

the Games People Play

Editor: Jim Martin

COLORADO SPRING SKI TRIP

March 18-26, 1967

(The Players (and sometimes spectators):

- o Hayne Sudheimer
- o Diane Larson
- o Bob Ream
- o Cathy Ream
- o ~~Liz Dow~~
- o John Wilke
- o Jim Martin
- o Judy Anderson
- o Mary Carlson
- o Ladd Loss
- o Todd Fetsch
- o Mary Jo Fetsch
- o Ruth Leyding
- o John Spidahl — *pull*
- o Jeanne Schleh
- o ~~Joan Larson~~
- o Noel Larson
- o Hania Krzaczyński
- o Jerzy Krzaczyński
- o Jim Noble
- o Patti Feeney

Definition from the Random House Dictionary: a game is a competitive activity involving skill, chance of endurance on the part of two or more persons who play according to a set of rules usually for their own amusement or for that of spectators.

In a highly pre-planned, mechanized age such as ours where fun is defined as something as passive as sitting in a darkened room in a soft seat, eating hot buttered popcorn, watching flickering figures dance on a screen, it is a tremendous relief to find some sane, healthy bodies that prefer to be the dancing figures themselves instead of watching other ones. These are the Fussgangers (translated Pedestrians in German) and some fellow traveling friends. Like Liz Taylor and Richard Burton in the flic called "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" this group of people love to play games. The difference is that the Fussgangers, for the most part, play games that are somewhat less destructive than those played by Liz and Dick. Liz Taylor is

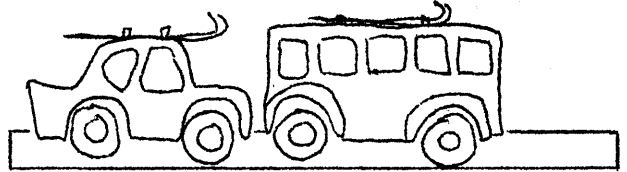
not to be confused with Liz Dow, although come to think of it there are some interesting similarities that are of necessity extrinsic to our analysis of The Trip. Ah yes, the Trip. The Trip to Colorado itself was in the largest sense a kind of game, or play, that was for most of us a very different experience from that ghastly thing all normal Americans (to prevaricate a little here) grow to hate in the doldrums of March ----- W O R K. But of course there are those stubborn exception to every rule, like Suds Heimer, who is so dogone agreeable to everything that he would most likely proclaim work as being man's most pleasurable killtime. But what about this game? Jawol! I'm coming Commandant Klink! What kind of Players were these? What were the rules? Where does the skill, the chance, and the endurance come in? Commandant, much of it seemed to be pre-planned. The quiet force that led us was our gentle leader, who always asked us for our opinions, Todd K. Fetsch. There could be pages written on our gentle leader. How he assumed the mild-mannered role of Johnny Appleseed, broadcasting seeds of joy (organized joy) wherever we would go. But then again we could not resist the Fetcher's musical genius, just as the mice could not resist the Pied Piper of Dublin, as Todd pleasantly whistled for our \$21 checks and joyfully ushered us out of Saint Paul, over the drab midnight bridge at North Platte Nebraska up into those Olympian mountains of Colorado. But if our gentle leader made our getting there seem so easy, what did we do when we got there? (We slept surreptitiously excepting those who were bursting with energy like The Bloke, Patti, Jeanne, Mary, and Jerzy and Hania.) But over the long run, the week we were housed in the Colorado Ski Buff Club we played the vastly interesting but infinitely complex game of pre-nubial (for many of us) collective living. That

