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Valparaiso University

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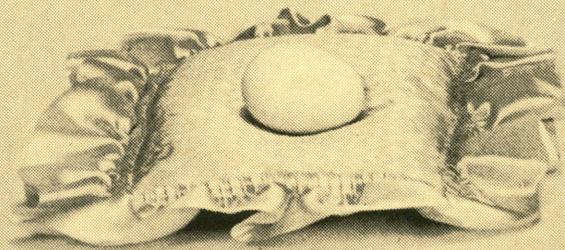
THE LIGHTER

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1964



Retire already ?



Not exactly! Forty years may seem a long way off but it comes in a flash for most. Some never make it. To take part of the fuss out of the future, more and more young people get their folks to set up basic life insurance programs which guarantee retirement comfort and peace of mind — when you want it. Sure, you've got a lifetime of work

to do, fortunes to make, places to see. But, no other asset can match good health and future earning power. Life insurance protects people against the loss of either. At your age, good health and low rates make buying income protection and retirement planning insurance a solid deal. And, the Special Difference makes AAL the best deal.

AID ASSOCIATION FOR LUTHERANS • APPLETON, WISCONSIN



THE LIGHTER

*the literary-humor magazine
of Valparaiso University*

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Off the Wall



THIS is an angry editorial. It is written by angry young editors who have been waiting for two whole months for their big chance to protest. Furthermore, some holy precedent dictates that this gentle protest shall be directed against the ADMINISTRATION. (Yes, President Kretzmann, this is "one of those" editorials. "Administration" may mean the purchasing agent of the University, or you. The latter is highly probable—but we're not really sure.) We strongly advocate the right of every college student to be collegiate. We further believe that bicycles are very collegiate. This contention is supported by the many stories our cool friends who attend eastern Ivy League schools have told us about bicycles and THE IMAGE. On this campus (and we realize that we are special and have a unique Christian atmosphere), we have noted and felt concern about the larger ratio of faculty (Administration) bicycles compared to student-owned vehicles. This is a very disturbing fact. College students, even on a Christian campus, have the inherent right to be collegiate. It is expected of us by our little brothers and sisters who are seniors in high school and worship our coolness, and by our mothers who supply us with such neat clothes as madras burmudas and sportcoats. It is expected of us to act collegiate, because after all, "if you don't treat us like adults, how can you expect us to act like adults." Therefore, we should stand on our rights (or heads) to get our point across. We want equal rights to bicycles. Furthermore, we don't want discrimination as to where we can park them. If we have a class in Heritage Hall, we want to be able to park our bikes in the parking lot of the Faculty

Club. It's silly not to be able to do that. All that space going to waste when so many more bikes could be parked effectively and safely in the Faculty Club bicycle lot. This of course also would entail our having the right to enter the Faculty Club to look for a professor or administration member in case our bicycle clips got mixed up. And while we were there, we might as well stop for a coke and a cigarette.

* * * * *

POGO: Hey, do you know what's yellow and purple and yellow and purple and purple and yellow and purple?

JEEP: No.

POGO: A banana, working nights as a grape.

* * * * *

Overheard at a summer art exhibit in Boston, Massachusetts: One seersucker suit to a madras shirt-waist dress admiring a modernistic fiberglass sculpture of the three Muses: "You know, I like that. I really LIKE that. You know why? It's modern . . . and, well, sort of grapey too."

* * * * *

LOVE AND SQUALOR

We have noted a considerable amount of squalor from the student body against rules and regulations governing social conduct on campus. Such complaints as "These damn one o'clock hours on weekends . . . at home we could always stay out until three," and "I just don't see why twenty-one year old women can't live in apartments" are frequently overheard. Therefore, without saying another word about it, may we present the following from the 1931 edition of the *Valparaiso Student Handbook*.

1. *Valparaiso University is a co-educational institution. It is therefore inevitable that men and women students meet one another in the class room and on the campus. The University expects all students in their social intercourse with one another to conduct themselves in a manner becoming Christian men and women. Students who deport themselves otherwise will be placed on final probation, and in case of non-improvement, will be expelled from the University.*

2. *No woman student shall have more than two, and no Freshman woman student more than one date per week.*

3. *Gentlemen callers may be received in the Reception Room of Altruria Hall on Saturday and Sunday evening from 7:30 until 10:00 o'clock. Upon the occasion of such visits, proper decorum must at all times be observed on the part of both men and women. Students who become guilty of any form of misconduct or any undue familiarity will be denied the privilege of calling or receiving callers, and will be dealt with by the Dean of Students.*

4. *Girls who so far forget the proprieties of college women as to visit gentlemen's rooming houses unchaperoned will be dismissed from the University.*

In a section under the heading of "The Use of Automobiles," we found the following:

The University cannot permit the promiscuous riding in automobiles of men and women students, and if any trips are contemplated by students of both sexes the proper arrangements for chaperonage must first be made with the Dean of Students.

We came across the following personal ad in the (*Vidette-Messenger*) the other day: "I WILL NOT BE responsible for any debts contracted by any other than myself. DAVID S. HITESMAN, JR."

* * * * *

On an otherwise relatively eventful Tuesday afternoon, October 13th, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty four, it stopped being 11:15 in the student union cafeteria. We salute the Union and its officials for their prudence in keeping up with the times.

From the window of our offices we watched "Penny," the St. Bernard belonging to the men of Theta Chi fraternity, make her way back to the house one late October afternoon. She was obviously anxious to get home in time for dinner and therefore decided on a short-cut across the grass between Guild Hall and the Union. She was stopped however by the small, light turquoise and white sign on which was printed: PLEASE DO NOT DRIVE OR WALK ON NEW SOD. Having read this, Penny looked around in several directions, saw a faculty member approaching, tucked her tail between her hind legs, and ambled casually down the legal sidewalk.

A sign we observed over the entrance of a Valparaiso bar during the month of September:

WELCOME FROSH —
NO MINORS ALLOWED

* * * * *

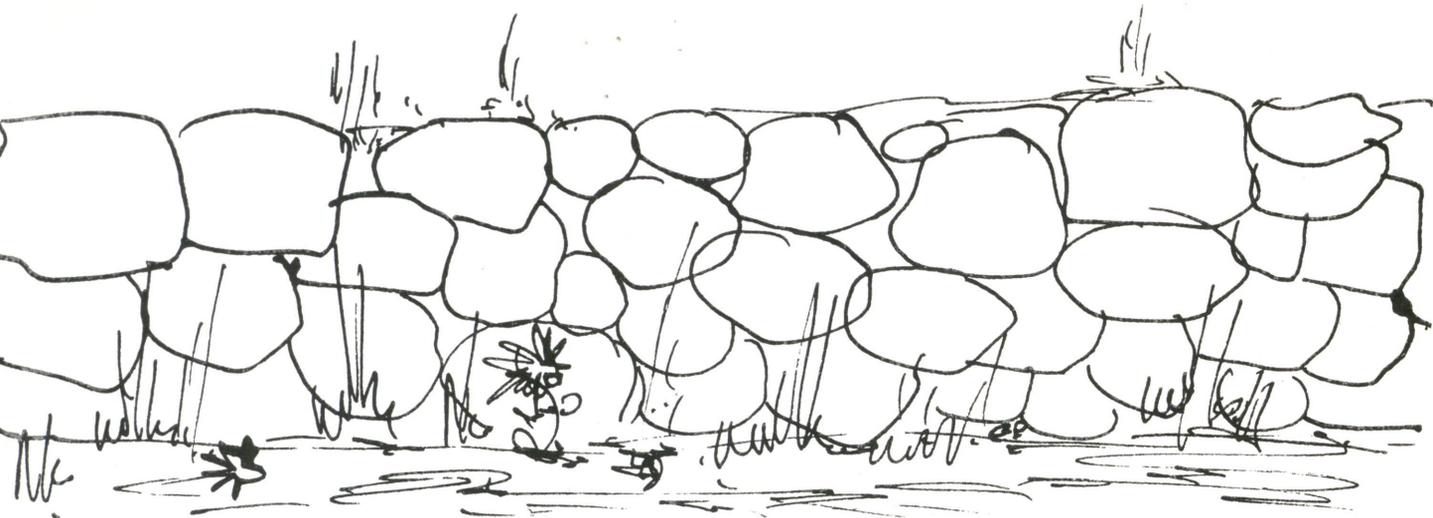
POGO: Why does an elephant ride a tricycle?

JEEP: I dunno. How come, pray, tell?

POGO: Because he is too poor to afford a new sport-plum.



Participation with the proper guidance will give the student the chance to develop many sound qualities and attitudes which cannot be taught as such in the classroom.



To Mother

Mother, this is for you. I don't know how you do it, which is perhaps why you sometimes make such unreasonable demands, so I'll tell you and whoever else reads this something.

I don't know what it is about little children, but they are the gargantuan blight, the plague of our society. And there is a good possibility that my two younger sisters may be even worse. They ravage my placidity; they are the four horsemen in two. They are Thing One and Thing Two of the *Cat in the Hat*, recognizing no one's authority but a parent's (and often not even that); they are, in short, ungrateful, ego-centric imps. I, however, am wise; I mind my own business. It seemed an unwritten agreement, on my part anyway, that they and I ignore each other during this particular vacation. I don't suppose they ever thought about the arrangement as such; but then they never thought about anything.

You see, I was in my Elysian Fields, the essence of tranquility, reading one of those scarce, searing pieces of contemporary literature, and listening to a Waltham FM hour of the world's finest music,

sponsored by Storkheim, the store dedicated to attiring the woman for leisurely waiting. How ironic! I descended from Elysium just long enough to reflect how thoughtful it was of someone to conceive such a store for insuring a last added happiness to expectant mothers, because once the screaming ravager emerged, it was too bad, and too late. I descended a little further to reflect how utilitarian and clever of someone to do this, knowing full well there would be pregnant women until Judgment Day. I would never seek fulfillment in this mundane manner. No one would ever catch me in a Storkheim store or any other store sporting similar apparel. Gratefully I returned to my momentarily broken bliss.

Suddenly my mother's ominous voice beckoned from the kitchen, cruelly wresting me from my peace. There is nothing wrong with Mother, except more often than not she makes unreasonable demands.

"Judith, oh Judith!"

Oh Judith, now what? Even the sunlight which streamed so gloriously through the bedroom window was shattered. "Judith, why don't you answer me?"

"Yes, ma'am," I returned.

"Why don't you take the children into town and get them ice cream cones?"

"Which children?" I asked (as if I didn't know); "can't Fred and Lorraine go in by themselves?"

Fred and Lorraine are seventeen and twelve respectively, and a sad plight it would be if they couldn't make it to the ice cream parlor unchaperoned.

"You know what I'm talking about," she answered shortly; "you never spend any time with your little sisters. And if you don't start behaving I'm going to tell your father. What's the matter with you anyway?"

My youngest sisters, Margot and Debbie, are eight and six respectively. I, myself, am twenty, and if I don't behave she is going to tell my father! My whole body and mind rebelled as I pushed the desk chair back and walked to the kitchen.

She went on as though nothing had happened, not knowing what she had destroyed, "And while you're there you can get French bread, lettuce, and some notebook paper for Lorraine."

She stopped peeling potatoes at the sink to give me some money and cautioned me to hold their hands. Hold their hands, indeed! I walked out the front door and watched the Italian stone masons cementing the stone wall in our front yard. The little one was quick and knotty-muscled, with a Marmoset face. The large one was apish, with a ham face and a dumb jaw. He did the heavy work, wheeling the stones from side to front.

"Eh, Joe," the little one called, "we needa' some more shipsa'."

"Ah, more shipsa', by Goda, by Goda'. Always you wanta' some more shipsa'. Well I tella' somethin', I hope tomorrow Stivaletta don't have no more damn' shipsa'," he grumbled, loading the barrow and lumbering back.

With profuse idiot gestures they swore violently at each other in Italian for awhile. Margot and Debbie came racing around the side of the house, the nose-y, blood-thirsty urchins. I thought to myself how convenient if the masons would start throwing their chips, but immediately subdued this idea for something far better.

