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Lighter



Paul Hoppe

somehow the leaves
look a little more fine
as puddles on corners
catch eyes open wide
and pull me to visions
of doormice and bums
 children and friends
drinking tea in the garden
(where dust turning ends)
calling for joy
unembarassed to drop
the pretense of sense

the short path back to childhood's wild encounter
is the pitter of raindrops
on the patter of leaves
 as the glad beams break
 through the grey autumn sky

and time turns to jello.

randall j. frillmann



Catherine Stoskopf

ALWAYS AND ALWAYS AND SOMETIMES NEVER

a play in one act
by
Mark Larson

Author's Note:

I have only 2 notes on this play.

First: The boy should carry in his breast pocket a silver pen.

And second: The pace should be extremely rapid. There should be no pause for the "changes". The action changes its direction immediately.

Boy: (FRANTICALLY SEARCHING HIS POCKETS)
Oh my word.

Girl: What are you doing?

This is very upsetting!

Please stop fidgeting.

I've lost it again!

You're beginning to annoy me.

Sit down. I have something to say that will disturb us both.

(SUDDEN CONCERN) *You're all right, aren't you? You're not hurt? You haven't had an accident? You're not lost?*

Nothing like that.

(RELIEVED) *Thank Goodness.* (MATTER OF FACT) *Tragedy would be very sad right now.*

(PACING) It seems that—well. This is very difficult to say. Do you remember when I graduated?

You were very handsome in your tassel, I was very pretty in my orchid.

Do you remember the pen you gave me?

It was silver and came in a box.

I've lost it. (HIDES)

You've lost it!?

I was writing, then I lost it, by that I mean I don't know where it is, which is to say—I'm sorry.

(ANGRY) *You're sorry! What good are apologies at a time like this?*

(FRIGHTENED) No good, no good at all.

(CHANGE) *Nevertheless, we must remain rational. We must find that pen at once. Now. When did you last see it?*

The last time I saw it, I was holding it in my hand. I was writing a letter.

Think carefully. What happened next?

Next I—then it wasn't there.

(ANGRY) *It just disappeared into thin air!*

(MATTER OF FACT) Yes.

Just like that? (SNAPS HER FINGERS)

Yes. That is exactly how it was.

(SAD STORY) *My mother isn't going to like this. You see, she gave the pen to me before I gave it to you before you lost it. And before all that she bought it from her father who couldn't afford to give it to her.*

(COMPASSION) Those must have been very hard times.

They were! We must appreciate that.

I do.

Now the problem is, how to tell her.

Must we tell her?

Oh yes, yes, we must. We must. She will want to know what happened today.

Tell her something else happened. Tell her, the soup spilled or the telephone rang.

Oh no, no, no, no no! No, I couldn't possibly. I'm sorry but that is a terrible idea. Out of the question. Absolutely not. N—O, no. I would never do that. No, no, a thousand times no. Not to my mother. No, no, never never never never!

Why not?

She will want to know who telephoned.

Hmmmm. Tell her—yes! Tell her it was me!

That has possibilities. You called to tell me—

—to tell you what happened today.

(MIMES PHONE) *Hello.*

(AS IF READING LINES) *Hi. This is me.*

(SAME) *Oh hello. Why did you call me?*

I called to tell you what happened today.

That's very nice of you. What DID happen today?

(MATTER OF FACT) *I lost my pen.*

No, no, a thousand times no! It would never work. Never never never never.

(DEFEATED) *You're right. It would never work.*

(QUICKLY) *Must you be so negative?* (POETRY) *I would rather light a candle than sit in a dark room. That's what my mother says.*

(AWED) *That's a very wise thing to say.*

My mother is a very wise woman.

She must be.

(DEFENSIVE) *She is! Don't you dare doubt it. Ever. I love her dearly.*

I won't.

Promise?

I do!

(CHANGE) *Good. Now we must find that pen. Let's go about this properly. Where did you see it last?*

I believe it was in my hand. I was writing a check.

We'll retrace your steps. Look in your hand. (HE DOES) *Is it there?*

No.

Look in the other. (HE DOES) *There?*

(DEFEATED) *No. It's lost.*

(STIFF UPPER LIP) *Don't say that. Remember what I said about candles.*

(COURAGE NOW) *True.*

We'll push on. I have a few questions for you. Please reply with a simple yes or no. Do you think you can do that?

Yes.

Good. Now then. Where is your pen?

I—uh—

Let me rephrase that question. Do you like my mother?

(AWED) *She is a very wise woman.*

A simple yes or no will suffice.

Yes.

Although I must say I agree. One more question. Is it true—that the said pen—which you said you lost is—under your chair? (QUICKLY) *I suggest you consider this question carefully before answering.* (SLOWLY) *Is it true that the said pen which you said you lost is under your chair?*

Maybe.

Yes or no?

I'll check! (HE DOES)

You're stalling!

(HAVING CHECKED) *No.*

Just as I thought! (BEGINS TO CRY) *It's lost.*

(COMFORTING) *It's not lost. Remember? I would rather light a candle than read in the dark?*

If it isn't lost, where is it?

It will turn up.

(NEW HOPE) *Do you really think so?*

Sure I do.

Thank you. I feel much better now.

And if it doesn't, I'll buy a new one.

(SOBS) *It wouldn't be the same.*

Don't cry.

I'm not crying. I never cry. Whatever gave you that idea? Besides I have a right to cry.

Yes, you do.

No I don't. (CHANGE) *It's not fair to you. I'm sorry.* (NOBLE) *Now what do you say we pull ourselves together and find that old pen? Now. You say you already looked in your pocket?*

Yes.

Are you sure?

Maybe I should look again?

