

Fall 1980

Fall 1980

Valparaiso University

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~~THE LETTER~~

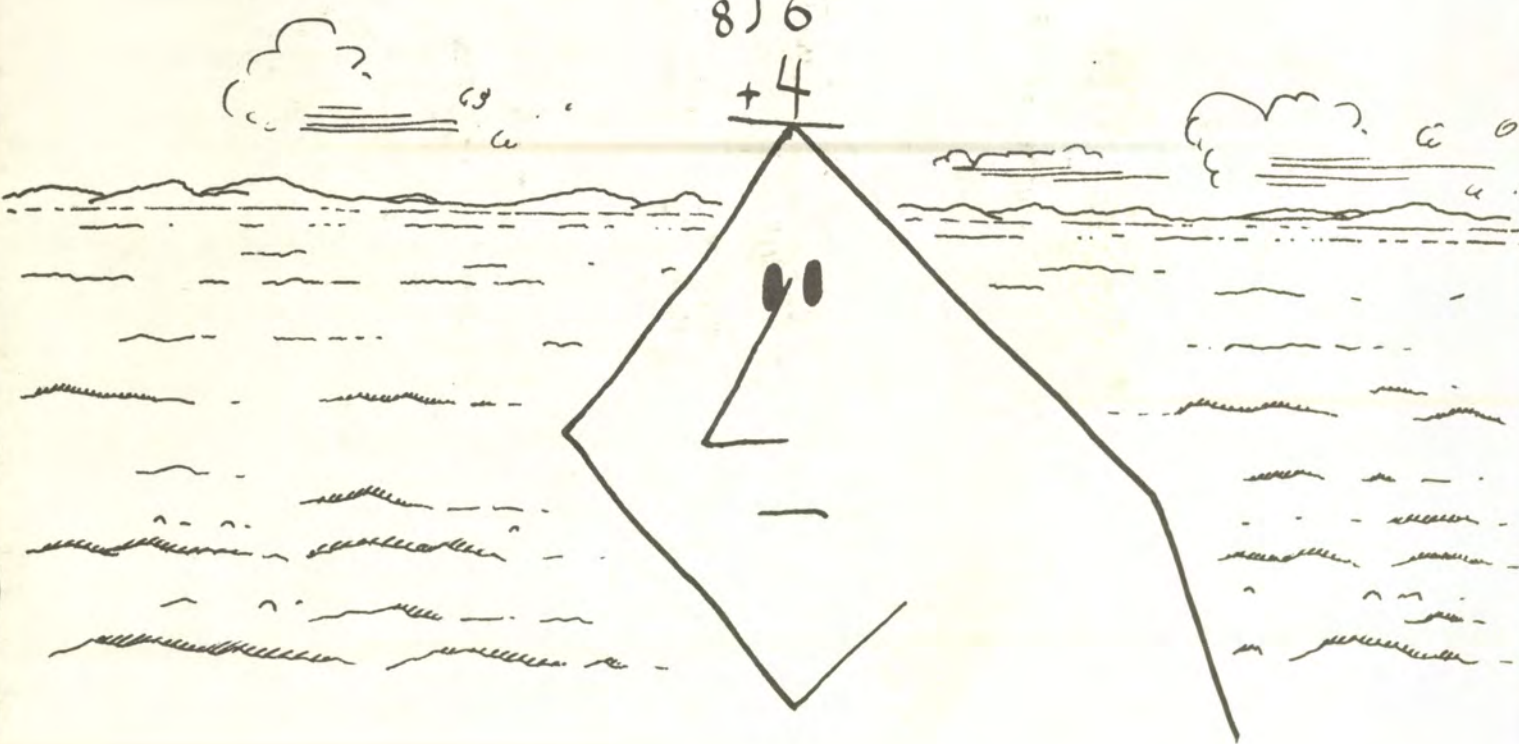
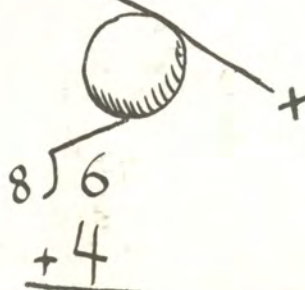
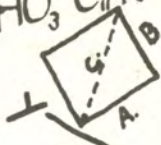
Today, President Carter accused the Gulf area and invited further such activity.
Dear Mr. Carter, I will have to all the money part up with you.

$99602 \div (586 \times 10.33) \div 87 = 1.043 \times 10^{-03}$
 $247 \times 23 = 8151 \div 65 = 125.4 \times 87 = 10909.8$

HERE BREATHES THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD, WHO NEVER TO HIMSELF HATH SAID...
In the beginning, God created the heavens and the...

$422 \times 54 = 7.8148$

H₂O, P. 56
C₁₂N¹⁴ → H₂O



"MEMORIALIZATION"

The Lighter Vol. 23, No. 2 Fall, 1980

The Lighter is a Valparaiso University literary magazine published once a semester. Tedious hours were contributed by students (the staff) who expanded beyond their usual mental and physical capabilities. The material reflects a cross section of VU students. Copyright 1980 by Valparaiso University. All rights reserved. Special thanks to The Torch for graciously allowing us use of their facilities, i.e. when the machines were not broken and they were not using them.

What table of contents?! Do you think we need one?/Where should we put it?/Everyone puts it in front. Let's put it in back!/Yeah! We can make it look like scribbles!/I don't want to see...well...I don't want to see this thing get too broken up. We don't want people to have to look through the whole thing.../But that's the whole idea!/Wait a minute...is a table of contents the same as credits? Wait a sec, what are you talking about?/Oh! OK! I get it! Right! Right! Let's put.../But people gotta know who did what. People gotta be able to read this./Aaaaah...let's not have a table of contents./Here comes Doug, our fearless leader!/Can I take an '80 Beacon?/Go ahead, we don't care. We're the Lighter./I'll bring it back./You don't have to./What are you guys doing?/We're writing down what we just said so we can put it in the Lighter./You guys must really be hard up for copy!/No, we have more than enough. Really./Well if you could use a nude centerfold for the Lighter, I'll gladly pose!/I'll let you know if we need it./Great! Sex! We can work it into a strange design for the back cover! Everyone'll wonder where it is!/Look...back to business./Really, if we write down everything we've just said, we can put it on the same page as the table of contents./Jeez, terrific! I'll never be able to remember everything we just said./You can write that!/What?/What you just said!/Jeez, terrific! I'll never be able to...somebody spell remember./See, the conversation will only take up about half a page and then the bottom half can be the table of contents. We can even put that into the conversation and have it lead into the table of contents like this...

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A Hoosier Trip

Waiting for Greyhound

Standing in front of Holiday Liquors
at 8:40 a.m.

in a contaminated resort town.
Hot rods, rusty chevys
and paint-chipped trucks cruise by.

Young women with ragged hair and torn hems.
Old women with wrinkles
in faces and stockings.

revving up their engines.

Torn black leather jackets
absorbing the dust of the decayed road.
Invaders--obese bodies plummeting
over Kawasakis,

On the Road

Route 41 South
Crossroad of America.

...Cornfields...

Fowler

Fifteen minutes to spend
in Buck's Cafe.

Bus tickets purchased
in real estate office.

Take turns using
Buck's facilities.

...Cornfields...



Oxford

Big white houses surrounded
by green green lawns.
No courthouse on town square--
thick trees and park benches.

Old department store window still displays
county fair farm dresses
and cast iron pots.

Young mothers and teenage daughters
stand at Hanna's diner
waiting to be picked up...

...Cornfields...

Lafayette

Red brick buildings
with white trim
---everywhere---

Typical college town.

...Rolling cornfields...

Indianapolis

Soldiers' monument
spills out a cascading waterfall
in the center of downtown.

Capito(a)!!
The trip is over.



