



All the brews that fit...

## OFFICIADUNT

### MOCKINGBIRD POLL

Can you tell? Which Mockingbird (or Telescope) articles were written during the morning Theme Talk, and which ones in the Pub in the evening?

### Q & A

Coonsectetuer adipiscing elit. Donec enim orci, ultricies in, malesuada quis, egestas quis, wisi. ultricies, metus a feugiat portti, quis mattis lacus ligula.

### CONFUSED BY THE LATIN?

So are we. The layout application used by the Mockingbird staff is highly technical, very capable, and just a bit buggy. (On the Macintosh? No Way! -Yes way) Some of the paragraphs become unalterable, and we just have to accept them. Meditate on the monkey mind of the computer...

### SEEN IN GAMBIER:



Its amazing that the Buddha had such a grasp on the reality of suffering without ever having to go to the Department of Motor Vehicles.

## ZEN GAMES FILL-IN-THE-BLANK

## CONNECT-THE-DOTS



Sunnyhill and Kent Gangs Square Off in the Ernst Nosh Pit

## Tragedy Narrowly Averted at Peek

Peek, famously described as “the perfect UU game”, nearly erupted in mayhem this evening. In the close and overheated quarters of the Ernst Nosh Pit, tempers flared as a member of the Kent congregation, apparently angered by having his desired prize be awarded to a congregant from South Hills, made disparaging remarks about South Hills’ having stolen the coveted rank of highest attendance at SI.

Rising to her feet in defense of her church, prominent South Hills member Kid Vicious proceeded to insult the Kent Church building itself, and tempers flared.

Soon there were dozens of angry members of both churches loudly shouting and debating the relative merits of buildings, Board meetings, coffee hour service, and the Allegheny and Cuyahoga rivers. It seemed at any minute it might come to actual blows.

Amy Charlestown, the SI main Planning-like Entity’s Top Official Nanny (SIMPLETON), attempted to intervene, but she was lost in the crowd and her efforts were ineffectual.

Just as it seemed the worst was certain to happen, the Hogwarts students stormed in in formation, and with loud cries of “Inebriatus!” they leveled their wands at the quarreling UUs. Under the powerful effects of the spell, both the Kent and Sunny Hill mobs became dazed and fell to the floor. Some of them began gently snoring. Professor Swizzlestick said, “We have been practicing this particular spell all week, hoping we wouldn’t have to use it, but it’s just right for this sort of Muggle incident.”

The only other incident of note was that the coveted Elvis clock prize has gone missing. The winner could not be consoled, and is the first Peek participant on record to go home without a Peek prize.

The theme speaker, the Voluble Moo Goo Gai Pan, left the scene shaken by the outburst, and retired to his room, declining to be interviewed for this paper. From his room only came a loud humming noise, accompanied by a loud “tick-tock” sound.

Unitarian-Universalists Boogie Down With(out) Style

### Dance Fever at Summer Institute

The adult dance at SI set a new record for UU Dance Fever. Long known for their fancy footwork and jive motions, Unitarians got down to *Funky Town* and waved their arms to *Celebrate*. “Just think what we could do if our dances had refreshments, decorations, lighting, or even a strobe!” quipped one dance enthusiast.

The popularity of dancing at SI can best be explained theologically, according to Reverend Jean Astair. “In dancing, UUs break the sacred-profane boundaries maintained by other denominations

like the Baptists. Unitarians recognize the sacredness of body gyration as the epitome of mind-body integration.”

Apparently not all UUs at SI share her view. “I prefer meeting,” replies Maggie Chatter. Others cited sore muscles from the competing activities of mountain climbing and walking the labyrinth. “Next time I plan to bring 15% more energy and my own can of almonds,”

concluded camper Fanny Pack.

### Packing light? Stool Dilemma

Fern Mousekiss, Summer Institute’s perennial (yes, year after year after year after year...) artist, arborist and genial artsy-fartsy type, forgot to bring a stool to paint for another addition to the SI Scholarship kitty. Just as she was considering returning home to fetch the lost item, she spotted the

solution.

In an act of daring and desperation, Fern commandeered an Adirondack chair from in front of Gund for her painting project. “Gosh, this is heavy,” related her husband, Bud. Not deterred, Fern got the chair done, reflecting the theme of Eastern peace, Sushi, and labyrinthine thought.

In a related incident, Bud Mousekiss is recovering nicely following a short hospital stay and traction.

## You Can’t Do It All

The SI Main Planning-Like Entity and the SI Main Organization of Nothing would like to inform especially first-time SI campers that it is impossible to participate in each and every activity at SI in a single week. Some of you are attempting hypercaffeine baths, others subliminal learning techniques or hypnosis to absorb everything going on. This reaches its extreme in the Young Adult 24/3 program, where campers attempt to cram all of SI into three days by never sleeping.