I have often seen you put pens in your pocket. (FONDLY) *You are well known for putting pens in your pocket.*

(LAUGHING) *Yes, that's true. Remember when we were in school?*

Oh yes, yes, of course I remember that.

(LAUGHING) *I always, always put my pen in my pocket. Always.*

(LAUGHING) *The third grade!*

(LAUGHING HARDER) Right. Miss Richards!

(AND HARDER) Yes, yes, penmanship!

(AND HARDER) Exactly!

(HARDER STILL) *I sat behind you.*

(STOPS) That's not true! I sat in front of you.

(STILL LAUGHING) *Don't you remember? I sat behind you because you were taller!*

That doesn't make sense! You don't make sense when you laugh. I don't like you.

(ANGRY) *I sat behind you.*

Not true. Exactly the opposite.

You remind me of a goldfish!

That's fine with me.

Go your way, I'll go mine.

We need our freedom.

And I need mine.

You are a jail. You remind me of a zoo.

That's fine with me.

You go your way, I'll go mine.

I cherish my right to be me.

That's important.

(CHANGE) *We've been silly.*

I'm embarrassed.

Me too.

Sorry.

(ANGRY) *But don't ever bring up my sister again. It reminds me of my brother. He died yesterday. We were all very embarrassed. He was the disgrace of the family. But I love him dearly.*

(ASHAMED) I'm sorry.

(RUBBING HIS SHOULDERS) *That's all right. I guess I just needed to let off some steam. It's been hard for mother and I. Now I have to do the baking. Mother fixes the bicycles. We had to re-evaluate our roles.*

I understand.

(NOBLE) *But we won't talk of that any longer. Just try to understand if I seem a little jumpy. After all, father is at work.*

(SORRY) I didn't know.

Yes. Ever since this morning. But don't think our family isn't a happy one. What's left of it. We know who we are.

That's important.

But enough! What do you say we find that pen and begin our day! I'm afraid my appetite may already be spoiled.

All right. To the pen.

To the pen!

I was about to look in my pocket.

Oh. Just let me say this one more thing.

All right.

If I should say—I'm not saying I will, but if I do, pay no attention to me. It's just my nerves talking.

I understand.

Now, on with the search.

You look under this chair and I'll look under that one. I often lose things under other things.

(FONDLY) *Yes, you do.*

(THEY LOOK)

Find anything?

Just a penny. How about you?

Nothing.

What now?

Under the rug!

Right!

(THEY LOOK)

Well?

Nothing.

Don't cry.

All right.

We have one last hope. And that is, that it is not lost, but merely missing.

Wouldn't that be wonderful?

It's possible.

Anything is possible.

(PAUSE. HE LOOKS INTO HER EYES) That's very wise. You remind me of your mother.

People often confuse us.

(SEDUCTION) I hope you don't mind my getting personal but are you as pretty as she is?

People have said that I am, but I don't know for sure. You're on my foot.

Sorry.

(GETTING NERVOUS) *That's all right. What do you say we go out for ice cream?*

I haven't a taste for ice cream, right now.

You're changing the subject.

Maybe I am.

Before you do anything, I want you to know that I respect my freedom and that may get on your nerves.

It's not important.

I also want you to know that I am hard to get along with.

Nothing matters except right now.

We must think of the children. We must remember that we both have futures. We must remember that daddy comes home sometimes.

I know all that and I still want you.

(GIVES IN GLADLY) *All right then!*

(PUSHES HER AWAY) I am repulsed!

Have it your own way!

I don't ever want to see you again. I'm very embarrassed.

Wait! Don't go.

Do you promise to forget everything that has happened?

Yes, of course.

All right then.

And I want you to know that I respect you for what you did—uh, that which I have already forgotten.

(AMAZED) You do?

Yes. You told me the way you felt. That's important. We should always say the way we feel, even if we don't mean it.

I feel the exact same way. I agree with you.

Say something you feel.



Chuck Bond

I already did.

That had to do with sex, so it doesn't count. Come on, say something you feel.

(EMBARRASSED) Oh, no, no.

(PRODDING LIKE A YOUNG GIRL) *Pleeese?*

I—no, no.

Just one? Then I'll let you go.

(PAUSE, THEN A SHORT DANCE. VAUDEVILLE)

(NOT IMPRESSED) *Oh.*

I was warming up.

That's important too.

Here it is. (WITH GESTURES) Little Jack Horner sat in his corner eating his chicken pot pie.

Excuse me. It's really curds and whey.

(HURT) You missed my point.

(EMBARRASSED) *Oops. Sorry. Why don't you start again?*

From the beginning?

Or thereabouts.

All right. Um. Let's see. All right. In a corner eating his curds & whey—

Excuse me. But you didn't have to do that for me.

I see now that you were right. (SHE BLOWS HIM A KISS) Along came a lion and sat down on him—

Oh that's terrible.

That's the way I felt.

Then I don't like you.

Yes you do.

No, I don't.

Then I don't like you either.

Yes you do. You just don't like me because I don't like you. You're nothing but a copy cat. Copy cat!

Not true, not true, not true.

Is so, is so, is so!

(CHANGE) We've been silly. We were talking about the way we felt.

Yes. Let's leave our personal lives out of it.

I'll start from the part about the lion.

I can't wait to hear the end. Am I in it anywhere, which is to say, did I inspire you at all, by that I mean—go on.

Along came a lion—I'll start over.

Good. I've forgotten what you said.

Little Jack Horner sat in his corner eating his curds and whey, (WINKS AT HER. SHE BLOWS HIM A KISS)
Along came a lion and helped him tie his shoe—

Oh, I like that much better, but is it what YOU want?

(NODS) Along came a lion and helped him tie his shoe,
pulled out a plum and said—what a silly I am!

