

2-1971

## February 1971

Valparaiso University

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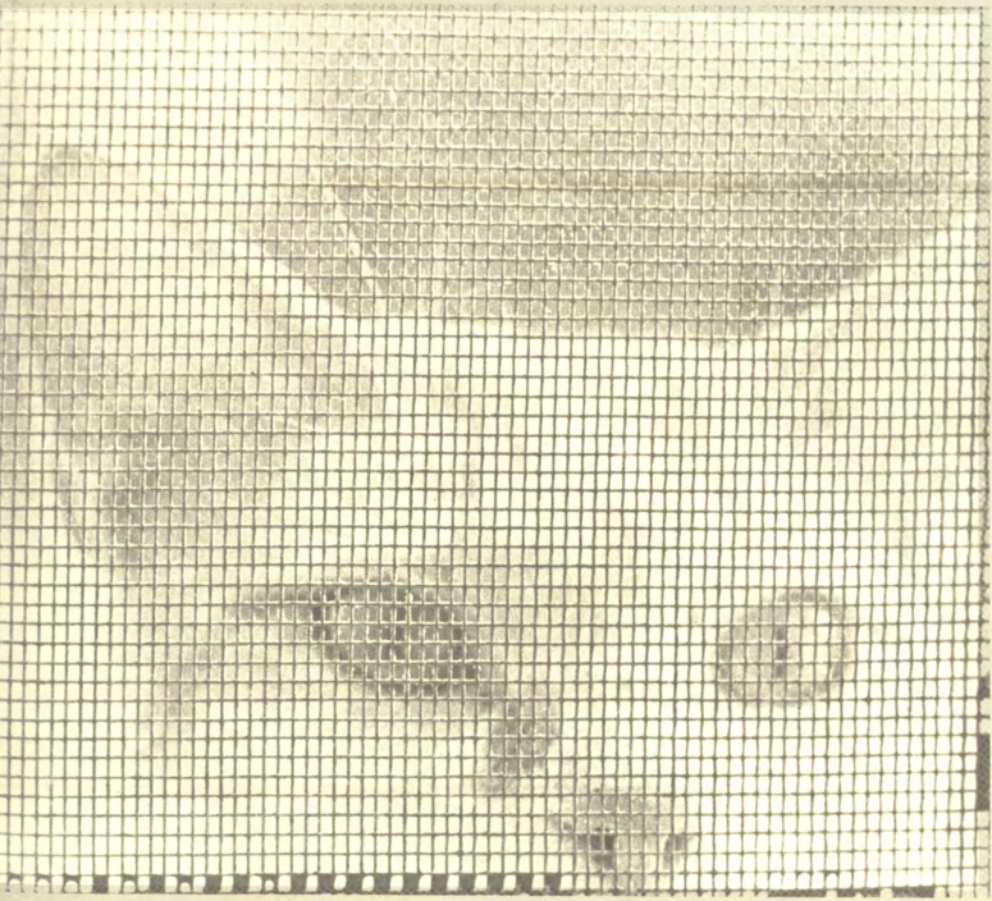
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**the Lighter: literature, love notes, and things visual**

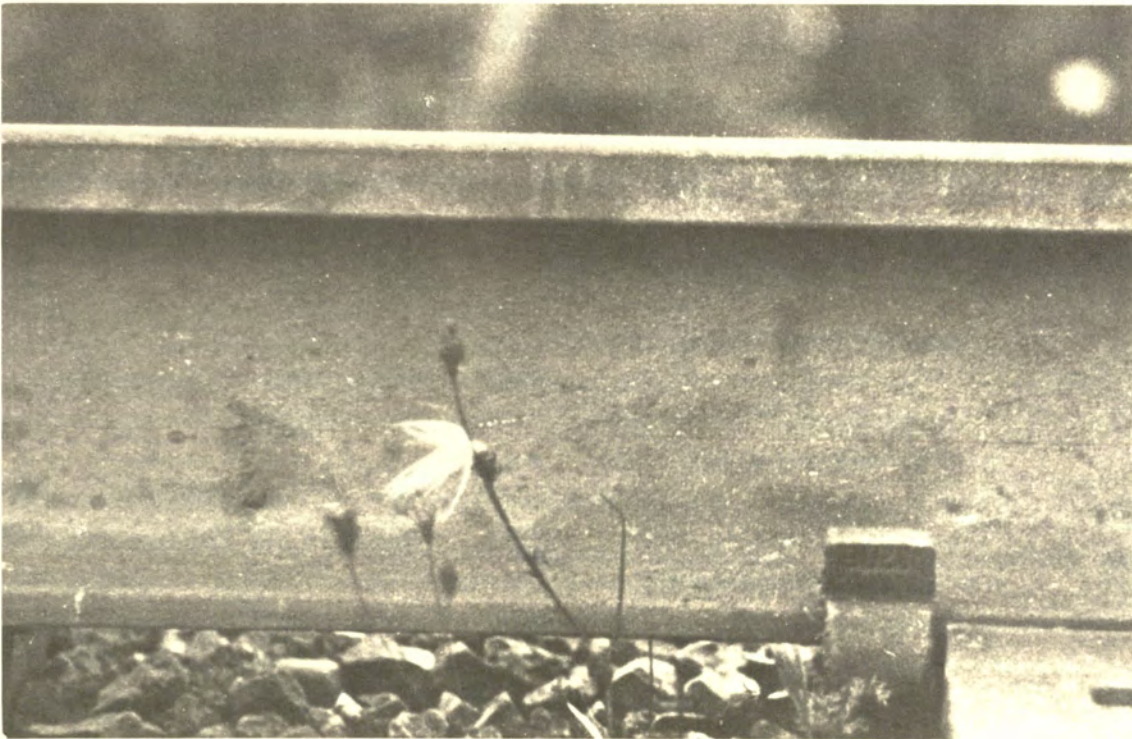


from the students of Alvarado University, February 1974

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## Dave Sandel

if there was ever a wonderment  
to become a condiment  
i would like to eat a turkey whole and brandish  
its drumsticks above my head,  
nary a fork in the frolic  
nary another person in the place  
nary nothing not a thing

if ever there was a fantasticness  
to grate upon this sewer of nerves  
it wouldn't dream of dormancy  
or burnished ivory leaves of african grass  
i haven't smelled a fine smell for quite a long time  
but they are there  
beneath the screens  
beneath the color ultraviolet, radioactive nothings  
that spurt out, little tinglies from the TV screen

upon my head  
i would wish heaped  
the transgressions of all the guilty  
to be banish, along with all my hair  
to the bottom of the list,  
and to the army

there is nothing finer than sin  
when it is committed in the midst of beautiful people

## Dan Meyer had the following first-impression comments

First line is hard to read — the words don't follow naturally — strained

“turkey whole and brandish” good words

“nary a fork in the frolic” good too

The last line of the first stanza is almost as awkward as the first — the pace of the lines above is ruined

“to grate upon this sewer of nerves” — seems to me like “sewer” is too sloppy of a word for something to grate on

“haven't smelled a fine **smell** but **they** are there” sort of picky, but the antecedent is wrong, or something

Last two lines of second stanza hard to sort out with the commas mid-line

there is nothing worse than virtue,  
says the corollary,  
when it is committed in the bosom of friendly devils  
god populates our planet with

dripping water down my diaphragm  
there's a leak in my uterus  
she told the doctor  
and he plugged it up with chewing gum  
and sent her to the hot air man  
the aeronaut with a soldering gun  
soldier of the body  
song of the uterus  
music to the ears of the merciful  
a drachma in the hand of the destitute  
a baton to the ailing conductor, unable to rise  
and bursting with the passions of his life  
crescendos from his bed, and borning  
men do not die, they only lose their first borning  
to gain a giant step toward their only hope  
its meaning is to dream, and sing  
toward the brightest star on your horizon  
smell her smile?  
smell her dream?  
raise your head and cry

## about Dave Sandel's poem:

"i would wish heaped" is good

"to be banish(ed)"?

