

The American Heretic

THE OLDEST COLLEGE HUMOR MAGAZINE
WEST OF DEBERG'S GROCERY STORE

PURPOSE: Humor magazines come and humor magazines go, and in the process no one has ever accused the publishers of embezzlement.

MANDATE: We draw our mandate from the Grinnell College Bulletin, page 15, "As an independent college, Grinnell is a center of genuine intellectual freedom for for both students and teachers, relatively free of control from any outside source (such as: Board of Overseers, Ford Foundation, Trustees, Alumni, Parents.), Let it be known that we're going to change all that.

"The American Heretic" is dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equally funny. Also, that if you can't say anything good about somebody, you should say something bad.

In such an atmosphere, all members of the community have the opportunity - and the responsibility - to test the merit of ideas in the light of truth, (justice, and the American way) assured of respect for their honest inquiry from all other members of the community."

SOLICITATIONS: The next issue of "The American Heretic" promises to be another wallpaper collage of sticky wit. Glue on your own strip of

originality. Look us over but don't overlook us when you rhythmically drum your funnybones together. Send with or without postage any materials to Box 31A. (If you address it simply "The American Heretic," we might get a box all our very own and wouldn't that be keen?)

We can only add those immortal words, which shall stand expressive of and appropriate to our character, "WE DO OUR PART."

Saga coffee - Good to the last dreg.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Stephen,

When are you coming home? Please don't forget your laundry. We see you have created another brain-child. Good work.

Love, Mother

CAMPUS IN TIZZY AS GIRLS' HOUSEPARTIES APPROACH

There's a considerable amount of hullabaloo on the Grinnell campus as the girls begin to plan their spring houseparties.

A three hour hay-ride will begin the festivities, which will culminate back in Grinnell House where chocolate turkeys and candy-colored straw will be given as favors. The Tanagers will sing "Louisiana Hayride" and a farm trilogy.

"Twixt Winter and Summer" is the title of Mears' Houseparty, and the Tanagers will sing a trilogy; "May Daze," and "June is Busting Out All Over." Punch and cookies will be the order of refreshments.

James and Spanish House will collaborate in giving their houseparty "April Showers in Cadiz." Pinatas, chock full of goodies and favors will constitute the decor, while a Spanish "treasure hunt" will add to the fun.

“May Daze” has been chosen as the theme for Read’s houseparty, Multi-colored crepe paper will adorn a “maypole” and shocks of wheat, alfalfa, and corn will add a spring atmosphere to the entire affair.

Cleveland, poking fun at the weatherman, will present “Snow Ball.” which will be held in Darby Gymnasium. Steiner Hall will be decked with styro-foam snowmen, while blast jackets and muckluks will be the attire of every lad and lassie. The Tanagers will warble a winter trilogy.

Finally, Loose, Haines, Read, German House, and Main will all work together, to present “Turkey in the Straw.”

Karraker

NEWS FOR THE DELPHIC ORACLE

(We present new slants on old myths. The myth for this issue is; “Hercules and Antaeus.”)

Always aware that Antaeus drew his strength from the earth, cunning, double-bladed Hercules spoke to Antaeus in the heat of their demi-mortal struggle. “How high can you jump, fella?” he asked slyly. “This high,” retorted sound of body but not of mind Antaeus. While Antaeus was yet in the air, Hercules cast his mighty arms about the now helpless world-master. “Your time has come,” spoke Hercules. “Sez who?” groaned Antaeus as he jammed his finger in Hercule’s ear.

On its passage inward it came in contact with dirt and wax from which he drew immediate strength enabling him to jam his finger even further. Pink and grey brain matter spurted from Hercules’ ear, causing an immediate lapse of consciousness and then, death.

TOWN CRIER

The Dean of Men has asked us to announce that no toilet flushing will be allowed after 11:30 p.m. in the older men’s halls.

PERSONAL:

Robin,

Come back, I still love you.

Batman

S.B.