(ENCHANTED) *It's about us.*

Yes.

How sweet.

I hoped you'd like it.

Oh, I did, very much. (SHAKES HIS HAND)

Did you really? I mean it needs work, which is to say—tell me again how much you liked it.

I liked it very much. It does need work—

(HURT) Oh.

But not very much! My overall impression is that it was—pleasant.

(ANGRY) I hate it! I'll never say it again!

Oh, don't be that way. It was good.

Did you really find it pleasant?

Oh very. Especially the part about the plum. I thought that was very good.

Thanks.

How did you feel about it?

I well—pretty much the same way you felt—I felt—well, I thought it was, like you said, pleasant. I—pleasant, yes.

It's so nice to agree. Isn't it? By that I mean, we're so silly simetimes.

Yes we are. It's true.

Getting into arguments. Yelling at one another. I like it best when we agree. How about you?

I—yes. I enjoy agreeing with you.

Oh good!

I find it—pleasant.

I hope we can always stay like this.

Me too.

(CHANGE) *But it's also good to disagree sometimes.*

Oh, I don't know about that!

It's true. Scientists have proven it. We've landed on the moon, haven't we?

But we haven't found a cure for the common cold. And how can we land on the moon when we can't even land in our own backyards. Damn it.

That's beside the point. The point is, it's always best to disagree sometimes.

Well, maybe true sometimes, but never always.

Oh it is. Always, always, always.

Maybe true for some people always but never true for all people always.

Not true. It's always true for all people. And I sat behind you.

I don't like you, not one bit!

You're no fun to talk to.

You bore me.

You think you say so much, but you say nothing at all!

And what is your mother's name? I bet you don't even know. Ha!

And when is your birthday? Do you know? Ha!

What is your favorite soup? Ha!

Do you like to drive in cars or do you prefer boats?

What do you think of cigarettes?

Stop signs?

Broken windows?

Air.

Fog.

Rain.

Dust.

Dolls.

Bla, bla, bla, bla.

Bla, bla, bla, bla.

(BOTH BUILDING. BLA BLA BLA BLA)

I don't even know why we're talking to one another!

And where is this so-called pen??

(BLACKOUT!)

Copyright applied for,

December, 1973, by Mark Larson.



Judy Noyes



CHANSON POUR MA BELLE

*Euterpe, you have heard our "friend"
calling us decadent,
denouncing,
but let us to sing and far into the night,
and unto dawn, in strains whose purity
is unbroken by meaning.*

*We will laugh and whirl, we two,
and spin out schemes of unity
with wonder
and ambition
that defy attempts at reason,
music
flowing smoothly,
firm and clear in words
whose images, transcended
by the verbal dance, . . .*

(O Rose of Ezra in the steel dust.)

David Townsend

near november, a day like this chills me,
stills me to pictures of you in twilight,

you at the bus-stop, wide eyes, sharp kisses;
we'd run then, yet catching breath to smile

scattershot into the storefront's fluorescent fantastics;
mindlessly precious, abruptly precocious,

you trying so hard to dream well; you had your grandfather's
watch, with a gold chain that splattered the neon

to bright pools of yellow and amber, whose splashes that,
though they be fool's gold, still hold me mute;

i see you, my best dream, deftly disappearing:
fantastics freeze over, scattershot's echo stills,

bright pools evaporate, pictures and fool's god, november and
i remain.

Linda Gebhard

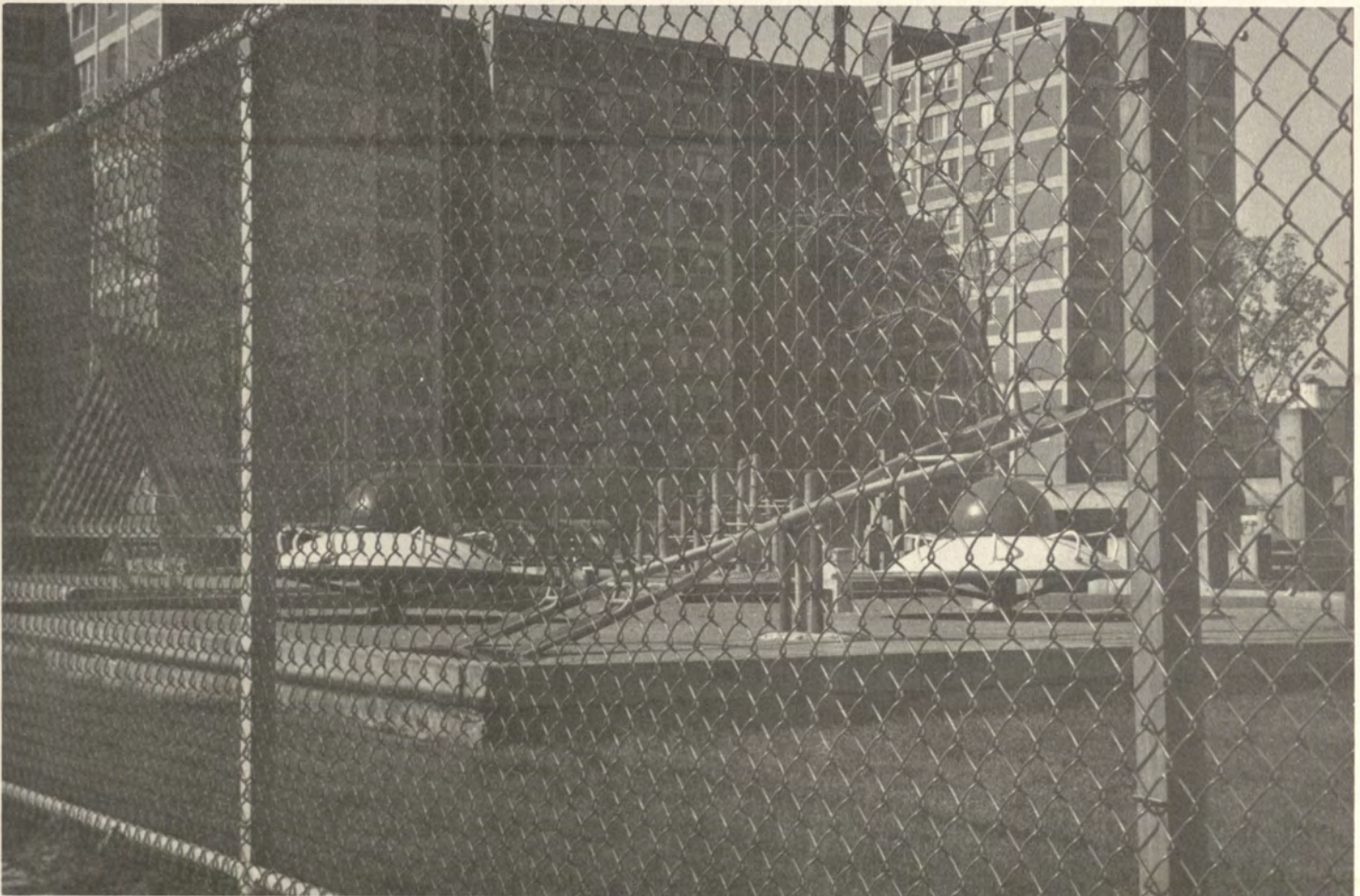
Today was a good day, Lord.

