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Summer:

The Quality of Life



On Campus

by pat miller

Win Minter said it might be better if certain people didn't know it, but the truth is, he's been taking it easy this summer, and not overworking himself at all. Summer school is no problem for him, and is in fact rather enjoyable. Win is the Journal's Arts Editor, and a student of theatre in the BCA. Win also admits that the BCA has made him "apolitical".

Summer school may have made some others of us, notably this writer, "aproductive". On some summer days, it seems too hot to do anything but sleep, and eight o'clock in the morning is simply too early for any class. Ten o'clock is not much better especially if it's a second class, because if one skips the eight o'clock, then what the hell?

There is a serious problem, however, with the pace and content of summer school. It appears that most structured courses have to be pared down, chopped up, and then ground into concentrate to prepare them for high-speed summer school consumption. Heavy-reading courses become especially difficult, because too much food for thought inevitably leads to indigestion and a bad taste in the intellectual mouth. Final exams feel like dessert rushed into the main course. (The analogy weakens).

Things can be even worse for the summer resident. Living on campus affords the time to produce all the work necessary to survive in summer school, and of course it also presents the opportunity to watch that time slip away. Staying on campus and trying to study during a warm summer day seems like treason unto oneself, and that feeling of self-pity can be mused about for hours. Other time-wasters are feeling lonely, because so few people are around, and feeling cheated, because the fall session of schooling will start about a week after the summer session ends. (Thus no vacation!)

This summer many residents have surely often felt like strangers in a strange land, because of the preponderance and variety of temporary fellow residents. These have included diminutive basketball players, secondary school cheerleaders, and various-seminars attenders. On one particular quiet day I was standing on the gravel trail between Dorm '73 and the Infirmary, watching a black snake watching me. A fellow student happened by and we both watched and talked softly for a while. Then about a baker's dozen of high school cheerleaders bounced down the trail complete with patriotic cries, and when the thirteenth happened to turn around in passing and saw the snake, the whole group erupted in screams and expressions of astonishment. The snake went away.

When the cheerleaders had also gone away, I remarked to my fellow observer that I would be glad when all the camps were over. "Yeah," he replied, "Sometimes I feel like I'm in camp." He may have made a more

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In Zorphilton

by charlotte porter
(with editing by m. aldridge, p. miller)

This is really a drag. Here I am stuck in this town miles from civilization of no more magnitude than an occasional drive-in and five and dime.

The topic, for lack of anything else, shall be the time-honored art of bullshitting. As those of you already experienced in this field know, bullshitting is the practice of saying so much about that which you know nothing that everyone thinks you're an expert on the subject but you're really not. Bullshitting can also be used to so thoroughly confuse those listening/reading that they fail to see that you have said nothing at all during the period of persiflage.

And for those of you familiar with persiflage, you will be quick to notice that I have done nothing but bullshit my way through this thing so far. The reason being that I have nothing in particular to say.

To further described and exemplify my topic, let me describe my hometown, using a fictitious name, of course.

Zorphilton is, to put it simply, a small town; however, not too small. We do, after all, have a booming furniture industry, consisting of one company that manufactures made-to-order outhouses, that come complete with a free copy of the 1963 Roebuck's catalog for your reading and cleaning pleasure.

We have all the modern convenience, like a stop light. I would, at this point in time inject the routine about the mouse that runs up and down the stairs in the stoplight and turns on the colors as he runs and then dies leaving the light permanently on yellow, but I won't go into that.

As a matter of fact, Zorphilton is so small that the sign saying "Welcome to Zorphilton" has a notice on the reverse side stating that "You are now leaving Zorphilton."

As I look out the window of my place of employment, the offices of the local newspaper, affectionately known as the "Daily Mistake," I can see the entire readership of the news. He has an Edsel that is still in good condition.

The people here are always friendly and calm. Why, just the other day we at the newspaper were treated to an example of peaceful confrontation as a lady came into place an ad in the "Mistake" and her family saw some of their neighbors in the lobby. They succeeded in beating each others brains out in a flurry of fists and torn shirts, the latter revealing the manly physique of several of those involved. Actually, the funny thing about the whole situation was that the lady originally mentioned had come into the office to place an ad in the paper reading "...want to care for children in my home..." classic Americana?

And we're organized here in the foothills. An ambulance just passed by on its way to an emergency call and slammed head on into another car - which didn't bother to stick around to survey the damage.

Well, what about entertainment you say? That all depends on your social class. Here, the young people are divided into four groups: the rednecks, the freaks (usually former rednecks, but often just bores of upper middle class families), the straights, and the college students, (the latter usually inclusive of the former three).

The rednecks go to two places, either the Big Barff Drive-In, or the bowling alley. The Big Barff is a place of attraction because of the captive audience that it contains which is especially good for setting the

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