I called out, "Hey Margot and Debbie, do you want to go to the Square?"

"No, we want to play," Margot answered.

"How do you know Debbie wants to play?" I needed. "She can come with me, and you can stay here *all* by yourself."

Debbie returned, "I want to play with Margot."

"Well you can't," I answered, "you have to go to the Square with me. Mom said so, and besides that you have to hold my hands."

"Aw', c'mon," begged Margot.

"You heard me," I said.

Debbie brightened a little, then asked, "Do we get cones?"

"No, you'll ruin your dinner," I answered with some pleasure.

I started off holding their sticky hands as required. I warned that they'd better behave or else I'd tell when we got home, but the warning was totally ignored. My two fiendish charges wanted to go the High Street way, but I told them they couldn't because I was going the Wampatuck way, and that they wouldn't get to hold my hands if they went the oth-

were playing basketball on a gym floor. One prisoner waved from the window, so Margot and Debbie waved in return.

I caught their arms and said, "Don't wave at the prisoners. Do you want to be kidnapped? . . . Fat chance," I added after reflection.

"They don't hurt you," Margot retorted, and proceeded to wave at another inmate who was working an early circle garden before the prison keeper's home.

Next on our right was the Dedham founders' cemetery, guarded by a low stone wall. Here lay the first Dedham bluebloods. The two gremlins scrambled to the top of the stone wall, and laughingly passed the revered dead, some of whom boasted stones dating from the 1600's. These were the Dedham founders; there were a scant few stones dated after 1900, and certainly there was no room for more unless you were born in the late 1600's or died filthy rich. These two wall-walkers were no respectors of the dead. So I grabbed the wall in front of Debbie and shook it with all my might, saying that if she didn't hold on, I'd shake her off. Of course the wall didn't budge, but her eyes widened; she

er way. They tugged and tore at my arms, one straining forward, the other lagging behind until with some personal relief I released them at the end of Wampatuck. We turned down Dexter and Margot and Debbie began to chase a large, reddish, long-haired dog.

"Leave it alone," I warned, "or else it will bite your arm off."

"Not Sam," Debbie answered, "he's friendly, see?"

"Well you're getting too far ahead, and a car might come."

Margot frowned quizzically and answered, "So what?"

"Don't you even care if you get run over?" I asked, but they paid no attention.

What a walk that could have been. One tall wooden frame house followed another with a miniature stone mansion every once in a while, and vines covered whole sides of houses. The neighborhood breathed a homey propriety. At the Endicott house a barking dog followed us down the fence. Soon to the left was the county jail which looked like a castle with barred church windows and crenelated walls. Through these upper windows you could hear the prisoners who sounded like they

Pietá:1964

dawn, and
 Two bodies moldering in a vietnamese Jungle—
 a yank and a viet cong. between them a Lily grows, her
 Pungency mingling with their putrifaction:
 lacrimal dew dripping from her
 Whiteness
 and
 maternal leaves in morning coolness caress their
 rotting Flesh. the Lily keeps a silent wake over
 her children—(they are brothers of her
 Seed).
 a vietnamese
 Pietá.

Steven Borchardt

crouched and grasped the wall. I smiled with glee. They walked the wall to the limit, and then took their time climbing down.

To the left was the town's library. It was a quaint stone structure, just lacking in enough books to do much research. Margot announced she was going to the library.

"What for?" I demanded. "You haven't even read the books you checked out this week."

"I have to go to the bathroom," she answered.

"So don't I," said Debbie.

"Well you can just wait until we get home. You didn't have to go before."

"But I can't wait," Margot whined, "I have to go now."

"All right," I answered, "but I'll only give you two minutes, one for you and one for Debbie. And if you're not out by then I'm coming in to get you."

"So?" Margot returned.

We crossed the street, and I sat on the library steps for about fifteen minutes before they came out giggling stupidly.

"You certainly took your time, didn't you?" I scolded, but they didn't hear a word, not those two. "What if I left you?"

"We know the way home," Debbie assured me.

Straight ahead was the corner to town, a short half block which we walked without distraction. Though there was little traffic I held their arms when we crossed the main street. When we reached the other side they quickly withdrew, glad to run, and play like they were going to cross the small intersection.

"If you kids wouldn't scribble on Lorraine's notebook paper all the time we wouldn't have to buy so much," I complained as we entered the paper store.

"What'll you have?" the man asked.

"Two-ring notebook paper," I answered.

Debbie stopped me, "No, she gets three-ring."

"O.K., three ring. I suppose you ought to know; you scribble on it enough."

Next we went to the meat store to get the French bread.

"Hi there," the meat man greeted

the two urchins who ran in ahead of me. "I see your older sister is home again for a while," he winked at me.

"She *sure* is," Margot returned.

Embarrassed, I bought my long loaf of French bread, then left. The two kids were wildly swinging around in the way to deCastigelione's fruit and vegetable store. A flying arm struck and broke the loaf which I had tucked under my arm.

"Now look what you've done, you brats!" I menaced.

"We're sorry," Debbie apologized.

"I'll bet you are," I answered. "You'd better believe you'd catch it for this, but it wouldn't do to be seen striking my siblings in Dedham Square," I breathed to myself.

The purchase of the lettuce head was completed as quickly as possible. Margot and Debbie became finally silent. We started back up the street, and I stopped them outside Wardle's Drugs.

I asked curtly, "Do you want cones?"

They stood a moment, motionless and unbelieving. Their eyes and mouths opened wide.

"Oh really, Judes!" Margot exclaimed and added without malice, "Do you think it will ruin our dinner?"

I couldn't reply.

"I want chocolate," Debbie announced.

"Vanilla for me," stated Margot.

We entered Wardle's, and while I ordered they climbed the bar stools and began to spin. Soon they were greedily licking their cones and making plans for a new hide-out. Suddenly Margot stopped. With an uncommonly serious expression, a few streams of vanilla on her chin and a dab on her nose, she faced me.

Her little girl's pure gratitude broke through me, "Gee, Judy, thanks a lot."

"Yeah," Debbie added, "do you want a lick?"

"No thanks, Deb," and somehow I could only ask if they liked their cones.

They nodded vigorous assent, and more chocolate and vanilla dribbled down their chins. I watched them silently, thinking how it wasn't my idea and wishing it were. I needed balance so asked them to hurry up

so we wouldn't be late for something. They each wished to take an arm when we left, a rather awkward arrangement with all my afternoon's purchases.

"Can I hold the lettuce?" Margot offered.

"And can I carry the paper?" asked Debbie.

I distributed my load, and we started home that way, Margot cradling the head of lettuce in her elbow, Debbie swinging the three-ring paper and probably wishing she had a pencil, and I with the broken French bread, which looked like an obtuse angle, tucked under my arm.

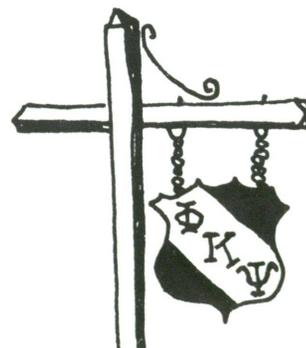
Debbie turned her face up and ventured, "Hey, Judes, will you do 'Jabberwocky' like you used to when we get home?"

Ah Mother, you should see me doing "Jabberwocky." I have done an extravagant rendition of the poem several times every vacation since I first memorized it, and each time these two were delighted, more so than I, I confess.

"Of course I will," I promised.

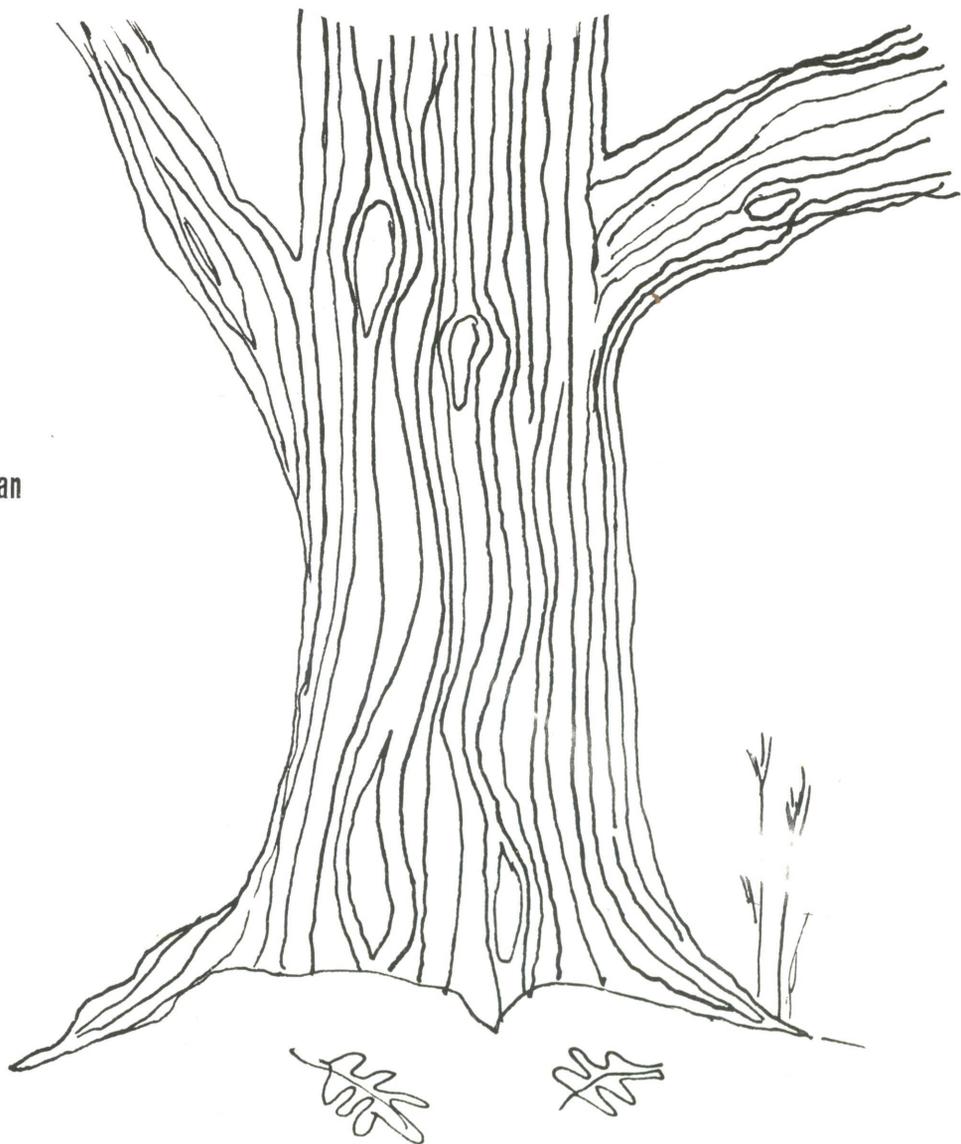
A delighted thank you, and carefully avoiding the once-broken loaf, they squeezed me as hard as little arms can. Then they danced ahead of me, themselves reciting "Jabberwocky," and imitating my interpretation almost to perfection. Now I ask you, who can really understand them? Perhaps only others like them. Mom, you are wise. You understand; you grew up with each of us. But now I too know that there is something . . . something about little children . . . that is about you . . . that however great the amount of labor, tears, pain and tolerance required, does not shatter like a dreamer's dream, and if only for its certainty, is more valuable than anyone's and everyone's Elysium.

* * * * *



THE COUNCIL OAK

Old and weary
The great oak sprawls,
Its arms supported
And a great incision in its side,
The marks of age and God,
The gaping wound has now been filled by man
And the branches wired in peculiar stance,
But whispering leaves upon each branch
Will testify to its continued growth;
In spite of gnarled and bulging joints,
It stands secure though changed—
Not now as strong
But honored still.
In the shelter
Of this giant tree,
The love of peoples has been shown.
An offering, a share of peace,
And a tranquil rest within protective shade
Are there for all who search.
Rows of monuments that now surround
Preserve the memories of countless dead
That life once knew;
But the Council Oak lives on in quietude,
Though just outside the open gates
Hectic harried hurrying people
Rush past their beautiful lives in time—
To death.



