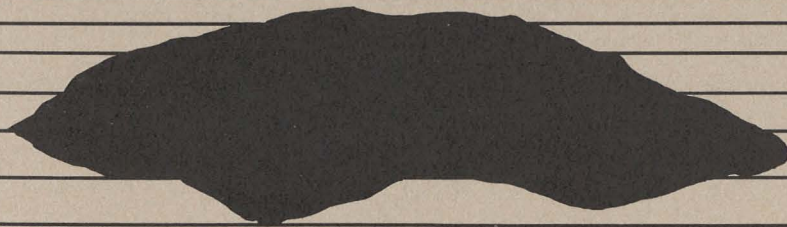


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BORBORYGMI



BORBORYGMI

SPRING 1975

A literary gemische produced by and for the students of Southwestern Medical School of The University of Texas Health Science Center at Dallas

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Editors' Note: READER BEWARE!!!

The printed material herein does not necessarily reflect the view of the editors, nor should any article be assumed to indicate the attitudes or opinions of any group or individual other than the author. All submissions worthy of a good bowel sound were included in this issue. The editors reserved the right to maintain certain minimal standards of quality and decency. Some articles in this issue may be slightly offensive to some. To these people we can only say, "mangez merde!"

Wish to offer special thanks to our posthumous contributors, Benjamin Franklin and Mark Twain, whose articles seemed especially pertinent to the art of medicine. Of course the greatest thanks to those people, known and anonymous, who contributed articles, ideas, criticism, or otherwise presented the good vibes necessary to get this issue to press.

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THANKS

The Editors

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COVER DESIGN: Marilyn Kaufman

Beyond Murphy's Laws

by AMOS PHORE

On November 30, 1973, Fred Kintzler invited his girlfriend over for an evening in front of a cozy fireplace. He used two boxes of matches, one pint of starter fluid, the Sunday edition of the N.Y. Times and failed completely to get the fire started. Determined to enjoy romantic flickering flames, he drove with his girlfriend to the Vista Inn, a fireplace equipped lodge in the nearby mountains. On the way, he lit a cigarette, threw the match out the car window and started a forest fire that devastated 197 acres of timber and burned the Vista Inn to the ground.

On October 31, 1974, William Saunders, an engineer, using a portable computer and a program he had taken six years to work out, lost every penny of his savings in a Las Vegas roulette game. That same day, in the casino next door, Mrs. Tilly Greenspiel, a 69 year old widow, using the dates of her grandchildren's birthdays, picked 12 consecutive winners that netted her \$12,500 in the first and only time she ever played roulette.

Sheer coincidence? Flukes? Not by a long shot! They were the normal and predictable results of the operation of certain natural laws. The first of these laws was discovered by an obscure engineer, E. Murphy: It is his General Law on Why Things Go Wrong . . . "If anything can go wrong, it will go wrong."

(It has commonly and mistakenly been supposed that the initial, E., stood for Edsel. But we know from Murphy's notes that it actually stands for the prophetic, if unlikely name, Error. Murphy tells us his intended given name was Errol, but his Japanese mother, still confusing Ls and Rs erroneously entered "Error" on his birth certificate. The error was never corrected. Thus, Murphy was an early victim of the law he discovered.)

Murphy's Law long remained the guiding concept for engineers. It explained why a wire cut to the exact length will always be too short and why the \$300 color picture tube in a TV will protect its ten cent fuse by blowing first.

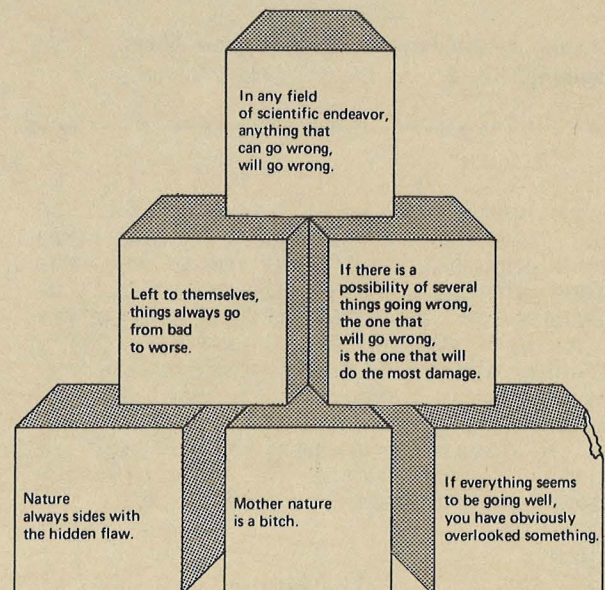
The main weakness of Murphy's Law is its inability to be expressed in mathematical form. However, Samuel F. Dude investigated how the law operated in dual systems (where there are two possible results, for example, head or tails, up or down, etc.). He expressed his findings in two previously unpublished Boolean algebra equations:

$$A \wedge B^u = B \quad (1)$$

$$A^u \wedge B = A \quad (2)$$

where A and B are possible outcomes, where the suprascript "u" denotes the undesired outcome, and where " \wedge " means "either-or". (See any book on Boolean Algebra, Finite Mathematics, Sets and Subsets; or, ask any youngster now studying the New Math in the third grade.)

These equations form the basis of Dude's Law of Duality, which simple stated is: "Of two possible events, only the undesired one will occur." (Actually, the Law of Duality was the only contribution made by Sam Dude. His genius was cut short by a sky-diving accident when Dude had to choose between a back-pack and a reserve parachute.)



The main contribution of Sam Dude was not so much his Law of Duality since, after all, it is but a special case of Murphy's Law; but because it is in his law that the first mention and consideration of the concept of desirability is found. It was not until Dr. Gumperson that the concept of desirability was incorporated into the general law. Gumperson's Law states that "the probability of a given event occurring is inversely proportional to its desirability," or in its mathematical form:

$$P = 1/D$$

where "P" is the probability and "D" is the desirability. While Gumperson's Law was a great advance toward the discovery of a universal law of perversity, it had shortcomings. It could not, for example, explain why the person with the most raffle tickets has the least chance of winning.

The two news items reported at the beginning of this article cannot be explained by Gumperson's Law. The law entirely misses the concept of effort. The probability of an event occurring varies inversely not only with its desirability, but also with the effort expended to make it occur. Thus, Gumperson's Law can be improved by restating it mathematically:

$$P = 1/ExD$$

Obviously, the greater the effort, the less likely the desired event will occur; the lesser the effort; the more likely the desired event will happen. In this way, Mr. Kintzler's forest fire and Mrs. Greenspiel's \$12,500 roulette win can be explained. The smaller the denominator the greater the value of P. And, if the denominator approaches zero, then P becomes infinitely large. The greater the denominator the smaller the value of P. That's why Mr. Kintzler couldn't start a fire in his fireplace and why Mr. Saunders couldn't possibly hope to win at roulette.

But even this last equation lacks another important concept . . . the perversity of inanimate objects. We are in debt to Dr. Fyodor Flap for formulating his famous Law of the Perversity of Inanimate Objects: "Any inanimate object, regardless of its position or configuration, may be expected to perform at any time in a totally unexpected manner for reasons that are either entirely obscure or else

completely mysterious."

Flap's Law explains why self-starting motors won't budge and why interchangeable parts won't. Obviously, the more perverse an object, the greater the probability of a perverse result. Thus, probability is directly proportional to the object's perversity. We can improve upon our last equation by incorporating into it the "coefficient of perversity," p:

$$P = \frac{p}{ExD}$$

The value of "P" for various objects can be computed by taking actual events where E and D are known and solving for p. The coefficient values for some objects have already been calculated:

Match	0.96
Cigarette lighter	0.98
Typewriter	0.87
Billing computer	0.99
Elevator	0.92
Roulette wheel	0.99
Right-hand chopstick	0.05
Left-hand chopstick	0.06

This is the Universal Field Theory of Perversity, or Phore's Law: "The probability of an event's occurring varies directly with the perversity of the inanimate objects involved and inversely with the product of its desirability and the effort expended to produce it."

This article is proof of this new theory. To overcome the high perversity factor of the editor's censorship pencil (numerator), a low, almost zero, denominator is necessary to obtain an almost infinite probability that this article would be put into print. The author accordingly (and obviously) has exerted almost zero effort on the preparation of the article, hence:

$$P = \frac{1.00}{[\rightarrow 0 \times 100]} \cong \frac{1}{0} \cong \infty$$

Thus, if you are reading this article in print, the theory is proven. And if you are not . . . well, it's just Murphy's Law all over again.

SPACEMAN

progressing from a cord at birth
 persisting by tubing entangled
 amoeboid motion in a space endangered
 pumps for pressure to maintain girth

his sunrise condensed
 to a septal nanosecond
 his air breathed
 by filters before

polaris light focused and collimated
 fix and fast computed and related
 computer mind in sequence
 no program perceives the Hunter

gasglow heights
 Babylonian apogee

escaping expansion behind

lubricated intoxication

Mike Marshall



illustration by Mary Nelson

THE BLUDGEONED HISTORY CARVER

I saw you reach for —
 gotten images
 (Conjuring gyroscopic illusions)
 Syntax huckster — sold
 valueless ideology
 over the blinded stage
 trust my cloth coat
 America's children's children:
 secure the nation
 (sustentation by a concentration of forces in
 self-reflexiveness)
 scarlet gardens
 Fathomless solipsistic perceptensions, but
 you can't you
 hid your sordid (hoarded) linen?
 (Art turning upon itself.)

Chip Fagadau

OCCLUDE

And what of those of us who never prefer?
 How will we occlude and demand?
 Rend or sow?
 Fruit of our labor
 or our love
 of life?
 And time will tell the truth
 or take its consequences.

Bereft and unknowing
 he seeks but fails
 To find
 A mind
 With whom
 To travel
 All along
 Not alone.

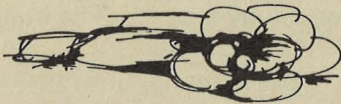
Robert Rosen

THE CHILI QUEEN: a narrative of memory

Were I still your faithful prince,
I would not seek your warmth in courtyards
and gardens under walls of silent moss.
No, nor back in strange alleys set dark under stars;
rather, find you at dusk on this cobbled field,
Alamo plaza all weary,
the night coming on sullen as a slouching cowboy.

Then it was, and now begins to return:
it is an 1880 summer and you are my queen.
The sandaled stones spread out at your feet
as you roll your wooden cart of pots to meet us
with red chili smouldering in cauldrons
blackened like tented Arabs in a hot wind.

Were I still there in San Antonio,
kicking the dust of the streets each day
like an actor pacing out lines,
waiting for your entry on this eating stage,
I would press close with the crowd
to seize the mysteries in the night air,
the chili brewing in the mesquite smoke
with the awesome fire of a plasma,
this precious ceremony of the chilipiquines.



Then, and it was not so long ago,
the smoke coiled thick from your charcoal fires,
and the fevered food called us every night.
But now, none remember at all.
Your colored lamps are long extinguished,
and the guitarists who serenaded you
are old and blind with fingers of butter.
All too often now, I think, though sadly,
when even you float in my mind as a myth,
that the sacrificial chilis were an illusion,
a fierce taunt to the shadows of dusk
which only drive me into shelter
from the confusion and hysteria I meet,
and from the visions of my chili queen.

