

11-1965

## November 1965

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03](http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

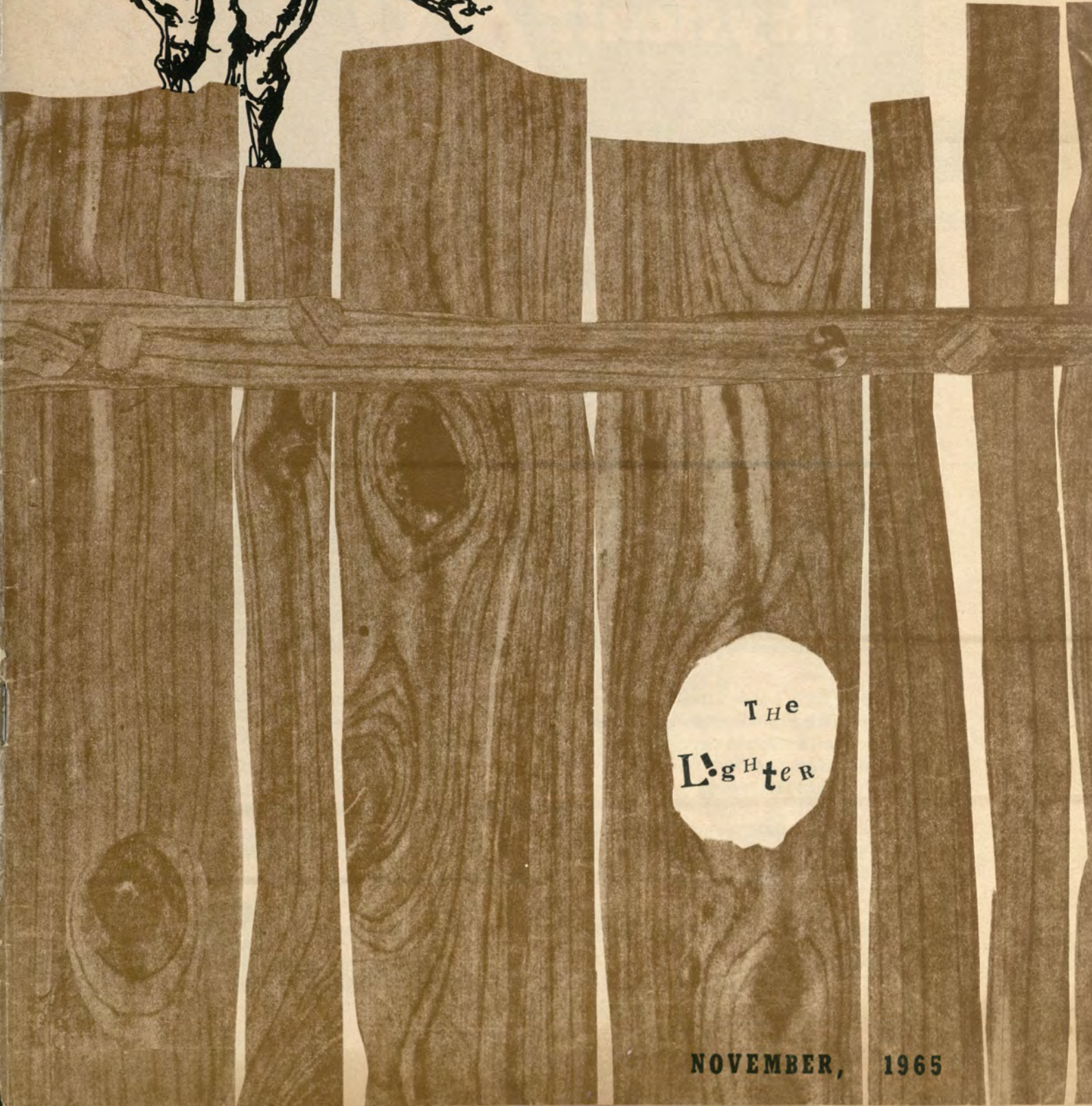
---

### Recommended Citation

Valparaiso University, "November 1965" (1965). *The Lighter, 1962-2003*. Paper 80.  
[http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter\\_62-03/80](http://scholar.valpo.edu/lighter_62-03/80)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of English at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lighter, 1962-2003 by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at [scholar@valpo.edu](mailto:scholar@valpo.edu).





The  
L·g<sup>H</sup>t·e<sup>R</sup>

NOVEMBER, 1965



**me flunk  
my  
physical?**



By age 20, two in a thousand are disabled. More than that have already died. Both figures mount as age increases. But, you can guarantee insurability! AAL offers young people a practical plan — one which insures you now at minimum cost for maximum coverage. Then, AAL provides a Guaranteed Purchase Option which lets you add more life insurance at future intervals, regardless of health. Also, if you become disabled, and own AAL's Monthly Income Disability coverage, you will receive a guaranteed monthly income. Plenty of people flunk their physicals. Cut your insurability risks. Insure early! Ask your AAL campus representative to help you.

**AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS · APPLETON, WISCONSIN**

COPYRIGHT 1965



Walther G. Kretzmann, FIC, 1028 S. Union St., Kokomo  
Paul E. De Armitt, FIC, 908 Eastbrooke Dr., Valparaiso  
Ralph P. Stewart, 818 Brown St., Valparaiso



# THE LIGHTER

*the literary-humor magazine  
of Valparaiso University*

## LIGHTER STAFF:

Editor . . . . . Janet L. Karsten  
Assistant Editor . . . . . Wesley F. Albinger  
Photography . . . . . Nancy Ferguson  
Business Manager . . . . . Fred Yopps  
Advertising Manager . . . . . Dick Wamhoff  
Circulation Manager . . . . . Rick Filip  
Short Story Editor . . . . . Charles Mintzlaff  
Poetry Editor . . . . . John E. Softy  
Feature and Humor Editor . . . . . Dave Johnson  
Cartoonist . . . . . Terry Whittle  
Literary Criticism . . . . . Jim Boelter  
Exchange . . . . . Ellen Wischmeyer  
Santee Dively  
Proofreaders . . . . . Jake and The Guys  
Faculty Advisor . . . . . Mr. Walter Sanders  
Clean Up . . . . . Al Fuzzy

COVER by Carol Schwennesen

## CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Chuck Mintzlaff, Racy Princess Peters, Kuni Nuechterlein, Jane Siesennop, David Larsen, Jake, Gerald Weinhold, Kenneth Jacobsen, Martha Selle, David Johnson, Joan Davis, Laura Larson, Jim Kursch, Eric Boys, Sue Hedden, Kenneth Jarchow, Randy Sherren.

Printing by Sheffield Press

VOLUME VIII

NUMBER I

NOVEMBER, 1965

## IN THIS ISSUE

- 2 Askance — editorial comment
- 4 Feathers Today — an essay
- 6 Selected Parody
- 8 That Time of Life — a happening
- 13 Theater of the Absurd — a vocabulary
- 16 Standing Room Only: The Fantasticks
- 18 Poetry and Art
- 20 The American/European Student
- 23 Three Poems
- 24 The Lighter Lit — a trilogy
- 26 Lisa's Sin — a short story
- 31 On John Lennon — a recommendation





# Askance



... a sideways look at life

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Lest we be accused of pointing any gilded fingers, or of committing the avant-garish sin of printing an article with an Opinion in it, we submit instead the following ditty, which may prove to be no more significant than the handwriting on the john wall.*

## SING SONG

We didn't ask to brought here anyway  
They're picking on us, pick pick pick pick  
Pick-up, pick-et, pickpocket full of rye  
Pick a pack of pickles, peace porridge hot  
Hot war cold war what war old war  
Mongers, mongrels, mangoes, fritos  
Free speech, free leach, free love  
Everybody on the floor,  
Who's got the floor now?

Now we speak out, reek out, seek out  
Out? No exit, everybody inside  
Don't side, fence sitter bench warmer  
Tory; sorry, didn't see your button,  
Who's got the button, gotta have a label,  
Sticker, banner, banger, twanger  
Just like Froggie, he's on television  
(Let's be on television!)  
Tell-a-tale, tail them, nail them  
To their cross of gold with their nuclear nails!

Lie down, sit down, spit down everything  
Thingness, thing world, thing people, THINK!  
Think deep, drink deep, deep are the waters  
Waters everywhere, where's the TVA?  
Somebody save us, before they enslave us  
Somebody crave us, us, us, U.S.  
S stands for Saigon, U for you, Babe,  
Babe in a cradle, sleeping, weeping,  
Cause he's too small and we are loveless,  
Less love, less hope, more Boog, let's Frug!



The recently proposed walkway to connect Scheele Hall and the library building is only a half-hearted acknowledgment of the congestion and hazards that now exist in campus traffic. More realistic and effective planning is urgently needed.

Campus officials seem unaware of actual patterns of traffic flow, or even of the principle of the shortest distance between two points. Have any of them bothered to look at the field behind Deaconness Hall, or to notice the short-cut from Baldwin to the faculty-visitor parking lot? In view of these problems, we would like to submit the following modest proposal to the Maintenance Department, re: streets and sidewalks.

First, remove all the now existent streets, sidewalks, pathways, parking

lots. Tear up and haul away all pavement of any kind.

Second, cover the entire campus with good-quality sod. This should be done at such time of year as to allow the grass to take firm root as quickly as possible.

Third, refrain from putting up any "Please keep off" signs of any sort anywhere. Students must be allowed a completely uninhibited choice in selecting routes from their respective residences to wherever they intend to go.

Even the most casual survey of any cow pasture will reveal an organized network of well-beaten paths connecting barnyard with watering trough with areas of shade and so on. No one told these cows where to go. They worked this system out by going wherever

Go-go where the activism is, Liz  
Taylor, where grow our heroes? Weeds!  
Weed out mechanistic money-mad businessmen  
Weed out IBM cards and classes  
Weed out big bad bully-brutal cops and  
Weed out Adults and their stupid messes.  
Weed out worn-out out-moded moralisms,  
Weed in Philosophy, weed in Sartre!  
Weed out chains of responsibility,  
Weed in riots and marches and signs and  
Sign here, sign up, signs of destruction:  
Scripture says so but how would they know?

I'm a Stud and that means action,  
Act fast, think fast, drink fast, slink past  
Recruitment stations; United Nations,  
Pass a resolution that we're OK!

OK, so we're standing, handing out leaflets,  
Folders, Paperbacks, wisecracks,  
Crackerjacks prizes, sweatshirt disguises,  
Everybody rises when we trample by;  
Bye bye stable contemptible complacence,  
Sense and Reason, son of a bircher:  
We've got the first one on the block:  
and we're chopping out the rotting  
and we're chipping off the rust  
and we're busting to thrust —  
where there's silence and indifference —  
Our sing-song of us!  
And what shall we sing about?  
We shall sing about the sing-song.



they wanted to. We submit that university students are endowed with an innate intelligence at least equal to that of the average herd of Holsteins. Left to themselves they will naturally walk by the most direct routes, drive past the most attractive scenery, and park their cars in the most convenient — or secluded — places.

