



Cafeteria Mind Games

I walk out of the steaming dishroom, and into the cool, fresh atmosphere of a noisy cafeteria. I light up a cigarette and get a coke before I sit down in a chair next to the sky-light to watch people. Ah, there's that fox I was looking for. Where am I sitting? Oh yes, over there at the cafeteria crew's table, talking trash again I suppose: revealing the self that's not really myself, wearing that mask like a raincoat in a storm.

Come to think of it, just from my observation, a lot of people are wearing raincoats in the cafeteria lately. I'm sure it's not a new fad or something. Spring's mind games are here. Take my favorite weird couple to watch: they sit at that side table and pass passionate glances at each other, then both glare at me for staring at them. I remain cool, and keep a hard look on my face, but inside, my soul is laughing, guffawing, and slapping its knee so much, I can hardly contain it. Over to the left, the infamous pledgebook region, with a thousand little munchkins running around dizzily with a piece of cake on a saucer, ready with fork to meet big brother, saying, "You want anything else?" very loudly, but their brains are whispering, "Jeez, I hope not."

There I am again, filling up the milk dispenser. The plug breaks. I flip out. Bob Gift happens to be walking by and saves me. We turn the six gallon milk carton upright. Phew! I laugh lightly, and say, "Oh, well", but I'm thinking OOH sh... why me?!!!" Straight across the chatter-box section, against the glass wall is the guy in everybody's history class: the one who carries all those books, always answers the questions correctly in class, and turns in term papers two weeks early. He's eating by himself, gazing out the window. He is wearing an intellectual mask. The students are afraid to talk to him, and he is very glad that they do not talk to him, and test his intellect.

It's time to go back to work in the dishroom. I rise slowly from my chair and finish my coke. I pass through the door, into a thick stench of steam and leftover food and walk by the constantly humming dishwasher. The rest of the crew is either singing or talking to themselves, and take my place on the conveyor belt. For a while, I am in an absolutely different world. All the mind games are blocked from my sight I will have to be content with work until the next break.

On the next break, I find that the crowd has thinned out. The mind games have thinned out too. The athletes are still there,

sitting next to the dessert table, drinking milk and laughing. None of these guys ever wear raincoats. They are always up to their necks in gym shorts, teeshirts, and St. Christopher's medals. They seem to reflect the ultimate in physical fitness, and always make a good showing in the competition at keg parties.

The cafeteria crew runs the belt in one more time before cleanup. The last of the people file down the ramps, headed for the dorm. After clean-up, I sign out and start to leave the

cafeteria: leave all the mind games behind. I grab another drink for the road, and head for the door. As I open the door, I'm stupified by what I see. It's raining, and there I am, stuck on the steps of the cafeteria without my raincoat.

Benoit



Poet's Point of View

TO THE MORNING

Watching the sun
Watching it come
Watching it come up over the rooftops.

Cloudy and warm
Maybe a storm
You can never quite tell
From the morning.

And it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say no
To the morning
Yes, it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say but
Come on morning.

Waiting for mail
Maybe a tale
From an old friend
Or even a lover.

Sometimes there's none
But we have fun
Thinking of all who might have
Have written.

And maybe there are seasons
And maybe they change
And maybe to love is not so strange.

The sounds of the day
They hurry away
Now they are gone until tomorrow.

When day will break
And you will wake
And you will rake your hands
Across your eyes
And realize.

That it's going to be a day
There is really no way to say no
To the morning
Yes, it's going to be a day
There is really nothing left to say but
Come on morning.

Dan Fogelberg

UPON A CHILD

Here a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

Robert Herrick
(1591-1674)

Meditation

Westerners like to classify and define, so it is natural that meditation is usually divided into the esoteric and the more common or garden variety. Actually, all meditators share a common conviction that the inner life needs more attention than we give it. Tranquility is hard to come by, and it may be a fairly unknown quality to people born in the media age where since 1950, 75 per cent of the young average six hours of television viewing for every day of their lives. Even educators have tended to regard poetry and literature, the arts and religion as luxuries that have little value in a pragmatic marketplace. A visit to the psychotherapist which once could be counted on for a few moments of quiet sanity has become an encounter group where the primal scream rules supreme.

The theme of the guru is not unknown to the students of Socrates or disciples of Jesus, but education at large seems to have lost the notion that the quest for knowledge is a matter of the heart, or to put it another way, the love of knowledge is the way to understanding rather than through detached logic or behavioral reinforcement. The thing that gurus seem to share is that they are what they speak, having earned the right to teach not by certification or objective license but by the reality in which they live.

Meditation is best practiced under the guidance of a teacher, and most people who begin the practice soon feel drawn to explore the writings of men like Thomas Merton, Ram Dass,

Suzuki or Kapleau. Some prefer enrolling in a course on Transcendental Meditation sometimes referred to as the McDonalds of the meditation boom.

First steps remain simple. Sit quietly in a comfortable but not relaxed posture in a place where you can expect not to be interrupted. The eyes may be closed, though Eastern peoples usually leave them slightly parted, and the breathing should naturally slow as you seek to achieve a state of mindlessness. Counting the breaths as you exhale or the repetition of a sound (called a mantra and given by a teacher) is helpful as you allow an inner tranquility to develop. When thoughts arise, pay no attention to them and return to following your breaths. You will notice that with regular practice the periods you meditate will tend to grow longer gradually reaching 15-20 minutes. Most teachers suggest two periods a day. Proficient people often move into walking meditative states. You may even come to understand that you are not trying to do anything, you just are.

Gene Purcell



Miss Lonelyhearts.

Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I take this opportunity to write about a problem that has caused a rift in my love life. In a word, I have no active love life. My fantasies are the only crutch that I have. I dream of the woman that can provide me with the intellectual companionship that I crave, as well as the physical attention that I desire. Should I seek the woman of my dreams in a totally intellectual way, or should I grab the first girl that will let me vent my carnal desires? Sign me

Distraught on Deans Street.

Dear Distraught,

There is no fault in yearning for a compatible relationship with a member of the opposite sex. Since it is an intellectual aspect of a relationship that you crave the most, you should do your seeking in intellectual channels. There are many places to find women with intellectual pursuits that may be similar to yours. This campus offers several possibilities. You might do your seeking in the library. (It is open a good portion of the day). I would also suggest loitering around Hines

Hall ten to fifteen minutes before classes. With the male-female ratio on this campus, you should not have to look long for your ideal woman, if your goals are honest.

I do not suggest that you follow your carnal desires. This could only lead you to more frustration. The sincerity of your letter leads me to believe that your intentions are innocent, and I feel it will not be long before your dream is obtained.

Best Wishes,
Miss Lonelyhearts

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