Chris Fletcher



Instead I am in lean years,
grasping at straws for survival,
things being as they are, without energy.
The nation suffers like a flopping fish,
and none remember the quick relief
you offered for pennies, your smile,
the checkered cloths and tables streaked
with the juice of the sacred chilis,
or the roses set high on your brown breasts.

Were you still our gentle queen,
we would be slaves to the blood-bait
which simmered in your smoky pots;
would wait all day, unstirring, like insects,
for the setting of the sun
and the lunar glow of your ornate lamps,
when your cart would stream near,
all the fire of Apollo's chariot,
an altar summoning us each night,
we, the brown men who strummed you in song.



illustration by Cathy Abramson

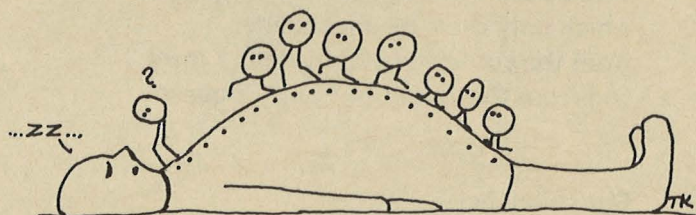
from Letter VII of Mark Twain's
LETTERS FROM THE EARTH

Noah and his family were saved — if that could be called an advantage. I throw in the if for the reason that there has never been an intelligent person of the age of sixty who would consent to live his life over again. His or anyone else's. The Family were saved, yes, but they were not comfortable, for they were full of microbes. Full to the eyebrows; fat with them, obese with them; distended like balloons. It was a disagreeable condition, but it could not be helped, because enough microbes had to be saved to supply the future races of men with desolating diseases, and there were but eight persons on board to serve as hotels for them. The microbes were by far the most important part of the Ark's cargo, and the part the Creator was most anxious about and most infatuated with. They had to have good nourishment and pleasant accommodations. There were typhoid germs, and cholera germs, and hydrophobia germs, and lockjaw germs, and consumption germs, and black-plague germs, and some hundred of other aristocrats, specially precious creatures, golden bearers of God's love to man, blessed gifts of the infatuated Father to his children — all of which had to be sumptuously housed and richly entertained; these were located in the choicest places the interiors of the Family could furnish: in the lungs, in the heart, in the brain, in the kidneys, in the blood, in the guts. In the guts particularly. The great intestine was the favorite resort. There they gathered, by countless billions, and worked, and fed, and squirmed, and sang hymns of praise and thanksgiving; and at night when it was quiet you could hear the soft murmur of it. The large intestine was in effect their heaven. They stuffed it solid; they made it as rigid as a coil of gaspipe. They took pride in this. Their principal hymn made gratified reference to it:

*Constipation, O constipation,
The joyful sound proclaim
Till man's remotest entrail
Shall praise its Maker's name.*

... Many poor people have to go barefoot, because they cannot afford shoes. The Creator saw his opportunity. I will remark, in passing that he always has his eye on the poor. Nine-tenths of his disease-inventions were intended for the poor, and they get them. The well-to-do get only what is left over. Do not suspect me of speaking

unheededly, for it is not so: the vast bulk of the Creator's affliction — inventions are specially designed for the persecution of the poor. You could guess this by the fact that one of the pulpit's finest and commonest names for the Creator is "The Friend of the Poor." Under no circumstances does the pulpit ever pay the Creator a compliment that has a vestige of truth in it. The poor's most implacable and unwearied enemy is their Father in Heaven . . . If science exterminates a disease which has been working for God, it is God that gets the credit, and all the pulpits break into grateful advertising — raptures and call attention to how good he is! . . . Very well, six thousand years ago Shem was full of hookworms. Microscopic in size, invisible to the naked eye. All of the Creator's specially deadly disease — producers are invisible. It is an ingenious idea. For thousands of years it kept man from getting at the roots of his maladies, and defeated his attempts to master them. It is only recently that science has succeeded in exposing some of these treacheries. The very latest of these blessed triumphs of science is the discovery and identification of the ambuscaded assassin which goes by the name of the hookworm. Its special prey is the barefooted poor . . . The hookworm was discovered two or three years ago by a physician, who had been patiently studying its victims for a long time . . . The hookworm is a peculiarly sneaking and underhand invention, and has done its surreptitious work unmolested for ages; but that physician and his helpers will exterminate it now. God is back of this. He has been thinking about it for six thousand years, and making up his mind. The idea of exterminating the hookworm was his. He came very near to doing it before Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles did. But he is in time to get the credit. He always is. It is going to cost a million dollars. He was probably just in the act of contributing that sum when a man pushed in ahead of him — as usual, Mr. Rockefeller. He furnishes the million, but the credit will go elsewhere — as usual.



To the Royal Academy of ****

—*Benjamin Franklin*

Gentlemen, I have perused your late mathematical Prize Question, proposed in lieu of one in Natural Philosophy, for the ensuing year, viz, “Une figure quelconque donnée, on demande d’y inscrire le plus grand nombre de fois possible une autre figure plus-petite quelconque, qui est aussi donnée.” I was glad to find by these following Words, “l’Académie a jugé que cette découverte, en étendant les bornes de nos connoissances, ne seroit pas sans UTILITÉ”, that you esteem Utility an essential Point in your Enquiries, which has not always been the case with all Academies; and I conclude therefore that you have give this Question instead of a philosophical, or as the Learned express it, a physical one, because you could not at the time think of a physical one that promis’d greater Utility.

Permit me then humbly to propose one of that sort for your consideration, and through you, if you approve it, for the serious Enquiry of learned Physicians, Chemists, etc. of this enlightened Age.

It is universally well known, That in digesting our common Food, there is created or produced in the Bowels of human Creatures, a great Quantity of Wind.

That the permitting this Air to escape and mix with the Atmosphere, is usually offensive to the Company, from the fetid Smell that accompanies it.

Thall all well-bred People therefore, to avoid giving such Offence, forcibly restrain the Efforts of Nature to discharge that Wind.

That so retain’d contrary to Nature, it not only gives frequently great present Pain, but occasions future Diseases, such as habitual Cholics, Ruptures, Tympanies, etc. often destructive of the Constitution, & sometimes of Life itself.

Were it not for the odiously offensive Smell accompanying such Escapes, polite People would probably be under no more Restraint in discharging such Wind in Company, than they are in spitting, or in blowing their Noses.

My Prize Question therefore should be, To discover some Drug wholesome & not disagreeable, to be mix’d with our common Food, or Sauces, that shall render the Natural Discharges, of Wind from our Bodies, not only inoffensive, but agreeable as Perfumes.

That this is not a chimerical Project, and altogether impossible, may appear from

these Considerations. That we already have some Knowledge of Means capable of Varying that Smell. He that dines on stale Flesh, especially with much Addition of Onions, shall be able to afford a Stink that no Company can tolerate; while he that has lived for some Time on Vegetables only, shall have that Breath so pure as to be insensible to the most delicate Noses; and if he can manage so as to avoid the Report, he may any where give Vent to his Grievs, unnoticed. But as there are many to whom an entire Vegetable Diet would be inconvenient, and as a little Quick-Liime thrown into a Jakes will correct the amazing Quantity of fetid Air arising from the vast Mass of putrid Matter contain’d in such Places, and render it rather pleasing to the Smell, who knows but that a little Powder of Lime (or some other thing equivalent) taken in our Food, or perhaps a Glass of Limewater drank at Dinner, may have the same Effect on the Air produc’d in and issuing from our Bowels? This is worth the Experiment. Certain it is also that we have the Power of changing by slight Means the Smell of another Discharge, that of our Water. A few Stems of Asparagus eaten, shall give our Urine a disagreeable Odour; and a Pill of Turpentine no bigger than a Pea, shall bestow on it the pleasing Smell of Violets. And why should it be thought more impossible in Nature, to find Means of making a Perfume of our Wind than of our Water?

For the Encouragement of this Enquiry, (from the immortal Honour to be reasonably expected by the Inventor) let it be reasonably considered of how small Importance to Mankind, or to how small a Part of Mankind have been useful those Discoveries in Science that have heretofore made Philosophers famous. Are there twenty Men in Europe at this Day, the happier, or even the easier, for any Knowledge they have pick’d out of Aristotle? What Comfort can the Vortices of Descartes give to a Man who has Whirlwinds in his Bowels! The Knowledge of Newton’s mutual Attraction of the Particles of Matter, can it afford Ease to him who is rack’d by their mutual Repulsion, and the cruel Distensions it occasions? The Pleasure arising to a few Philosophers, from seeing, a few Times in their Life, the Threads of Light untwisted, and separated by the Newtonian Prism into seven Colours, can it be compared with the Ease and Comfort every Man living might feel seven times a Day, by discharging freely the Wind from his Bowels? Especially if it be converted into a Perfume:

For the Pleasures of one Sense being little inferior to those of another, instead of pleasing the Sight he might delight the Smell of those about him, & make Numbers happy, which to a benevolent Mind must afford infinite Satisfaction. The generous Soul, who now endeavours to find out whether the Friends he entertains like best Claret or Burgundy, Champagne or Madeira, would then enquire also whether they chose Musk or Lilly, Rose or Bergamot, and provide accordingly. And surely such a Liberty of Ex-pressing one's Scent-iments, and pleasing one another, is of infinitely more Importance

to human Happiness than that Liberty of the Press, or of abusing one another, which the English are so ready to fight & die for. — In short, this Invention, if compleated, would be, as Bacon expresses it, bringing Philosophy home to Mens Business and Bosoms. And I cannot but conclude, that in Comparison therewith, for universal and continual UTILITY, the Science of the Philosophers abovementioned, even with the Addition, Gentlemen, of your "Figure quelconque" and the Figures inscrib'd in it, are, all together, scarcely worth a FART-HING.

DR. CLAY TONGUE LOOKS AT MASCULINE/FEMININE ROLES AND OTHER ISSUES:

DEAR DR.:

Since one of the professors can claim ownership of a football field just by having played on it, and one of my classmates can do likewise for a "lucky seat" in the auditorium, I was wondering if I could do the same with regard to a certain young lady with whom I've been sitting lately.

Cheerily,
Buster

DR. C. RESPONDS:

The principle of "squatter's rights" is a valid one; however, since I've been looking at her longer than you've been sitting next to her, I feel I have the real ownership rights.

Proprietarily,
Clay

DEAR DOCTOR:

The male chauvinism at Southwestern is getting out of hand. Why, just yesterday, someone opened a door for me, and last week a male attended our women's lunch. I have trouble coping with the constant belittling. What can I do?

Free me,
Libby

THE GOOD DOCTOR REPLIES:

Your problem is obviously one of being undersexed. Could we probe this further on a later date?

At your cervix,
the good doctor

DEAR C.T.:

I've been teaching at SWMS for 25 years and have always received a polite round of applause at the end of my lectures. Recently, one of my colleagues got a standing ovation. Do you have any suggestions for next year?

