

Winter 1963

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Valparaiso University

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the

LIGHTER



WINTER

1963



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THE LIGHTER

The Literary - Humor - Variety
Quarterly
of Valparaiso University

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TIME OUT

By now most of us have made it through the first round in the academic tournament of the 62-63 season and wistfully are looking forward to that glorious day when the sun will shine in Valparaiso and everyone will return to the joys of the summer job — brick-laying, car-hopping, or maybe even pencil-sharpening in an office. The seniors are eagerly awaiting their release, as yet unaware that campus life is really an ideal gimmick for survival. That day seems as real to us right now as a Walt Disney fairy castle complete with maiden in distress and prince charming on new campus, with eighteen more weeks of calculus, French verbs, and OTR to plow through. There is also something fiendishly clever about the travel posters placed at strategic locations about the campus advertising the whole of the European continent to discover when a trip to East Gary looks like a heavy drain on the bankroll. So we are stuck here — nothing to do about it. The monotony of the whole situation seems hopeless. At this point perhaps we can offer a few suggestions to make your life at Valpo seem less like that of the rat who was trained to run a maze so he could get his dinner. They are not guaranteed to equal a weekend trip to the moon or inheriting Ft. Knox, but they may get you out of the rut you think you are in.

When your prof doesn't show up for class, instead of racing from the classroom and scattering to the CI or the Union, try picketing his office. Demand your rights. Insist that class be held whether he likes it or not. Since this may take some organization, always be prepared with posterboard and magic markers for picket construction.

For the less daring and imaginative, you might find a few ideas in this group. Instead of ordering the usual cheeseburger and malt for lunch in the snack line, try calling out for a T-bone and a martini. (Have a second choice in mind — something simpler, like tuna salad on wheat and a coke.) When walking down or up Mound Street, discover the sidewalk. Incredible as it seems, the city has constructed one for pedestrians. Then you can dodge the spray flying from black, slushy puddles when drivers zoom down the empty street. Try taking your notes in class backwards, so that the only way one can read them is to hold them up to a mirror. If you sit in the front row, this is particularly stimulating for the whole class. If the prof ever looks up to see if the class is still there, he will undoubtedly observe you. Don't let this stop you. Of course it would be wise not to become too proficient so that this becomes a regular habit, especially when writing a test. The next time you go to the library, check out a book for fun-reading; you know the kind where you do not have to report, summarize, or analyze to anyone except yourself. Or refuse to leave the library at 10:00 p.m.

Extra-curricular activities can become quite stale unless one knows what to do to combat CD — creeping dullness. Take a basketball game, for instance. You all should know Valpo's cheers, so when you go to the next game, sit on the visitors' side. Cheer with them. Depending on how bored you are, you may want to wave the opponents' pennant or wear their school colors.

The monotony of an empty mail-box is another situation that can be easily changed. You may not get exactly the personalized messages you would like to read, but who can afford to be choosy? First, cut out all coupons in magazines that say "Send today for FREE brochure. . ." Within a few weeks your mailbox will be crammed with publicity for that Sunny South Seas cruise and information on how you too can be a professional skin-diver or make \$500 dollars a week by selling Granny's old-fashioned pigs' feet. You will forget that you do not have any friends who know how to write.


There is something to be said for the security that routine brings. It is comfortable strolling into Greenwich Group every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at eight-fifteen and knowing that you sit in the third row, second seat from the aisle between Lucas and Mall. We do not encourage you to try all these ideas in the same semester.

As we started to say last time, man is such a funny creature, full of contradictions and opposites. He is drawn irresistably to a point where he is *not* standing and to say of it "That grass looks greener!" He hasn't any proof of this, and even when he gets there, he is not certain whether or not it is an improvement. Perhaps though he thinks he is moving his feet forward, they are really only going up and down in the same place. But like a cartoon where Sylvester the cat walks off the roof chasing the bird and doesn't fall until he looks down, man thinks he's succeeding until he looks down and sees the disasters that he has created. He falls, but like Sylvester this doesn't stop him from climbing to the roof again and trying the same stunt. Man may not like playing the clown's role, but it seems to be the one he was patterned to play. After all, it is the one role that should never become monotonous — especially when he goes to school.

TIME-IN

This smaller circus of a magazine appreciates all the contributions of material that have been made so far and the encouragement given by many people on campus. We are also looking forward to seeing more contributors for the remaining two issues.

J. S.



and then i was five

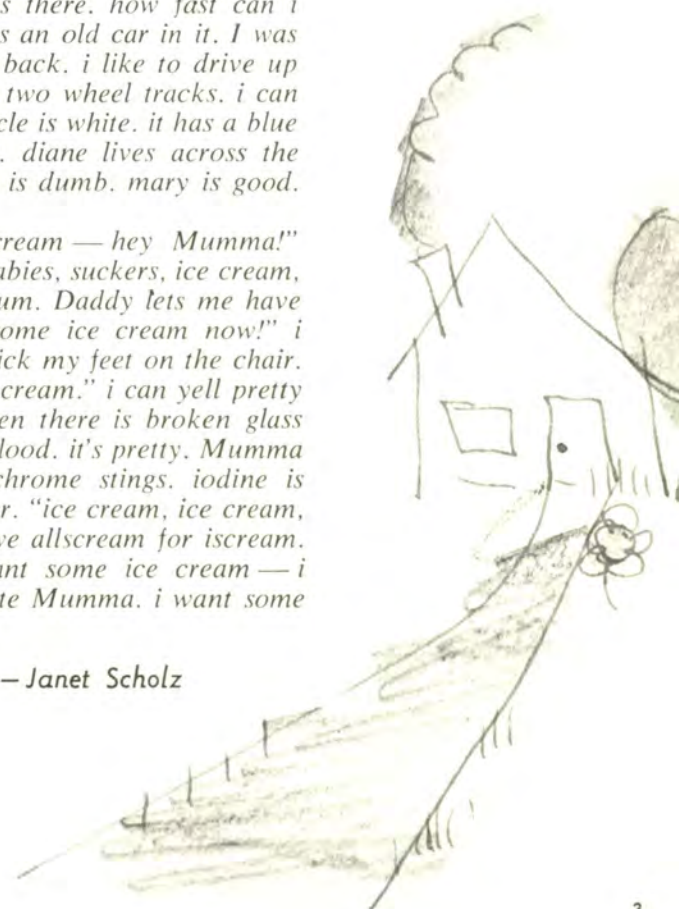
grass is green. the sky is blue. the trees are tall. they reach the sky. trees have green leaves. green meets blue. tulips grow. red, orange, yellow, deep purple petals. yellow long tubes inside, with black short ones. pollen dust makes me sneeze. birds quarrel in the tree. stupid sparrows. a robin nest, a home. how easy to fall. down, down, doom.

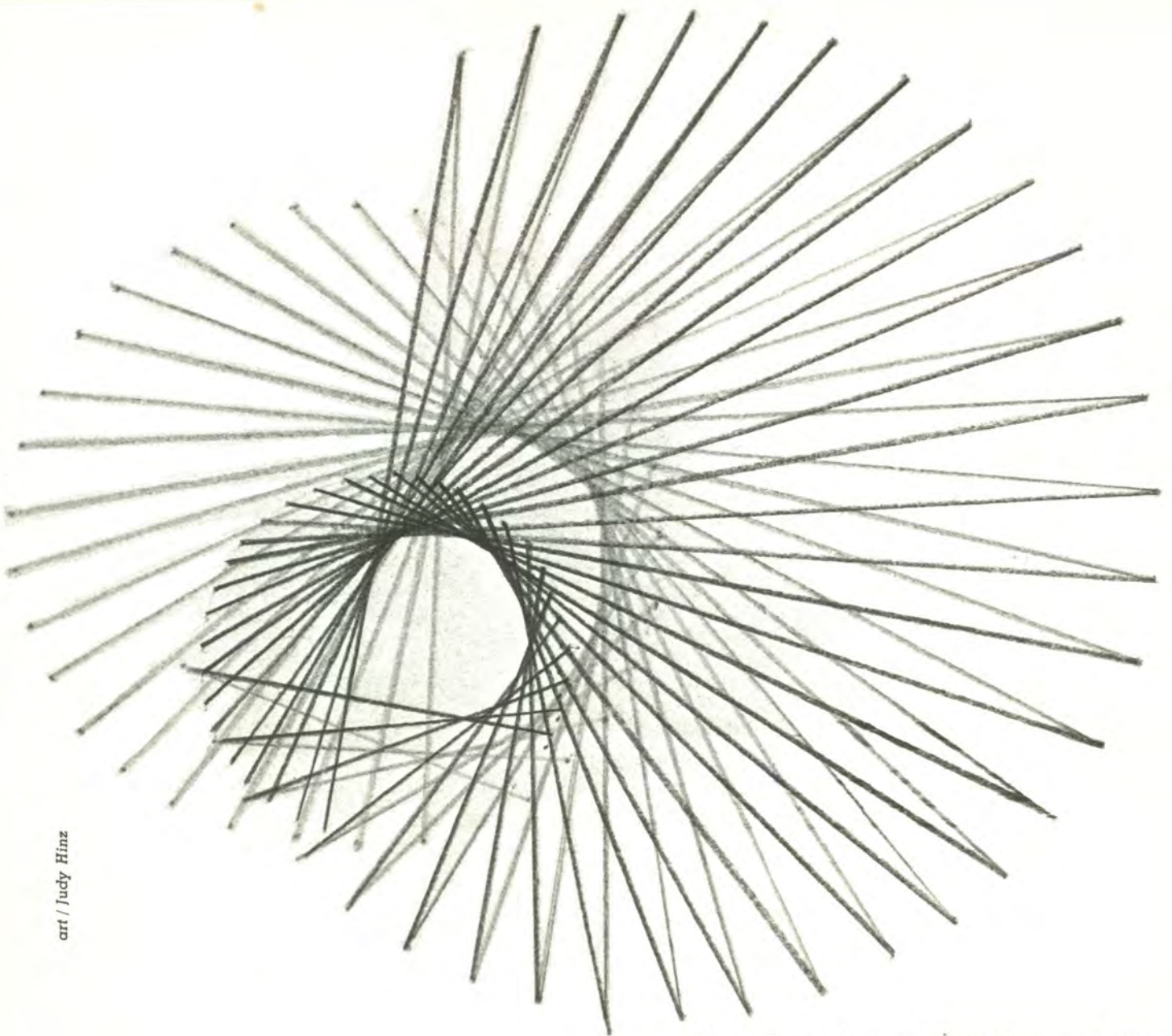
i have a tricycle. i got it from Santa Claus last christmas. we didn't have any sugar lumps so we left marshmallows. Daddy always reads "the night before christmas" to me. he likes his big blue rocking chair. i have braids. my hair gets caught in my sash sometimes. it takes Mumma half an hour to braid my hair. i'm always late for school. Miss Christiansen doesn't like me as much as she likes jeanie. i don't like jeanie. she's a boss. i wish i could stamp on her feet. i like mary. mary crys a lot. especially when we sing. i like to sing. why does she cry? she always wears a handkerchief pinned to her dress. Mumma says i don't have to wear one. i am glad about that. john's nose and mine meet when we stand up. i'm as tall as he is!

today i am going to play meat-grinder with my tricycle. i will grind enough meat for all of us. then i will feed all my dolls and teddy bears and put them to bed. they were naughty today. then i will ride down the sidewalk to the alley. there are flowers and weeds there. how fast can i go? the old garage by the alley has an old car in it. I was inside once. there are chickens in back. i like to drive up and down the driveway. there are two wheel tracks. i can back up and turn around. my tricycle is white. it has a blue seat. mary lives across the street. diane lives across the alley. old wet-the-pants. she really is dumb. mary is good. i like mary.