China Doll

*In the depths of the greyest matter
 a swirling mass of nothing.
 It breaks like a piece of peanut brittle
 It shatters like a piece of china.*

*Not knowing (where the end is)
 Not knowing (who cares) ?*

— Jane M. Rubke

Content

Content

**not to be complacent
 but to be interested
 in nourishing the gifts
 and talents possessed**

Content

**not to be envious
 but to be joyous
 in sharing the gifts
 and talents of others**

Content

**not to be dwelling upon
 but to be instrumental
 in finding the gifts
 and talents of God
 in all**

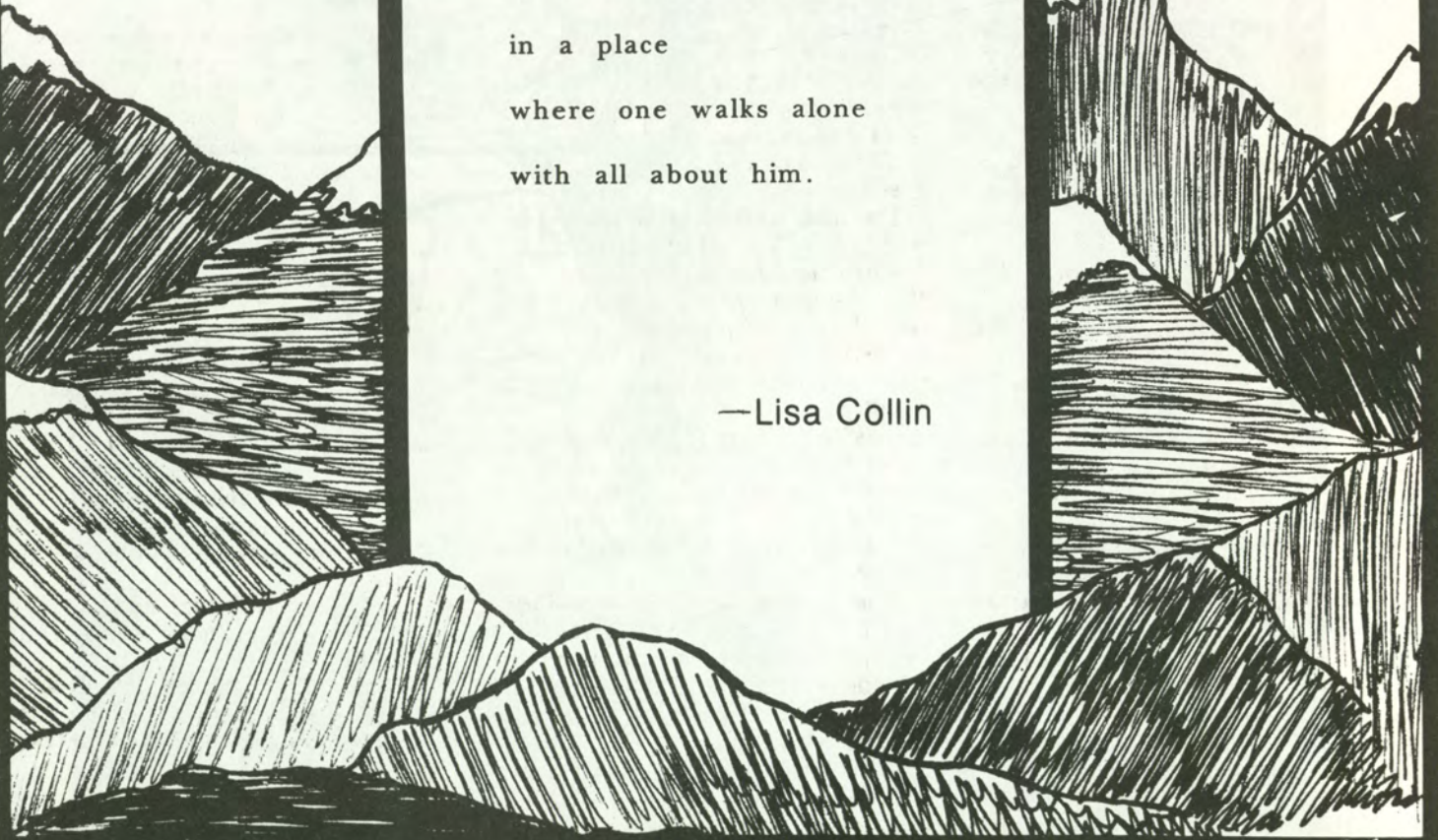
by Patti Schaefer



The Alps

Cowbells serenade
Snow surrounded silences
that cascade
amidst wildflowers--
cantillating the only hymns
sung outloud
for fear
the sanctorum of the heart
will be disturbed
in a place
where one walks alone
with all about him.

—Lisa Collin



Some Other Time

by Kevin Kurth

"Get that animal out of here!" screamed the desk clerk in outrage.

"Sir my wife is very weak. We've come a long way and in her condition..."

"I don't care if ya come all the way from New York. No animals in the hotel."

"All we want is a room for the night. Please, couldn't you put us up?" the man pleaded. "My wife's going to have a baby."

"Not in this hotel she ain't," the desk clerk replied irritably. "Now get outta here before I call the sheriff!"

"But sir..."

"Look you deadbeat, I said get. From the looks of you ya ain't got no money anyhow."

"I was thinking that I'd pay you back in some other way. I'm pretty good at making tables and..."

"Well you was thinking wrong! We only accept cash on the nose. Now get outta here. We got no room for your kind."

The man shook his head in despair and led the mule and his wife out of the hotel. They were met with boos and catcalls from a bunch of ranch-hands hanging out at the local saloon across the street. A stagecoach rushed by them into the fading sunset, engulfing the man and his wife in a choking cloud of dust.

"Watch out, you idiot!" the man yelled indignantly.

His words were lost to the driver who was already far out into the wilderness where they were headed.

"You ok?" he asked his wife worriedly.

The woman nodded weakly in acknowledgement.

As they left the town they passed a

rotted wooden sign, its paint blistered and peeling from long exposure to the brutal Western sun.

Amica, Kansas
Friendliest Little Town West
of the Mississippi

pop. 87

It was dark when the man and his wife came upon a tiny cabin in the middle of nowhere.

"Honey, I'm gonna try here. It doesn't look like much, but at least we'll have a roof over our heads," the man said reassuringly.

The woman nodded tiredly in assent.

The man walked up to the cabin and knocked on the battered door. He heard some rustling inside and then the door opened a crack, a thin line of light falling upon his face.

"What you want?" asked a harsh voice suspiciously from within the cabin.

"Excuse me sir but my wife and I have been travelling all day and we're dead tired. As you can see she's going to have a baby and I..."

"Baby?" came a woman's cry from inside.

The door swung open, revealing an aged couple well into their sixties, who, from their rough features, were obviously workers of the land.

The old woman rushed to the side of the man's wife.

"My lord honey," she exclaimed, her tone turning to one of annoyance and anger as she focused her attention on her husband. "Henry, what in tarnation is wrong with you? Can't you see these people need help?"

"Now don't go yelling at me Clara," Henry said defensively. "These folk are strangers. For all I knowed they could have been looters."

"Looters?!" Clara sighed exasperatedly. "Honestly, Henry, sometimes I don't think you got a brain in your head. How much looting can a pregnant woman and her husband do? Especially a couple as weary as this."

She turned her attention back to the distressed couple to reassure them. "You poor dears. Come on in and lay down. Of course we can put you up for the night."

"Oh thank you. Thank you very much," the man replied gratefully.

"Nonsense, it'll be a pleasure to have some young people around." Clara comforted him and then frowning, said to her husband somewhat threateningly, "Won't it Henry?"

"Course it will," Henry admitted grudgingly, "and you needn't pester me to death, woman. I was just being careful was all."

Henry and Clara helped the weary travellers into their home.

"You understand don't ya?" Henry said turning to the man for support.

"All too well I'm afraid," he agreed tiredly, his body sagging with each step.

"Come in here and lay down," Henry said guiding them into the bedroom. The woman began moaning in pain.

"The baby's coming soon," Clara said, looking at Henry in concern.

They laid her down carefully on the huge feather bed. The man, who just moments before had been asleep on his feet, was alert and eager to be of



assistance.

"What do you want us to do?" the man asked worriedly, looking to Clara for an answer.

"I want both of you outta this room. You'd only get in the way. Henry, why don't you help him to bed," Clara ordered in a very businesslike manner.

"Right you are Clara," sighed Henry, greatly relieved. "Come on young man."

"But my wife..."

"...will be here in the morning." Clara promised him.

"Best do what Clara says. She's got experience in these matters," said Henry.

The man obeyed reluctantly, only because he was too weak to resist Henry's gentle tugs as he pulled him into the next room and plopped him down onto a hastily prepared bed.

"Don't worry," Henry reassured him. "Everything's gonna be all right."

But the man had already fallen into a deep, undisturbed sleep.

Henry shrugged and went outside to enjoy the cool evening air. It was not long before Clara joined him, beaming brightly.

"It's a beautiful baby boy," she smiled, kissing him on the cheek.

Funny, Henry thought, he hadn't even heard the baby cry.

"Honey, what's the matter?" Clara asked, concerned as he remained silent. Clara looked up at the clear night sky, following his trance-like stare.

There, directly over their house, piercing the black sky like a fiery white torch, was the most brilliant, beautiful star she had ever seen.

ALL IS WELL?