Crushed,
"Crushed"

THE C.T. REPLIES:

If next year's class also has "the clap", you may still get your wish even though you're lacking in personality, magnetism, style, and lecture ability. All you need to do is (1) give plenty of breaks, (2) insert slides of "women in the buff" into your lecture, and (3) promise not to screw the class on tests.

Tongue in cheek,
Clay Tongue M.D. .

DEAR DOC:

How can I keep from getting the runs?

Desperately,
Zibby

THE DOC LETS LOOSE:

Quit taking home doggie bags from Physiology lab.

Parasympathetically,
Dr. T.

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL: SCUT

We have a suggestion, culled from the select and coincident experience of the entire junior class, to eliminate at a stroke the two greatest evils of the medical curriculum. In as much as the third year class renews each year the ritual chant of 'too much scut', and the first year class has itchy pants to get involved in the big-time circus of Parkland patient care and diagnostic name-dropping, the obvious and inevitable solution is to do a little merging.

As a brief endorsement, let us review a few salient points:

- 1) Mrs. Nelson has bodily ejected urgent young MS-1's from her emergency rooms, and has appealed to the student affairs office to restrain their naive vigor.
- 2) the third year class knows that 50% of its ward education is derived from the intern and resident housestaff, who are expected to devote time to student teaching. Indeed the PMH housestaff seems to regard this as an enjoyment and not a mere chore.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough in the past to be teachers and instructors know that the best and most complete knowledge of a subject comes of teaching it.

Assuming then that the MS-1's want to get into medicine up to their clean little elbows, and that having a heirarchical teaching system is both a traditional and useful adjunct to medical education, we are left with only one question: What if anything are those incompetent masquerading quacks who call themselves MS-3's qualified to teach?

Reverberating through the hallowed halls of the Parklands comes the illuminating answer: SCUT. There always plenty to go around, and within a few weeks or so of early September all the juniors are expert at the niceties and vagaries of their subject.

We therefore propose an addition to the basic sciences curriculum: Basic Scut I, a course of two weeks duration, to be given the first medical school year.

After the first three weeks in the junior year each MS-3 will have 2-3 freshmen assigned at a time, whose duties shall consist of rising at the crack of dawn, trotting on down to 6-East or 10-West, and drawing the 9 red-tops, 11 lavenders, 6 greys, blood cultures times 47, sputum stains on everyone on the floor (including the nurses), doing urinalyses, chasing down lost X-rays, wheeling patients to the cath lab, gastro lab, EEG lab, etc.

By 7:30 each morning they would be finished, and still have 30 minutes before classes to titter excitedly among themselves about the DISEASE they've seen.

It would be the responsibility of the junior stud to oversee (dare we say restrain) what will undoubtedly be a vigorous and enthusiastic surge of improved patient care.

They can act as preceptors, imparting wisdom, correcting faults, and dispensing an occasional pearl about 'how I place a 20-gauge angiocath', if they feel their apprentices worthy of this revelation.

For the frosh this entire introduction to clinical medicine would last only two weeks. Thus the juniors would be assured a steady stream of teaching material, and the freshmen would be given a chance to develop the same callous and jaded attitude that now infiltrates and pervades the junior class about their daily dose of scut work.

A computer matching system could be used to randomize the MS-1's and their two week shifts with the calendar; (we understand the registrar's office has a computer that randomizes anything put into it.).

Finally, no plan this sweeping could be complete without a token 1/4 credit for freshman to count toward their graduation, of course. Certainly, for those with a true and lasting interest in the subject, this facinating aspect of medical care could be incorporated into a sophomore course (Advanced Scut, Special Topics in Scut, Literature Review course in Scut, etc.).

the ad hoc committee
to abolish junior scut

rain drenches the earth
and she thrives again.
her smile floods my soul
and i am a new man.

Palmer Strother

BORBORYGMI BEEF BOX

—Anonymous

Several complaints, comments, and discussions continue to be heard concerning the new buildings at SWMS. Are any of these reaching the architect or subcontractors? Could there possibly be a suggestions committee formed to organize a list of complaints — things overlooked or ignored by the “builders”. Truly, it will be too late, when the final release of the building is made and repairs and adjustments must be covered under new contracts at additional expense. Included in this complaint list should be any of the new lecture halls and “magnificent” audio-visual aids systems. Bright lighting (for student concentration without eyestrain) in synchronization with the projection of slides or films and the use of blackboards was the original impetus behind the rear projection screens, recessed lights, and spotlights. However, there are some obvious problems which need to be mentioned and corrected if possible. The fluorescent lights have baffles in order to keep light off the screens, but the placement of the lights so close to the screens renders any collimating devices useless. The lights also diminish the effect of the delivery of the lectures, as the speakers’ faces are hidden in the “caves of orbit”. The spotlights seem to be designed for alleviation of these problems; however, they are aimed haphazardly to illuminate the entire front of the hall instead of spotting light down below the magical black line between the screens and the board. All this extra light does nothing in helping to see slides, and could easily be removed. This would also remove a lot of the incident light in the projection room, which washes out projections in all the lecture halls.

Lecturers have returned to the old methods of front projection and dark halls with sleeping students, out of contempt for and futility in the poor coordination of the facilities. The purpose is not to put up with what we get; it is to get what was ordered and planned. Other complaints have surfaced (the leaks in the restrooms . . . will they be fixed or just “wiped up”?). Will they be attended to correctly and efficiently?

DOGS DAY

He knew you could hear him
when you saw him say,
“Hello, and how did
you spend your day?
A day off, cooped up at the house,
dead to the world of the world
inside.
So you watered the yard
and chased the cats,
watched the sun,
and watered the plants.
Did what you wanted in the life
all around you;
looked all around you,
lost as you found you.”

And what did he do?
Why what he was told, of course.
Cannulate; ligate; aspirate;
decerebrate.
Save the urine: TEST ITS WEIGHT.
Save the feces: DO THEY FLOAT?
Save the blood: ALL DRAINED OUT?
Save the dog: IN A PLASTIC BAG.

And so you see, no doubt about it,
he found out life in the facts
about it.
And now that he has his knowledge
known, knowing the facts of life
dis- ass- em- bled,
let him take his pipe and you
and smoke it
Won’t you, dead to the world
of the world inside,
find him alive in his mind
and time?

DEDICATION: to every dog that died
to duplicate a graph.

Steve Colletta

LIVING IN A BIRD SANCTUARY

An executive of a Dallas-based corporation was recently lamenting: "Just a few months ago when all of our offices were spread about town, the company seemed small and friendly, and everyone was on a first-name basis with the rest of the co-workers. But now that we have our new building, everybody acts uptight and feels like a small fish in a big pond. It got so bad that we had to go to everybody and say 'Look, this is the same small firm you've worked for since 1953. We didn't all-of-a-sudden turn from an informal family business into an EXXON or XEROX.' But even so, the whole mood of the place has become colder since we got the new building."

It is too soon to predict how that particular corporation will adjust to its opulent palace of mirrored steel and silver reflective glass. But their problem must be a common one, as can be readily seen from the vantage point of a leisurely 8:00 a.m. drive down Stemmons. All about us we see massive orthogonal monuments such as the Zale building or Stemmons Towers. What will be the human effects of allowing the construction of a 22 story office building on the banks of Turtle Creek, one of the few pleasing settings that remains within the city? Is Dallas a place for many human activities or merely a Metroplex of Commerce?

Certainly a major non-commercial asset to Dallas is our very own UTHSCD, which we affectionately refer to as Southwestern. Nestled on one of Dallas' only hillsides amidst the unscathed beauty of a rare bird sanctuary, Southwestern must be the one location in Dallas that John Neely Bryan reserved for activities focusing on people. Indeed, Southwestern in an institution of individuals working together to help other people through Medicine, perhaps the most human of human endeavors.

Like the corporation executive mentioned earlier, we too are adjusting to new surroundings. Just as early graduates of this school recall "how it was in the days spent in the make-shift lab on the stage of a public school cafetorium or falling dead asleep in Physiology in the old barracks," today's Sophomores tell Freshmen about mornings spent shivering in the dank green and blue cave that is B-162. In fact, now that we have a

cafeteria and study carrels we can laugh about the times we ate lunch or studied, using the phenol stained floor of the old building as a desk or lunch tray. But other changes in our environment are more subtle. Somehow the availability of lounge areas, comfortable furniture, and open spaces have made being a student a more tolerable experience. Southwestern has a different "feel" about it, which everyone senses. When one sees students, faculty and staff together at lunchtime in the cafeteria, one cannot help but have the impression of community that never really materialized in the old buildings. And you know that real people are around you when you see a foursome perusing their bridge hands or notice that the same upperclassman you saw dozing an hour before is still playing catch-up on the couch.

It is well for us to reflect upon the more human aspects of our recent physical growth and to continue to find ways of making Southwestern more habitable. While it is easy to criticize the aesthetics of acres of concrete or orange and purple lounge furniture, a more constructive approach is to build the environment toward our own ends, and not allow ourselves to be manipulated by it. The first step is to recognize how it affects our existence. Let us not become another sterling structure on Stemmons.

Robert Rosen

Nothing gave them (trustees of the school) more interesting thrills than the dissecting room of the medical school. The preachers spoke morally of the effect of alcohol on paupers, and the bankers spoke morally of the disrespect for savings-accounts which is always to be seen in the kind of men who insist on becoming cadavers.

S. Lewis, Arrowsmith

It's a mutual joint-stock world in all meridians. We cannibals must help these Christians.

Melville, Moby Dick

THE EPITOME OF CONTROL

**GASPASSER DELUXE OR
HOW TO RAISE A FAMILY ON HOT AIR**
par Jean-Claude Derrière
(a faculty member)

It was a not un auspicious occasion for the future of the entertainment world, the first of June, 1857, at 13 rue des Incurables in Marseille when Joseph Pujol was born into the world at nine o'clock in the evening. His parentage was not particularly auspicious. His father, Francois, an artisan stone mason of some ability, and his mother, Rose, were of Catalan origin, and both had come to Marseille at a young age.

After attending school until the age of thirteen, Joseph elected to become a baker, served his apprenticeship, and was set up in his own shop, with his father's assistance, in the Quartier Saint Charles Chuttes-Lavie, on the corner of the street which today bears his name — rue Pujol.

Joseph was married in 1883 to a Marseillaise jeune fille, Elizabeth Henriette Oliver, who was the daughter of a meat buyer who worked in the abbatoirs. Two years later, a daughter, Marie, was born to Joseph and Elizabeth. Every two years thereafter, regular as clockwork, a new Pujol made a debut until all ten of the children had arrived. Joseph adored children and . . .

But we progress too rapidly . . .

Every summer, as occurred with the majority of Marseilles' families, the parents and their children went bathing in the sea. Joseph was an avid lover of aquatic pleasures as were his parents.

