

Fall 1968

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Valparaiso University

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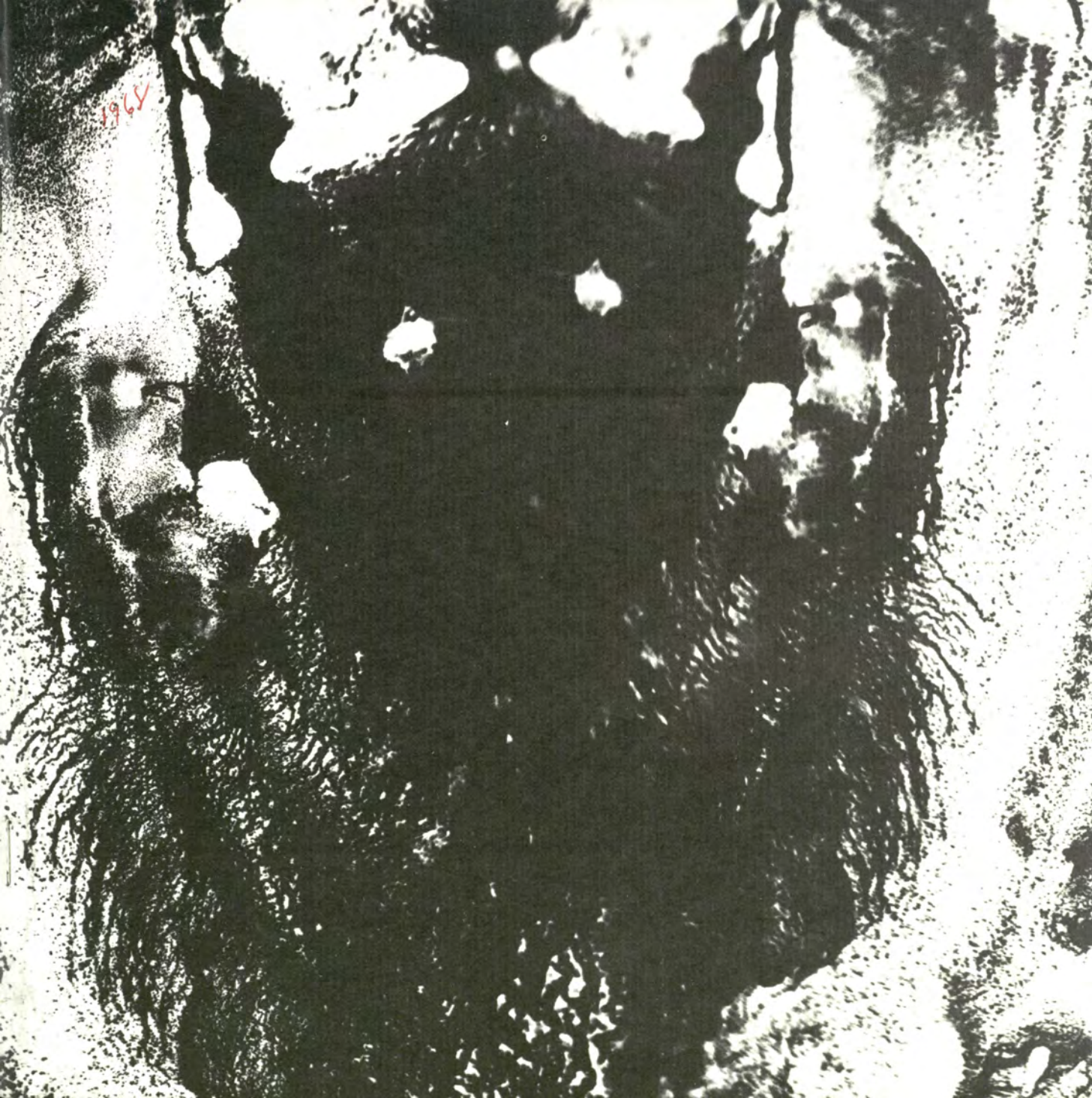
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1968



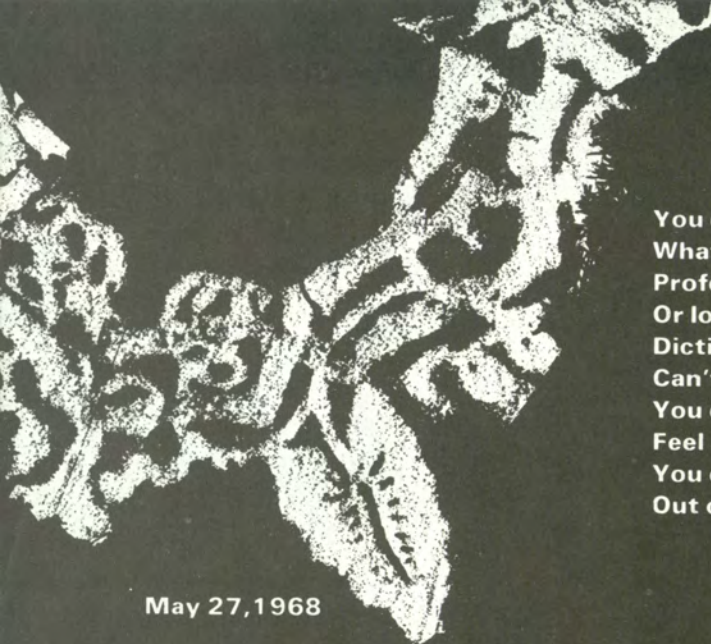












You cannot say in words  
What is beautiful,  
Profound  
Or lovely.  
Dictionary definitions  
Can't do it alone.  
You can only  
Feel it.  
You can't make a poem  
Out of words.

patsey hafeman

May 27, 1968

Pity me, Lord. My hope is gone.  
My lips are trembling — my eyes are pained,  
It's hard to look your way again.  
I'm sorry, Lord, I tried my best.  
But the task's too hard — my legs are weak,  
I just couldn't get that which I seek.  
Have mercy, I beg. I've failed so often.  
Though I need you so much — I've not the means,  
To meet the great price that you deem.  
If you answer, Dear Lord, do it not in wrath.  
Your justice I fear — I'm wicked too well,  
I plead for a passage away from Your Hell.  
Let Thy will prevail, but in mercy, my Lord.  
You're my last hope — my death is near,  
My God, my Lord, I'm begging; please hear.  
Oh Lord, O my Lord, I'm sorry, so sorry.  
It's too late I know — but I'm earnest  
And my penance I'll never let rest.  
Oh God, in your mercy, give me hope.  
Believe me this once — I'm not the same.  
I've changed, my God, I swear in Christ's name.



Oh Lord, I hurt; it's coming now.  
I beg Thee, my God, have mercy—don't make me alone.  
I want your heaven as my home.  
It's here, oh God; bless me, oh Lord.  
I can't make it—I'm dying, oh please,  
I beg Thee, I beg Thee, give me Your peace.  
My God, my God, save me from hell.  
Christ, give me a chance—I love You,  
I'm pleading, I'm sorry, believe Me, it's true.  
Our Father, Who art in heaven . . .  
Hear me, oh Lord—I ask in Thy name,  
Hallowed be Thy name.  
Christ, beg Him for me; help me now.  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
I will God, I believe in Your Son.  
God, God, I'm dying; don't turn away.  
Help me Christ, help me—please  
You're all left upon which I can seize.  
I . . . no, no, I don't want to die.  
No . . . please . . . it's . . . oh, help me Lord,  
I dangle without hope. I ask but a word.  
Oh hell . . . God, damn . . . oh help me.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, It's just that I fear  
The tortures of hell are so near.  
Give me, oh Lord, just one more chance.  
Christ, pray for me—Oh Holy Mary  
Make Him show me mercy.  
Lord, Lord, Believe me I'm sorry.  
My hate I couldn't control—the lies just came,  
Oh God, don't destroy me. Give me a chance.  
I'll be better tomorrow—just have mercy.  
I . . . no, no . . . I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
My God, My God, don't let me fall.  
I'm sorry . . . help me—Please, Christ, I've changed,  
Don't let me fall into hell's squeezing chains.  
I'm scared, oh Lord, I'm so very scared.  
I won't do more harm—let me live,  
Let me live, and all my love I'll give.  
God, God, my time is come.  
Bring me to you, God—Save me from hell,  
Please, please; God, please . . . please, please.