The stylish, ostentatious belong
 in a setting, a stage.
 Perhaps purgatory, as perceived by the poet.
 Glancing at a garnished gate,
 the keeper glares while I gape.
 The vista is vivacious,
 Violins and Vases.
 Lavish lace and Livery.
 Varicose veins, Valenciennes, and Velour.
 Veins of Vanderbilt vixen.
 Latching to linsey-woolsey,
 a moonfaced mama's boy meandering,
 meticulously while matriarchs meddle.
 "Play piano for Mrs. Plutus, please."
 Sticky fingers fly out of petulant lips,
 persevere, and ponder, "Mary Had A Little Lamb."
 "Devastating, Delightful."
 I dash out.
 Kissing good-bye to the gatekeeper, I keep on.
 A comment from the gatekeeper: "Kaput."
 My comment coincides as I clamber on.
 A camel can climb through a needle's eye easily.



A Part of Speech

by Steven Victor Pera

How dare fallen perceptions
 speak concerning
 divine justices!
 The plank is suspended
 and speckled
 with blood.
 Perceive if you can!
 Think if you want wisdom
 Think think think think
 think!
 Jesus transdynamized
 his contents,
 entertainment at its grandest--
 even life-words included.

There went up a man to Jericho,
 hurled to poverty in one night.
 And there he lay.
 Who was my neighbor, had been
 asked.
 Hurting inside and out he saw
 one of his own.
 Rejection smashed heavily upon
 his wearied worry.
 And then another.
 Surely interventions must exist.
 Love may not even have been
 demanded...
 only understanding,
 or an attempt thereof?
 An ugly chill vomited forth his hatred.
 He spat and refused
 and rejected and died.
 He who had begged for understanding had
 refused to consider any attempt thereof.

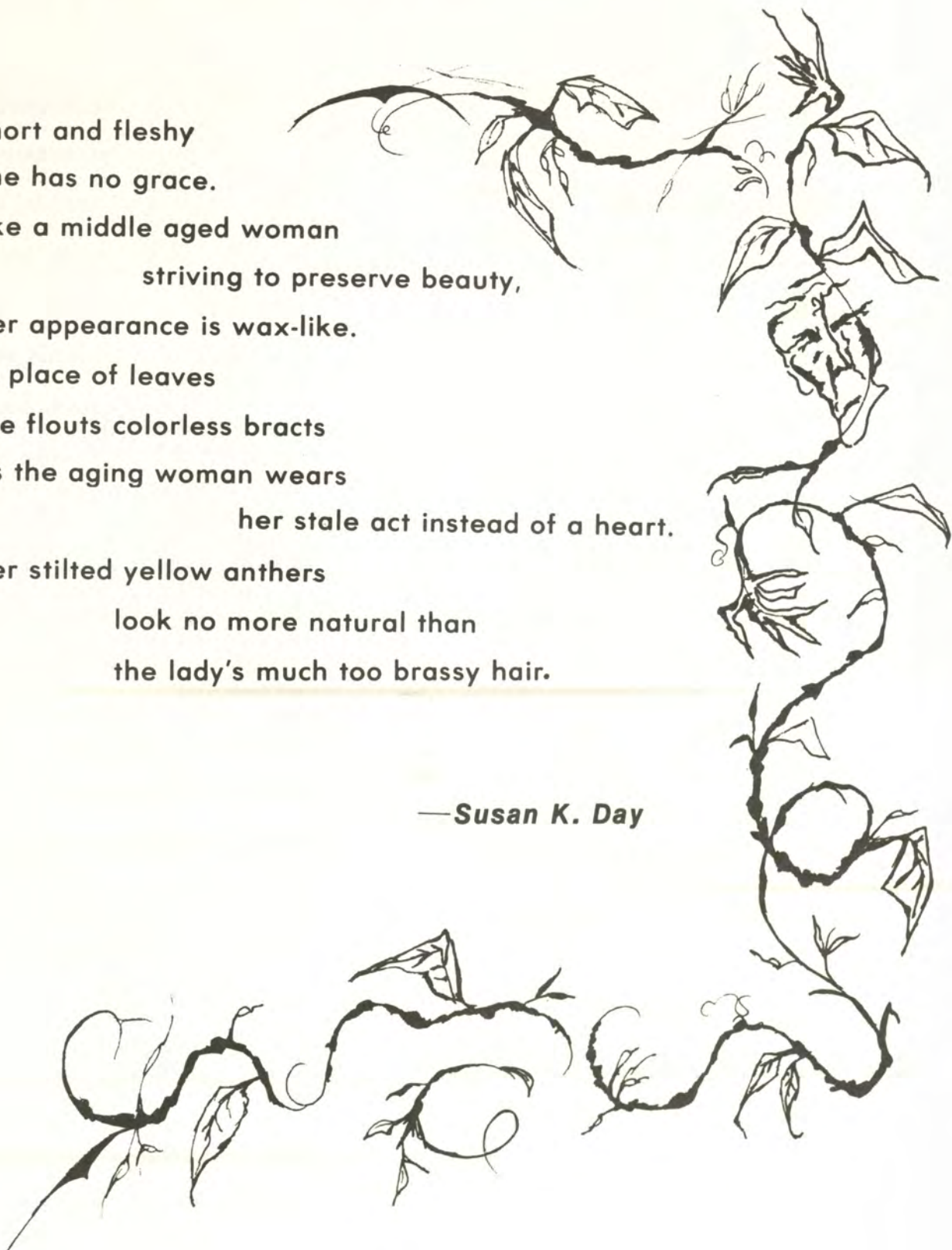
What did he
 as a Satanic force
 ever do
 to deserve
 what they say he did not?
 If it shocks you,
 you have learned truth.

A rejecting Samaritan were equally inexcusable.
 But...
 Justice can not be complete
 when the justified even
 yet, so hardened against
 God, boasts hate.

CORPSE PLANT

short and fleshy
 She has no grace.
 Like a middle aged woman
 striving to preserve beauty,
 Her appearance is wax-like.
 In place of leaves
 She flouts colorless bracts
 .As the aging woman wears
 her stale act instead of a heart.
 Her stilted yellow anthers
 look no more natural than
 the lady's much too brassy hair.

—Susan K. Day



STARREACHING SYMPHONY

a symphonic poem

by Charlease L. Bobo

I. Allegro Maestoso

Spread your wings and fly, my love,

Reach up, reach out beyond yourself

Stretch out, stretch far

Let your fingers seek the stars

and hold their light with your heart.

Thrusting rockets thunder

Silver and fire against the sky

gleaming threads to pierce heaven's needle eye

Inside forms of humans

swathed in spacesuit white

clicking dials, punching buttons

watching brilliant lights.

To the moon and past they go

A bit of humanity in endless space.

Spread your wings and fly, my love,

Reach out beyond yourself

Stretch out to the farthest star

and hold it in your hand.

II. Adagio

*Caught in the vast in-between of space
going from star to star.*

Caught with time to think.

What the hell am I doing here, God,

Out here next to heaven's gate.

Whatever possessed man to reach this far

Wasn't Earth good enough ?

Blazing trails in silver ships

What do we have to prove ?

Are we alone in this vast universe ?

Are we the only ones

Humanity's a lonely race

We'd like to have a friend.

Caught in the vast in-between of space

Caught with time to think.

What the hell are we...