The child scrambled through the sand
To the foaming water's edge,
Splashed knee-deep, and stopped,
Skirts clenched above her knees.
She scans the sky, a flickering seer
Swollen with silent thunders,
As snow-tossed ridges pass knee-deep
Then fall away in shaded hollows,
As waves climb slowly
Up the beach,
Their tiny fingers
Reaching—reaching—
then
falling
back
To ceaseless
Gentle hushes.
She turns,
And woman looks on man,
A shirt
Gleaming patiently above the sand.
She hesitates,
Then struggles through reluctant waves
To step into the arms of now.

Two Poems

Kathy Behrenbruch

Feature Poetry

Mr. Hamod, a member of Valparaiso University faculty, is in the Speech and Drama department. The influence of modern poets as well as his Arabic background is evident in his poetry. M. Hamod's extensive travels in the Near East have enabled him to effectively capture the colors and moods of Lebanon in his poetry. His modern and more impressionistic poetry has a softer mood and gives fleeting glimpses of the color and emotion of life.

TAKING THE AIR

What I want to say

is an old woman

in a black dress

with a white shawl and veil,

sitting behind an old man,

in a grey coat and baggy black pants,

with a face softened by a white beard,

and capped with a bright red fez —

sitting atop a donkey,

smiling . . .

as they go to take the air.

Rabbit Track Hunting

We went rabbit track hunting

with his drippy nose,

my son and I,

and red boots, holding my hand—

with all its mixed metaphors

as clean as Prokofieff's trumpets in spring.

After the War

This morning's quiet rain

has eased the mind of the tiger,

keeping mud soft

for the toes of sensuous women

and watered the grass that grows on my white head.

Abstraction on Senility or Time

In my somnolence, senility lies

openly — as if eating peaches in summer,

and the dreams are of lost places

and gyrating spiders —

all in a loose brain,

playing.

copyright 1964
PROF. H. S. HAMOD

AFTER THE MOSLEM DEFEAT IN SPAIN

Under the hot syrian sun

that has browned my soul

and seared my blood with fire,

I have seen you,

in these brown hills,

spotted white and covered valleys of green,

I have seen you in the bandit camels,

in the strutting trbukee dance,

then straining at letters that tell of defeat in Spain,

the rout of Granada, betrayed by your brother in Seville,

routed past the rock of Tarik

and into the sea.

And now I see your son before me,

your grapes his dried bread,

your silks his ragged cotton,

your running fountains his warm water

and your red apples,

hollow and bitter after dreams.

Copyright, 1964.



O V E R S N O W

A n I n t r o d u c t i o n

For the typical Midwesterner, whose geographic experience has been limited to the unbroken expanse of the Great Plains, mountain climbing evokes impressions of high adventure and drama. Out of his dim recollections of a few hurriedly read magazine articles come memories of weary, bearded he-men, triumphantly thrusting their beflagged ice-axes into the frigid atmosphere surrounding a precipitous Himalayan summit. Or he may recall pictures of rock gymnasts, burdened with inhuman loads of specialized equipment, inching their way up sheer rock faces with an excruciating care.



A N D R O C K

t o M o u n t a i n e e r i n g

Richard Nehring

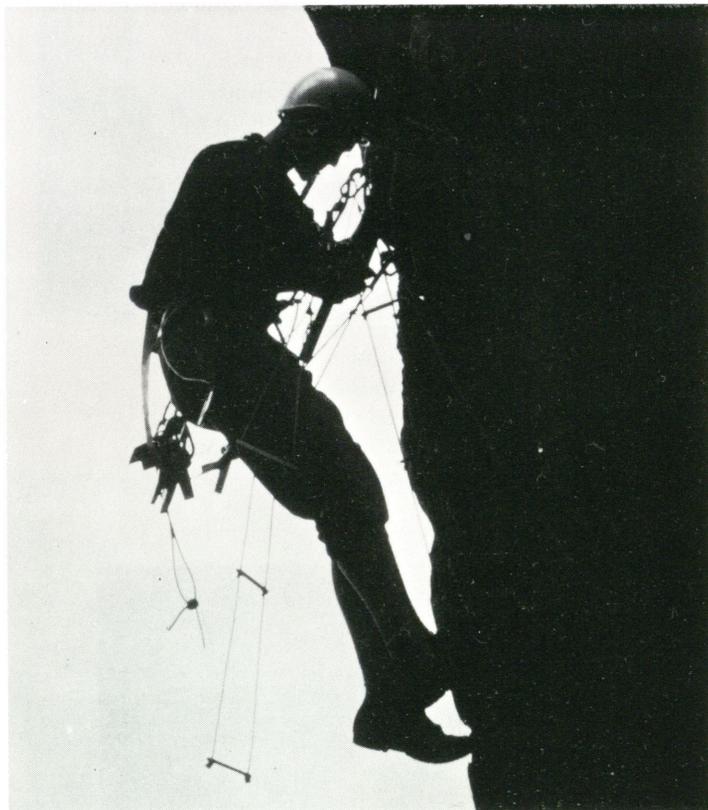
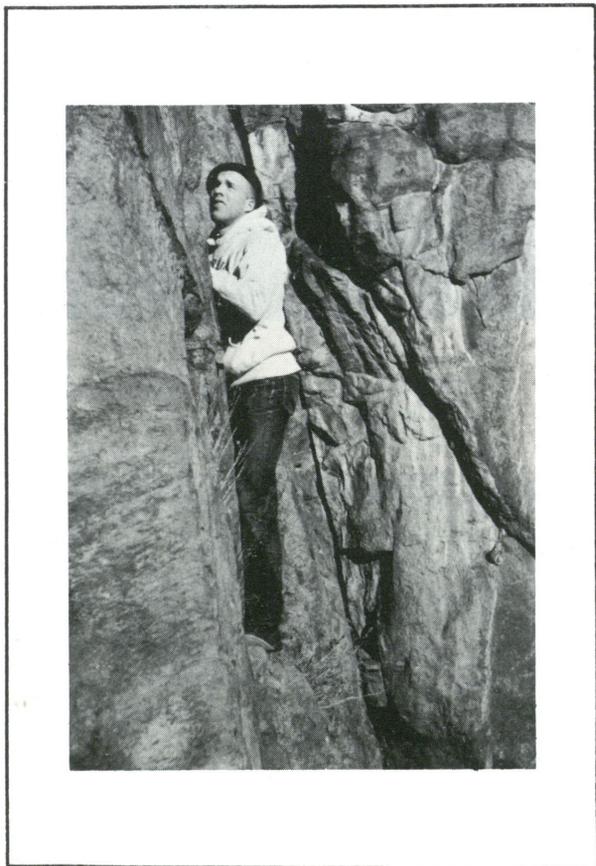
At the risk of destroying the status which adheres to my claim of being a mountain climber, I will assert the climbing is neither that esoteric nor that difficult. Notwithstanding the few climbers who make headlines, get knighted, and the like, most climbers never get lost in howling blizzards, never make dramatic first ascents, and never have to extricate themselves from the confines of an overlooked crevasse. Nevertheless, they still heartily enjoy their climbing, even with the sore muscles, blisters, and drained lungs which it normally entails. For climbing, as a unique expression of the human spirit, exercises a near narcotic effect on the mountaineer, promoting within him the irrepressible desire to return, even after ego-and-bone-shattering falls and defeats.



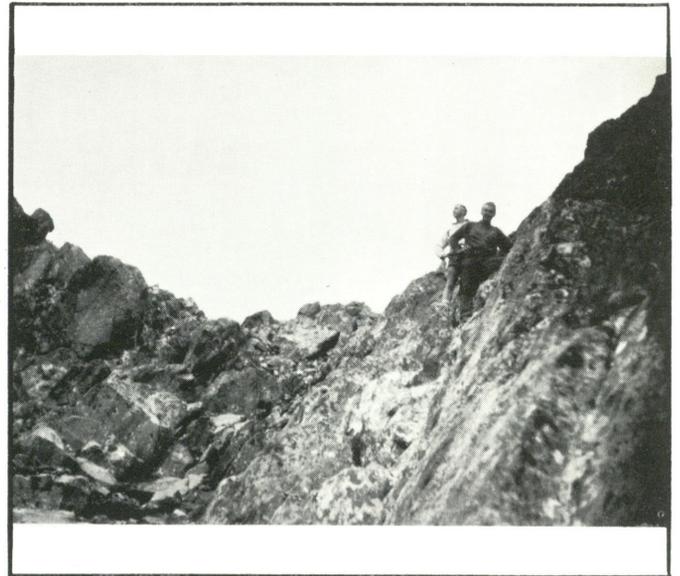
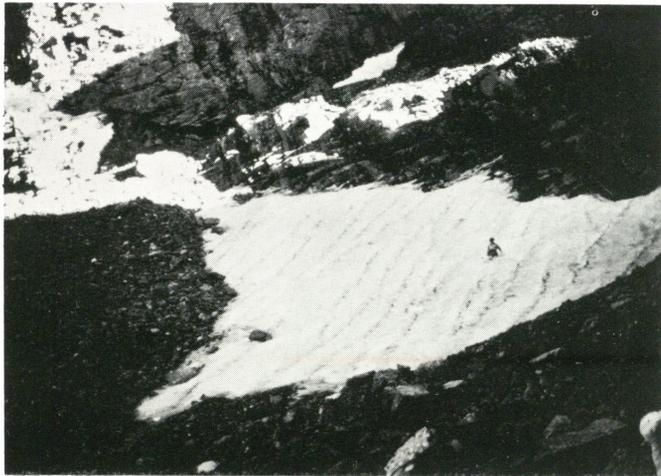
"Well," one may exclaim, "this explanation of the mountaineering mystique tells me absolutely nothing about how to go climbing. How does one ever begin?" To this, the most direct, accurate answer is simply . . . "Start walking." Depending on the terrain, this can vary from an easy traverse over an alpine meadow to scrambling over a jagged boulder field to painstakingly trudging up a stairway-like ravine. Sooner or, most likely, later, one will ultimately reach the summit with an exhausted sigh of welcome relief.



For those who are really gung-ho though, such an elementary way of ascent can soon be left behind. Here you begin with free climbing, using only hands and feet to haul yourself up. After a few close brushes with disaster, you will willingly switch to roped climbing, grasping for the welcome security of that 7/16" nylon. The real enthusiast then graduates to technical climbing, using pitons, carabiners, bolts, stirrups, ascenders, and all of the other ingenious equipment which glory-hungry, safety-fixated mountaineers have created.