SIMPLE / SIMON recommends the Morning Nap Workshop in Rosse Hall at 9:30 am.



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### K-1 Production an "Abortion on Stage" "Seven Principles" An Un- principled Production

By GIM Narley, Music Critic

This past Tuesday, I had the "pleasure" of attending the premiere of "Our Seven Principles", a piece written and performed by Hal Runner's K-1 class. Now, with 8 different artists coming together to create a single production, I must admit I had hoped for something spectacular. Unfortunately, their performance was anything but.

The play limped immediately into full speed by opening with what I can only assume was meant to be a musical number. However, Mr. Runner's competent piano work was almost completely drowned out by the mumbling, moaning, and stomping herd of kindergarten and first grade zombies that came stumbling onto the stage. It soon became clear that the only thing on stage more uninspired than the lyrics of the opening song, "The Seven Principles are We", was this bumbling troupe of buffoons I was going to have to endure for the next 15 minutes.

The evident total lack of vocal talent amongst the cast was compounded by the entire cast not knowing the lyrics to the song they were singing! More than half the children spent the song either staring at their feet or watching something off-stage, while the rest faked their way through it, humming or singing scat through the piece.

The atrocious stage work would continue throughout the entire performance, escalating to the point where the audience was forced to wait while one actress lost all control and had to be escorted off stage in tears.

Abominable acting aside, the production values of this effort can only be described as disgustingly lazy. In an attempt to create some sort of post-modern minimalist effect, the stage was decorated with nothing but a crude drawing of what appeared to be a chalice, done on poster board. The costuming did not extend much further than white t-shirts, each with the number of a principle written upon it in black marker.

In an extremely unprofessional cover-up for the loss of the crying girl in the opening act, the audience was asked to work together to "imagine" the now missing Principle Five. This, in my opinion, was a great injustice to the one principle lucky enough to be spared representation in what was quickly becoming an abortion on stage.

Although each member of the cast was horrible in their own way, the star of the evening was Principle Seven. Not only did this genius walk on stage with his number "7" shirt on inside-out, but he brought the entire production to a halt right at the climax when he was unable to pronounce his principle's number written on his note card, and had to ask the director for assistance.

In conclusion, Mr. Runner and his class of morons have managed to put together just about the worst attempt at theatre this critic has ever witnessed. In a mere 15 minutes they had managed to not only make absolute fools out of themselves, but to insult by name every one of our seven principles. If you have any regard whatsoever for art or music, avoid this stinker at all costs.

### Theme Speaker Searching for Socks

#### Describes ancient Buddhist Rorschach Test

In this morning's Theme Talk, the Voluble Moo Goo Gai Pan related his own personal landscape, a bit of his own search for truth and meaning, ranging from an internship at a Cleveland radio station and some very stressful job situations. At this point in the story, he described the ancient Buddhist set of drawings known as "The Ten Socks Hurling Pictures." These pictures depict stages in one man's search for missing socks.

The first picture begins when the man first sights the fugitive socks, but cannot put them on, because they

are in the dirty clothes pile and have to be washed. Subsequent drawings in the series depict various stages in the washing process, until the final drawing is obtained.

The eighth drawing in the set is called "All Forgotten," and depicts that state when the socks are in the dryer, and the man goes off to do something else and forgets all about the socks.

The final drawing in the set shows the inside of the dryer when all the clothes have been removed, and reveals that the socks have vanished completely! It is this reporter's firm belief that the missing socks are no longer on Earth. Socks are really aliens here to investigate Earth, and regularly they must return to give their reports. Your dryer is their teleportation device.

This story of the missing socks demonstrates why Buddhists wear sandals. If anyone should ask the meaning of this, "Behold the rest of the laundry and it's fresh-smelling aroma."

### Hymn #209, Come you longing, thirsty souls

O come you longing thirsty souls,  
Drink freely of this ale.  
And come you weary famished folk,  
There's snack food by the pail.  
Why spend yourself on empty air?  
Why not be satisfied?  
In Lower Gund a feast is spread  
That's always at our side.

For we shall go in peace secure  
And leave in joy sublime!  
The hills outside will burst with song,  
The trees will clap in time!  
So shall the world of spirits serve  
As joy within our glass.  
So skip those morning workshops dull  
The night is meant to last.

#### Technical Note:

E-Mail access from Kenyon is limited, and it might take some time for your submission to be obtained by the Mockingbird Editor. To meet deadline, try writing your event reviews in advance.



### QUOTATIONS

"I hate quotations. Tell me what you know."  
--R.W. Emerson

Things are not what they seem; Nor are they otherwise. -- Lankavatara Sutra

"I'm astounded by people who want to 'know' the universe when it's hard enough to find your way around chinatown." -- Woody Allen.

Q: How many Zen buddhists does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Three -- one to change it, one to not-change it and one to both change- and not-change it.



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