"along with all my hair to the bottom of the list, and to the army" I don't understand this — is this where the transgressions are banished?

Next six lines good — maybe they aren't poetry, but prose, but they are good nevertheless and I would leave them in

The next part, about the leaky uterus, is very good — the best part of the poem. . . I don't think I would want to change anything here, except "a giant step toward their only hope/ its meaning is to dream and sing/ toward the brightest star on your horizon" That is sort of soggy and runs on too long



there's a bottle on the desk  
and there's music from the tube  
and cement on the bookshelf  
and a hundred books we can pursue

to the limits of your bursting lungs  
if you smoke you die

The rest of the poem is great — and fits in with the first part of the poem in a complete, detached way

The poem is fragmentary, of course. But there are lines in it that are real poetry —

“song of the uterus  
music to the ears of the merciful”

or —

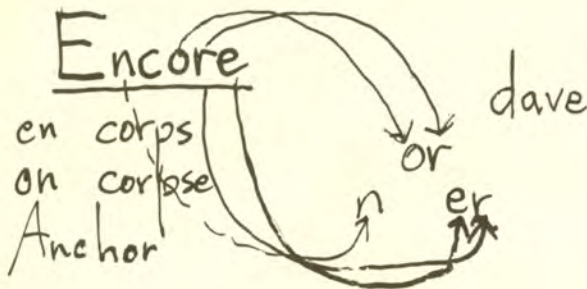
“crescendos from his bed”

and —

“to the limits of your bursting lungs  
if you smoke you die ”

So for these lines, I really like the poem — and it's good here and there and there. . . .

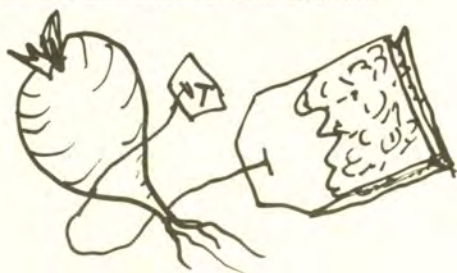
A movement from the beginning to end is there too — sort of — it's hard to follow, and some of the bad lines make it really exhausting to try, but it's there, and it builds in the middle, falling off abruptly at the end. I like that too — the halting pace of the poem, which fits what it says.



I was just sitting in the cafeteria at 5:30 (at night) in the evening, with my hair curling out from under my damn police hat and my \$11.00 striped shirt, and my hulk was very neatly mirrored by the black windows surrounding the room.

I heard the noise but only parts of sounds and sometimes conversations. Before, I thought that there were too many ugly people in the world, but tonight even I don't look so swift. When have I ever looked so swift? And when has a Continental tea bag ever looked so swift? And when has the night ever been so big and black? When have the windows ever been so reflective? My tea bag froze, my jello molded, and now the flies are in the blue cheese and radish slices and they don't Care: just one dollar will keep 100 Indian children in milk for 30 meals. But perhaps they won't have meals like I have here in this cafeteria because they just cannot have two salads and no desert, and their Food Council has just adjourned in case of war.

The conversations are fewer now, but the noise is the same or maybe I'm hearing Les, who is always shrieking silently. . . and I've just been spoken to. She was being friendly and casual and asked if this was a letter. I would let her but I doubt that she would do it. I don't want to be casual and friendly, but I always end up that way, or not at all. That's the current problem, and it is a real bitch. I lost my heart somewhere. I don't remember where, but I'm sure that it is sitting in some dingy cafeteria where it is dark inside, and black outside me, and some asshole has turned out my porch light. Now I only want to meet myself, but it is getting colder and harder. Like the tea,



but not at all. I can't see my eyes in the black glass with my tee-shirt painted on it, and now my face is getting fatter and fatter, and uglier and uglier, and my police hat is opening its fat folds and sticking out its black tongue with a siren on it and saying, "You know you're not going to make it, G. Walters. . .!"

And I guess I would have bled to death except for the 13 year-old neighborhood girl who wanted to major in nursing at the university. She knew where my heart was. From what I remember, it was the proverbial "glove at first sight." In an instant, she had scrubbed and was ready to operate. She pulled my shirt away from the stripes on my body and pushed a tea bag into my aortum majorum and then stitched me in time to save about nine dollars at the medical center.

She left my eyes alone, however, and I lost my sight. All she would have had to do was put some blue cheese in my eyes to keep them from losing sight of my future. I had really wanted to see the news that night because I had to catch the score of the Philadelphia-Los Angeles game. I didn't know it had been called on account of darkness.

G. Walters picked himself up off the lawn and wondered where the 13 year-old girl had gone. The wound in his chest had healed, but his head was still warm and sticky from the streams trickling from his optic cavities. Where was she when he needed her? Probably had to go home to dinner. Little girls shouldn't be out after dark anyway — especially not on the darkest night ever. No good could possibly come from it.

Standing weak and numb outside the cafeteria, G. Walters was nevertheless determined to get back to his room. There was a ton of homework to be done. Thank God he had bought duplicate copies of his books in Braille after watching **The Miracle Worker**, starring Patty Duke. The pain would be all right after a few beers, and everything would be just fine, unless of course, his roommate insisted on keeping the lights on . . .

C. Billington needed the lights on all the time because he was afraid of the dark.

Apparently, from what he had implied to G. Walters, he had awakened on the floor one morning, when he was a junior in high school, and had vowed to find out who had pushed him out of bed. It was now four years later and his lights hadn't gone out since.

A giant radish came into the hole and welcomed me to the garden. "This isn't a dream," he said. Nauseated, I filled the hole with vomit, as I remembered the slices sitting in my bowl at the 5:00 meal; and as I floated out of the hole, the rest of the salad was united with the earth it had sprung from but I was already blind even though my accident hadn't even begun to fight back at my confusion. That was why I hadn't been able to see my eyes, which — although must have seen the glory of the coming — had never experienced it. But then there was the Lord, who was a virgin also, but who, I am sure, gets his licks in now and then comma

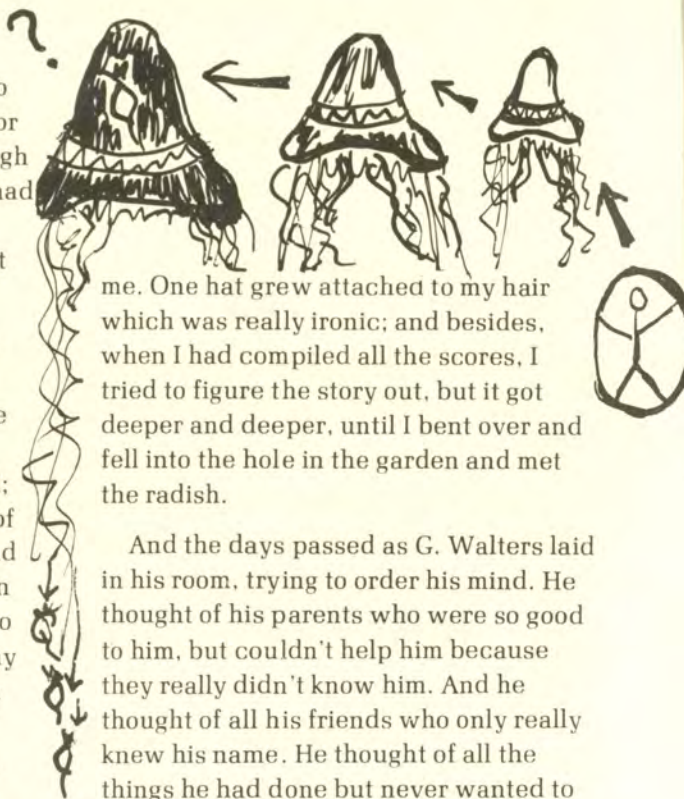
When G. Walters walked back into his room, slowly, arms extended, searching, ready for anything, C. Billington was sitting half way between the door and the window, with his revolver in hand, arm extended, ready for the mysterious pusher, but oblivious to anything real. G. Walters stumbled into his desk. Someone had rearranged his room, or maybe just the furniture. Only when the walls had been painted with obscenities did C. Billington notice the stripes on his roommate's torso and the clots on either side of his nose.

