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Thomas Jefferson College
BULL FROG POND
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May 24
Volume VI
Number 9

EDITORIAL

Studentapathytocommunityaffairs, more commonly known as apathy, has reached epidemic proportions at TJC. Apathy, relatively rare in TJC's youth, now afflicts conservatively 98% of all TJC students.

There is much ongoing debate about the cause of the epidemic. Humanists tend to agree that apathy is inherent in the student. Apathy is simply a sign of contentment. Environmentalists on the other hand argue that TJC has a structure that actually promotes apathy. There seems to be no easy solution to this controversy.

Although there is no known cure for apathy, one non-professional suggests a daily dose of the TJC Gazette to increase tension. Another non-professional has a firm belief that the shock value of a few Faculty Meetings and/or a Joint Personal Comittee Meeting might do the trick. Several brave students in an attempt to conquer their illness and to help others have tried forming representative student governments. This radical "cure" hasn't been longlasting and isn't recommended as the second degree apathy that sets in is harder to cure than first degree apathy.

I don't mean to alarm anyone but symptoms of Studentapathytocommunityaffairs have been showing on some of our faculty. Please do take all precautions it is contagious.



LETTERS

Dear Mr. Anderson,

Do you remember what you said when I first started at Grand Valley? You said, we will learn from you and hopefully you will learn from us. Well, I don't know if you learned anything from me, but I haven't looked back since I started school at TJC. I have learned so much and my life has been so enriched. It's really uncanny...like a miracle the way my life has been changed, and how very, very happy I am.

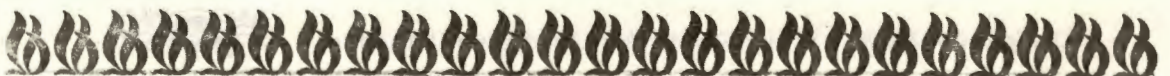
Not many people get a second chance to leave a very dull life and enter a very interesting one in their middle years. I am indeed fortunate.

I do indeed thank you.

Sincerely,

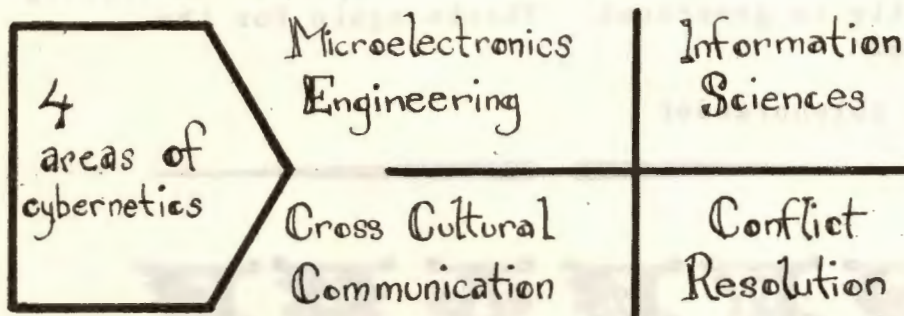
Jerry Welts

WE ARE BUT A PART OF THE LIFE OF THE SUN



Hi!

Tell Bobbie Hill I liked her two poems in Feb issue and that Don Quixote et al is helping open a School of Cybernetics and Human Communication in Freetown, Sierra Leone, W. Africa.



March 2, 1973

Dear Friend:

I enjoyed the latest issue of Bullfrog Pond (No. 4). I always find useful items in each issue.

I noticed you are planning a program at Vienna Summer School. Although you did not give the dates, I would like to suggest that some of the students consider attending the Vienna Rotating Seminar of Universities and the Quest for Peace August 27-31, following their summer school. You will find preliminary information on page 5 of the enclosed JOURNAL OF WORLD EDUCATION.