After this has been allowed to go on for several months, a careful study — possibly by aerial photographs — will accurately reveal patterns of campus traffic. The condition of the grass, or lack of same, will indicate how much traffic is experienced by any one area and will serve as a guide in working out an entirely new system of streets, walkways, and parking lots. Additional lighting facilities could then be incorporated to harmonize with this



overall scheme and produce a campus that is efficient as well as aesthetically satisfying.

We would like to point out that this proposal is in keeping with some of the most highly regarded classical ideas of education, c.f. Francois Rabelais: *In all their rule and strictest tie of their order there was by this one clause to be observed, DO WHAT THOU WILT.*

Chuck Mintzlaff

\* \*

*We also noticed the following poem tacked unobtrusively on the Scheele Hall bulletin board, evidently written by some bard-like cabdriver:*

WOULD THE AUBURN TRESSED  
FAIR MAIDEN,  
WHO FOUND HERSELF DIS-  
TRESSED  
AND LUGGAGE LADEN;  
ON TUESDAY LAST;  
PLEASE PAY HER CAB FARE, AND  
FAST.

\* \*

*As a carload of sorority girls neared the chapel, a white dove took off from the roof and soared overhead. "Look!" cried someone, "There goes the Holy Ghost!" A moment later the dove was streaming back, with a black pidgeon directly behind. "My goodness," someone else commented, "We've just witnessed a Leap of Faith."*

\* \*

*One of our more observant staff members noticed the following reminder scrawled on a Greenwich Group black board: PLEASE OBSURD THE HONOR CODE.*

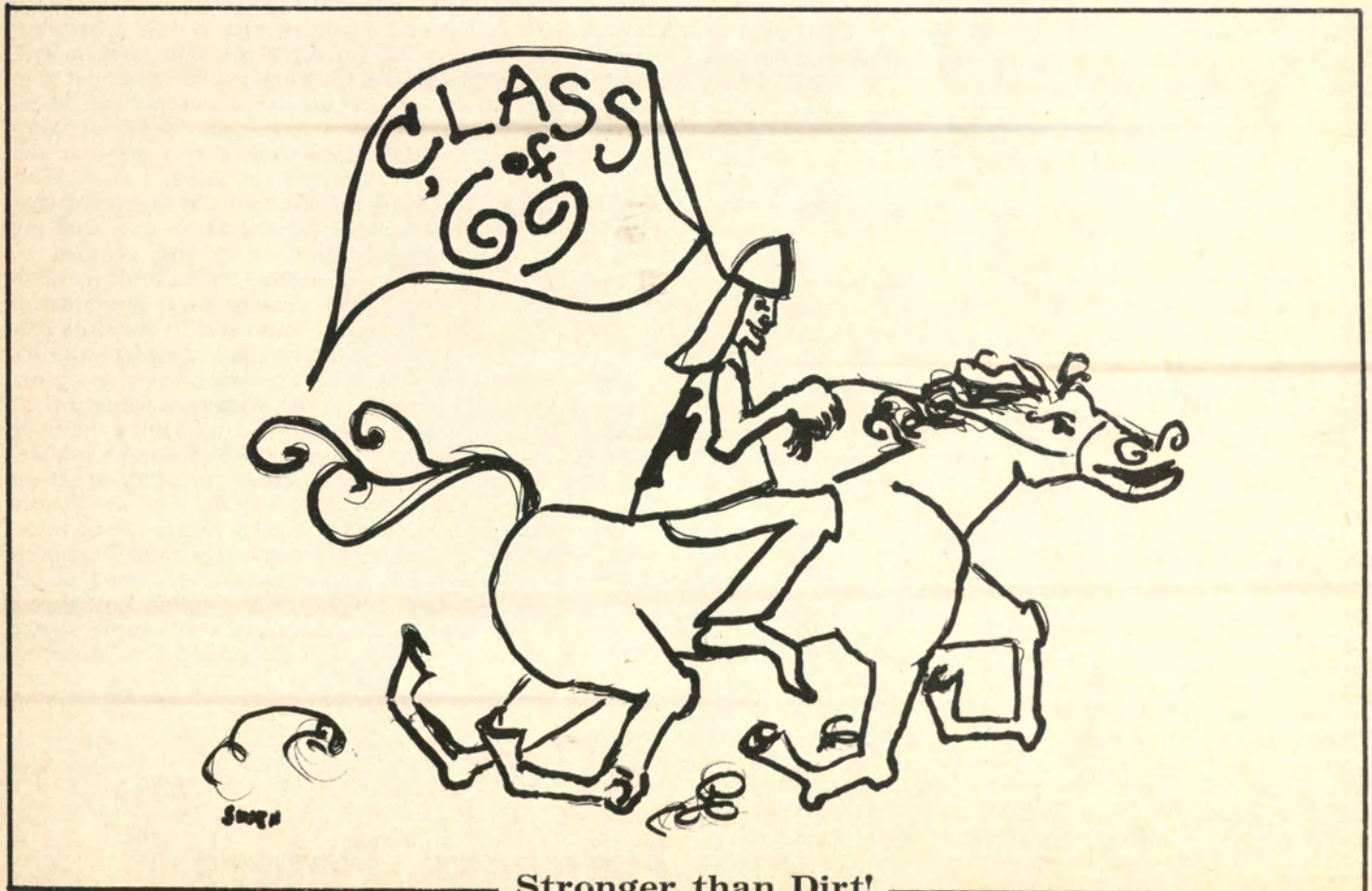
\* \*

Nancy Ferguson (our photographer) and her four-year-old daughter were discussing a football game which the younger had just seen. "Did you like it?" asked Nancy. "Oh, yes, I loved it!" the little girl replied. "Who won?" She hesitated a minute and answered, "Nobody did. They all fell down."

\* \*

The following note was found attached to several poems which had been stealthily placed on the editor's desk several weeks ago. (We liked it even better than the poetry.) "The collected poems of — — — submitted humbly with no pretensions to and many apologies for lack of quality or inspiration. They are set before you as children shabbily clothed (shades of Ann Bradstreet) with only the sincerity of their parent i.e. author to commend them. Be kind in your criticism and if to you they are offensive, merely spank them and send them back to their parent, i.e., the author."

\* \*



Stronger than Dirt!



# FEATHERS TODAY . . .

The present condition of my dormitory room is the culmination of my total disregard for order. My housekeeping habits have always been rather lax, but the appalling state of confusion into which this room has lapsed since I moved in has frightened even *me*. It is the most unbelievable mess I have ever seen. In the face of such utter squalor, I have nearly lost my faith in the dignity of man. There are grumblings at night in the vicinity of the wastebasket, and the debris threatens to rise up and engulf me.

On my desk alone, there are no fewer than 132 displaced items (I counted them!), including an empty gallon jar which used to house a small salamander, but which is now occupied solely in containing a few shreds of decaying sphagnum moss; five hundred yards of string; a turtle shell that my little sister painted with nail polish and presented to me when I left home; a mud wasp's nest of the same origin; a mother-of-pearl salt spoon and matching fork I bought in San Francisco; a convalescent planarian worm who is recovering in an inch of stagnant water from major surgery I performed on him last Tuesday; seven exceedingly foul orange peelings left over from February 22, when my parents finally sent me enough money to indulge in oranges; a stack of papers I am determined to examine but as yet have not, because this is the first time in several weeks that I have been able to locate them without tedious search; one completed but unsent application to UCLA — unsent because I spent the fee money for the oranges; four disintegrating nylon stockings; a glove I have never seen before; some empty coke bottles, a dried-up roll left over from breakfast one morning, and cake crumbs from last night's birthday party; an upside-down ashtray, its ashes in a heap beside it (this appears to be the working of a slovenly roommate, because I don't smoke); seventeen magazines and four dunning letters from the *Atlantic*; and a can of Desenex powder I borrowed because I have athlete's foot on the fourth toe of my left foot. This last is a particularly heavy cross to bear, since I have always prided myself on being immune to such things, and I very rarely wear shoes in the dorm. However, the floor of my room is fertile territory, and conducive to the propagation and vigorous growth of all types of fungus and disease.

There is only one way a person can cross the room, and that is straight from the door to the window. To detour would be to risk taking a nasty fall over one of twenty-two shoes and various articles of clothing scattered everywhere except in the immediate path. Even though I am so familiar with the obstacles that I can make it from my bed to the door (which is almost five feet) in the dark in almost eight seconds, I have on several occasions sustained unsightly bruises in the process. I have even reached the conclusion that there is a sort of seasonal rotation of junk — that over certain periods

things shift to different places in the room and eventually end up where they were in the first place. For instance, the overflow from the wastebasket will be under the sink one week, in the closet the next, and in the center of the room the following week. I usually avoid spilling water on the floor, because it is quite probable that a bog will form and endanger my life and studies at Valparaiso. Ironically, there is a broom standing in the corner, where it has stood since before Christmas, when I, with admirable intentions, stole it from the janitor's closet. Three week's dust is on the floor and three month's under the bed, along with about five dollars' worth of gum wrappers, at least thirty sheets of adulterated typing paper, innumerable bobby pins, and two pairs of socks. I have on occasion, out of sheer curiosity, lifted up the mattress of my bed to see what is taking place there. The last time I gathered up enough courage to go through with it, I found a pile of corn flakes, a theology paper I had been looking for for nearly two days, a ballpoint pen, twelve roller picks, a long-lost thong sandal, two cigarette butts, and a dust ball the size of a grapefruit. These dust balls are very aggressive. I have come in last at night and turned on the light to see them sitting all over the room. One even came in through the door, rolled across the room, and slipped under my bed. I am not suggesting that there is some mystical power in dust balls — only that my room has an irresistible attraction for all sorts of trash.

I have not always been so negligent. I used to be meticulously neat. When at the age of fourteen I was promoted to a private room, I was very much impressed by its white curtains, and I decided that if the room merited white curtains, it also deserved to be kept spotless. I refinished an old-fashioned dresser and painted it and all the woodwork white. I then repainted the room. Still not satisfied, I refinished the floor and waxed it four times, put a screen on the door to a balcony adjoining my room, bought a climbing ivy plant to set on the dresser for contrast, and catalogued and filed away piece by piece everything I had ever owned in my life. I knew exactly where to look for my third grade arithmetic papers, baby teeth I had saved as rather morbid mementos of my childhood, my rock collection, or the cat's collar. But when I had finished, the room was the equivalent of a convent cell: bed, chair, dresser, ivy plant. I could stand in the doorway

by Racy

Princess Peters



and look all around it without seeing more than four objects, three of them white. The glare from the polished floor was disturbingly even. The room had no character. It was just clean. As far as I was concerned, it was sterile and uninhabitable.