"Have you been fighting with your hat again? Sometime there will be serious consequences, and then what will you do?"

G. Walters didn't know, and he admitted it.

"I don't know," he said. He could no longer study.

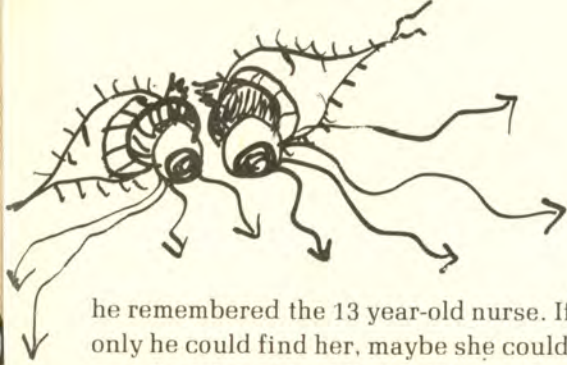
Why must I remember all this? I guess I wanted to figure out why I needed the score of the Phillie-L.A. game. You see, it's all in the game and I was trying to understand it. So I had been picking out games for months and had learned too much for my own good. The police hats and various other mind-blowers were onto



me. One hat grew attached to my hair which was really ironic; and besides, when I had compiled all the scores, I tried to figure the story out, but it got deeper and deeper, until I bent over and fell into the hole in the garden and met the radish.

And the days passed as G. Walters laid in his room, trying to order his mind. He thought of his parents who were so good to him, but couldn't help him because they really didn't know him. And he thought of all his friends who only really knew his name. He thought of all the things he had done but never wanted to do; and he thought of the things he might like to do, but couldn't because there was no one to do them with, no one who knew him, no one to make anything worthwhile. Before, when he was young, G. Walters had had glimpses of bliss, flashes of calm meaning, that grab most people long into maturity; but G. Walters no longer could think of beauty. It had been torn from his mind with scorching pliers, which had cauterized his nerves, clamped down his will to climb up. He had trusted. . . . totally . . . . fanatically. . . . absurdly, and in the end, She had laughed, mocking him, "you didn't seriously think that I. . . ?" After that, he hadn't seen anything clearly. He encountered no one else (except C. Billington, who didn't count). Fantasizing everything, he hid, and suffered, and remembered, for months.

Remembering was the worst. Her words lingered tortuously, coming to life in the form of police hats and radishes which followed him, reminding him that he was down, trying to push him out of his mind. He sat in the middle of his room, the middle of nowhere, and when he looked out and asked "Why?", something would look back and say, "Go to hell!", which would have been fine. G. Walters hated being blind, but he hated not being able to see more. His gut ached from the depression and loneliness and lack of hope. And then



he remembered the 13 year-old nurse. If only he could find her, maybe she could somehow help him with his mind.

The chance was enough to get him out of bed. C. Billington was ordered to warm up the car, and it wasn't long before the two were scouring the streets near the cafeteria, looking for the girl who wanted to go to the university. Night was gathering, though, and C. Billington turned back so that he could start his vigil between his door and his window. G. Walters went back to bed, but this time was determined to get up and continue his search. The night didn't seem so heavy for the first time in a long while, and he knew he would have the nerve to fight back against the enemies of his mind as they attacked his one shred of hope.

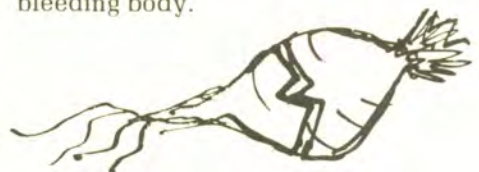
I waited for them to come in this time with their taunts and jeers, and sure enough, the police hat was wearing a moustache and a cape and a top hat and demanded the rent, which I didn't and wouldn't pay so he tried to evict me by force by picking up my head by the ears and beating my brains out against the hard, black rocks inside. But I refused to leave my mind because even though it gives me shit once in a while, or even for long periods at a time, it is the only one I'll ever have, so why blow it at such an early age? The hat gave up, but smiled a wicked smile to let me know he'd be back, and I just stared and waited for Mr. Radish, whose turn it was next. He came inside and tore his ticket in half, giving one half to the doorman, and keeping the other as a souvenir. He again welcomed me to the garden, and then cracked his whip at his portable horse and began plowing the back 40 acres of my cerebrum. Next, he planted the seeds of destruction in the deep furrows he had just dug and proceeded to water and fertilize them. However, I knew they would not grow without sunlight, and he hadn't seen that for such a long time that just the thought

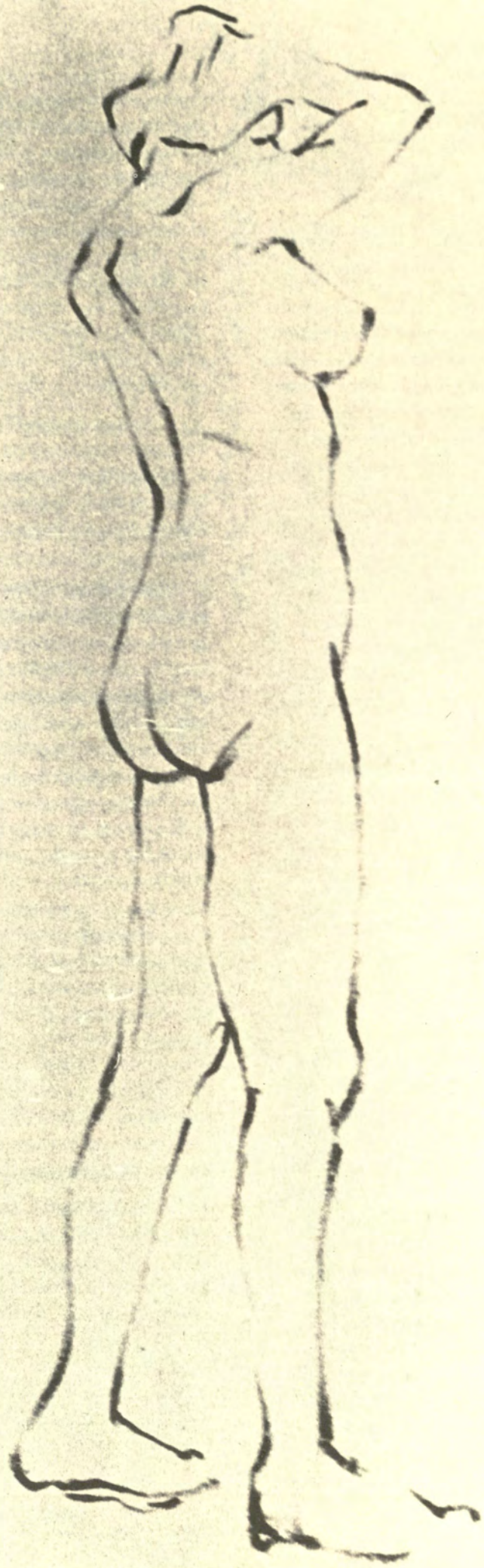
of it would cause Mr. Radish to vanish. And he was replaced by three year-old Michael Rossman, Jr., who knew which mushrooms were poisonous and which ones weren't and who hated the seeds of destruction because they were a creation of institutions and had to be destroyed. So the child dug up the seeds but refused to do any of his own work and went walking over my brain, yelling bullshit to all my questions. I flushed my brain and closed my mind, victorious.