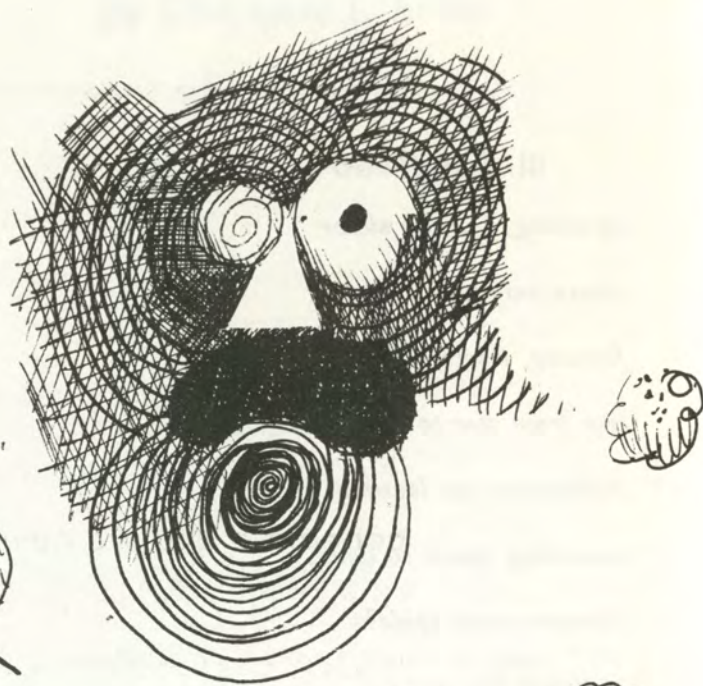
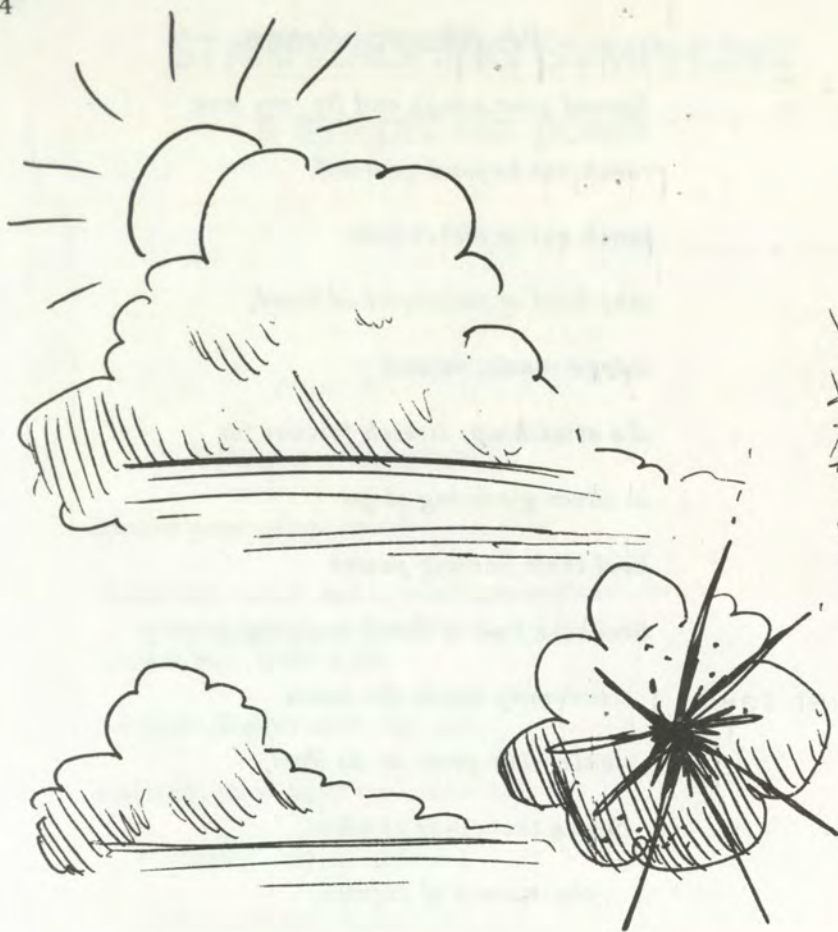
A-OK, Mission Control, everything is green.

III. Allegretto

*Spinning, soaring silver
 dance among the stars
 flaming, fleeting fire
 link from star to star
 Astronauts are leaving
 searching space so deep
 Human-metal spiders
 spinning fire webs
 linking star to star
 across the black vast void.
 Gleaming, shining metal,
 reflecting precious starlight,
 forge a path among forever night.
 Take with you all of man's hopes
 all of man's dreams
 Take them far into space,
 past the farthest star,
 Make the unknown into known,
 Capture the light that all men seek
 and shine it in our souls.
 Spinning, flying spiders
 dance among the stars
 weaving flaming webs
 that link star to star.*

IV. Allegro vivace

*Spread your wings and fly, my love
 reach out beyond yourself.
 reach out to either side
 take hold of outstretched hand,
 merge--untie, rejoice
 the stretch up, stretch forever far
 in silver gleaming ships
 Feel their flaming power
 Breaking free of Earth-trapping gravity.
 Humanity touch the moon
 leave your print on its dust,
 brave the winds of Mars,
 the storms of Jupiter,
 wear the rings of Saturn on your finger.
 Journey past the planets to the stars beyond
 The universe is waiting
 for our stellar ships.
 Take courage,
 cross the void,
 find friends we haven't met.
 Link hands humanity,
 ride fast silver ships.
 Stretch out to the farthest star
 and we'll hold it in our hands.*



black soul

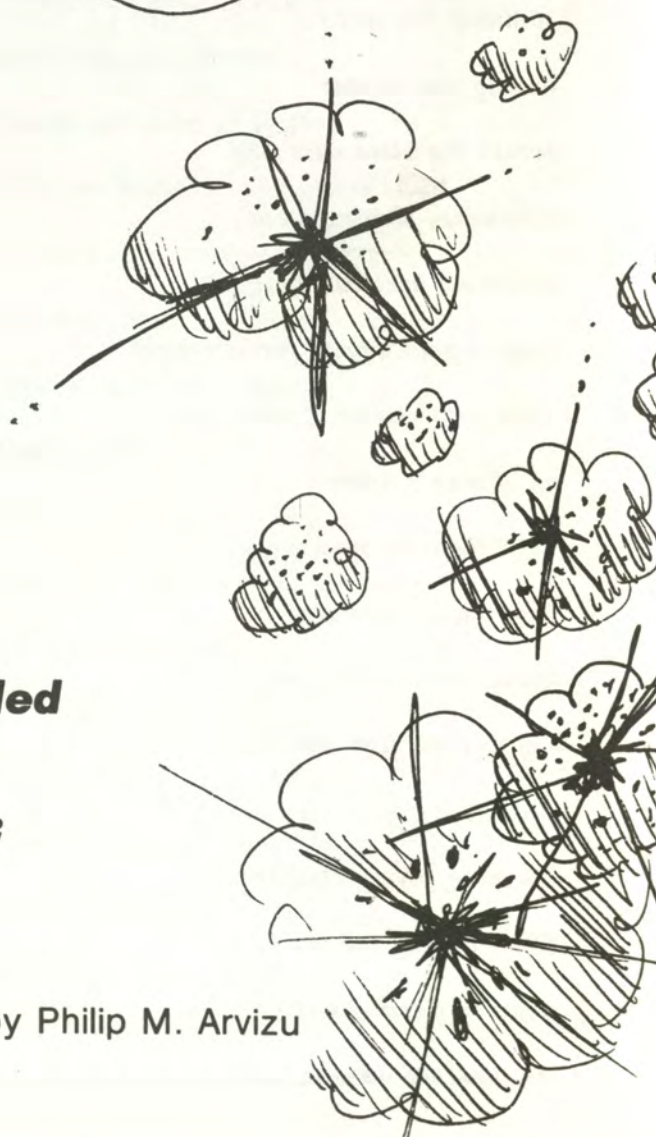
**That terrible,
joyful
hour.**

Smut.

**A Halloween mask molded
in ore.**

**A Day when Life begins;
ends.**

by Philip M. Arvizu



God

A god they say he's lurking near.
 Etched on the faces of those contemplating fear.
 Fear of what I cannot discern.
 Could it be fear of dying alone? Of waiting one's turn?
 But he's in our midst or so they say.
 With unyielding faith, a step away!
 But what of us so-called fools
 that laugh and love, and hate to crawl
 beneath a god we never saw.
 Upon our thrones we sit and think,
 lowly bar stools upon which we drink.
 For truths never found, I am quite frank.
 I can feel only the spirits I drank.

by John Ploetz

If

If, if what?
 If I, if you what?
 If I can, if you can what?
 If I can see, if you can see what?
 If I can see God, if you can see God ...
 what else is there to see?

—Jane M. Rubke

Banterings on Bogarte

Old Campus. Where the sun never shines in the winter. The tall trees stand naked in the snow and George's tombstone can be seen by the bushes above the railroad track.

I was fortunate enough to have classes in the dreary Bogarte Hall, a building composed of gray stone and huge empty windows. One class was in the basement which only had one entrance--it was next to the tubular fire escape and down some concrete steps which were covered with soggy leaves in the fall. There was a roof covering these steps and once you reached the bottom you entered a musty room laced with pipes, broken concrete, peeling paint and a dripping ceiling. Rusty coffee cans sat all over this room to catch the drips.

Once a professor said he was holding class and saw an object on the floor. He thought some child left a toy and bent to pick it up. It was a live lizard.

Yes, Bogarte was notoriously known as a nature center and that brings me to the nature of my story.

It was a day as described in the first paragraph and I was on my way to Bogarte. I opened the solitary door and climbed two flights of dungeon stairs. At the top of these stairs was a big window that reached down to the floor and a lone hallway on the right. Down this hallway were one office and two classrooms all on the right side.

Another set of dungeon stairs brought me to the third and last floor which was an exact replica of the second. I walked down to the very last room where I had "Intro to Broadcasting." This was the "wasp room."

Sure enough, as I walked into the room, something was flying around, fluttering its wings.

I was early to class, and therefore, the only one in the building except for this flying friend. However, birds always joined the worship services in the chapel and never bothered the people, so I sat down and ignored the bird.