Although the Vienna Seminar is aimed primarily at high-ranking persons in the established universities, I believe it is important to have input of ideas from students of less traditional universities.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) Leah R. Karpen
Editor

Dan:

March 1, 1973

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for inviting Laurie and me to the parents' night celebration last Monday evening. We had a very delightful time and commend you and the other people at TJC for staging this very fine gathering. Activities of this type are certainly one means by which a feeling of community is generated. Thanks again for the invitation.

Harold M. Kolenbrander



DON'T LET THE BULL FROG POND DRY UP
SHARE WHAT YOU ARE WITH OTHERS. YOUR POEMS ,
STORIES , BOOK REVIEWS , DRAWINGS , PHOTOS ,
OPINIONS , JOKES , COMICS , RECORD REVIEWS ,AND
GENERAL BULL ARE ALL DELIGHTFUL TO READ.
SIMPLY MAIL TO THE B.F.P. C/O T.J.C. OR
IF YOU ARE HERE DROP IT INTO THE B.F.P. BOX.
SUBMIT ONLY ORIGINAL MATERIAL I DON'T WANT
ANY REPRINTS .

Rindhart

Wonder alone --- alone in space
Tired of running,
Thinking and Doing;
Sometimes --- I cry, alone with me
Of Wars, Prejudices, Societies not Free;
Laugh --- Who's mad?
There's no one but me and Van
Minds do not see
Invisible, I'll be.

Wonder alone --- alone in time
Cold nights, gelid spirits;
Soul sought calderium
Lotus thoughts,
Thinking. Of nothing
Sweet peace, Peace
Finds my Mind;
Death is life
Dying, is Living.

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The Bertocci Paper

Three travellers shared a highway in the sunshine:
The Priest,
The Scholar
And I
Went in debate of freedom.
The man of God began.
"We are raindrops,
Separate,
Alone,
Buffeted by winds of suffering.
Yet, all the while,
We plunge inexorably
To earth and thence into the sea.
We are free when we have burst,
Immersed ourselves in the Ocean---
God."
The Scholar answered,
"Nay,
We are fuzz-worms, caterpillars.
It is not by God-force,
It is in the very Nature of our Being
That we become butterflies.
Our lives are growth
Toward that beauty,
That freedom of completion."
A time passed as we reflected.
Then I replied.
"Friends,
We are men.
As we travel this highway of Life
We come to junctures, forks and towns.
The earth may pull,
Our growth may seek a certain end,
Yet, in each choice
To continue, stop or turn,
We have a voice!
Life does not live me:
I live life!
There may be freedom in finding God.

There may be freedom in becoming Man.
Still, in search, in growth
Is freedom to choose:
Freedom to win. Freedom to lose
But, at least in part, I am free
To shape, to create
What I will be."

Steve Garwood

February Valintime

Inlayed an open book of Marble substance,
With leaves like withered paper
All brown and lifeless,
Blowing over the frail grass;
That surrounded this last book
Of many books he read;
This one he never will
His eyes can not see the light,
Nor he feels pain or Joy
And hears only emptyness
Perhaps if he thinks,
He . Would think that
He is a God - or a king
Of Infinite, Time and Space
For there is no other,
That occupies his place;
Yet we all will occupy,
One as he does some day
From the Womb to the earth,
The earth to the Seed
Every birth begins . A wave
That sweeps across the Ocean
And in the written
To another life
Ingraved in this book,
Neil H. F.
1934-1957

Van Stewart



VISUAL STIMULI

(Spring comes to Michigan)

The fragile chartreuse of the early-riser trees,
Jealously guarded by the dark stark black-gray
Of the more cautious hardwoods
(Which remember the violent spring of aught-98);
Punctuated by a pine tree
Whose green is strengthened and honed by experience;
The steely gray of old dead trees -
Graceful arthritic fingers pointing to the sky.
Deep thick green of the new grass
Sky-blue blue of the new sky
Background, yet foreground.

Even the billboards seem freshly scrubbed and
appropriate.