"Mumma! i want some ice cream — hey Mumma!" Daddy owns a drug store. niggar babies, suckers, ice cream, popsicles, licorice sticks, bubble gum. Daddy lets me have what i want. "Mumma! i want some ice cream now!" i pound on the table sometimes. i kick my feet on the chair. sometimes i cry. "i want some ice cream." i can yell pretty loud too. i like to cut myself when there is broken glass on the floor. i always do. orange blood. it's pretty. Mumma puts a band-aid on it. mercurochrome stings. iodine is brown. i like mercurochrome better. "ice cream, ice cream, ice cream!" iscream, youscream, we allscream for iscream. Mumma always says that. "i want some ice cream — i wanna ice cream cone now!" i hate Mumma. i want some ice cream.

— Janet Scholz





art / Judy Hinz

The Last of the First

—Pete Dickson

The void was deep and dark, black as the blackest of cat's fur, highlighted by misty waves of paleness, speckled with pinpoints of light, most of them blinding white, a few tinted with shades of red, blue, and green. There were billions of them, staring out unwinkingly, patternless, meaningless, yet a part of the greatest pattern and meaning of all. They were God, and God was they, a part of God, just as everything is a part of God, and they belonged to His pattern.

Even the intruder belonged to the pattern. He came out of the void in a ribbon of fire, and his approach was watched for a long time until he disappeared behind the craggy, airless horizon. Then his watchers sat back to wait.

The first man on the moon. What does it feel like, Harry? Sweeney asked himself. Made him feel small, looking up at all those stars. Gad, there must be a jillion-jillion of them. Made a guy feel small all right, looking up, knowing he was all alone on a cold, silent hunk of rock. That is, it would have been silent if the defroster in his helmet hadn't made so much racket.

But, to work. He didn't have more than two hours before the oxygen in his tanks ran out. So, between now and two hours he had a lot of ground to cover.

First he'd take pictures. That would give him a chance to do a little looking around on his own before he started collecting all the rigamarole for scientific testing. Who could tell? Maybe he'd even meet some moon people.

But when he saw it he couldn't believe it. He stood rooted to the ground, the defroster whirring in his ears, his eyes threatening to bulge out of his head. An hallucination? he thought. He'd been alone for two weeks in the rocket ship, and they'd warned him about seeing things. He turned away once, then looked back; it was still there.

He started slowly forward, stopped at the edge, knelt down, and touched the green grass. Even through the thickness of his gloves it felt like grass, and the earth beneath it was soft and yielding.

His head snapped upward. Grass meant air. He quickly checked the meter on his wrist. Sure enough, breathable atmosphere. He couldn't unfasten the clamps on his helmet fast enough to breath in fresh, un-canned air. Ah! It was a bit cool, but ever so good.

He continued onward, up the slightly inclined asphalt driveway and then onto the walk. He bent down and fingered the carefully planted flowers in front of the big picture window. They were real all right, just as the house was real, as real as any split-level home you might find on earth.

His hand trembled as he tried the latch on the screen door. He pushed the button, felt the absence of click, knew it was locked. Heart pounding, he ran around to the side, to the door leading out to the car port. But he stopped there to look at the automobile pulled up under the port. This was fantastic: late model, clean as a pin, and — yes, keys still in the ignition.

He pulled his head out of the window and turned to try the screen door. In his excitement he jerked too hard, and the door flew open abruptly. He hesitated only a moment, then stepped inside. The inner door door was already open so that his first step brought him full into the kitchen. It also brought him to a sudden, embarrassed halt. What if someone lived here? "Hello?" he called timidly, then louder, "Anybody home?" No answer. What did this all mean? The kitchen had the latest in everything, infra-red oven in the wall, hide-away sink, everything. A peek around the corner, into the dining room with its beautiful mahogany dining set, through to a corner of the living room and rich modern furnishings complete with television set, the floor covered from wall to wall with fine carpeting, convinced him that he was standing in a home completely fitted for modern living.

Suddenly he felt a little weak in the knees. He took a step toward one of the dinette chairs, saw it slide out from the table to await him. *Telepathy*, he thought. He moved toward the hide-away sink and watched as the cover slid back into the wall. He took a slip of paper from a pad in his pocket, dropped it down the drain, and heard the garbage disposal begin to grind it up. Fantastic! On his command the cupboard doors flew open, a place setting was deposited upon the table. He ran clumsily into the living room, flicked on the television set with a thought, plopped himself down on a chair that obligingly moved under him.

Click! A noise out in the kitchen. He thought off the television, thought the chair back in place, and stood frozen in the middle of the living room floor. They were coming back, the Moonmen, the owners of this

house. What would they do when they found him? If they had the power to build a house like this, what could they do to an intruder? Suppose they didn't even ask questions? Suppose they just dissolve him by — by winking an eyelid?

But eternities passed, and nothing happened. Summoning a reserve of will-power, he crept out to the kitchen. No-one there, but the cupboards were closed and the sink had disappeared again. Of course! The stuff had just been putting itself back in order.

He sank down in the chair again. What a find! Why, this could mean a whole new theory of evolution. The theory about the moon breaking off from Earth when the Earth was still redhot, debunked. This could mean that there was a modern civilization on Earth before recorded history, and that this house was the only remaining evidence of it. Perhaps a great atomic war had blown the moon away from Earth.

He thought some food out of the refrigerator and into the oven, and moments later he was settling down to a delicious meal. He was about half way through when another thought struck him. What about the air? Why was it still there? And if it was there, why hadn't the house decayed long ago? He tried to put off the growing uneasiness by reasoning that there were a lot of unknown conditions on the moon that might account for the unusual factors. It didn't help much, though. Finally he gave up trying to finish his meal, thought it down the garbage disposal, and thought the dishes into the washer and dryer. Then he went on an inspection of the rest of the house, something he felt foolish for not having done at first.

The downstairs proved to be a recreation room, complete with table tennis and billiard tables, a well-stocked selection of books and magazines, fine tables and chairs, and a second television set. The upstairs was occupied by three beautiful bedrooms and a bathroom.

As he entered one of the bedrooms, the bed clothes on one of the beds rolled down while the pillows fluffed up. Funny, he must be more tired than he thought. Reluctantly, he lowered himself down on the bed and instantly fell asleep. The last thought he remembered was an image of eyes watching him.

He woke up with an unreasoning fear clutching at his chest. He knew he'd had a dream but he couldn't remember what it was.

"Who's there?" he called, his voice echoing through the house. "Who are you?" No answer. But they were there; he knew it. They were trying to get him.

He had to get out—now. He bent down and sliced off a piece of the bed-spread with his knife for testing. He smashed the bed lamp and stuffed a portion of it in his pocket. He ran for the stairs, his motions made clumsy by the bulk of his space suit. He was just starting down the stairs when the world rose from beneath his feet and sent him spinning through the air. He landed hard at the bottom, shaken badly, but unhurt. When he looked back he saw that the carpeting on the stairs had been ripped up.

He picked himself up and ran for the kitchen, fitting his helmet into place. He stopped a moment, tugged open one of the drawers, and drew out a table knife to join the lamp fragment and piece of bedspread.

(Continued on page 32)

Resolutions for 1963

(that I promise to keep!)

- I. I will not make any more person-to-person calls to the White House.
- II. I will give less than fifty (50) champagne dinners for my friends.
- III. I will not kill any blue-eyed panda bears.
- IV. I will not go on a diet of candied watermelon rind and root beer.
- V. I will stop running down squirrels with my motor-scooter.
- VI. I will not go to see Charleton Heston, Marlon Brando, and Sophia Loren in the film biography of Woodrow Wilson.
- VII. I will return all \$100 bills I find on one-way streets.
- VIII. I will not break the bank at Monte Carlo.
- IX. I will not celebrate the birthday of Edgar Allen Poe by getting drunk.
- X. I will refuse all offers to sell the story of my life to the movies.



(Hic!)



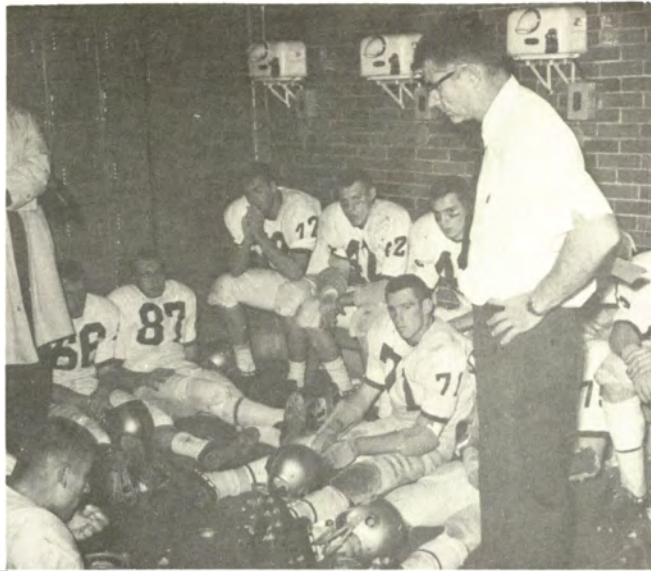
"Will the real Dean Hesse
'please stand up?'"



"Hey, where do I go?"



"You need a good spanking!"



"You guys should get to Chapel more often!"