It was impossible. He could not be still. He (or she?) kept flying all over the room. Suddenly he decided to swoop down in front of me. I shifted in my chair and began to slouch. This bird was making me nervous.

Why wouldn't his wings stop fluttering? Isn't he getting tired? God, this bird is hyper!

My knees started shaking as he came swooping down to the side of my head. What is his problem? To the right side of my head, then to the left, back to the right...wait a minute...what kind of bird is this?

It wasn't a bird. It wasn't a plane...IT WAS A BAT! I froze. They really do have little black pointed faces and little black pointed ears. I wish I would have remembered to look at his eyes now. But in such a time of distress, one does not think of making notable observations of nature.

I really could not sit there and subject my physical self to this rabid creature. I had to escape...but was he going to let me? What if he ran into me? What if he got caught in my hair?

I sat up. Fortunately I still had my coat on. Books. Yes, you can't leave your books to let this brute devour. I placed my hands on them and devised a plan of action.

This plan was contemplated for two seconds and acted upon in one. I out-clevered him! I ran out while he was on the left, ready to sweep to the right. You see, the door was on the right.

I stopped outside the doorway, exalting in my triumph and wondering whether or not I should close the door and leave him to his fate. Feeling compassionate and deciding I did not have enough time to close the door, I ran down the hall.

Where should I go? It was bitterly cold outside. Let's see...would I rather have rabies or frostbite? I pondered and scratched my chin...I could outrun his flying, and by staying in the building I could probably avoid a trip to the med center--Doctor Stoltz, in particular.

I stood at the end of the hall in front of the big window, ready to bound down the stairs, should my friend chase after me.

I tapped my right foot, looked out

the window...no one. Where was everyone? Wait a minute...was this planned? Was some rejected frat boy taking revenge on me?

The fluttering...I heard the fluttering again. I slowly turned my head. Shit, he was flying down the hall straight towards me! I swear our noses were aligned!

Ha! I was on second floor before he even reached the end of the hallway.

What if he kept following me? Frostbite? I'll watch the stairwell, look out the window and guard the stairs.

I heard a creak. No, not a squeak. The beautiful sound of a creak. It was the door opening down below. I was saved! Some gallant Valponian had come to save me

As he (the Valponian) climbed the stairs, he gave me a quizzical look. "Hi," he said.

He was not from my class. He was from the second floor classroom and I only knew him vaguely. I began to feel foolish as he disappeared down the hall. Had my imagination run away with me? Yes, and it had run down the stairs with me too.

I heard the creak again. I watched the stairs. First came the closely-cropped hair, then the wire frames. Next came the goatee and the fringed suede jacket with the black T-shirt that said "Available" across the chest. Finally came the Levis tucked into the knee-high fringed suede boots. Yes, it was Ernest.

"Hi Karen," he said out of breath. The climb was too much for him. "Aren't we...uh...having class?"

I swallowed hard, doubting my mind. But Ernest always appeared foolish. So what if for once in my life I did.

"There's a bat up there," I blurted out.

"There's a bat up there?" he incredulously asked. "Uh...Karen," he gave one of his chuckles that sounded like he was clearing his throat. "Are you...uh...sure there's a bat up there? Would you like me to

look?"

I did not like the satirical tone of this male chauvanist. I shrugged my shoulders. "Suit yourself," I replied.

He did, and as soon as he was upstairs the second floor student came out of his room. "Did you say there was a bat up there?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Hey Karen!" Ernest yelled from above. "You're right. There is a bat up here!"

A flow of relief ran through me. "I wonder what I should do with him," he continued. Terror struck. I could not bear to have Ernest be the hero of this story.

But ha! He chickened out and came downstairs and put his arm around me, saying, "Don't worry, I'll comfort you. Here," his clammy palm reached out towards me, "I'll hold your hand."

Trying to retain my composure I pulled away and looked out the window. "I'm fine. Really I am," I reassured him.

The creak again. No, it was a squeak. The bat was in the stairwell now.

About this time other students were coming in. Of course since I was the only girl in my class, the big joke was that I found the bat first. "Ahh, you afraid of getting a bat in your hair?" they baited me. Even the profs subjected me to such ridicule.

My friend was tired of the stairwell...he came swooping down upon us! Books flew over heads as everyone ducked, plastering themselves against the wall.

"Open the window! Open the window!" everyone cried as they darted, dodged and ducked.

Then out of the mass of people appeared a fearless student. A foreign student, no less. Taking a leap, he grabbed the bat by its wing, stomped on it, and threw it out the window where it landed two stories below, its wings outstretched in the snow.

"It's gone...Time for class...The bat's dead," everyone was babbling as they dispersed to their classrooms.

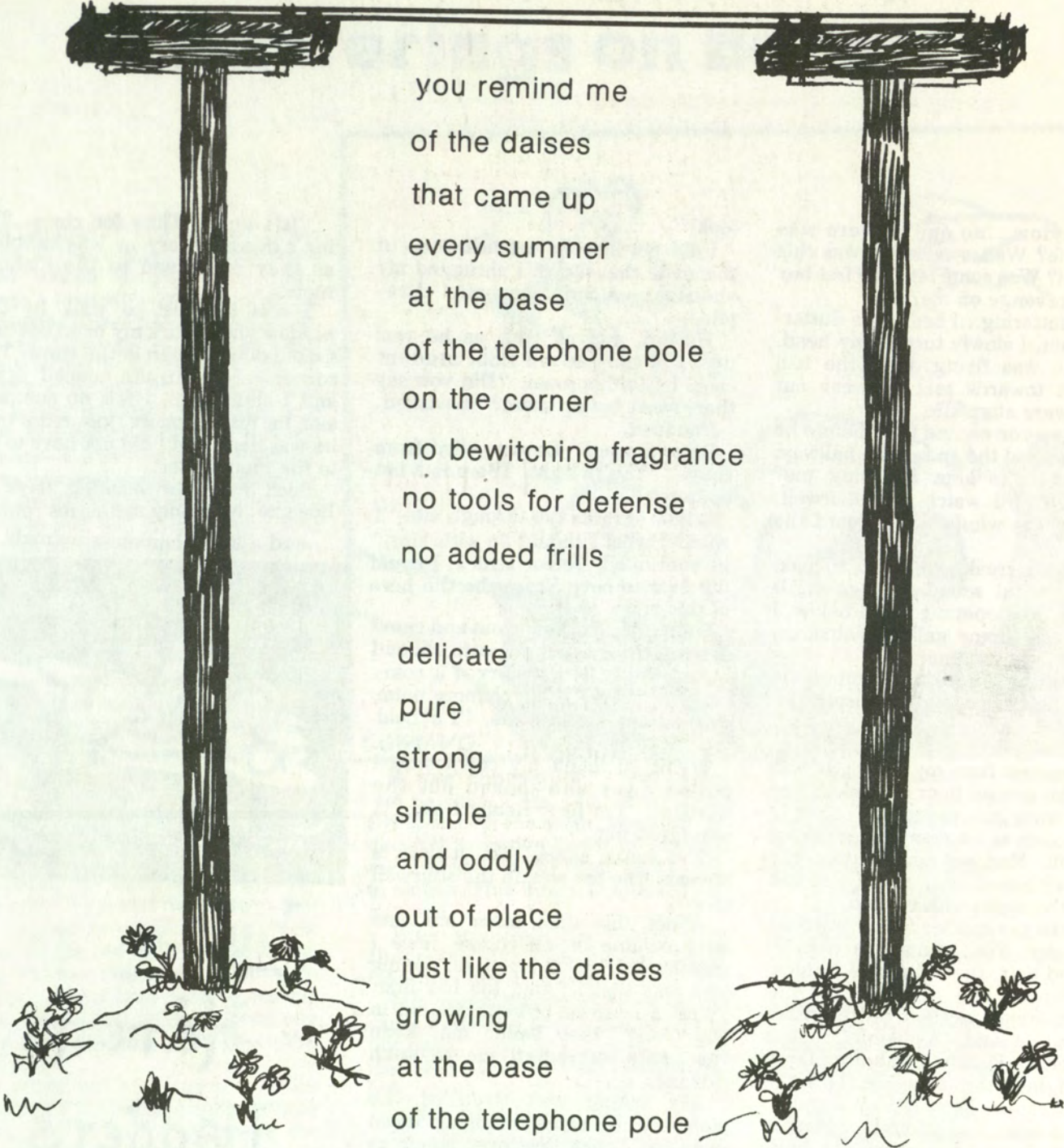
I was the last to walk by the window and I stuck my head out and looked down at him in the snow. The corners of my mouth turned down and I shuddered. I felt no compassion for him anymore, just relief that he was dead and I did not have to go to the med center.