*The breeze that rustles my hair
same as the heat of the oven that bakes my bread.*

*To be able to work long and hard
and rest, short and sweet*

Today was a good day, Lord.

Gayle Stevenson



James Mesenbring

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The editors thank all contributors for sharing their works with us and invite comments and criticisms on the selection and presentation of material.



A PLAY PLAY AND KIDS

1-8



MUSES AND MUSINGS

9-10



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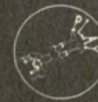
Mary Dehmlow, Karla Feeley
Co-Editors

Carol Wahlfeldt	Copy
Betty Unger	Design and Layout
Cheryl Carpenter	Secretary
Debi Sanders	Ads
Jeff Nicholls	Distribution
Kathy Arlt	Typesetter
Dr. Richard Lee	Advisor

1-3 GROTESQUERIES IN FAIRYLAND



4-6 BRAIN SKIRMISHING



7-10 PRIVATE: OUR PLAYGROUND



Both of the facets stated above are manifestations of the same problem, an absence of vitality or liveliness. Either social life is non-existent, or it has lost its liveliness, and although buildings are inanimate, New Campus does not have the liveliness worth preserving that is said to exist in Old Campus. Various accounts can be given for this absence of liveliness. Oft suggested possibilities are that liveliness is being suppressed by "them" (eventually identified as someone or something closely resembling a university administrator), or that liveliness cannot possibly survive in the stagnant atmosphere of a white, middle-class, Lutheran university.

At this point it may be useful to pause and examine what is meant by liveliness and how it applies to the university community. In the Genesis account the creation of man is completed when God "breathed into him the *breath of life*." How one wishes to interpret the Genesis account is another problem, but the implication is clear—*man does not simply exist as a lump of earth*. Buildings exist as lumps of earth, but man is lively. Rather than merely existing, man, having received the *breath of life*, acts, thinks, plays, creates. He is, as one professor here might say, not a noun but a verb. And the nature of man's liveliness is like a breath, it is not something that "they" can suppress. And more importantly, it does not need an atmosphere in which to survive, it *is* the atmosphere. It is this breathy spirit that gives empty structures that obviously do not live by themselves their liveliness.

The programs and activities of social life and buildings (whether they are on Old Campus or New) are static, empty structures that exist, but do not live until the creative spirit given to men enters. The same relationship between structure and spirit holds true for the university. Chancellor Kretzmann has instructed us, "The university is first and last a spirit." What could better describe scholarly community, a diversity of lively people? If then social life is dead, buildings are characterless, or existence is boring, I propose that what is needed is what every human is—liveliness and creativeness. And this demands that people draw on their creative resources not only collectively, but more important, individually.

Utilizing individual creativity, the *breath of life*, in new, inventive ways is then the means by which we can fill the void of lifelessness in the structures thru which we move. One attempt is being made here by the *Lighter*. Exhorting Valparaiso students to "debunk the great boredom myth," they have started a lively and creative enterprise, they have given life to a static structure (the magazine), and they are attempting to spread this creative spirit to the campus community by asking it to become involved with play.

It seems to be no coincidence that play should be chosen as the theme through which lifelessness is attacked, for play is one of the primary activities of the liveliest people in the world, children. The play of children most often demonstrates what seems to be missing in characterless buildings and dead social life: creativity and spontaneity, or in a word, liveliness. If a New Campus building seems cold and sterile, perhaps it is because nothing happens there that would remind anyone of warm, lively bodies. If some campus activity is boring or dead, perhaps it is because no one participates in a lively manner. The creative spirit of lively individuals is the key to restoring life to dead structures.

We need look no further than this community to see more examples of where liveliness is being manifested and to locate

opportunities for introducing it elsewhere. Ask a Christ College freshman what lively things they have done with their characterless building this year. Ask any member of the University Choir what new, creative things they have done in an old organization. Better still, to understand what sort of new, creative, lively things can be done with an old, established tradition in a stone and brick building, consider how we celebrate Life and worship the Life-Giver at Advent-Christmas Vespers. Similar opportunities exist elsewhere: in the dormitory, in extra-curricular activities, and even in the classroom. Think of what might happen if someone decided to be creatively lively in class one day. Then it might be worth getting out of bed even for 9:05's.