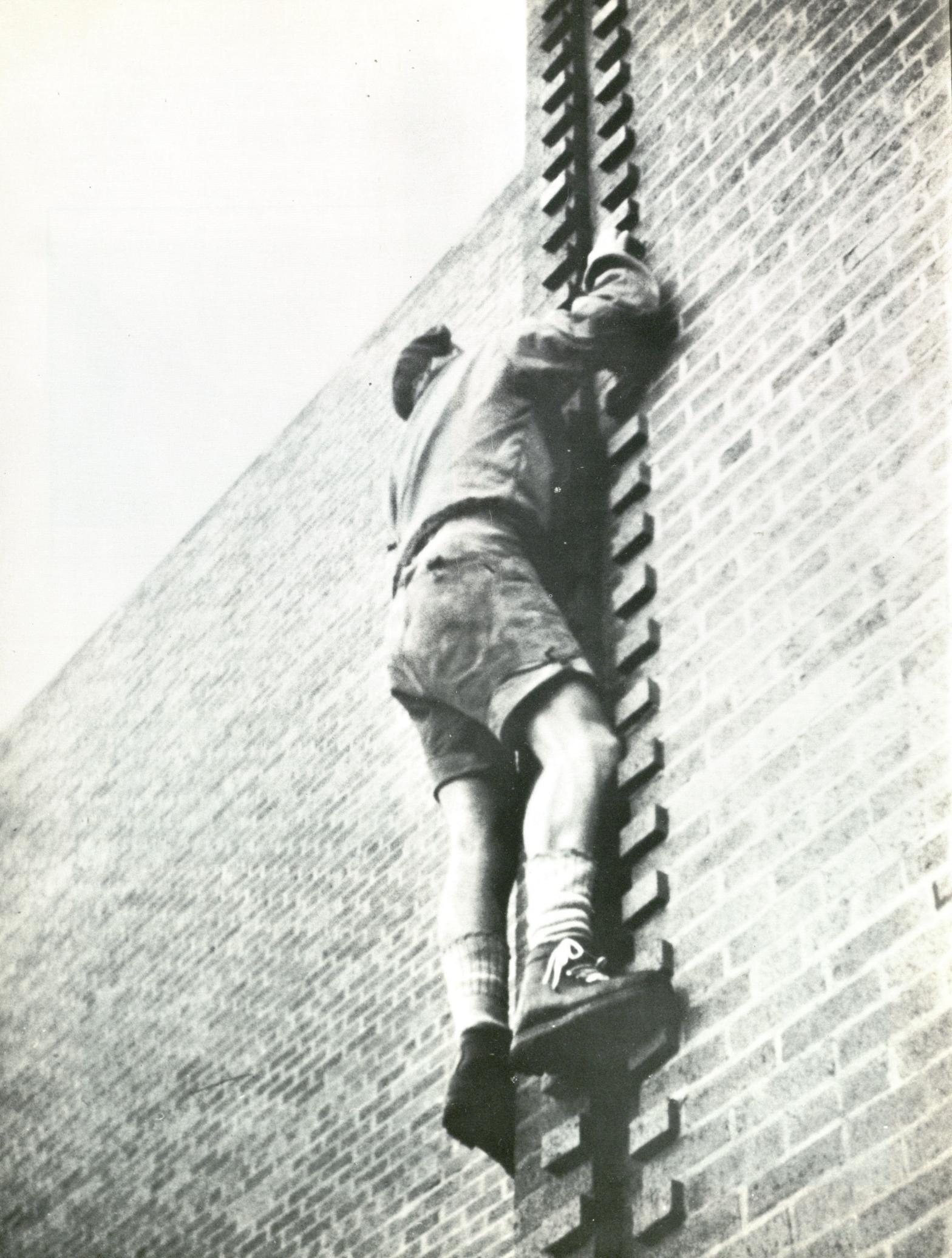


The mountaineer's moment of exaltation comes when he reaches the summit. Regardless of how he has attained it, this one moment makes all the rope burns, bruises, wrung-out lungs, and miscellaneous curses of the ascent worthwhile. After a quick grab into his summit pack for that last chocolate bar, he will then pose in a heroic stance, calculated to impress all of his non-climbing friends back home. After writing his pithy comments into the summit register, he can then enjoy the breath-taking vista unfolded before him.



But he who goes up also likes to get back down. Like the ascent, the descent can range from easy walking to laboriously picking one's way over a broken, stratified rock face. For those who desire a swifter descent, sliding down snowbanks is a most exhilarating, though uncomfortably damp, way of doing so. For the dyed-in-the-wool mountaineer, nothing here can ever surpass rappelling. One experience of this spectacular, terrifying, and surprisingly safe method of descent is enough to make the most hard-nosed skeptic into an ardent devotee of mountaineering.

The essence of the spirit of mountaineering lies in the fact that the climber is never totally satisfied with any one climb. Each is only a step, a step toward new and greater challenges which the climber is ever seeking. And, inquisitive souls as they are, they find these in the most unusual places.



HORSE AND SHORT STUFF

J. H. Scholz

Horse

Hortense stood in the shower on one foot, crane fashion, watching the water drip from her chin, chanting an Indian rain dance in an obtuse monotone. It was a relic of Horse's (as she was affectionately known to her intimate acquaintances) (()) earlier days as a baton twirler in Wild Jack's Medicine Show. At the moment the chant was gratifying, and she whooped it up, shifting legs ever so often to make sure all her toenails were clean. Just as she had begun picking the lint out of her navel someone pounded emphatically on the door and fiercely bellowed, "Sonuvagun, who's in the idiot shower?"

Horse let out a war whoop and continued picking her navel intently.

"Well get the heck out a there forcrimineysakes" the voice roared.

"Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh," Horse muttered, completely absorbed in a gray piece of lint caught under her index finger.

"Whatscha doin' anyway forcrimineysakes?" the voice whined.

"Nothin'." Horse looked abstractly up from her clean navel and glanced at the letter she had taped to the outside of the shower door earlier. It had neatly arrived just that morning from Kow (her sister, also a relic of Wild Jack's Medicine show) (()) (Kow was undoubtedly the best baton twirler Horse had ever seen) (()) (and Horse admired her immensely for it, as did everyone else). Horse and Kow were one time the darling twirlers of the circuit. Carefully Horse read Kow's letter through the bumpy shower door glass:

"HORSE DARLING,
IT IS RAINING OUT SIDE.
I THINK LIFE IS GREAT. I
MEAN IT'S REAL.
YOUR LOVING SISTER,
KOW"

Horse read the letter over a second time, shifting legs, then a third and a fourth. Then she leaned her forehead against the wall opposite the dripping shower and contemplated its total significance, glancing once or twice at it out of the corner of her huge round eyes, just in case. Horse watched the water run down her arms and drip off her finger tips hanging limply in front of her. It was one of the things she usually did when she was contemplating in the shower.

"Well are ya coming out or aren't ya forcrimineysakes." Horse ignored the fury in favor of meditation, shut her huge round eyes and let the shower beat monotonously on her back. "Sonuvagun, I'm comming in to shave" the voice announced. Horse's father walloped the door three times more, just in case, and then bounded into the bathroom. "What's that forcrimineysakes?" he screeched as he peered myopically at the sterile paper taped to the shower door.

"Nothin'" Horse muttered, letting the shower drip on her neck.

"Oh." As he always did, Wild Jack turned abruptly and romped over to the medicine chest. He put some whipped cream on his face and

started scratching at it with his slightly rusty razor, making a gigantic O in the mirror with his mouth. As he simultaneously ran water over the razor and took a drag of his cigarette he asked "Whatcha doin' Horse?" He balanced the half-finished cigarette on the rim of the sink, pulled his chin up to his nose, and started to scratch again.

"Dryin' my armpits, if it's all right."

"Sure. Don't let me stop you." Wild Jack gurgled. It was his kind of joke. In fact he gurgled constantly because life was simply funny.

"Really, Jack, I have to get outa here. I mean now," Horse mumbled as she dried her ears.

"Sure Horse, sure." He gurgled at her modesty. It never ceased to amuse him, her modesty. Wild Jack knocked his razor on the rim of the sink to get the whipped cream off and took a drag of his cigarette. "Sho who'sh shtoppin' you forcrimineysakes?" he lisped as he pulled his upper lip over his bottom teeth to get at his mustache. As an afterthought he turned to the shower door and bowed elegantly. "C'mon out forcrymineysakes." Still gurgling he jerked back to the mirror and scratched his side burns. That is the way Wild Jack was. Life was one big practical joke and Wild Jack never got over it. He picked up the remains of his cigarette, took one last, final drag, put it out under the faucet and flipped it into the wastebasket beneath the sink. The butt landed in the discarded gray card-

board toilet paper cylinder standing upright in the bottom of the plastic container. Jack sighed contentedly. He gurgled at himself in the mirror, and would have stayed there the rest of the day, but the steam got to him. He threw the rusty razor into the empty medicine cabinet, "See ya," and shuffled out of the room, leaving the door open. Horse heard him humming "Dixie" as he traipsed down the hallway with his hands in his pockets and a fresh half-finished cigarette hanging out of his mouth. Half way down the hall Wild Jack noticed the long drooping ash clinging precariously to the end, stopped, flicked it into his pants cuff, and continued humming down the hall, unconcernedly. Horse watched him silently, then shut the door and dressed.



ously tacit until Horse comprehended the entirety of the reply. " 'Bout eight. I mean the pennant's crooked on the darn wall."

Short Stuff understood immediately. "Oh."

Horse's knobby elbow moved down the maple door frame as she resolutely questioned, "You got any coffee on Short Stuff?" As she scratched the inside of her elbow, Horse slid down the door frame, preoccupied. Suddenly she turned to Short Stuff. "I mean it isn't hot, is it?"

Short Stuff stared at the Unanimous U. football pennant and nodded uncertainly. She stood at attention under the bare hundred watt bulb hanging like fly paper in the middle of her puce room. It was like her. Taking that into account, Horse slid to the floor and mumbled "Had a terrific time tonight." She examined a spec of dirt on the bottom of her big toe. "Your floor's darn dirty. I mean I think I'm going out of my mind. Really. I'm so happy. I mean really."

"Oh, yeh?"

"Yeh, really."

"How 'bout that?"

"How 'bout that." They nodded in mutuality at this conclusion.

Finally Short Stuff nodded herself out and cautiously proceeded. "So tell me about it. Like what'd you do forcryinoutloud?"

"Nothin' " Horse muttered excitedly.

"Nothin'?" "'?"

"Nothin.'" The ends of Horse's mouth curled upward at the thought, and she tugged enthusiastically on a piece of her long brown hair.

"Jeeze, that's great Horse." Short Stuff pulled at her right eyelash, one of her more frequent habits. "Just nothin', huh?"

"Yeh," Horse sighed.

"Don't know how you do it Horse." Horse shrugged and abstractedly picked her button nose. "Like you always meet these really great people and everything and well, like that." Short Stuff's arms flailed frantically around her. She was like that when she got involved. "Are you really going' out of your mind, Horse? Are you really *that* happy, forcryinoutloud?" Horse nodded, picking her left nostril. "Like that's terrific Horse, really." Both of Short Stuff's arms flew up in the air. "Jeeze Horse, I don't know how you do it. Like I really don't know how you do it." Short Stuff ended her profundities by crumpling to the floor Indian fashion and let her wrists flap independently over her knees.

Propping her eleven-and-a-half B feet on the door latch, Horse waited. This was the real thing all right. She unhitched her garters, carefully rolled her nylons down to her knees, and tucked them in securely on the inside. Short Stuff watched and wondered and waited, flapping her wrists as she always did.

"Life is great," Horse remarked casually, winding her watch with tremendous effort. It was still on her wrist.

"Yep," Short Stuff nodded staring at a fly speck on the ceiling. "Life is really great."

"I mean it's real," she mumbled joyously.

"You know, you got it made Horse. You really do." They laughed together hysterically at this until Short Stuff rolled over on her back and bounced up again like a balloon clown. Their impromptu mirth was halted suddenly when Short Stuff asked seriously, "Like what'd he say?"

"What?"

"What'd he say forcryinoutloud?" Short Stuff scratched the ingrown hairs on her left elbow, pulling them out one by one. She usually did that

Short Stuff

Hours later Horse returned and stood pensively in the doorway. She leaned on her knobby elbow and with deliberation, after a persistent pause, determinedly inquired, "I mean what time ya gettin' up tomorrow mornin' Short Stuff?"

Hesitating, Short Stuff replied after a thoughtful glance at the Unanimous University football pennant, orange on green, " 'Bout eight I spose. What time you, Horse?"

Evaluating the response, Horse's huge round hazel, green, blue, brown eyes stared blankly at Short Stuff. The moment continued conspicu-

when she was contemplating.
"Well?"

"Well?" Horse wound her little finger into her ear, popped it, and wiped the yellow wax on her skirt. She was obviously contemplating. Scratching her elbow, Short Stuff gazed upward. They stared at each other intently, the way they had so often before. Nothing would be the same between them again, if you want to know the truth. And what is more, they both knew it.

"Well, what'd he say?" Short Stuff asked urgently.

Horse deliberated, then muttered hesitantly, "Nothin'."

"Nothin'?"

"?"

"Nothin'."