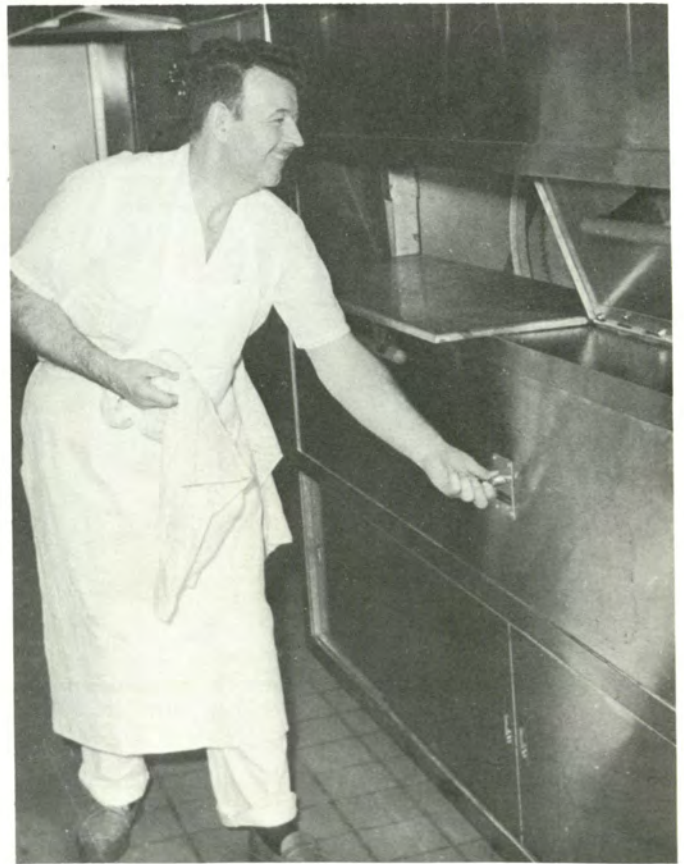
"Please! Stop dancing on my feet."



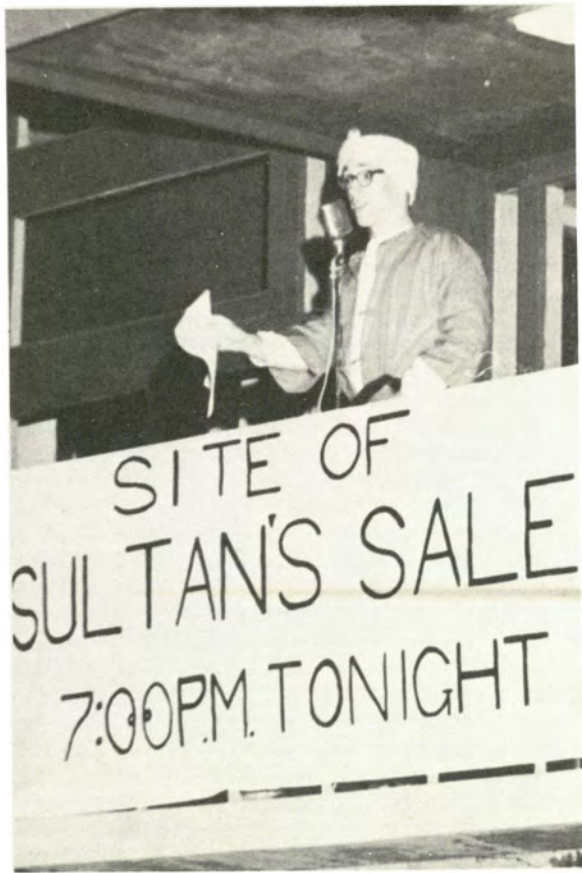
"But folks, she really didn't mean it that way."



"Segregation in heaven?"



Brant Hall:
Pizza Parlor?



"What am I bid for these final exams?"



"Se(x) = f(u)n"

LIGHTER LIT

Jack Koepke

The End of the Affair, by Graham Greene,
Viking Press, 1951

Greene's story begins obscurely in Britain where Bendrix, a mediocre writer and narrator of the story, shares his umbrella with Henry Miles, a boorish British servant. The two past friends casually discuss Sarah, Henry's wife, as the narrator begins inferring an intimacy between Sarah and himself. The complex effects of hate and love radiate from this simple encounter and are described as they reflect through the dark lives of the three people. *The End of the Affair* is a record of cancerous love and of a man and woman struggling against God.

Bendrix is a morose fellow seeking to make himself whole by possessing Sarah. But deeply hesitant and introspective, Bendrix is unsure of his own worth and incredulous of Sarah's love for him. Bendrix can't love; he can only listen as the jostling passions of insecurity and desire alternately surface on his inner tumult. Bendrix is a man obsessed with jealousy which amounts to deep mistrust. Greene gives what is almost a clinical description of this psychic illness, of this affliction of the passions.

Because it was personal insecurity which gave root to Bendrix's intense desire for love, the "love" sprang from a leached heart. If it were to grow at all, Sarah's love must nourish it. Although she is willing, Bendrix is too insecure to trust her. Sarah gives many reassurances of her love, but every reassurance is like a drink quaffed by the inveterate doubter crying for another and having only just drunk.

Hate is then produced by the same emotional glands which produced love. Within Bendrix's love is a bitter resentment of Sarah. She has drained his vitality by making him confront his insecurity — the cause of his inability to respond naturally to her love. Also incapsulated in Bendrix's love is the venomous self-alienation usually drawn from a recognition of one's inferiority to his lover.

But ironically, Bendrix is still more made the captive of Sarah's spontaneity, of the utter naturalness of her response — she is warmly simple and uncalculating. She is a beautiful woman, a child of capricious moods, and a creature of the moment, letting the good times of love run like sand through her fingers. Almost incapable of moral introspection, Sarah feels no guilt in her adulterous behavior. She can be loyal to both husband and lover, because her love is not solicitous, as is theirs, but abundant and effervescent. The morose, cynical Bendrix surrenders more than love to her; he responds with self-consuming idolatry.

Also entwined in the adulterous love is a more complex struggle against the love of God. Greene rejects the natural world as a realm of futility — of hopeless imperfection. There are no human solutions to the problem so Greene extends the long arm of grace over a "graceless, empty, chromium world." The only plain which upon which man encounters God is contained on the surface of his inner-most thoughts.

The plain is represented in Sarah's insistence that her life is a great desert which she can escape only through love. Because her husband lacks the vitality

(Continued on page 30)



art/Henry Steinman

LIGHTER SOUNDS

Marianna Wassmann

Opera—in certain circles in Valparaiso the mention of the work raises a note of disdain in the listeners. A broad and varied field of musical expression will be opened to the person who listens to opera with an unbiased mind. The subject of modern opera especially as it has been produced in the United States sounds so far in as to be out, but stay with me.

Last Saturday I turned the radio on to the Metropolitan Opera Broadcast and heard "Pelleas et Melisande" by Claude Debussy. This year the opera has been produced throughout the world as a tribute to the one hundredth anniversary of Debussy's birth. As is true with most modern operas it has not been popular with the public, who prefer to remain solely loyal to Madame Butterfly and Camille. The opera consists not of arias, but of disconnected melodic lines and phrases which fit into a continuous melodic flow somewhat like Richard Wagner's continuous music. The music will be appreciated by followers of Debussy. Portions of the music even sound like "La Mer." The entire score is lyrical and melodious. The libretto is a rather obscure drama by the German writer Maeterlinck. King Golo finds Melisande when they are both lost, and he marries her never knowing who she is or where she has come from. Pelleas, Golo's brother, and Melisande become involved in an innocent love. Because the opera does not contain songs which you could pick out and hum, it must be heard a number of times to be appreciated. "Pelleas" has not been seen many times in America because opera companies hesitate to produce operas which will not guarantee a good monetary return.

In the United States there are no state owned or supported opera companies. Most people can not see live opera unless they travel to the Met in New York or Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco. These companies do not have year-round seasons and do not hire singers for more than one season. The New York City Opera Company in the new Lincoln Center in New York has attempted to form a permanent company which functions year round and produces recently composed operas. This company hires quality singers, but not the international stars which the Met needs to keep up its reputation. This season Carlisle Floyd's opera "The Passion of Jonathan Wade," a story of the South during the Civil War, was produced.

College opera workshops also provide proving grounds for new operas. Norman Dello Joio produced his first opera at Smith College. His "Trial at Rouen" premiered on NBC television in 1955. Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors" has proven that American opera can have a wide appeal for the general public. His opera is seen yearly at Christmas time on television. But television is not in a rush to lose money on a new opera, so the productions are regrettably few.

Until something is done to establish more opera companies, preferably on the permanent basis, the opera goers must suffer in the desert of recorded opera or occasional trips to major cities. To be fully appreciated opera must be seen live. It combines ballet, drama, and music in every setting imaginable from

(Continued on page 30)





THE FOREST FIRE
a story of conversion

Marilyn Tschannen

*Man's limbs stand stark
Against a naked sky,
Grotesque and barren;
Death to some is die.*

*The living death,
The nakedness,
The hollow grace,
The emptiness,*

*The wooden silence,
Treeless plain,
Death, but none to die.
A gentle, falling, lifeless rain
Drops from depthless sky.*

*Timeless space and
Spaceless time —
Immortality reigns till light.*

*The light, O hark
The brightening light.
O God please save us all.*

*The light is death —
Lifegiving death —
Salvation from this life.
The end of life,
The end of death.
Salvation from it all.*

*A heaven today
With heavenly ways,
Stunned by stunning,
Endless maze.*

*God seeks us out
Til when we're found
Heaven begins beneath a mound.
O life O death O grave
Lead us on to win, to save.*



D E S I G N

The plates exhibited here illustrate the search for a more conscious understanding of, and sensitivity to, visual order. To achieve these insights the student is asked to explore 1) his potential for making rhythmic marks; 2) the visual potential of a great variety of materials and techniques; 3) the creation

of effective and interesting visual relationships. It is intended that the student experience both accident and control. Variety and unity are needed to create good design.