G. Walters nudged C. Billington's chair and hoped the revolver wouldn't go off accidentally as his roommate yawned and jerked to his feet, startled. They immediately went to the car, and resumed the search.

C. Billington was up for the hunt on this morning and eagerly scanned every yard as he crept up and down the streets of the neighborhood. His eyes hung too long on a girl definitely older than thirteen, however, and he didn't spot a little pup as it darted into the street from behind a tree. The puppy's yelp and the belated screech of the tires brought most of the neighborhood to the scene. Thinking fast, they jumped out of the car and C. Billington put the bleeding pup in G. Walters' arms, and stood guard. It wasn't long before a screaming girl came running up with tea bags and grabbed the latest victim, at the same time preparing for surgery. G. Walters recognized the voice: the police hat began to chew through his head with savage ferocity generated by the ultimate threat to his control of his owner. G. Walters at that second felt the pain of every bad feeling he had ever experienced in his nineteen long years.

As he reached for C. Billington's revolver, all he could hear were Her words, "you didn't seriously think...?", and as he shot her squarely in the chest he knew he had returned the pain which had eaten him out for so long. As the 13 year-old girl fell slowly to the ground, G. Walter's sight returned instantly, and he saw himself again as he thankfully knelt to mend her bleeding body.





Yumi Mitsuhashi



# **What Will Jenny Do?**

**Kathy Boriack**

Jennifer rolled over in her bed and hugged herself. A very nice, self-satisfied hug. She gave a small sigh and thought to herself, well, Jenny old girl, I'd say you kept your head very well last night. You did quite all right.

She rubbed her chin against the pillow and felt a sting. Gingerly she put her fingers to her chin. Well, gang (Jenny often addressed herself "well, gang" — there were so many of her) well, gang, it looks like no more thoughtful chin-rubbing for a few days. I'll have to think of another gesture to make it look like I'm thinking.

Jen punched her pillow, stretched, sighed again, and looked at her clock. 10:15. Well, gang, look who's not going to church today. She looked over at her roommate, Val, who was doing her usual imitation of a dark green caterpillar, rolled up as she was in her dark green quilt. Speaking of quilts, thought Jen, I must say he handled it very smoothly. Never lost his cool at all. Oh, my chin does hurt. I wonder if it's very red? Last night her whole face had been red, but Val and Harrie and Sue and Carol had thought that was because of the brandy. Which, she guessed, it was, at least partly.

Jenny sat up in bed, swung her legs around and tip-toed over to the mirror. Yes, it was red. As if it were chapped by the wind. She'd forgotten beards could do that. It's funny. When she'd looked at his face as they'd sat on the floor and played cards in the dimly-lighted room, she hadn't seen those little bristly hairs which later had tickled, then had scratched her face. Jenny smiled, and watched the mirror curiously. It was not her beaming, brimming-over I-love-you smile, it was her funny lop-sided satirical grin. Seems like I'm showing my satirical grin more and more these days, she thought.

Jenny shrugged her shoulders, picked up her comb, and began to comb her hair. Less tangled than last night, she thought. Last night she'd been so dizzy that she'd rolled out of the bed onto the quilt on the floor (the-quilt-is-softer-than-the-floor-the-bed-is-softer-

than-the-quilt) and had not dared to stand up. She'd simply sat there, crossed-legged, on the floor, and asked Chuck to please bring her coat, because in her coat pocket was her comb, and it was time to comb her hair. It had been so tangled. He had pushed it behind her ears, and stroked it, and kissed it — and that had been one of the nicest parts — but it had hurt to comb out those tangles.

Jenny put down the comb, quietly opened the door, and walked down the hall to the bathroom. That was one thing she hadn't liked about last night. After all that brandy, she'd really needed to go to the bathroom, but then he'd spread out the quilt on the floor, ("as long as we're sitting on the floor, we might as well be comfortable") and with her head spinning from the brandy she'd just drunk down straight and fast, the quilt had looked very comfortable, and she'd stretched out on the quilt, and that was all it had taken. He had lain down beside her and put his arm around her and said, "Oh, Jen, don't go to sleep," and she had grinned her satirical grin and laughed to herself, and had let him pull her close and kiss her.

That had surprised her. The kissing. She had had no idea it was going to be so wet. Like a dog licking your face, she thought. And that, thought Jen, is a pretty good description of Chuck anyway. He's happy and carefree and smiles just like a puppy that's wagging its tail. And he thinks about as much as a dog, too. Now, now, Jenny, that was not kind. We can't all be deep thinkers. Maybe it's better he's one of those surface people, always floating on his back, seeing only the blue sky. Not like Jen, who took deep breaths and plunged down to the bottom and came up only when she neared drowning, and always dived back down again.

But maybe it's better, she thought. God knows us deep people are not always good for each other. We're so complex and we analyze emotions so much and trust comes to us so hard. Chuck and I trust each other. We're able to, because we ask so little of each other. Just our bodies. His is strong and warm and mine is soft and warm, and that's a nice combination. And somewhere within each of our bodies there is a head, too, but that doesn't enter the picture. And that makes it so simple.

Jenny left the bathroom, ran back down the hall, and climbed back into bed. That was one part she was a little fuzzy on. Just how had they gotten from the quilt into the bed? She couldn't remember, but she knew it had been smooth and cool, like everything with Chuck, smooth and cool. Like when in the middle of his kissing her they had heard a shout, and Chuck had recognized the shout and had stopped



and told her a story about the boy to whom the shout belonged. And then he had put his hands under her sweater and gone right on kissing her.

But Jenny had kept her cool too. She had not lost her head, and she had been fully aware of everything he had done, and she could have stopped it at any time if she had wanted to. And she had wondered, but not really worried, if he would try to go too far. And she had not really thought that he would, because that would have been uncool. But she had not doubted for a moment that if he did try to go too far, she would simply push him away, get up, straighten her clothes, grab her coat, and walk out the door. But Jenny had really not had to worry. She could have stopped it at any time, but she was enjoying it.

Jen grinned her satirical grin as she thought of it now. She had not been swept away on a wild wave of passion, like the girls in the novels. Not only had she kept her head, she had kept her head detached. She had let her thoughts wander — as he kissed her — and she had tried to imagine doing it with someone she loved — with a deep person, someone like herself. And she had decided that maybe if she had been doing it with someone she loved, she might well have lost her head. So maybe it was better to have done it with Chuck, just for the experience.

Just for the experience, thought Jenny. And she was suddenly conscious that her grin had disappeared, and that her face felt tight and stiff.



# Sheryl Jones

Lines in brown and black

black good morning

you will remember

my days

days of today in air & wind

(no glory) days we wish

we could forget our foolish feeling

I am a fool

but then — I am

the Fool —

falling ; finding

my peaces my joys

in living here

and there, in knowing of fears gone  
even of communication

in words

in flying to you (and all absurdities of hope)

now (today) and again

(yesterday and tomorrow)

now

and again

my tree within

wings.

March (10) 70

upon the day that I should break  
; you should come to see me broken  
there will not be that much  
only a little bit. pieces. a little  
bit color and eyes (they do not  
break as such.)  
a bit of sand and wind  
and water. fire only  
if you have a match  
to light the cracks ; edges.

11-21-70

if you could come now I would leave  
a little later  
watching your presence ; closed blue skies.  
close your eyes.  
do not look at me. do not begin.  
say good bye.  
do you understand?

fear.

5-30-70

good morning  
dear would you talk to me  
this morning as we sit watching  
a table & plate. yet — what is  
there to say when we have  
had words for long times  
with everyone we meet. today's  
silence is only the ending of words.

11-14-70

would like to see you again  
soon, roundin' corners  
& round in rooms.

we will make a room  
with no corners only  
greetings & kisses  
& tears in the center  
for you to realize  
& I to taste;  
a small fountain  
reaching the floor to  
mean our lives.

come water with me.