frank stanzione

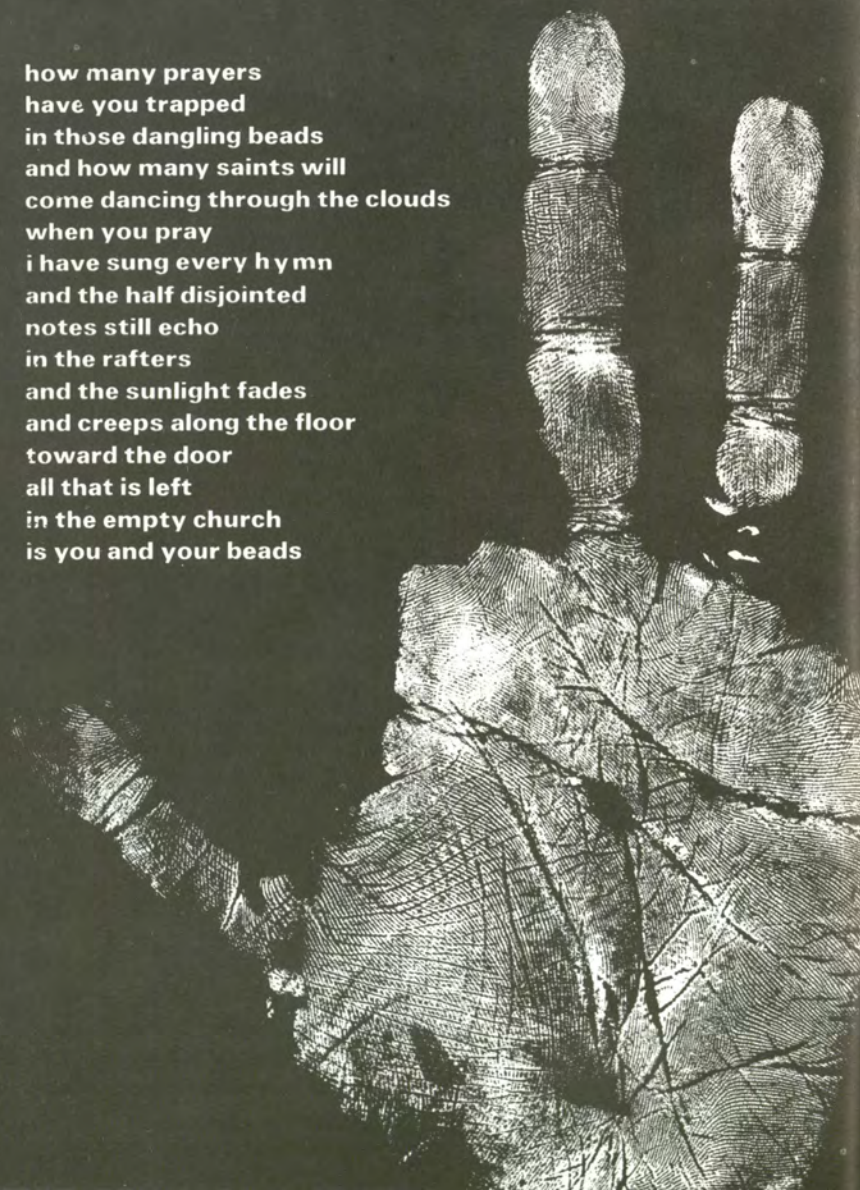
drawing/bruce betker





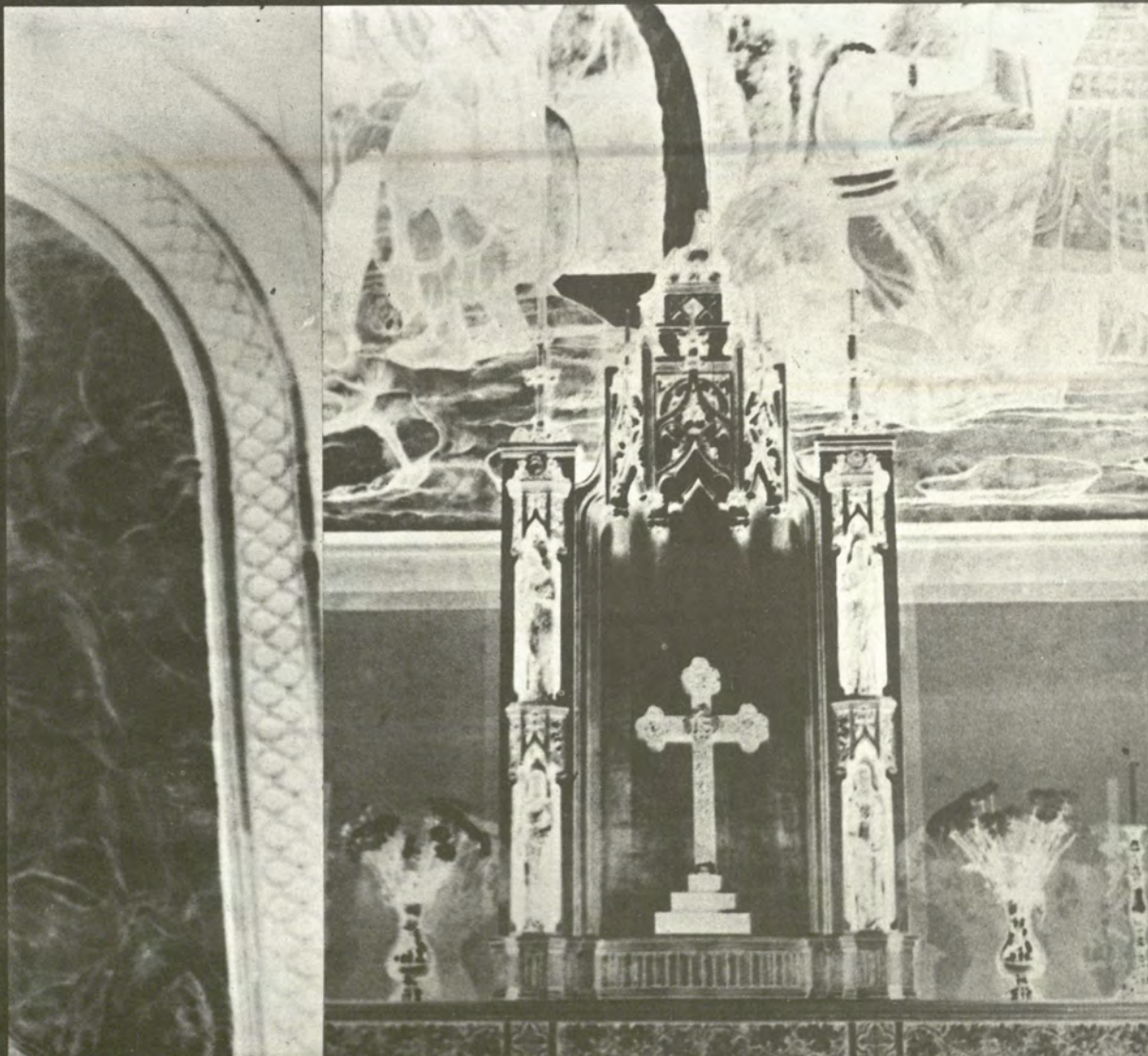
# GOD BLESS JANIS JOPLIN.

how many prayers  
have you trapped  
in those dangling beads  
and how many saints will  
come dancing through the clouds  
when you pray  
i have sung every hymn  
and the half disjointed  
notes still echo  
in the rafters  
and the sunlight fades  
and creeps along the floor  
toward the door  
all that is left  
in the empty church  
is you and your beads





AMEN. *Abeltonian*





part five of a four part series. an  
exercise in the superfluous by jan  
paul longanbach

when i was young, i was new and i knew.  
now i am not new and i do not know.  
—desmond skirrow

some of us we are six. conceived out of wisdom, born into childhood. some of us we are six. bare-footed, toes spread, running down forest paths brought into reality by a split second touch of human. the cool, dark earth disappearing underneath our feet and returning to the blue black flow that surrounds momentary possession of the concrete. he was one of us. one of the some of us who are six. on his way to the circus. a simple journey, through the park and the iron gates that led to the circus ground, tents of stripes that screamed their invitation, cotton candy — the kind that turns to sick-sweet pulp when one foolishly tries to savor its lightness. his pilgrimage was a genesis of muted forms and colors. the trees born out of his sight, the sounds brought to life by his ears slipped into forms of green, neither dark nor bright by chartreuse but green masked over brown turned to grey to blue black flow. a flow made real by an audible rustling of leaves, the screeches of starlings lost in the darkness of the branches, discordant sounds from the circus caliope competing with the timorous screams of those unwittingly trapped on the roller coaster, that lay through the iron gates and behind the striped tents. he ran through the cool dark of the bridle path. the sooner there the better. the sooner there the faster he could fill his belly with cotton candy bought with two quarters exchanged for two front teeth. the new shirt he was wearing felt uncomfortable, the new jeans scratched and the bright blue keds hurt his feet. but the running continued with an occasional jump over a fallen tree limb or a pause to liberate a lizard from his lethargy spawned in the warmth under a moss covered rock. the sound of the caliope was a piercing one, oblivious to the reality that belied its distance. a space created with every step, every frightened dash for cover by some squirrel as he passed. a space created with every step. so he stopped. in a clearing with a couple of battered park benches, and an outdoor grill of brick filled with refuse, dead pine boughs. he sat down, took off his shoes and drew a circle in the mud with his big toe. and another. and another until there was no circle at all. sunlight filled the clearing, reflected itself in the beads of sweat