Unanimous U. stared down. Green on orange. *The Spider, Perry Mason and the Delectable Debutante*, and *The Modern Mother* were stacked neatly beneath it on the maple floorboards. Across the room was a brand new card table with no less than three flies on it. Peculiarly uninterested, they remained unmoved in the reflection of the hundred watt bulb off the puce walls. That was all, and that was how it always was.

"Nothin', huh?"

Horse flopped her strangely long brown hair emphatically.

"I really don't know how you do it Horse. Like I really don't know how you do it." Short Stuff picked up an ant coming toward her across the dusty maple floorboards and transferred it safely to the other side.

"That's okay," Horse frowned.

"Horse!?"

"Yeh . . ."

"You happy Horse?"

Horse readjusted herself as she rolled her girdle down to her ankles. "Sure," she said, pulling one leg through. "I'm so happy," she pulled the other leg through languidly. "I'm going out of my mind." Horse smiled serenely. "I mean life is really great. I'm going out of my mind, Short Stuff."

"Oh yeh?" Short Stuff scratched the arch of her right foot.

"Yeh." Horse wound a gigantic brown curl around her index finger.

"That's wild, forcryinoutloud."

"Wild."

"Hey?"

Horse jerked.

"What for?"

"The thin man. I mean you haven't forgotten Wild Jack's thin man, have you Short Stuff?"

Short Stuff gurgled. "No."

"Don't." Horse got up casually, picked up her girdle, and left her mother sitting with the flies.

* * * * *

Let it be known: About the only thing that comes to him who waits these days is a beard.



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reflections on last night's date
(i always think of things too late)
i thanked you at the door—
it seemed the proper thing to say,
but then when i woke up today,
i wondered what i did it for?
it would have been more proper just to say,
"why don't you go to hell?" and walk away.
jan karsten

“DON'T QUOTE ME BUT . . .”

On the eve of election day . . .

THE UNITED NATIONS

“The world isn't ready for the United Nations. Let's forget the whole thing and join up with our allies and induce the neutrals to join us.”

—Goldwater, address, Oxford, Ohio, quoted in *Mr. Conservative* by Bell, p. 202.

“I would suggest that we get out of the U.N. . . . The United Nations provides a unique form for Communist propaganda. I fear that our involvement in the United Nations may be leading to an unconstitutional surrender of American sovereignty.”

—Goldwater, *Conscience of a Conservative* p. 116.

“I don't want to get out of the U.N.”

—Goldwater, *Time*, June 12, 1964, p. 34.

“I've never advocated withdrawing from the United Nations; in fact, I've given more support to the United Nations than have some of my critics.”

—Goldwater, interview with *Der Spiegel*, June 30, 1964, reprinted in *The New York Times*, July 11, 1964.

“I support unconditionally the purposes of the U.N. . . .”

—Goldwater, *Time*, August 21, 1964, p. 14.

CIVIL RIGHTS

“Because the Constitution requires it, because justice demands it, we must protect the constitutional rights of all our citizens, regardless of race, religion or the color of their skin.”

—Johnson, address, Atlanta, Ga., reported in *Time*, May 15, 1964, p. 32.

“This civil rights program about which you have heard so much is a farce and a sham— an effort to set up a police state in the guise of liberty.”

—Johnson, address to rally, reported in *National Review*, August 25, 1964, p. 719.

“The best memorial to our late beloved President would be the enactment of the Civil Rights Bill.”

—Johnson, address to Congress, Nov. 1963.

“The (civil rights) bill that has been introduced is one to which I am very opposed, as I do not believe it would advance any legitimate cause.”

—Johnson, in a letter to a constituent, reported in *National Review*, August 25, 1964, p. 719.

“I really wanted to be able to vote for the bill.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, June 26, 1964, p. 18.

“The civil rights bill is like a three dollar bill— it's a phony.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, June 12, 1964, p. 16.

SOCIAL SECURITY

“The inescapable and harmful by-products of such operations as relief, social security, . . . has been the weakening of the individual personality and self-reliance.”

—Goldwater, address delivered in Dallas, May 16, 1964.

“And let me also repeat— for perhaps the one-millionth time, lest there be any doubt in anybody's mind— that I support the Social Security System. . . .”

—Goldwater, address at Hershey, Pa., reported in *Time*, August 21, 1964, p. 14.

POLITICS

“This is not a partisan dinner.”

—Johnson, remark at \$100.00 a plate Democratic Party dinner in Washington's National Guard Armory.

“I am a free man, an American, a U.S. Senator, and a Democrat, in that order.”

—Johnson, *Texas Quarterly*, Univ. of Texas, 1958.

“I'm going to try and stay out of the campaign as long as possible.”

—Johnson, reported in *Time*, April 24, 1964, p. 19.

“I am surprised at the number of President Johnson's points Rockefeller agrees with and supports.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, Jan. 31, 1964, p. 21.

“All across this country, we look to this state with envy for the Governor you have.”

—Goldwater, upon being greeted by Rockefeller in New York City, reported in *Time*, Oct. 2, 1964, p. 42.

“I regret to say that in actual practice, the Republican Party, like the Democratic Party, summons the coercive power of the federal government . . .”

—Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, p. 26.

“I stand upon the basic Republican principles . . .”

—Goldwater, press conference reported in *Time*, August 7, 1964, p. 20.

“I'm very pleased with the way the Republican Party is coming back together.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, August 7, 1964, p. 18.

FRATERNITIES AND SOCIETIES

“Where fraternities are not allowed, communism flourishes.”

—Goldwater, address before the National Interfraternity Conference, Los Angeles, Nov. 25, 1960 (Administration, beware).

“They (John Birch Society members) are the finest people in my community.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, June 23, 1961.

SAFE DRIVING

“We've got a lot of crazy drivers in this county.”

—Johnson, reported in *Time*, May 1, 1964, p. 17.

NEGOTIATIONS

“I'm not against negotiating with the Russians.”

—Goldwater, *London Times*, July 21, 1963.

“The only summit meeting that can succeed is one that does not take place.”

—Goldwater, *Why Not Victory*, p. 45.

“We should withdraw diplomatic recognition from all Communist governments including that of the Soviet Union . . .”

—Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, p. 123.

“I've thought for some time that talks with the Red Chinese might be profitable.”

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, Sept. 4, 1964, p. 31.

“I maintain there is harm in talking (with the communists) under present conditions.”

—Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, p. 103.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

"In the last analysis the delegates decide who the President's running mate is going to be."

—Johnson, remarks at Democratic National Convention.

"I would suggest for your consideration, Hubert Humphrey . . ."

—Johnson, address, Democratic National Convention.

"I thank you for placing at my side the man you so wisely selected to be the next Vice President."

—Johnson, address at Democratic National Convention.

EDUCATION

"The child has no right to an education."

—Goldwater, address, Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 3, 1962.

"Federal intervention in education is unconstitutional."

—Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, p. 79.

"I am not against certain forms of federal aid to higher education..."

—Goldwater, reported in *The Saturday Review*, May 24, 1964.

"I felt it was improper for the federal government to intervene in a local school system, as far as integration goes. I believe now that this is possible."

—Goldwater, interview with Howard K. Smith, ABC-TV, May 24, 1964.

"In many places, classrooms are overcrowded and curricula outdated."

—Johnson, *My Hope for America*, p. 55.

"Education is NOT a problem."

—Johnson, address at William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., Nov. 9, 1961.

"My dream is the great society—a place where every child can find the knowledge to enrich his mind and to enlarge his talents."

—Johnson, *My Hope for America*, p. 8.

SECTIONALISM

"Sometimes I think this country would be better off if we could just saw off the Eastern Seaboard and let it float out to sea."

—Goldwater, reported in the *Chicago Tribune*, Sept. 30, 1961.

ADVICE

"All my life, when I have been faced with a particular problem, I have tried to find the man who knew more than anybody else about that problem. Then, I have asked for his advice."

—Johnson, *The Lyndon B. Johnson Story*, p. 78.

"No comment."

—Johnson, when asked by a reporter if Bobby Baker had ever given the President any advice concerning office problems in the U.S. Senate.

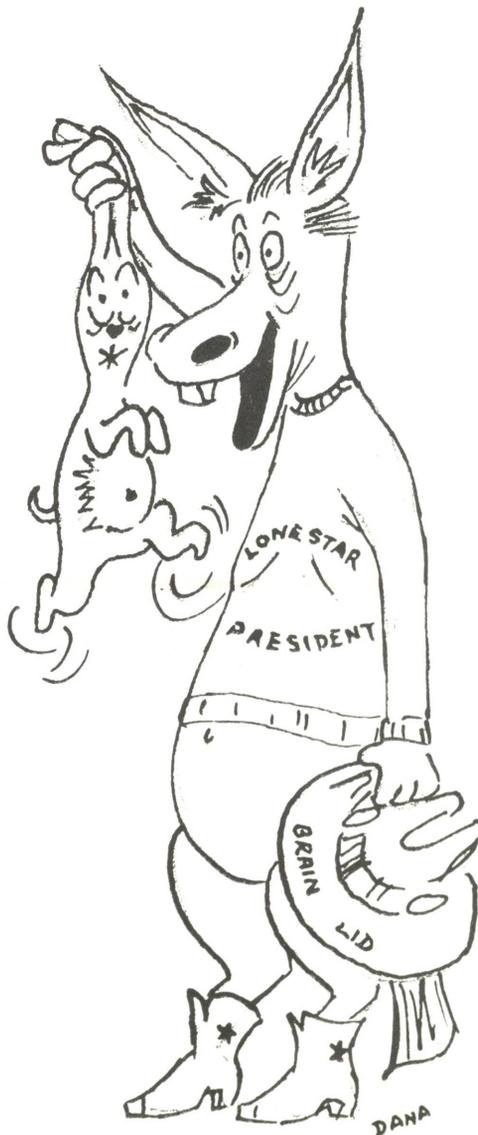
AGRICULTURE

"Doing something about it means—and there can be no equivocation here—prompt and final termination of the farm subsidy program."

—Goldwater, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, pp. 42 & 43.

"It might take three to five years."

—Goldwater, in response to question by Alsop printed in *Saturday Evening Post*, August 24, concerning prompt termination of farm subsidies.



LABOR MEDIATION

"The President cannot, and should not, and must not become a super mediator of every labor dispute."

—Johnson, White House statement, April 27, 1964.

"I consider you responsible persons . . . But, I hope you'll find a way to take it" (the Union accepted proposal for settlement of the RR dispute.)

—Johnson, at White House, April 27, 1964 (Remark to Railroad Management.)

"Americans can be proud that the railroad management and railroad brotherhoods came and labored, worked and reasoned together, and in the American way, found the answer."

—Johnson, White House statement, April 27, 1964.

"I come today as a friend of American labor."

—Johnson, *The LBJ Story*, p. 63.

"I will give my full-support to the Taft-Hartley bill."

—Johnson, Senate Speech, 1947.

TAXES

"Get rid of the whole graduated income tax."

—Goldwater, interview with A.P., Dec. 3, 1961.

"But we can't repeal the income tax . . ."

—Goldwater, reported in *The Christian Science Monitor*, July 25, 1963.

"I am dead against the administration's tax cut bill."

—Goldwater, remarks on the Senate Floor, April, 1964.

"I propose an automatic 5% cut in income tax payments each year for five years."

—Goldwater, reported in *Time*, Sept. 18, 1964, p. 32.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

"I come to you today as a friend of American labor. I have been the friend of business. I have been the friend of industry. I have fought a long battle for the farmers."

—Johnson, *The LBJ Story*, p. 63.

IKE

"One Eisenhower generation is enough."

—Goldwater, *Time*, July 24, 1964.

THE PRESS

"Get that damn thing out of here."

—Goldwater, pushing a reporter's mike aside, reported in *Time*, May 15, 1964, p. 37.

FANS

"I'm not going to get off this plane until you get those people away from here."

—Goldwater remark upon seeing hundreds of fans chanting "We want Barry" at Sacramento, reported in *Time*, May 15, 1964, p. 37.

HIS DREAM

"This is my dream. It is not the grand vision of a powerful and feared nation."

—Johnson, *My Hope for America*, p. 8.