11-14-70

there comes another old  
man upon the street  
driving driving his car  
into the ditch and out.  
another old man blind  
from light: dim houses  
dim roads a million  
grey days to be continued  
finished ; begun.  
Simply  
to die young.

10-24-70

we were in the sunrise to morrow  
I brought the morning you made the clouds  
just as on another day  
you made the bread ; I came with coffee and fruit.  
the early air of dewness ; of grain  
slipped into my hair  
; mouth as I leaned watching  
you skipped and we left with the clouds.

6-4-70

# **LIBERATE A SARDINE**

**LARRY RAINEY**

Sitting here all goddam crunched up in the corner of the back seat of this tiny compact car with three other people and this smelly brown mongrel to the left, I am becoming quite convinced that everyone here, including the three people in the front, must be insane.

As a matter of fact, I know that this wet-nosed dog, that is shedding all over me and needs to brush its teeth, actually agrees with me.

Who the hell crams seven people into a car so small that it looks more like a pregnant roller skate, and then brings in a dog, too? Not only that, but a dog with bad breath?

Nobody. Nobody does. Unless they're insane! I'm sure of that. They're all insane. They must be.

It's that falling down, beaten up, remnant 19th century farm. That's what's done it to 'em. All those thick, blue overalls and those *How Be You, Ezra's*, and that ridiculously breathable, fresh air, and all of that county crap. That's what's done it to 'em. Ever since they moved out there. . . That's what's driven them all insane.

Oh well. They're heading towards the city, now. A little touch of some suburbia and some smog, and they'll be okay. Yep, that'll teach 'em.





Jim Henze

Joan Lundgren



**Cleaning out Some Drawers, Sixty Miles an Hour**

No longer can I play kick-the-can  
In the alleyway  
Superfreeway  
Has taken away my dreams,  
Now sixty mile an hour schemes  
On reams of paper and textbook things.

Bookcovers and a dirty rabbit's foot  
Lie in the drawer,  
Never married,  
Estranged,  
Hopping away from the other  
Rabbit quicker than sixty mile an hour schemes,  
Separated by stagnant rivers of dust  
On the ruler.  
Rubber binders around my catechism,  
Old as Solomon,  
Hard as marble...  
Memory kings and queens we were.  
The girl who sat in the second row,  
Near the window,  
Not too far from the telephone wire,  
Upon which she was the prima donna,  
On Saturday mornings,  
From the heart of Martin Luther's book  
shot spitballs at her  
(Did we know she was a prima donna,  
To make her turn around,  
And good God,  
Do you know that sometimes  
We overshot her and hit Jesus Christ  
Hanging there?)

Hot dogs are less eternal than comic books.  
Or so my drawers seem to say,  
For while the comic books beam at me  
In Mount Olympus glory,  
The hot dogs I ate with them  
Are no longer with us;  
Unless you believe the scientists  
Who say,  
"Atoms are always with us,  
God be praised!  
It's the comic books that fade."  
All is relative."  
"C'est la vie."  
My French book tells me.

**Steve Suppan**

hard and strong from months of wearisome toil stood out on his arms and neck. He spoke no words, as was his custom; his dark eyes expressed the weariness felt by all. As Nasha struggled by him with her load, he thought to himself, "I never would have allowed a woman to carry such a burden within my view." But practicality had triumphed over gallantry: he had learned that each must do his share.

The black-haired, slender woman had once been among the most delicate and feminine in all the city of Amoria. Even now, thought Hanan,

## SECOND ATTEMPT

### JOHN HANSON

Blue-grey turned to pale, and early morning mists began to rise. He reached out his hand and, grasping hers, drew her up to his level. Behind them the older man stumbled over a rock. When he too reached the top, the three stood speechless, gazing intently at the sight below. For several moments they stood this way — motionless forms against the paleness beyond. Hanan was the first to speak.

"The Place of Forbidden Dreams," he whispered. Nasha shuddered. The second man placed a hand on her shoulder and said, "Do not be afraid, my child, for our journey is almost over."

"She has good reason to quiver at such a sight, Jobez. Legend says no man has ever returned from the Forbidden Place."

The young woman turned to Jobez. "Oh uncle, we never should have come here! Let's leave this death-trap before it's too late!"

"Calm yourself, Nasha. For eight months we have journeyed to reach this land. There's no turning back now." The folds of flesh beneath his chin moved in rhythm with his words. "Below us lies the treasure of Eternity. We shall have reached it by nightfall. Now, no more of this nonsense. Hanan, get the bundles and let's be on our way."

The young man heaved the heavy rolls over his shoulder. Muscles made

she looked as fragile as a lotus, though she carried a man's load.

Jobez's labored breathing was the only sound; it seemed to resonate throughout the mountaintop, testifying to the loneliness and emptiness which abounded there. His stout form contrasted with the slenderness of the others. He too lifted a bundle to his shoulder, swaying a bit at first; then he steadied himself and proceeded. Into the half-grey shadows the three figures disappeared, slowly making their descent to the unknown valley below.

The Place of Forbidden Dreams had always been there, somewhere beyond the mountains far to the east. Or so it was said, for no one had actually seen the Place and lived to tell of it. A legend handed down for generations told of a magnificent paradise of untold beauty. Yet it also held untold horror. Ages ago, it had been called Eden, and it was a place where man had walked with God. When Adam and Eve ate the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, God cast them out forever. He placed an angel at the gate to guard it, lest they return and eat the fruit from the Tree of Life, and thus live forever.

The legend continued, that after the death of Adam and Eve, God had removed His angel, but had placed a curse on those who would enter the Garden. Many versions had developed.

Some said that Lucifer and his demons now inhabited the Place. Others told stories of horrible creatures living there. Still others claimed that the very ground was alive, and had an insatiable appetite for human flesh. It was believed that the Tree of Life still remained in the Place of Forbidden Dreams, and if a man ate its fruit, he would live forever. It was nearly impossible to reach the tree, yet countless many had gone in search of it. None had ever returned.

Jobez had told no one of his plans, while he spent months studying a great many accounts of the legend. He was old, and there was no one in his life but his young niece, the daughter of his dead brother. He knew that the two of them could not make the journey by themselves, and so had approached Hanan with his proposition. The young man's first reaction had been utter disbelief: the hand of Jobez's beautiful niece and immortality, in exchange for his help on their journey! It seemed ridiculous. However, when he heard Jobez's carefully detailed plans, he was greatly impressed, and had readily agreed.

Nasha had been harder to persuade. She was not unhappy with her life, and she had no desire to face the perils spoken of by the legends. She was not even sure she believed in the existence of the Tree of Life. But she had always obeyed her uncle, and he had been insistent. They would never find this Forbidden Place anyway, she thought. Perhaps if she consented, they would soon return from their journey, and she might marry Hanan.

Shortly before the harvest season, Jobez had closed his potter's shop, and the trio secretly departed from the city. Under cover of night, they began their journey in search of the Place of Forbidden Dreams.

Half-shadows deepened to fullness; evening enshrouded the mountainside. The three figures had reached the base of the mountain and bedded down for the night. In the darkness just beyond, so near yet seeming so remote, lay the Forbidden Place. A brownish glow emanated from it, yet no forms could be distinguished. Atmosphere clung to

skin as if saturated with some unnatural dankness. Vibrations barely detectable seemed to flow underfoot, originating in the very gut of the Earth. Most unnatural of all was the silence. Sounds were foreign to this land. The slightest sigh grated the eardrum and sent chills racing up the spine. Sensation was muted, but human reaction was intensified. They sat huddled close together, each in need of verification of the others.

Nasha murmured, "I can not bear it. It is the Curse, warning us." The men showed no reaction except to wince at the thundering in their eardrums. Throughout the night they sat, sleepless, wordless. Now and then one of them would almost begin to speak, but the forming of words was too painful.