on his forehead, almost obscured by a mass of damp-wet, dark curls. a quick sweep of the hand put them in proper perspective. he looked down at the tag safety pinned to his shirt. name, address and phone number. lest he should forget. looked at upside down it had little meaning. and he grew tired of trying to read it and started searching for his handkerchief. out of a back pocket came the handkerchief and his two quarters as well. onto the ground for a split second, not long enough to be caught by the sun before being scooped up. out of the clearing. the clearing into blue black flow. shoes under his arm, bare-footed, toes spread running down a forest path. a forest path whose darkness lost its intensity, lingered in grey and finally gave way to dappled sunlight, concrete walks. green benches supporting old ladies in wrinkled shades of brown. and still he kept running. the cone of cotton candy getting larger and pinker in his mind's eye, the vision bouncing off the discordant tones of the caliope that competed with the timorous screams of those unwittingly trapped on the roller coaster, laying through the iron gates and behind the striped tents. the walk grew hot under the sunlight, burned his feet and he kept stepping on all the cracks. the grass proved cooler, soft between spread toes. it had no cracks only green benches with ladies, to run past or stop by and smell the scent of lemon soap mixed with old age. emitted by bodies wrinkled to the texture of the surroundings. they appeared they disappeared. a nose here, an eye there, paisley scarf and pink and white check. thus a composite with grey hair through a hairnet. pattern in the light interrupted by a ball whizzing through the green existing not but to be kicked by him. kicked by him, bare feet, into the air. a ball of many colors spinning out green, blue, yellow. and screaming pink until it was lost in the illumination of a late afternoon sun. it dropped finally, slowly. the pink screamin, then muffled into blue-green and to yellow dots as it hit the ground next to the fence. the iron fence with the gates that led to the circus grounds, to the tents with stripes, the caliope with its discordant tones trying to compete with the timorous screams of those unwittingly trapped on roller coaster that lay through the gates and behind the the striped tents. he had been chasing the ball. running blindly, laughing. toes spread and digging. he stopped short of the ball. sat down on the grass. remembered his shoes being somewhere. forgot about them. checked for the two quarters. in his front pockets, the back pockets. took out his handkerchief. there was no metallic clink as they fell to the ground. there was no sound. nothing fell. he stood up, looked around, he could see the tents now and the caliope created a surmountable distaste. he could almost make out the faces of the people on the roller coaster. the ball was picked up, held tightly as he leaned his back against the iron fence with the gates that led to the circus grounds, tents of stripes that screamed their invitation and the cotton candy. the tears came and shone in the screaming pink of the late afternoon sun. so did the saftey pin on his shirt. a saftey pin missing its tag. it was gone and he had forgotten. the tears came and shown in the screaming pink of the late afternoon sun. and a smile came and more tears lost in screaming pink into blue black flow.



## Nordle

It was a lovely August day. The grass smelled sweet, but it was quite dry from the burning sun. It had been a great summer but now it was drawing to a close. Daddy finally came home from what had been a job but was no longer. He came home and gave mommy a little smack. His spirits were poor. Life at home was rough. The acid atmosphere in the kitchen was overpowering; one felt that he had to get away. It was so hot that people were seen drinking in the streets. The routine of hash at home was getting depressing. Flies buzzed around the toilet at home. Yesterday the kids who went trick or treating blew up the THC corporation downtown and threw those lousy apples away that they get from old people. Those popcorn balls stuck to the paper sack and ended up in Mrs. Ockley's bushes along with the remnants of wax bars. Mommy wasn't feeling good from daddy getting out of his job so she went to the bathroom and took a pill. The flies still hovered around the pot. The cold wind really had a bite to it. Times were hard.

ken keller



....blow up as high as you can....



Life  
paula schneider

I arose early this morning and from my window I saw you gently taking life by her blue gingham apron pressed shiny as glass through the years and walking with her through the pale dusty bean fields up toward the morning hills.

It was only five and you were already dressed and on your way. She probably had been in the kitchen as she had been so many times when I came down before the day was quite awake. We would talk for a while and then we would go out across the crustly land leaving the ladle in the pot and the coffee boiling on the stove.

I came to know her before the drought-when the creek was a rushing torrent of water spanning 6 ft. from the rains and before the green beans were tiny dwarfed gray-brown leaves.

A fly buzzed against the screen and I watched you go; leisurely, steadily until I couldn't tell you from the distant trees.

In this very room, above the slatted floor boards and beneath the splinter-beamed ceiling my most complicated moments had been spent. Upon the loom woven rug and beneath the pink floral comforter my deepest griefs and joys had sprung. In front of the tainted looking glass my mind had soared to the heights of Delphi and had pitched to the depths of the minitaur's maze.

I climbed the wobbly staircase to the attic and pulled a painting from behind the chimney stack. Dust rested upon the Indian's eyelids and clutched his disheveled black hair. I realized I'd been here before — to search his rugged features and to delve into his narrow chocolate eyes. Someday I would buy a hook and place this warrior above my bed. I wiped the soot from his face and carried him back to my room.

The room was fresh and smelled of clover but the land outside was nothing but patches of crinkling mud. We broke our backs tilling this clay and prayed so often for rain. Somehow we always found time to walk — usually in the early morning when there wasn't much to do. We had no animals to tend to then there was only the two of us. . . .

But then you came — infatuated with her buxom beauty and atuned to her passionate temperament just as I had always been. Perceptively we had found this very thing imbedded in each other. For to recognize it so keenly in her we had to be aware of and in search of beauty and we could not love her except with passion.

She was so common but yet so strange. She was what we both loved through, but first and foremost I felt we were preoccupied with her. Doubt dissolves only in the caldron of time.

I went down to the kitchen and sat with a cup of coffee to my lips and waited for you to return.



Friday night. Roommate went to a movie. All alone — thinking. Guys next door playing record player too loud. Annoys. Just finished glancing at *Radix*. Will read later. Interesting. Roommate is back. Good movie. Have a football game tomorrow afternoon. "Must win." All games are "must" wins. Can't think about game though. Makes stomach queasy. Started to learn guitar this week. Fingers hurt. Know four chords. Friend broke string today. Fingers needed rest. Sound turned down on record player. Parents came down for Homecoming. Have trouble talking with them. Mother writes, "sometimes feel the lines of communication are not too great." Agree. What to do. . . .

Feel suddenly empty — almost like crying. Much to do. No time. Pressed in from all sides. Sometimes want to quit and become truck driver. Would enjoy. Want to be an engineer. Like it. Always must study though. Never a let up. Live from one test to the next. No peace. Must relax — take time off. Want to work on a ship next summer. Get away for a while. No meetings to keep or places to be. Would look at myself. Tear me apart and look at pieces. Put back together in a new and improved way. . . .

Friday night. Record player turned back up. Dynamics problem due tomorrow at eight. Better start.

dick oldenburg

The guys are nice  
A little queer.  
There are always fights  
And no beer.  
I want to go home.

scott hathaway rollins

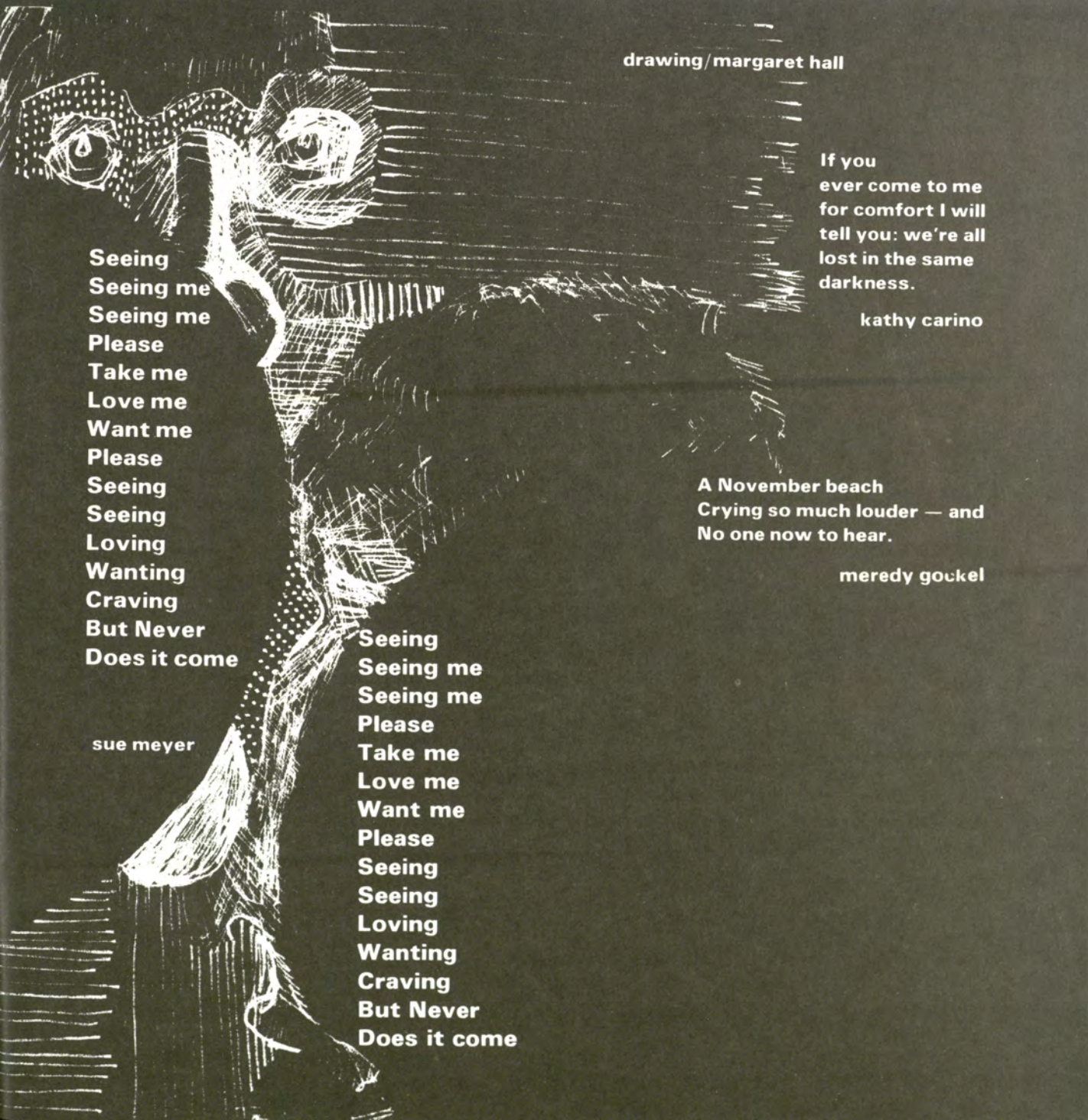
To live is to get drunk.  
To get drunk is to get high.  
To get high is to live again.

ken kusek

Last night I had three quarts of rum.  
I want to go home.

paul harvey meyer esq.





drawing/margaret hall

If you  
ever come to me  
for comfort I will  
tell you: we're all  
lost in the same  
darkness.

kathy carino

A November beach  
Crying so much louder — and  
No one now to hear.