Magnolias in Manchester

a play in two acts

by S. Sommersault Brooks

ACT I, Scene I

(The scene is a huge English manor with fog rolling in through the French doors obscuring the players. No need for curtain. Enter maid, carrying two flashlights, one in her bosom. It bobs about violently, announcing the arrival of what might be the 4:29. She speaks in a cockney accent with Scottish overtones.)

Maid: When's his lordship due in, ducky?

(Enter butler, Arthur Treacher type, only with a hump back.)

Butler: Before you can say, "God save the King."

Maid: Her ladyship has so late gone to her reward, and already he's bringing home a brazen hussy, probably right Picadilly Circus with turnips in her ears, or ...

Butler: We don't ...

Maid: (cutting in) ... ducky.

Butler: Who?

Maid: Who what, ducky?

Butler: Who is that in the drive?

Maid: It's his lordship. I can tell by the way the fog shifts ducky.

(End of Scene I. The fog falls.)

ACT I, Scene II

(Same huge English manor, only this time with guests rolling in obscuring the players. A thirty-two piece orchestra is sitting in the first three rows of the theatre, because there isn't room enough on the stage. The master enters, in his riding habit; that is, he gallops, a habit he's been unable to break since a child.)

Master: I take pleasure to introduce Miss Liberty Belle, my betrothed.

(A flurry of handkerchiefs, along with oohs and aahs. Many feel faint and ask to be excused, even some women.)

Butler: (aside) Why, she's from the colonies.

Maid: That's ducky.

Master: Sing for us, Belle.

(Belle shyly draws a fan to her face. The fan has "World's Columbian Exposition, 1904" embroidered on it.)

Belle: Ef'n y'all reckon ah kin, ah will. Ah'll sing a song ah learnt at mah mother's knee, "Bouncy, bouncy, bally."

(Crowd surges in and mingles about until blending with the audience and the thirty-two piece orchestra. Eventually, all go out for an orange drink.)

(End ACT I)

ACT II

(Same huge English manor. Enter his lordship's mother, who obscures the players.)

Her ladyship: I will not have a son of mine marrying a lousy indentured servant.

Master: Oh, really ?

(Her ladyship falls forward ending the play, and the island of Manhattan sinks three and a half feet.)

Finis

S.B.

TUMS SPELLED BACKWARDS IS SMUT

MATCHWORD

Here's a chance for you to test your knowledge of Grinnell institutions. Simply circle, check or mark in any way you see fit, the correct answer, at the right, which best describes the item at the left. You have thirty seconds to complete it. Open your test booklet. BEGIN.

- Burling Library (a) gothic (b) rococo (c) pre-fab
Administration (a) oppressive (b) theocratic (c) both
Library Staff (a) well-meaning (b) hindrance (c) both
Saga Foods (a) pleasantly displayed (b) filling (c) mystifying
Student Senate (a) anachronistic (b) a teaching device (c) busy
Dean Peisner (a) wise (b) enlightened (c) gone
Prepping (a) going (b) going (c) gone
S&B (a) toilet paper (b) tinder (c) humor magazine
Book Store (a) suspicious (b) rebates (c) robber-baron (d) cartel
Ford Grant (a) matching (b) fluke (c) well-meaning
Student Leaders (a) effective (b) competent (c) dynamic (d) silly

Hansen

A MODERN PARABLE

Farrel Gart, of Carterdale, Mississippi, who had lost the lower half of his left leg in World War II, was surprised to find when he awoke one morning that it had grown back. He couldn't believe it, and neither could anyone in the town, which hanged him for being a witch.

SENATE REPORT

The student Senate was called to a semblance of order by its speaker, Mr. Roberts, at seven-thirty last Wednesday evening. This was accomplished by the simple expedient of throwing the traditional potted palm at the Senate's faculty advisor, Dr. Goodrelations. The air was, as usual, charged with intrigue and excitement.

In one corner, Miss Ulterior and Mr. Upperman could be seen gaily examining each other's billfolds. In another, Mssrs. Gumuptheworks and Pill were examining one of the new women senators (it is supposed by way of initiation.) Loud shouts and some muffled blows were audible through the curtains of the hastily constructed cloakroom, considered by most veteran senators a must for "politiking."