It was no longer night. Dawn had not come gradually, nor had it suddenly appeared. The darkness was simply gone. Nasha, Hanan, and Jobez rose from the ground. They stood and looked into each others' faces for a long time, not saying a word. Some unknown force drew their eyes in a common direction. There stood the gate to Eden, open wide and unguarded. The common expression shown on their faces was no longer terror; it was puzzlement. Jobez had expected to encounter fierce creatures at the gate, and had prepared himself with

weapons and magic potions. But there was nothing. No demons, no one-eyed giants, nothing but eerie emptiness.

Slowly they approached the gate, then entered. Immediately, all sensations changed. The dankness was gone from the air, and so was the painful throbbing in throat and ears. Now there was a peculiar lack of any feeling at all. Words came easy; their bodies felt light and free.

"Look!" cried Hanan, as he turned in the direction from which they had come. "The gate — it's gone!" On all sides the terrain looked the same, as if they had been placed in the center of an endless expanse.

"What can this be?" Nasha asked, dazed by the sight.

"Surely human eyes have never beheld such as this!" Jobez exclaimed.

Certainly this Place was not beautiful, as the legend had said, yet neither

was it ugly. The first thing they noticed was the absence of color. Everything was a variation in shade or tone on a single non-color. Or was it simply a color that did not exist in mortal man's Earth? It was like nothing ever before seen — neither dark nor light, warm nor cool, but ever-present. Although vegetation abounded, Life did not seem to exist. Trees had depth and form, but they were not like the trees of Earth. All seemed non-substantial, like a copy of Life without the true essence. The living was indistinguishable from the non-living; all seemed merely to exist.

"How can this be?" asked Hanan. "We are in a dream-world. Yes, that's it, we are all dreaming, and will soon awake from this unreality!"

"I think not," answered Jobez. "I have heard stories that foretold just what we are seeing now. The Place of Forbidden Dreams is said to resemble Death, for it holds the secret to eternal Life. I do not fully understand it, but men have said that Life and Death are intimately related. We must quickly find the Tree of Life, for to linger here can only cause us evil."

Nasha cried, "No! We must leave at once — I do not want eternal Life! I feel nothing but Death in this Place, there can be no Life."

"Oh, but there is," said Jobez, "I feel it very close to me. Eternity awaits us. Now come quickly!"

Silence was resumed as the three wandered, not knowing in which direction to turn. Far in the distance, a faint glow could be seen. Though it had no color, it was clearly brighter than the surrounding area.

“Come!” demanded Jobez, not waiting to see that they followed him. For hours they moved towards the strange glow, saying very little. Suddenly they stopped. There in front of them stood a multitude of horrifying creatures. They were human-like in form, but very different from humans in detail. Their bodies were ill-defined and extremely pale. They moved about, but not by walking as a mortal does. They seemed to half float on the air, half to tread the ground. And they had no faces. On their shoulders rested a formless orb — seeing not, hearing not, feeling not.

In the center of the multitude stood the Tree. It was the only form in the Garden which had a color: it was the darkest, deepest red. And everywhere the creatures, milling about unknowingly.

“What can they be?” gasped Nasha.

“I don’t know,” answered Hanan.

“I only know we must not eat the fruit. We don’t know all the secrets of the Tree of Life, and we must never find them out. Come, Nasha, we must turn back.” She did not move. Her face froze in an expression of horror. Hanan turned to face in the direction of her glance.

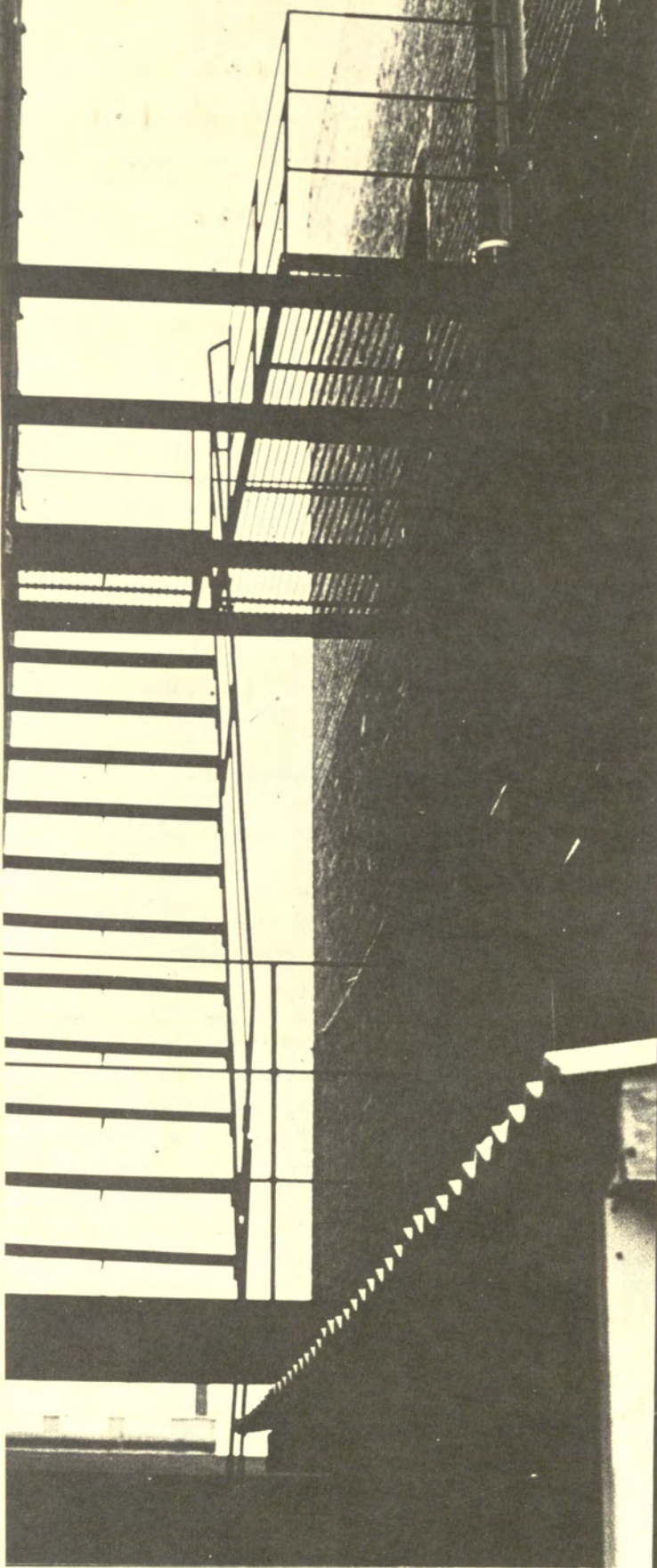
“No, Jobez, no!” he shouted. “Come back, come back!”

But it was too late. The old man stood under the Tree, the deep red fruit already at his lips. Helpless, they watched in horror as Jobez’s face began to assume a strangely blank expression. His skin turned pale; an opaque dullness blurred his eyes.

She screamed, “He’s becoming one of them!”

“Yes,” said Hanan, “the eternally damned. God’s curse is in the Tree of Life itself.”

The old man no longer stood beneath the Tree. Somewhere in the midst of the multitude, he wandered aimlessly, unseeing, unknowing. He would never die.



Walt Schmidt



Tom Hudson



## *The Morning After*

Something about the morning after  
That indulges me in near-perfectness:  
From the new leaf blown off mother tree  
To the poor worms left on white-washed ground.

Something calling in the wind  
That beckons colors waiting by  
To flash and filter through the hours,  
Bringing cool, clear light to the surface.

Something in the unbroken lines of  
Branches lifted from the horizon  
That shouts the brightness loudly  
To my eyes, and returns

Dreams remembered now distinctly  
While sounds turned memories are still felt  
In the cutting crispness born because  
Of sudden stealing storms the night before.