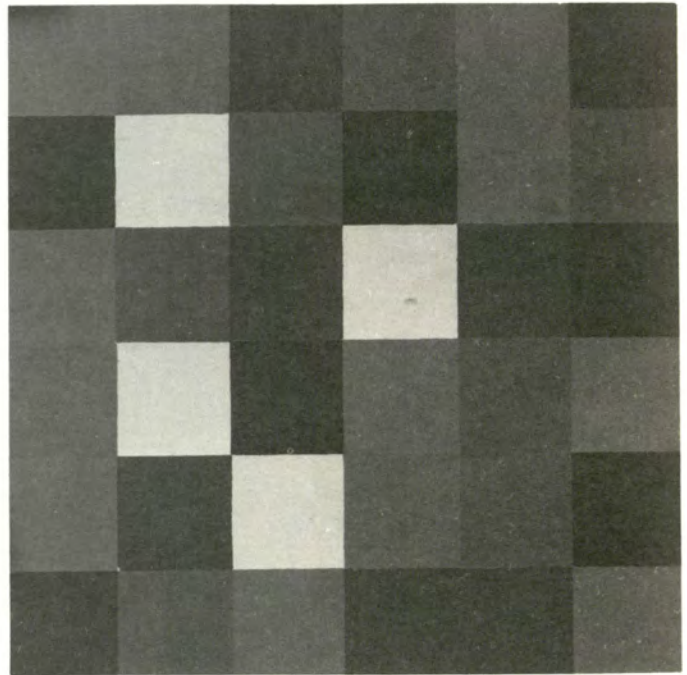
Artist: BARBARA BURKE



CONTRAST OF WARM AND COOL COLORS: *A study in which an attempt is made to organize colors on the basis of warm and cool qualities.*
 Artist: LYNNE NELSON

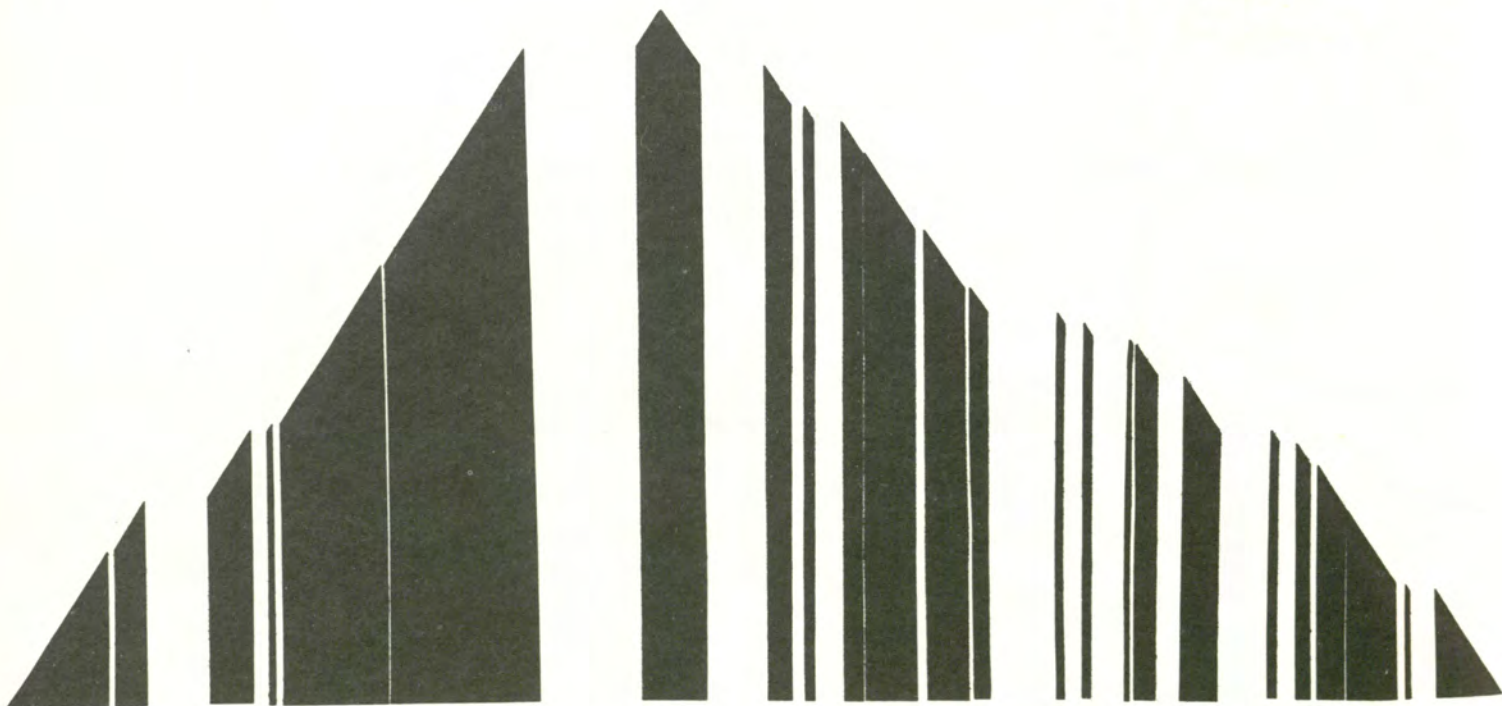
COLOR: *Through the use of neutral shapes and patterns various aspects of color as such can be explored. Contrast of Hues: A study in which an attempt is made to organize two or three hues of high brilliance and to observe the effect of changing surroundings on the hues.*

Artist: HENRY STEINMANN



FRAGMENTATION: *These studies are explorations of positive and negative elements in the creation of visually interesting special divisions and effects.*

Artist: JANIE SCHACKEL

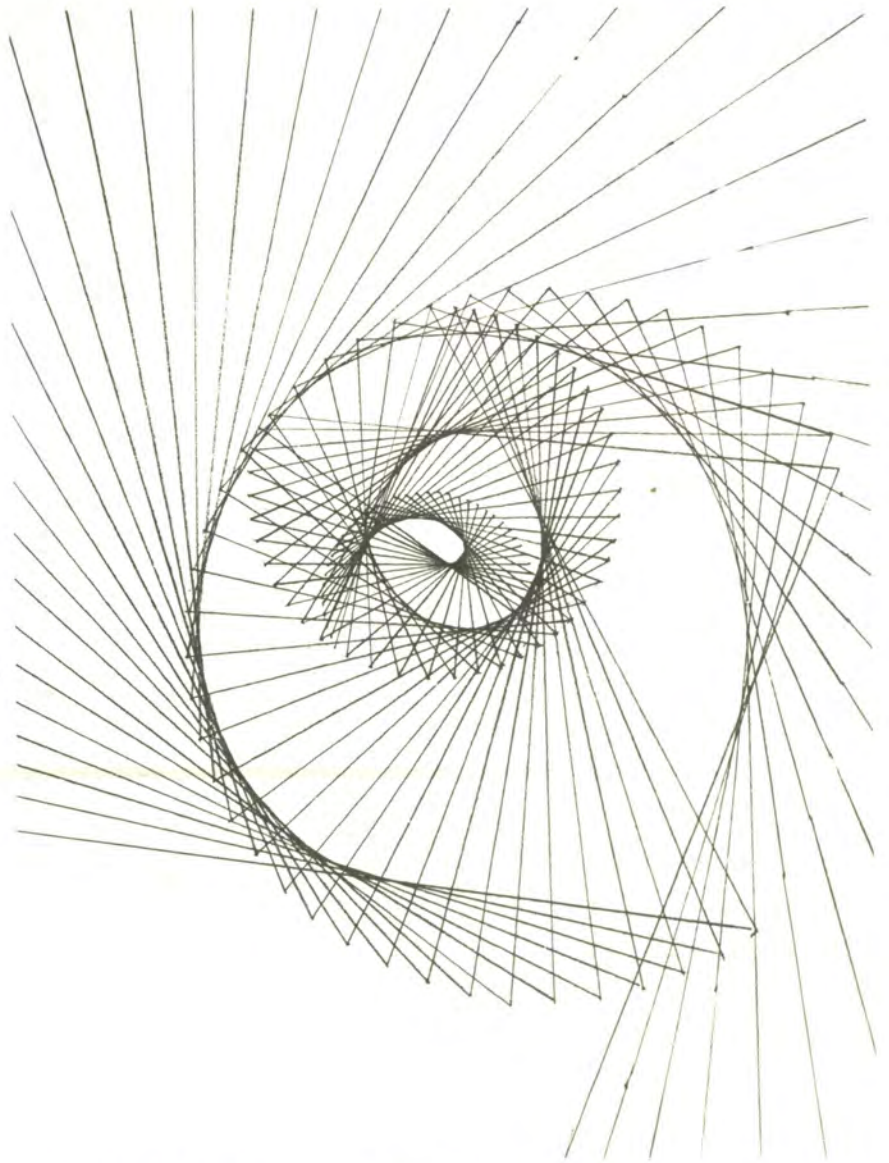




Artist: LYNNE NELSON

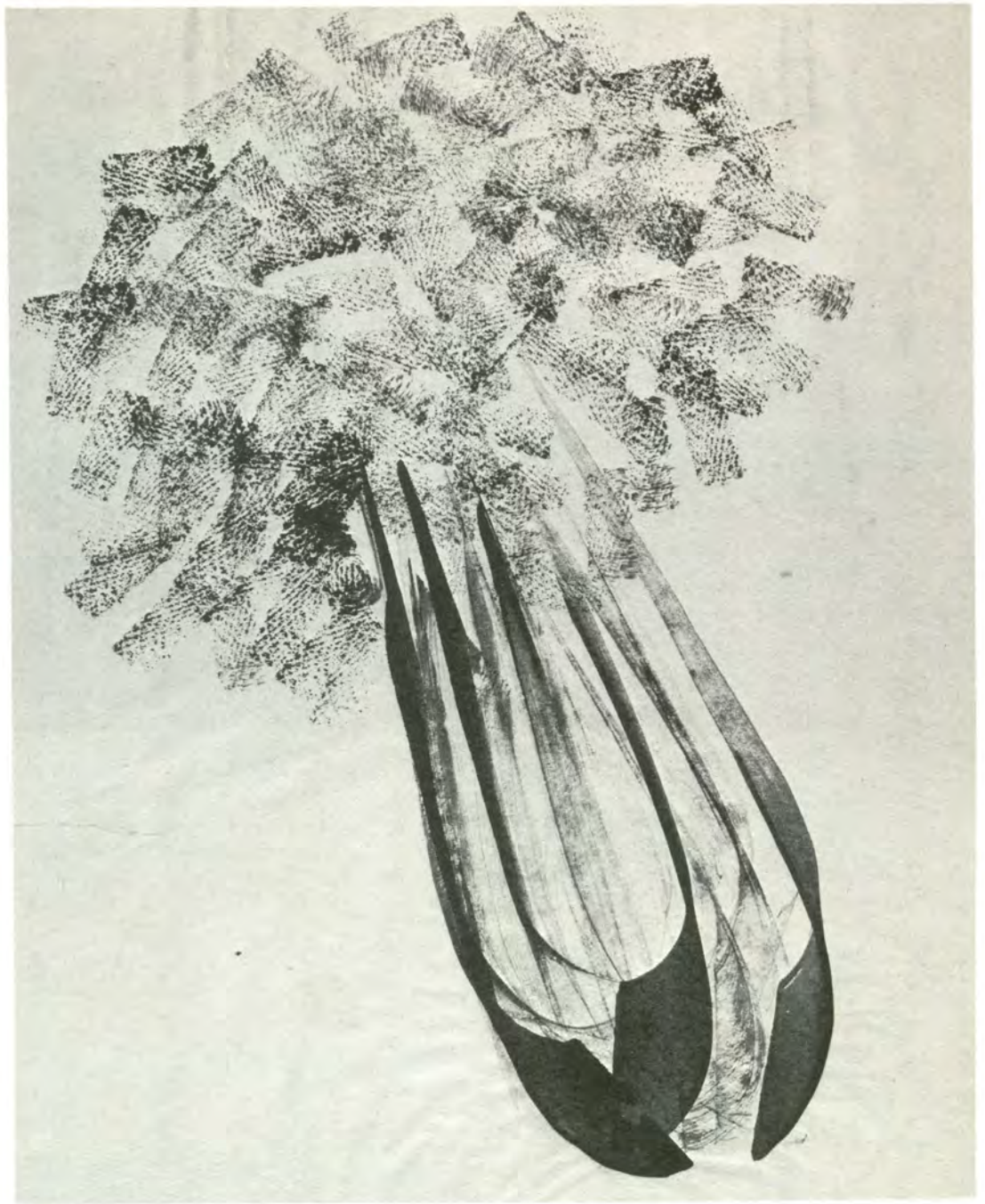
RUBBING: *By running the flat side of a crayon over paper that is held tightly against textured surfaces, string, wire, paper shapes, anything in relief, discoveries in line, pattern and texture can be made.*

Artist: HENRY STEINMANN



WARPING THE SURFACE: *The creation of a pattern through the use of converging lines that give the illusion of planes twisting in three dimensional space.*
Artist: JUDY HINZ





IMPRINTING: This process consists in searching for materials that when inked will print unusual textures; and that when the print is repeated will create interesting patterns and forms.