However, physical and social structures do not lend themselves to all the particular tastes and interests of different individuals. This is the most difficult challenge to our task of eliminating boredom. But here too the creative spirit is all that is necessary, for the human body is a structure holding an almost infinite potential incomprehensible except through the imagination. A little creative imagination can begin to realize that potential. A phrase well-known to the Greeks, well-known themselves for their creativeness, was inscribed at the oracle of Delphi: "Know thyself." Most crucial in approaching this problem is that we try not to imitate the action of others, but drawing upon our own resources, create something new ourselves. The same spirit which causes us to be lively within structures also allows us to be lively without them.

So although no one can dictate to another precisely how to be lively, he can show us how he is. In this issue of the *Lighter* is a collection of what some lively individuals have done creatively in play, about play, with play, on play, giving us an opportunity to examine play again as a form of liveliness. To play a game, to play a violin, to pantomime, to play dumb is essentially to be lively. As the contributors individually and collectively give an account of their liveliness, they show how *they* conquer dreariness and boredom. And they encourage us to do the same, each in our own creative way.

Marcus Kunz



Berri Townsend

On Bodies, Boredom, Buildings and Other Lifeless Entities

During this year a perennial area of discontent has captured a greater proportion of our attention and has established itself as a primary concern of the university community. The most obvious signs have appeared in the campus newspaper in which issues concerning Valpo's physical atmosphere, the lack of campus social life, and the more individual concern of boredom have been raised and discussed with new fervor. Unfortunately, some (and admittedly I likewise have been tempted) have attempted to dismiss the subject on the basis of an argument that, simply stated, says: "I'm not bored, I don't think this campus is dead, so there is no reason that you should be bored."

That some have been able to involve themselves in meaningful, lively activities is good reason to rejoice. However, their or my satisfaction and resulting callousness does not alleviate, and most likely aggravates, the frustration of the discontent. Although I may find enjoyment in certain activities, that is no guarantee that those activities are satisfactory for someone else, and apparently they are not. Therefore, a problem exists. To ignore the problem, suggesting that Valparaiso's discontent are spoiled, lazy, or unimaginative, is to insure its continued growth. Ostrich-like denial of the problem is characteristic neither of universities nor communities. If then the members of this scholastic institution choose to be either of these two establishments they must commit themselves collectively and individually to tackling the problem that they now realize exists.

Covering the whole spectrum of campus affairs, the problem is multi-faceted. Two facets in particular illuminate the wide-spread influence of this problem and should be examined before the problem itself is stated simply. The first facet, which most likely elicits the greatest concern, is the social life of Valparaiso. Although it is hard to imagine that the social atmosphere is totally satisfactory anywhere, according to Valparaiso's discontent, the problem of a failing social life is particularly acute here, especially since the demise of a very popular and long-standing tradition, "all-campus parties." The remark is frequently heard, "This place is dead!" Although social activities are many and varied, and opportunities open to the individual for entertainment and expression abound, the problem still persists and perplexes. Some social programs never had any life, and after some time, most have lost it; what social life has not died has lost its liveliness. The second facet of the problem concerns the physical atmosphere of the campus, the coldness and sterility of New Campus in particular. In a *Torch* editorial (Nov. 13, 1973) editor-in-chief Ms. Anglemire lamented a gradual migration from Old Campus to "stark barren East Campus. . . a treeless campus with new characterless brick buildings." Her concern is an important one, for something lives in Old Campus that doesn't in New. Whether this life is memories of past events, participation in present ones, or anticipation of future ones, apparently the Old has some life that the New does not have.

Stream of consciousness coffee
spouting off the lips
of very mature children.
And cigarettes
blossoming white fluff
from out of the mouths of babes.
Speaking their collective
wisdom with the unsure words
of halting monotone.
Coming together in a jet stream trail
to practice dancing before
the music comes on.
Watching their words grow
and change
and reverse themselves
when pitted against anything.
Sleeping for only a few hours
to not give any dreams even
the slightest chance of snatching
some time from their brain.
Saying morning prayers for the whole ordeal
to end very fast
and either kill them off
or give them the Boy Scout Badge
for the future.

Kathy Arlt



An Undergraduate's Ode to Autumn

I

Season of tests and studied fruitlessness
 Henchman to the semester new begun,
 Conspiring with him how to spread distress
 With labs among the lads at Gellersen;
 To burden profs with typed-up rhapsodies
 That fill them with revulsion to the core
 To drain the students, fill their shattered shells
 With beer and coffee, cold and fever-spore
 And set to thriving more infirmities
 Until they think malaise will never cease
 As epidemics ravage down the halls.

II

Where are the raucous songs, aye, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy work to do—
 While hard assignments cloud and ruin the day
 And ten-page treatises are falling due;
 Then with a baying howl that shakes the dorm
 The cruder fellows run amok and scoff
 At sleeping roommate's loud, abusive cries;
 The fratrats greet the coeds with their form
 Of valediction; with a booming cough
 Asthmatic neighbors hack their topknots off.
 And crack'ling radios split the ev'ning skies.