*Mark Seever*

You gave me the *Chinese Garden of Serenity*  
And together we pondered the evasive world  
Then underneath we found a dark forbidden forest  
Filled with fear and fate  
A forest that knew no boundaries  
We could not get out  
Now we listen to lutes  
On solemn stereos  
And avoid each other entirely

TERI HARRIS

Thoughts on Man and the Environment  
Occasioned by the Six O'clock Evening News

*Dave Strietelmeier*

**ONE**

There is a war on in America—a war for earth and air and water. Unfortunately, the real battle, the key one in the whole campaign, has not yet been joined: the nation is still saying that the degradation of its environment is a technical problem which can be solved by sanitation engineers, biologists, and accountants—by technicians. The critical battle will begin when we Americans recognize and accept, when we state publicly, that our **environment** is the necessary and logical result of our **culture**.

We can start by looking at ourselves: what do we minimally need to survive, what are our basic passions and drives, what is our definition of the Good Life; and we will see what we have done to our land and to ourselves in pursuit of that Life. This exists in contrast to what we could reasonably and safely desire. Only when we recognize this contrast can we begin an effective work of environmental healing.

We want a new religion with Life (not just man's, but the life of everything) as its god—complete with symbols, celebrations, priests, a holy book, rules and folk lore to give Life a new sacredness. We want to live in a Promised Land. At the same time, however, we are afraid to commit ourselves to this new religion, to fold our cultural tents and begin the migration to a new Palestine. As long as we insist that, with a few technical adjustments, we can have flowing milk and honey here—unreconstructed as we are—we will remain a lost people.

**TWO**

It is popular to decry the automobile as the great villainous polluter. Yet the automobile is only a mechanical horse and buggy. Ford and associates merely automated road haulage. We could replace the automobile today if we brought back horses. But anyone who has smelled a city full of manure and rotting straw, anyone who has seen the rats and flies attracted by barns and stables has an idea of the "new" kinds of pollution and degradation which such a move would create. The fact is that problems exist because they are in some way tied to items of social necessity or desirability. The "trick" is to separate the problems from the valuable elements in order to minimize the effects of the former without seriously affecting the latter.

Speaking of the automobile, it would be wise to remember a few other facts basic to its nature. First, the automobile is a machine, and a machine does nothing that it is not made or allowed to do. Cars do not commute by themselves, nor do they speed, drive aggressively, or disobey traffic signals. Additionally, cars cannot report for tune-ups or repair themselves so that all their parts are functioning smoothly. The driver must look after his car, and most accidents are the result of willful or careless action on the part of human beings. Environmental damage should be treated like other negligence-caused damage, and the automobile owner should be required to pay for the repair of this damage just as he must pay for the repair of other accident damage. Our vehicles, imperfect as they are, can rightly claim to be the most dependable, the most efficient and the safest yet developed. The problems with them center around our abuses of the machine's potential.

This does not mean that the road vehicle as we know it today is fully acceptable. But its improvement is a matter of our public choice. Detroit has sold us what we really wanted all along—regardless of our pious utterances. Our automobiles are a judgment on our personal and societal values. The secret desires and fears of our country are portrayed in our dealer showrooms in language more explicit than any we would allow in print. So it will always be. Our sickness or our health will be open for all to see, year after year, in this central product of our society.

### THREE

There are as many ways to pollute as there are to communicate. It is not only streams, hills, and clouds which become sick or sterile when toxic material is heedlessly dumped into them. People do also. Night long mercury vapor parking lot lamps which block out stars and night skies, which force the use of blackout curtains for the whole surrounding neighborhood, are becoming a common form of "people pollution." So is the high level of machine noise which has become the part of our common home life. So, it would seem, is the overconsumption of contemporary problems known as "keeping up with the news" or "being fully involved." Large scale and regular doses of discouragement, disillusionment, and outrage administer a psychological beating which finally cripples healthy thought patterns.

Humans are primates comparatively fresh from the wild. As much as our frail bodies and little problem-solving brains have evolved, we still have basic animal needs for undisturbed resting periods, quiet time, security, and hope. We must understand that when we ignore these necessities or violate them, we do so at our own risk.

### FOUR

The world is not ours to keep. We were given it by our parents and will hand it on to our children. It is, in fact, our greatest trust.

When we rebuild America (for we must and will rebuild it), let us set about our task wisely. Let us build this land for Men, not each man for himself. Again, let us build for Men, not lying to ourselves, creating cities for supermen, ultramachines which we are not. Let us build for Men, not for our technology or our systems.

Let us embrace our animal "frailties": we must live among grass, flowers, and trees because we are creatures of forests and savanahs. We will live with herds—and herds of our own kind because we are sociable animals. We will also have other types of animals near us because we enjoy their company. We will have bewildering diversity in our social and physical environments because we are naturally curious and because we have basically varying tastes and values.

When we rebuild, we will have clean water, live and unpoisoned soil, and clean air. When we rebuild, let us not be afraid to dream and build our dreams, mixing wisdom and joy together, pouring them into our needs and aspirations.

SMOG 1970

SMOG  
RIDES TO TOWN  
IN OUR LITTLE FOREIGN IMPORT  
FORNICATES IN THE BACK ALLIES  
WITH THE SMUT  
OF CITY SMOKESTACKS  
LEAVING BEHIND  
A LITTER OF PROBLEMS FOR US  
THEN FINDS ITS WAY  
ACROSS THE SKY.

GIDEON FEREBEE

# newport beach 1970

A voice refreshed by the night  
inquired for a glass of orange juice.  
Nothing could be said or done  
except fulfill the wish it asked.  
I poured it lazily  
and it went a little on the floor.  
But I was pouring orange juice  
and that is how it poured.

Tick Tock Tick Tock  
Mighty Big Ben went on.  
Tick Tock Tick Tock  
The time just passed.  
Outside the birds awoke  
keeping time to their life.  
While inside Big Ben  
Just went  
Tick Tock Tick Tock.

## Peter Stager





Yumi Mitsuhashi



What will undoubtedly go down as THE event among this season's flurry of social activity was held Saturday last in the Great Hall of the Student Union. The dance-mad younger set gathered there for a night of tripping the light fantastic not soon to be rivaled in our fair community. No one could be pinned as to just what was the cause of this celebration, but it was generally agreed that a good time was had by all.

Partygoers arrived early and were attired in some of the latest fashions. A first glance would seem to indicate that an army jacket, faded jeans, and a colorful sash are still **de rigueur** this season, while the more avant garde delighted us with such fanciful and eye-catching accessories as little silver peace medallions dangling from belt loops and colorful beads worn chokerlength around some of the more fashionable necks. Indeed, it was fortunate to see fewer and fewer of those old die-hards who still display braces and bobby socks as their idea of **haute couture**.

The Great Hall lent itself gracefully to the tasteful decorations seen within its confines. Merely by drawing charming blue drapes along the east wall and dimming the overhead lights, an aura of subdued togetherness was created, providing just the right atmosphere for this boy-girl mixer.

In fact, there was hardly a time when either sex was seen apart from each other. I am happy to report that no "various sexes" were in attendance. This atmos-

(We feel that this Torch story so well reflects our age and was thus worthy of a second reading and a more permanent printing. Editors)

## Great Hall Dance Trips

phere was completed with the presence of clouds of blue smoke which wafted their way through the room, trailing with them the faint fragrance of **cannibus sativa**, the latest new smell from south of the border. A job well done.

The importance of this function became quite evident when not one, but three different bands were called upon to provide the evening's entertainment. Rather than depending on catchy lyrics or hummable melodies to get them through their performances, these consummate musicians regaled us with daring new interpretations highlighted by brain boggling rhythms and crescendos whose volume alone sent our stomachs aflutter.