It was at this time that one facet of my father's philosophy of life began to interest me. He advocated a sort of "chicken today, feather tomorrow" attitude. This is not as irresponsible as it sounds. It refers primarily to the value of material possessions, and indicates their relative unimportance to an individual's happiness. Papa is extremely aware of the fact that everything is in a constant state of flux, and he was quick to teach us the folly of expecting or attempting to preserve a status quo. He made us aware of the fact that although we are happy or satisfied now, things are sure to change, and that it is much more advantageous in the long run to take life not quite so seriously. He was not recommending that we adopt a *blase* attitude, but instead that we develop the capacity to withstand and even encourage change, and to recover immediately from setbacks. He taught us that the only way to be happy is to be completely unselfish and to care as little as possible for material things, because they are of little or no value.

In themselves, these statements are meaningless platitudes, but my father did not just preach at us. He showed us. He warned us several times that we had better learn to get along on very little, because he did not expect to earn \$25,000 a year indefinitely, and then he promptly went bankrupt. He did not declare bankruptcy, because although he had made some large investments, the returns were only delayed, and the investments were not failures. He had, however, overdone it somewhat during our well-to-do period; he bought an airplane and five new cars in succession, of which the plane and four of the cars have been repossessed. The telephone has been taken out, and each in turn (and sometimes

all at once) electricity, water, and gas has been shut off. We have four pieces of furniture in the house (not counting appliances): a table, two benches, and a cabinet which serves as a catch-all for everything else we own. Since last July, we have literally eaten soda crackers and cheese and lived in dismal poverty. Whenever the creditors come to shut off the electricity or to pick up something, Papa comments dryly, "Feathers, today, chicken tomorrow." However, having no money did not impair our ability to read and discuss things, and after sharing a supper of two hot dogs among the six of us, we would sit and argue politics and religion for hours. I decided that keeping the room clean was really a very petty aspiration, and I nobly allowed it to degenerate into casual disorder, slipshod untidiness, and finally chaotic ruin, and spent most of my time elsewhere. Life was never dull.

So, armed with plenty of feathers and a relatively unorthodox set of values, I arrived at Valparaiso, and within two days surrounded myself with a comfortable mess, in which I continue today. I have paraphrased and taped on the door a quotation from the chapter on "The Town" in Lewis' study of France at the time of Louis XIV, *The Splendid Century*. It aptly describes the situation as it now stands.

*In this room the stroller will find a narrow thoroughfare, carpeted in filth, with the central gutter, or rather a succession of stagnant pools, choked with litter of all kinds, the drove of foraging pigs and poultry, the mounds of kitchen rubbish in and under the beds, awaiting the arrival of the municipal cart to transport it out of the building. It is the rendezvous of charlatans, passe volants, streetsingers, cut-purses, clocksnatchers, conjurers, and bookreaders, all yelling at full pitch of their lungs. It offers the appearance of a demented fairground.*

Life is never dull here, either.



ART/JANE SHACKEL



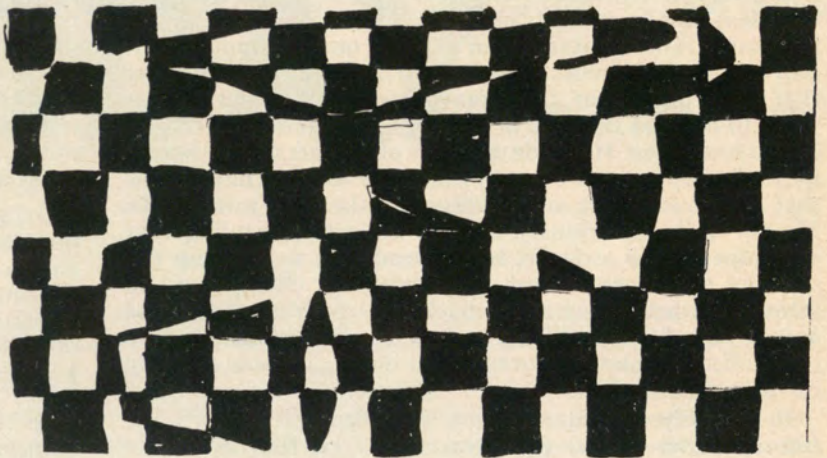
# Selected Parody

## OP ART

Red and orange, line on line,  
Little squares that intertwine  
There must be some unconscious gain  
In seeing life through points of pain.  
O yes, the very soul goes skippy-skoot,  
Winky-woeey, bangy-shoot,  
gphft, pft

s

Kuni Nuechterlein



ART/MAUREEN O'BRIEN

## *The Genesis of the Law of Kautz*

**I**n the evening Dr. Kautz dreamed in his mind a new exam.

2 And the exam was without form and blank; and the darkness of the night kept his idea from forming. And the darkness troubled his mind.

3 And Kautz said, **Let There Be Light:** and his wife pushed the switch,

4 And Kautz was able to see in the light and was able to think clearly and the form of the exam came into being.

5 And Kautz was inspired and he created a type of test question with five answers. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

6 And Kautz said, **Let There Be A Key To The Test Question, A Key Which Will Confuse And Confound All Students of D.S.:** and it was so.

7 And Kautz looked upon his creation and saw that it was good, and hard.

8 And Kautz spoke to the students of D.S. from a cloud, of pipe smoke, and commanded: **The Law Of The Key Shall Be Seven-Fold:**

9 **If Answer Number Three Is Without Blame, You Shall Mark One On The Answer Sheet:**

10 **If Answers Two And Four Are Without Blame, You Shall Mark**

**Two On The Answer Sheet:**

11 **If Answers Two, Three And Four Are Without Blame, You Shall Mark Three On The Answer Sheet;**

12 **If Answers One, Two, Three And Four Are Without Blame, You Shall Mark Four On The Answer Sheet;**

13 **If Any Other Combination Is Without Blame Or If All Answers Are Full Of Blame, You Shall Mark Number Five On The Answer Sheet.**

14 **You Shall Sign The Pledge Of Honor In Full; You Shall Neither Swear Nor Use Witchcraft During The Exam,**

15 **And Above All These, You Shall Make My Heart Glad.**

16 And Kautz spoke again to the students of D.S. and said unto them, **Whosoever Obeys The Law Of This Test To Perfection And Makes My Heart Glad, To Him Shall A Reward Be Given.**

17 And Kautz spoke and said, **The Reward Shall Be A Chuckwagon At Wellmanns.**

18 And he saw that the reward was good, and Kautz smiled on his new exam with pleasure and satisfaction, knowing that no student of D.S. would ever earn the reward.

Jane Siesennop



A Proposition to mice, and men (?)

Ferret and ye shall find,  
my little rodent, my little pet:  
but be wary of the snap-traps i have set  
(How i admire the quickness of your mind!) —

He who catches on shall not be caught  
in poems, and riddles, sarcastic tripe of late;  
being women, i am phallic-symbol bait  
but (hopefully) inaccessible (methought) —

The man who never endeavors never wins  
but be ye mouse or man i cannot tell:  
(they say that animals don't go to hell  
but man does, for his animated sins) —

God loves the lowest creatures, it is said —  
and so i cannot say that i despise  
that hungry look that haunts your beady eyes:  
i understand; pets must be fed,  
— but please go begging in another's bed.

REFLECTIONS 1 ON ICE-BREAKING 2, 3

Candy 4, 5, 6

Is dandy 7, 8

But liquor 9, 10, 11

Is quicker. 12

OGDEN NASH

Title — "Reflections on Ice-Breaking": Intention of the title if often disputed; common paraphrases include: "Thoughts about how to break ice," (see note 4); "Thoughts on trying to make conversation," (idiomatic use of the word "ice-breaking"); "The effect of the breaking of ice on the mirror images produced thereon." Other possible interpretations, based on an assumed play on words by the poet in using "breaking" for "braking" are now excluded by most critics. One such interpretation can be found in **Popular Science Monthly**, May 26, 1957, p. 79, in the article "Conclusions Gleaned from O. Nash's Poetry on Braking on Slippery Road Surfaces." (For further ideas on title, see notes 2 and 3).

FOOTNOTES:

1. **Reflections:** Could mean "mirror-images," but now interpreted by almost all critics as "thoughts" or "meditations."
2. **Ice-Breaking:** Ice could be a shortened form of Icelus, God of Sleep; Ice-breaking is then the breaking of sleep, or arising, generally done in the morning, at the dawning of a new day. This imagery leads to interpretations of the poem as a revelation.
3. **Ice-Breaking:** Breaking ice gets one to water, which is a symbol of life; hence, "Ways of Attaining Life." Note also the inverted imagery: water is a Freudian dream symbol for death. Allusions in the next few lines of the poem (see notes 7 and 11) relate water to the Christian sacraments where, in the context of baptism particularly, it is a means of regenerating life. The poet is obviously combatting repressed necrophilia and morbidity.
4. **Candy:** a highly sugared food, one of the most common forms of which is rock candy. Thrown hard, rock candy could be used to break ice. See note 9 for further evidence of this interpretation.

P. 8. Valparaiso Vignette-Messenger:

Valparaiso University was awarded special mention by Life for being the campus with the greatest turnover in student participation on the United States college scene. According to Crest polls taken in September, 1964, and May, 1965, the May enrollment at Valpo has 22% fewer apathies than the other five schools tested. Let's keep up the good work at Valpo!

David Larsen



5. **Candy:** Possibly a nickname for Canace, mythological mother of the Aloadae, who considered themselves superior to the gods. The gods avenged themselves by causing the Aloadae to kill each other. Their attempt to obtain higher life ended in their death. Signifies the deadliness of pride (cf. note 10).

6. **Candy:** Modern scholars' attempts to link this particular reference to the name of the heroine of a recent novel of the same name by an anonymous author are inconclusive as yet. However, interesting research is being made along this line. The belief is that the contextual use of the name and particular metrical form of the poem enhance the plausibility of this connection.

7. **Candy . . . dandy:** "Sweetness — possibly referring to "sweet-talking" (or praising) God. A good practice, but not sufficient to attain life. (Cf. Bible, "Not everyone who saith unto me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the Kingdom of God.") Or, this may be the reference to Canace, but in the context of her intimate relations with Poseidon, Ruler of the Sea. Hence, the sea, that is, water, that is, baptism, is a way to life. (See note 3 and 12 b.)

8. **Dandy:** Origin unknown — means "very good."

9. **Liquor:** This is possible a reference to alcoholic antifreeze, implying that prevention is the best cure. (Cf. note 4).