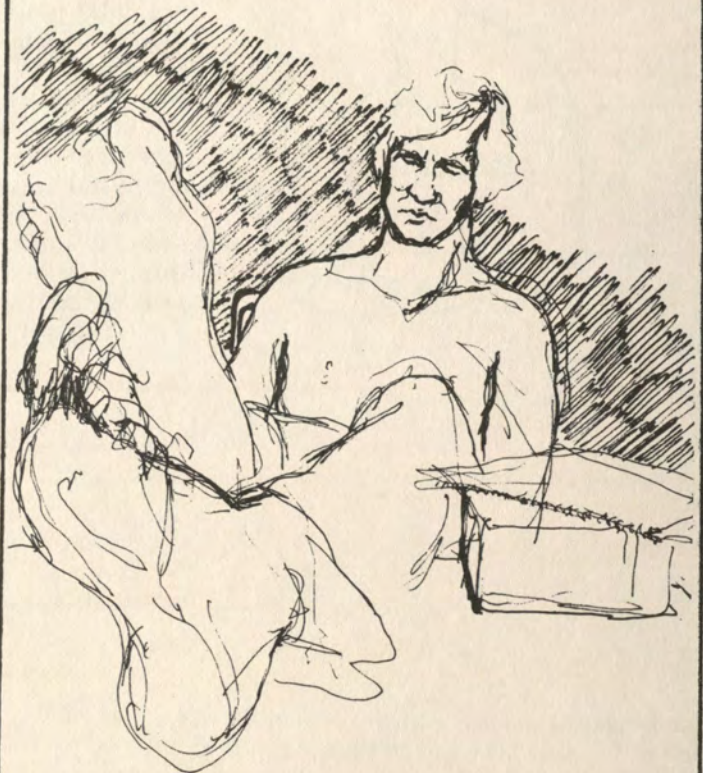
III

Whohathnot seen thee lounging on the floor?
 Or in the union, with a fizzing glass
 Sprawled, talking aimlessly with three or four
 Companions, jaggng, smoking, cutting class;
 Or on a broken sofa, sound asleep
 Drows'd with the fumes of roaches, in a nook
 Beside a bag of withered leaves and flowers?
 And sometimes, perishing from lack of sleep
 Thou drap'st thy aching head across a book;
 Or by a T.V. set with vacant look
 Thou watchest the late movies hours by hours.

Wallace Gunch



Karla Krentz



Karla Krentz

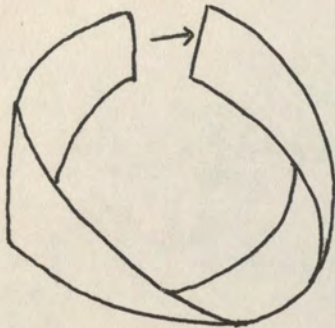


1	48	31	50	33	16	63	18
30	51	46	3	62	19	14	35
47	2	49	32	15	34	17	64
52	29	4	45	20	61	36	3
5	44	25	56	9	40	21	60
28	53	8	41	24	57	12	37
43	6	55	26	39	10	59	22
54	27	42	7	58	23	38	11

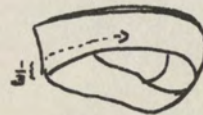
But, perhaps the most fascinating magic square of all is that by mathematician, Leonhard Euler, in which not only is the constant sum 260, and stopping halfway gives 130, but a chess knight in his L-shaped move will hit all 64 boxes in numerical order.

THE MOBIUS STRIP & FRIENDS

*A mathematician confided
That a Mobius band is one-sided.
And you'll get quite a laugh
If you cut one in half,
For it stays in one piece when
divided.*



Another plaything of mathematicians is the Mobius Strip (or one sided piece of paper), discovered by August Ferdinand Mobius in 1858. It is formed by putting a half-twist in a strip of paper before joining the ends. As the limerick above suggests, if you cut the strip down the middle it will stay in one piece. Cutting it one-third of the way from the edge results in two interlocked rings, one half the size of the other, and only one a Mobius Strip itself. Additional fun is produced by putting two half-twists in the strip of paper before joining the ends. This is not a Mobius Strip, but if you cut it in half around the middle you will get two interlocking strips of the same size. If you put three half-twists in the strip before joining the ends, and again cut this in half, you will get one strip—with a knot in it.



These are but a very few of the playthings of mathematicians, but they may give you an idea of the wonder and beauty in a subject most people consider cut and dried. Have fun!

Quotes and examples from:

Mathematics, Life Science Library, Time Incorporated, N.Y.

"Mathematica: A World of Numbers and Beyond" IBM exhibit, Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.

Numbers

"I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only as a boy on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Isaac Newton

Although the games which most mathematicians, like Newton, play are too complex for the comprehension of most mortals, the following are some of the playthings which have intrigued mathematicians and laymen alike for centuries.

Ruth Malm

THE MAGIC SQUARE

Once thought to contain magic powers, the columns, rows, and diagonals of these squares of numbers add to the same figure. Composed of consecutive numbers from one to the number of small squares it contains, a magic square has a constant sum determined by the order of the square (three by three, four by four, etc.)

For a simple three by three square, such as this one, the constant sum must be 15 for each row, column or diagonal. Although the center number must be 5, there are seven other third order squares using these same numbers.

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

The German painter Albrecht Durer included the four by four magic square at the right in his engraving "Melancholia." Not only do the rows, columns, and diagonals of this square add to 34, but so do the middle squares. The two center squares in the last row are the date of the square's creation: 1514.

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

52	61	4	13	20	29	36	45
14	3	62	51	46	35	30	19
53	60	5	12	21	28	37	44
11	6	59	54	43	38	27	22
55	58	7	10	23	26	39	42
9	8	57	56	41	40	25	24
50	63	2	15	18	31	34	47
16	1	64	49	48	33	32	17

Benjamin Franklin created the following magic square in which the constant sum is 260, but stopping half-way gives 130. Also, the four corners of the square, plus the four middle boxes add to 260, and the sum of the numbers in any four-box subsquare is 130.



