

Lovers and Other Strangers



L. Toney

*When she's happy I'm glad
And if she's sad I am too
If you don't understand
Just what those two lines mean
Then to you love's not clear
For one reflects the moods and feelings
Of the one to them most dear.*

— Raymond Nickerson



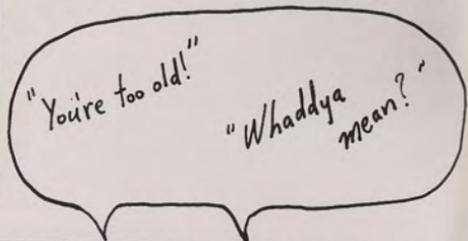
L. Toney



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A. Ostrowsky



T. Scelta



L. Toney

You learn many things over intercession. You learn what it's like to have to live with your parents over an unbearable length of time, you learn that doing nothing is mental torture, you learn what it's like to eat real mashed potatoes again. All things considered, however, the most sobering thing you learn over intercession is how much you've changed; freshmen are shocked at themselves, sophomores try to ignore it, juniors gingerly face it, seniors accept it.

For instance, let's say you're like most people, and you look forward to vacation as a time for reunions with old high school buddies. So you all get together at the local bar, each eager to tell the funniest story, impatient to share reminiscences, ready to drink one another under the table. You realize how much you've changed. And yet, it seems your friends have similarly been corrupted. It seems that the two most shocking things everyone learns about their friends from high school are, naturally, the fact that practically everybody has lost his or her virginity, and, last but not least, almost everyone smokes cigarettes.

Yes, even the bespectacled, pimply ex-president of the high school coin club has a butt in his hand, billowy clouds enveloping his pointy head. It seems that almost everyone has fallen prey to those dreaded sticks, if your friends are like you, you've all realized what mental midgets you are, just by the fact that you can't quit.

Similar to members of the 'weight watchers' club, quitters are all commonly unified by one characteristic: their lack of will power. The cause of this deadly incapacity is called the nicotine fit. Contrary, to popular belief, the nicotine fit is not a myth. It is sheer, cruel reality when you sit in the midst of a smoke-filled dining hall, surrounded by people lighting up and blowing smoke rings in your face.

Only a smoker can understand the mental torture involved. There is a deep-rooted hatred for cigarettes within you, you utterly despise them, and yet, you keep giving in. And your noble, non-smoking friends start stealing your packs of butts, and you get downright hostile in defense — desperate, in fact.

Then the day comes when you rush to your desk on a second thought, mostly because the room smelled like it was burning up, just in time to find your cigarette, which had fallen out of its precarious rest on some cheap little ashtray you'd bought, burning a neat, brown-edged hole through the psychology term paper you had staved up all night before to finish. Bummer.

Finally, you decide to be truthful with yourself. For once in your life, you're convinced that you've got to start fresh, a new beginning, so to speak, and you chuck the remainder of your cigarettes, one by one, as a noble and symbolic gesture but shaky gesture, into the nearest wastebasket.

Thus, the long, agonizing withdrawal period begins. You painfully avert your eyes every time you catch someone pulling a small, red, crush-proof box out of their pocket. You buy six packs of gum, and pop a piece in your mouth whenever and wherever you get that familiar urge. The hours, days pass, and you slowly gain your self-confidence, even if someone is smoking in the same room. Time has tested you, and you've done pretty well.

But then, just when you'd least expect it, it happens — a friend offers you one. And as you ponder, you figure that 'just one can't hurt.' And you do it. You take the damn thing and light it up. And that old, relaxed, contented feeling returns. You sit back, and enjoy. You realize how much you've missed by quitting. By God, you're in Marlboro Country again.





L. Tony

*“ . . . Brightest truth, purest trust
in the universe —
all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.”*



S. Laing



L. Tuney

... AND YOU PLAY THE GAME SO WELL ...

It seems that we fall in and out of love continually. The 'game' is an eternal one . . . you see a rather interesting, rather sexy, rather beautiful face — an incidental encounter, a furtive glance . . . reciprocated, then the first moves — delicate but daring. Isn't that almost always the way the primary scenes to romance begin? And, since most of us fall in and out of love so often, don't all the moves seem at first to fall in place, later to become rather routine — almost like learning how to play monopoly? Once you learn the rules it's a cinch.

Ah, but how sweet it is, nevertheless. Each new countenance and personality is a new beginning, a new challenge. So what if it ends sooner or later — it was worth the first few moments of innocence, anyway.

Love is a touchy subject, especially in a place where its meaning has become as transient as bobby sox. Did they have real love in the 'good old days,' or did they merely play the same games as we do now? Did the matronly virgin of the 40's save herself for the man she'd be pinned to someday, or was she really a swinger in disguise? How did the frat man of the 50's vent his anxieties? Was he a perpetually sneaky bathroom inhabitant — more so than the liberal male of the 70's, or can the men of both decades be considered equally as horny?

Maybe the obstacles that confronted the lovers of yesteryear (chaperones, restrictions, piriotals) made things so much more romantic than they are today. Perhaps the harder it is to get a good lay, the more you appreciate a good lay.

Seriously, however, it is a truly precarious thing to tell someone you love them. And it's even worse if you really feel you do. And, unless this love is reciprocated, it could be hell. Your marks inevitably go down when you're in love, you can't think worth a damn, the words in your poli. sci. book turn into flowers right before your eyes, and you finally lose a night of sleep over something other than a final exam. Is it worth all the hassle, you ask yourself. Maybe not, but it sure is amusing, if not meaningful. But no matter whether it is a neat and swift one-night stand, or a heavy three-month fiasco, there is something valuable in the eternal exchange of feeling; the immortal 'meeting of minds and bodies,' the primary mental encounter and the inevitable physical encounter.

Indeed, this eternal exchange and encounter called love is a glorious, fantastic, enlightening experience, be your lover a stranger or a long-loved one. Be it five minutes or fifty years. It's worth it. Chalk it up, my love.

— Ev Short



W. Merguerian

*"How lonely we shall be —
What shall we do,
You without me,
I without you?"*

— Harold Munro
(1879-1932)



T. Nixon



T. Scelba



W. Merguerian

A Moment

*I turned around and there she was,
she had this indescribably delicious
look
upon her face
which made me smile.*

— Alex Caserta



J. Lawrence