John S. Warren
April 24, 1973



My Interpretation of **E**CCLESIASTES



Ecclesiastes, Authorized (King James) Version, Chapter I: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth...". All causes in man's vissions are already lost, because that is nature and the way things are; but the losers need not be lost. What distinguishes man and gives him salvation is his faithfulness and justification of himself in the ordeal of which all of mankind are called upon to face.

The Preacher says he has given his heart to know wisdom, madness and folly, which also is vanity." For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow". Man seeketh knowledge, but life's potentials is nothingness. For everything that exists must surely die and every thought that exists dies upon the next, the next, the next and only exists as the thought is at present. We live to produce nothing, that which we create becomes nada, except to show to the living that man just "...IS..". (Sartre: Being and Nothingness, pp. 86-116). "For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth...".



Chapter II: "For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexations of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun"? Life is like a canoe against the current. It recedes if it does not advance. The more we learn, the more we realize how very little we know and how in vain it is to know." For one generation

passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth...".



Chapter III: What profit hath a man that worketh in that wherein he labourth"? Man's life amounts to nothing; no great reward in the end, no pie in the sky, only frustrations and absurdity." What a price man has payed to be other than a beast". (W.S. Maugham: OF HUMAN BONDAGE). " For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter IV:" For Whom do I labour, and bereave my sould of good"? There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour". The Universe simply gives life to all creations and is unaware of whom or what it has created and the creatures cannot know each what or who it is." The most unnatural also is nature. Who sees her not on all sides sees her truly nowhere...Even in resisting her laws one obeys them; and one works with her even in desiring to work against her". (A. W. Watts: Nature, Man and Woman). Nature is not to be understood, but a reality to be experienced." For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter V: What can I do about it? What!? Nothing! The Preacher has said, "...the profit of the earth is for all:...man comes forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour..."

Nature never considered giving life to me and all I can do is let it pass like a flash of light. As one can do nothing about one's comings and goings, except to occupy one's time with diversions of labour, eating and drinking." When! When! One day isn't that enough for you?...one day we were born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second..." One day like and other day." Then give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then its night once more". (S. Beckett: Waiting for Godot, pp. 57). "For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter VI: "Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what is man the better"? Yes Preacher, my labour shall be and I have no desire for children, but if it so happens; vanity as it may be, I shall accept. My eyes shall enjoy what nature has created and let nature enjoy what she has created. My eyes seek to enjoy nature and her virtues, without desire or possession. For I am as a part of nature as nature is a part of me." For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter VII: The knowledge to know that one can not find knowledge of nature and man is wisdom." The excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it". "For the capacity of the mind is great, like the emptiness of space...The marvelous nature of the ordinary person is fundamentally empty and has no fixed character. Such is the truly sky-like quality of one's natural self...The emptiness of universal space can contain the myraid things of every shape and form--the sun, moon, and stars, the mountains and rivers, the great earth with its springs, streams, and waterfalls, grass, trees, and dense forest, its

sinner and saint, and the ways of good and evil... All of these are in the void, and the ordinary person's nature is void in just this way". (A.W. Watts: Nature, Man and Woman). "Time, space, neither life nor death is the answer". (The Cantos of Ezra Pound, from CXV, pp. 794). But to eat, drink, and enjoy nature's experiences. "For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter VIII: Time has its place. We cannot seek out the next day, for we will not know today; until we're clutch up by the moment of its time. Live joyfully with bread and wine, until your light is snuffed out. For what else can we do? "For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."

Chapter X: "A fool...is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him, who can tell him"? Even as we move out into and onto the universe. Vanities of vanities.

"We've reached the end of Matter:
"...What
do they think they will attain by
their ships
that death has not
already given
them? Their ships
should be directed
inward upon . But I
...have seen the Dawn... I
Have had enough".

(W. C. Williams, The--
Bhagavad Gita). "For one generation passeth away,
and another generation cometh: but the earth
abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."





