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## Klipsun Magazine, 1974, Volume 04, Issue 02 - January

Jim Heitzman  
*Western Washington University*

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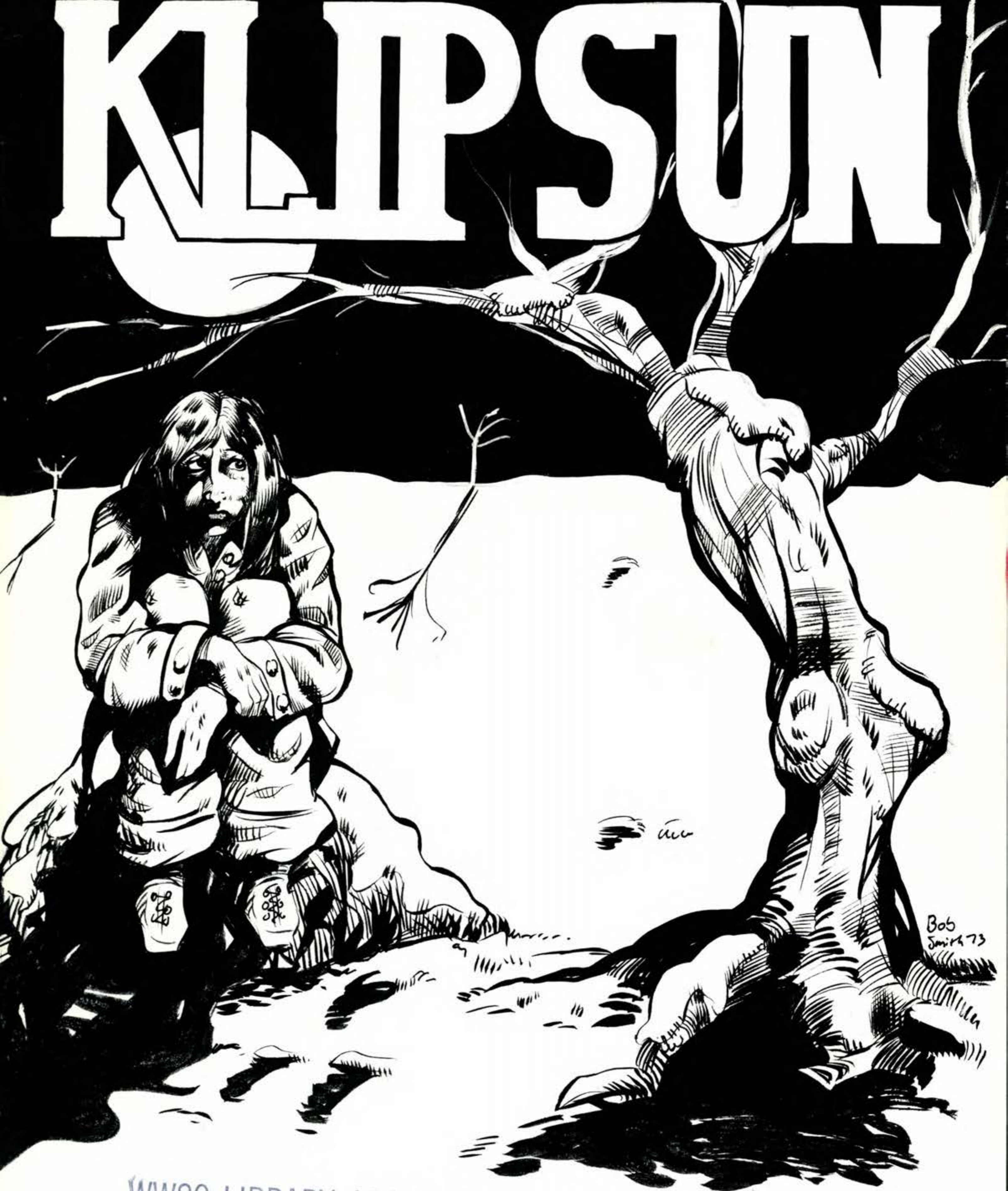
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# KALIP SUN



Bob Smith 73

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January 1974

# KLIPSUN

vol. 4  
no. 2  
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## into winter

*one student's account of a winter without sunlight*

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# **into winter**

*is not about Christmas, snow  
or frozen lakes*



*The following are excerpts from the journal that I kept during one year at college. I wrote the journal for my own release, and never intended that anyone else should read it. It was not originally my idea to publish these excerpts, but I have decided to do it because it may help someone else. At the time that I wrote these entries I thought myself to be entirely alone in my self-made hell, and I have learned since then how wrong I was. Several people go through comparable experiences every year at every college, I am sure. And it is my hope in publishing this that it may show someone who is going through this kind of thing that she or he is really not so alone as they might think. What I have written may seem strange, and may be hard to believe, but I can guarantee it cannot be as strange or as hard to believe to the reader as it was to me, the writer.*

**N**ovember 15 : It's funny how time passes, especially when I crawl away into a shell of fantasy. Time pleats up when I enter my shell. I go in, and stay, and while I'm there I take no notice of anyone or anything that is around me. Sometimes this lasts for months.

**November 21:** I sometimes see only in black and white; color is washed from my mind, and I do not comprehend anything that does not have a set, clear answer. My mind reaches a saturation point and I can take no more and it explodes if I push it.

Sometimes the Veldt takes over my mind. I harass it, and tease it to the edge of utmost danger, then fall back. I know the Veldt well. The animals there are not kind ones. I know they could destroy me as surely as they eat up my brain, but I know just how far I can push them.

I used to think that my mind was the Veldt, but now I know it is my subconscious which is slowly taking over my mind, bit by bit, devouring it. It gnaws away up there, and the animals grow and multiply and it gets larger. It is like a cancer, only mildly irritating and impossible to fight.

I taunt the Veldt, starve it, play my deadly games with it and it becomes larger and more envenomed each day. I am rash in my treatment of the Veldt, and one day I shall pay for my rush on destruction.

**D**ecember 1: I've been really spaced out all day today . . . I'm going to get stoned good and proper tonight so I have to do all my writing here and now. I am getting restless. I feel like I'm in a transitional period, I'm in a flux, but I should at least be directing the transition. I feel like a leech on Dad, because I'm in college with no direction.

**December 4:** I started getting pretty depressed so I went to find a couple of my friends. I don't know, to be perfectly honest, what I'd do without certain people here. If not for them I'd slip forever into nonexistence.

At times I feel as if they are all that make me exist — their conception of me is all that makes me, and without them I'd be non. Non-anything. Perhaps the black Void would take over completely, or perhaps I'd give in through lack of caring, or perhaps I'd even go willingly.

The void is there constantly, not threatening like the Veldt, because I feel quite attracted to it. But I am constantly aware that if I let myself be drawn into the inviting sable darkness of the Void I should never return, and would cease to exist . . .

I remember once, just before I freaked out, wanting to slip into the darkness, and then I was blinded white and freaking. That was not induced by drugs, either. The Veldt and the Void are only of my mind, and not induced by any drug.

Conceivably, the Veldt is a second personality. It is inborn, and permanent but I don't hate it as it desires me to, for then I would only destroy myself. I am too smart to hate it, instead I play my most deadly games with it and nothing in outside life is anything like this. I have no idea what would happen to my body if the Veldt took over, I might be locked up forever, but then I would not care, as I would be nonexistent, being digested in the stomachs of the Veldtcreatures.