Unfortunately, Mr. Roberts was unaware of all these goings on, due to the fact that his hair had fallen in his eyes, but luckily the senate secretary, whose duties include holding it in place, soon arrived, and the meeting was able to get under way.

At the call for new business, Mr. Upperman rose, but before he could speak, Mr. Pill moved a point of order (apparently it was obstructing his view of things - they usually are) and submitted a resolution calling upon Russia to return to the Lutheranism of St. Luke and Joan of Arc. At this point, Miss Ulterior screamed a call for the previous question and a vote was taken, after which it was discovered that there had been none. Thereupon, Mr. Gumuptheworks brought his Baptist block to bear and moved to table Mr. Pill's motion.

Mr. Harhar called the question, which was passed by a slim majority due to a coalition between the Lutherans and the Jehovah's Witnesses. Mr. Upperman then moved that, in order to assure the effectiveness of the most wide-flung works by the senate in the coming year, and so that no one should be hurt, each senator should be appointed to the chairmanship of a committee, some of the titles of which would be "The Fair Play for Lithuania Committee" and "The Can-We-Trust-Montana Committee" and "The Committee to Investigate the Committee on Committees," whereupon Dr. Goodrelations regained consciousness and asked the speaker to summarize the work of the meeting up to that point, which he did, among

catcalls, and above the Baptists singing of “Onward Christian Soldiers” from the caucus room.

When the meeting was recalled to order (which took some time as it was necessary to break up the crowd around Mr. Cowan’s peyote and screwdriver stand at the back of the room) someone moved to amend the previous motion so as to exclude Mohammedans from committee chairmanships, whereupon Mr. Pill moved to amend the amendment so that naturalized Protestant Americans would be excerpted from the first amendment, at which time Mr. Gumuptheworks moved to postpone definitely consideration of the second motion, but Mr. Upperman countered by moving to amend the amendment to read “postpone indefinitely,” whereupon Mr. Paperdue moved to table, Miss Ulterior called a point of personal privilege, scurried from the room, and a quorum was lost

Again, Miss Ulterior bellowed a call for the previous question and, assured by the secretary that there was one, Mr. Roberts took a vote which defeated the motion to table Mr. Pill’s motion, at which point, sensing defeat, Mr. Gumuptheworks threw his hardbound copy of The Prince, at the still-unconscious Dr. Goodrelations and began to cry.

THE THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

What is the meaning of life? Since time immemorial, man has asked himself this question. The poets have their answers, and the scientists have their answers. Still, even in the minds of the world’s greatest thinkers, there has always been a nagging doubt. However, a recent discovery...(cont. p. 15)

A book under the coat is worth two on Wassom’s shelf.

Do unto others as you would undo your shoe.

Ashley

SOOTHING THE SAVAGE BEAST DEPARTMENT

Exciting news in the music department this week, so exciting, in fact, that Gomer Harrison, our director, called me over

“Well,” he exclaimed, “we over here in music have been negotiating for some time now to obtain a new bass brass instrument, and we did it. Yes, we did it, thanks to the FFMF, the Trustees’ Obviating Fund, and the President’s Special Committee for the Financial Augmentation of Unexpected Contingencies. After all these years (he fought back the tears) our own Sousaphone.”

I gasped in amazement. His sunken chest swelled to its 30” maximum.

“Try the valves,” he said, obviously holding back uncontrolled joy.

“Well,” I stammered, “I never touched a Sousaphone before.”

He grabbed my hand, and in his own fatherly fashion guided it to the valves and urged my fingers to depress them. He was convincing. As my fingers moved downward, I sensed a new feeling, a novel sensation, an undiscovered ecstasy, creeping through my total body, electrifying my every nerve. “WHAT VALVES!!” I screamed uncontrollably, completely unaware of the mousy girl tuning her cello.

“See,” shrilled Gomer, “What’d I tell you?”

I was speechless. So was the bit of rodentia who had just broken her Eb string.

“In spite of this,” Gomer continued, “in addition to all this splendor and wonder, there is one further factor which makes this Martin Sousaphone really special.”