"We are determined that no nation shall ever exceed us in preparedness. Today, the arms of America stand as an obstacle to aggression in every part of the world."

—Johnson, address at Edwards Air Force Base, California, June 19, 1964.

POVERTY

"The poverty of other people is already a mounting burden . . . You are now paying \$4 billion a year for public assistance. You are paying \$8 billion a year for police and health and fire departments. The costs are high."

—Johnson, reported in *Time*, May 8, 1964, p. 24.

"We are going to wage a war on poverty until we finally win."

—Johnson, address, New York City, March 16, 1964.

"The Democrats have preserved the prosperity of workers, farmers and businessmen."

—Johnson, *The LBJ Story*, p. 125.

"Take care of yourself."

—Johnson, a remark to a broke Kentuckian on the porch of his shack, as reported by *Time*, May 1, 1964, p. 16.

"But I do wish Mrs. Johnson would fix the roof. This old house leaks bad."

—Remark of tenant of LBJ's., reported in *Time*, May 22, 1964, p. 19.

USE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

"I would not use atomic weapons when conventional weapons will do the job. But I would leave it up to the commanders."

—Goldwater, press conference, San Diego, May 26, 1964.

"Only the supreme commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization . . . should have direct command over a NATO nuclear force."

—Goldwater, position paper, April, 1964.

"I'd drop a low-yield atomic bomb on Chinese supply lines in North Vietnam, or maybe shell them with the Seventh Fleet."

—Goldwater, *Newsweek*, May 20, 1963.

"Sure there are risks, but we've always taken risks."

—Goldwater, *Saturday Evening Post*, August 24, 1963.

"I think that a general war is probable . . . perhaps five, ten years from now."

—Goldwater, *New York Post*, May 8, 1961.

WAR IN VIET NAM

"There is always a national answer to each national problem."

—Johnson, *The Texas Quarterly*, 1958.

"There is no easy solution to the situation in South East Asia."

—Johnson, press conference, April, 1964.

"Our military power was never more powerful. We are strong enough to win any war."

—Johnson, Democratic Congressional Dinner, March 19, 1964.

"American military equipment in Korea is plainly inadequate in quantity and it is not of the right kind."

—Johnson, *The LBJ Story*, p. 82.

"An international stalemate with communism would . . . be the greatest waste of American resources. A vital government can not accept stalemate in any area."

—Johnson, *The LBJ Story*, p. 25.

INDECISION

"I didn't say I would or I wouldn't."

—Johnson in reply to reporters query whether Johnson would go to the Democratic Convention in Atlanta.

MORAL

Inconsistency in the *pursuit* of votes is no vice; consistency in the *defense* of integrity is no virtue.

Norm Berning
Mike Swygert

* * * * *

We heard it said that Columbus was the first Democrat — he didn't know where he was going, he didn't know where he was when he got there, and he had to ask for money before he started.



On A Picture of Poverty in Appalachia:
3 year old and doll

*With jelly on her face, and a three year old hand,
that so easily laughs in a giggle,
patting the plump belly of the dry rag doll,
she does not yet know of rickets and the bony legs
or of the swelling in the belly
or of the professors of economics that know of the FULL ECONOMY
and the beautifully curved GNP,
rather,
politics is a word
and motor boats and bicycles belong to catalogues
and meat is a very happy surprise,
and the matter of this poem is of no concern,
for her smile is that of one to a funny friend,
for the face of one that has not yet learned to envy the doll.*

H. Samuel Hamod

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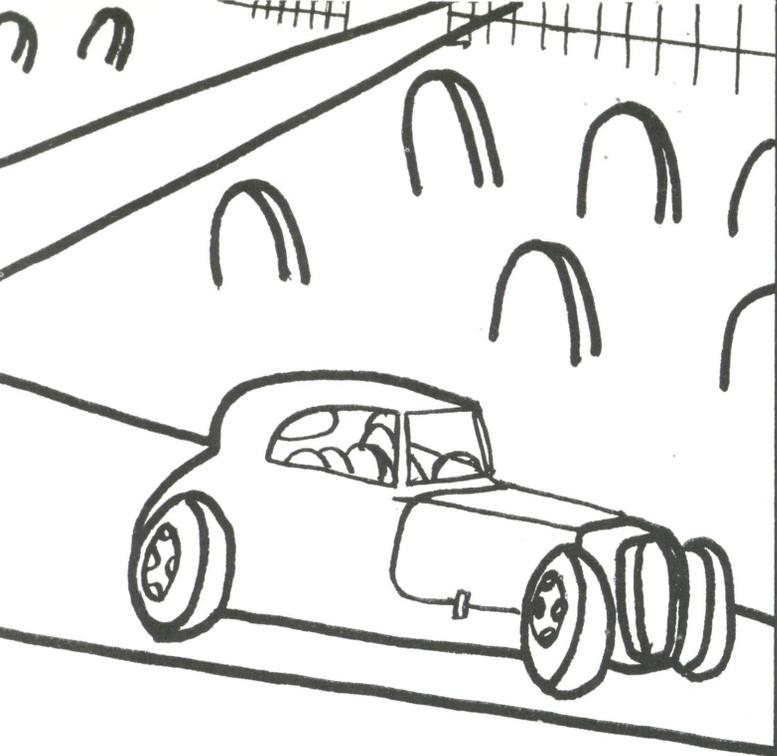
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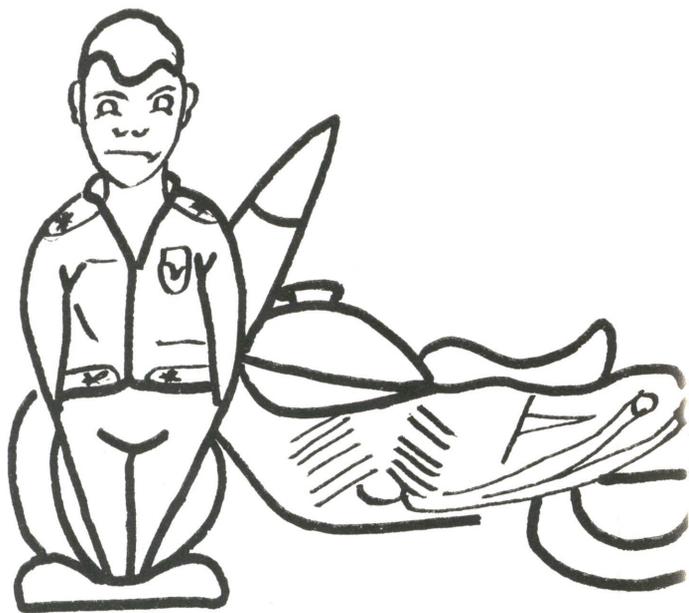
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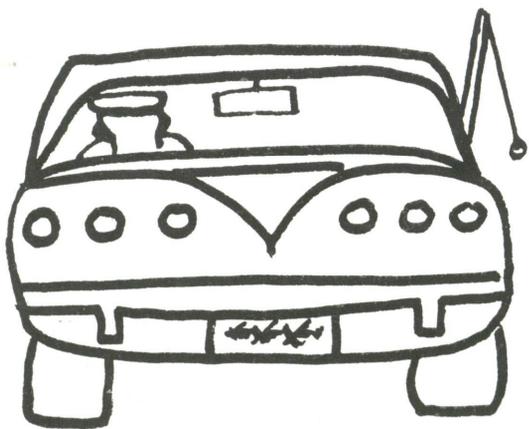
BY FRED NAGELBACH
MIKE HAEFFNER



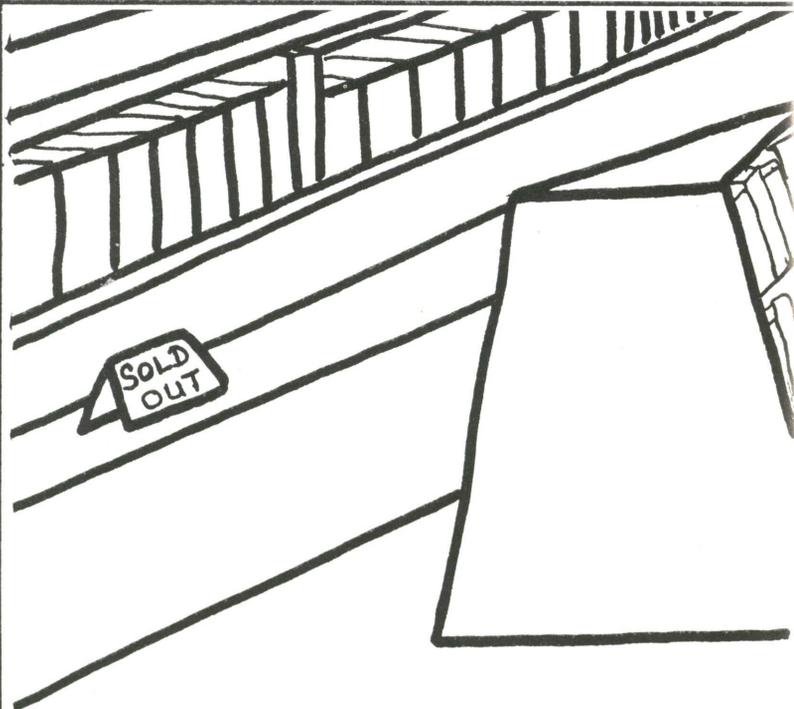
This is a Cemetery: Pick a pair of six packs and color them empty.



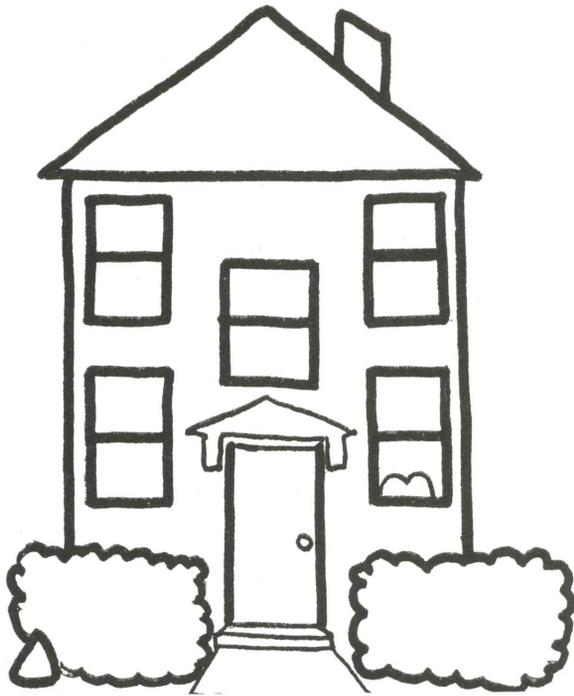
This is a Typical Townie: Color him grubby.



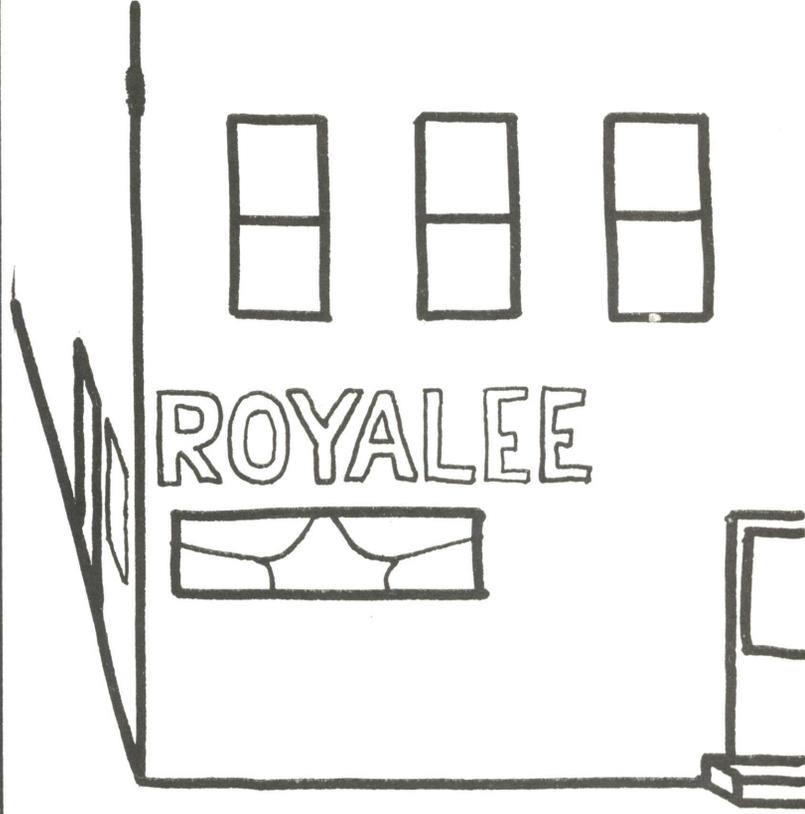
This is the VU Police Force: Color it stainless steel.