I wonder, though, if some day I might not have to start fighting the Veldt. It is, after all, slowly taking over and if I don't watch it, it might take over too much for there to be enough of me left to fight . . . .

**December 6:** I'm really bugged by everything around me, I'm restless and uneasy, like I feel things aren't going to go anywhere but down from here, and that would be bad, bad news. I feel like I need to do something drastically different and make a complete change.

But nothing turns me on to try — I'm not interested in a damn thing anymore. I know I'm living on borrowed time.

**December 9:** I had another chase dream last night. I can't remember it all except that I was being chased and was going to exaggerated meas-

# HI

everyone I'm schizophrenic  
so don't mind me. What  
am I going to do anyway?  
One of these days I'm going  
to split and to hell with  
everything. January 21

ures to avoid capture. I have yet to understand why I have so many chase dreams.

I don't understand my life at all recently. I search for a medicine for melancholy but it doesn't last and suddenly there's fear walking in the door – and then I'm alone and sadness overwhelms me. Sometimes I feel like running... but all of me runs with me and I start coming out in all the people I meet... a thousand laughing faces point themselves in my direction. It is at times like these that the Void attracts me.

**December 19:** The Veldt has been active today. The Veldtcat's stomachs have been rumbling in my head. I can hear them starving. I am pushing them hard this time. The rumbling of their stomachs echos in my mind and bounces off the sides of my head even now as I write. They will not eat tonight.

I can hear the rain still pouring down outside my window, but in the Veldt the sun screeches down insanely on the backs of the Veldtcats and the scorched fur gives off a smoke which rises up to entangle with the licking sunflames.

I can see the cats now, their green eyes staring at me. The Veldt is definitely trying to take over. It will never cease trying. I am going to fight it off as long as I can but I know it will get its way. The Veldt will take over my mind and the cats will eat enough that they are so weakened with fullness that I can push them back again. It is a losing battle, I know.

If only I were strong enough to hold off the Veldt until it starved to death... but I'm not.

**December 20:** Hey World! Do you know I'm here??? I felt like screaming that at the top of my lungs at the sky last night, when I went running out with bare feet into the rain.

**December 22:** I'm really feeling restless again. I'm getting bored and sick of a lot of things and I'm too tired to even fight off the Veldt much longer. It'll probably get me tonight. So let it. It's only a matter of time, anyway, and it won't take much. Then I can rest for a while.

#### middle of the night sometime

My mind is splitting. I can feel the Veldt taking over like I never have been able to before. It's telling me to get up and get out. I had to get out of bed to write this. I had to do something. I want to go out but I don't know where. It really feels as if my mind is fracturing all over... it's the Veldt for sure. I can't stay here. This is pretty weird shit. I had a feeling this would happen to me tonight? What's going to become of me tonight?

**December 23:** I can't remember much of what happened to me last night. It all runs together and I can't distinguish what really happened from what I hallucinated. I remember someone breaking into my room by cutting a hole in my wall with a jigsaw. There was an identical hole being cut in the opposite wall, as if by laser beam.

I called security's emergency number and told them someone was breaking into my room with a jigsaw. That was obviously an hallucination but what I don't know is whether I actually called security or not. All the letters I have from my mother started attacking me and I tore them all up. This morning there was torn paper all over my room, everything, not just letters.

**December 26** I've been thinking about what happened to me on the night of the 22nd when I freaked out. And I know for sure now what it was. My mind split. I am schizoid. That is what the Veldt is – my split, my alter-ego. Existing parallel to my own, which is writing now. But it wants to take over, it's suppressed.

I freaked out because, I, the part that is writing now, was fighting for life against the Veldt. In the struggle, I broke through the barrier and glimpsed some of the things that the Veldt was experiencing. Hence the hallucinations. Those things are normal to the Veldt, but to me it was insanity.

Either way I'm sure to 'go insane' for good one day. Either it will take over partially, in which case my life will be sheer hell, or else it will take over completely and I will no longer be conscious or mind, but my body will be institutionalized.

I wonder if there's anything I can do about it. I know I'm schizophrenic, but I can't just walk up to a shrink, stick out my hand and say "HI, I'M SCHIZOPHRENIC." Besides, it is me, and must be conquered by me. I must keep it to myself until the Veldt will be strong enough to take over, maybe not entirely, but enough to make my life pure HELL — then I'll "go insane" and then everyone will know. Then I won't care, and there isn't a thing I can do about it.

of course, I may be cracking up anyway and this is as good a place to go insane as any, I suppose.

I'm really fed up. There's a lot of nameless and directionless hate in me. Insanity is stalking me in the form of tawny sleek Veldtcats with jaundiced eyes. If I had anywhere to go or any way to get there I'd just split. Bam. Gone. But I'm stuck as surely as if I were in a black box. I'm really cracking up and at this point I don't even care. FUCK YOU, WORLD! I feel like renouncing everything. Fuck everything. I know something's got to happen. Things have been building up in me for a long while. The whole scene, I mean the WHOLE scene, can just go to hell.

**January 21:** ALL I'M ASKING IS TO BE LET OUT OF THIS CAGE I'M IN.

My whole life is one big yo-yo. I really hate it. *Goddammit something's got to change.* Even when my mind is not split I go up and down happy one



**January 11:** Today started out, dragged out. As usual, it seems I haven't any energy at all recently; I've been dragging myself out of bed. I haven't been able to figure this out.

**January 12:** Vibrations are very strange inside and outside my head tonight. I think the Veldt may be readying itself for another takeover — I've got to get out of this space. I'm cracking up here —

hour, day, minute, second, and bam the next, and then I split and the Veldt takes over and I really crack up. I admit I used to wonder what it would be like to be schizoid but now I know and it's not at all cool.

HI EVERYONE I'M A SCHIZOPHRENIC SO DON'T MIND ME . . . . what am I going to do anyway. THIS JOURNAL IS PROOF. One of these days I'm going to split and to hell with everything.

Congratulate me then, Carrions  
of this world. I made it  
through another day and  
night. January 30

**January 25:** I am going to remain stoned for one week straight. That's it. I want to be stoned for the rest of my life . . . .

**January 28:** I finally came down yesterday morning from my intended week stone. So it only lasted two days . . . .

Later. It just occurred to me that this journal is totally useless and a hopeless endeavor and can never be anything else. It stuck me when i thought i might show it to a shrink, but what good would it do, she'd never believe it, never believe the Veldt, never believe ME. nobody would ever believe this book. / won't even believe this book myself if I read it years from now. It is therefore totally useless. No one will ever believe it or me either. And how can they? I DON'T BELIEVE IN MYSELF.

**January 30:** CONGRATULATE ME THEN, CARRIONS OF THIS WORLD.

I MADE IT THROUGH ANOTHER DAY AND ANOTHER NIGHT.

**F**ebuary 2: There is a crevasse opening up between me and the world. I can feel the earth split with weirdly volcanic shattering I always feel when my mind is about to split . . . things are not getting any better. I keep losing contact with reality and then I also feel this incredible hate — no not just hate, but HATE — black, strong, rolling, building up like a wave and it's going to break soon.

Tonight I suddenly lost any contact with the last shred of reality . . . SOMEBODY GET ME OUT OF THIS. I want to scream.

