

# Schreiber's Version of Notes from the Underground

by Matthew Blankman

Cryptic messages, song lyrics, drawings, signs, names, and obscenities. These are some of the things one can see etched and drawn on desktops in the hallowed halls of learning here at Schreiber.

Technically, these marks fall into the category of graffiti, which is by and large vandalism. But what kind of vandal would quote Neil Young, go on to insult their teacher, and then draw a bunny rabbit? No, this is not your standard graffiti for two main reasons: one, the ink is easily washed off of the desks, and two, this is much more entertaining.

Desk writing can be classified in a variety of categories. The first one is **Two-way Messages**. This group usually consists of short letters from one party to another, often identified by initials. Names, you see, would not only endanger the writer, but also destroy the confidentiality of these epistles. Everyone knows that "Hi, physics is sooooo boring. How wuz lunch? U r cool. See ya!!!! -Z.Q."

is something that should be left top secret.

This brings us to the subtopic of **Coded Messages**. Anyone can see that a message like the previous one must be in some sort of secret code. In plain english, it makes absolutely no sense. Rumor has it that there is soon to be a Student Government committee on this subject.

Another area of these desk doodles is the huge and ever-growing **Song Lyrics** grouping. This is pretty self-explanatory. A student who has lost interest in his class turns to his desk and writes whatever song happens to be in his head at the time.

Virtually all of these lyrics are from rock 'n' roll songs, but that comes as no shock. Neither does the fact that roughly 80% of them are from before 1978. Tons of different artists are found on desks, from Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly to Grand Funk Railroad and whatever happens to be in the current Billboard Top 40. Through extensive poll-taking, one sees that the Grateful Dead has been capturing the most desktops. It is not

rare to sit down and find a new batch of Garcia/Hunter or Weir/Barlow classics. Another artist who has achieved greatness on desktops is the legendary Bob Dylan. Although Dylan does not have such a fervent high-school following, his fans are devoted, and they never seem to run out of ink. In a science room, for example, one desk was adorned by the lyrics to Dylan's 1976 classic "Hurricane" in three different styles of handwriting. What great teamwork! These students are owed a deep debt of thanks from Rubin "Hurricane" Carter (the song's topic, a middleweight boxer unjustly jailed for murder) and from Dylan himself. Neil Young, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Led Zeppelin, The Beatles, and various heavy metal bands all do quite nicely as well.

A third sect of these sacred writings is the ever-popular **Obscenities**. Sure, these are the most subversive, and often they are disgusting and crude, but sometimes they are hysterically funny. One such example: a student had written the Rolling Stones lyric "I only get my rocks



off when I'm dreaming," (From the 1972 *Exile on Main Street* LP), and later that day, another one countered with "I only get my rocks off when my girlfriend \*\$%#@." Sure, it was vulgar, but during math on a grey afternoon, it touches a nerve. Ob-

scenities are just as strong as ever and are not tapering off.

So the next time you have nothing to read after you finish your social studies test, look on your desk. There may be a great work of literature waiting there for you.

## Student Life at Playboy's "Top Ten" Alum Confronts "Real World" at College

by Kate Silver

Free skiing five days a week, parties three days a week at least, no curfew, and hot tubs nearby— what more could college offer? My college made **Playboy Magazine's** top ten list of the best party schools in the nation.

My roommate Lisa brought the microwave, the refrigerator, the stereo, the full length mirror, a set of weights, and she's a sophomore transfer with a car! Lisa and I would talk about stuff before we went to sleep. She told me how her stepfather had done some bad things that she was trying to forget about. She stayed home and commuted her freshman year so that her sister, Jen, who is my age, wouldn't be left alone with him.

Later she told me the whole story. He molested Lisa from the ages of 4 until she was twelve, and he raped Jen. Their mom knows this, and yet she remains married to him. I met the man the first week of school. He seemed nice and looked ordinary, wearing jeans and a baseball cap. Lisa told me about her mother too. She's a manic depressive and doesn't take her medication regularly. One time when Lisa was little, her mother went into a trance and thought that she was a little girl. She began throwing things at Lisa as though she were having a temper tantrum. She screamed for her mother so Lisa called her grandmother over. The woman was able to calm her down.

Next Hearned about her real

father, "The alcoholic." Lisa and Jen used to visit him on weekends. He'd tell them not to leave the kitchen, and then he would go out and drink. They'd be stuck in that kitchen for hours until he returned drunk and drove them back to their mother's.