Artists: NANCY ZEIM (below)
HARRY RUSERT (above)



An Autumn

*The burst of color
Of the fireworks' finale
Floats fantastically above,
While, victoriously and fearlessly,
The parachutes of the dead
flutter
down
and bury themselves in dust.*

Kathy Behrenbruch

The Puppet Stage

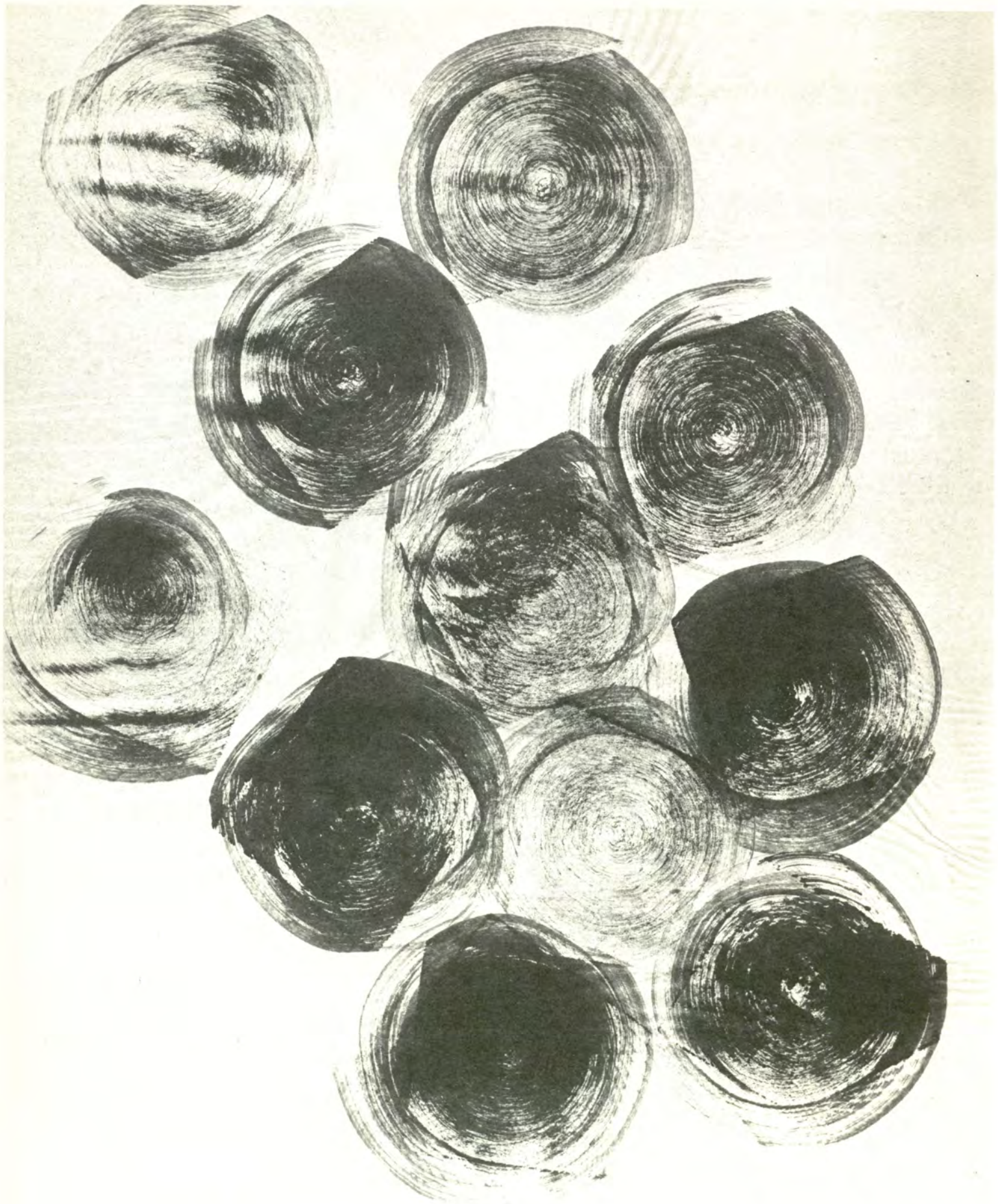
*Puppet dancing in the mirror
Break your ties of servitude
Snap the chord that drops your jaw in a mechanical grin
Loose the chord that lowers your head
As other puppets enter on the stage
Little waddling man — if you have a brain at all
Sever your ties of conformity with the slash of self
Leave the stage whereon you act
For as you neurotically dance to the tune of vague impression
Your strings tangle and knot
And you are left dangling in the air
Where the head man laughs and claps at your pettiness*

Alan Swenson

Beatrice

*Within Your eyes
Lies the shading of the skies
Deep, blue, clear, and pure
For me it shall endure
Through all my days and ways
As nature's fragile child
An agile fawn from the wild
Can ne'er move as fair
In your shy and saintly air
I've seen you stroll
Through the meadows of my soul,
Smiling as not seeing
The briars of my being
Wandering through the lonely hills
Laughing midst the cold and biting chills
I watch as you are moving
But fear that it is proving
That I shall never see nor feel
Time nor place where you are real.*

Alan Swenson



Brandy's Older Brother

Doc Justice beckoning to him from inside the office. Ken drops the *Life* he is reading onto the pile of ragged magazines at his side and walks across the tile of the reception room.

"How is he?" he asks, hush-voiced for the sick and the dead.

The fat, graying doctor smiles. "Fine. He's resting now." Extending one arm, "Come into my office."

Ken ducking his head through the door, walks in. "I'll have to admit, I was worried. Is it serious?"

"Sit down, sit down," maneuvering around the desk in the crowded office. "It's a nasty cut, Ken," sitting, adjusting his bottom in the depths of the leather chair. "I picked a hell of a lot — er, pardon me —" He clears his throat. "It took me almost twenty minutes to pick out all the glass before I could sew it up." He fumbles about in his waistcoat.

"Cigarette?" Ken takes a pack from his shirt pocket.

"Why, yes. Thank you, boy."

The two sharing a light and then easing back into the chairs as smoke rises lazily over the silence.

"Your brother didn't ask me, so I didn't tell him."

Ken turns to him. "What's that?"

"He won't be able to use that hand for a few weeks. That means no basketball, unless he can play left-handed."

"That's likely to kill him. He's on the first five, and this is his senior year."

"And don't we all know it. Brandy is a damn good player. Willaby Falls was counting on him." With one hand he rummages through the chaos of books, papers, pencils, pill boxes, unopened mail, framed photographs, and medical instruments on the desk. "Where the hell — here's that stethoscope I was looking for yesterday," holding it up. "Half of this stuff belongs in the waste basket." Ken reaches out to steady the desk lamp as an eddy of papers pile up against it. Doc Justice, not noticing, now opening drawers, "Yes, Willaby Falls was counting on that boy. Coach Bean had his eye on the State Tournament this year. The town hasn't been this excited about basketball since the year you were a senior." Lifting a stack of books from one corner of the desk. "Here it is." He picks up the glass ash tray and places it between them. Reaching to hold up a framed photo, "This is my boy Jim. Be twelve in January — no, March. Can't stop talking about that Brandy. It's all I get for breakfast and supper. Of course, he can't remember the ball player Brandy's older brother was. How long's it been since you were in high school, Ken?"

"Four years."

"That long?"

"Class of fifty-nine."

"You fellows won the conference that year, didn't you?"

"No, the year before. We had bad luck the year I graduated. Brown and Phillips were hurt in that accident, remember?"

Doc Justice rocks forward and taps a length of ash into the waste basket. "Yes, terrible thing. And a

damned stupid thing too. It's a God-given miracle they weren't killed."

Ken nods, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"Brandy. How come they never called you that?"

"I didn't have a first name like Harrison."

The doctor laughs to himself, a short chuckle that might have been a belch or a hiccup. "True. How in hell did he get that handle?"

"My mother's maiden name. When I was born there were already two girls in the Brandell family, and some talk of stopping with me. Father said he wasn't going to have his only son called Harrison. So four years later the family expanded to four and Mom finally got her way."

"I see." He laughs again. "With a dignified name like that a man's bound to go places." He leans forward, putting both broad elbows on the desk. "He work's at Tilley's Supermarket, doesn't he?"

Ken nods. "Has since he was in grade school."

"He's a good boy. A hard worker." Looking up at Ken, "You've been away at college. Haven't been around to watch him growing up. But I've had my eye on that boy. He's going to make something of himself, you wait and see." He fingers the cigarette, puts it to his lips and inhales deeply, frowns at the smouldering stub in his hand, blowing out the smoke through his teeth. "You home now on Christmas vacation?"

"Yes."

"When did you get back?"

"Just this afternoon."

Looking up at him through the smoke, "Maybe you can tell me what happened."

"You mean Brandy?"

The doctor nods.

"I don't know. Didn't he tell you either?"

"Couldn't get a word out of him. Were you there when it happened?"

"Not exactly. I had just walked in the front door."

"Well, then tell me what you know."

"There's not much I can tell. The house was quiet; I didn't think anyone was home. Then all at once I heard glass breaking and what sounded like someone stumbling, falling. When I finally found him, he was covered with blood." He crushes out the cigarette in the ash tray.

"Where was he?"

"In our room. Well, his room now."

Looking at him from across the cluttered desk, not moving, "Is that all?"

Ken sits back in the chair and looks down at his outstretched feet. "Well, no. I didn't notice at the time, but I started thinking while I was waiting out front."