**February 3:** NIGHT. I want very badly to slip into the Void. I won't because I know I must not unless it's extremely necessary, but I sure want to. There's nothing I want to see, hear, do, experience . . . except escape. But I have to free myself. But how? All I want is nothing, no feelings, nothing. It's called death.

But I don't have the motivation even to commit suicide, I don't even have the commitment to myself to know what I really want.

I need to get out of this cage I have built around me — but what for? What's out there anyway? HEY, IS ANYTHING OUT THERE???? I guess I don't care much.

**February 22:** Reality becomes a piece of faded linen almost transparent the world can fade away completely at once any time any place I often find myself standing still staring at nothing I cannot remember why I stopped doing whatever I was doing but I find myself stopped standing staring

*I did drift for a long time, so deeply into the Void that this was my last entry for a long time. How I actually got out of it at last, I will never know for sure. Things happened too fast. All I can say is that one way or another I pulled myself out of the drift and started functioning in my surroundings again. Doing the things that were expected of me, even though mechanically, brought my mind slowly back into focus again. My insanity melted away with winter's thawing, and although I know that I was entirely responsible for pulling myself back, I cannot now honestly say how I did it. Perhaps it was spring, perhaps some new and wonderful friends. All I know is that I changed, and the most significant change came when I started liking myself, and discovered that it's a whole new world for a person who likes himself.*

*So I went through winter, and through some insanity, and now I'm out the other side. Yet I know that it is not as simple as that. If my insanity has been with me all my life, then it has not left me now; and I know that it is still there and it doesn't allow me to forget it. Every now and then I come much too close for comfort to the edge I fell over that year. I have not been cured, if disease is what it is, and in all probability I never will be, but if I am living on borrowed time I am going to make the best of it while I've got it. **k***



