

HERE COME THE EIGHTIES AT *OUR* SCHOOL, YEH

(Parting words to a pretty fair school)

Anonymous

I believe what I will do before I die probably is turn twenty-nine,  
For I picture the soul's expanse by then to resemble a Montana plain,  
Wide, Long, and Tall.

We have the souls of prairie dogs, kids,  
And we have to show them every day—  
Show your soul, show your smiling support where necessary, yeh.

Myself, I will attempt to drink of the magic cauldron and at so young,  
And when off-duty will dress and go to the Vogue and seek a mate  
And accept all advice, good and hearty,  
From this impostor calling himself Radley Metzger (see last spring's  
issue)

There we will talk about journalist hicks, this is 1986,  
Professor's wives running school, new Kings of the Things that count,  
some good, some bad, yeh.

The general thought, still, is that Kappas will be the same,  
Holding a Ten o'clock Reunion Two-hour meeting to plan the  
Real reunion for 2,000 A.D.  
You've gotta wear them well, best visit them Tuesdays,  
Hold a Kappa hand, yeh.

By 1986, we might all have these quiet street curves and the rust out of  
our blood for good,  
And I picture the nation's expanse by then a bit resembling some  
Bluish-gray mixture of 42nd-and-Broadway and Hampton,  
Third floor East Schwitzer popping popcorn with Greenwich Village,  
south,  
Radley and I standing by, and questioning the sanctity of women,  
and puzzling why none of this had gone down on paper in our sophomore  
year.

But, hear this, Rare is the man who holds to his principles and  
Seemingly nonexistent is the nation that can agree upon just one:  
Which means we will have Charlie's Angels in boot camp by 1986  
And disco Sermonette following the Tami Snyder show night after night,  
And youngster souls like yours and mine looking through the window  
And nonetheless trying and erring and pushing for a real decade  
This time! Yeh! A real 80s! Without cultist intellectuals that somehow  
Always pass for utter sobriety, yeh, without flat-voiced performing lords,  
ooh-oooh, without this God-awful dependency upon escape,  
alright, and, to compound the crime, upon self righteousness,  
waaahhhhh! Yeh!

But this try will be a try. So those of you about to hit 29, just wait,  
put your minds and eyes all around you and your hearts no place shy of  
Heaven, and do read a good short story now and then, and do get next to  
a Kappa, curl up with a good one, as it were, and come visit me and  
Radley at the Vogue, or come rap at my screen window. I should be here,  
and reasonably sincere. We should be nothing more, nothing less than  
friends. Yes.

**The 1980s** KAPPA HANDS  
COLLEGE JOURNALISM *The*  
**VOGUE**

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