10. **Liquor:** Possibly this alludes to Bacchus, God of Wine, who was the last God to enter Olympus. Hence, although accepting one's station in life may seem slower than the Aloadae's plan (Cf. note 5), in the long run it is the fastest way to begin truly living your life.

11. **Liquor:** Wine, possibly in reference to the Eucahrist, in which wine gives us life, in other words, quickens us. (See notes 3 and 7).

12. **Quicker:** Meaning is either "faster" or "that which quickens, that is, gives life," or both.

Gerald Weinhold



# That Time of Life

Kenneth Jacobsen







It is a beautiful August afternoon. There isn't a cloud in the sky, and the sun has been boring into the earth since early morning. I'm sitting on the front porch of the cabin and looking out at Bear Lake through half-closed eyes. The porch has no roof over it, and my bare chest and legs feel wonderful as they absorb the sun's heat.

"They should be getting back pretty soon," says Rich who is sitting next to me on the porch.

I nod a silent assent and continue to absorb the spirit of the lake.

"I hope they get a decent brand of beer," he continues.

I glance at him and respond jokingly, "You'll drink anything they bring back."

He laughs to himself, and I return to my reverie. The lake is calm today, and I have been infected with its peacefulness. The spectacle of the heavily-wooded shorelines, the softly-rolling waves, the small, weedy bays, and the beautiful yellows and greens of the flowers and leaves of the lily pads has taken my mind far from the subject of beer.

Rich interrupts my thoughts again, "You know, we are damn lucky we hit upon this place. It's perfect. A lake and a boat in our front yard, and no other people around. Except for Ed and his family. Its the nuts, man."

He's right. It is perfect. We are to ourselves and we don't have to worry about bothering anybody with our drinking and our noise. There will be no complaints registered here.

"I wonder why nobody comes here?" Rich asks.

I laugh and point to the cabin.

"Because the Bunny Bay resort isn't exactly the epitome of comfort," I reason.

Although my remark was made in half-seriousness, it is true. The cabins are made out of very rough boards, and the inside floor is laid with a linoleum tile that is faded and curling at the corners. The curtains which hang in front of the windows are of very old cloth and have the smell of mildew about them. The wooden furniture is scarred, and you can see where most of the upholstery has been torn and re sewn. There seems to have been a little padding lost each time there was a tear, because the chairs are now very hard. The pots and pans in the cabin would make a good "before" display in a cleansing powder commercial. The silverware is tarnished, and the plates are cracked. No, it is not the place for a man to bring his family if he is looking for a vacation. The cabin would drive his wife crazy, and she would drive him crazy. But for us it is perfect. For when we leave there will be more cracked plates, more torn chairs, and even holes in the wall like the one where Mick shot off his .22 yesterday. We aren't neat, and I guess we aren't very considerate. But what the hell, its a vacation.

ART/CAROL CONROY



I hear Mick's car turn off of the highway and onto the dirt road which runs past the Bunny Bay office and then winds in between the cabins. I know it's Mick's car because he has one of those 'sixty chevy convertibles with the small six, and the engine always sounds like it is pulling five or six tons. Anyway Taylor and Bob are singing like hell.

"It's about time you got back here." Rich yells, as they pull the car next to the cabin.

The top on the convertible is down, and Taylor and Bob jump out.

"We had to have a few beers while the guy got our keg, right Bob," Taylor says.

Bob looks at him and laughs. Then he starts twisting like hell and singing.

Rich and Mick take the keg out of the trunk, and we all give a loud cheer.

Taylor says, "The meeting of the all-stars is now in order."

Bob breaks into a strip and starts to take his shirt off. We put the keg out in front of the cabin, and Mick brings the coil box and tap over.

"Now take it easy on this tap. We had to leave a ten dollar deposit on it," he admonishes.

"Where did you get the keg?" I ask.

"From Pops," Taylor answers.

"Didn't he give you any trouble?" I want to know.

"No. Different bartender," Mick explains.

The reason I want to know is we were in Pops last night, and I didn't think he would be too happy to see us back again. We were all drunk, and there was a big fat man at the other end of the bar who had a large, loud, silly, laugh. There is nothing funnier than a big fat man with a laugh that sounds like a girl; especially when you are drunk. We started mimicking the fat man, and he got madder than hell and very serious. That is the next funniest thing in the world. A big fat man who has a laugh like a girl and gets madder than hell. The fat man made some remark to us, and the next thing I knew Mick was behind him. Mick yelled, "Heeh belly," as loud as he could, and the fat man swiveled around on his bar stool. Just as he started to get off of the stool, Mick hit him in the stomach with a right — and Mick throws a damn good right. The fat man buckled over and started spitting and sputtering, and we all laughed so hard we ended up off of our stools and on the floor. The bartender tossed us out and told us to never come back. I guess the fat man was a regular customer.

Mick and Rich are working the tap. Mick drives it through the top of the keg, and Rich turns the shut-off valve until it is tight. Bob lets out a holler and runs for the lake. He is dressed only in his pants now. With a running dive he hits the water and makes a large splash. That makes us laugh again — louder than ever.

Taylor runs into the cabin, comes out with five table glasses, and hands one to each of us. He puts

Bob's glass on the ground.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" Rich asks Taylor.

"Drink out of it, you dummy," Taylor replies.

"Oh yeah!" says Rich. "If I am going to drink I need something bigger than this."

He goes into the cabin, and I can hear the water running. When he comes out, he has a large, empty, fruit juice can in his hand. He must have pulled it out of the garbage, cut off the top, and washed it out.

"This is more my size," he yells.

Taylor goes damn near into convulsions, and that starts us all laughing again.

Bob is back from his swim now. He looks very funny. His pants are sticking to his legs, and his big, hairy chest is heaving and dripping with water.

"That's enough exercise for today," he says. "Now let's get down and do some serious drinking."

Everyone agrees, and we battle to get our glasses under the flowing beer. We chug the first one and refill quickly.

"Hold it!" Taylor exclaims. "We're missing one of the most important elements of an all-star meeting."

The rest of us look at each other wondering what could be missing while Taylor disappears into the cabin. A few seconds later we hear the tones of "*Silver Threads and Golden Needles*" blaring out of the stereo that we brought with us.

"Now we're ready to go," Taylor says as he rejoins us.

We each drink a few more glasses of beer, and Rich proposes a contest.

"Let's see if we can each chug one fruit can full," he says.

We all agree, and I am the only one who can't do it. I get half of the beer down, and then the foam rushes into my nose, and I cough and choke. Everyone starts to laugh, and I laugh too. The Springfields are now singing "*Allentown Jail*," and we all sit down on the grass and continue to drink and laugh.

"You know what I'm going to do if I ever make a million bucks," Rich asks. "I'm going to start a weekly television program called championship chugging. And the all-stars will be the first contestants."

We all think it's a great idea, and agree no one can drink more beer than us.

"I know how we *can* all make a million," Taylor offers. "We go into business as consultants. We'll rent an office and put a bar and one couch in it. Then we'll advertise that we can cure anybody's problems. When a customer comes in, we'll charge him forty dollars, give him a beer, sit him on the couch, and — tell him to become a consultant!"

We all think Taylor's idea is great too, and agree no one is smarter than us.

"That's really great because then we can stay at the office and drink all night, and if our wives call



us we'll tell them we're working overtime!" Mick says.

We fill the air with uncontrollable laughter.

The Springfields' record is over, and a twist album is on. Taylor jumps to his feet.

"I just thought of a new dance. It's called the whiplash," he announces. "You're out on the dance floor with your chick doing the jerk and getting pretty damn tired. You don't want to tell her you can't take it so you do this."

He dances a few steps, and then he snaps his neck back, and acting like he whiplashed it, pretends to stagger off of the floor.

This time I laugh so hard I think I'm going to cry. My stomach gets all knotted up and starts to hurt, but I can't stop. Taylor is so damn funny.

Suddenly Taylor yells, "Heeh Peggy. Come 'ere."

I looked behind me and see John and Peggy. They are Ed's grandchildren from Green Bay, and they are staying with him for the summer. John is fifteen, and Peggy is the same age as us. They must have come out to go swimming because they have bathing suits on. They walk over to us, Peggy is in a madras two piece, and her figure is very well shaped.

"What do you want?" she says in a lofty tone.

She's kind of a snob and has been mad at us since the first night we were here. Taylor was drunk and tried to get her to go into the woods with him.

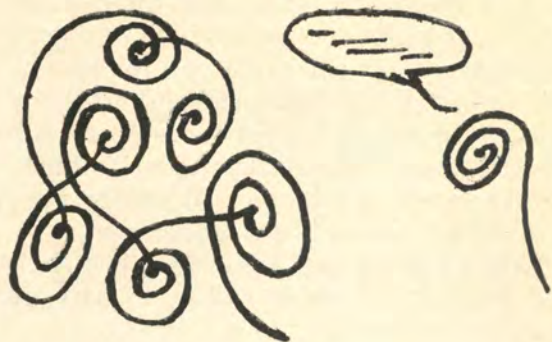
"Sit down and have a beer with us," Taylor tells her.

She doesn't want to, but John does so we get two more glasses, and they start to drink with us.

I have reached a beautiful state. Sobriety is fast leaving, but drunkenness has not yet taken hold. As I lay back on the grass, it tickles me and sends weird sensations through my body. A wind is blowing off the lake, and I look up at the trees and watch their branches and leaves rock back and forth in a gentle motion. I close my eyes, and the wind seems to be rocking me also. Now it is lifting me. It is carrying me upward, and I look down upon the world, and I see everything with great clarity. The greatness, the baseness, the morality, the immorality — all of the many faces of the world lay open before me. I look inward, and my soul is stripped of its coverings. Its many facets present themselves to me, and some sparkle while others are tarnished. I am in the realms of communion. And I know — I know.

I open my eyes, and the sound of the record player destroys my vision. Its beat is fast — too fast for the movements of the trees, and I try desperately to figure out how I can make them come together. There is no way, for the throbbing rhythm is regular and the wind irregular. I sit up and watch Taylor and Peggy who are dancing. They stand out sharply against the background of the lake. This is better, and I feel satisfied because they swing their bodies in time with the pulsing music. I lift the glass of beer

JAKE



*Hi! I'm new on the campus and uh . . . . oh!*

that is in my hand and drink all of it. I lay back on the grass again, and the ground begins to slowly turn. Drunkenness is rapidly closing in. The pounding of the music, the swaying of the trees, and the movement of the bodies rush into my head. They become a jumble, and I can no longer distinguish one from the other. My head pounds and pounds, and then the disorganization vanishes. Everything becomes a beautiful unity — and I couldn't care if it wasn't. I stand up, yell like hell, and start to dance as fast as I can.