"He was acting strangely?"

Their eyes meet. "Yes. You saw all the blood on him. I couldn't even tell where he had cut himself. At first I thought it was his face. I didn't see his hand until — well, look," pulling aside his jacket, "This shirt is beyond help, I'm afraid. He had me by the waist."

"You say he had fallen?"

"Yes, he was on his knees." He looks again at his

(Continued on page 26)

— Ron Scheer

Song for the Season

*It has died; radiant Summer is shining no more.
The steel-grey sky weeps in its sorrow.
In sadness of parting, friends pass through the door
Which leads to a separate tomorrow.*

*The summits of mountains call to them again
To survey the domain which was theirs.
The mountains are gone; yellow cornfields remain —
Only cornfields, and no one else cares.*

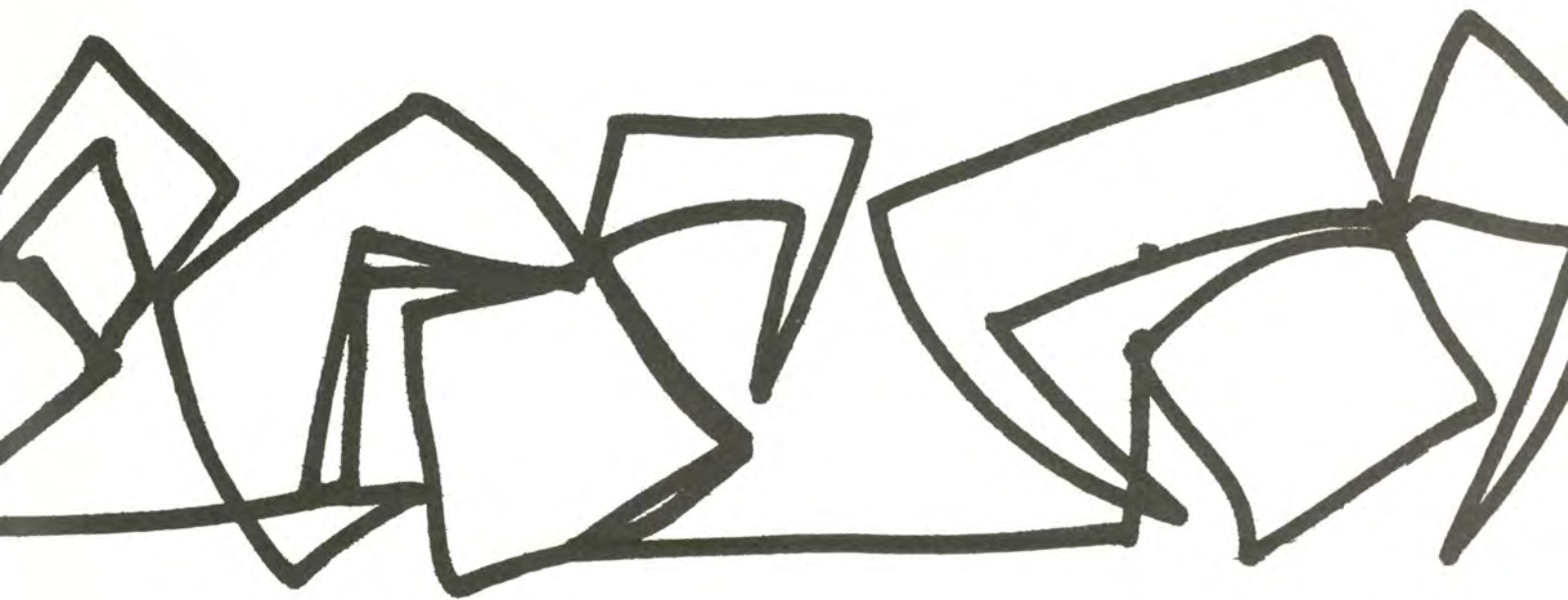
*The gaily jeweled horse on the old carousel
Is resting in quiet repose.
The horse who shared all that they wanted to share
Is smothered in winter's deep snows.*

*The summer will come for somebody else
Who believes that it never will end.
The mountains will rise to hide barren, brown plains,
And the moon will shine on them again.*

*The gay carousel giddy children will ride;
The bare trees will someday bear leaves.
I cannot be gay, now that summer has died.
To my lost friend my heart ever cleaves.*

Bonnie Thormeyer

art / Lynne Nelson



Beauty Leaves: A Sonnet

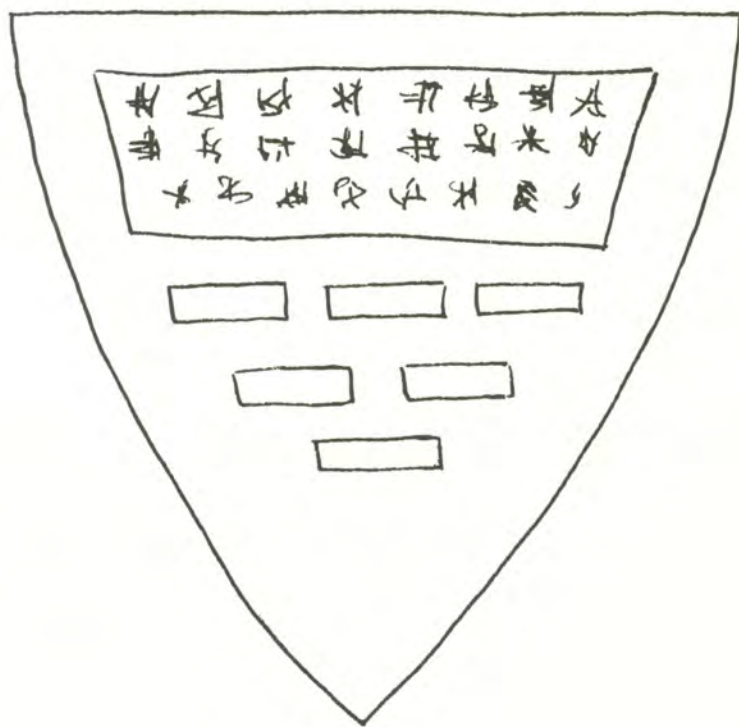
*The leaves once hung upon the living tree
And fluttered there with certain conscious charm —
Without its necessary pre-alarm —
In crimson, gold, and brown variety.
They were content to rest in present glory,
And even the fading brown could see no harm,
Nor was it aware of someday losing charm
To those who looked with pleasure at the tree.
But by and by each leaf was blown down
And stepped upon unnoticed on the ground.
The tree, in barrenness, felt scorn and shame,
For it had completely lost its only fame.
Beside it stood the blessed evergreen
Which singly sheds each leaf that loses green.*

Kathy Behrenbruch

One of the most popular hobbies on college campuses is the awarding of trophies in honor of certain excellences achieved by individuals or groups. Since Valpo seems determined to lead the ranks in this activity, the Lighter here has a few suggestions for additional competitions and awards that will swell trophy cases, mantles, and closets all over the campus.



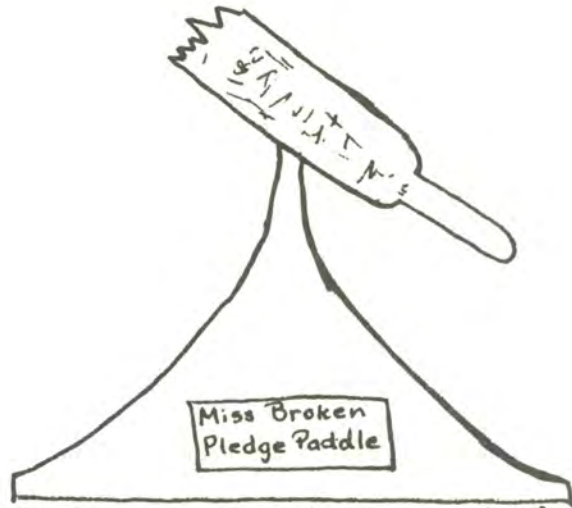
Festivities including the crowning of a Queen in honor of the only weekend when there ~~wasn't~~ rain, sleet, snow, volcanic eruptions, typhoons, ~~or~~ even dew



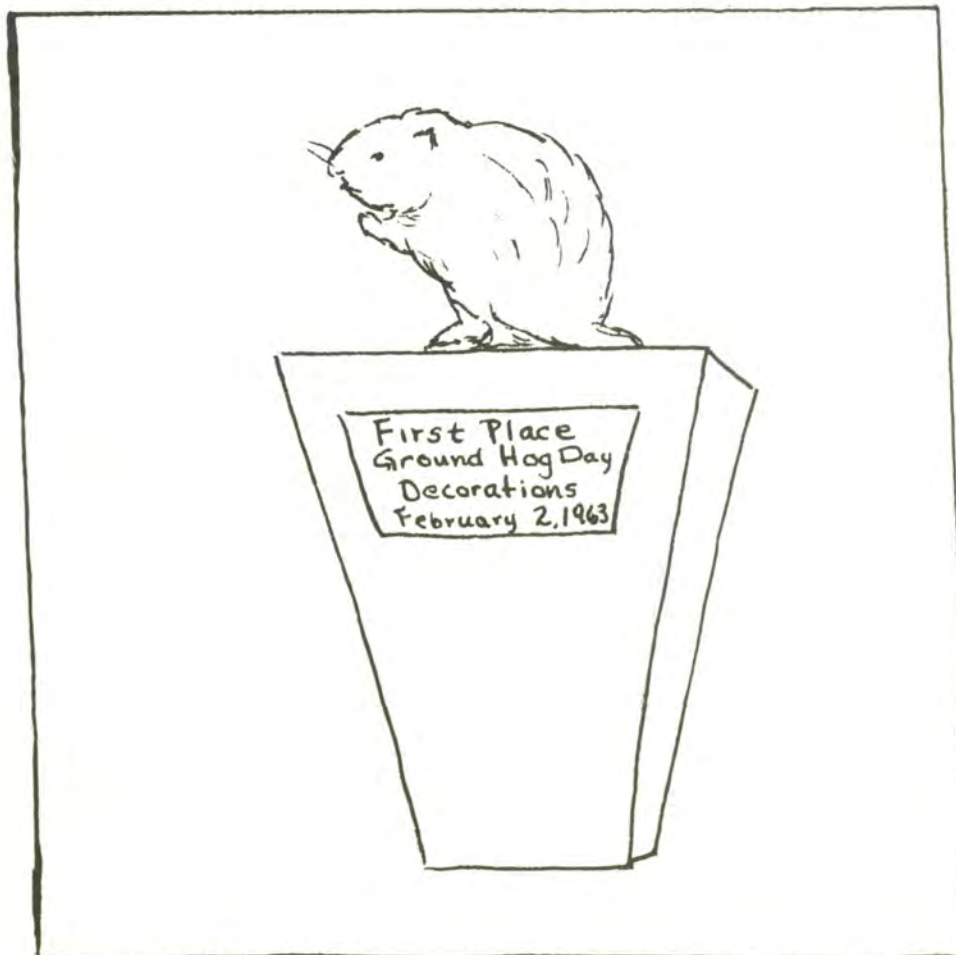
Translation: First Place, Union Chinese Checkers Tournament



To be awarded to the dorm or Greek organization that sold the most buttons with the slogan: "I like trees."