Lisa has had a boyfriend, Jeremy, for over a year. He made her wear a big shirt over her bathing suit in the summer because he didn't want other guys to see her body. One weekend while I went to Boston with some friends, Jeremy came up for a visit. When I returned from Boston, she told me how he got really drunk and came at her with a pair of scissors.

Lisa's sister had a boyfriend, too, but she broke up with him the first three weeks of school. She wanted her freedom. He kept harrasing her over the phone and tried to make her feel guilty, but she is seeing a senior now and felt she had to move on. One weekend she went home and went over to see him to explain; then he raped her.

Hearing all these stories made me feel really sad and uncomfortable. I tried to help Lisa by listening. I suggested that she get professional help, but her mom wouldn't allow it because she didn't want her husband to go to jail. She felt that he was sorry for what he did, and he was trying to become a policeman to bring in more income. He was supporting them and paying for Lisa's and Jen's college tuition.

Lisa wasn't the only person I met with troubles. Amanda, a girl down the hall, met a guy who had a bulimic girlfriend. He didn't like the girl anymore and wanted to go out with Amanda, but she threatened to kill herself. Also, there is a girl who was partying with some fraternity brothers until someone pulled her into the bathroom and raped her.

Then there was my friend Sue.

I remember when I met her. It was in the morning and she was drinking Kaluah and chocolate milk. We both liked to listen to the Grateful Dead, discovered that we had been to some of the same shows, and we seemed to like and dislike the same kinds of people. She always had empty Budweiser cans in her room. Sometimes she'd get stoned before going to human genetics class and walk with me over to Archaeology. Once she called me at 3:00 in the morning confused about where she was. One morning she woke up with a sprained ankle and laughed, "Oh how did that happen?"

She would talk about her parents a lot and how they got drunk together a couple of times. She thinks that her mother has a drinking problem, but she's not sure. One night Sue and I were playing this game called Stargate. There are all these different images on cards, and you ask yourself a question; then you make up a story solving your problem as you follow the cards. Her question was control, as in,

how do I gain control? After the game she said to me, "Did you see? I only had four beers."

Later we went downstairs and joined a party with some people Sue knew. They kept asking her all these questions about drugs. After a while, Sue stood up and said, "Oh, I have a vision," and ran out of the room. We all thought it was really weird. While she was gone they made fun of her and talked about how messed up she was in high school. When she came back, she had her own six pack. I wasn't having fun anymore so I left and went up back to my room and called a good friend from home just to talk. I made a lot of phone calls to friends from home that semester. The only problem is that they weren't at home anymore. They were in Colorado, Virginia, California, etc.

Ifelt I had a decision to make: either I could confront Sue with her problem and lose her as a friend, or just keep my mouth shut. It was too hard to decide all by myself so I went over to Sam Day's room; he's a Resident Assistant. We talked, and I told him I really wanted to help her. His advice was to confront her with her drinking problem because she seems to be crying out for help. I waited two days to find Sue sober because it's no use to talk to her when she's drunk; she doesn't remember anything. So we went out for a walk over to the bridge by the rapids, and I told her she had a drinking problem. Once I started everything I had been thinking

came out, but she didn't believe what I was telling her; she didn't, however, get mad at me. We walked back to the dorm and I told her not to come in my room ever again if she was drunk or stoned: She didn't. After that our friendship went on as usual.

Then came the weekend that I went to Boston. I returned to a room of clean laundry. I didn't understand. I tell her she's a drunk and she does me the biggest favor in the world. Then, a couple of nights later, she knocked on my door in the middle of the night, crying hysterically. I told her that at this point I didn't think her loss of control was her fault. I told her it was like a disease taking over her body, but there are people who can help her. I had already contacted AA and found out when the meetings are, so I agreed to go with her to one the next day. But Sue changed her mind and didn't want to go when she sobered up.

After that she stopped drinking and drugging as much. She's more conscious of her actions, and she seems happier. Lisa, on the other hand decided to move out; my new roommate is much more "together." I have hope for the next semester: I even signed up for the Snowboarding club, and I'm going to get a job.

College is different for everyone, but there are people like Sue and Lisa everywhere. I just wonder how many there are in my old high school.

*Editor's Note: The names in this article have been changed.*