The Bridge Party
(Judgment on a Sunny Tuesday)

Belladonna sounds the brass,
Cymbals tinkle; cards are passed.
Excited ennui echoes through
A yawning chasm white and vast.

Desdemona bids for slam,
Trembles slightly, tips her glass
Belladonna smiles and waits
The dreadful cosmos-splintering crash.

The music of thespheresis stilled
Apollo's noble steeds must pause
Constance brings the kitchen rag
To wipe-off furry kitten's paws.

Chaos warps back through the rug
The curtains filter in the sun
The world resumes its whirling way
Insidious hour of doom is come.

James R. Looman

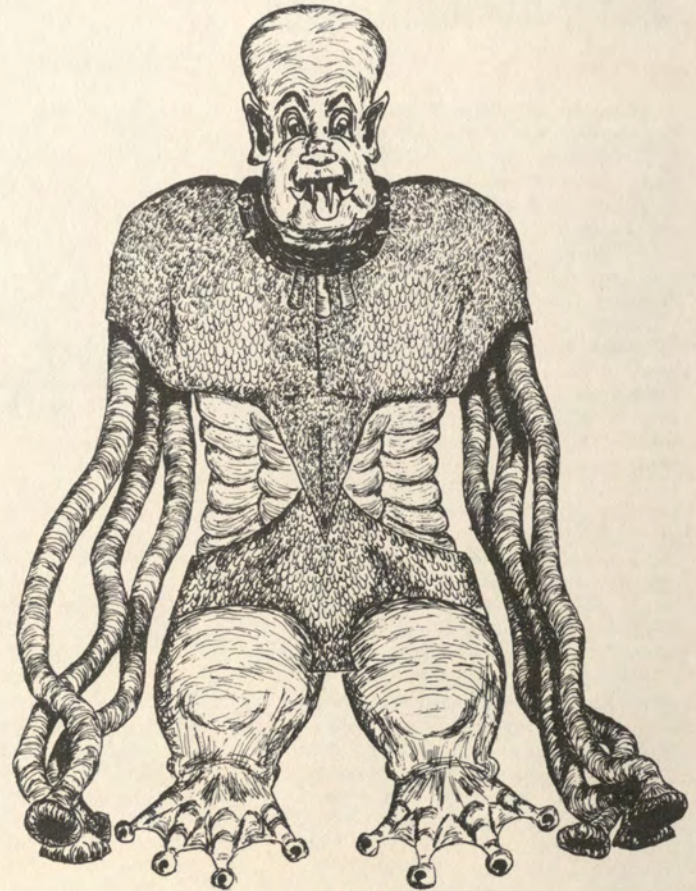


Karla Krentz

Pardon of Punch

“Release him,”
The gross puppet exclaimed.
The laughter rolled high,
No longer restrained.
Harlequin was nervous,
Make up ran thick.
Clowns tripped in the floodlights,
The joker was sick.
The blue-feathered horse
Danced up to ask
How the freed jester
Could refuse his mask.

Jim Wiatrolik



Alice Kern



Of

As our visit at Disney World wore on into day two, we discovered hundreds of ways in which genius and technology had worked together in creating a kingdom of action, color, and amusement. It was an experience in superlatives, for everything was the biggest, most delightful, and most mechanical ever!

Toward the end of our adventure in the Magic Kingdom, I began to notice how my family and I had really gotten accustomed to the routine of Disney-dominated life. We automatically would exit to the right of all displays without even hearing the warm, friendly voice over the intercom gently telling us to do so. At other times, with conditioned expectation, we would pause and wait for the same voice to give specific instructions at each display. After awhile we didn't even consider throwing garbage along the sparkling streets. And after awhile Mickey Mouse seemed to be the chief authority—the veritable ruler!—of the Magic Kingdom.

As I became aware of the contagious Disney consciousness slowly spreading through the visitors to the Kingdom, however, I began to feel like a participant in more than a fantasyland. I began to feel like part of a large experiment. Although we were all there voluntarily, it was frightening to realize how successfully the Disney planners

The

could control and conduct the movements of thousands of people at a time. Images of *1984* and *This Perfect Day* flashed through my mind as I watched people following intercom instructions without question, without ever a break in the time schedules. And it was funny how one could get used to—as we had gotten used to—following prearranged patterns, stopping at the appropriate times for the next batch of instructions. The only things we really had to remember while we were inside the Magic Kingdom were our entrance tickets for attractions and that we had left our car back at “P-L-U-T-O- Five.”

When we were leaving, one person waiting for the monorail with us quite

Club...

adequately described the saturation point at which I had arrived. He said, “If I see another pair of Mickey Mouse ears, I think I’ll scream!” How true! The return trip on the monorail was not nearly as awe-inspiring as the first one had been. By that time I would have loved to just walk backwards in the crowd to momentarily break the efficient flow of people and energy moving to and from the Magic Kingdom. Genius and efficiency had received their glory and accomplished their tasks, but now I longed for something human to happen: forgetfulness, opposition, dissent, anything that would make anyone stand out as an individual from the hordes of people-followers.

I cannot say that I did not enjoy Walt Disney. I did; I enjoyed the laughter, the brilliance of man’s fantasyland creation, and the festivity of the Magic Kingdom. But I could not ignore the frightening feelings I received from the overly-efficient set-up: such accomplishments make so many of the projections for life in 1984 real possibilities.

I tried to quiet my feelings of apprehension, reminding myself that Walt Disney World is only a playground, only a fun place for Americans to escape into a delightful, imaginary world. It *was* fun and it *was* nice to pretend for awhile, but it was also very nice to find our car waiting for us at “Pluto Five” to take us back to the not-so-efficient world “outside.”