Chapter XI: My youth has seen times of sorrow, depression and fragmentation--of war, lies and seperation. It has seen the light of the earth aspire from the East and descend to the west. Its rays warms my flesh and its darkness chills my soul; yet without the night, I could not appreciate the beauty of the day, nor till the sun has--passed can I appreciate the night with its many twinkling lights. Vanity as it may be. The sun shall be, is, and has gone long before and will long after me. "Only that day dawns to which we are awake. (Henry David Thoreau). "For one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth..."



Chapter XII: Since I can do nothing of my comings and goings, what can I do? One way would be to till a farm and live in retirement. Another way would be to suffer from hunger and cold and pray for a better day, a better life; another would be to marry a princess and be a power at court, and live in luxuries and entertainments. All of these would do as occupations to fill the interval of time. I could even do something that would have the powerto live beyond me; that would be to write a book. Because I would feel that I have an obligation to the future generations and wish to do something about it, to occupy my time. Would this not be vanity also? It matters not where I go, when or what I do. My life is made of many experiences; I can not stop now. For this is my way of life and there is much I wish to experience and find contentment in.

"So let us live
Among the white clouds and scarlet woodlands,
Singing together

Songs of Great Peace".

(Teiwa shu, ii. Tr. Ruth Sasaki, in Zen Notes).

"For one generation passeth away,...but the earth abideth forever...the sun goeth down, and hasteth to where he arose".

Van Stewart

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STAGE 3

FOUR NEW PLAYS

Stage 3 of Grand Rapids Produced 4 short plays by Joel Clark early this month.

The first play EUGENE was about the birth from a red box of a "Gene" who was supposed to make miracles for the moaning masses, but who didn't want to come out. Meaning, if indeed there was any meaning intended, was obscure. One was never sure where the connection to reality was.

JASSON & FRIMDOG was fairly straightforward and funny. A man loving his two life-sized dolls shares this means of pleasure with a lonely but cocky office acquaintance. A nice weird romance.

THE SWING was an interaction between a young girl and a questionable old man. She was too open and charming for any foul play. She touches his heart with a yoyo. It was kind of corny.

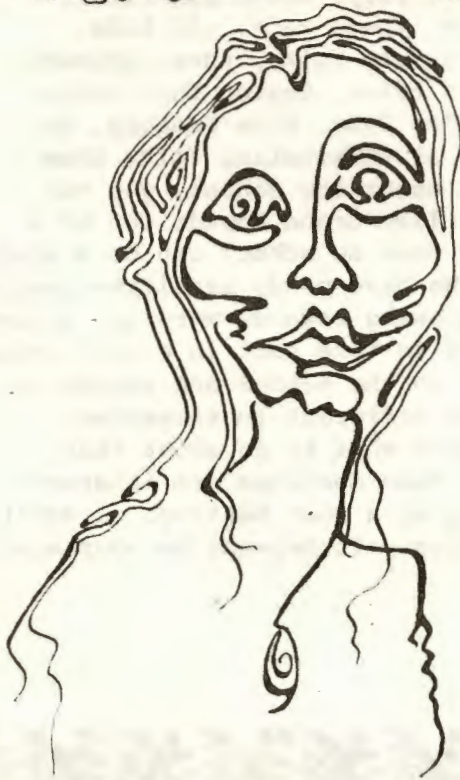
The dramatic finale THE SUNDAY VISITORS was the terrorizing of a

couple by a man, bitter and mixed up, and his sex maniac flunky. There were several realistic details such as breaking glass, a real knife, and gruesome makeup that aided the overall effect of the play. The most bothersome element of the play was the dialoguelessness of the female character, my bias.

I complement Henry Guikema, T. Dan Gilmore, and Becky Wright on their characterizations.

I also liked the incorporation of four sets with only one scene change. It went very smoothly.

My advise to Joel Clark is to learn more about real women and to keep writing plays.