is a complicated game to play in our Puritanical country, but we pulled it off. The rules of this part of the game involved eating, sleeping, cards and singing. But the heart of the game, the central reason for even playing, was ostensibly skiing. Jawol Commandant Klink! Here we have the competitive activity involving the skill, chance and endurance mentioned above. This part of the game was played not without some losses. But were the Pedestrians defeated as a group? No. There was still enough pluck left for the Apres Ski games, down at Georgetown's local game-center, the Blue Boar. Finally, just to reveal the depth of the energy of this intrepid twenty-one, if the Travelling-There game was not enough, if the Dorm-Life game was not enough, if the Skiing game was not enough and if the Apres Ski did not finish us off, Commandant Klink, there was a final and perhaps most exhausting game of all that we played, appropriately dubbed, Turning-On-One-Another's Throats-With-Bared-Teeth. Many forms of this game were played, too complex and too numerous to mention. The nature of this game was very thinly disguised in such surreptitious and innocuous forms as: An-Easter-Egg-Paint-And-Discover; the apparently pleasant trip down an Imaginary Path which was surreptitiously mined with psychologically explosive depth charges; Shaft-Sinking-Into-Deserving-Personalities; and the old favorite, the timeless and revealing Bull-Session-In-The-Wee-Hours. Jawol Commandant Klink, there you have them, the bold games played by bolder players; not a passive, popcorn-popping into mouth group is this. There are the muscular and intelligent doers of our generally Pale Population. Let us go then, you and I Commandant, and meander more microscopically into the World of Games as played by the Fussgangers, and let us hear in the words of some of the Members, what it was really like.

The Game of Getting There.

It is difficult for an outsider to see how much Mary Jo played the role of "the woman behind the man" (our gentle Pied Piper with the blazing red ski jacket) in the gargantuan task of get-

ting us all in the proper frame of mind for The Trip. Considering that most of us feel there is all the difference in the world between being paid \$21 instead of paying \$21, the Fetcher and Mary Jo did an outstanding job of pre-planning. Much of the pre-planning occurred even before some of us had even heard of the Fussgangers, but eventually we were all packed in sleek and swift machines that were sound-



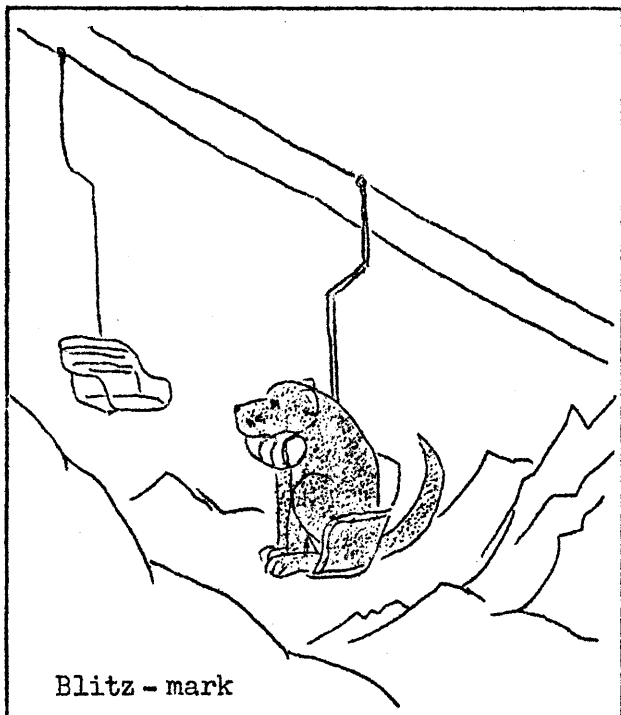
lessly gliding out to the Land of Coors. Noel Larson wisely decided against bringing his ancient machine and had to brood all the way out in a popular foreign-made mobile. There is always a certain amount of excitement and anticipation in playing the game of Long-Car-Trip, to see whose hitherto strange and unknown shoulder you will discover yourself intimately sleeping on. And of course in every caravan game such as this, there is always at least one machine owner who wisely lays down the rule that a car is not a toy, therefore frivolous people such as girls will not be allowed to play with it. Fortunately Young Charles The Bloke did not have to play under the more democratic rules established by Judy Anderson in her car where everyone drove until dizziness set in, regardless of nationality or sex.

The Game of Collective Living.