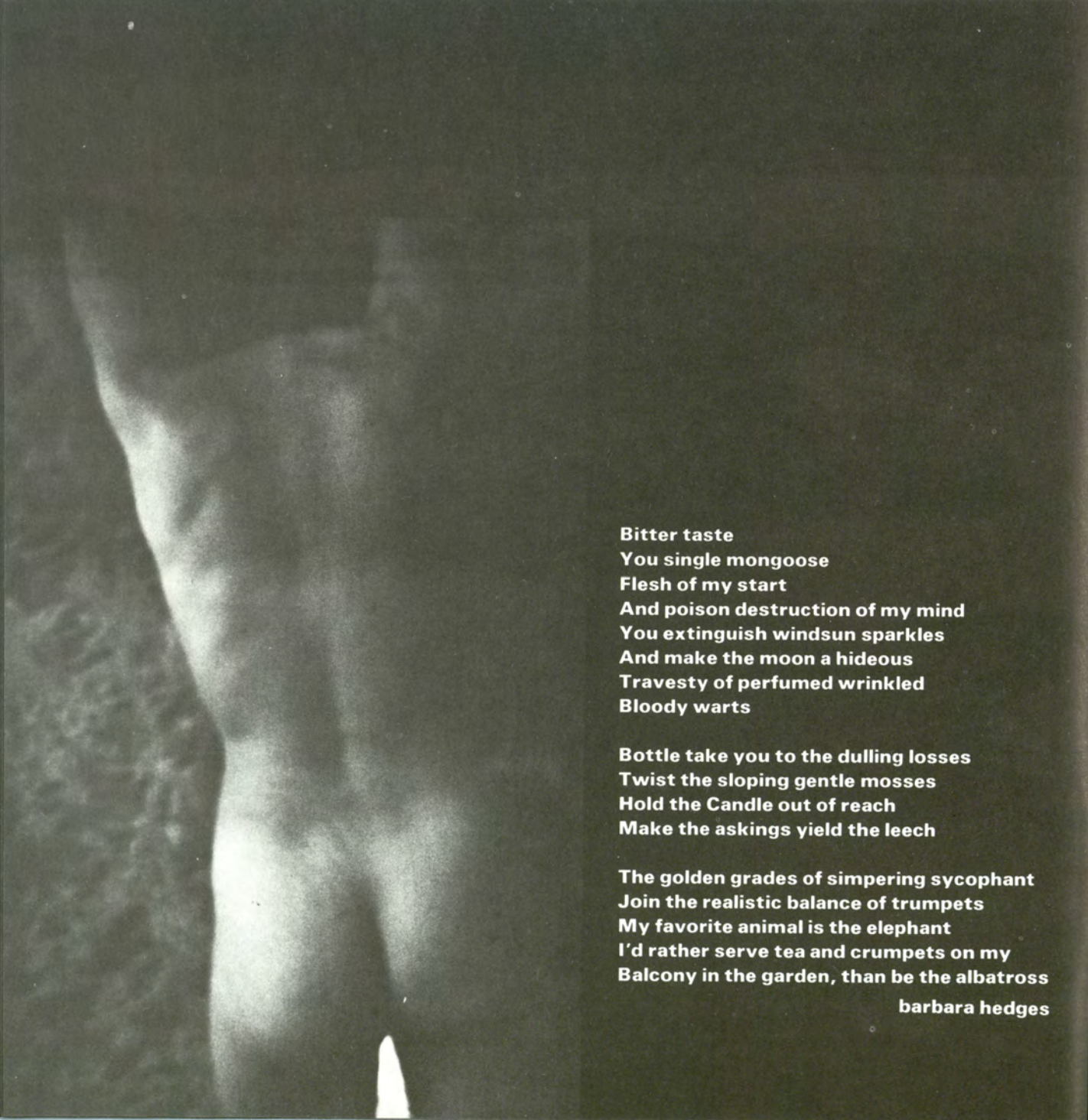
meredy gockel

Seeing  
Seeing me  
Seeing me  
Please  
Take me  
Love me  
Want me  
Please  
Seeing  
Seeing  
Loving  
Wanting  
Craving  
But Never  
Does it come

sue meyer

Seeing  
Seeing me  
Seeing me  
Please  
Take me  
Love me  
Want me  
Please  
Seeing  
Seeing  
Loving  
Wanting  
Craving  
But Never  
Does it come





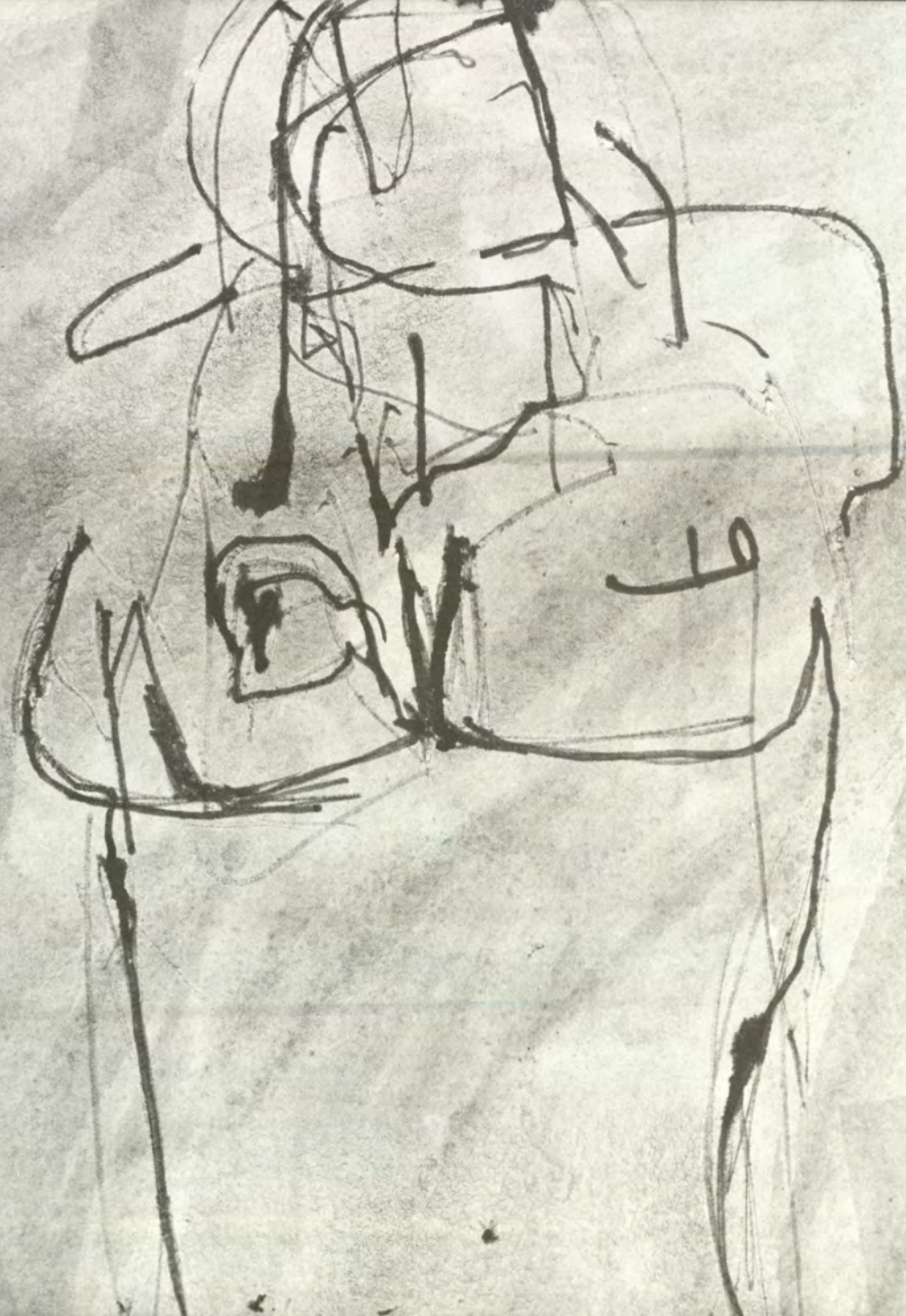
Bitter taste  
You single mongoose  
Flesh of my start  
And poison destruction of my mind  
You extinguish windsun sparkles  
And make the moon a hideous  
Travesty of perfumed wrinkled  
Bloody warts

Bottle take you to the dulling losses  
Twist the sloping gentle mosses  
Hold the Candle out of reach  
Make the askings yield the leech