ONE VIEW

This is TJC where students are teachers and teachers are students, and for only 163 dollars a term, (very cheap for college as of 1973). If you live in another state you pay about 3 times as much. People come from all over the country and the world to go to our little TJC. A rich assortment of different people. I have been in the area for three years and attended school for 2 and a half. I have seen lots of old students leave and the new ones arrive. I have participated in synectic sessions that were videotaped. I have visited Mr. Lubbers with 12 people, all who had bags over their heads. I helped organize a play, moved six times, worked with nice guys, sick guys, young kids, old kids, dropouts, kicked outs, left outs, old folks, nuns, priests, blind folks, Been to California twice, Boston four times. Saw Allen Ginsburg chant, Baba Ram Daas, Dick Gregory, Mr. Ayyangar from India. A variety of interesting folks from everywhere. That's what I like about the school, you can make what you want of it. Just like Grand Rapids can be a lousy town when you're in a bad mood so school can be a drag when you're not feeling fine. We have moody sensitive people here like everywhere. We are growing because word got around about TJC. More students wanted to take part in a good thing like everywhere. Growing pains in the school and people is part of the chore. People react different to situations. If TJC is in trouble, I don't know what to do about that, but I'm pretty lazy sometimes. Town Meetings are interesting. I have never said anything at a Town Meeting. I don't know why. Sometimes TJC is a drag. It depends on your mood.

Michael Murdock



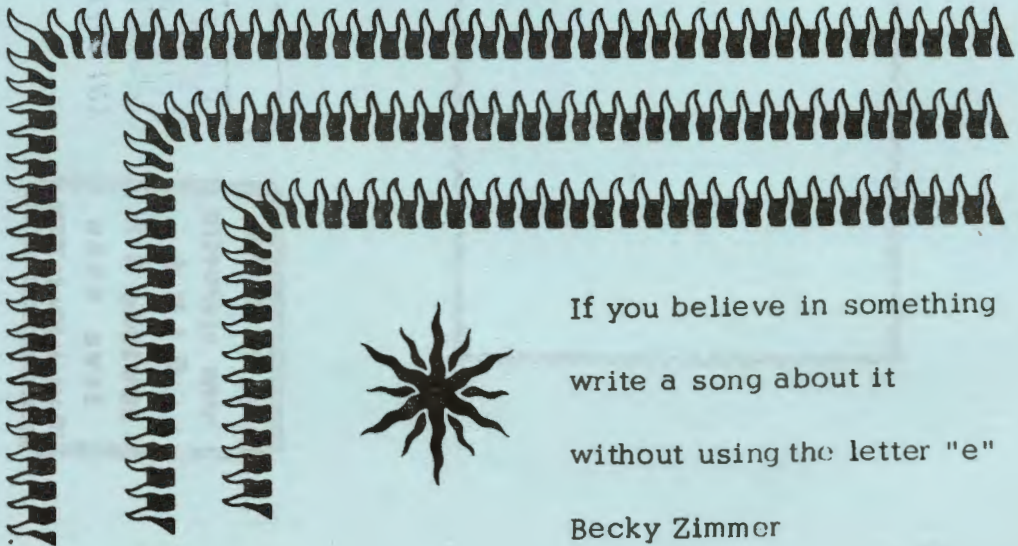
ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a TJC graduation picnic celebration on Thursday, May 31, at 5:00 P.M. Place will probably be Johnson Park. We'll have lots of people, music, beer, wine, speeches, etc. All in honor of our graduates. Last year's celebration was great! Hope you'll be able to attend.

Please, "honorable graduates", try to participate in the formal graduation ceremonies on June 9, at 11:00 a.m. This year each of the deans is introducing their own graduates, I'd feel really bad if I didn't have anyone to introduce. Save me! It only lasts an hour. Besides it's not all that bad.

---T. Dan Gilmore

Graduation, what's that?



If you believe in something
write a song about it
without using the letter "e"

Becky Zimmer

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