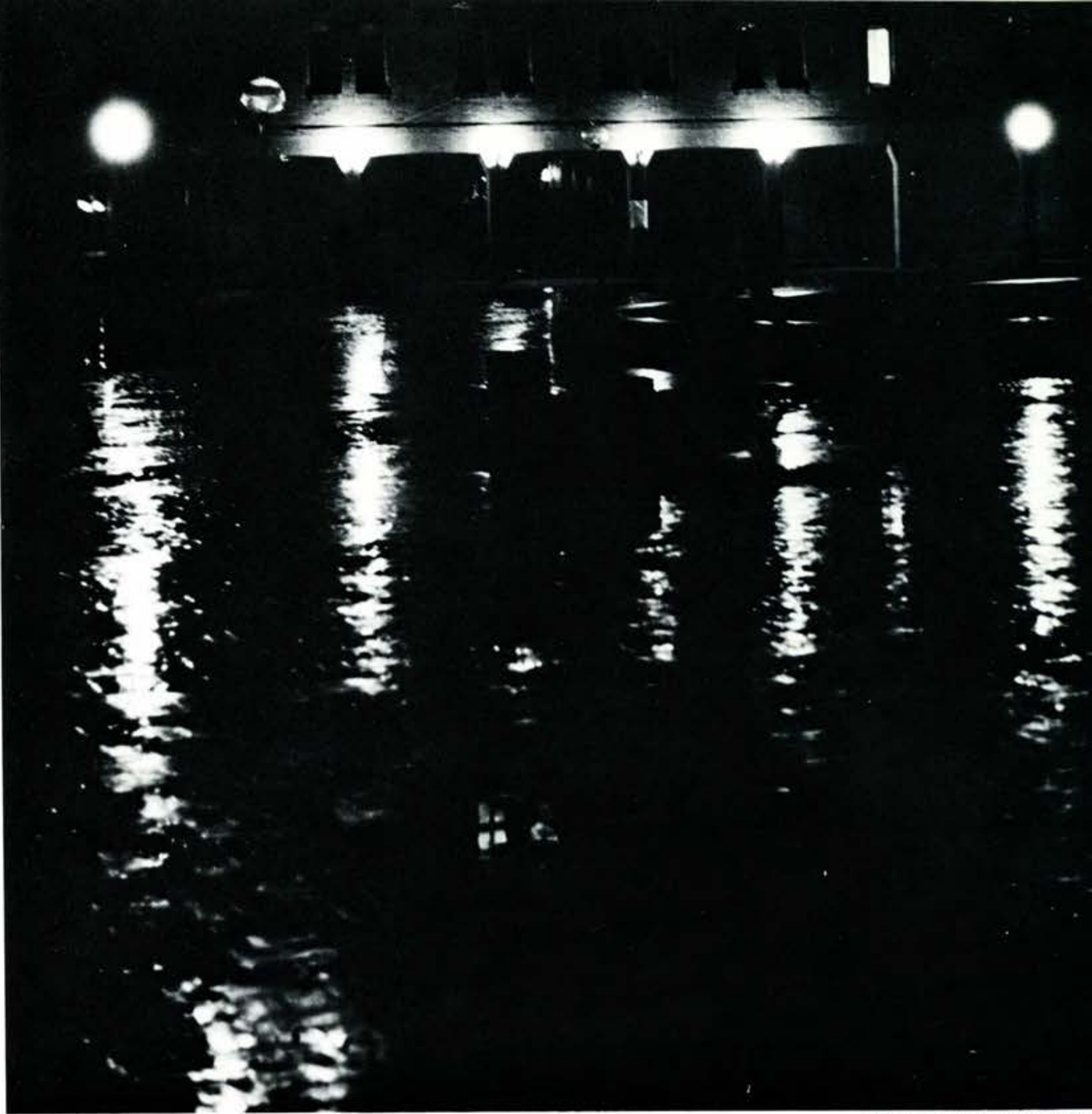


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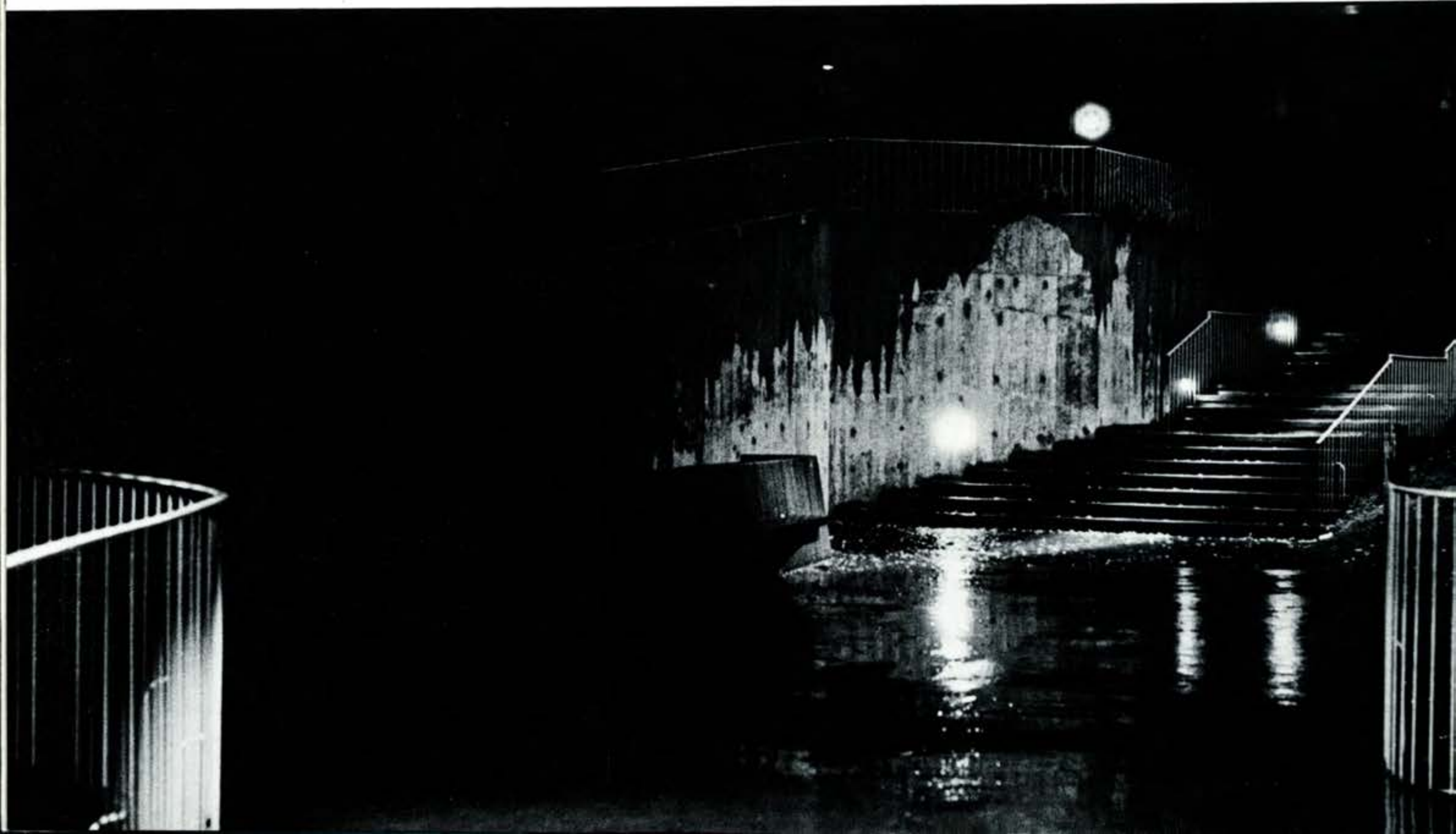
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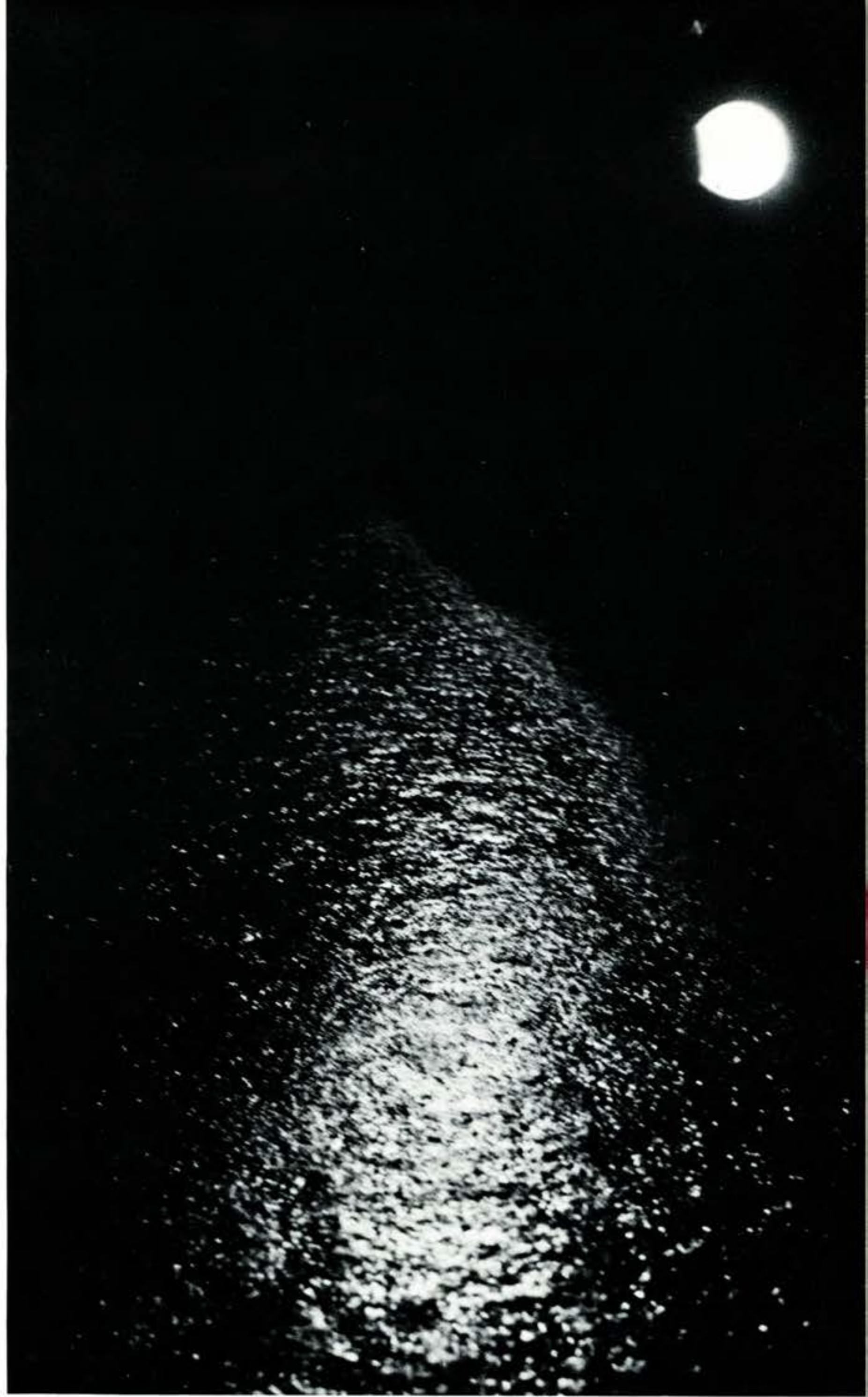
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Words: Bob Sims*