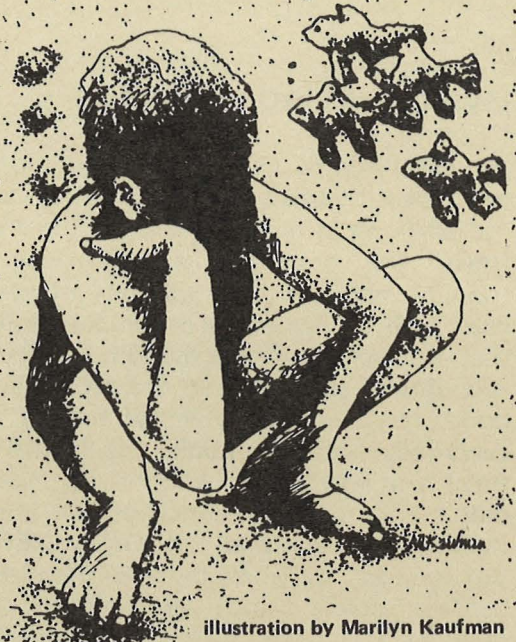


illustration by Marilyn Kaufman

One day when he was at the seashore, Joseph underwent an extraordinary experience. When putting his head under water and holding his breath, he felt any icy cold penetrating his stomach, somewhat like a cramp. He ran ashore, sought a private place to recover, and flabbergasted, saw sea water pouring out of his bottom. Very frightened, little Joseph told his mother "I think I've got a very bad illness." His mother, sensing his consternation and obvious distress, took him to the doctor, who instead of reassuring him, just laughed and made a joke of it: "Why! it's nothing at all . . . but as you're so worried you'd better stop bathing for a while and play ball on the beach."

Neither the doctor, nor Madame Pujol, nor really Joseph, himself, understood the shattering experience which was to make him unique in the world . . . while holding his breath with his head underwater the sea had come in through is anal sphincter . . .

Years passed.

As a strong young man, Joseph was doing his military service with the First Regiment of Cuirrassiers at Valence. Adorned with a bushy black moustache, this 6'-2" fine specimen of manhood, solid as a wardrobe, always in a good humor typical of a Marseillais, retold his curious experience in the sea to his fellow soldiers. Immediately they wanted to know if it would happen again. So on a day's leave he went down to

the sea for an experiment, and to his astonishment, the same experience, this time not so shattering, took place. Using his abdominal muscles, he could assist in the penetration of the sea water into his lower bowel — a controlled tide if you will — perhaps he was not just another cuirassier like everyone else.

From time to time, in order to amuse his friends in private, he would eject as a waterspout all the water he had taken in through the rectum. Shouting with laughter, his comrades ragged him to death for encores.

Thereafter, Joseph practiced his new exercise with air instead of water. He would suspend breathing through the mouth and nose, adjust his abdominal muscles, and take in air through his back passage and would at will blow it out again with all sorts of noises, otherwise called “farts”, a veritable “fart fantasia”. It was he, himself, who thought up

the name Le Petomane, a title early seized upon by all the soldiers.

The word “fart” is considered to be somewhat vulgar. But Joseph had transformed this crass action into an art, since having taken in air, he used the expulsion to make music or to modulate the sound from the smallest almost inaudible blip to the sharpest, highest pitched and prolonged scream simply by contraction of his muscles. He could do whatever he liked with his stomach—and there was no smell—fresh air taken in, fresh (?) air blown out!

After returning to civilian life and while still working in the bakery, Joseph began singing in the music halls for he was really an artist at heart. This was prior to the time he had the idea of launching himself as Le Petomane. He wrote and performed all his acts in a comic vein — a yokel in a smock or a quick-change singer in a new outfit for each song. More often he varied his numbers by playing the trombone behind the scenes as he was an equally good musician.

Thus for several years Joseph continued his job as a baker. But there were yearnings making themselves felt within him. He could

make so many people laugh, who knew him, in the sea or in the bakery that his friends suggested one day that he make it into an act and try it out in public. With the assistance of friends and an impresario who saw the possibilities in the enterprise, some disused premises were rented, the populus alerted with posters and handouts, and the show was opened. The initial performances were received coolly at first, but after some days, owing to the generally good production of the show, the hall was filled at every performance. There was no further need to advertise. The public did this for him, initially in the Quartier, then all over Marseille. His local success caused his friends to urge him to seek greater success in Paris. Joseph decided to try the act in the other provinces and then perhaps, if successful, Paris, and maybe even the Moulin Rouge.

This wisdom was approved by his friends and relatives in Marseille and he was encouraged in his plans.

His tour of the provinces was enormously successful and he decided to tackle Paris. After arrangements were made with Monsieur Zidler of the Moulin Rouge, the audition of the act was approved, and the act booked, with the admonition, “We’ll see this very evening how your act goes down with the public. Let’s see if it’s as funny as you claim it to be.”

Joseph was sure of himself. He had worked up his act very carefully. He would present himself in an elegant costume. Red coat with a red silk collar, breeches in black satin ruched at the knee. Black stockings and Richelieu patent leather pumps, white butterfly tie and white gloves in the hand.

This is how Le Petomane presented himself with an ease and good humor which worked so beautifully on the public:

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to present a session of Petomanie. The Petomanie means someone who can break wind at will but don’t let your nose worry you. My parents ruined themselves scenting my rectum.”

During the initial silence Joseph coolly began a series of small farts, naming each one "This one is a little girl, this is the mother-in-law, this is the bride on her wedding night (very little) and the morning after (very loud), this is the mason (dry-no cement) this the dressmaker tearing two yards of calico (this one lasted at least ten seconds and imitated to perfection the sound of the material being torn) then a cannon (Gunnery stand by your guns! Ready-fire!) the peals of thunder, etc., etc.

Then after a brief disappearance behind the scenes to insert the end of a rubber tube, such as used for enemas, he would take the free end in his fingers and in its place a cigarette which he then lit. He would then smoke the cigarette as if it were in his mouth causing the end of the cigarette to glow as air was "inhaled" and the smoke pouring out as his rectum "exhaled". Sometimes after taking in the smoke, he would remove the tube and blow the smoke out in little jets, slow moving "blobs", and everything in between. As an alternate, he would replace the cigarette with a small flute with six stops and play little tunes such as "Au clair de la lune." To end the act he removed the flute and then blew out several gas jets in the footlights with some force, or extinguished a lighted candle at the distance of a foot. He then invited the audience to sing a chorus of a jovial song with him.

From the beginning of the "audition" mad laughter had come. This built up into general applause. The patrons fell about laughing, the women cried, many fainted and fell down, and had to be resuscitated. Thus began the Moulin Rouge career which lasted several years.

One of the number produced by Le Petomane was "Chanticleer." Joseph wrote the words which were set to music by G. Chiron:

CHANTICLEER

Old cock of the village — my name's Chanticleer
My plumage is tattered — my voice very clear
Now tonight, my dear public, I'd like to present
Some friends from the barnyard, each one an event.
(spoken)

I'd like to start up — with an eight day old pup.
(imitation)
Now dogs of all kinds I can do the score
We next hear the watchdog — his tail caught in the
door.
(imitation)
Patau, his old father, wants to help him be freed
But alas and alack, why! he's still on the lead.
(imitation)
The all-seeing blackbird is out of his cage
Mocking and laughing them all into rage.
(imitation)
The blackbird declares that there's clearly a plot
To kill Chanticleer — and the owl laughs a lot.
(imitation)
They chatter and chortle, discuss and surmise
Awaiting the Cock who makes the sun rise.
(imitation)
Next comes the duck who stretching his wings
His quack makes you laugh but just wait till he sings.
(imitation)
Here come the bees with a hum and a swish
Waiting their turn to get into the dish.
(imitation)
Now a hen laying eggs makes a terrible racket
From the sounds that we hear, it's not one — it's a
packet.
(imitation)
Chanticleer, in his turn and to prove his devotion,
Warbles away to calm down his emotions.
(imitation)
Tomcat in his basket wakes up when it's night
And makes love to his lady until it is light.
(imitation)
Down by the pond at the side of the road
Sits the raucous voiced, ugly, repellent old toad.
(imitation)
In the neighbouring thicket a nightingale sings
Though we hear him much less as autumn takes
wings.
(imitation)
In December it's cold and down comes the snow
Covering the ground like a tomb in one go
The poor and the needy — does anyone care?
Have all lost their homes and are out in the air.
But Christmas Eve comes! Alas! for the beans
Cruel farmers will slaughter them all for their feasts
That well-fattened pig — his sad end is nigh
Destiny calls — he'll be part of the pie.
(imitation)
Dear Public, if now I've given you cause
Reward Chanticleer with your welcome applause
If you come back tomorrow, I'll always be proud
To keep you amused with my song small and loud . . .

And so life went on through those years after la Belle Epoque until 1914. The war, alas, brutally broke up Le Petomane's career and destroyed the peace and happiness of the family. Pujol's four sons were mobilised — Henry, Louis, Georges, and Francis. One became a prisoner of war and two were invalided. After the 1918 armistice Joseph Pujol was so shattered by his trials and tribulations, that he did not have the heart to take up his artistic career again.

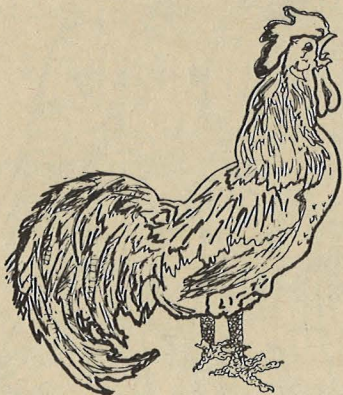
Quietly and without fuss he decided to devote himself to his first job and to his large family. He ran bakeries with his sons and unmarried daughters first in Marseille and then in Toulon where he set up a sizeable biscuit factory which his sons and daughters managed.

With ten children of his own, and now with numerous grandchildren of both sexes, his great pleasure as he grew old was to feel their little arms around his neck and to hear himself called grandad in their little voices.

Soon after the allied landings in 1945 the great artist died at the age of 88, surrounded by his children and untold friends in tears. The Faculty of Medicine offered the sum of 25,000 francs for the right to examine his body after his death, but none of his children would sign an authorization.

Le Petomane died in untroubled serenity. In the course of his long life, he had given of his best.

Adapted from LE PETOMANE, 1857-1945, by Jean Nohain and F. Caradec, Sherbourne Press, Inc., Los Angeles, 1967.



POEMS OF CATULLUS

These often slighted poems are some of the only dim reflections we have of big-city life in ancient Rome (circa 50 B.C.). In the note to his whore (Poem 32) Catullus approaches obscenity with the most indelicate of humor. In the lampoons against Gellius (Poems 88 and 74) Catullus attacks this rival for alleged incest with mother, sister, aunt and uncle. Through they may seem "jejune" to modern taste they nevertheless provide us with uproarious examples of ancient rumblings in the bowels of Rome.

POEM 32

Please, Ipsithilla, sugar sweet,
My delight and charming treat,
Let me come at noon's siesta
And if you want a hot fiesta
Let no servant bar my way!
Don't go out the door, please stay!
And if you stay, prepare for us
nine uninterrupted fucks!
Whatever gives please do it quick!
My stomach's full and so's my poor dick!
I'm thrusting out through cloak and tunic!

POEM 88

Tell me, Gell, what man it is
Who's up all night with mom and sis
And rubs them up with clothes aside?
Who won't allow to unc his bride?
Who's taken more of shameful sins?
Gell, not even farthest Tethys' end
Nor bearer of the Nymphs, Ocean
Could wash away his sins.
To his shameful deeds there is no bound
Not even if he'd eat himself with head bent round!