Such were the exciting days in Bogarte. Now only memories remain ...and a lot of homeless animals.



by
Karen
Hadders

You remind me



you remind me
of the daises
that came up
every summer
at the base
of the telephone pole
on the corner
no bewitching fragrance
no tools for defense
no added frills

delicate
pure
strong
simple
and oddly
out of place
just like the daises
growing
at the base
of the telephone pole
on the corner

— Patti Schaefer

Favorite Types of Mournings

During the long, vernal night
a chill had come on mystery's air
and changed the silthering pane
to sheets, swarming cold with snaked glass.

A biting morning snapped
at a tiny blossomed sun,
which laughed in glee and
pranced among the snakes of glass.

Gently yawning eyes awaking
perceived a blooming glow
of sunny morn all crisp and thrill
which sleepy vigor warm, did whisper.

Stirring, turning, waking, sleeping.
Thoughts of eating, smells of heating
breakfast cakes with forest's nectar,
drift above to seek adventure.

Outside the snow's new quilt
kept losing feathers in
draughts of bursting play,
and sparkled wise with life.

Life!
Aye, here was a day that could
teach them busy folk what
it means to live.

What did he have
but a five-room nest
and a pair of snow shoes
and a proper coat?

He owned a few acres
which were harvested summers
and again in winter,
but through a different smile.

Yet, the hand-made furniture
and homey shack
would be the envy
of wealthier men--those slaves of self.

Chords of guitar told him
that his wife was waiting,
and embracing himself he
climbed down the stairs,
comfortable in night's soft flannel.

Twigs split in flame as
logs slowly yielded
themselves to their task
of contrasting the cold
and warming breakfast.

Hot shucks of chocolate
soothed on down alongside
a feast from simple grain.

Together is woven from these
separate reeds, a basket
to carry some thoughts.

What is living and what
is standard and what
brings mirth to birth?

by Steven Victor Pera

Talkin'

*Sweet talk a lady,
Come on--
It's child's play.*

*Tell her you appreciate her way of thinking
And you adore her eyes.*

*Be sure to work from mind to body--
be a sneak.*

*Comment on her looks--she's got it all
Put on the soft music
Does she like Beethoven or the Stones?
Cover everything.*

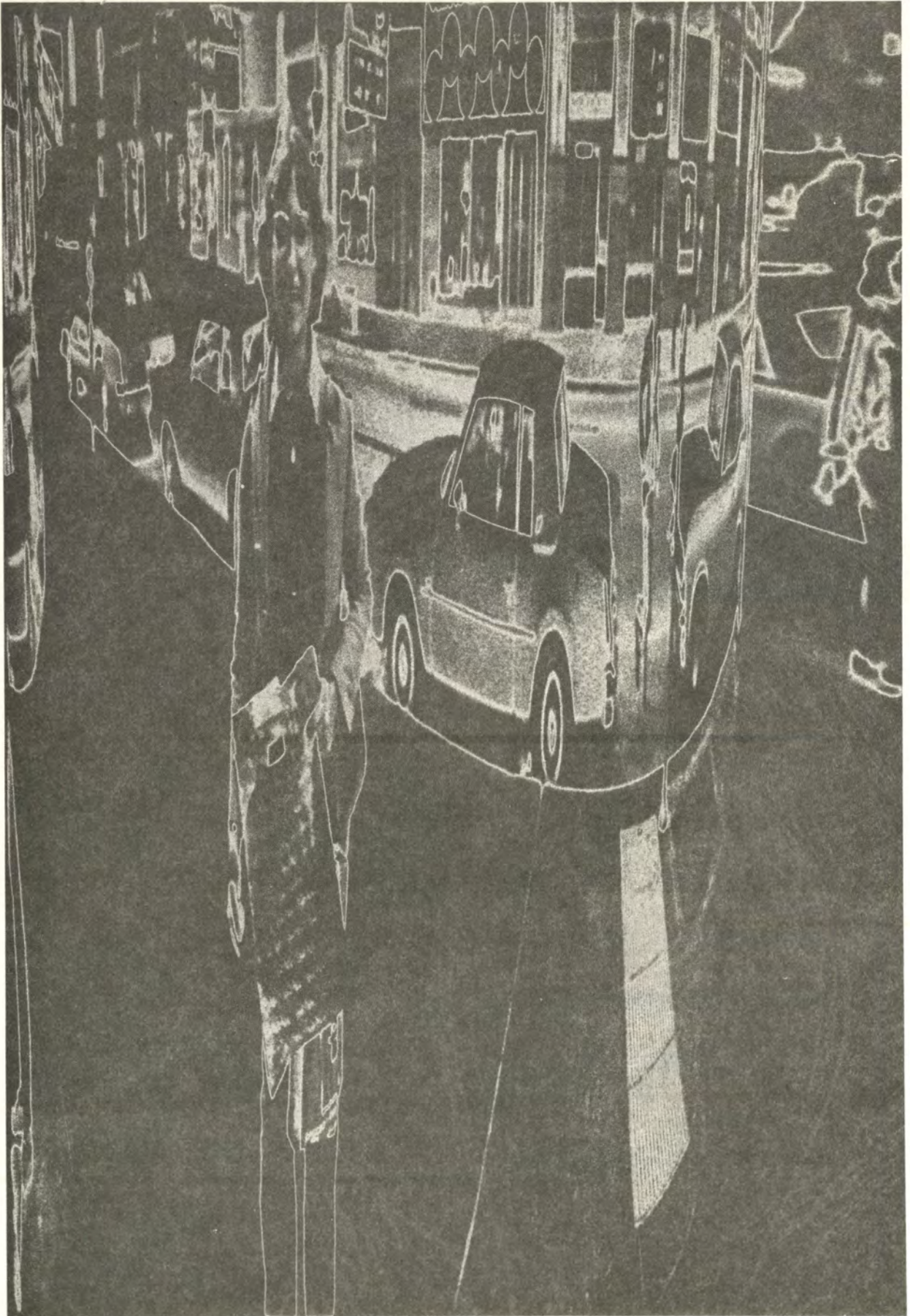
What have you got to lose?

*If you're not gettin' what you're wantin',
tell her she's all there is for you--
it's sure to break her down.*

Enjoy yourself now...I know you will.

*Sad that you can never know
which you like best--
The time spent or the days after,
talking, no--bragging about it
to your friends.*

by Lisa Schultze





NEVER ME

Music tells and still I know him not.

Ocular, yet I am blind; he is a

Zenith!

Adept of all and inimitable,

Res gestae; for all ages a

Tonic

— Philip M. Arvizu

NIGHT TIME

I sit on my bed as the night passes by
often I feel that I'd rather just die.
Each day I keep trying, but it all seems the same.
Again to the pipe and once more the false game.
Lay back, relax, smoke up for a while,
only to stop with an incurable smile.
Perhaps to escape, or just to get by.
These reasons aren't clear now, perhaps to get high.
Have fun, enjoy, there's not much you can do.
Surf off to cloud nine and let it pass through.
Coming back down and beginning to mellow,
I start to think fo family and fellow.
I think of myself and time that I've lost
And for this, I fear, one day it will cost.
Planning and figuring a profound way for hope.
With values like these perhaps I can cope.
The reasons, the ways, they all seem so clear.
Happiness, contentment, looks ever so near.
The sand man attacks and puts me to sleep.
But these precious ideals for tomorrow will keep.
The room fills with light as the sun hits the pane.
Slowly I awaken to live once again.
To think something's happened, or perhaps something's changed.
"Believe it?" I say. "You must be deranged."
Night after night it happens this way,
only to wake the next morn and exist through the day.

— Jeffrey A. Schuster

For Eric Braden
The Child -- A Thought

I saw a child,
Stare against the summer breeze,
In dreamy contemplation,
Of nothing in particular,
A reality known,
Once remembered,
Long forgotten,
By such as me.
What has his love,
Touched in the trees,
What has his vision,
Lost in the clouds?
Ancient mysteries,
Held in his gaze,
What secret drives his life
--Onward?--

k. scionti
6/80

Valparaiso Ind.

*Nature is created and destroyed constantly
and simultaneously--*

*Love merely varies in its intensity
with the passing of time,*

*Yet it continues on, bridging the gap
between creation and infinity.*

— Lisa Schultze

THE PRINCIPLES OF TAI CHI

Tai Chi is a "soft style" Chinese martial art. These principles are of the mind and spirit, as well as of the body.

The Principles

Relax

Empty your hand.

Release that which you hold within. Let free that which you grasp. Possess a supple wrist like that of a fair lady.

Seperate Yin and Yang.

Stand balanced in the World. Feel the Fire and the Rain. Lean neither forward nor backward, left nor right. Be right on center.

Point your hips forward.

Your eyes face forward with your hips. See with your whole being. Know all which is behind You. See all which is ahead of You.