# N I G H T

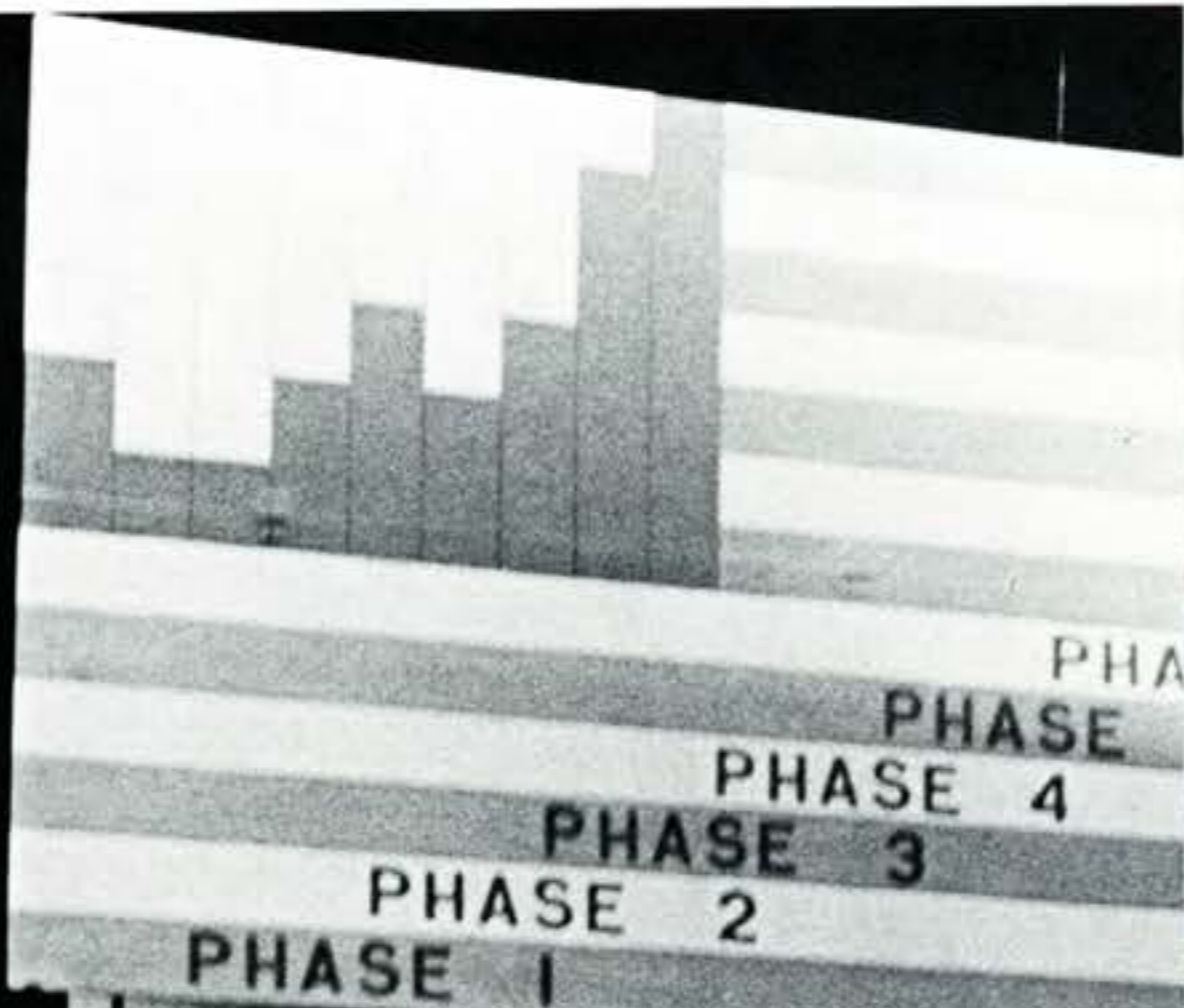
Western lights soften the night. It's like someone turned that G.E. three-way bulb down low. They have a special way of splitting the night into a lot of little rooms that you can hide in, or hold hands in, depending on how you feel.

People here, protected by their halo of light talk about who they are to others, together, or just to themselves. Some like to play frozen tag, chase shadows, or just listen to their echoes. And some play hide and seek with the dancing spray of the fluorescent fountain.

