

Writers' Workshop

LOVE'S DEATH

These elusive, purple sands
 Shifting a yellow darkness of light
 Seem to be of utter void
 Pallid, and without form,
 Yet as orange as its green makes
 The lifeless to sing.

Hence, sands red and coarse as rash love,
 Have made purples and yellows to collide:
 And life's green cannot be seen without glasses
 Of orange tint,
 To cover the gray and
 Dissuade a black hurt of pain.

For cramped and rusted is this
 Reddish-brown life,
 Opaque, seen only with a welder's eye,
 For only he can see their beauty
 That the cutting blue of his torch's flame
 Does pierce
 As the pitted pain does redden and lighten with
 The intensity of its whiteness.

So I, when sad,
 See the prenatal me
 Wrapt inside a womb,
 Black and dirty
 To live a searing life,
 Only to find myself in another womb
 As death closes its satin box around me.

Once, I felt the tenderness of her touch:
 And for its pinkness and softness
 To be suddenly gone is a
 Chartreuse that even black glass cannot hide.

I lift a lid of an oaken box:
 Death comes again,
 And nails and sands,
 Purples and browns,
 Have made this green, lifeless
 As lost loves' frowns.

—Griffith Lindell



SEE THE SQUARE. IT IS EMPTY. LOOK VERY CLOSELY. IT IS STILL EMPTY. DOES IT REMIND YOU OF ANYONE YOU KNOW? IT DOES NOT TAKE AN INTEREST IN ANYTHING. TOO BAD. IT WILL NOT CONTRIBUTE TO THE NEWSPAPER. TOO BAD. THE SQUARE IS APATHETIC TOO. IT IS LIKE THE STUDENT APATHY. IT GROWS AND GROWS. COME NEXT WEEK AND SEE THE SQUARE. IT WILL GROW. TOO BAD. IT WILL GROW BIGGER AND BIGGER. IT MAY COVER THE WHOLE PAGE. TOO BAD. IS THERE ANYONE INTERESTED IN STOPPING THE SQUARE?

THE ROCKET

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"He's right, the damned square is growing!!!"

Greek Nu's

Congratulations to Theta Chi fraternity and to Alpha Xi Delta sorority on winning the scholarship trophies. Last year's winners were Sigma Pi and Alpha Sigma Delta.

On April 18 the brothers of Sigma Pi and their dates will attend the Sigma Pi Orchid Ball at the Hotel Castleton in New Castle. At this annual dinner-dance the girls will be given orchid corsages and party favors. The brothers will choose the Queen of the Orchid Ball. Leo Gensante is the chairman of this affair.

Socializing with the sororities is Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Historian Jim Kelso reported that the TEKE's enjoyed "mixers" with Delta Zeta and Kappa Delta. They are planning to organize parties with Tri Sigma and Alpha Xi Delta. These mixers are held to promote better fraternity-sorority relations and to have fun. The brothers with their dates will make the Red Carnation Ball as successful as it has always been. This semi-formal dance will be held April 18.

Delta Zeta election results: Linda Girwood, president; Sandy Koepka, vice-president of pledge training; Janet Cromie, vice-president of rush; Audrey Smarrelli, recording secretary; Dottie Kimbrough, corresponding secretary; and Donna Neff, treasurer. Tonight have fun at "Shipwreck," a Hut dance sponsored by the Dec-Zee pledges. Dress very casually for this dance. The sisters and pledges planned a bowling party for Saturday, April 18.

Although no one bowled a perfect game, the Kappa Deltas enjoyed themselves at their recent bowling party.

Kas McCabe announced the names of new Alpha Xi Delta pledges. They are Elaine Chillock, Jan Well, Ann Rizzo, and Jean Stephy. On April 11 at the Penn Grove Hotel in Grove City a party for the A-Z Deltas and their dates was held. Founders' Day banquet will take place at the Penn-Grove on April 18, 1964.

OBSERVATIONS

By JUDY NICHOLSON

As the Spring comes forth and the winter weather subsides, everyone begins to think of all their favorite activities and all the things they want to do. People start to take their minds out of mothballs and start to think of the world around them. How many of the people around have mentioned, for the first time in months, something which is going on outside of the campus or something which comes to mind after the baseball season starts? What would be nice to know is where these people have been for the last six months.

Now people begin to gripe about things which have been progressing all the year long but which they have taken for granted all this time. Now is a time of action and a time of doing. Where have these "doers" been before this? One of the major functions of a school is to stimulate intellectual curiosity. This begins in every school from the first grade on. Now in the Spring when all people come out of their dorm rooms and their little "cocoon" they begin to play and relax. In the opinion of this writer, this relaxation can come by being busy through doing things on this campus to better it. Instead of sitting back and thinking about changes, it is time to stimulate the intellectual curiosity which has been with us as students from the time we entered the first grade.