The record ends, and we all fill our glasses again. The album from "The Vikings" begins to play.

Bob yells, "Heeh, letss have a viiking parrrty," and runs for the lake.

Taylor grabs Peggy's arm, and we all follow Bob.

Rich goes out onto the pier and begins to dance a crazy mixture of the twist and the polka. As he whirls and twists around, he loses his balance and falls into the lake. We all sit down on the pier and laugh as hard as we can. Rich's head pokes out above the surface of the water, and he swims to the pier. He tries to pull himself back up, but he is laughing too much, and he falls in again. It takes him three tries before he finally makes it, and we are laughing all the time.

"I got an Ideeaa," says Mick, "Letss do the littl' old oar walk."

We pull the oars out of the three row boats which are tied at the end of the pier. Taylor lays five of them about two feet apart on the pier. The flat ends stick out over the water.

"Awright, each of you clowns sit on a handle," he demands.

Mick, Bob, John, Rich, and I each take an oar while Peggy watches.

"Now I'll walk 'um," Taylor announces.

He inches his way out to the blade of the first oar.



When he gets over the water, he turns and steps to the second blade. He slips, and for a moment he totters precariously on one foot. Then he recovers, and rests for a short time. We yell for him to hurry up. He jumps to the third oar, and when he lands the blade cracks, and Taylor disappears into the water screaming "rotten damn oar!" That is too much. We laugh and laugh. All except Peggy. She starts to complain about the broken oar.

As Taylor climbs back onto the pier, Rich walks over to Peggy, puts his face close to hers and says, "Aaah, go to hell."

Peggy is so mad she can't think of anything to say. She turns red and stammers and sputters. Finally she runs off the pier and back toward Ed's house screaming about "telling her grandfather." We all laugh and yell at her — even her brother John. Then Mick turns suddenly serious.

He says in a hurt voice, "Now whata we gonna do? We can't play Viikin' parrrty witou' any gir's."

We look at each other and the weight of our problem hits us. Taylor saves us.

"I know what we can do. We can have ssoomer' beeeer," he suggests.

We run back to the keg which has been keeping solitary watch over the cabin. I am filling my glass when I hear Taylor.

He is yelling, "Crazy Ed. Heeeh Crazy Ed."

I turn around and see Ed and Peggy coming down the road. Taylor keeps yelling, but I don't think Ed

can hear what he is saying because Ed is almost deaf. Taylor calls him "crazy" because he thinks anyone who runs a place like the Bunny Bay resorts must be nuts. Ed is close to us now, and he looks madder than hell.

"What do you think you're doing. You punks. I ought to shoot all of you right now," he screams. "John! Get over here and get the hell back in the house."

John looks reluctant to leave, but I think he recognizes the authority in his grandfather's voice. Anyway he walks over to Peggy. They start to return to the house, but Ed isn't through yet.

He breaks into another tirade. "And you damn kids will pay for that oar — and all of the damage you've done to the cabin. If you won't I'll call the police. And you bums stay away from my grandchildren!"

The last record has just ended, and everything is quiet. We stare at the ground and at each other. Mick breaks the silence first.

He looks at us and says in a loud voice, "You dirrrty bumss. You punkss. I oughta call the copss, and shooot shou all."

We begin to laugh and call out "punkss" and "bumss". Mick lays under the open tap and lets the beer run into his mouth while the rest of us throw glassfulls at each other and him. All the time we keep yelling "bummss" and punkss."

That's how it was at that time of life.



Ears come in various sizes and proportions :  
large ears have listened well

developed

silent

open . . . and

small ears delight fully in talk

closed

incessant

narrow . . . oh

i tried to roll my paper small

teensy

little

tiny . . . yes

to stick it in his ear . . . but

it wouldn't fit .

Martha Selle



# THEATER OF THE ABSURD

## VOCABULARY FOR SIMPLE

### SNOW AND QUICK DEFERENCE

**ABSURD:** Really dumb; e.g., "That's an absurd play." "Isn't that an absurd character?"  
"That's an absurd theater."

**ABSURD THEATER:** Really dumb, e.g.: "Dumb theater!"

**ALIENATION:** You don't care much for anybody and anybody doesn't like you much either; only you both wish it wasn't that way but you've both got a kind of Gardol wall between you and even your best friend won't.

**ANTI-THEATER:** A theater that is really ticked off at the rest of the theaters; an existentialist theater; e.g., "Dumb theaters!"

**AVANT GARDE:** So far ahead of everything that the playwrights, actors, and audience don't know what happened, is happening, or will happen and everybody waits for the critics to tell them.

**EXISTENTIALIST:** You don't care much for anybody and you're really glad, e.g.: "No, I don't want to brush my teeth, so screw!"

**GODOT:** an adjective of pejorative connotations, used to describe critics; e.g., "That Godot critic sure doesn't know what's ave gard and what isn't!"

**SARTRE, GENET, BECKET, ALBEE, IONESCO, PINTER, JONES, WILLIAMS:** Never-mind, just use them.

**THEATER OF DECAY:** Rotten theaters; e.g., the Opera House uptown.

**THEATER OF DESPAIR:** Sad theaters; e.g., Kroenke Hall Little Theater.

**THEATER OF ILLUSION:** Theaters that exist in dreams; eg., the theater in the proposed and proposed and proposed fine arts building.

**David Johnson**



WHICH SHALL IT BE TONIGHT,  
DARLING? TIPARILLOS . . .  
MARK IV . . . ENGLISH  
OVALS . . . ?

# ~ feigned feiffer ~



GOODNESS  
DARLING -  
WITH YOUR  
MOHAIR SUIT?  
THE OVALS I  
MEAN.



1.

TIPARILLO'S THEN?



HEAVENS, DARLING!  
THEY'RE SO  
COLLEGE-MAN-  
LIKE YOUR  
AWFUL MADRAS  
SILK TIE.



2.

MARK IV'S,  
DARLING?

GRACIOUS, NO!  
MRS. BREATHWATHE  
WILL CALL YOU A FIRE-  
BREATHING CAPITALIST  
AND MR. LOWENSTEIN  
WILL CHECK INTO  
YOUR ACCOUNTS  
MONDAY MORNING.  
OH IT'S MUCH TOO  
BAWDY OF YOU!



3.



BUT I CAN'T GO TO THE  
 PARTY EMPTY-HANDED!  
 I CAN'T FACE MRS.  
 BREAHEWAITHE AND  
 HER DREADFUL  
 ARTY FRIENDS.  
 IF I GO LIKE  
 THIS—  
 WITH  
 NAKED  
 FINGERS!



4.

DARLING BE A MAN  
 TONIGHT — QUIT  
 SMOKING.

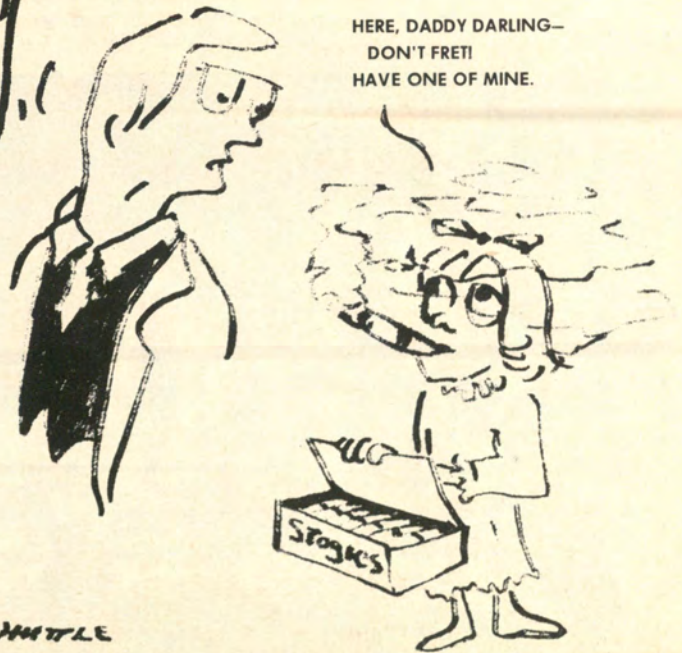
AND CONFORM TO  
 SOMETHING I DON'T  
 BELIEVE IN? AND  
 BE A JOINER? AND  
 COMPROMISE MY  
 IDEALS, MY  
 ASPIRATIONS  
 MY ...



5.

HERE, DADDY DARLING—  
 DON'T FRET!  
 HAVE ONE OF MINE.

6.



WHITTLE





THE

It might be a grown-up fairy tale; but it's too deep. It could be deep inner revelation; but it's too light. THE FANTASTICKS is a product of five years of work by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. Based on a novel by Rostand, THE FANTASTICKS is fantasy of the normal life emotional processes. Through stylization, cliché simplification, music, and poetry, the play runs like lantern slides of past experience. Within the universality lies the charm. The characters are stock; a boy, a girl, two fathers, a narrator, an old actor, and a man who dies. The plot is so simple; *joie de vivre*: sadness of world experience: *joie de vivre* more sincerely. Most of this is encompassed in a boy-girl relationship that is a take off, but not a biting one, on almost every love drama written.

Analyzing the play, musical, fantasy, or what ever a labelist would label it, is frustrating because it has no preset dramatic form. It is satire, yes; but it is also extremely sincere and occasionally serious. If the production must be thematic, the theme is expressed in the song that opens the show: "Without a hurt the heart is hollow." Experience is the teacher.

The characters move in stylized fantasy, off times more real than reality. With a simple set, lighting effects, and costume the technical part is taken care of, and the audience is not asked to be deceived, but rather asked to accept the props and sets as nothing more and nothing less than props and set.





# Fantasticks



THE FANTASTICKS has been presented by the Valparaiso University drama department in two capacities; as a part of the repertoire of the summer stock theater in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania, and at Kroenke Hall as the first production of the fall, 1965, semester. The casts, for the most part, were different for the two productions.

Casts have the unfortunate habit of falling overly in love with the play and get soggy putting away their costumes and make up for the last time; but perhaps this can be excused because it is a sentimental play.

This is not a review, and not really a **post mortem**, it is just a tad of nostalgia and memory for a play that some of you saw and some of you missed. Its purpose is to accompany the sketches and pictures on the stage and perhaps add a little insight.

THE FANTASTICKS is still running off Broadway, with the longest run of any show on record, and a good many of the audiences viewing it now see it periodically throughout the year.

Songs from the show are "Trying to Remember", "Much More" "Metaphor", "Never Say No," "This Plum Is Too Ripe," "Plant a Radish," "Soon Its Gonna Rain," "Round and Round," "It Depends On What You Pay," and "They Were You."

A little old man who saw the Pocono production summed it up the last night of the play when the houselights came on and he was standing in the back with tears streaming down his fat pink cheeks and clapping as if never too stop. Schmaltzy, yes. Who cares?