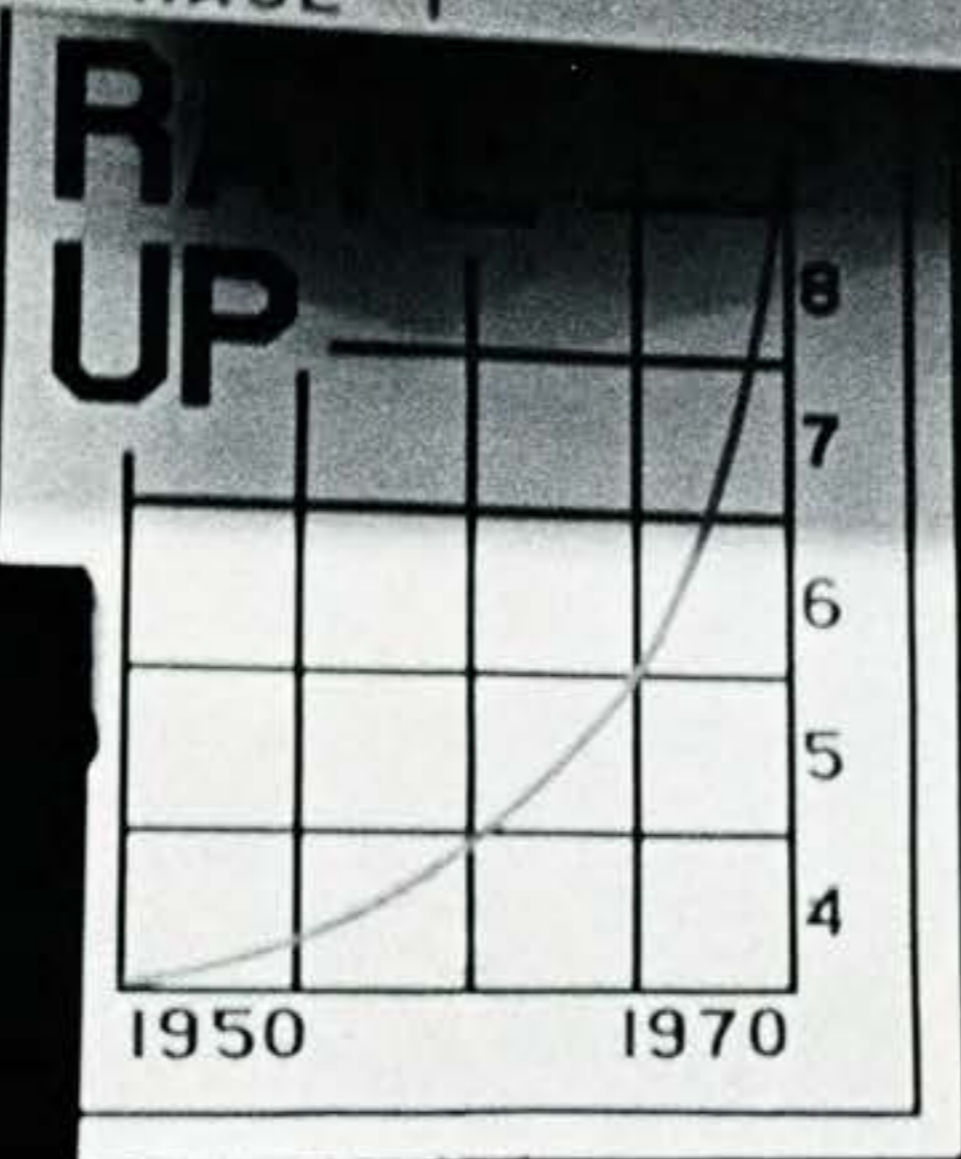


# LIGHTS





**DISARI**



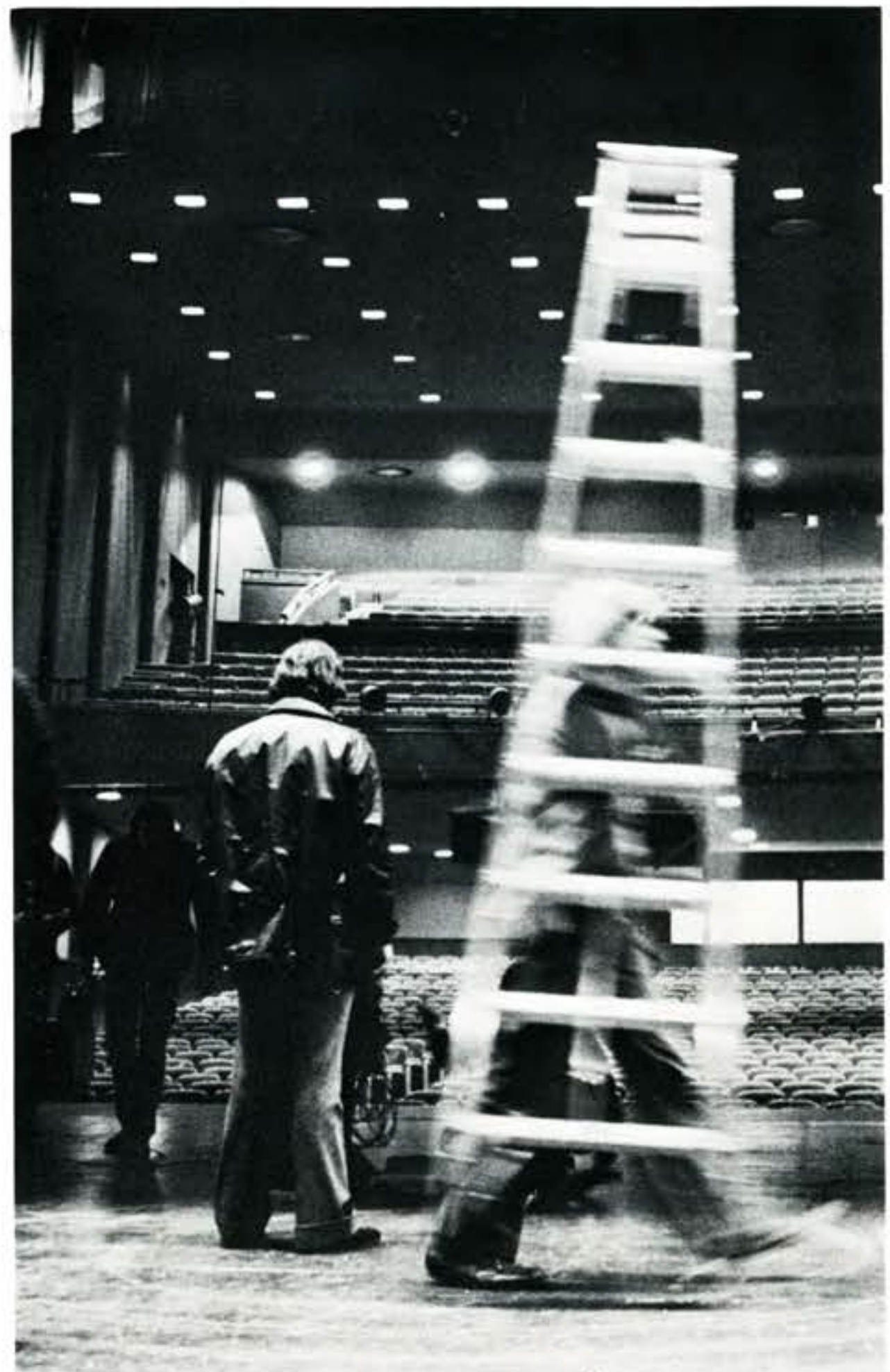


It's a cruel game, any drama student will tell you, but the lights, audience and applause are an addiction. Theatre can get into the body like the hardest of drugs, but it's an emotional high that ends on closing night with a silent auditorium. The high doesn't last forever.

Although each play is different in story and characters, the process of transforming a script from print to the stage starts the same way and continues down a well known schedule of events — well known to the drama student, that is.

For most playgoers, appreciation ends with the web of illusion that has been created on-stage. The tools of the drama student, including the actor's own mental and emotional capabilities, are little known or understood.

For most people, a play is a mystery. They view a performance as most people view a painting — the colors are there but the energy and technique that produced the painting is not always evident.



*Actors are versatile and determined. Determined in that Sue Spence talked a director into giving her a role; versatile in that she played a male.*

*Spence, as she is known by her friends, always had a secret desire to act. "It was getting out of myself that attracted me to theatre," she said, although she didn't latch onto drama until her first year of college.*

*Acting, she found, is a way of venting her emotions and, if Spence is anything, she's emotional. "Drama people identify with other expressive people, and artistic people tend to be emotional."*

*Drama people have a tendency not to conform*

*to the rest of society and this makes them appear to be loners, she said. Although they are pegged loners, they do have more ability to relate to other emotional people.*

*When in a group, actors are able to let go of their emotions more. She pointed out that when an actor finds himself in a group of non-emotional people, the hyperactivity is toned down or even lost. Drama people are able to react and feed off emotional power.*

*What does she like to do in a play? For those who know Spence, her answer is typical of her: "I like having bit parts and hamming it up."*



---

**M**any people like Spence come to auditions afraid to admit to themselves the role they secretly wish was theirs, that one part that fits them better than anybody else. Inside they know who their competitors are, but jealousy is an emotion the drama student can do without.

The auditions can cover a few nights in a row as each student is given a few precious moments to

read from the script. Few think they gave as much as they would have liked to, or could have. After the audition there isn't much to do except go home and wait.

Callback lists go up soon after the potential actors have been reviewed on-stage. The callbacks give the director another chance to evaluate a student and to decide between two or more eager actors.

Directors gather in a bar, sip scotch, talk of

talents and select the cast. Some will have to wait for the next play.

It's during rehearsals that a character has to be developed. The scripts are read and digested. The director is now faced with the task of pulling together the talents he has assembled into a unified force within a given length of time that may range from three weeks in summer stock to a month and a half for a production during the school year.

Scenes are taken one at a time and the pace is slow. Small groups gather on a bare stage as the director's imposing figure looms in front of them. The lines are spoken many times as interruptions break the pace.

During the first few weeks the actor looks inside his character trying to find the things he needs to portray a make-believe person. Bit by bit, the pieces of personality fall together under the eyes of the director.

As the actor refines his character, the lines become less foreign as they fasten onto the memory. The characters, scenes and acts begin to fit together as each cast member finds not only where he is going but where the rest of the cast is headed.

---

*Dan Mortensen had to sacrifice his beard to be in a play last quarter. The alteration he made physically is one small part of an actor's job. The change covers more than just the physical; the actor must become in all ways another person.*

*Dan admits that the first thing that attracted him to theatre was his belief he could change his own character and drop undesirable traits.*

*After becoming involved in drama while a sophomore in high school, he found out that there was more to the stage than changing his own self image.*

*An actor's "getting into character" isn't anything mysterious. The process starts with stereotypes, then the script is used to add detail. The actor, Dan said, has to think into his imagined character and figure out what causes the character to do what the script says.*

*What happens to this make-believe person after closing night? "After everything is over," he said, "there is a self-defense reaction of holding onto my character. I've just lived the brief life of a person, but it's like living half a life. My favorite ones I still have."*

---

**S**ets are added to the stage to further weave the illusion needed to perform a play. The stage is becoming more and more a separate reality.

Two weeks before opening night, the play is run

through in its entirety. The rehearsal breaks between acts and the cast gathers in the empty seats of the auditorium to "take notes." Each person listens to the director as he goes over every mistake and gives corrections.

As opening night draws closer, lighting is added and make-up is applied. At this point the drama student makes the complete transformation from himself to a character. But the audience has not yet arrived.