The golden grades of simpering sycophant  
Join the realistic balance of trumpets  
My favorite animal is the elephant  
I'd rather serve tea and crumpets on my  
Balcony in the garden, than be the albatross

barbara hedges

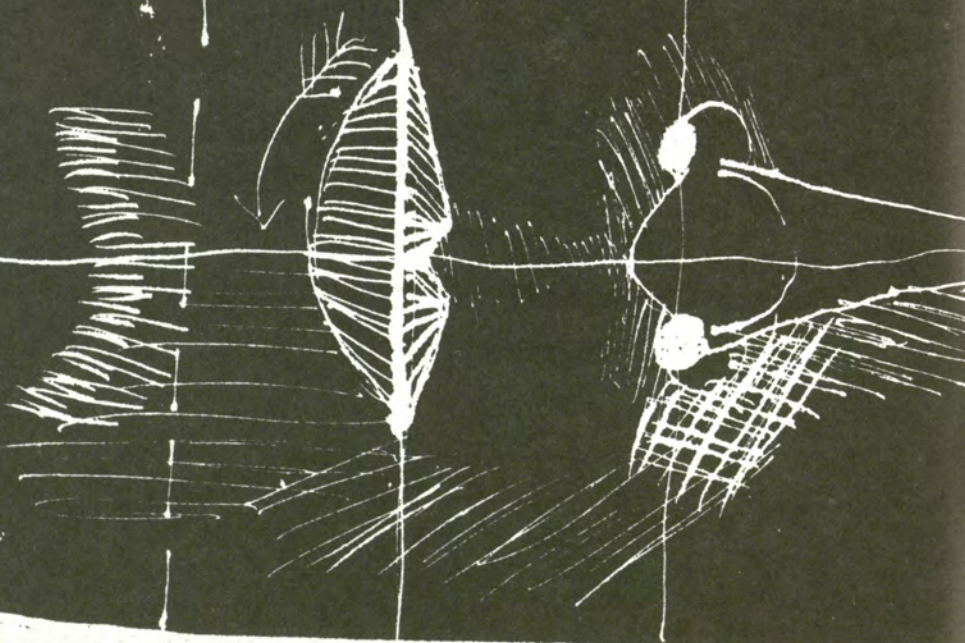




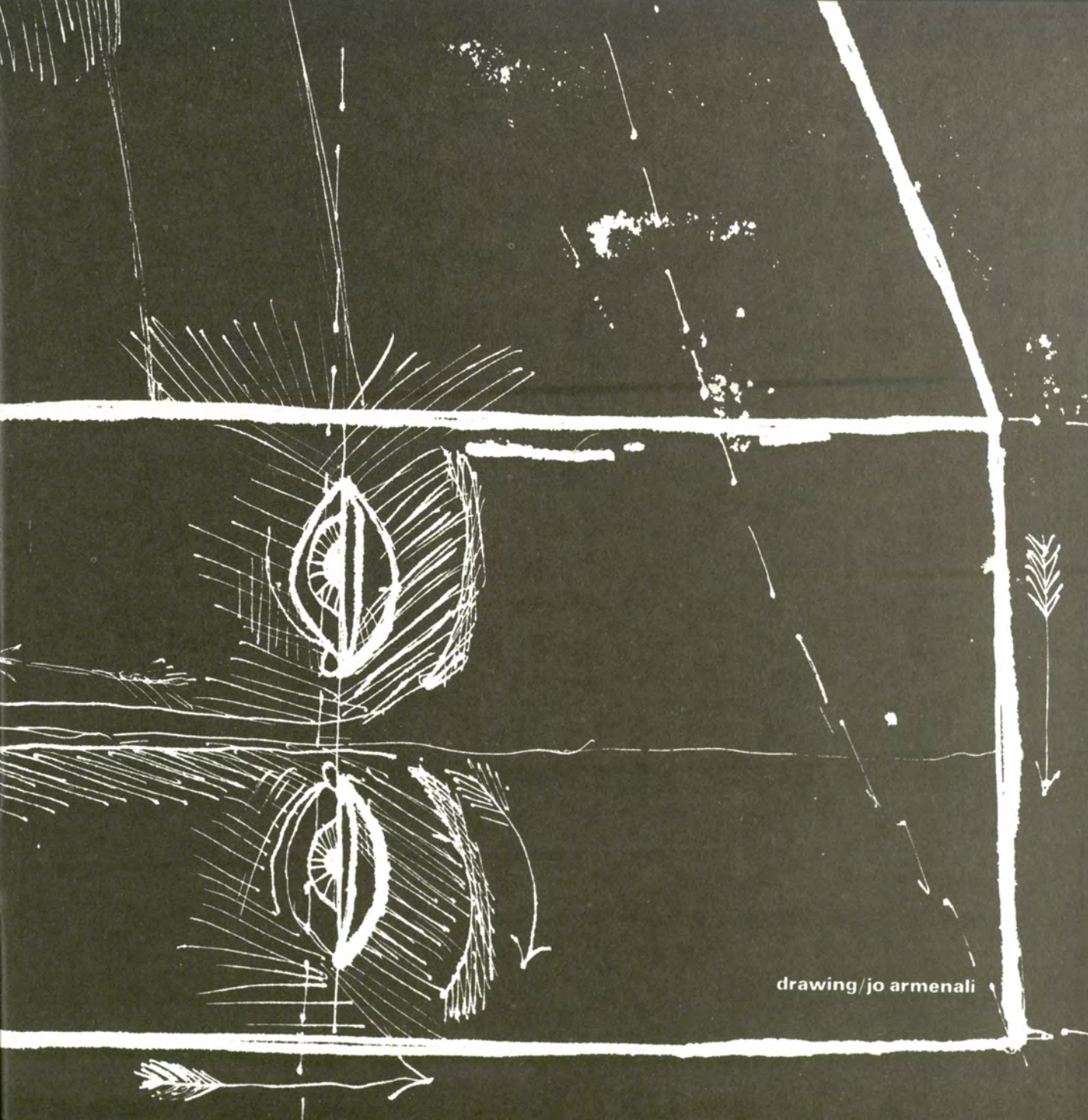


## A Ledge of Two Boxes

The stage is dark and empty. There is no curtain. An old man dressed in a tattered grey sweater and baggy pants leads a procession down the middle aisle. He walks slowly, stooped over a crooked wooden cane. Behind there are two groups of six men. Each group carries a black box about the size of a coffin. The procession turns to the left and mounts the stage by a ramp constructed at the far edge of the stage. The old man pauses at the top of the ramp and turns to look at the audience. He coughs once. Silence. He steps to the side and leans against the wall. The procession continues across the stage and the men place the boxes off-center to the right, one on top of the other, parallel to the lip of the stage. The lights fade out on the boxes, then brighten on the old man. The men file out down the right aisle.







drawing/jo armenali



**The old man speaks:**

— How am I supposed. . .to get up there without my ladders. . .somewhere, maybe. . .

**He walks around the boxes as if searching for something. A rattle of pots and pans is heard, followed by a crash and the sound of breaking glass.**

**Old man: Who's there?**

**Voice: No one really, just me. . .the janitor.**

**A dim light, the light fades.**

**Old man: Who's there? Where are you?**

**Voice: Just me, here, the janitor — sweeping. That's all. Sweeping broken milk bottles off the porches, cleaning puke from the hallways, washing chalkboards.**

**A light comes, revealing a young man, well built, dressed in black tights. He sits on a platform with his legs crossed, fifteen feet in the air. He is reading a big red book.**

**He speaks:**

— I see you have met the janitor. Good. . .he does a good job cleaning up. I hope you find what he does satisfactory. He works so hard, sweeping, collecting, picking things up. Do you approve of the job he's doing. Splendid isn't it?

**Old man: Huh? . . .well, you see, that is, well, I — I don't really know what kind. . .I. . .uh. . .**

**Young man: Ah, then you don't approve. You don't like what he's doing or what you know he is capable of, do you?**

**Old man: I really don't know what to think. . .**

**Young man: That's what I thought you'd say. But really you don't like him do you?**

**Old man: No not really. But how could I? I don't even know him.**

**Young man: On the contrary, you like him much more than you will ever admit and used to like him even more than that. On page ninety-seven of The Ledger it definitely states that this man was. . .but then you will know what you need to know when the time is right. Besides about this man you know everything I could ever tell you. You will soon see what I mean. . .**



The light on the young man fades out. Again the sound of broken glass is heard. A light comes on — revealing another platform. This one is only four feet high. It is eight by eight or thereabouts and surrounded by a wooden rail. On the platform there is a man sweeping broken glass into a dustpan. He moves jerkily, as if being manipulated with strings like a marionette. He sings as he works:

Hi ho, hi ho,  
Its off to work I go.  
Just look at me, just look at me,  
I'm as happy as can be.  
Washing windows,  
Shining floors.  
Just as happy as can be.

The old man coughs. The other man stops singing and looks up.

Other man: Well hello. Who are you?

Old man: What?

Other man: Who are you?

Old man: Who me?

Other man: Yeah you.

Old man: I'm Charles.

Other man: Charles who?

Old man: You know Charles — the one you summoned after the death scene.

Other man: Well what happened since then?

Old man: I came here.

Other man: Why?

Old man: Why what?

Other man: Give me a reason for your being here at all.

Old man: You summoned me. Remember?

Other man: No.

Old man: Then why the hell did you have me come here?

Other man: You had nothing better to do. June kept running off with the motorcycle milkman — the one who wore the black leather jacket. (like all good cyclists do)

Old man: Who are you talking about?

Other man: Don't know really. You I think.

Old man: What if I don't want to?



Other man: Want to what?

Old man: Didn't you just ask me that?

Other man: No.

Old man: Grab the goodies then — if you get senile you're shot for life.

Other man: The magazine?

Old man: No, where they keep the ammunition.

Other man: Oh — oh. You really know how to respond, don't you? That was a good one.

Old man: yes.

Other man: no.

Old man: yes.

Other man: Well, maybe.

Old man: Alright.