I tried to question, but could not, my throat swelled with emotion. Sensitive as only he can be, he saw the pleading look in my eyes and answered; “The spit valve.”

“Oh,” I tried to sound convincing, “how fascinating.”

“Yes,” he boasted, “not only is this spit valve guaranteed against embarrassing leakage, but it also emits a bellowing B# when played by anyone with a firm ligature.

“Will wonders never cease?” I proclaimed.

“No,” he emphasized. “In our next concert, I plan to be featured soloist doing Addagio’s Flight of the Sousaphone.” He then began to blow on his instrument.

I can only come to one conclusion; if you haven’t got anything better to do you might as well skip the concert and go to the Toynbee lecture.

J.H.

NOTES AND QUERIES

While browsing through sundry Druidic manuscripts in the State archives of Kuching, Sarawak, the following somewhat cryptic marginal note caught my eye; rPaEtDfAiNnTk The most immediately arresting characteristic of these symbols is their obvious metrical similarity to Keat’s line, “Standing aloof in giant ignorance,” from his sonnet, “To Homer,” both having the same peculiar trocheic bifurcation coupled with with a thoroughly omphalosceptical parallelism of synecdochaic dactyls.

This insight was followed hard upon by a gasp of delight as I recognized the handwriting of the note to be Kierkegaard’s own, although I must admit to a momentary puzzlement in this regard due to a peculiar slanting of the first “a” of the passage, which confusion was, however, soon dispelled by my recollection that SK suffered during his eighth and ninth years, from a painful ingrown nail on the index finger of his right hand.

With these difficulties behind me, and keeping in mind Professor Nutling’s work on comparative nasal aberrations in Milton’s juvenalia, I rushed home to my table at the University of North Dakota library to continue my search and there discovered (and here’s the big news!) that the configuration of the above note corresponds exactly to that of the Stonehenge Monuments. That’s right. Shakespeare couldn’t have written his own plays.

Phillips

THE COVERLET

Tenderly, he kicked in the door and began to meander through the kitchen, intent upon mayhem. Tripping up the stairs, he happened upon their room; what he saw there gave him pause to consider. Marian was

draped on the coverlet, obstinately sensual, with a strange, blank, knowing look in her eyes.

“What are you doing on the coverlet?” he asked.

“Shove it,” she pointed out.

“Pensively, he leaped upon her... Afterwards, he ran his fingers ambivalently through her yellow hair and whistled several of her favorite songs. They were bored.

“Darling,” he grunted, “do you still feel the way you used to?”

Rolling off the bed, she executed fifty languid pushups.

“Yes,” she chirped, exhausted, “as good as new.”

P.A.

GOULD GIVES MATH LECTURE IN CHAPEL “SCIENCE AND RELIGION”

Sterling L. Gould was the guest speaker of the Mathematics and Functions Club last Friday, and Herrick Chapel was filled to capacity to hear the elder gentleman speak concerning the power of faith in relation to the golden mean.

Gould began with taking an opposing view to the new prevalent theory that mathematics is only for sissies and old, infirm ladies. Said Gould, “Everyone knows that Einstein was not only brilliant, but also a rock ‘em sock ‘em athlete at Heidelberg.”

Gould then went on to prove that a right angle has 90 degrees, by definition. The highlight of the lecture was when Gould proved that science is better than God: “Let S equal Science, and G equal God. Then:

$$S + G =$$

Then, by substitution;

$$G =$$

Then, by completion, G right angle,
and thus;

Therefore $G = 0$ and $S = G$, so $S > G$.

To prove his point beyond a doubt, Gould then dramatically turned Winston King, Dean of the Chapel, into a toad.

J.H.

Foreign "Flicks" Will come to Campus

The Movies and Stunts Committee announced yesterday that during the following weeks, several foreign films will be shown in Roberts Theatre.

-May 3- 8:20 p.m. "The Opaque Window" A Swedish film candidly discussing the controversial subject of price supports. Starring Ole Nelson and Trinkka Jensen (1951).