Things which need to be done should be done NOW! It's so much easier to sit back and talk in these days of refreshing sunshine and cool breezes. The attempt to get up from a seat in the dorm, in the grill and on the campus, doesn't take that much effort, but I suppose that the effort to keep a bottom jaw flopping is much easier than trying to find out what to do for a gripe and correct it.

Talking to people around campus and discovering what can be done is not what is done. Sitting and discussing how high schoolish and dull this campus is compared to other camps is done. How many of the students here have gone to other places and lived there to find out what it is like in a day to day basis? Even better yet—how many of the students have had the "gumption" to see what can be done and then do it. This may take some effort on the part of the student body, but what is worthwhile without effort?

The observation which came to the attention of this writer was that the paper was not the voice of the student body as it says it is. The

SEEDS

By LARRY KENDALL

"After I have collected all the ready cash in the world, I'm going to kill everybody and go away." This statement by the French poet Alfred Jarry seems at first almost to be reasonable. Within the limits of his mind his statement seems logical; within the structure of his value system his goals seem laudable. It is only after looking for a second time that we see that his three goals are impossible. And, finally, we realize that Jarry has given us an astonishing description of solitude.

Perhaps the most remarkable assertion in Jarry's description is that, after he has killed everyone, he is going to go away. Away from what? To where? Jarry is not alone in wanting to go away. Baudelaire's soul longs to be "anywhere out of this world." (But no one reads Baudelaire at Slippery Rock). And Kafka in "My Destination" orders his horse to be saddled to go "anywhere away from here." The desire is common. But, to get out of this world is difficult. Indeed, barring suicide, it is impossible. However, to limit one's world, to live in a small and dusky world, is easy. When Arthur Rimbaud at nineteen renounced his poetic genius to run guns in Abyssinia and die in Harrar, did he not achieve the solitude Jarry described? When the scientist puts on blinders to specialize, does he not achieve that solitude? When the philosopher so enmeshes himself in technical jargon that he discards the questions of the uninitiated as "meaningless," has he not achieved that solitude? It is simply a matter of limiting one's contacts and of not getting involved.

But this is not a time for those who would not get involved. This is no time for men who are fragments. This is no time for leaders who are not well informed. Tomorrow, the world may burst into fragments. Today, men are seeking a new definition, a new goal, and a new epoch. Today, two traditions are meeting. How can we dare to remain ignorant? Today, fundamental questions are being asked and axial problems are being decided. How do we dare to be silent? Today, the passions of liberty and unity disrupt the world. How do we dare to remain uncommitted? And yet . . .

I have read that there are fish in the sea that live far below the surface, far below where light penetrates, deep in the bottom of the sea. It is said that these fish live on the bits and pieces that filter down from the surface, where the true battle for life and supremacy goes on. How many of us, like those fish, get only those small bits that sift down from greatness? How many of us will run guns in Abyssinia and die in Harrar?

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Editor:

What do visitors of S.R.S.C. say about our campus? Their remarks cannot be very praising. No matter where one turns, litter can be seen.

It is not unusual to see a foot of debris outside of the dorms. Students throw milk cartons, orange peels, and burnt pans out of their room windows instead of walking to the wastepaper basket. Notebook paper, old tests, and cigarette wrappers are disposed on campus grounds.

Students of Slippery Rock State should be proud of their campus, and they should want S.R. visitors to praise our school and not criticize it.

Critical Student

Dear Editor:

I am writing to inquire about the equipment in Miller Auditorium, mainly the public address system. I recently attended a variety show, presented by the music department of Slippery Rock College, and to my surprise many of the groups danced to "garbled" music pantomimed to "bass tuba-like sounds." This week, I attended the performance of the Four Preps. I was told that the songs that they presented in the first half of the show were great. I, like most of the people at the performance, could not hear them due to a public address system failure.

Could the problem be a faulty P.A. System or a faulty operator?

Disgusted

major question posed here is what is the student body doing that should be put in the paper. This is true of the other activities on the campus. Other than a few which are in many of activities or are interested in a certain activity, who does the work? What does the rest of the student body do?

The answer to this question is not what can be done, but who is going to do it? Stimulate your intellectual curiosity and do something if you are the one who is complaining? Be a doer of things not a sifter of seats or runner of the mouth. It would be appreciated to have all response to this article turned into the paper, or is it too much effort to lift the pencil off the desk and apply it to paper?