Later that evening my fears returned in full force. I read the plans for the completion of Walt Disney World, and discovered that all those empty acres of land will be used to build Disney’s conception of the model community of the future. It will have model industry. People will actually *live* there, participating full-time in Disney consciousness and Disney efficiency.

Disney World is great, but it is a fantasyland that runs on wires and electricity; in many ways it is just an imitation of real, living trees, bears and mice. And to think that the successes of the Magic Kingdom will be used to actually *contribute* to our highly technological society was frightening. I questioned whether participating in such a wide-scale, plan could *really* be classified as “playing.”

And suddenly I was struck with the appalling but vivid realization that Big Brother just may have a pair of very round, large black ears.



Who's

Do we, the men and women of the American industrial society, know how to play? Are there any real festivals in which we participate? Our lives have been analyzed by sociological authorities who have regrettably informed us that, indeed, the American technological man has neither the occasions nor the capabilities to fling himself into festivity.

We listen, frustrated, defensive, searching for evidence to the contrary. For some it has been a fruitful investigation, ending in the contributions of that long-time childhood hero Walt Disney. Who says Americans cannot play, when staggering numbers of our citizens have taken vacations from ordinary behavior by visiting Disneyland and now Walt Disney World? Who says we cannot celebrate life and rejoice in unconventional activity, when adults and children alike whirl with dancing bears, sing with roly-poly dwarfs, and chatter with Mickey Mouse in Disney's playgrounds? For some Walt Disney is all the evidence needed to prove that we can—and do!—express ourselves and our emotions in the contagion of festival release.

During my visit to Walt Disney World in Florida last Christmas, I certainly *did* enjoy immersing myself in Disney delights. My mind and body fairly danced up and down the streets of the Magic Kingdom, playfully encountering anything Disney had created for me. Yet there was something dreadful about Walt Disney World—something which I gratefully escaped as we drove from the massive parking lot. Let me briefly relate my Disney World experience here, and perhaps the reader will then understand why I caution the spread of Disney magic in America.

We gained entrance to the already-fabled fantasyland after a three-hour wait. (Believe it or not, the mammoth playground had been filled to capacity before our arrival.) After leaving our car in line "Pluto Five" of the immense parking facilities, we discovered that we were still several miles from the Magic Kingdom. We listened absentmindedly as a neat little all-American style usher gently reminded us to remember we were parked in "Pluto Five, now that's P-L-U-T-O Five." Then we were monorailed quickly, efficiently from our location to the actual gates of the popular playground. I was thrilled with the amazing fact that, although there were literally hundreds of

The

people arriving at Disney World at the same time, nobody had to wait more than a few minutes to find his way through the maze of aisles and ushers before boarding the monorail. I remember thinking appreciatively about how smoothly everything was conducted.

That was just the beginning of the wonders awaiting us. We looked around attentively as the monorail zipped past the Polynesian Village resort area, the small lake area, shrubs that looked like Mary Poppins and circus animals, and straight through the center of a huge, pre-fabricated hotel. I had been under the impression that Disney World consisted simply of the Magic Kingdom play area; I had been greatly mistaken! There were acres and acres of surrounding land, and I wondered for what possible purpose did Disney want all that ground around the Magic Kingdom. . . . But then we arrived, and I forgot such questions when I hit the colorful barrage of the Kingdom.

Technical marvels, delightful buildings, and an air of festivity pervaded all as soon as we arrived inside the magic gates. And they were indeed magic, for the whole real world was denied right before our very eyes. Our escapade began through its immaculately clean (another wonder!) streets.

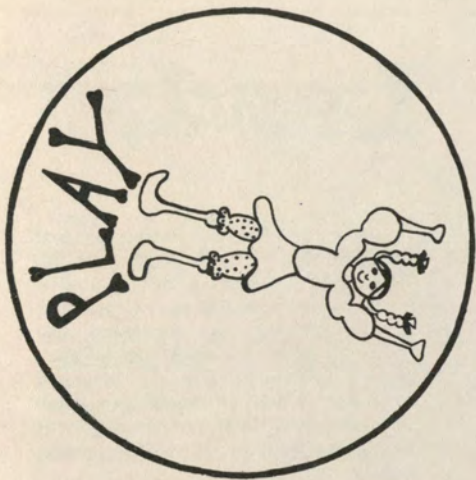
We stared at the diagram map with bewilderment. Where do you begin? The Dancing Bear Jamboree became first on our list, so we started out for the Frontierland division of the Kingdom. We waited a long time to get inside, for the line threaded through two whole rooms of zig-zagging pathways leading to the Jamboree theater. Take one step. . . pause for a minute. . . take two steps. . . pause. . . just before we ducked inside, I looked back at the mile of people track behind us still, being threaded up to the gate. . .



Leader

The Jamboree was whimsical and entertaining, as life-like bears sang and joked with us for about twenty minutes. I couldn't help marvel at the technical genius needed to construct such creatures. When the show was finished, another usher's voice gently instructed us to exit to the right so the next batch of participants could spill in from the thread maze to the left of the theater. (How efficient!)

We moved on to the Swiss Family Robinson Tree House and new wonders. There, standing right in the middle of Disney World, was the strongest, most beautiful tree imaginable—and you really had to examine it to determine that it wasn't a natural, growing tree. We followed the pathway in and out of the tree's branches, poking at all the curious features of its construction and almost forgetting to check out the Robinsons' house. Leaves covered the bark-like branches—simply covered them—and I tried to imagine a brigade of workers wiring each individual leaf to the right place on the right limb. It was a comical scene. Designing a tree that could withstand 200 people at a time marching in and out among its branches was truly an engineering feat! We finally descended to the right of the structure so that, of course, the line to the left could continue ascending.



Lighter