-May 11- 10:00 p.m. "Ze Guerkin" A gay comedy that tells what happens when four whacky American G.I.s, plus a beautiful Geisha, are sent to Aushwitz (Germany, 1943).

-May 17- 10:00 p.m. "There Aint No More Grits, Billy Joe" A Confederate States of America film portraying the evils of international bankers and money lenders (1950).

-June 5- 3:30 p.m. "Nagasaki Mon Amour" A study in urban redevelopment (Japan, 1955).

Taking Full Measure of F. Scott Fitzgerald

(When I considered comparing a theme that was common to one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's short stories and his novel The Great Gatsby, I unhesitatingly said, "May Day," and my roommate, who was once a Sea Scout, jumped to my aid. He suggested that I should concern myself with "length." I laughed and said that that was of no concern, because the professor had specifically said, "... not over four pages." Once we made ourselves clear to each other, I agreed with him and he with me. This paper saw, then, its genesis in that dialog.)

Edmund Wilson, when speaking of The Great Gatsby says, “Consider, for example, the novel which he...”

Webster defines a novel as a “relatively long fictional prose narrative.” How may this be? Note the phrase “relatively long” and more particularly, the word “long.”

A further study of the terms reveal that Webster goes on to say of “long” that it means “measuring much from end to end.” One measurement of the intermittent space is according to the total number of pages. On inspection, one finds that The Great Gatsby is one hundred-eighty-two pages in length (Scribner edition). “May Day,” on the other hand, is found to be just forty-nine pages in length (Scribner edition). Both are measured according to the Judeo-Christian “page” system. The figure 49, when removed from a greater whole of 182, leaves a rather substantial remainder. That remainder is the key to the basic difference under scrutiny here. That remainder means that the two stories are not equal. It also means that Fitzgerald has read Webster or Webster has read Fitzgerald. But let us leave that controversy to the literary historian to consider. We are more concerned with just what Fitzgerald does with this theme.

Arthur Mizener says, “These two stories also show the difference between Fitzgerald’s early short stories and those...” Webster need not be referred to in this instance, because “short story” is not a word like “novel.” That is, we know what “short story” means. (Short story means: this story is short.) The word to which I direct your attention is the word “short.” Webster defines short as “not long” and long as “not short”, and he is serious.

“May Day” is included in a volume of short stories. “May Day” is logically then, one particular short story. Obviously, then, there is one major difference between The Great Gatsby and “May Day,” if we are to believe Webster. One of them is short (“May Day”) and the other is long (The Great Gatsby).

Considering imagery, now, one finds direct correlation with the all-inclusive term “story.” In a similar association of words to pervading concept, in his short story “May Day.” On page 55, “the over-rouged young lady followed her with a brief ...” On the same page we notice the phrase, “After only a few ...” On page 61, Fitzgerald tells us, “One of them was

short...” And culminating this subtle chain of cunningly contrived images on the final page, he admits, “It must have been thirty seconds....”

Fitzgerald relates in The Great Gatsby (the title itself an obvious reference to its “greater” length) on page 49 that, “He (Gatsby) gives large....” And, later, on page 89, “There was nothing to look at from under the tree except Gatsby’s enormous....”

The key word on page 109 arrests our eye as we scan the page. Like Dr. T.J. Eckleburg across the ash-heap, it beckons to us. That word is the powerful and expressive word “lots” which begins the fifth paragraph so magnificently. Finally, a more esoteric but climactic remark on page 172, “He held up a bulbous finger....”

The one image I find yet confusing is on page 109 of The Great Gatsby. It seems out of line with the more plethoric “long” images. Fitzgerald writes “‘Not Gatsby,’ I said shortly.” Perhaps this usage is intended to heighten the effect of the “long” images by contrast. Nonetheless, it is only one persimmon in a barrel of nectarines.

Instead, he was long when he was long, and he was short when he was short. We have thus seen a master craftsman at work. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that F. Scott Fitzgerald was not long when he had to be short, and he was not short when he had to be long.

In composition, and in content, we have seen how true he was to his terms. We have, in fact, seen the long and the short of it.

S.B.

Parson’s Corner: Is there room
in your pants for the Lord?

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