POEM 74

Now Gell had heard that uncs were vexed
At talk of love or having sex.
So his own unc could miss such strife
He worked all over his own unc's wife
And made old unc the quiet type
'Cause unc's been gagged with Gelly's pipe
And unc won't say a word!

Translated from the latin by Charles Hendler

SADNESS

Cry for the people
Because you're a woman, and
Only you can cry

A WOMAN TO HER FRIEND

The man in your life — —
Won't you teach him what I know?
The woman in you.

WOMAN

Flow like a river
Beautiful woman river
What you are is good.

A FRIEND

I made a friend today.
I knew when I first got up
There was enough sunshine.

ON SEX ROLES

Born of a mother
Make wives into others, but
Little girls leave free.

LOVE

Besides that one time
I always thought of winter
As a time things died.

Meg Kaufmann

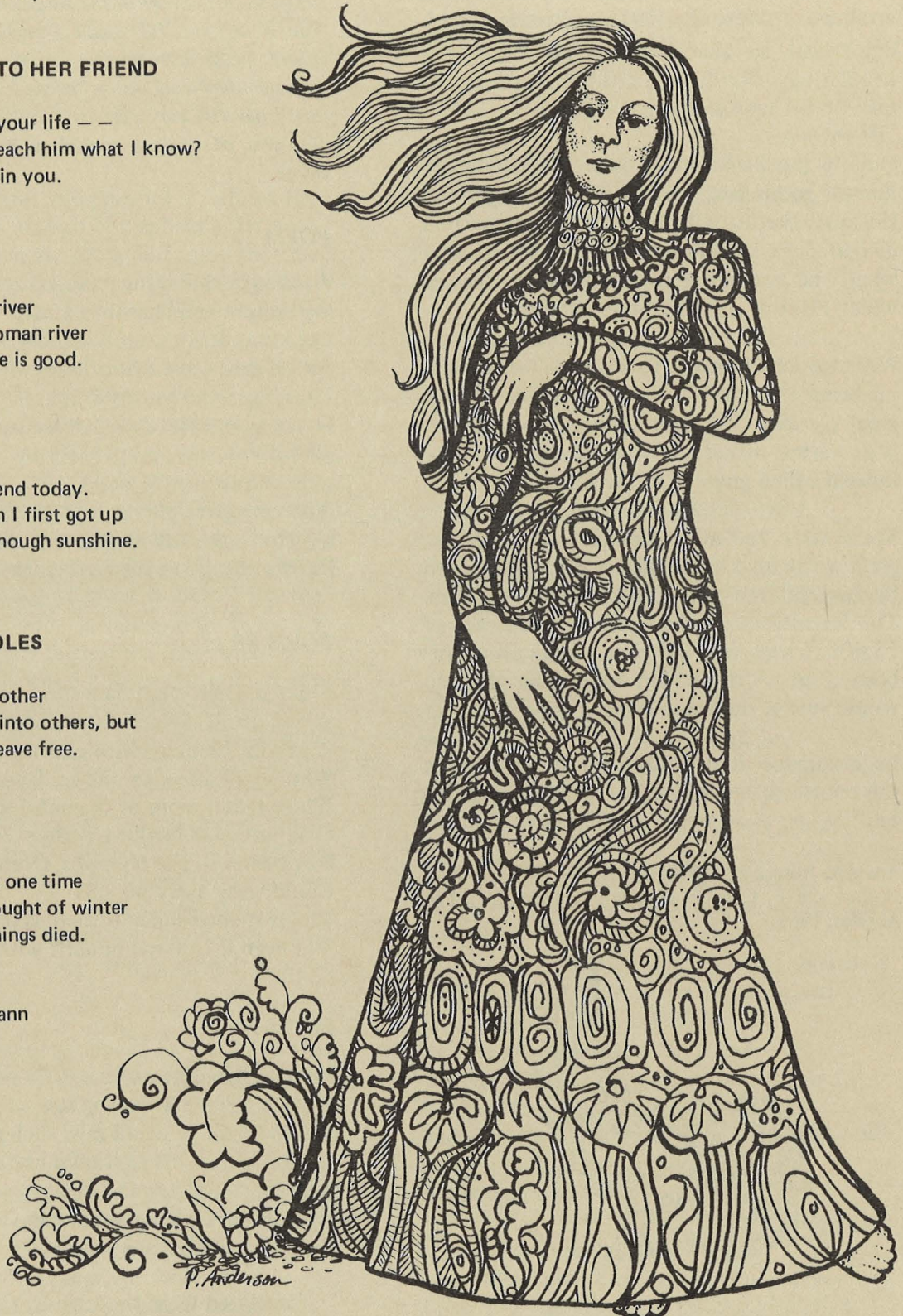


illustration by Phyllis Anderson

sexism and the school

A man should be careful not to arouse the anger of a woman, for he has to sleep sometime — and with his eyes closed.

—Ancient Chinese Proverb

Look out, guys. A group of women have organized, and one by one we're slinking out, buying new scalpel blades, and COMING FOR YOUR BALLS IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT!!! Lock your doors and bar your windows!

Actually, the mass eradication of the class MCP's never even crossed our minds, but judging from the hostile reactions of some of the men to our meetings, you'd think we had a blueprint all drawn up. Relax, fellows. We're not trying to be antagonistic; we're just trying to take some positive action against what we feel is blatant sexism in the school. Perhaps the word "blatant" should be used with some reservations. To most of the women the sexism has been painfully obvious. To some of the men it has been offensive and objectionable; other men have perceived it passively; too many condone and encourage it.

I'm sure all of you have noticed the way several of the lecturers have treated women in general. They have dehumanized those of the female gender and set them up as either the objects of sexual attention or else whining, complaining patients with whom the Big Strong Doctor must deal. Now don't get us wrong — we're not objecting to the use of nudity or female patients as examples — we're objecting to their misuse.

The manifestation of certain of these archaic attitudes was first apparent in the admissions interviews. Some women received interviews totally unlike those given to men with similar academic records. These women were asked questions not related to their suitability as

medical school candidates, such as:

- varied and copious questions about their husbands, to the exclusion of questions about themselves
- detailed questions about their sex lives, sexual tendencies, and birth control methods
- questions about "maintaining femininity"
- questions of the nature, "if your husband can support you, why are you applying to medical school?"

These attitudes have carried over to the laboratories as well. Some examples:

- two women working together on a lab recently were asked why they "didn't have a man to help them?"
- one woman was asked if the women had been able to "pass the last exam". (He seemed surprised upon hearing the woman respond that she had done well, and hadn't polled other women)
- another woman, who had just received a very high mark on an exam, was accused by one professor of "flirting" with another professor in order to get the mark.

Sound ridiculous? Of course. Especially since these remarks were not made in jest but in all sincerity.

We've all been accused of being oversensitive. Perhaps we are. But in an environment with such features as outlined above, who can blame us? With so much overt sexism encountered continuously, what else can we assume but that it is covert as well?

We realize that it is difficult for many men to see our point of view. But sexism is hard for us to tolerate. Medical school is stressful enough without the added pressures that women receive. We would hope for the men's support, and not their ridicule. For we have laughed off about as much as we can, and the rest is about as funny as a Sunday morning hangover.

—A Freshman Woman

one person's tirade: some ideas, fewer answers

"... why the hell bother to burn the candle at both ends when you can use an oxyacetylene torch on the middle. Less aesthetic, but more people see the flame."¹

There has been much punditry lately on our steady and unquestioning adjustment to the abnormal; that is, the gradual, non-defiant yielding of many of us to the rampant scandals, disasters, tragedies, and abuses afflicting us in seemingly increasing number, is evidence of a growing consciousness of futility. A battery of Gallup polls or perhaps 'future shock' have contributed to the analysts' beliefs that the majority of people in Western Civilization have for the most part, given up or lost the capacity for sustained outrage, even become passive bystanders to the large-scale deterioration in our personal lives. A strident example: a decade after the release of the Surgeon General's report on smoking and cancer and to no one's surprise, smoking is still on the increase. Some would claim that we thrive, psychically, skirting the edge of disaster, but it would be more reasonable to assume that 'modern' people have become disbelievers, have disavowed proclamations from on high. Like fire, cancer is a myth unless you can grab hold of it, or until, like Godot, it finally arrives for a visit.

"We have in the past been forced into reluctant change by weather, calamity, and plague. Now the pressure comes from our biological success as a species. We have overcome all enemies but ourselves."²

The loss of faith in scientific truth is not, however, the problem; instead, there has been a steady evolution of faith in pure objectivity. Contrariwise, people have begun to ignore that realm of experience which is not solely objective. Just as this medical school, among others, relies primarily on didactic, push-pull objectivity, so also do we read that other educational institutions are seeing a rise in interest in the fields of economics, business, and pre-professional

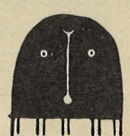
areas. What we see is not a trend towards humanitarian fulfillment (let's not kid ourselves), but rather a wholesale assessment of personal security; the hard, cold sciences of survival lend themselves more fully to the silver-lined pocket than do more subjective studies. While all of this is directed spitting in the wind, it is still worthwhile to attempt a few generalizations.

The lack of time and hurried lifestyles are most often blamed for the inability of most people to cope with any but the most logical and straightforward processes. Interestingly, the increasing mechanization of life and work should have freed valuable time for those more subjective joys of life such as contemplation and myth-making. Instead we find the human mind running to extremes to sidestep this freedom; for many of us, more time for enjoyment of life and its simplicities has simply meant more time to adjust to human problems and social disintegration than to resist them. The human fabric is becoming a mass of grey threads; people are waiting in line to adjust, to conform — those who do not are made to seem strange, as if their resistance to what is not natural and good threatens the stability of all.

A cynical realization is that there is a dying belief in life (excuse the pun) itself, rather than in the purely biological existence which we devote our energies to prolong.

"I would have you look at life more closely than at convention. For convention changes, but life endures. Your baptism in it . . . creates a faith that nothing alters. But you must accept that faith and never damn it."³

What of convention? Dallas is attempting to become the convention capital of the country; it is a conventional belief that a growth economy is healthiest; one is conventional if one conforms to convention. Convention is socialism gone trite; it is the diametrical opposite of invention. One sees quite easily that convention or some derivative of the word is implanted in much



of our daily lives. What does this mean? Perhaps there is less, or there is a tendency toward less, valuable individualism in our land. The offerings and palm-greasings which we have bestowed not only upon corrupt governments and oil kingdoms abroad but also upon greedy oil corporations and "insolvent" defense contractors at home have left us with an economy which has dictated (nay, even forced) many who would normally dig their own well to suck from the common spigot. What is quite evident is that we are whacking our individuality about the ears while calmly joining the herd, accepting our place in its security as if there were no alternative. Much of this cannot be reconciled solely, however, with fads (convention) or trends (economy), but with a subliminal fear of facing the increasingly changing and unknown "future" alone (insecurity).