Other man: We're going nowhere. Let's retrace our steps.

Old man: For what reason?

Other man: Have to sometimes.

Old man: I suppose.

' Bout this time someone in the audience should scream the first nasty word that comes to his mind. The effect should be an increase in clarity.

Other man: Say, but aren't you Carlson?

Old man: No.

Other man: Well hello there Carlson. Long time no see. So how're ya' doing? How's the wife?

Old man: Who? What? Come again.

Other man: Ah tell me, how's June. She's not pregnant again?

Old man: I don't know. Never knew a June. Never had a wife either.

Other man: Before maybe, but now you're Charles and you were married to June for thirty years.

Old man: No, no! That's not true. Tell me who you are.

Other man: You already know me, it's just that I change a lot.

Old man: But I don't even know. . .

Other man: You do, but if you wish I won't disturb you.

The light grows much dimmer.



Old man: But. . .

Other man: Sorry I have to sweep the hallways.

Old man: No, wait. I want to ask. . .

Other man: You'll find a ladder by the boxes.

The light fades out. The old man leans against his cane. In the rear of the theatre a man jumps out of his seat and runs to a motorcycle at the side aisle. He starts it and rides down the aisle, up the ramp and onto the stage. He stops the cycle and walks to a podium that a stagehand has just carried on stage. He speaks:

It is time now for a recitation. Listen and you will hear. I love the fruit of the watermelon loom and desire that you taste it with me. I love the fruit of the apple factory and desire that you taste that with me too. I also love the apple of the fruit factory and the watermelon of the fruit loom, and you can eat that too if you like.

Three knocks are heard coming from inside the bottom box.

Old man: Yes box, what do you want?

Box: Is this guy on the level when he says that he loves the fruits of the watermelon loom, and of the apple factory?

Old man: I believe so, he seems to be very sincere. Do you want to talk to him?

Box: Yes I would like that very much.

The old man walks slowly to the podium, where the man on the motorcycle is continuing to make wild gestures as he repeats his speech over and over. When he sees the old man coming he begins to shout — I love watermelon — at the top of his lungs. The old man takes his cane and starts pounding the podium. The podium falls off the stage. The man continues

Man: I love watermelon. I love watermelon. I love watermelon. I love water. . .

Old man: Hey!

Man: I love watermelon. I love watermelon.

The old man takes his cane and starts to beat the man. The man falls. The old man continues to swing his cane.



**Old man:** Listen now will you, someone wants to talk with you.

(no answer)

**O.K. box,** go ahead.

**Box:** Is it true that you love watermelon?

**Man:** Of course, and also the fruit of the apple factory.

**Box:** Well in that case I'm coming with you.

A trap door opens in the bottom box. Out crawls a beautiful girl dressed in a bikini with a watermelon under her arm, carrying a picket sign in the other that reads: My name is June. She walks over to where the old man is sitting on the other man.

**June:** I'm sorry Charles but he says that he loves watermelons.

**Old man:** Even at the funeral and if I had found a ladder when I wanted it I would still be on top of the situation.

**June:** But you didn't and he loves watermelon.

**Old man:** Yeah and has a motorcycle.

**June:** That's right.

**Old man:** Then I guess you have to.

**June:** Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy!

**Man:** Well what if I don't want to take her?

**Old man:** You have to.

**June:** It's in the rules.

**Man:** What if I don't?

**Old man:** Then you'll get the Jerry Ramos treatment and I think that Pvt. Litner is recovered enough to do it too.

**Man:** I have to be going.

**June:** No you can't.

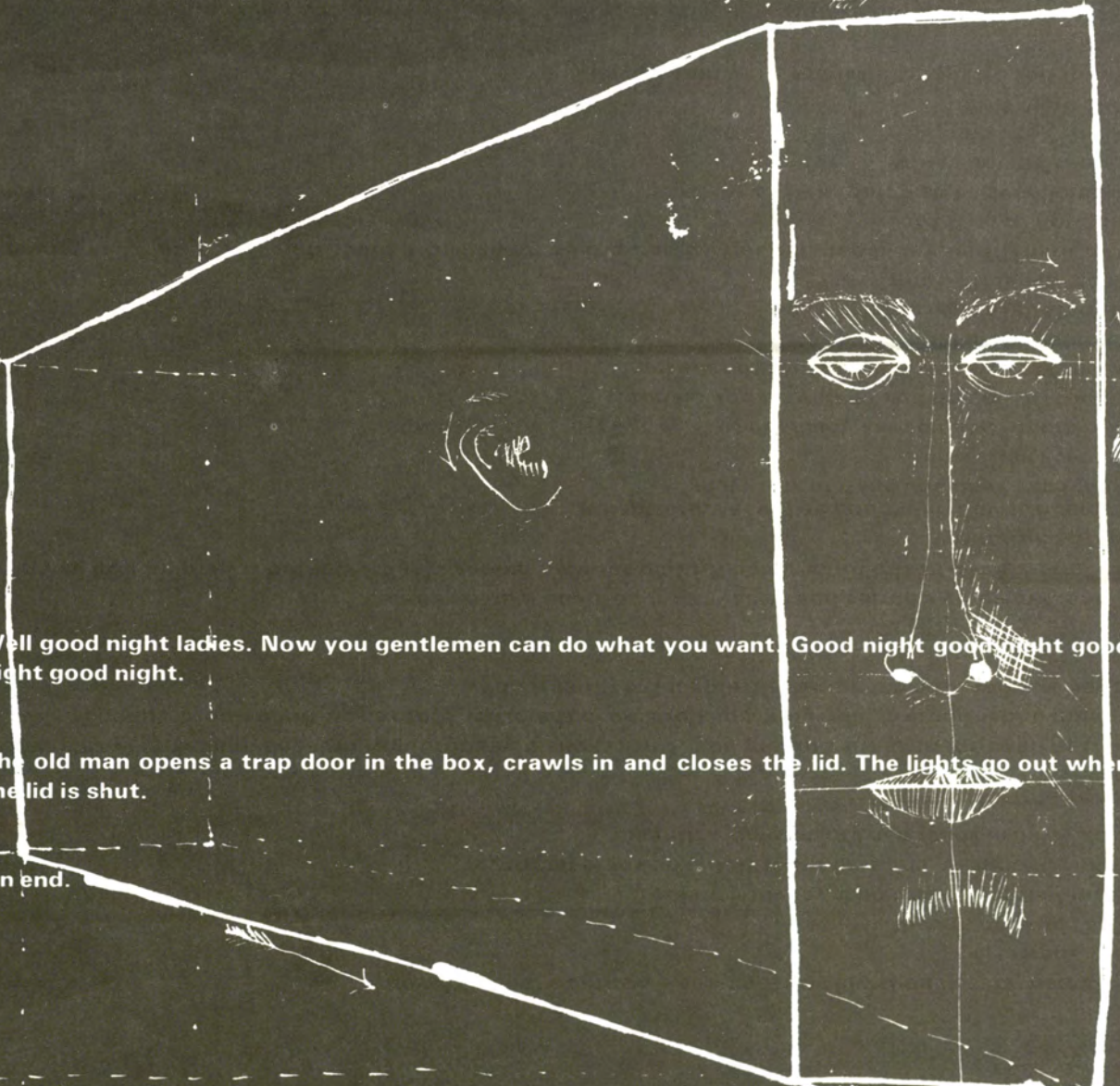
**Man:** Yes I can.

**Old man:** No!

**Man:** Get off, get off. Where's my motorcycle?

The man runs to the motorcycle, jumps on and takes off. June tries to run after. The old man walks off stage and gets a ladder. He leans it against the boxes and climbs up to the top and sits down. He laughs, and laughs, and laughs. Then says:





Well good night ladies. Now you gentlemen can do what you want. Good night good night good night good night.

The old man opens a trap door in the box, crawls in and closes the lid. The lights go out when the lid is shut.

An end.

sam ewalt



Piece number two

for two pianos

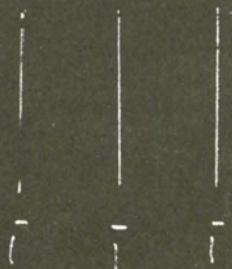
$\tau = 48$

$p$  = plucked string

$\parallel$  = arm cluster

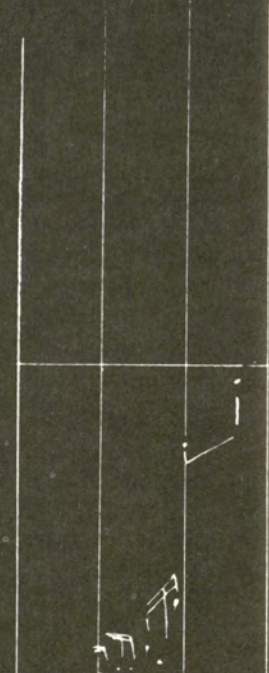
$\square$  = fore cluster

$\blacklozenge$  = hand cluster



= duration of  $\cdot$  at 48 mm

Piano I  
Thomas Jansson (middle c)



