



APATHY

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A P A T H Y S T A F F

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Apathy magazine had its beginnings winter quarter 1970 as tri-dorm magazine for Houck, Halloran and Barrett Houses. Apathy became the magazine of North Campus in Spring Quarter 1970. This quarter Apathy is circulated on North Campus and in Mack Hall.

Apathy had always carried a repertoire of subjects that are interesting to college students. For example, in the newscatagory we published special editions on the N.C.S.A. elections of last year and the Lantern newspaper strike of winter quarter 1970. Also, we did an in depth coverage of North Campus Food Service and the disruptions last spring.

Poetry and other literary endeavors have always been presented in our publication.

Moreover, Apathy has contained a collection of humor, such as stories on "hamburger fetish cults," a "lampoon of the Lantern," and "Pornography and the Symphony."

It is the purpose of Apathy to print the poetry, short stories, art, news, photography and satire of any interested students at Ohio State University. If you want to become intimately involed with Apathy magazine, volunteer your efforts for the next issue.

Bob Granzow

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mystery of Dennis House Revealed

Sir:

Man, do you know what happened to Dennis House, the first dorm on North Campus? If you don't, I'm sure some research on this subject will make an interesting story for your magazine.

Jay Speel
Frosh class of '56

After receiving this letter, I was filled with curiosity. Sure enough, Dennis House was on the maps of North campus. After surveying the area where it was supposed to be, I realized that there was no dormitory erected on that particular spot.

Puzzled by its disappearance, I began looking through some old documents at Campus Planning. Here, I found a description of Dennis House as follows:

Dennis House is named after J.P. Dennis a famous reconnaissance pilot in the Korean War. This glass, steel, and brick structure rises three stories above the beautiful Raney Commons on the west and sprawling High Street on the east. The building was erected in 1955.

Since Campus Planning didn't even know Dennis House had disappeared, I gracefully informed them of the predicament.

"Dennis House, isn't that where they're going to put the studio for the campus radio station?" asked one administrator.

I replied, "I told you already, Dennis House has disappeared."

"Maybe we can put the radio station studio in Arps Garage."

Another administrator replied, "Where's that?"

"Arps Garage! You know next to Arps Hall!" replied the first administrator.

"Hmmm...I don't see that on my map...didn't they tear down that old gas station and make room for more parking?" questioned the second.

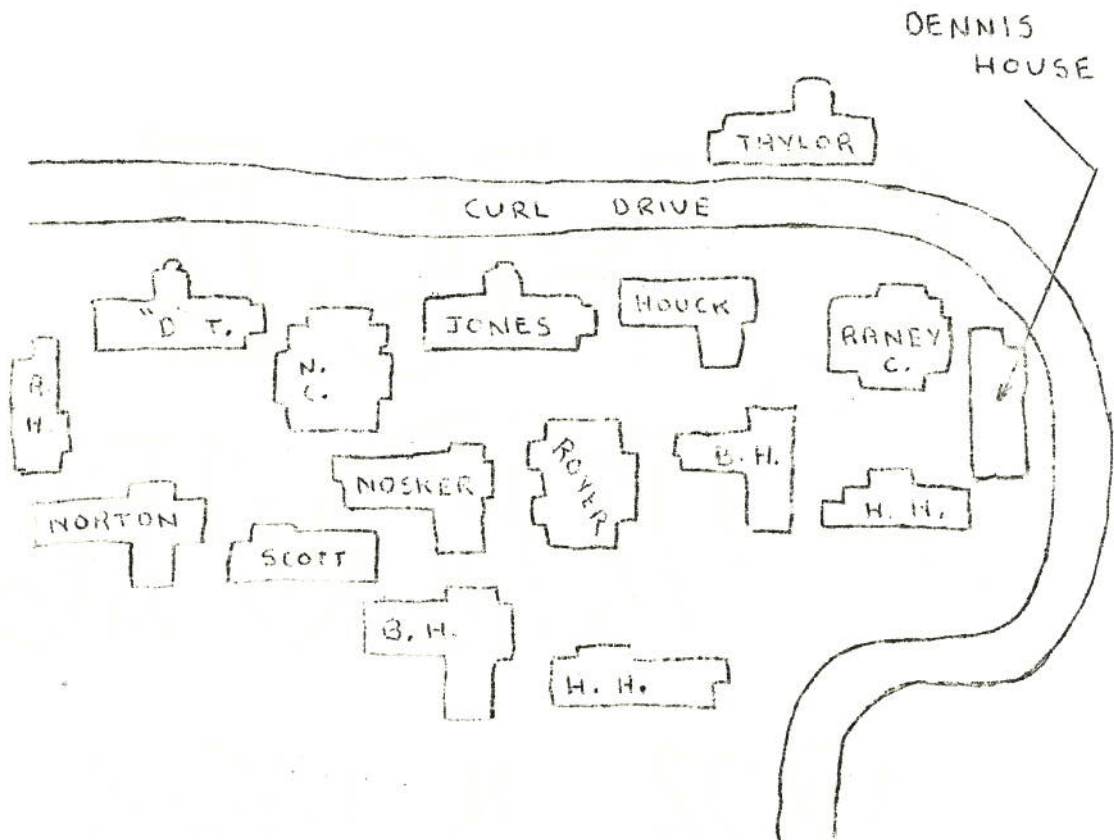
"Well. you ain't gettin' no story outta me!"

That's going to be the last letter of "Letters to the Editor" that I'm ever going to read.

The End

B. Granzow

EDITOR'S NOTE: I bet this is the last letter of the "Letters to the Editor" column you're going to read, too!



A CORNER OF THE WORLD

A corner of the world is all

I ask.

A place to hang my hat

And worries

And patter around in socked feet.

A warm breast

On which I can lay

My head and cry

My tears without being

Humbled or ashamed to

Say iloveyou.

A calm, loving,

Radiant face I see in

My only dreams

Framed in a cascading

Waterfall of sun-blond

Hair.

A mere corner of the world.

A breezy glen in

Always spring where

My love and I chase

Flowered butterflies in

An azure sky.

A brook under a
Canopy of leaves
Which laughs with
My love and I
At the rolling, wrestling,
And tickling we do
In the grass and
Flowers of its banks.
There, where a rosy sunset
Paints our sky, she and I
Sit close in prayerful love under
A kneeling willow.

A simple corner of the world.

Where the grasses breathe
The fresh, sparkling air
And little green frogs, the
Size of copper pennies,
Jump over morning drops of
Dew on small rose petals.
Where a golden coverlet
Of buttercups are darkened
Only by the shadow
Of a playing, tittering bird
Chasing the wind
Across the meadow.

A quiet, warm corner of the world
Is all I want or wanted.

But I received a dry sea
Of hollow faces who are
Ever flowing by in an incoming
Tide of apathy
And distrust which pushed
Me under, swallowed me up,
And carried my life into the
Underground.

In my little corner of the world
All I wanted was a
Companionship with God in His
Little corner of the world.

But all I received was a
Large, empty sanctuary whose
Dome is covered with
Painted angels and filled
With painted faces, painted
Thoughts, and painted souls.
A huge, silent church
Whose walls guard
Against the world and
The things that are God.

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Large, empty sanctuary whose
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A huge, silent church
Whose walls guard
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The things that are God.

All I wanted
Was my own little corner
Where I could freely run
And think and love life.
But now I must wear the
World around my neck on a
Golden chain.

My own little corner of the world.
They gave me all of it.

Stephen E. Cross