PHOTOGRAPHY/NANCY FERGUSON  
GENE HENNIG  
ART/CAROL SCHWENNESEN



# Poetry and Art

The Veritable Division

My mind exists in halves (a duality of Thought) with a cleavage membrane formed of Intra-skullular discord.

Known commonly as individuals, the halves are equal (both are fathered by desire).

My cranium being  
Relative to societal  
Influence, words and  
Flowers predominate any  
Communication.

And all the while,  
A mole lies grubbing  
Beneath the frame and  
Coiled springs of  
Creation.

Express ? Explain ?

Try this —

"As I peer over the edge, E Pluribus  
Unum lies corroded and moldering in  
The dust."

J. S. D.

*Possessivity*

You were his  
For a tenth of a second  
While you laughed your song  
And he forgot my fence.

*The Remembering !  
(a shot from the dark)*

We (the others and I)  
Tried to tell him

*"A wounded heart is not  
Fatal."*

With fleeting breath  
He gasped

*"A smile . . . . no one  
can own a . . . . a smile."*

John E. Softy



*I sat staring at the open window.  
The night breeze stirred now and then  
Sending my wind chimes into a sporadic outburst  
Of almost-song.*

*some little pieces of colored glass  
suspended each on a delicate thread  
blown against one another  
with every breath of air  
hitting together with little glass-cries  
now silent, now tinkling  
in an indifferent half-rhythm  
Just cheap Chinatown wind chimes*

*But as I sat at the window  
They seemed to be the center of all  
As if their faint glass voices  
Were trying desperately to whisper  
The secrets of human existence  
To one of their own kind.  
So I listened closely  
But the wind ceased  
The chimes fell silent.*

*So now I wait as they wait  
pleading with the breeze  
to come and animate  
a small glass world  
never realizing that I am  
but one more piece of glass  
blowing in the night wind  
and suspended by a single  
delicate  
thread.*

*Joan Davis*

*The wet pervades — it streams and shades  
the gleaming fronds that lash our bamboo walls.  
A patch of sky, murky, storm-split,  
yet faintly pulses through the black-fringed palms.  
Their thin stems twist,  
tortured fingers stretching for the bright-lined clouds;  
Then low-curling to rake the wind-whipped beach —  
a widely-pale, sand-skittered stretch that shrouds the water's angry edge.  
The stinging fury wavers, shimmers, dwindles to mere distance  
down the lonely shore, where far away the cove walls rise,  
Purple-grand, eternal, astride the clash of sea-sky war.  
Against the drenching dusk's demise,  
The tropic night arrives . . .  
A battered blossom tumbles by the door.  
And then we are, bound by the ocean's seething, slate-hued soar,  
one with the sigh quiescent, with the hot-cold,  
with the rhythm primal, with the sweet, consuming wet,  
with the dripping peace, with the salt, with the passionate bruise  
and roar.*

*Laura Larson*



# THE AMERICAN

Jim Kursch



Marlys Younker, a junior from Inglewood, California, completed the sketches for this section on a 31-day art tour of eight European countries this summer. In connection with this tour she received four credits in sketching and art history.

Everywhere 'over here' there are standing jokes about travellers equipped with their Japanese cameras and their American money and sustaining the economies of those 'quaint' but geared-to-the-tourist European villages. A recent film made by one of France's most renowned producers depicts the laughable (especially to the French) situation of Americans 'oohing' and 'aahing' at, but not comprehending, the splendors of the Old World. Then there is also the irritating instructor in the German language institute who says, "Better, at least, for Americans to be pouring U.S. dollars into European economies than for the U.S. government to be dumping millions into the Viet Nam war." (This same instructor is at the moment studying Chinese, after having mastered French, English, Spanish, Italian, Portugese, and Swedish.) Europeans smirk, in short, when they think of Americans being toured around continental capitals. Why should an American student-traveller add to the shame?

Although there are a number of American students who come to Europe only during the summer and *do* add to the shame, it is possible for an American student to have an entirely different and completely rewarding experience in Europe, especially if he stays on the Continent at the end of August instead of flying back home to his American university. At the end of summer, the major cities become emptied of people carrying *Europe on \$5 a Day* everywhere they swarm. In fall, before the European winter semesters begin, an American student can enjoy Europeans along with Europe, instead of bearing the sometimes embarrassing burden of the ever-present American tourist. Besides being able to travel in Europe, there are also values in being challenged by a new educational system and by the foreign language (which has to be mastered if one really wants to experience what Europe has to offer).

The greatest source of administrative concern over the value of spending an undergraduate year in Europe seems to be the many differences between the American and the European university systems. Certainly the systems are different! There are no weekly quizzes in European classrooms, few if any assigned



# EUROPEAN STUDENT



books to read, and aside from seminars probably no assignments! A European university degree is not reckoned in terms of credit hours and quality points either. At the most there might be a few required courses for which a student must sign up, but not necessarily attend. The American student is in for a surprise, however, if he thinks there is no pressure at a European university. At the most there might be a few required relatively small number of tests taken every several years over everything he has studied. If he really hasn't worked and has not been reading when he cuts classes, he is likely to find himself on the outside looking in.

In order to minimize the differences in systems, the American student can study with an American program, thereby running the risk of receiving merely an "American year" in a European classroom. It is not necessary to spend money on a boat ticket to receive that. The problems in having a seven-month European academic year be counted toward graduation with the value of a nine-month American year are difficult and complex but by no means unsolvable. Solving them can in fact be counted as one of the positive values in studying abroad. Systems, like the Sabbath, were made for men; and not vice-versa. If an American student can get his home university to count his year in a foreign university toward his degree, he has learned quite a bit.

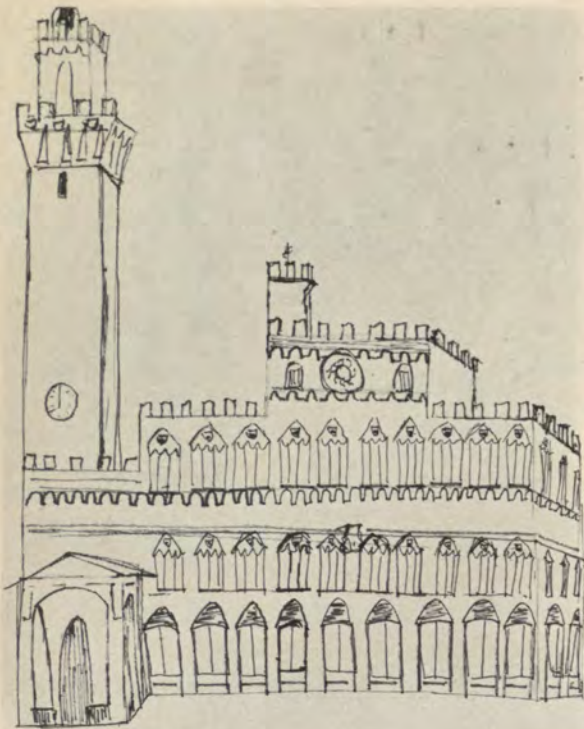
Another common argument against studying in Europe during the undergraduate years is that unless the student is a language major, the 'academic requirements' of the American university have to be sacrificed or compromised. Well and good! The American student doesn't usually remember those half-dozen books he had to read for a history course anyway, since he rushed through them all night before the reports were due. There comes a time when every student has to step aside, letting the whirlwind of books-to-be-read, papers-to-be-written, and classes-to-be-attended rush on by in order to ask the question "Why?" Many times the student finds out he has learned everything but the answer and, in effect, has learned nothing. "To keep the systems going" seems a sadly insufficient answer, as does "To give American youth a place to go from the time they leave their parents' homes in the suburbs to the time when they build their own homes in the suburbs." Europe doesn't have any pat answers to the question either, but here there's nothing to stop a guy from attending a symphony concert in Munich on an inexpensive student ticket, or from gazing for hours at the Rembrandts in Amsterdam while he searches for the answer. When the answer does come, the American student is in a little better position to reread those half-dozen paperbacks for that history course.

In Europe the answer comes in a variety of ways: it comes from trying to talk in sign-language to two

**Jim Kursch is a twenty-year-old history student at the University of Freiburg. This past summer in addition to touring Europe, he also engaged himself in a concentrated German language program at the excellent Goethe Institut. Jim plans to return to the States next September to resume his studies at Valparaiso.**







Bavarian truck drivers with whom you don't have a language in common; it comes from hearing about World War II from the people who went through it (and who, by the way, don't usually blame God for it); it comes from being confronted with a German in a Munich restaurant who, instead of patting you on the back when you say you're interested in theology, says, "It would have been better for the world if Martin Luther had not been born!" (And that coming from a German yet.) A realization comes that there simply isn't the opportunity to learn firsthand all that has to be learned about the world and the people who live in it. The academic disciplines become a necessary short-hand form of personal experience — a means to a much larger end and not an end in themselves.

An American student in Europe, probably for the first time in his life, has the opportunity to separate himself from his fellow Americans. The 'loss' of national identity which comes with seeing Bavarians assert their own national identity at a political gathering honoring Franz Josef Straus can be a source of liberation. Unless one breaks away from his heritage to some extent, he is not able to be critical of it. It's possible to 'revolt' on a college campus, branding the American society as 'sick,' the governments as 'immoral,' and the administration as 'oppressive' without doing anything more than packing the bandwagon. Things look a bit different when you are completely on your own: when you try hitch-hiking from a German city at 11:30 p.m. without any idea of where you're going to pass the night. It takes a bit of thinking to tell a Hungarian how the American racial situation could happen in a 'free country.'

One quite welcome aspect of European study is that here the student enjoys a higher 'caste' than in the United States, plus the economic advantage of money for living expenses and entertainment stretching farther over here. Everywhere there are discounts on museum entry and concert tickets, and in a university city there are inexpensive, government-subsidized housing units and meals. A student in Europe is not expected to be self-supporting at twenty-five: he is hard at work on his doctorate.

There are, of course, a few worthwhile but totally non-academic advantages to studying in Europe. Valparaiso has nothing to compare with Munich's OKTOBERFEST, Old Town is not Paris, the neo-gothic of the University of Chicago is not the English gothic of Cambridge. And it's not everyday in America that a student can sit in a Yugoslavian restaurant and sip wine without having to borrow his roommate's I.D. (On the other hand, in America you don't have to see *My Fair Lady* in German.) There is something wonderful about hearing an organ concert in a candle-lit cathedral, about climbing an alp, about watching the dour-faced French on the Metro in Paris. The world becomes suddenly much more complex when you tune in but don't understand Radio Budapest or Moscow.