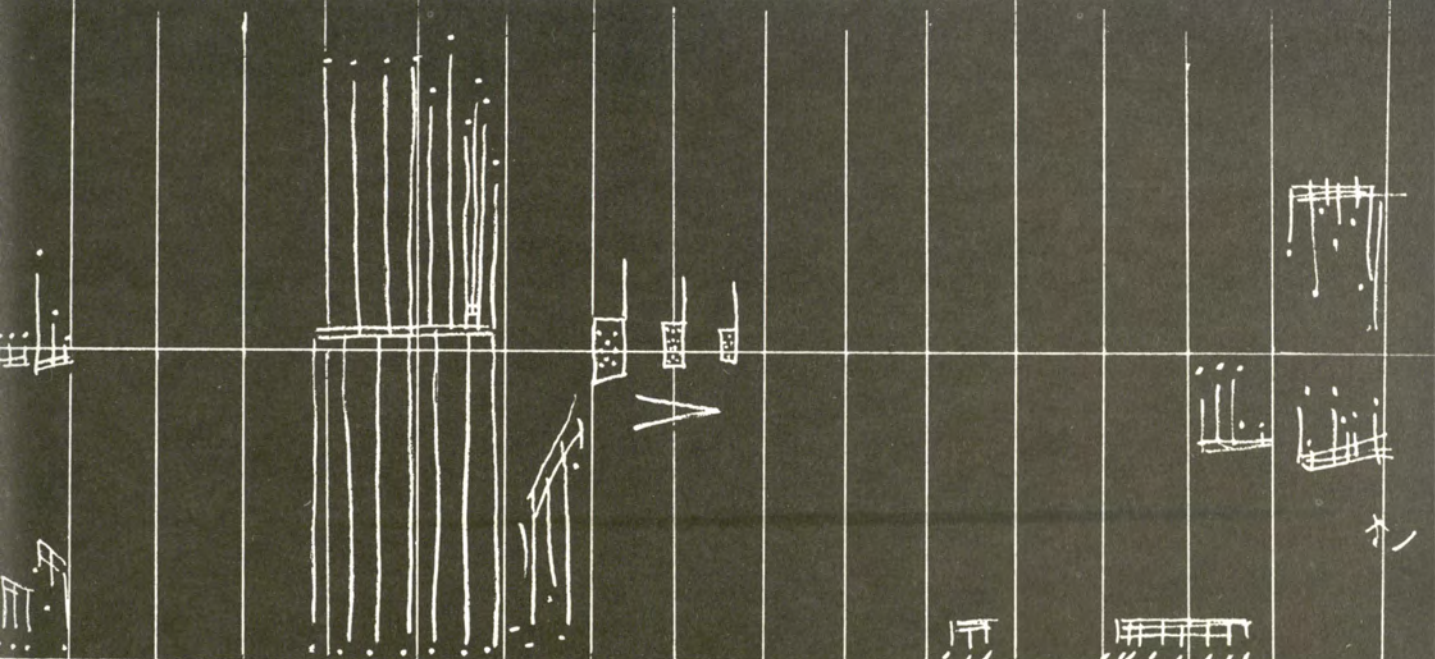
pp < mf >



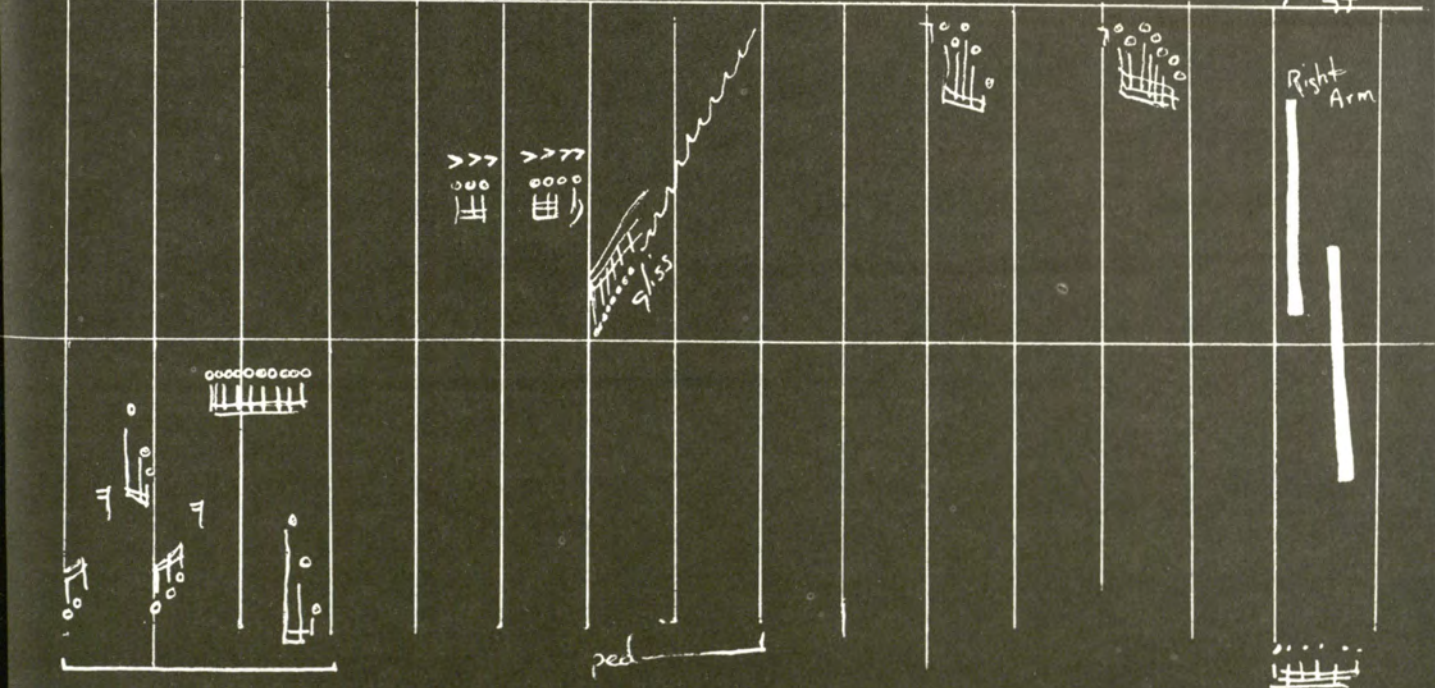
Piano II  
(middle c)

pedal





ff < > sf ? ? P ? > p p p > p p p > V  
f f f f f f F ff



ped



I

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. It features a series of diamond-shaped notes in the upper register, a large 'V' shape, and a cluster of diamond notes in the middle register. Below the staff, there are some scribbled notes and diamond symbols.

Handwritten text in a stylized, possibly musical shorthand, consisting of several lines of characters and symbols.

mf

f p

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. It includes a series of notes with stems, some diamond-shaped notes, and a large 'V' shape. Below the staff, there are more notes and symbols.

~

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. It features a series of notes with stems and diamond-shaped notes, arranged in a descending pattern.

ped

Handwritten musical symbols, including a treble clef and a bass clef.



PP

7  
D  
5  
5  
5

repeat once

7  
D  
5  
5  
5

90''

repeat once

T. Janson

Feeling the stinging unleashed wind that takes  
 my breath away  
 The thump of bodies together as speed accelerates  
 I hunger for the sight of skinny legs in faded blue  
 jeans and strong clean hands gripping handle bars.  
 Lips spread apart over straight white teeth  
 Dark grinning eyes  
 the room smells sweet and the air conditioner over on  
 my eyes rest on hips gliding forward and backward  
 shoulders that melt in jazz  
 skinny legs in faded jeans  
 shock of dark hair and damp sideburns curling toward  
 high cheek bones.  
 Strong dark clean hands touching my face;  
 my shoulders; amidst the pulse of a beat so  
 thick that life itself may be kept alive by one guitar.

jane lewis



Love, The grass is blue,  
Heavens smile on the plow,  
Hear the babbling brook.

A knock on the door,  
Sadness,  
Tears burn the eyes,  
Big Green is here!!  
elvey vermin

The blistered execrations of your ugly mind  
Morose melancholic remembrances live and blind  
O spare me — let my soul live please  
And entwine your chin among your knees

Buzz, the Fuzz

Alice d, you I like  
Come ride with me on  
My fuzzy bike.