A veritable musical climax was reached when one of the drummers punctuated his downbeat by removing his shirt and treating the crowd to a hitherto un hoped for glimpse of sweaty armpits moving in perfect harmony with

look at who was there. This occasion brought to light an unfortunate incident when it was learned that a group of older people, carrying notebooks and claiming to be students of Valparaiso University, voiced rather loud objections to the presence of so many strangers in what they claimed to be their Union building. Whereas some people may have construed the whole affair to be a pleasant evening out in the big city, the students saw it as a bunch of lousy townie teeny-boppers whoopin' it up on cheap booze, cheaper pot, and still cheaper music, and besides, they wouldn't share it.

We feel obliged to comment that it is just this sort of person, so far removed from the realities of life, that is the basis for our troubles today. These people must learn a little patience and remember that they were young once too. Needless to say, this was hardly enough to dampen spirits and the gay times went on.

Reports have it that these goings on lasted well into the evening, at least till midnight when some of the younger enthusiasts were seen leaving hurriedly in order to make curfew. This reporter found it impossible to stay for the finale as personal health reasons forced his early departure. The University is to be given credit for hosting such a gala event. One can only hope for more of the same as a chance to simply forget about what is wrong with America's young people, and see them as they really are when they are enjoying themselves. Right On, Youth of America.

## the Light Fantastic by Phil Goss

a very visible rib cage. Naughty, naughty. We will wait with baited breath for the next time a group will be so wonderfully original in their show.

The guests, quite a cosmopolitan bunch judging from the auto stickers seen in the Union Turn-around, came from both the Big Cities (Chesterton and LaPorte) and the smaller hamlets hereabouts (Wanatah and Kouts). Their youthful exuberance was witnessed on many occasions as they passed the ever-present bottle of Boone's Farm (certainly the best thing to hit the cocktail in a long time) or walked across the room for a pack of Camels. Mostly though, the revelers found satisfaction in reclining on the floor, swaying arm in arm to the music, or just chatting pleasantly with their neighbor.

During intermission the party moved to the spacious lobby outside the Great Hall to stretch their legs a bit and get a closer

IN HONOR OF ELSBETH

My heartbeat more pronounced as countdown speeds,  
Toward impending climax of our love.  
Restraints all dropped; our minds and bodies freed  
And suddenly, we trip so high above.

Ourselves relieved of foolish men's confines;  
Behind we leave our fears and excess weight.  
New insights our expanding mind defines  
Here in this void of now ourselves relate.

For now we see as others never could,  
As high as we in love have voyaged out;  
And climbed the varied strata to the good,  
Surveying what the world is all about.

In time reality our dreams may smash  
All space now our protector from the crash.

Scorpio

Caught  
Because of a stupid  
Childish maneuver  
Caught like a criminal  
Caged like an animal  
And with  
Only a minimal  
Of discretion  
I could have avoided  
Embarrassment  
And all of the god damn  
Trouble  
But I'm caught  
And I'm captured  
And I'm caged

Gideon Ferebee

Impatient, as the time  
Drives  
Relentlessly forward  
And I, impatiently watch  
The maddening miracle  
Of time  
Strip my conscious mind  
Of all my previous  
Understandings.  
And I wonder impatiently  
If new revelations  
Of life  
Will ever be mine  
In time.

Gideon Ferebee

## CLARITY

Raindrops without cosmic meaning  
Falling without aimed precision  
Windblown without clear direction  
Spatter here without distinction  
Countless times without a reason  
Through this cycle without ending  
Raindrops without pattern patter  
Never changing, never ceasing.

Gideon Ferebee

## TO MARGRET...A LITTLE GIRL

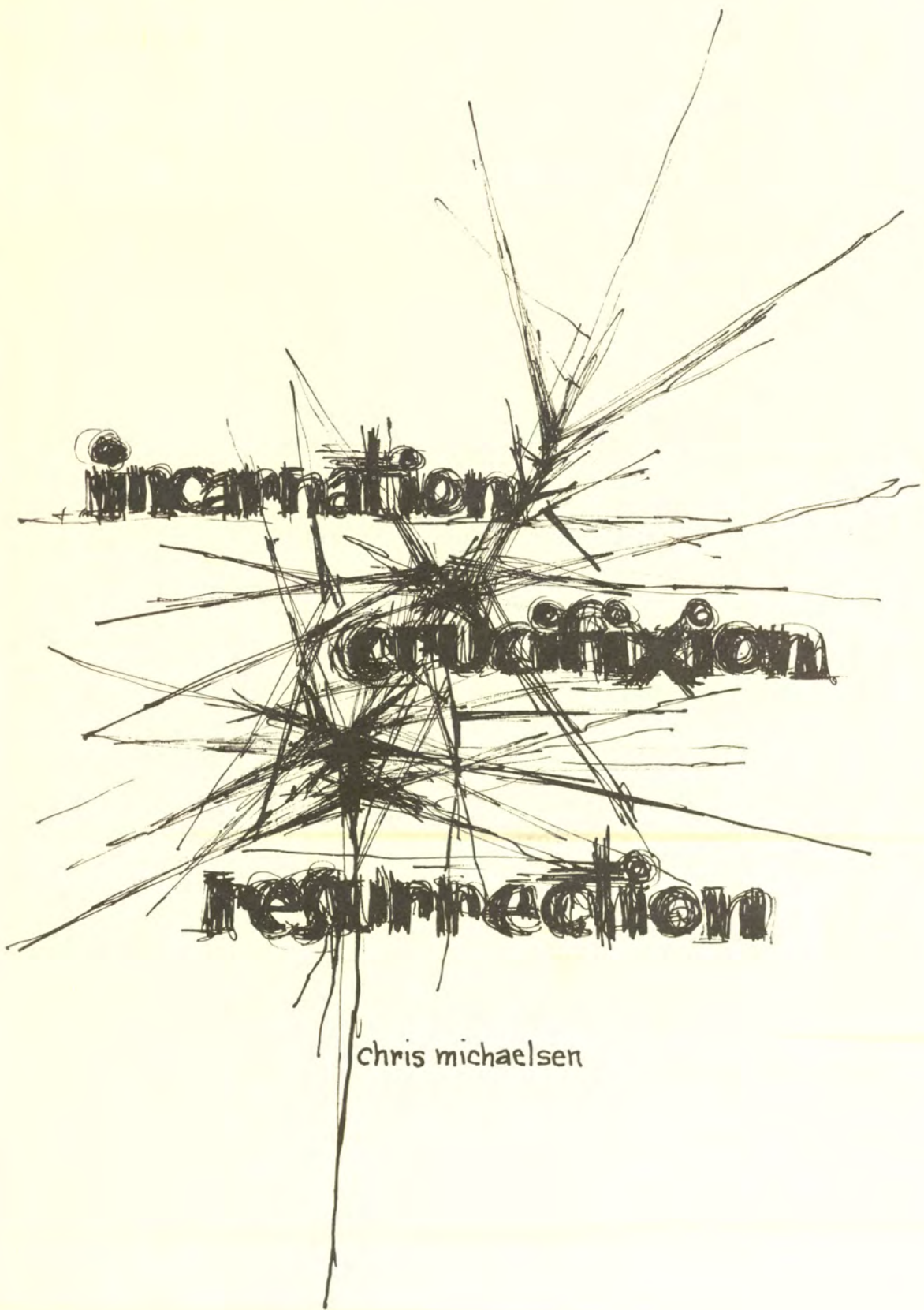
The airport scene was hectic  
Though Margret stole the show  
A girl had sat since eight o'clock  
Waiting to go  
The flight began at one-four-five  
But standbys did deplane  
The three o'clock went out on time  
But we standbys remain

There was a blond in dress of blue and gold  
Another dressed in yellow  
Margret was in white and red  
And quite an active fellow  
Well, little boys and little girls  
Are not yet that distinctive  
And own a world of smiles and cheer  
In which they often live

And so we wait, we standbys  
For the four o'clock liftoff  
Til then we'll watch the airport scene  
And Margret on the floor.

Scorpio





chris michaelson