Given freely
through the ages
to Roger Jacobson

for Georgi

(another starry, starry night)

As children--

We played twins together, fooling little boys.
 But yet, much wasn't all the same.
 I asked to twirl your baton,
 You wished to do my flips.
 My doll clothes for your dishes--trading hopes and dreams.

And one day, I criticized your song while swinging.
 Your rhythm was off, and it didn't rhyme.

Later--

We both were members of a secret society.
 But something wasn't right.
 I wanted my mother to think *I* was sweet.
 You hoped to be popular like me.
 I was president, you were secretary--growing up together.

Then one meeting, I moved to throw you out.
 You were boring, and deserved no attention.

Not too long ago--

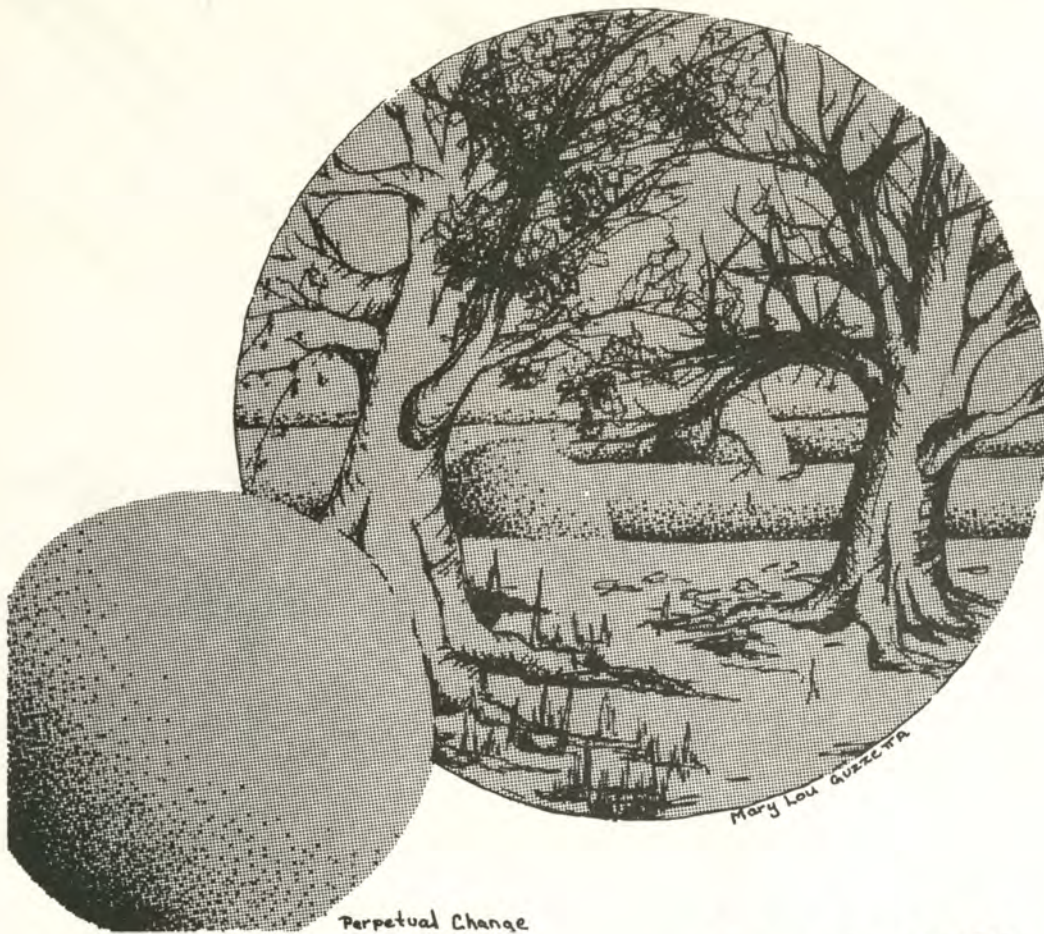
We talked together on a long train ride.
 We weren't at all the same.
 I had become all I'd hoped,
 While you swam through the mire of despair.
 I was bouncing with laughter and light--silently you sat.

But between my smiles, I saw our souls.
 Yours signaled distress, but I didn't help.

Now--

We aren't together, though we're in the same place.
 You're a shell in a box--I am not.
 I am crying and trying to understand why,
 As you whisper to me, "Desiterata."
 Your soul was too good for this world--like Vincent's in the song.

Finally I see why you sang on your swing differently.
 You've won in the world at last--I'm listening now.



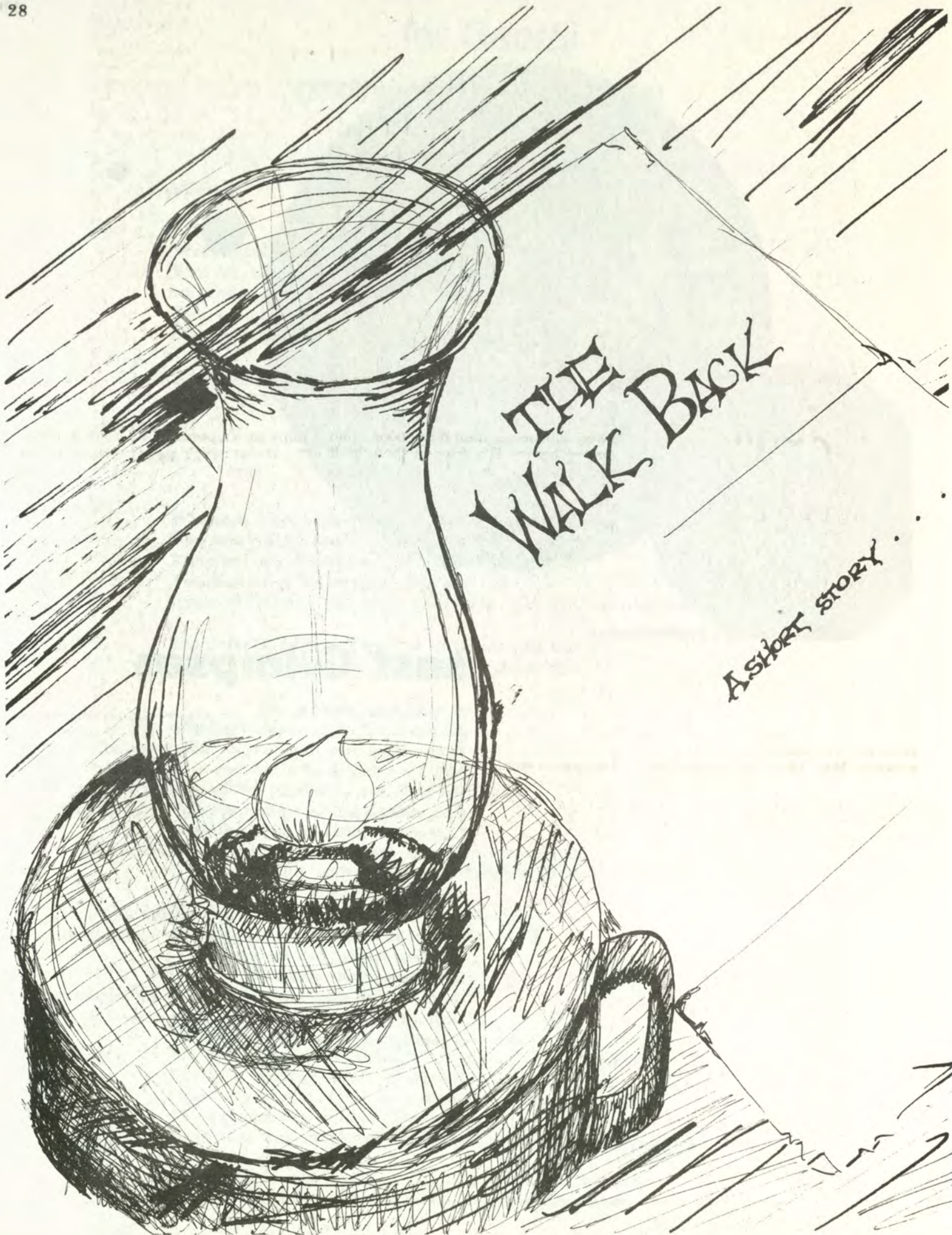
Perpetual Change

Last Glimpses

*A misty haze envelops all,
 All that's left of the crumbling halls.
 Those which men forgotten, proudly flaunted,
 Now by rotting flesh alone they're haunted.
 But there are no burials, no sounding of prayers.
 Only twisted forms, replicas of Marsayas laid bare.
 Legends are dead, no myths remain,
 The players destroyed by what once was a game.*

*A chilling grey mist settles over all
 The consuming fog of mankind's mistaken fall.
 As last burning embers are quenched by the cold,
 silencing forever this story untold,
 the impenetrable void sinks in its teeth,
 As the last fleeting remembrances of the human race
 Drift off slowly into what once was space.
 devouring all, it submerges beneath.*

by John Ploetz



THE WALK BACK

A SHORT STORY . . .

by
John
Gilbert
Nordling

The last thing he ever did in college was sign the honor code of his exam and place it on a table in Meier Hall 133. He had finished the final final. Blue sky and sunshine were at the window--May 1980 and graduation.