To be awarded to the girl who was almost voted The girl-I-Wouldn't-want-to-be-stranded-on-a-desert-island-with by the — fraternity.



House Decoration Trophy to be awarded as part of our celebration of Ground Hog Day.

Brandy from page 21

shoes. Clears his throat.

"Anything else?"

"Well, yes. But I don't think he'd want me to tell anyone."

The doctor puts his fat hand to his face, rubbing both eyes. "He was crying. I could tell."

"Crying. Doc, he was almost hysterical."

Sitting back in the chair, leather creaking, "I could see he was quite visibly shaken when you brought him in." He takes a small white envelope from his coat pocket. "Did you happen to see what it was that broke?"

"No, come to think of it. I remember pieces of glass on the dresser and on the floor. That's all."

Fingering the envelope, "When you heard it, what did it sound like? Was it like when you drop something or like —"

"I see what you're getting at, but no, I couldn't tell," taking the cigarettes again from his pocket. "Why, what do you think?"

"Take a look at this," opening the envelope and shaking something out into one cupped hand. "I know it's not much, but what does it look like to you?"

Drawing closer, "It looks like — it looks like the glass tubing we use in Chem lab."

Sighing, "That's what I thought too at first. Look closer. Wait, let me put on this light," clearing his throat, "Now see how thin the glass is. Almost like paper. Very fine and delicate. Nothing a chemist would use."

Touching it with one finger, "Yes, I see now."

"I found it in his hand. He was still holding onto it. Apparently not realizing it for the pain."

Shaking his head, "I don't think I've ever seen it before."

"Perhaps it's not important," slipping it back into the envelope, "but the pieces I took out of his hand were little tiny things, like this," showing with two fingers, "Hardly big enough to see — like glass that's been crushed or pulverized. There were bits of it in his hair, Ken, and in his clothes. Look," pointing, "you even have some on your coat sleeve. Here," reaching, "let me take it out," picking at it.

Ken, looking for more, scratches a bit of blood off his trousers.

Doc Justice eases back into the chair, crossing his fat legs and shifting his weight onto one haunch, "It doesn't make sense to me," playing with the tips of his fingers and gazing out the window. "When I was in there fixing up his hand he wouldn't say a thing. Like he wasn't even there. He wouldn't look at me. Damndest thing. For a while I thought he was going into shock. But it wasn't that all." He looks at Ken, "That's not like Brandy, is it. Less than a month ago he was in here for a physical. Laughing, joking with me, kidding me about my fat gut. Called me Lardbelly once and I slapped him on the butt. And that body. What did he do all summer — shovel coal?"

Ken laughs, "I think he still has my weights."

"He's a beautiful boy. And it was the same way when he was in here last summer with that cracked

rib. How in hell'd he do that anyway?"

"Fell out of a tree."

"Fell out of a tree," shaking his head. "Seventeen and still climbing trees. But did he complain? Not once. Laughing and horsing around like it was nothing worse than a rash or a scratch. He took himself to be a real man," frowning, "But today. I don't understand it at all. He was like death itself. Something happened, Ken. And whatever it was, I'm inclined to think it wasn't an accident."

Morning again. Outside it is blizzard-cold, the wind whipping the snow through the hedges, lashing at the wet-black, frozen sycamore in the front yard. Ken watches at the window, hands in his pockets, fists doubled up against the warmth of his body.

He turns and walks soundlessly across the living room carpet and into the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator: milk, catsup, minced ham in cellophane, jello salad, half-eaten), mustard, eggs. He reaches behind something wrapped in a paper sack and finds the six-pack, two cans left. He takes one, turns, kicks the door shut with his foot, and digs in a drawer for an opener.

Down the hall, stopping at Brandy's door, listening. He nudges the door open and steps inside.

Brandy, sleeping, the bandaged hand lying open on the covers.

Ken walks to the window, sets the beer on the night table and lights a cigarette. Outside the wind whistling along the house. A Christmas wreath torn from someone's porch spirals through the air and crashes onto the ice-smooth street, ragged ribbons flying with the wind. He draws nearer the window, the wreath disappearing under Brandy's snow-plastered Oldsmobile parked at the curb.

He sighs, then discovering the cloud of breath on the cold glass, absently draws a small five-pointed star on it. Studying it, then touching up one point a bit, catching on the end of one finger a drop of water about to go running down the pane.

"Good morning,"

Turning, "I thought you were asleep."

"No, just pretending," stretching one arm and sticking it behind his head. "And thinking."

"Well, don't let me intrude," moving to go.

"No, no, stay. It's good to see you again. Welcome home, Preacher."

"It's good to be back," folding his arms, "though I didn't expect a blood sacrifice."

Brandy smiling a little, looking at the bandaged hand.

"How do you feel this morning?"

"OK," wincing as he tries to close the hand, "How come you're all dressed up?"

"It's Sunday. Went to the early service. The folks are at church now."

"Oh," putting down the hand. "What's that — beer?"

"Yeah, didn't have any breakfast."

"You're nuts," starting to get out of bed.

"Look out for the glass on the floor. Better put on shoes."

"Got ya," reaching for a pair of slippers under the bed.

"Mom said she'd take a vacuum cleaner to the rug today. Didn't want to wake you last night."

Standing, steadying himself, "God. What was in those pills you gave me?"

"Something the Doc told me to get at the drug store. Said it would put you to sleep."

"Brother, they about put me out for good," walking carefully into the hall.

Ken moves a chair from one corner to the window, sitting down, putting his feet up on the end of the bed. Sound of water running in the bathroom sink.

Calling, "Is there an ash tray in here somewhere?"

"Yeah. There should be one in that night table."

Ken pulling open one drawer. Sports magazines, an old copy of *Newsweek*, letters, note book paper, a Perry Mason mystery, a paperback of *Wuthering Heights*, "I can't find it."

"What?"

"I said — nevermind — here it is." Setting it on top and putting the cigarette in it. More note book paper, athletic tape, golf balls, a box of chessmen.

Brandy, standing in the doorway. "You make yourself right at home, don't you."

Closing the drawer, "You forget, this was my room once too. Since when did you take up chess?"

"A while ago," unbuttoning the pajamas, "but I don't play much."

Drinking from the can, "We'll have to try a game — sometime before I go back."

"Yeah, sure," tossing the pajamas onto the bed and opening the closet door. "What did the Doc say about my hand? Is it bad?"

"Said you wouldn't be able to play ball for a while, that's all."

"Great, that's real great," at his side, "Would you mind? You're sitting on my clothes."

Popping up, "Oh, sorry." He sits down again, watching Brandy dress.

"What happened to my sweat shirt?" buttoning the levis.

"Mom threw it out. There was more blood on it than any of us cared to see again."

"Well, I'd like to see it."

"Then you'll have to dig it out of the garbage can."

Stooping to look in the mirror. "God, I even have blood in my hair." He walks into the closet and pulls down a shirt from a hanger. "What else did the Doc say?"

Ken, looking at his brother's back, "Are you working out with my weights or something?"

"Yes," holding out his handaged hand, "I was."

"Looks like they're doing more for you than they did for me," laughing lightly.

Brandy, turning to him, slipping into the shirt, "You didn't answer my question. What else did he say?"

Looking away. "Well, he was curious about how you happened to —"

"I mean about the bandage. How soon can I play ball again?"

"He didn't say. He wants you to come in Monday. You can ask him then."

Brandy leaves the room, walking down the hall and into the kitchen.

Ken, grabbing the ash tray and the beer, following.

Brandy, head in the refrigerator, "Where's the orange juice?"

"Don't know. I couldn't find it either," sitting at the table. He finished the beer and pitches the can into a tall plastic waste basket near the stove.

Turning from the refrigerator, holding up a full bottle of milk in his bandaged hand. "Look, I can —" grab-

bing at it as it slips, catching it. He sets it carefully on the table.

Ken, angry now, "Will you stop trying to be the big hero. Just for five minutes. It's obvious that you don't want to talk about yesterday. And I suppose it's your own business. But you're pretending like it didn't even happen."

Brandy, sitting down at the table, not looking at him.

"Brandy, I wouldn't be asking you if I didn't think it was for your own good. I'm your brother, man. I'm responsible for you. Can't you see? What happened yesterday?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Why? We used to be great pals once. Used to tell each other everything."

"That was a long time ago," getting up, walking into the living room.

Following him, "Will you stop running away from me."

Brandy at the window.

Standing across from him, "Do you think I'm blind? Do you think I don't know? You never forgave me for going to seminary."

"We've gone through this before. It's all dead and buried as far as I'm concerned."

"But why? Why do you hate me for that?"

"I don't hate you, dammit."

"OK, OK, forget it," sitting down.

Turning to him, "Ken, you were a star. Full scholarships from six different schools."

"Four, not six."

Walking across to him, sitting on the footstool, "They were throwing money at you, trying to get their hands on you. You could have been big. Why did you give it up?"

"Do you think I wanted to play basketball for the rest of my life?"

"But you didn't have to do that. You could have gone into business afterwards, like Pete Foster. He's made a fortune on his name alone. Or you could have gone on to sem if you still wanted to."

"If I still wanted to? What do you think it was, just a whim, an impulse?"

"But you passed up a tremendous chance."

"A chance for what? They didn't want me. They wanted to win basketball games, that's all."

"But who cares? You could have been great. You could have been king."

Crushing out the cigarette in the ash tray in his lap, "Is that so important to you? The glory of it. How long do you think it lasts?"

"Look, don't give me that old bit again."

"No, answer me. How long do you think it lasts?"

"Man, once you're king you've got it made for life."

"Rubbish. You're a has been before you know it. Remember when I was in high school, the year we won the conference?"

"Do I."

"Remember the write-up and the award in the Omaha paper? Remember after the Worthington game when they carried me off the floor? Remember how everyone in town knew me, said hello on the street, how old man Frazer wanted to give me a summer job in the bank, and how you were mad because everyone referred to you as Ken Brandell's little brother? Remember all that? Well, that was less than four years ago and yesterday when I talked to Doc Justice it was like all of it had never happened. All he talked

about was you. And once he even called me 'Brandy's older brother.' And you know his son Jim? The boy has never heard of me. That, Little Brother, is how long it lasts."

"OK, OK, I get the message."