In proving the stereotype of the "American traveler abroad" false, and in taking an active part in the academic life of a foreign university, an American student can discover much about himself, his world, and the purposes in pursuing academic tasks. It is certainly not impossible to make the same 'discoveries' in an American university, but making them is a hell of a lot more fun over here!





Yes! Let me send you a worn man that whispers.  
 He is rough skin with sagging creases and watery eyes  
 Which never fail to dissolve into another's.  
 His profound whispers and searching eyes  
 Will pierce and whirl and finally lodge in a  
 Person's self. They bear life's truths.  
 Let me send you a worn man that whispers.  
 You know, my friends, whispers of a worn man die when spoken  
 and a worn man dies as he whispers,  
 for no where is there room for the silly words of such men.

Eric Boys

# Three Poems

the relevancy of control

the rain falls and  
 thought flows  
 stagnant puddles of  
 "intellectual freedom"  
 are washed away  
 through the drizzle a  
 light flickers  
 harbinger and symbol  
 what means this  
 light in the east?

Anon.

## AWAKENING

A voice of one crying in the wilderness

Scarecrow-seraphim, feet-thonged, with dust matting  
 the wind wild hair; wings wane invisible by a parched sun.

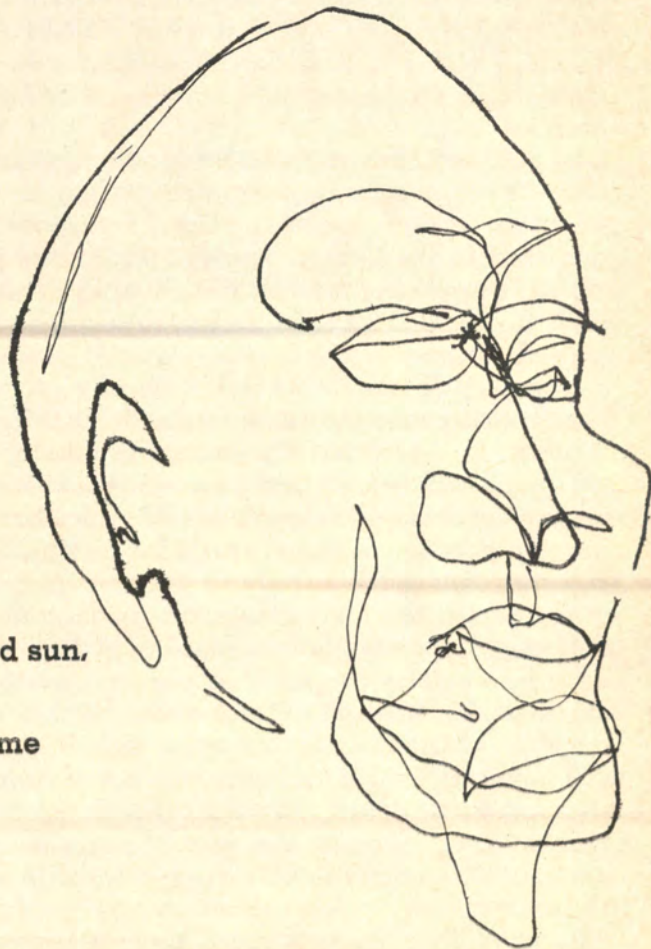
Baptised of fire, gracious-given, touch of heaven  
 upon the crackle tongue that cackle-cries: come, come

The stragglng swarm of ragged peasants praising  
 raising wretched souls into the spilt stream

Of life; stumbling barefoot, broken, over the  
 pierce-edge pebbles, over the brown-rough hills,

To the strong sure strangeness of matyred witness,  
 of the Coming of one like-thonged,  
 with blessing from his gnarled hands

To make, awaken such a desert once again  
 a Garden.



ART/FRED NAGELBACH



# TRILOGY: THE LIGHTER LIT

*Iris Murdoch, well-known for her criticism of Sartre in SARTRE, ROMANTIC RATIONALIST, has been gaining increasing popularity of late on American campuses for her fiction writings. A former philosophy-don at Oxford, she lists among her novels THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER, UNDER THE NET, THE SANDCASTLE, THE BELL, THE UNOFFICIAL ROSE, and THE UNICORN. One of her best efforts is A SEVERED HEAD.*

In this, her fifth novel, Murdoch deals skillfully with the consequences of genuine passion in an impassionate contemporary society. The book, first published in the United States in 1963, in a paperback Compass volume (\$1.45), Viking Press, New York, might well serve as an introduction to an intriguing author.

In *A SEVERED HEAD*, Iris Murdoch forms the thoughts that take the reader in and out of a thick London fog, which has the characters wandering in and out of each other's bedrooms. Unfortunately the congested quality of a repetitive and somewhat libertine plot is at times all too real a fog for the reader. However, this game is only to allow us to become intimate with the main characters through the eyes of Martin Lynch-Gibbon, a middle-aged wine merchant who relates the story in the first person. As Martin makes his rounds, as it seems so does everyone else, Murdoch interprets through him, somewhat comically and with heavy touches of irony, the development of dreams in which the character seem to be involved. She uses the very effective stream of conscious thought type of writing with captivating deftness.

Lynch-Gibbon's role is much more that of an intruder in this society than it is that of an interpreter. He loses his capacity for compassion and conviction, along with wife and mistress, submitting finally to the occult powers of Honor Klein, a Samarai sword-wielding philosophy professor from Cambridge. The professor has a logical explanation for Martin. "Your



ART/PAT MOULDER



love for me does not inhabit the real world. Yes, it is love, I do not deny it. But not every love has a course to run, smooth or otherwise, and this love has no course at all." when Martin queries, "What, anyway, does a love do which had no course to run?" Honor Klein, sounding again like Sartre, replies, "It has changed into something else, something heavy or sharp that you carry within and bind around your substance until it ceases to hurt. But that is your affair." Then they go off to bed hand in hand, hoping that the dream they share will be a reality when they awaken.

The development of the plot is quite rational in spite of the inebriated condition of the characters throughout. Each transition from fog to bedroom is quite startling and enlightening. Murdoch skillfully depicts the sensibilities that have been developed to compensate for the genuine feeling that is lacking. Martin's intrusion with that genuine feeling is pathetically disrupting for him, with each of his real or unreal loves in turn. Honor Klein, explains, in her turn, for Martin; "I am a severed head, such as primitive tribes and old alchemists used to use, anointing it with oil and putting a morsel of gold upon its tongue to make it utter prophecies. And who knows but that long acquaintance with a severed head might lead to strange knowledge." Meanwhile the removal men go on reshuffling possessions from house to house, leaving symbolic chips in Martin's Carlton House writing table.



Ernest Hemingway's last book, *A MOVEABLE FEAST*, is now available in a ninety-five cent paperback edition from Bantam Books, Inc., New York. Hemingway portrays the Paris of the Twenties, giving his early impressions of such notables as Joyce, Pound, and Fitzgerald, with moving descriptions of his own development as a young writer.

In his masterfully clear style, Hemingway captivates the reader with the appealing story of a searching young artist. With the beauty of Paris and the abundant character study of those who influenced his years in Paris, this book should prove to be a pleasant experience. As Hemingway wrote a friend in 1950, "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable Feast."



People spend most of their lives playing games because "human life is mainly a process of fitting in time until the arrival of death, or Santa Claus." According to Dr. Eric Berne, the game one will play has been developed for him by his ancestors, who may

have been skillful players one hundred years before him, and who helped him develop his skills during childhood. A person's game is likely to continue through fifty years of his descendants. In *GAMES PEOPLE PLAY: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS* (Grove Press, Inc., New York, 1964), Eric Berne, M.D., a former assistant to the Surgeon General, enhances the technical game analysis of the psychology of human relationships to draw an almost hesitant smile from the reader, who is likely to be both startled by and absorbed in this current non-fiction best seller.

Berne explains quite plausibly his ideas that man uses games to solve the problem of unstructured time and to obtain what is professionally referred to as "stroking" so that "his spine won't shrivel up"; or in modern language, "pastimes and games are substitutes for the real living or real intimacy." Berne doesn't mean football, golf, or billiards, but instead gives the play-by-play of the games people employ in interpersonal relationships. "A certain sequence of maneuvers meets the criteria of a game," which we play with deadly seriousness in a daily routine. One acquires his particular role in a particular game because he has been able to elicit the responses that he desires from others with that game. Berne describes in clear, witty style over thirty games of seven types. Life games such as "Alcoholic" and "Debtor" or sexual games, consulting room games, and even some good games, are all too familiar to the reader.

Each of us, according to Berne, carries three basic qualities in his own personality which we employ in these games: parent — parental response, adult — mature reason, child — intuition, creativity and spontaneous drive and enjoyment. Communication in the form of complementary responses between these parts of each person's personality is the basis for different levels of complexity for structuring time to secure one's needs. What Berne chooses to call "games" is one of the more complex levels of structuring and influences one's every action in the form of conscious or unconscious maneuvering. We go about playing "roles" in the games of others and drawing others into our own game. One's own game is the one at which he became most proficient in childhood. He perpetuates it to serve himself and perhaps to destroy others.

This rule book explanation of relationships is not intended to help us win games, but to help to identify them and escape the need for them. Berne suggests that only a rare few escape from games to an autonomy of awareness, spontaneity, and intimacy — these are considered higher levels of structured time. Because of the effects of these games, Dr. Berne considers very few games to be beneficial and concludes that, "This may mean that there is no hope for the human race, but there is hope for the individual members of it." His book is quite deserving of a complementary response.



The direct trial of him that would be the greatest poet (or  
essayist or short story writer) is today (and the Lighter)!



... borne out of  
the eating and sleeping  
and study rooms of  
the House, he hopefully  
will approach and wait  
a little while in the door,  
And then enter with his  
reflections and contributions ...

(Are you Pro creative? And you think we're not? Why not  
barge into our office sometime and we'll stage a bitch in?)

And while you're at it, B.U.O. ....

Short Story

Essay

Poetry

Parody

Art Work

Somewhere there  
hides a student  
which the Lighter awaits,  
And while  
the Lighter may be  
the greatest poem  
(or short story, or whatever),  
This student  
shall be a path between  
reality and our souls ...



# LISA'S SIN

Sue Hedden

A layer of fine mist sifted down on Saint Luke's. Lisa noticed how tightly it stuck to the pavement as though afraid of being blown away by the damp autumn breeze. Lisa liked the walks along Rochester Place to Saint Luke's. She often wished she could walk there every day but never have to go in. The tenement houses shouldered against each other. There were lots of cracks in the sidewalk to hop over so she wouldn't break her mother's back. On Saturdays people often forgot to bring in their garbage cans after the garbage truck left. Lisa liked the smells of garbage of cans. They were different. Some smelled like old dog food, others like rotten corned beef, and one like a Christmas tree. Once as she looked up at the rows of windows she saw a man with a tattoo on his round belly. As the man stared out the window the tattoo bounced up and down when he breathed. She waved at him but he never saw her.