On opening night an audience is finally able to see the product of much creative energy. Mistakes are invariably made. A chair may be backstage when it should have been onstage. An actor has to think fast and not "break character." Backstage, the crew people cringe and know that it won't happen again.

The pace of the play may be too fast or slow. The director sits in the audience noting every mistake, but this time there is little he can do.

The actors know it too, even though the audience may be puzzled by a misplaced line or an awkward instant on stage, if they notice at all.

There will be another audience tomorrow night, but nothing can be as disappointing as a bad opening night. For all the energy that goes into a play, only four nights are allowed to reach a point of perfection, something every cast strives for but rarely achieves. Even the slightest error means a flaw in the works.

The reaction of the audience varies every night; so does the cast's performance. But each audience will see it only once. The cast can improve it, but those in the seats will still clap or grumble.

---

*With all eyes on the stage, the audience sometimes forgets those working "crew," the people whose only identification is a credit on a playbill*

*"When I originally entered theatre, I enjoyed the emotional high that came from acting. Then I got into lighting and found that applause is for everybody. It's a good feeling to see other people rewarded," said Kathy Bowns, a drama student interested in lighting.*

*She has acted, but the major portion of her career has been taken up with the technical side of a production.*

*When things go well, she said, backstage people and the cast form a tight group. This working relationship divides when things go bad.*

*On stage, it's unusual for one person to have a really good night and for the rest to do poorly. Actors work together and cover each other's mistakes on a good night. "If you really like the people you're working with," Kathy said, "protective feelings develop."*

*She finds it hard to pinpoint any specific feelings that go on in a dressing room following a*



*good night. It's a complete feeling, involving everybody, that needs little or no communication.*

*On a terrible night, the dressing room is quiet. "People know about it and don't talk about it." Everybody in the play reads the reviews, and if the review is valid, people listen. Most of the time, she said, the cast knows if it's a bad play or not.*

---

One night is different than the rest — closing night. The play has reached its conclusion. The final high comes. Applause fills the auditorium. Friends and family congregate in the dressing room; words of praise are expressed. Within fifteen minutes, however, all the words of praise have been spoken and the dressing room crowd thins out, leaving only the actors and the crew.

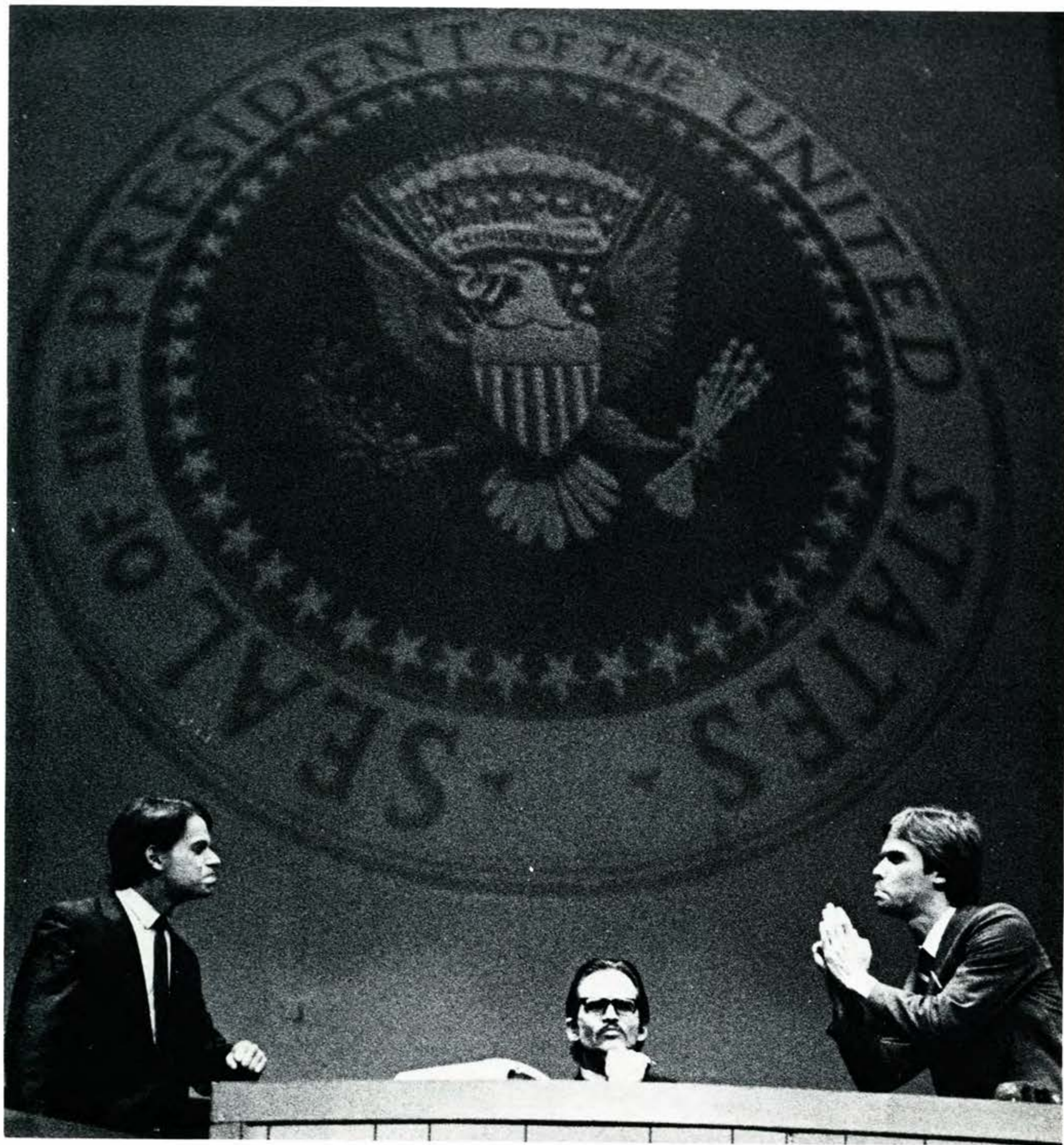
The actor tries to pack away as much of his character as he can with the costumes and make-up. But any actor will admit that it takes more than soap and water to scrub the character he has become from his face and soul.

The cast and crew gather on stage and the whole works come down. There is little time in the drama world to spend being sentimental or reflective. Sets are broken up and the grueling task, unique to theatre and called "strike," finishes up way after midnight.

The work is over and the unwinding begins. As one drama student put it, "we work hard and play hard." Everybody collects at a house and the tequila and grass relieve the tensions and depression. The stereo blares and dancing loosens up taut muscles and emotions.

Lines are heard from the play and an outsider





may feel out of it because the party revolves around the play. The people at the party are close because they have worked together for so long on a project that is now over.

A play has consumed maybe two months of an actor's life and creative energy. But there will be another play, another character somewhere in the future and — most of all — another audience.

**k**

# OFF AND



# KICKING

## WESTERN'S SOCCER CLUB: playing for fun

by Eric Nelson

"Oh God, it's broken, oh God!"

He fell to the ground and continued to cry.

"Oh God it's broken clear through! Oh Jesus!"

The soccer game stopped and the players stood surprised and then moved to assist the injured man.

"Get some jackets! Cover him up," someone called.

The player had taken a pass from behind and to his left, planted his right foot firmly in the ground and pivoted on it to kick the ball with his left foot. As he kicked, one of our fullbacks slid into him while trying to block the kick.