*"I understood then what it means to belong to a race which confines itself to answers. Never have there been men with less curiosity. If the world be proven paradoxical, I thought, the next morning will find them huddled beneath the sheets."*⁴

What this brings us to is a consideration of experience. For most of us, experience is a succession of accumulations of bits of objective knowledge encountered in our waking hours, and, occasionally at best, flavored with the spices of non-objective reality. In the windrowed gardens of our objective mentalities, there is hardly room (or time) for consideration of the "real" world around us. The antechronical myth-making faculty of our species has been shoveled aside so heartily that most of us look askance when confronted with non-ordinariness or even individuality. We pay correspondents to hunt up "strange and interesting" people and interview them for us on television. This non-conformity encountered two-dimensionally titillates us, grabs us in those dark recesses where we store our "soul", but few of us are willing to do more than exclaim our fleeting curiosity before sinking back into the organization of our lives.

What has been lost or is in the process of being irreconcilably subverted, is the ability to interact with our world and obtain something more than the necessities of existence. The non-material spectrum of

earth's delights has been submerged by expediency, or, so we say that maintenance of the land or some part of it in natural state must give way to advanced cultivation to feed the present and future hordes of hungry whose very presence and existence credits the theories of Malthus. This aside, the religion of procreation has allowed us to mow and cut up the world into forms which conform with our geometric mentality, as if

*"... we do not love to be reminded that we are very young and callow in a world that was old when we came into it... and will continue its stately way when we no longer inhabit it."*⁵

We live in a world which is becoming less friendly, less desirable, less "humanistic", because, as Conrad said 70 years ago, we live in a world in which the "sacrosanct fetish of today is science."⁶ Just as science has blessed us with innumerable improvements in our ways of living and our length and quality of life, so also has it been turned against the very ones it should serve. Science is no country, no creed; it is the best and worst of people confronting the unknown and untested mysteries, both real and imagined. What riles the person who still thinks of science as a set of "tools" and of scientists and peripheral individuals as the "casters and forgers" of those "tools" is the realization that the paramount advantage, today, to most any discovery is the ability of some interloper to prostitute it to his monetary advantage and our disadvantage, the least part of which may be financial. The increase in the deadliness and cost of war and destruction aside, we can easily find lesser evils to drink beer over. The chemist who exclaims in delight over the potential of his cheaply synthesized drug to eradicate a particular human affliction or the inventor of a long-lived lightbulb are met head-on by "industrial technologists" who requisition the improvements, market watered-down versions, and tighten their fingers even further around the wallets of all of us. Why does progress look so much like retrenchment?

*"Let me tell you, man, you can't move in this country without catching your heel in a hangup. Mousetails in your root beer, grubs in your Hershey bar, always some kind of worm in the image, munching away."*⁷



Perhaps a return to the question of objective knowledge and experience, and the reconciliation, if there is any, of "science", as representative of this objectivity, with that part of reality which cannot be so easily and rationally explained away, might prove of some value. It is apparent that there has been rapid departure from the kinds of lives in which myth, mythical history, and the engenderment of these in our behaviours have played significant roles. Americans, it is claimed, have destroyed their myths (and by this we do not mean the myth of the John Wayne cowboy, the 5¢ cigar, or the myth of male menopause) and are living on the frontiers of a society in which the hard and cold truths of scientific discovery and application dictate societal patterns. In truth, science has been chipping away at what myth and allegorical histories we do have, in the process, however, replacing these necessary experiences with nothing substantial. Why are such subjectively understood experiences so important . . . why waste time essaying and tirading?

Whether myths are viewed simply as a "collective form of daydreaming" as some psychoanalytical interpretations hold, or as tragedy involving the death of a divinity as Freudians would eschew, or in the Durkheimian sense of the "sacred" as opposed to the "profane", or in any other of numerous persuasions, a crucial aspect of the mythic experience is a realization that myths represent reality, albeit a reality which may or not be real in human experience. Because so much of myth concerns a growth into consciousness of one sort or another, a spiritual absorption of knowledge, it becomes a reality which reinforces the existence and reality of the person(s) involved. We cannot allow science to assume the status of myth; the loss of humanity, dignity, individuality would be inevitable. "If a single idea be destroyed, per impossible, the universe goes tumbling to chaos."⁸

Man draws from mythic reality the necessary significance to confront his own doubts and fears of living in a world which is at once overwhelming in its mysteries and complexities and, at the same time, "never charged with sufficient meaning and in which the mind always has more meanings available than there are objects to which to relate them."⁹ The translatable codes of myths from a variety of differing cultures lends credence to the evidence that myth is not some random mental exercising, but a

complex of recurrent themes and symbols bound deeply into the human experience. Invariably, myth "constitutes the History of the acts of the supernaturals"¹⁰ to be taken as true and sacred reality. Myth always concerns a creation, the coming into existence of something whether "a pattern of behaviour, an institution, a manner of working"¹¹ or simply some explanation of a human act. Ritual involves re-living the myth, re-experiencing the sacred time in which the supernaturals created, re-learning the created tradition, the creative message which is threaded throughout the myth.

To understand the relevance of myth to modern life, we must appreciate that the mythical world differs from the world of present reality primarily in the realm of time. Myth is a narration of the sacred history of a culture (where sacred is not used in a strictly religious sense). What is related are events that took place in a time which is primordial, out of the memory of anyone alive, but able to be apprehended by ritually journeying back to the mythic time. By placing oneself in the temporal context of the myth and accompanying ritual, one can control it and hence, one's "health" (taken to mean behavioural health more than biological well-being). Knowing the myth and the rules it sets down for human behaviour constitute knowing how to control behaviour in oneself. Curing ceremonies are rituals of memory: forgetfulness is punished through sickness, because it demonstrates that the "sleepy" person has lost touch with the meaning of the mythology, that, the myth exists to prove that man exists. The reinforcement of human decisions by previous occurrence is another connection of mythology and memory. Doubts concerning a decision, a journey, can be resolved by examining the myth which provides the first decision or journey, and thus justification for undertaking that decision. Because we "moderns" believe that in some mysterious way science is at the source of our prosperities, it is no longer just intellectual whining to wonder at the interactions of our behaviours and the health of our species and others. We must almost take Kawabata seriously when he, attempting to move beyond objective reality, despairs

" . . if only there were some way to get your head cleaned and refinished. Just chop it off — well, maybe that would be a little violent. Just detach it and hand it over to some university hospital as if you were handing over a bundle of laundry. "Do this up

*for me, please," you'd say. And the rest of you would be quietly asleep for three or four days or a week while the hospital was busy cleaning your head and getting rid of the garbage. No tossing and dreaming."*¹²

What have we come to, after all this diatribe? It should seem clear, whether this has hit you like a brick or a mush-melon, that our salvation as a species does not lie lop-sidedly in the direction of pure and applied science. Nor does it lie in some knee-jerk caterwauling religion, society, or state. It lies, partially, in the realization that we must reaffirm our thinning ties to that world of non-ordinary reality, to the realm of myth, sacred history, creative messages, and species-preserving behavioural models out of our subconscious past. To maintain an equilibrrious hold on the future (and even the present) we must apprehend the lessons of the past. This does not mean that we should all trot down to the neighborhood Indian reservation and fill our pipes with jimson weed, nor does it mean we should chant mantras during lunch. We should, after all, realize that living lives in a rat-cage, without allowing a fair amount of time for subjective contemplation and "programming", will allow us no progression individually, and certainly

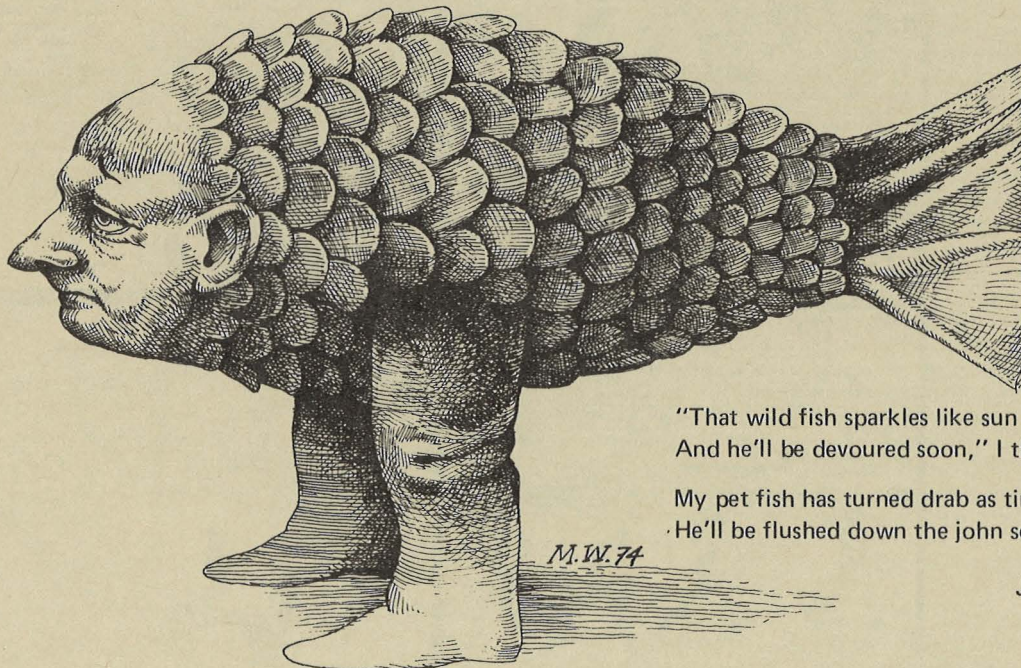
never give us insight into how we can influence other peoples' lives for the better.

*"They say the seeds of what we will do are in all of us, but it always seemed to me that in those who make jokes in life the seeds are covered with better soil and with a higher grade of manure."*¹³

Let us hope that for most of us, this is not a joke; otherwise, I will need a shovel.

NOTES

1. Richard Farina, BEEN DOWN SO LONG, IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME.
2. John Steinbeck, TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY
3. Frank Waters, PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY
4. James Park Sloan, WAR GAMES
5. Steinbeck, IBID
6. Joseph Conrad, THE SECRET AGENT
7. Farina, IBID
8. Sloan, IBID.
9. Claude Lévi-Strauss, STRUCTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY
10. Mircea Eliade, MYTH AND REALITY
11. IBID.
12. Yasunari Kawabata, THE SOUND OF THE MOUNTAIN
13. Ernest Hemingway, A MOVEABLE FEAST



"That wild fish sparkles like sun on a sapphire. And he'll be devoured soon," I thought . . .

My pet fish has turned drab as tin in a trashcan. He'll be flushed down the john soon, I think.

J.L. Lukefahr

illustration by Mark Weakly

SENIOR ELECTIVES

I have a friend who is a janitor in the administration building. For a small stipend in Coors he refers to my scrutiny the choicer of the discarded victuals of slander and gossip, the high politics (12th floor) and the low dealing (1st floor), that he comes across in the course of his duties as an apprenticed waste-basket emptier.

He must of course remain unnamed, but as this fits well with the traditions of the *Borborygmi*, I decided to make public his most recent, and, I might add, most timely tidbit.