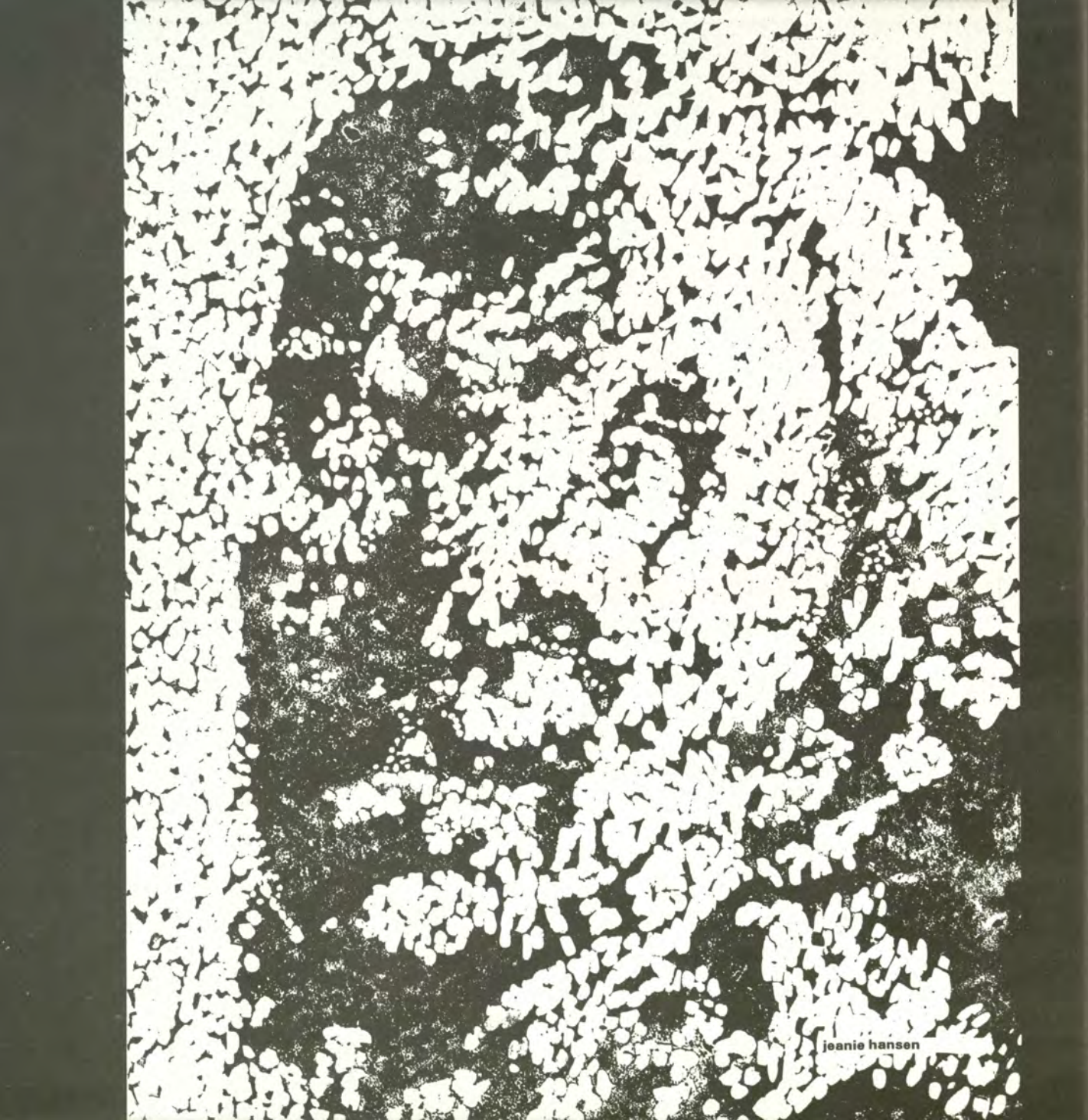
So Buzz did what all fuzz  
Must; shoved his gun in Alice's  
Chest and said,  
"This is a bust."





Bair  
rat





joanie hansen



why not try sacrifice — sheep, pigs, or maybe old cows

don verwayen

1. paranoia — persecution
2. manic — depression
3. disorientation
4. hysteria
5. world — weariness
6. corpse — love
7. shaving
8. cat staring forward, sounds off
9. his thoughts
10. suicide scene
11. self-torture

lists of things to say and do

flash power — Gary West

dry ice — Gary or Wanatah

daygo paint — Miller's

brushes — John and Bruce

2nd projector for John — Okie

turntable — peace symbol

dry ice? 100

How soon Thursday: Weds. night?

intended effect

emotion portrayed

action

intent of words

reference in sorcery

fake hippies

beating

costume

see Seeman -

lights wave generator

tape

amp strobos

wire

speakers

THE BOOK Witchcraft

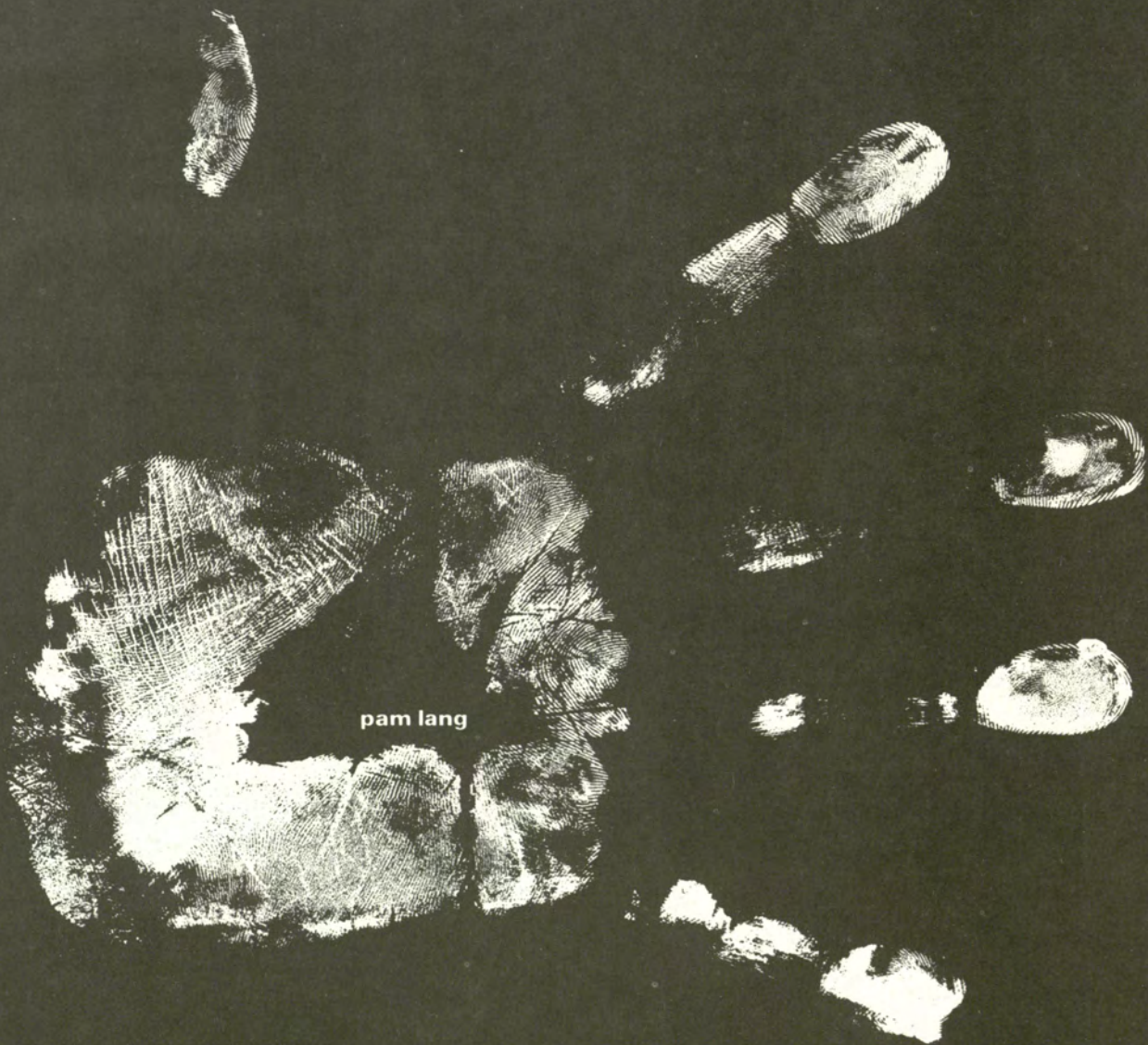
Hours extended ? Tomorrow

magnesium

bitting







pam lang



## Outline for Lighter Party

8:30 — the band will play a set of c. one hour.

c. 9:40 — the band will play a second set of about one hour. This set will end with the song "Season of the Witch", and will be followed by silence as the lights dim to black, with the band merely watching the crowd.

All will sit in blackness for about three minutes. Then the band and sound crew will try to create the impression of a descent, ending in a brief flash of strobe, and about ten more seconds of silent darkness. A chorus of male voices will begin to hum in unison. The players and/or audience may join in if they please. After piano joins in, the piano will fade, and a female voice will say, "Halloween."

The high priest and priestess will present their introduction.

Then follow the skits:

Plastic hippies — center floor. They are joined by:

People exchanging greetings. Both are joined by:

The unnoticed assault. During the assault,

Mr. Businessman with newspaper comes on.

Assault ends, the victim lying on the floor. The crowd scatters.

Enter fellow with nose in book; he and man with paper exchange words.

Cut to:

Bridge game, *center stage*, followed by:

Bickering husband and wife, discussing the help, *left stage*, followed by:

Two deans discussing the relative merits of a few students, *right stage*, followed by:

priest and priestess discussing various souls, followed by:

TV and dead baby, followed by:

The pregnant girl getting expelled, *left stage*, followed by:

Don's visit to the M.D. *right stage*, followed by:

Don's shaving scene, *left stage*, followed by:

Communion, *center stage*, followed by:

Don's solitary scene, *right stage*, followed by:

The priest and priestess attempting to get the crowd to take the pledge during which the players will cause increasing chaos and hysteria. The action will end completely on a prearranged signal in the lighting. If the audience does not stop then, a voice will yell "Stop!". Then Don will come creeping crazy out of the left front corner.

m. pelikan



fire sale,  
the world is going out of business  
do what you want  
it doesn't matter  
life is cheap  
it's over







Message

trying to compete  
larger and pinker  
took a pill.  
his mind  
the caliope  
created Life at home  
and still he kept running.

bitting — lang pam lang  
bruce bitting pam lang  
bruce bitting pam lang  
bruce bitting pam lang  
bruce bitting pam lang



design/ pam lang

photography bruce bitting  
pam lang

hopefully by now you have read the words or looked at the pictures of the lighter, valpo's little literary magazine. if there is something you do or don't like, we are responsible for the assemblage of this confused bag of the literati around town:

bruce bitting      editor  
pam lang          art editor  
john redick        friend and foe  
barbara hedges    associate editor

faculty advisor    john serio

cover: pam lang  
john redick  
bruce bitting