"I'm sorry I had to let you down. But what else could I do?"

"Yeah, yeah, I understand," getting up, "I'm not blaming you," walking to a chair by the window, taking the unread Sunday paper from the seat and dropping it on the floor, "not anymore anyway."

"As a public hero they wrote my obituary when — what's the matter?"

Looking away, "Nothing, nothing."

Sitting forward, "You jumped like you'd been shot —"

"I said *nothing*."

"At the risk of sounding brotherly, may I ask you again, what's the matter? I don't have to tell you that you've been acting downright strange ever since I've come home."

"Stop prying."

"I suppose it's none of my business that I happened to find you yesterday afternoon bleeding to death —"

"I wasn't bleeding to death."

"Then just what were you doing?"

Turning to him, "all right, all right, lay off. I'll tell you. You're bound to get it out of me one way or another."

"Well you don't have to tell me if —"

"No, no," resigning himself, "Sooner or later I've got to tell someone. Would you like the shortened version or a blow by blow account?"

Ken frowning, not understanding.

"The plain, ice-cold truth is that I thought you were — I thought you were dead."

"You what?"

"Or would you like me to start from the beginning?"

"The beginning, please."

Reaching down to the bloated Sunday newspaper at his side and pulling off the front section. "See this?" holding it up, pointing to a large photograph.

"What is it?"

"It's that plane that crashed yesterday in Iowa. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No."

Reading, "The wreckage of United flight 154 which crashed yesterday morning near Council Bluffs, Iowa, during a heavy snowstorm."

"I don't understand."

Brandy reading on, "The plane was bound from Chicago to Los Angeles with stops at Omaha and Denver. It carried forty-four passengers and six crew members. There were no survivors."

"You mean you thought that I was on that plane?"

Brandy nodding.

"What in the world gave you that idea?"

"You said you were flying home for Christmas, didn't you?"

"When did I say that?"

"In your last letter. I can find it and show it to you."

"No, wait. I remember now. We were thinking about making the trip in Mark Sherman's Piper Cub. But he had to fly south to get around this bad weather. So I took the train."

"Then why don't you tell me what you're talking about once in a while?"

"I don't get it. So what if I did come on one of those big ones. There are dozens of flights on that route every day. Who said I was on *that* one?" pointing at the photo.

"I don't know, dammit. That's what I kept telling myself. All day. The chances were one in a hundred. One in a million. Then suddenly I didn't believe it anymore," standing up, "When they found the plane, there was a bulletin on the radio. 'The wreckage has been found. There are no survivors.' It was like somebody told me, 'Ken was on that plane. He's dead.'"

Silence in the room.

Brandy, his back turned, standing at the window again, hands in the pockets of his wash-worn levis. "Have you ever felt like you were somebody else? Have you ever been unable to explain just why you've done something? Something wild, crazy. Something you wouldn't ordinarily do? It's happened to me before. Twice, I think, and I was drunk both times. Once on beer, once on love. But yesterday it was like — like something that I never dreamed could happen. It was terrible."

"I believe I understand."

"Nobody else knew. It was just me, here alone in the house, afraid to let anybody know I was scared."

"I see."

"And when you walked in the door it was like —" throwing up his arms.

"But aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?"

"You haven't told me how or why you cut yourself."

"Don't ask me why, because I can't tell you," turning, "but don't get me wrong. I wasn't *that* crazy," turning back to the window, "It was an accident. You've got to believe that. You see, it was the Christmas present I bought for you. Oh, more than a month ago. I saw it in the window of an antique shop one Saturday morning on the way to work. I thought, I want to buy that and give it to Ken. He would like it. I bought it that afternoon during lunch break. It seemed so long till Christmas — I wanted you to have it that bad — but I was afraid to send it for fear it might break. So I waited."

"What was it?"

"A crucifix. A glass crucifix. It was a beautiful thing. When the sun would shine on it just right you could see all the colors in it — like little rainbows."

"But how did you break it?"

"You were dead then. I knew you were dead. So I broke it. I was angry, sick, frightened. I don't know why I did it. I had taken it out of the box before I realized what I was doing — holding it up with one hand like this. And then I was bringing it down hard on the top of the dresser. It — exploded in my hand. I don't remember seeing anything, but I could hear and feel the pieces of glass flying. The next thing I knew you were standing over me, shaking me. And it was like waking up after a nightmare."

"So that's it. But why were you afraid to tell me?"

"I wasn't afraid. I was — ashamed."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Ashamed to admit that I cared. That I had cracked, lost control. Ashamed that I was ashamed. It wasn't much of a comfort to live with."

"I can understand."

"But now I've told you," turning, "Your first confession, I bet." Their eyes meet. "Preacher."

When you write for the Lighter, we guarantee* that you will have



crowds of autograph-seekers at your door . . .



fans jumping up and down for joy . . .



applause from all sides.

Please submit your entries — satires on campus or off-campus activities, stories, essays, poems, plays, sketches, cartoons by

MARCH 1, 1963

* we're cockeyed optimists

LIT . . . from page 12

and energy to receive love, he becomes nothing but material security, a habit of Sarah's life. But Bendrix shows the unquenchable thirst for love which provides her a way out of loneliness.

Sarah's spiritual redemption is neither smoothly nor convincingly presented. Almost miraculously she is elevated from a profane love for Bendrix into a lofty region of sanctitude. This Greene infers by various but previously unknown reports, even finally by the clumsy suggestion of a mysterious baptism. Sarah's one enduring inclination toward sainthood is her great capacity for human passion which is eventually refined through suffering into the love of God. But most critics still complain that "the literary machinery creaks" when the supernatural takes charge of Sarah's life.

Finally, Bendrix makes his own begrudging acknowledgement of God's existence. Bendrix hates God because the radiance which God gave Sarah makes realize the contrasting triviality of his own life and the unimportance of his skill as a writer. He despises his own cynical world of introspection because it appears puny and purposeless, yet still he strives against the joy which Sarah symbolizes. He is afraid—afraid mostly of admitting that everything in him, even his glorious sense of self-pity, is sham. He cherishes therefore his bereavement and clutches it about himself to be, at least, not naked before God.

Greene often spells out the redemptive snare in Bendrix's thoughts as follows: "I believe Sarah lives (in heaven) and that He exists, but it will take more than her prayers to turn this hatred of Him into love. He robbed me (of Sarah) . . . and I'll rob him of what he wants in me." Bendrix can see through the pretense of this childish justice, but he embraces illusion because it is all he has.

Not only is Sarah taken away by God, but Bendrix is made to know that never could he have given her genuine love; not only is Bendrix therefore utterly miserable, but God has also made him recognize the fraudulence of even this misery. Bendrix's final words are nevertheless the preference to live a lie and to hallow a pretense of exalted grief: "O God, You've done enough, You've robbed me of enough. I'm too tired and too old to learn to love. Leave me alone forever." Because he still can't love Bendrix is spiritually dead.

about this issue:

For those of you who have gotten this far and have not found the Lighter Lovely, we warn you that she is not on the following two pages. She does not appear camouflaged in any of the designs or photographs, but her disappearance is only a temporary one which was caused by the shortness in time between Christmas vacation and our deadline.

Although Ron Scheer is not on campus this year, the Lighter had this opportunity to acquaint you with one of his latest stories, "Brandy's Older Brother."



SOUNDS . . . from page 13

Russian Czars to French dancing girls. If you hesitate exposing yourself to modern opera—don't! Not all of it is great music, but after sifting through the debris you may arrive at a favorite that not only contains outstanding music, but is representative of the modern era.

In Europe there is not the same reluctance to produce modern operas. This is largely due to the state owned opera companies. In Holland, the Dutch government, because of the lack of greater genius commissioned Hendrik Andriessen to write "Philomela" which was included in this year's season. After suffering an ordeal listening to Andriessen's music written for electronic computers and devices which sounds like background music for the War of the Planets, I'm not going to rush to Holland to see it. But that is the dark side of modern compositions. Hindemith has written "Mathis der Mahler" which contains some memorable passages. At Dresden his "Cardillac" was revived, but will we ever have the opportunity to hear it?

It is important that we see the need to do something for American and contemporary opera. Modern composers should have their works produced. The public would then be able to judge the merit of modern music before blandly condemning or ignoring a vital segment of our culture. . .



VU students making deposits to cover tuition for the Spring term.



YOUR FULL SERVICE BANK



*If I hear one more love song I'll scream
 One more love-scene will drive me insane
 And the next set of kids in a clinch
 That I see will soon find themselves slain.*

*It's a crime, all this flaunting of love
 All this nonsense of holding him near
 It's outrageous, this preoccupation with sex
 (And besides, my own guy isn't here.)*

Jo Anne Hollis

*Contrary to popular belief
 The way to a man's heart is not through his stomach
 But rather,
 a well kept secret.*

Kim Bakalyar

FIRST OF LAST . . . from page 4

He just looked up in time to see the kitchen door swing shut.

"No!" He tried the knob. It wouldn't turn. It was locked! He tugged, jerked, rattled the door, but it wouldn't open. "Please. Please," he sobbed. He could feel them closing in now, all around him. They were going to kill him.

He broke the glass in the front picture window and dove through out onto the grass. Instantly it struck him, the sight of the cold, barren plain stretching out to the horizon. Where could he run?

The car! It had keys in it. He ran around, jumped inside, and moved his hand toward the ignition. But before he could touch it, it turned, and the engine sprang to life. He laughed inside his helmet. He was using their own stuff against them! He thought the car down the driveway and out over the surface of the moon.

They heard the sound of the engine out in the driveway.

"Car's come back!" Television Set explained.

"Yes," Kitchen Window cried, "and there's not a scratch on him! How did you do it, Car?"

Car shrugged. "When I started straight for the cliff he just died of fright."

"Bring him in," Garbage Disposal said. "I'll get rid of him."

"It's too bad," Television Set said. "We tried to be friends with him."

"He just wouldn't listen," Sofa said. "Bed talked to him when he was asleep, but it didn't do any good. And then when he murdered Lamp and crippled Bedspread —"

Television Set nodded. "I still can't help feeling, though, that it was because he didn't understand."

"Nonsense," Sofa scoffed. "He started right off by invading us, didn't he? Even then we were kind to

him, tried to keep peace. But there's a place where you have to stop, Television."

"I suppose you're right. Anyway, I hope that's the last of them."

"Turn on and see."

Television Set switched on to a newscast. The man on the screen was saying, ". . . and so, the Air Force has given its pioneer space man, Harold Sweeney, up for dead. But the Defense Department has authorized that a second manned ship be sent up within the year. Harold Sweeney's death at the hands of outer space will not go un-avenged. Let his epitaph read: "You were the first; you will not be the last."

Sadly, Television Set turned itself off. Outside a sign sprang up in the middle of the yard. It read:

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