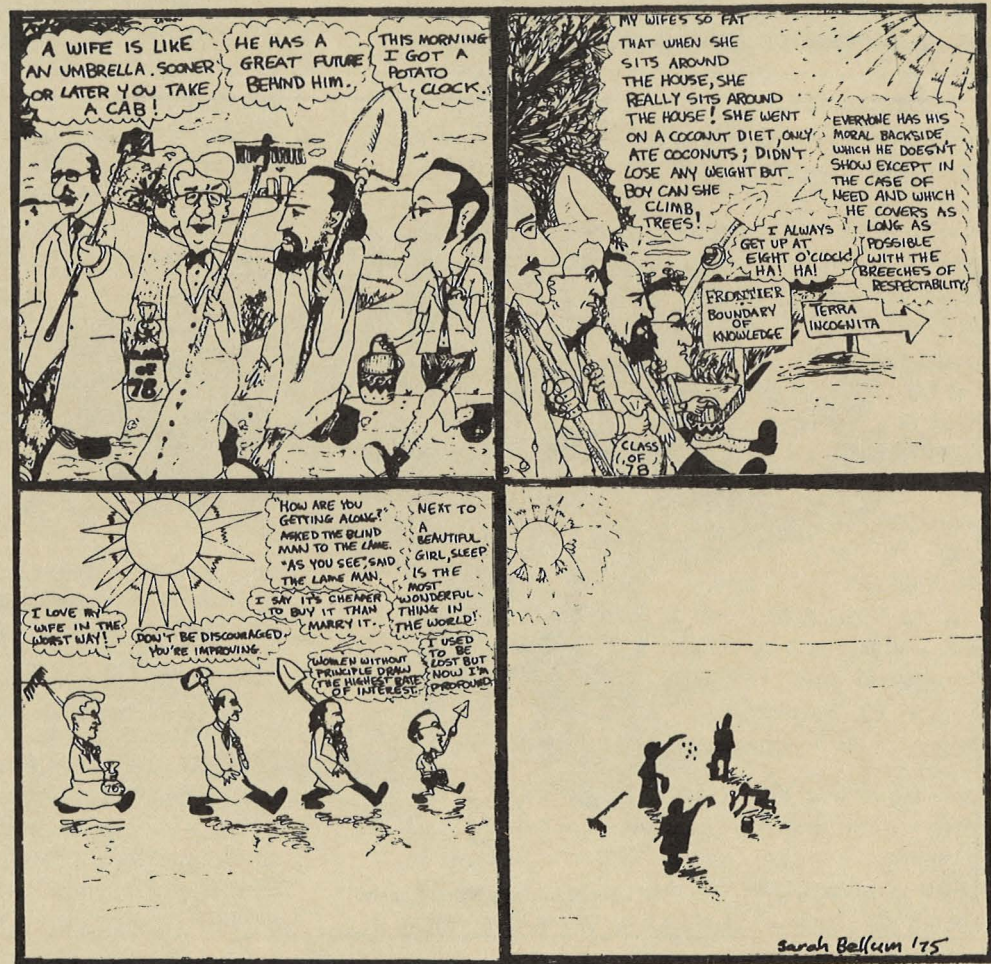
As you probably know the junior class was recently informed that their measly 5 months of senior electives is henceforth to be a wholly inadequate 4 months, the balance taken by a mandatory 30 days on 8-West with the Neurology service. And (horror of horrors) there is to be an exam in basic

neurology for all seniors, to prove they can indeed tell a stroke from a Guillain-Barre

There was of course much gnashing of teeth and rending of clothes at this announcement, yet the fruits of my friend's nocturnal rubbish rummaging should cause these to bless the holy memory of St. Sprague that they still have any time at all for Senior electives.

Friends: I have here in my hand, at the unheard-of and inflated cost of two 6's of Coors, a transcript of the minutes of the Curriculum Committee meeting in secret session 2/15/75. There were no names (a common device among conspiracies); just voices on the dictaphone tape.

1st Voice: "...but Donald, those schmucks don't know a rat's ass about blood when they leave here. Why only last week one of them told me he not only didn't know, he didn't care! All he knew was how to draw the damn stuff. I think a 3 month senior elective in Wright staining and slide smearing. . ."



2nd Voice: "Hold it a moment there, Gene. We already gave Ron permission to hold a 6 week course in Basic Rat Care, and I know Sam and Jere have their hearts set on 8 weeks of Advanced Dog Lab. We may not be able to wedge in your blood course."

3rd Voice: "Well, all I can say is that immunology is the wave of the future, and if we don't act soon to give an Extended Seminar in Killer T-cells, those students will be left without a pseudopod to stand on. Now, whether it should be a 3 week or a 6 week course; I just don't know..."

4th Voice: "You can't not know."

5th Voice: "Quiet, quiet everyone. I have the answer. There are so many obviously deserving electives, that the only fair solution is to eliminate that horrible waste of time in the summer between the junior and senior year. Afterall, it's not as if they worked during their junior year. They don't really need a vacation."

Many voices: "Hear, hear," "I'll buy that." "About time they had to earn those doughnuts."

5th Voice: "All in Favor..."

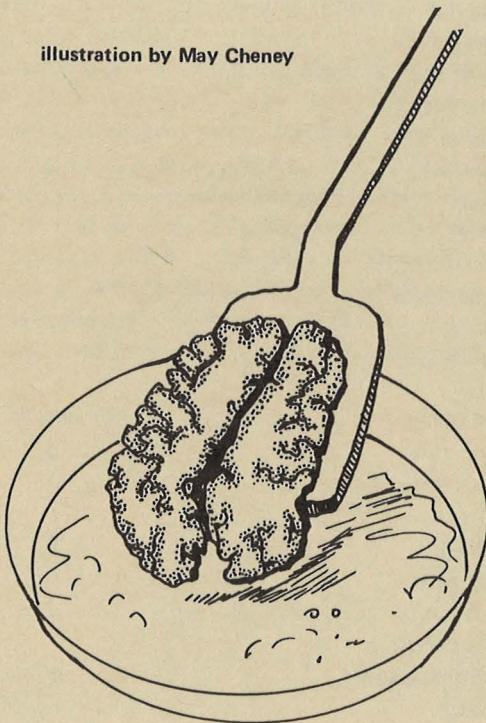
Voices All: "Aye," "Aye" "Aye"

1st Voice: "I can see it all now. What a coup!! We'll be in the Avant Garde of all of medical education. Those farts in Boston will have to pay the piper now."

Well, Friends, the tape ends here. Of course, there is one bright point in this sky of black. If the surge to more mandatory 'Electives' continues, maybe they'll have to replace the junior medicine rotation.

Steven Hill

illustration by May Cheney



MX26-732 DAVIS Brain Spatula,
7" long x 3¼" wide, malleable,
sterling. List ea. \$19.00

Lumpkin Memorial Fund
Grand Saline, Texas
75645

Dear Mr., Mrs., Miss, Other _____

As the holiday season approaches, peoples' minds today turn to thoughts of charity and munificence. And we hope we can count on your mind, _____, to be among the most charitable. The KICKY LUMPKIN MEMORIAL ELEVATOR SAFETY FUND needs your love gift! Currency, check, or money order are all more than welcome!

What is the K.L.M.E.S.F., you ask? We here in Grand Saline started this fund just two years ago as a tribute to the late Kicky Lumpkin whose life, that bore such promise and stunk, was (apparently) snuffed out, alas, too quick. Young Lumpkin, only 18 years old, was aboard the elevator in the GRAND SALINE WATCHTOWER building one morning when something very strange happened. Instead of stopping at the fifth floor, which is the top floor of the building, the elevator kept travelling right on upward with the poor kid inside. No one knows just where the elevator may have gone, but with no food and limited air inside, it is assumed that little Kicky didn't last very long.

And ever since that unfortunate incident, we here at the Fund have devoted our bodies to safer elevators, CB radios for emergency communication in every elevator, emergency ration packs, and a Bible in every car. But we need your help, _____, to sustain ourselves. Won't you give to-day and give lots!

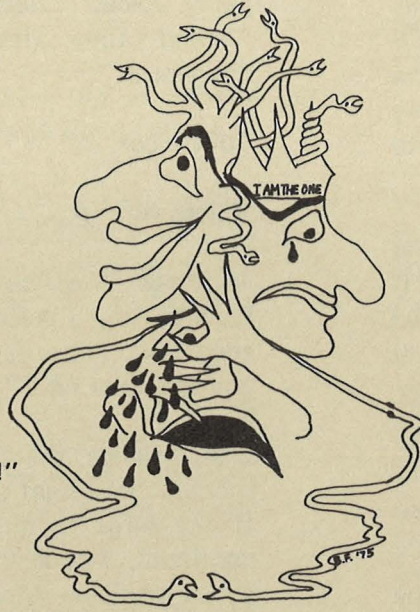
For Kicky and safe elevators,
Mrs. Violet Ray
Mrs. Violet Ray

†CALIBAN

Now are you so joyful—
complete in your power,
your kingdom returned
to you (at last)

the king,
or is it you the kingdom?
Rain over your unpeopled
land, I wish you well
'Ban 'Ban Ca-Caliban.

"O brave monster—
Lead the way!"



† Caliban is a slovenly, monstrous,
and meek bastard son of a witch
from Shakespeare's The Tempest.

RELIGION

the children will
need god, mankind
prays we plead,
give us our daily
feed, we could heal
you lord but the
children will see,
prays man-god kindly
we heed thy voice
so harsh like man,
god kind's own seed,
and the children
will need

Bob Fine

NOW!
h
c he
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t
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last
one the
murmurs
crowd d
the r
leaning o
ready p
is
and he f
leaning a
look l
last l
only one s
he did
art himself
taut the l
muscles
other o
and all w
head
over l
rolls
the drum
delight y
with
quiver s
old ladies m
yes even o
attracts o
artist t
devil h
of dare l
the thrill y
of danger
anticipation
stare
they
upwards
twisted
necks

it
f l n s
a e
tt
on the
ground.

THE PAINTER

KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF

I initiated this essay with some trepidation as it concerned a basic privilege of our existence — that of self expression; in particular the simple act of applause following a lecture. Not desiring to give offense to the “clapnicks” of the class, it seemed appropriate to ignore my tendency to tirade and confine my penmanship to mild satire, Swiftian visions instantly danced in my head:

barons of boredom, denizens of degeneracy — perfidious nightmares of faustian madmen making mountains of monotony — sibilant scientists screening scintillating statistics on scatological specimens — mindless medical students made into monstrous moronic automatons masturbating at the muse of the machinating Dr. Strangeloon! My mind was racing into alliterative allegorical overdrive and my pen beginning to rage out of control when suddenly something in my head just snapped. I felt myself returning to normal as I watched my hand come to a dead standstill.

It was the evil “Dr. Strangeloon” that brought me back to terra firma and reinstituted in my thoughts the sincerity necessary to deal with such an eminently innocuous topic. I realized that there are few if any malicious instructors at this school. Although the talent of teaching is often lacking, the desire of the faculty to instruct seems ever present. The problem thus does not center entirely on the faculty, rather on a group of students affectionately referred to as “clapnicks” whose *raison d’etre* appears to be approbation of professors. No matter how pathetic a lecture may be, one may always count on the clapnicks to do their thing, much to the detriment of all involved.