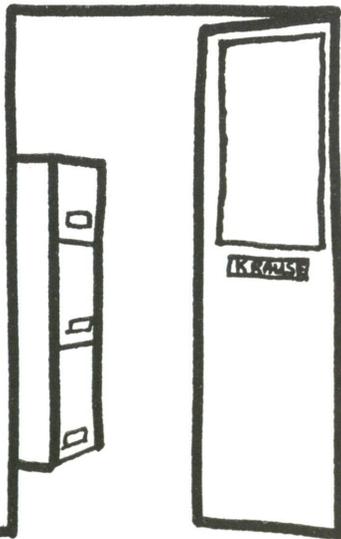
This is the Bookstore: Color it non-profit at your own expense.



This is a Fraternity House: Color it drier than it was last year.



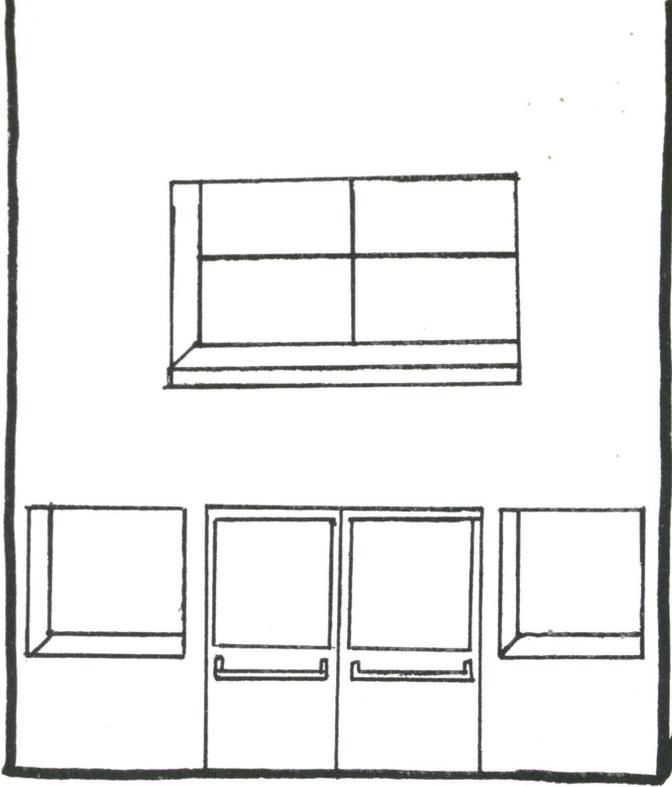
This is a Local Bar: Color it more crowded than it was last year.



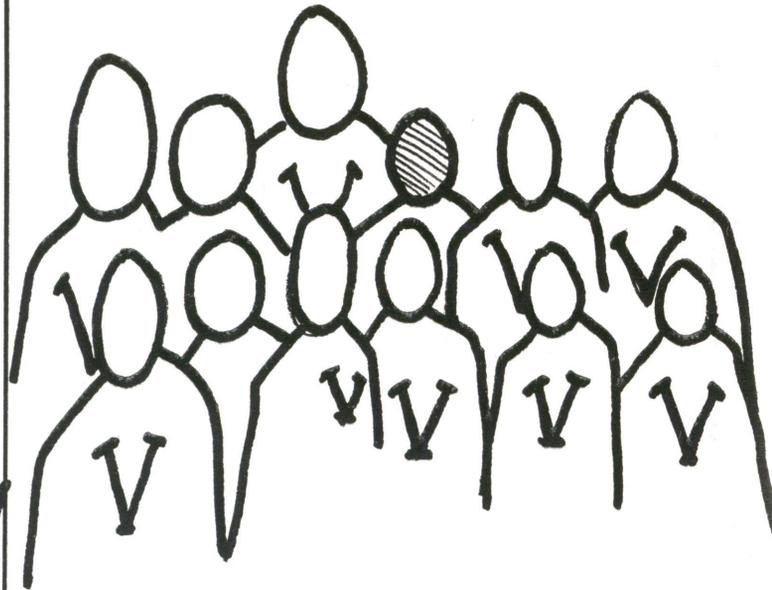
This is the Intra-Mural Office: Color it confused.



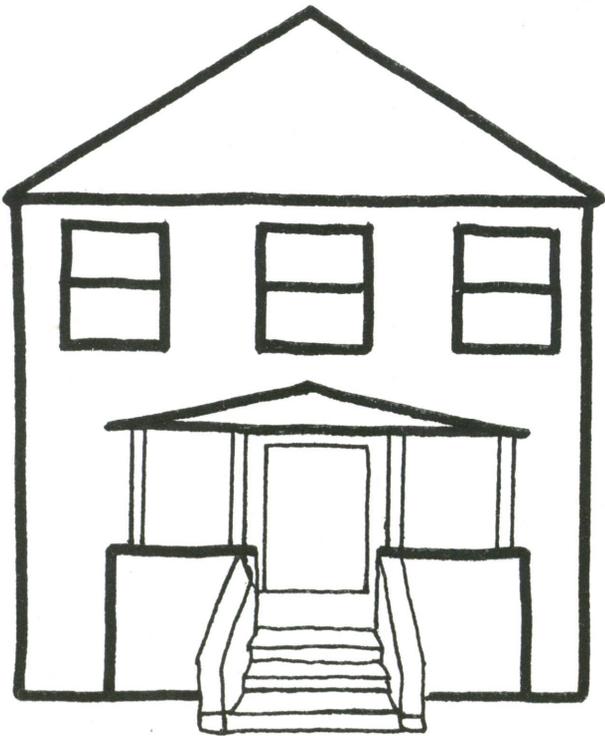
This is the Intra-Mural Director: Color him happy.



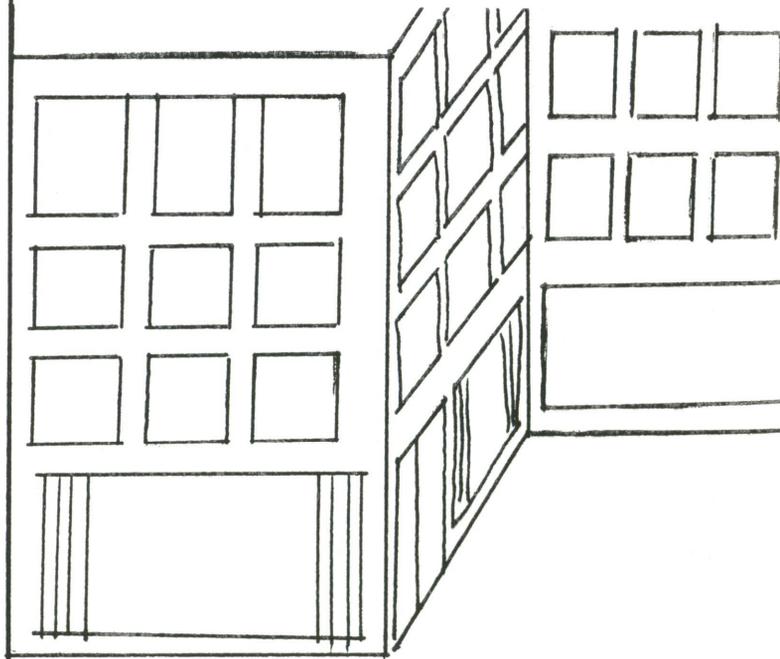
This is Demotte Hall: Don't press too hard when you color it.



This is the V-Club: Color them Brown, Gold, and mostly white.



This is the Phi Delt House: Color it the same color as the Sig Tau House.



This is the unique Scheele Hall Sorority Complex: Color it exactly the same as Brandt and Lankenau Halls.

We thought it worthwhile to reprint this analogy by Joyce Harley from the Manchester College *Spectrum*, 1963.

THE MAZE THAT JACK BUILT

A new breath, a new cry, a new life, and a new consciousness — each entered the world simultaneously as a part of Jack, but the most precious of Nature's gifts was consciousness. This was the only gift Jack was ever to receive that nothing or no one else could touch, take, or destroy. It was Jack's only power, his only essence, his only self. This was the gift that lay in the maze that Jack was to build.

As Jack grew up he became more aware of the wonderful gift and the great responsibility he had because of it. He saw how easily the outside world affected it and became anxious as to how he could preserve the beauty and uniqueness of his self. So Jack decided to put his gift in a box where the world could not reach it so easily. This was the box that protected the gift that lay in the maze Jack was to build.

Jack felt so relieved when his gift was safely encased that he began to consider further security from the threat of his gift. So Jack took stones and mortar and built a labyrinth of walls around the box. The walls formed many purposeless halls with darkly-colored windows and false doors. The more walls Jack built, the more intricate were the traps, and he became increasingly pleased at so well concealing his treasure from the world. Finally completing the outside wall, he fastened a heavy lock on the small wrought iron gate and circled his maze with satisfaction. He took pride in the world's reaction to the fine architecture, the beautiful, colored windows and the lovely flowers which grew at the bottom edge of the wall. This is the false decor covering the walls that hid the box sheltering the gift that lay in the maze that Jack built.

Ten years passed and the pleasure of Jack's work began to wear off. He wanted once again to see his treasure and not just the fancy structure surrounding it. So Jack unlocked the gate and entered his maze only to

realize he had no map or plan with which he could find his way. Frantically he bolted from door to door; he raced from dead end to dead end; and finally he slumped to the floor in exhaustion and despair. Jack returned to the gate and saw the people still marveling at the fine walls of this maze, some speculating at what might be inside, but most accepting the structure for what they could see it was. Jack was suddenly nauseated by the gaudy decorations which now seemed hideous mockery to what he knew lay inside. If only he could have his gift to show the world. This was the confusion of the false decor covering the walls that hid the box sheltering the gift that lay in the maze that Jack built.

With a great sledge hammer Jack began destroying the walls of his beautiful labyrinth one by one. The world watched with great curiosity as to why Jack was destroying his architectural masterpiece, but a few who understood began to aid him at his task. At last Jack reached the inner wall and feverishly picked away at each stone. Eagerly he reached for the box and tore off its lid. Slowly Jack dropped on his knees, clasped the box to his chest and wept. A bizarre, grinning mask was placed

over his wonderful gift, which was now pitifully twisted, distorted, and shrivelled. This was the tragedy following the confusion of the false decor covering the walls that hid the box sheltering the gift that lay in the maze that Jack built.

* * * * *

The elderly aunt of a friend of ours picked out two very handsome sweaters and mailed them to her nephew as a birthday present.

During Thanksgiving vacation, the aunt paid a visit. Being a dutiful and peaceloving boy, the nephew was sporting one of the sweaters when the elder arrived.

She looked him up and down and barked: "What's the matter, didn't you like the other one?"

* * * * *

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at compline
 huddled shadows hug the cloister walls in humility:
 by twos
 the Brethren
 move to
 compline in
 Silence
 broken only by sound of leathered soles on
 flagging and clicking beads from cinctured chastity
 Hung.
 cowled heads at 45 Degrees bent; arms hidden
 neath scapularied Coarseness. they cannot see
 darkling night
 because of brilliant Love within them burning
 magnified by mental
 prism.
 into choired stalls the Sheep of Christ process,
 first making reverence to their shepherd.
 and standing antiphonally they
 await their metered fodder—
 jube domine Benedicere!

