers joined the clapping until all that could be heard was the steady percussion at a rate of 75 to 85 beats per minute (in cut time).

The following arrangement of Sy Oliver's "Yes Indeed" by this writer and Roger Schneeweiss with acknowledgments to Denis Agay was conceived in this setting. The piece's improvisatory nature and the spontaneity implied by the words lend the work to transitional treatment. While it does not introduce any new tonal or notational devices, its conception in this particular setting gives it a rather unique organizational premise and foundation. "Yes Indeed."

Running through fields
Loving the wind with my breath,
Eyes fondling clouds, gently
Pressing with bare feet earth,

I am wrapped in sunlight.
Slanting arms caress, embrace;
Hands bright make hair golden-gilt;
Warm lips kiss.

Willingly seduced, succumb,
Mistress of a master sweet,
Drowsy in maiden love I lie;
Contented, I sleep.

Linda Noble



October 1969

Diane Ramey

I have seen, every day, how
The sky turns a harsher shade of grey;
Branches turning stark and bare, heavy
Premonitions of cold weighing down the air.

Life is turning inward, curling; like
A tender leaf within its bud, waiting
Patiently for Spring's unfurling.

I am coming in, slowly, to face my
Soul; I will dance with her, want to erase
The things I find there, try
To kill her, while seeking refuge from the winter air.



Joan Lundgren



Lorna Kretchmar

Cindy Ross



**lying in bed reaching extended arm dunes brown thru halflite lifting
soft green curtain end solid grey sky**

HATCHA! BIG DAY BEGINS.

sunday june morning remembering bell clinger on and on in the drawer
where i dropped it: pale face, obscene gold arms. ceiling white, head against
pillow almost bare compared with two days ago toes wavin on their own:::
goomornin.

new bed fine bed never wake up in Lembke Hall again. big toe crack on the
side filled with dirt. tough place to keep clean especially not wearing shoes
most of the broken bottle day dirt packs in their good have to take a bath
there you sit in your own dirty water.

MY 
SUMMA

think about ruth probably you know her end up trying to tie knots in the sheet with my toes like harry houdini who was a marvel. undo the bed, wrapping up my left foot without producing even a granny. ever lie like this on yer back and look down yer chest? sight straight down there (innocent-eyed) like a machine gunner? not too many hair round them flat useless nipples (this is strictly male: girl readers'll hafta use their imagination like always.) hair line straight down around belly button: wrinkled omphalos: center of the universe inside outside. Jocke Y Jockey Y Jockey Y Joc for that comfortable support and confidence billboard yusta be on the outer drive by the bridge::: reinforced crotch twenty feet across against mustard morning sky.

trying to think concentrating on goosebumps from running fingers up my side lightly::silence impossible word force like heart. chewin the end of my beard dry and hard scratchin pulpy bitter tongue. ever do that :::mouthfulla hair wash up good before breakfast anyways . . .

listen to me studyin my current situation to find its truth innarested or no bearin with me manipulate to identify (yep, that's mine): my summa.

FLYING

lotsa strange people at the airport, mostly men with ties on their fronts drinking thisnthat waiting to go. glinting gold watchbands crockadile shoes buckled belted strapped—them tape recorder trumanesque conformists. the women all upset fingers naked in the cooled air rubbing squeezing twitching hanging wrinkled shiny nails scratching lips pressing rubbing side her mouth stretching upper lips between two lips pushing them fat folded squeezing hands check thumb travelling up down thigh pullin a hair from middle shovin it over. fella with hair down his back needs five bucks to make it to KC with his girl friend. smooth hard floors, space sectioned off into levels corridors conveyor belts secret money and computer rooms word force like heart "I think having only one of ten facilities - - I was there myself last week with some of members of my staff checking - - having only one of ten facilities free to the public is mere tokenism." Mr. Alderman heard him radio 2 a m driving down Brown St. laughing my balls to jelly. still costs a dime.

lines, lines. babies, stewardesses, suitcases, magazine sellers, great big rooms, porters on the roll, black cushioned chairs, wheelchairs and stretchers careless

joggling spills a few, cops, bellbottoms hanging from tanned asses, noses not be be believed, lotsa scarfs and hats, nervous people climbing all over each other: it's a group thing, flying:::slicing like a ripple thru the cloud burst into a clean ghost world deep blue sucking us upward into the furry asshole of the atmosphere, into the ether like drowning, glint of dinner fork dropped into foamy dish pan azure sky our silent pulsing wrist, icy wind round iron lung and the wet wing tongue flapping. dawn sky lying on the clouds that cover the ocean whole world below and we've slipped away the sea our lap, thumb over greenland, gaze skirting continents. eating shrimp salad, pickled herring, smoked oysters, sirloin, pudding, crackers cheese and wine, beer outa little wooden keg, iced tea, milk for baby, everything put back into molded plastic slots and wipe off yer chin. roaring ravenous curvedged aluminum carving sky meat gobbling up rare steaks of space. everyone talking and snoring, shitting, reading, drinking some more and trying to get comfortable. sunrise four hours after nitefall, breakfast on top cognac nightcap. wings come undone, feet let down skidding where are my shoes? bump like hitting a kid with a Cadillac squish, it's over. into out of long silver coffin, born once more to the earth.

Michael Nagelbach



why insure so young?



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