No one ever saw Lisa. Malissa Fistoulari was nine. She was an anemic child and always looked a little green. Her eyes were deep hollows and she had straggly long brown hair. She was no more than flesh and bones and had "too" long legs. Her feet were big and grew very fast.

As she walked to Saint Luke's, her old shoes scuffed along the slick pavement. They were beginning to pinch her toes. She came upon a rock and kicked it. She watched it sail across the street and ker-plunk on the other side of a garbage can. She sauntered across the street, whacked the can with her old shoe and picked up the stone. Then she realized what she was doing. She was stalling.

She knew Father Joseph would be waiting for her. Lisa went to him every Saturday and told him her sins. Father Joseph always told her that Jesus was angry with her when she was wicked, and that Jesus was disappointed with her when she didn't tell Father Joseph her sins.

Saint Luke's was dark and damp and smelly like a tomb. It was one of those churches that would soon collapse and rid the city of the expense of tearing it down. The floor was always filmed with dust. Cobwebs stretched from the black eaves to the red and green stained-glass windows. The pews, darkly stained, were battered from generations of sinners. The candles were the only thing in Saint Luke's that Lisa liked at all. They made the church look alive. Their shimmering brightness lit up the pictures and dark nooks under the gallery. The one thing that she hated

above all else was the confession box. It was stuffy and the penitents' feet poked out from under the rose-colored curtain.

Lisa knelt in a pew with the initials "UM" etched on it while waiting to go into the box. There was a woman on the other side of the church in the third row fervently repeating her "Hail Mary's." There was a penitent in the box with a circular hole in the sole of his shoe. Besides these two and the priest, Lisa found there was no one in the church. She had always been embarrassed about confessions, so she always picked a time when not very many people were there.

The heavy curtain swayed as the old man with the worn spot emerged from the cubby-hole. Old men were the ones to have to go to confession because they were sinful. Not *me*, Lisa thought.

She knelt down in the box on a small cushion. Discomfort encompassed her. She scanned the list of sins in her prayer book. The light swayed silently because the drape had nudged it as she entered.

"Father," she started, "I told a lie . . ." Her eyes read down the columns of sins. "An' I called my sister a stinker." Her eyes moved on, and finally stopped at her sin. She blushed faintly and continued, "An' I . . ." She hesitated, finding it impossible to go on. She looked up, hoping to find — something — but all she saw was the ruddy ear of Father Joseph which she had so often seen before through this very same screen. Father Joseph had told her the importance of telling all of her sins so that God could forgive her. She wanted to be forgiven, but she couldn't tell Father Joseph. But she had to.

"An' I . . ." terror crawled up her 'too' long legs and her ankles knocked together like castinets. She could not go on.

"Yes, my child," he uttered with a twinge of impatience in his voice.

"I told another lie," she blurted, knowing it wasn't her sin. She was evading the truth. This idea of confession was merely a game.

"*Absolvo te . . .*" he concluded to Lisa's relief. All she had to do now was to say five "Hail Mary's."

She uttered a sigh as she slithered out past the curtain. She knelt in front of the portrait of Saint Martha. After several minutes of monotonous whispering, she finished with a relieved "Amen."

Two large old ladies leaned on each other as they labored up the steps. Lisa hopped down them, for she was free. The mist had turned to a light rain. She



bounded across the street carefully avoiding a puddle. She glanced around for something to kick. Her glance rested on another stone. She picked it up and then stood weighing it in her hand.

Again she failed to tell Father Joseph her sin. Every Saturday was the same. She promised herself that she would tell him, but never could. *This time she could and she would.* In one sudden burst of bravery she retraced her steps around the puddle. Determinedly she walked up the steps and yanked the door open. Many people were inside now. She took her place in line behind one of the old ladies whom she had seen on her way out. The lady was very fat and the dark seams of her stockings wiggled up the back of her legs in a crooked line. Her block-type heel had made a dent in the dust on the tile floor.

She waited for what seemed an eternity. All the time she thought, "I cannot stop, I must go in." She knew she wanted to turn around and go out the heavy door. The door oppressed her.

The fat lady finally struggled off her knees and brushed past Lisa. She couldn't go in. What would she say? What would Father Joseph think? Would God be really angry with her? The young man behind her nudged her and brought her to her senses. He would laugh if she turned back now. He would think she was just a little kid that couldn't face up to her sins. She couldn't turn back. She shoved the curtain aside. Inside the small box she fell upon her knees and whispered, "*Father, I hate my brother.*"

It was over. Her sin was lifted from her soul. Her head whirled and what the priest said she never was very sure. She was suddenly happy. She left the box. Her eyes swept past the dark pews to the glittering candles. She knelt in front of Saint Martha and humbly nodded her head. She saw the unopened prayer book in hand. Clutched in her other sweaty hand was a small gray stone. It had a crack in it. It was very dark gray now, for it had been moistened by the nervousness of a nine year old girl.



WITH THE APPROACHING HOLIDAYS  
THE BOOKSTORE EXTENDS SINCERE  
GREETINGS

It is our desire to serve you and help make  
your college years more memorable.

COME TO US FOR:  
STUDY AIDS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES  
RECORDS, QUALITY GIFTS &  
GIFT WRAPPINGS

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE



## AN EVOLUTION

Kenneth Jarchow

The two small apes swung down out of the trees onto a small clearing among the mouldering ruins.

"This was once a great center of cultural learning," grimaced the taller — his enunciation was remarkably clear, for a monkey. "Here our ancestors studied biology, philosophy, theology, and physics: nothing much came of the first three, but they managed to dig some remarkably huge craters with the last one. We've never been able to figure out why they dug their holes at the same places as their cities; maybe they just liked to play with sand castles."

"Say, father," (at a closer look, the smaller monkey *did* look a little like the other), "say — what are all those rusty metal things lying around?"

"Well . . . the people who lived here carried on a friendly rivalry between two groups called "facility" and "stud ants" — we don't really know which was which. Anyway, these two groups used to stand on opposite sides of that big rock over there and throw beer bashes at one another; those metal hings are beer bashes. The technique of throwing a bash was very complicated. First you had to rip a hole in the bash top, then drink the contents, and finally toss the bash at a member of the opposing team. The rite of drinking the contents had something to do with the definance of authority, also called the big guy in the sky, who had the authority to allow beer bashes only at irregular intervals."

The larger ape motioned towards the trees and both swung off to another part of the forest.

"Here in this large building, the people often gathered to listen to the big guy in the sky." The father snorted derisively. "Notice that the ground here is also covered with beer bashes; in fact the only place where beer bashes were not allowed was in the 'darn rooms.' There the stud ants were allowed to drink water, to make up for the facilities' large consumption of beer bashes in their homes."

As the two monkeys turned to leave they stumbled over a baboon couple making out in the shadows.

The father sighed, "I guess nothing ever really changes though."



Studies piling up?  
Pause. Have a Coke.  
Coca-Cola — with a lively lift  
and never too sweet, refreshes best.

things go  
better  
with  
Coke



Bottled under the authority of The Coca-Cola Company by:  
**MICHIGAN CITY BOTTLING CO., INC.**



VOLKSWAGEN  
Authorized Dealer



**ECONOMY AUTOS LTD.**

PHONE 872-9109  
5000 SOUTH FRANKLIN ST.  
1000 Ft. South of Hwy. 20  
MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA



# University Drugs

1608 E. Lincolnway Next to Phone 462-4125  
Lovey's 462-4126

PLENTY OF EASY FRONT DOOR PARKING

Open 7 Days 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

## Student Services

- Discount on Prescriptions
- Checks Cashed Free
- Postage Stamps & Handy Mail Box
- Complete Cosmetic Department
- Large Tobacco & Pipe Department
- Greeting Cards & Stationery
- Phonograph Records

It was one of those  
four star  
twenty-four carat  
moonbeam loves  
That died on the eighth of Yesterday  
and will be forgotten  
on the seventeenth of Tomorrow.

Joan Davis

Students . . . Always Welcomed



*The*

**BIG WHEEL**

LINCOLNWAY and ROOSEVELT  
COFFEE SHOP — CURB SERVICE

Open Daily -- 7 a.m.-12:00 p.m. -- Fri. and Sat. to 1:00 a.m.



Marjorie is a pretty name  
At noon, outside.  
You can't whisper Marjorie.

Lylithe is a pretty name  
At dusk.  
You can't shout Lylithe —

Good.



WHAT THIS WORLDLING NEEDY IS

A SPANIARD

IN THE WORKS!



— Who says? John Lennon in a simply punning new novel, hard on the heels of *In His Own Write*.

Simon and Schuster, 1965. \$2.50 at adult bookstores everywhere.

ART/EARL SLACK



# THE PAPPAS COMPANY

Your Shopping Wonderland

Flowers and Gifts

for every occasion

307 Lincolnway

Valparaiso, Ind.

## MERLE NORMAN

COSMETICS

COURTESY DEMONSTRATION BY APPOINTMENT

Telephone: 926-1688  
666 Broadway  
Chesterton, Ind.

Telephone: 462-4887  
18 North Franklin Street  
Valparaiso, Indiana 46383

Today when wandering thoughts drift silently  
with the share of oneness  
we dream  
ever holding the hope secure of a  
love-warmed peace for us  
we share  
dawn and sunset ripening with restless  
reason but fearing not for  
we love.

Martha Selle

*Centuries ago a mountain proudly touched the moon  
Yet now love's broken promises sift it through a spoon.*

*Pebbles strewn on beach sand like a broken string of sighs  
Damp from ocean's tears and plaintive as the sea-gull cries  
Once a rocky shoreline where the breakers roared with sound,  
Now the child barefoot runs and, unawares, is found  
Puzzling why great-grandfather always told of cliffs  
Where now the shallows gently bear the sailor's paper skiffs.*

*Perhaps when he grows older, or is wiser, or is kissed,  
Then he will understand the pounding of the timeless fist  
That shapes the shore, that shakes the sea, that breaks the boulders wide,  
That leaves a tin pail peeling paint and rusted, on its side.*

*The fist that hides the moon behind from lovers stumbling on  
Across the rocks, along the docks, where fishes die, and spawn.  
The fist that beats and pounds and snatches all there is to take,  
And leaves the wreckage of men's dreams, bobbing in its wake.*


*And will it take my pebbles too? Alas, my child, the truth  
Like life is not discriminate; like love, it shall break youth:*

*Eighteen lines on a twentieth birthday*





# SMOKING IS VERY DEBONNAIR

 AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY





*Leave the wall,  
Remember, you must always  
leave the wall.*

**THE FANTASTICKS: Act II**