He gathered his belongings sluggishly: a lexicon and a prose book, two pencils, and a Greek fisherman's cap he was fond of wearing, and made for the door. There was no hurry. The other students had left long minutes ago and hell, there were only three students in the class to begin with. As for the books he had brought with him, that was a habit he had acquired four long years before as a freshman. It was tempting to consult the source, to verify that fleeting answer with the reas-

suring black and white of the printed page. But he never peeked. The relationship between closed books and his groping mind was a triggering of thought processes which usually revealed the reluctant answer. Far better than if the books had stayed home. His friends thought it ridiculous, but the procedure worked. There was nothing more frustrating than to know the answer, or the principle part, or the concept, or whatever--yet suffer in the recall. Or so he thought to himself.

Turning through the door, he set off down the hall for home. So what was it all about--this "education" of the past four years? He would never come back. He knew it. No more the thrill of well-structured, leisurely written papers. In the future he would throw together the conventional sermons and homilies expected of a first-year seminarian. No more translation for the joy of translation. Next year languages would be used to interpret scripture--mere study tools. No more arguments with friends capable of reductio ad absurdum, the jesting retort, the saucy rejoinder. From now on he would be a teacher, an explainer who would be expected to work alone or in competitive cooperation with strangers. He could see that it was going to be pretty damn bad, this graduation from college. His friends and virtually everyone who had also completed their final finals would now be starting the last parties. Senior week had started. He alone would

grieve.

The drinking fountain postponed the last departure from Meier Hall as it had earlier on less memorable journeys. The nice thing about this fountain, about all the drinking fountains in Valparaiso, was the kelvinator-kooler which made more palatable the brackish, flat-tasting water that gushed forth. And the water was brackish and flat-tasting. Anyone from Oregon could tell mountain water's sweetness from this radiator stuff. He remembered a summer's day when he followed the water from its tricklings in the highest peak of the Oregon Cascades, to where it crashed together with Pacific breakers. Between water's origin and ultimate return he had seen alpine wild flowers trembling in stiff mountain breezes, waterfall spray and rainbows, trout sparkling at violet butterflies, and Douglas firs standing three-hundred feet high. There was a greenness about, the buzzing of insects, and water...always. He had come home that night sunburned and feverish-sick, as though the influx of color and smell had been too much. Mind and body simply could take no more. But it would never be forgotten. His eyes had burned with more than fever...

Straightening up, he released the water-gusher, pushed open the final barrier of the building, and stepped onto Indiana flatness. Against summer's coming heat the grasses were already losing green and fading onto

the dirt. Such a harsh, stark land. Why had he ever come? There was no sure way of answering. But the question, he was certain, involved everything he knew or cared about: the faith, the future, God...certainly education as well.

He remembered freshman and sophomore years at a small school, a religious school no less, where he had found himself. So much had happened and so quickly that it was like being able to watch a plant grow; something strange and marvelous, so powerful that it had changed his life. Somehow Christian faith and sound education had merged into a discovery of how to live.

He looked up and found himself in the midst of a large grassland. The place was called "tundra" most of the year because of its likeness to the polar wastes. Yes, it had been the experience of a lifetime. And what was more amazing, it had happened so unexpectedly, so unbelievably--virtually in spite of anything he could do or wanted to do. He had read of the "humanists," those great thinkers who were moved to great feats of acumen by notions of intellectual piety or belief in humanum. So many of these had written against engineering or business brethren who also studied at the University. Man's salvation was the triumph of the liberal arts. God's existence--if the wizened old man in the sky was around at all--was the philosophical absolute required for the building of

any coherent system. And so it went. Strange. It had been so different for him. He had come to that religious school expecting glorified confirmation instruction for an education. After all, there were only two-hundred students in the whole place. The gym/drama center had been built in 1915. Cafeteria food was beyond description. But in the study of the Word he had experienced the gospel for the first time. So Jesus saves? Nothing new. He had heard about it all his life. There was nothing more to hear. He was beyond caring about Jesus, the death, the resurrection and all that jazz. But there was no escaping it on that small campus, though he often wanted to. It was everywhere: in the cafeteria, in the dorms, on the basketball floor. It was the topic of chapel homily and restroom scrawling. And certainly the classroom had everything to do with it. The thrill of learning could not be distinguished from the slightest flame--from the senile patriarch who taught Old Testament to "Heretic Harms," a bearded dynamo whose eyes blazed feverish-sick to get the words out. And what words they were! Dictionary words, slang words, profound words, ridiculous words. Words that could make rocks laugh or cry. The most dangerous things in the world were words, far more so than the sticks and stones that broke bones. In the beginning it was a word, The Word, that was God himself.



Such was education at the small religious school. He had left the place wondering if the ground itself were sacred. It had been enough to drive him to further education 2,000 miles away in Indiana, and would sustain him four years further through seminary and beyond. Forever...that was where it pointed. And inciting others to get there, too.

Coming close to the dorm, he heard loud music and voices. Gallons of spirits would be downed tonight. Then there would be last trips to the dunes and into Chicago to watch the White Sox play. They called it fun but it seemed polluting. Could no one feel? Was he alone thinking such thoughts? Opening the door, he found himself with friends, and eager words greeted him. Familiar faces everywhere. There were four more years of papers, exams, financial aid. Then the uncaring world. It scared him. But Christ was everywhere. Among engineers, businessmen, farmers, and basketball jocks, God had unloaded His message to the world. He would, too.

He smiled and opened the first beer.

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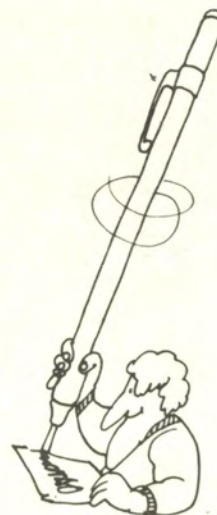
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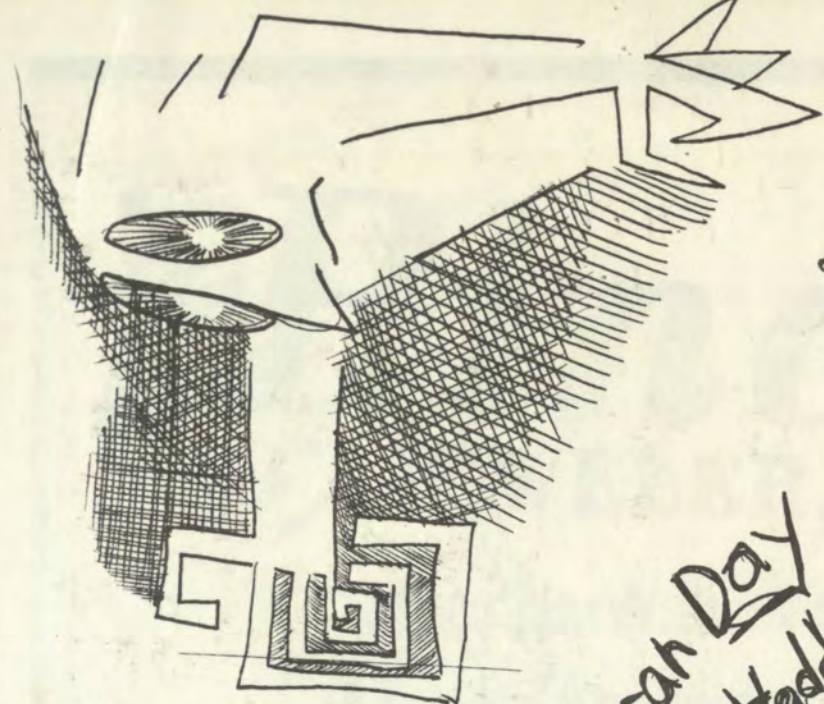
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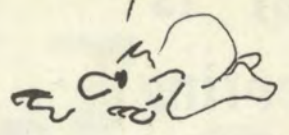
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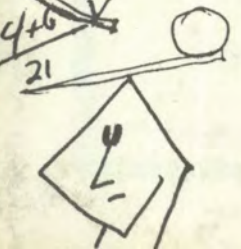
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Baby!
In the beginning
God created...



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