Once there was a farm girl who returned from IU after one quarter. Her father met her at the station and they drove home together on the family tractor. On the way back, the girl snuggled up to Papa and confessed: "I ain't at all as pure as I used to be, Papa, I ain't even a virgin."

The father's face fell and there was a prolonged silence. Finally the father turned to the wayward daughter and said: "After all your mother and I have done for you. Scrimped and saved to send you through college. Worked our fingers to the bone, and still you say ain't."

* * * * *

The French Riviera, as everyone knows, is populated almost entirely by Greek shipping magnates, French movie starlets and international beatniks who sleep scattered like driftwood on the beaches. The Spanish Costa Brava, everyone concedes today, has been virtually taken over by bands of German tourists. French *fleeing* the Riviera, and young Westport, Connecticut, mothers with progeny, who are sharing villas for the summer with other Westport mothers—and will probably never speak to each other again. [*Harper's Bazaar*, June, 1964.]

Back in Westport, it's just not the same.

* * * * *

Love making hasn't changed a lot in 2,500 years. Greek maidens, too, used to sit all evening and listen to a lyre.

THE NEXT ISSUE

IN A LAST DITCH EFFORT TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD OF OUR OVERWORKED CIRCULATION MANAGER, WE WOULD LIKE TO ENTICE YOU WITH . . .

CHANGING CAMPUS MORALS? —
AN ESSAY (RISQUE, EVEN?)

SEPTEMBER IS THE CRUELEST MONTH
— A DRAMA

POP ART — AN ANALYSIS

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LIGHTER LIT

THE TIN DRUM, by Gunter Grass
(Fawcett, \$.95)

Many books have been written since World War II on the guilt of Germany. Most of them have been a perverted dwelling on atrocities. In *THE TIN DRUM*, Gunter Grass has written a crude, honest, deeply disturbing novel of the Germany of the Third Reich. He has drawn a distorted picture and through the distortions he brilliantly conveys the horror and truth of a deformed reality — the reality, not only of the Germany of the Third Reich, but of humanity. In *THE TIN DRUM* Grass tells the story of a dwarf who drums through the first thirty years of his life in the guise of a three year old with a tin drum. Oskar Matzerath, the dwarf-hero of *THE TIN DRUM*, decides to stop growing on his third birthday when he is presented with a tin drum. The course of the novel from this point is the fantastic story of Oskar's ster-

ile sexual intrigues, tour of duty with a circus, leadership of a wartime gang of young thugs, membership in a post-war jazz band and ultimate commitment to the mental institution from which he is writing the novel.

Grass fills his novel with disturbing, often gruesome scenes. A fisherman hauls a black horse's head from the North Sea, and then proceeds to pull from its eyes and ears and mouth the feeding eels, which in their turn will be served as a delicacy on German tables. The image is drawn of fat German shopkeepers stuffing themselves on the food of corruption. Christmas approaches and men warm their chilled hands in the warmth from the flames of a Jewish synagogue. Oskar watches these things, and in the knowledge that Jews are dying in the gas chambers, summons up the Spirit of Christmas in the person of a Christ called "the Heavenly Gasman" who

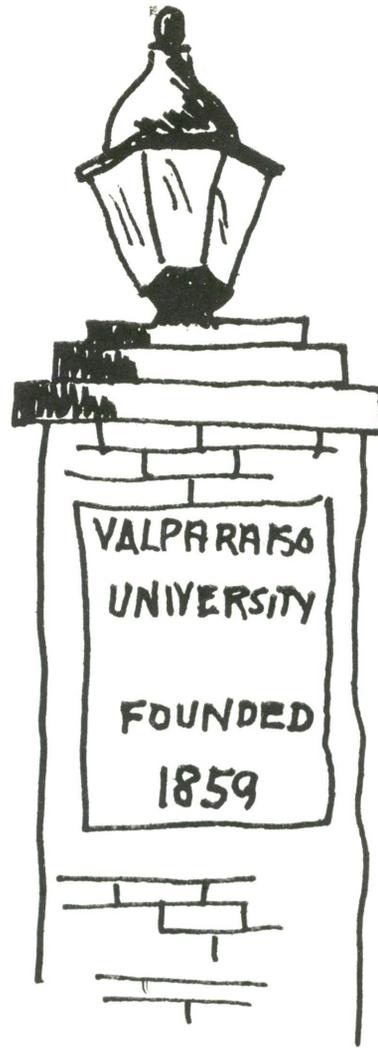
comes offering freshly polished gas cocks so that men may cook one another in His name. Always watching is Oskar with his drum, the drum of remembrance and hollow, tinny truth, and lurking behind Oskar and the men he watches is the black witch. The "witch as black as pitch". The black witch of evil overshadows the novel at all times, poking her long, bony fingers into everything and always destroying and corrupting, the witch of evil and guilt that lives in everyone.

THE TIN DRUM is a disturbing, confusing novel. In reading it you are impressed by the grotesqueness of its plot and the richness of its description. When the novel is done and placed safely back on the shelf it continues to disturb. *THE TIN DRUM*, in the spirit of Gunter Grass, is like a wounded animal sniffing its guts as they spill out on the ground.

* * * * *

*the trial and excution
i, the judge, the jury and executioner
hold this being's fate in my hands.
to me, he means little . . .
a small, idle enemy
who may attack me with pin-prick weapons
or may fly on and leave me in peace.
shall i wield my weapon of destruction
and bring crashing doom upon his head?
or shall i look upon him with pity,
(for he is so petty, unclean, and scorned by all)
and let him pass unscathed?
perhaps there is another somewhere
who would deeply mourn his passing . . .
perhaps others of his kind
would thank me forever for sparing his life . . .
but perhaps he is as he seems:
a lonely wanderer useless to all
whose death would pass unnoticed
or even be applauded.
looking at him, so ugly and distasteful,
i cannot help but believe this true . . .
so to death i condemn him,
a swift death i grant him, and painless . . .
no need he should suffer.
my weapon is raised and in an instant
falls doom and crushes him.
his blood is upon me,
but guilt is short-lived,
for it was my duty to kill that
lowly fly,
who buzzed so annoyingly about me.
scales of justice back on shelf,
fly swatter hangs on hook*

JOAN DAVIS



"Hey man, was I ever in the berries
this summer."
"Doin' what?"
"Pilot."
"On the lakes?"
"No man, in the stockyards."
"How so?"
"Pilot here, an' pilot there."

* * * * *

Jets are so fast now, that a plane
can leave Los Angeles with two rabbits
and arrive in New York with
two rabbits.

* * * * *

The first woman got a rib from
man — and women have been taking
ribs from men ever since.

* * * * *

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*Keys on a piano
But I know
No piece to play
No way to say
Flowers and green
Grass, trees
In the wind
Crescendo in
Sharps and flats,
Notes to catch
The glowing sun
When day is done.*

janet scholz

why did you make me die
a watery death of tears?
each drop here choking me, through years
of darkness, a whirling hideous fantasy of
phantom-shadows — down go i,
slowly, painfully, with a bubbling sigh.
why did you make me suddenly alive
and then, just as suddenly, go — and make me
soul-dive?
there are no pearls here, only empty shells,
and bare;
and (to make me remember) shining
in the shimmering blackness, like the
tear-glistened lining
of an eyelid, closed. the sunlight is where
you are, but i am no longer there.
lead-hearted, tangled in sea-weed arms,
go i down.
why did you teach me to splash laughing in
the sunshine, and then, indifferently,
watch me drown?

jan karsten



A father was giving a final piece
of advice to his daughter before she
left for Valpo this September. "Just
remember one thing, honey, the
early bird always gets the worm.

* * * * *



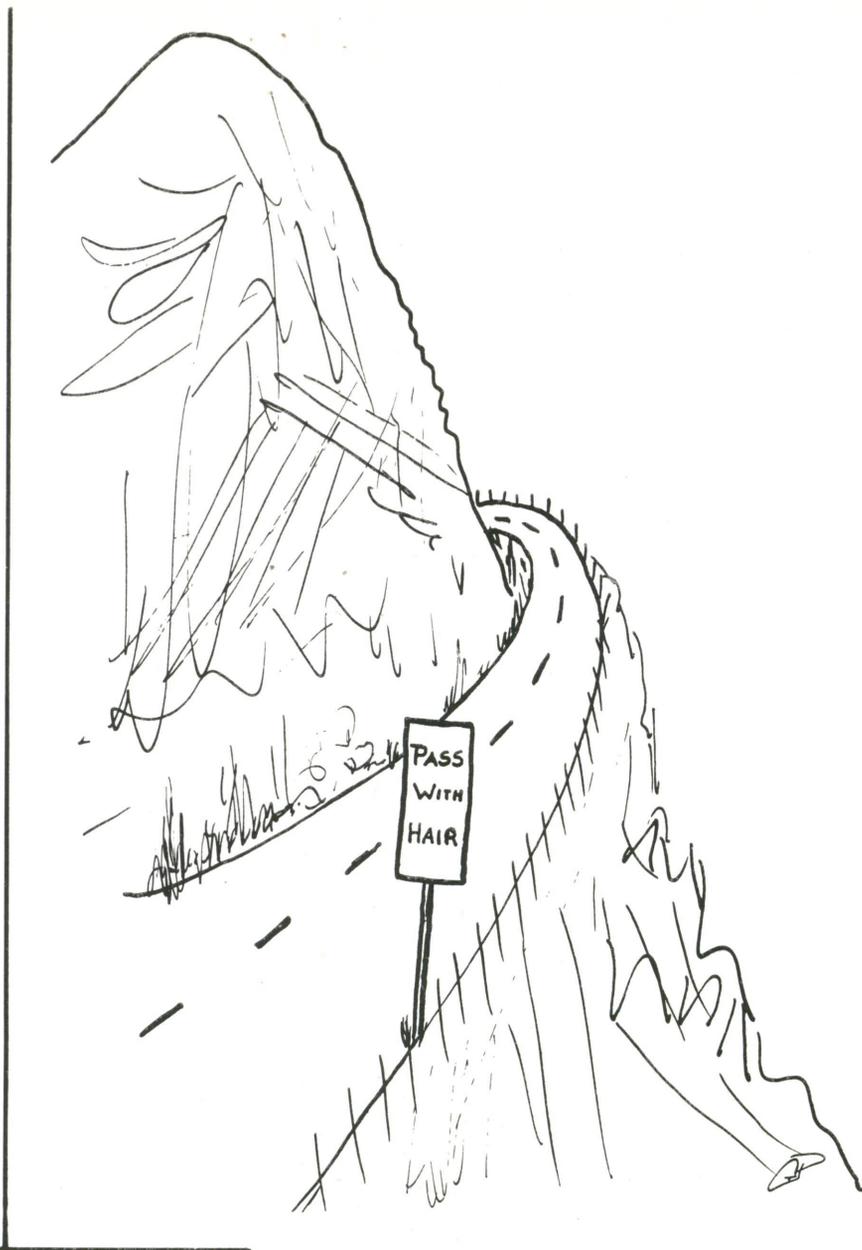
*Stumbling through the catacombs,
 The cold, dank, stone-edged catacombs of self—
 I sought life — and failed.
 Partially mapped and understood
 But lifeless isolated, I strode out—
 And saw the world.*

Kathy Behrenbruch



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Louey's . . .

*the place to stop
after the game . . .
for Sunday night . . .
or just a study break*



This is to set
things straight:
we don't like
any of you, really.

If you want to
make something
of it, stop
by the Lighter
office and see us.

Oh, and bring
along all your
creative miscellanea
such as:

Poems

Parodies

Short Stories

Essays

Art Work

THE RETURN

*On this blue day of mists
and ghosts in the sorority houses,
I am walking on these soft clouds
among the quiet rooms
and empty stadium,
among the squirrels chasing autumn in a red leaf;
Talking, walking on this ground,
of leaves and dying grass,
soft-hard under my feet,
there is singing, and
I am dreaming in this quiet rain.*

PROF. H. S. HAMOD