This institution is supposedly a center of higher education. As such, it requires the best efforts of partnership between students and faculty in order to provide its prime objective of superior medical education. The key word is “partnership” which necessitates an open, honest relationship. Students are not admitted to this school to pay homage to professors. In like manner, professors are not hired to provide us with vaudevillian entertainment; yet we must demand and receive quality instruction. It is painfully obvious to most students that such quality instruction is sorely lacking at this school. Two or three professors have done a superb job while a few others have been adequate. Unfortunately the majority of lecturers have been so bad as to prompt a sizeable group of students to opt for medical education by correspondence (a diploma in every matchbook.) Other students have set aside their medical ambitions altogether and sought instead, advanced degrees in doping, sleeping, and pool-sharking.

The situation grows more desperate as each day another old student simply fades away into coma induced by boredom. To remedy the situation the majority of the faculty needs to seek advice on teaching effectiveness from the superior educators among them. The student body can do its part by being honest with instructors. Clapnicks sit on your hands, put them back in your pants, even fondle your neighbor, but please stop applauding professors who do a bad job. Let them know they have failed and need improvement. Applauding for every teacher who walks up to the podium gives a false appraisal of value to the inadequate instructors and detracts from the praise some professors well deserve. If you as students want to help make this a medical college of first rank, then start behaving like true seekers of knowledge and stop clapping like trained seals.

Robert Fine

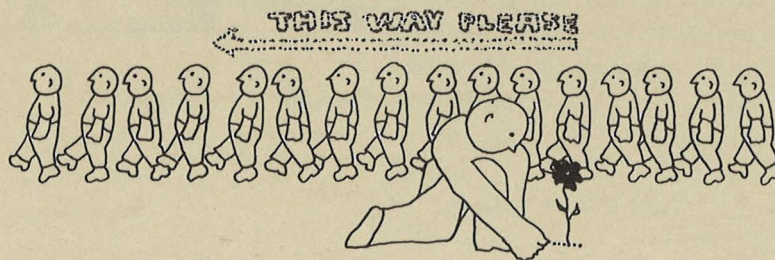


illustration by Marilyn Kaufman

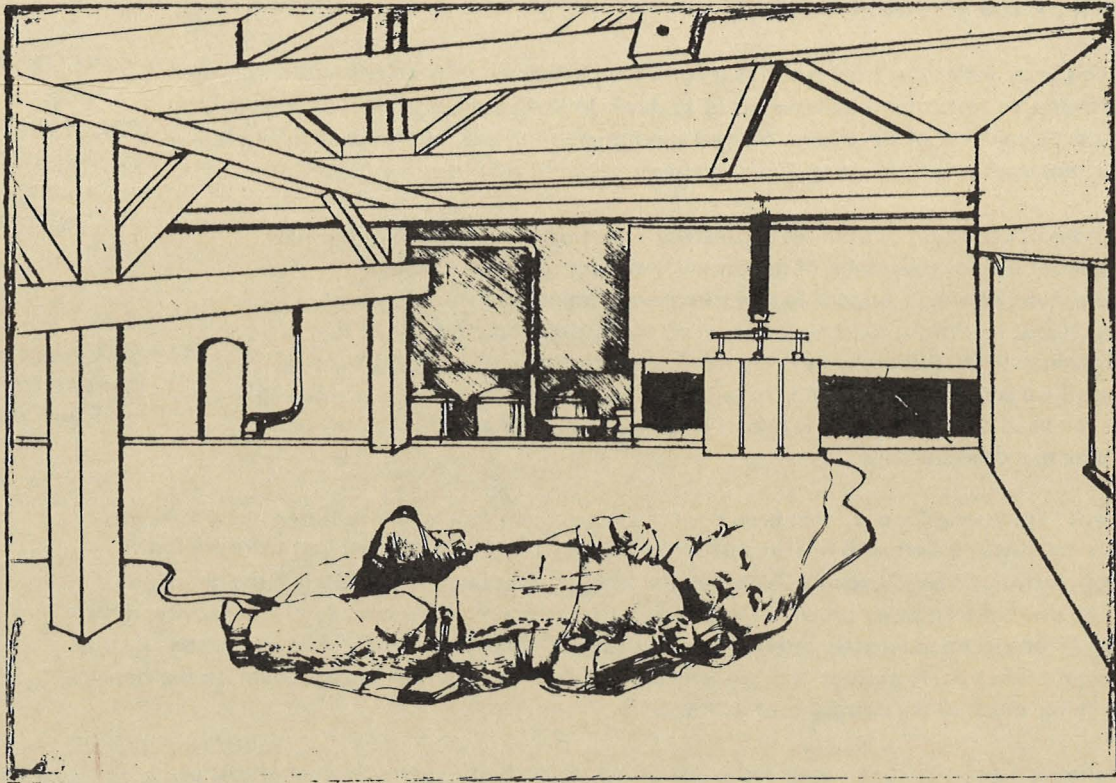


illustration by Morris Anderson

THE DWARF

You passed me this morning in your car
trying not to look

I wanted to hide but I was trapped inside
this twisted hulk

Do you really understand what it is like
Not to be able to escape
Waking up every morning hoping for
a miracle

What you see is not who I really am
Inside

The women here are beautiful
And they laugh
Never for me

There is so much trapped within
This body
Wanting to escape

Won't you please try to find me
Perhaps if I were tall and handsome
This wouldn't be rape.

Marilyn Kaufman



illustration by Cathy Abramson

STARSHINE

"An oriental fable tells of a man who was entered by a serpent while he was asleep. The serpent settled in the man's stomach and took over control of his life so that the man no longer belonged to himself. One day, after a long period of domination, the serpent finally left; but the man no longer knew what to do with his freedom. He had become so used to submitting his will to that of the serpent, his wishes and impulses to those of the beast, that he had lost the capacity to wish, to strive, or to act autonomously. Instead of freedom he found only the "emptiness of the void," for the departure of the serpent had taken with it the man's new essence — the adaptive fruit of his occupation. He was left with the awesome task of reclaiming, little by little, the former human content of his life."

Where is the outrage that burned
down the walls of proud Troy
on that day long ago

And what of the men who were tortured inside
and put into Bedlam, their jail?

They're talking out Loud
They're fighting the Man
The Machine that forced them to hide

They're building an Organization, Man
They'll make that fucker wish he had died.

That was a way of putting it — not very satisfactory:
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion

In any case, Mother Goose said it better:

Please to remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

Have you seen the stars tonight?

Don Harper

It is a sorry child a'night
A foundling
Placed upon a thousand doorsteps by a gypsy
held in headlong flight
by the incarnation of the Child
In mantic dress a gutter curse
(The bagman goes to show his Boss
the trinkets he has found.)

And as he heads for alley's kiss
A shriek is tried
To warn his friends
To show them he still has his pride
He knows not what portends:

farewell sweet morrows hopes deferred and all
crisp years fat earnest in defect of youth
indian summers quicken to keen fall
as brisk october blazons times no ruth

i cry no quarter of my age and call
on coming wits to prove the truth
of my stark venture into fate's cold hall
where thoughts at hazard cast the die for sooth

from me great days are gone and after none
array the ardour that i scarce compress
in temperance terrible charged i abide
the desperate victor of my last race run:
wanting bold challenge to lifes dread excess
to fire that frenzy i must else wise hide

Boy Boy Crazy Boy (dripping red paint)
Stay Cool Boy

Don Harper

A cracked and riddled shard of glass
A shredded dream
the writs unfold
A parchment torn upon the floor
A glass of wine with threads of gold
A violet dream with clenched white hands
Lips crush edge crack
Faces cold
Phrases old
He lies
A cool pool on the floor
Oh woe!

Don Harper

NEW MOON

- I. You smile to me a smile as gentle
as the lunar silver sliver
barely beaming on the earth's edge.
And your softening eyes are shining
light green in the evening sky.

Soft red lips around your beaming
shame the sunlit sky's vermillion.
And the clouds in scarlet streaming
vie to match the dark brown ribbons
gently curling at your sides.

With a glance, a smile, you leave me.
So to climb some distant height
leaving me in depths of darkness
mourning love's departing light.

Evening falls and colors fade in
quickly flying dusky shades.
Flickering stars apiece appearing
mourn the sun's departing rays.

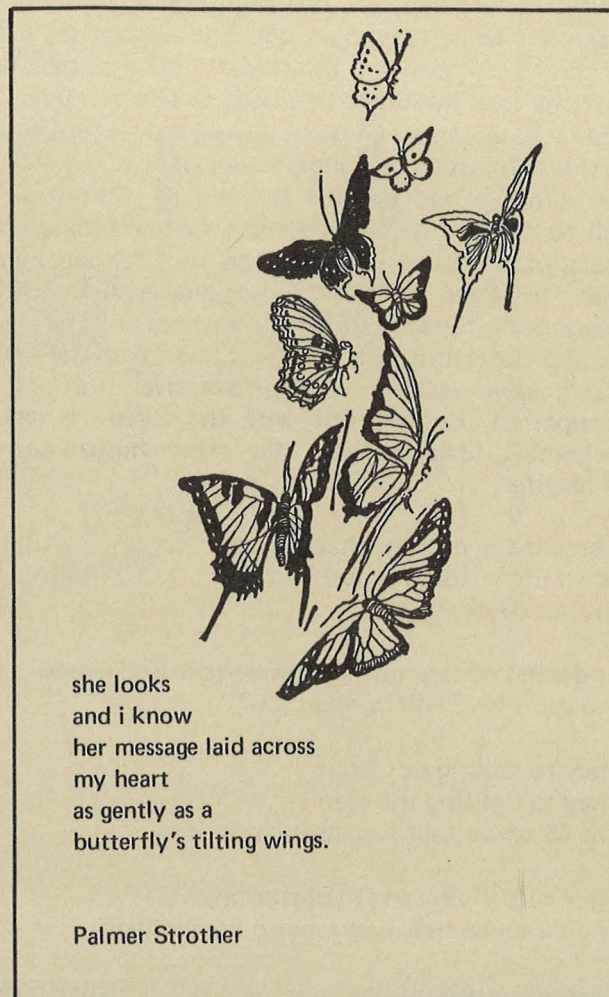
Twilight dims and colors vanish
Dreams in waking quickly fly.
Greyiness blurs the lengthened shadows
Moon smile sinks beneath the sky.

Drowsy dullness lowers slowly,
Numbness looms upon my eyes.

Wake me now to days of wonder
Leave me not in loveless slumber
Love that's hidden by the night
is love in vain.

- II. Love, love, your brown-eyed man is waiting
Love, love your lover's heart is aching.
The sky is hidden from the sun by earth's round body.
The moon with its ox-horned light peers round the window.
In a flutter of wings you are mine soaring
through the stars.
Your heart is quivering like a bird inside my hand.
But love, love, your eyes are shining
love, love, our skin is flaming
love, love, you hide me from the night.

Charles Hendler



AGAIN FROM THE SILENCE

I looked for you at the sunrise
when I left to meet the morning;
but the world was still asleep
with the night dream of the evening.

You looked for me at sunset
when you looked into the moonlight;
but I was still asleep
with the day-dream of the day.

And so it came to pass
that the night dream of the evening
and the day-dream of the day,
we pass to come together.

Steve Colletta



Are you bored with Medical School? Tired of wasting those beautiful Dallas afternoons in some dark lecture hall?
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