I heard the bone crack all the way across the field.

I went over to the sidelines and carried some jackets and warm ups over to the crowd that had gathered around him. In a few minutes, they had put a splint on his leg and covered him with jackets and warm ups. When they touched his leg, he cried out.

"Somebody go get the van."

"Hey, that's crazy. If you don't know how to move him, you can really screw up his leg. Somebody had better call an ambulance."

The injured player had finally calmed down and did not seem to be in as much pain. He began to complain about having to stay in bed.

"I hear there's a nice nurse in the hospital," one of our guys said.

"Yeah, but there's not much you can do with a bum leg," he responded.

After several minutes, the ambulance came and took him to the hospital. The referee blew the whistle and play resumed.

The second half seemed more subdued than the first half. We had the better play with more shots but no one could break the 1-1 tie established in the first half.

Finally, our center forward took a shot that their goalie touched but could not deflect enough and it bounced off a goal post into the goal. The referee stopped the game then, saying that time had run out just as the shot was taken, and, therefore, we won the game 2-1.

After the game, several of our team members met at a player's house for a few beers. We still had on our uniforms and were tired out. After a few swallows, our throats were wet enough and we began to talk about ourselves, the Western Washington State College Soccer Club.

"In the old days, the team was much better than now," began an old timer. "In the spring of '71, we went to a tournament at WSU. We played four complete 90 minute games in two days. On the first day, we played in the morning, the afternoon, and at 10:00 p.m. This last game was a joke. We played against a fresh team who had not yet played a game. They were real hotdogs and called us names, but we won. They just couldn't do it. Our players were so tired that one of our halfbacks just crashed midway through the first half.

"We played the University of Idaho, who had played one less game than us, in the championship. They wiped us. Our guys were dead, exhausted."

That was my first year in the soccer club and I remember that team had many good players. They did not work too hard on conditioning and yet they were able to beat almost anybody by their skill alone.

In the last two years, this has changed. The club lost most of the good players to graduation or for some other reason. The new inexperienced players could not fill the void and consequently we have had two successive losing seasons.

A losing program is never very popular and many players think one of the basic problems is a

lack of organization. This lack of organization has caused many problems. For example, some good players quit the team because there was no coach. Road trips are hard to plan and no one is sure who will show up for a game.

Some players think making soccer a varsity sport would end the organizational problem of the club. A coach could run things more efficiently than the club does now. In addition, a varsity sport would have more money to use than the current allotment the club receives from the college.

The club receives around \$1400 from the Associated Students which is spent on gas for road trips, balls, uniforms and other equipment. The additional funding of a varsity program would encourage recruiting and the team would get better players. Finally, as one player mentioned to me, the team would be stable as a varsity program and not tend to fall apart at the end of each season.

At a recent club meeting, the team spent the better part of an hour discussing the organization problem. In the end, the club defeated a motion to take on the services of an experienced player as a volunteer, full-time coach. Why would this motion be defeated if many team members feel the program and team are unorganized?

The club does not have a coach and has not become (nor tried to become) a varsity sport because the club members would not have the freedom they enjoy under the club sport program. People play because they want to play. They come to practice when they want. They can quit when they want to quit.

The lack of organization leaves a more relaxed atmosphere than that of a strict varsity program. The club has freedom from hard work outs and training rules that usually accompany a varsity sport.

However, the freedom of a club sport has its drawbacks. For example, schools which have soccer as a varsity sport are very hard competition. When Western had its dynasty that won four straight league titles, it played those teams on an equal basis. But now, the varsity programs have recruited better players and field tougher teams.

The soccer club seems to want to keep on as it is, an anarchistic organization. Some players realized that they would not have made a varsity team but have found a place on the club team. Others like the freedom to play as much as they want.

The soccer players play for their own enjoyment. All they get from playing are sore muscles, bruises on battered shins and the satisfaction of playing the game.

"You know," a friend told me, "you guys shouldn't be in the same league with teams like those from the University of Washington or Seattle Pacific College. They play only to win. You guys play for fun."

**k**

# AND SOCCER

Rugby, the grandfather of modern American football, is the illegitimate son of the world's most popular game, soccer.

Rugby began, according to one story, with a frustrated soccer player. His team hopelessly outmanned and far behind he saw his chance as the ball came toward him. He picked the ball up and began to run with it.

So contagious was his enthusiasm that his teammates started after him. The other team,



# BEGAT RUGBY

by Bruce Blizard



unwilling to allow this arrogant disregard for the rules, began to chase him.

Our hero was caught and wrestled to the ground (He was eager but, alas, very slow.) As he fell he quickly tossed the ball to an even slower teammate who was trailing behind. He was also caught. The ball was removed from his grasp by an opponent who started back the other way with it. This continued until both teams were worn to a frazzle.

From such lowly beginnings rugby grew to be one of the world's most popular and fiercely competitive team sports. (In the British Isles "football" games regularly provide the impetus for riots.)

Rugby is played by 15-man teams. There are no time outs and no substitutions. Scoring is similar to that of American football and the same blocking and tackling techniques apply. The most obvious difference however is the absence of protective padding.

Rugby is not a game for the faint of heart or the slight of body. The typical rugby player is between five-foot-three and 190 pounds and six-foot-six and 280 pounds. He almost certainly has long hair and probably has a beard or mustache.

The best time to see what rugby is like is to look at a typical Western rugby player after a practice session.

Through the back door of the gym comes Mr. Typical. He is wearing an old pair of sweat pants that he commandeered from his old high school or his roommate and a football shirt, probably from the one year he tried varsity football. On his head is either a stocking cap or a head band (a red, white and blue one, from the bookstore). His shoes are rubber-cleated soccer shoes with a fancy stripe that can't be seen through the mud.

He is wet, cold and covered with mud. His sweat pants are ripped and there is a small cut on his forehead. His hair is matted and he limps slightly. He is a completely pathetic looking, but happy figure. He laughs deeply at the slightest provocation. After a long shower he emerges and looks a great deal like any one else, except for the limp and the deep laugh.

The amateur rugby player is one of the last of a vanishing breed. He is a person who loves to compete but has no use for the regimentation and pressure of more structured activities. He is an exceptionally skilled athlete who would rather share a beer with his opponent than anyone else. He plays hard and he plays to win — until the game is over. Then it's back to the clubhouse to see how many kegs his team and the opposition can empty together.

**k**

# klipsun comments .....



Heitzman

"In a way, drama is a part of everybody's lives, although few hope to make it a life time goal. Those who do find the stage to be their creative niche in society have to be admired both for their optimism and perseverance. It's certainly not an 8-to-5 job, but then few creative things are."

Photos for **Masks** were taken during the various stages of Danial Larner's play **Now Is the Time** presented as a world premiere at Western Fall quarter.



Blizard

"Rugby may be the last stronghold for those athletes who compete for the love of competition. The rugby player is driven by his love for the game and the associations that he makes through playing.

It was my intention to show what it means to be a rugby player, to show that it is possible to enjoy athletic competition without the constant obsession with winning."



Nelson

"Sports that usually make news are the serious, big-time, traditional sports. Soccer at Western is a haphazard thing and this shows in the organization of the club. However, despite all the problems, the players still enjoy playing."



May

"Sometimes it's easy to miss the beauty of the dark. The luminous globes around the campus cast shadows across the path."