Ah, yes Commandant Klink! This was a game played with enthusiasm by seventeen Collective Livers in the Colorado Ski Buff Club and four in a Loveland Pass Hideaway. It takes a special kind of person from the Puritanical Plains of Minnesota to play this game Commandant, and many showed the skill and endurance and awareness of chance and pitfalls that characterize this game. There was a loose set of rules at the Ski Buff concerned mainly with sleeping, eating, boozing and bedlam. Despite constant heckling by Ruth, our gentle leader explained tous the rules at a meeting one night and in a kindly

manner asked us if we wanted to play. We had no choice but to accept Diane's harsh and dictatorial system of cleaning up and washing dishes, seeing as we were to reap the benefits of her firm but fair food preparation plan. We accepted the other rules too. Despite such minor obstacles in the path of Happiness as: a trembling heater that chirruped every time Mary Carlson walked by; a collection of cheap pulp paperback books devoured with relish by The Yearling; strange and wondrous odors exuding from the rather gamey boy's room about the fourth day; four heroic benches in the eating room that would groan with extra agony under the pressures of evening meals when the whole group would feed; despite all this the group survived admirably. Jawol Commandant Klink! And in the immortal words of perhaps the most descreet Player of Collective Living (also the youngest Player), we have a beautiful statement of the complexities involved. Showing insight far beyond the experience of one who has travelled around the sun on this planet only fourteen times, Liz Dow tells us about Dorm Life as she sees it.

"With only one shower for 21 people, there was always a waiting line for the shower. Because the shower was located in the girl's bathroom, there were a few complications involved!!! Because of different hours people



kept, Todd announced that any late-comers would have to use the back door. We decided that since the skis were kept near the front door, the front door should be locked so that the skis wouldn't be stolen. The reading material of the dorm was limited to books on how the West was won and two worn Playboy magazines. The Playboy magazines were read constantly and had a long waiting line (Playboy magazines are good anti-depressants for women - Cathy Ream's comment.)"

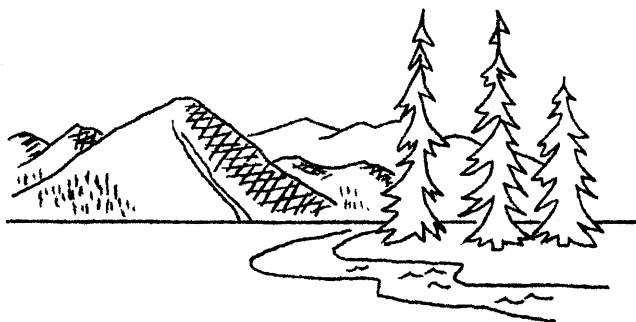
This is the voice of a bold and young Fussganger, Commandant! Young Miss Dow also desires that you know something of the miraculously beautiful sonorous sounds of snoring that wafted their way up into the jagged, mountainy, starry-clear Colorado night sky. A symphonic reproduction of a crashing ocean surf was beautifully formed by the artistic nasal passages of Ladd Loss, The Wilk, Young Charles The Bloke and Suds Heinz. In the darkness an innocent passerby of the Ski Buff Lodge would have heard The Bloke and The Wilk combine beautifully to imitate the massive and ominous sounds of a gathering ocean wave on a beach. Ladd Loss times his crescendo perfectly by imitating the crashing and tumult that accompanies any fifteen foot thunderous wall of green water as it breaks into whiteness. Again with brilliant timing, Suds Sudsheimer would nasally duplicate the threatening, hissing sounds of the wicked undertow, and then the whole cycle would repeat itself.

Young Miss Dow, with characteristic insight feels that this hugger-mugger of great and monstrous crashing surf sounds from the boy's dorm deep at night is symbolic of the unconscious harmony that infused itself among all the members of the Fussgangers that week in Colorado.

It seems as though darkness had a great role in the moments of harmony the group experienced. Wasn't it in the dark when the Pied Piper brought out the best in us with his guitar at the Ream's and Larson's cabin? Wasn't it in the darkness, with pairs of staring eyes widening on the flickering fire after a hard day of touring, eyes lodged above mouths that had minutes be-

fore devoured many angels on horseback (the angels prepared by Jeanne, the horsebacks by The Bloke and The Wilk) that the great-hearted dog Blitz shifted the position of his exhausted limbs-groaned a long and tired groan that dogs will do at times, seeming to sum up that noble sadness felt by all the people singing those plaintive folk songs? And wasn't it in the dark that one could often find Jerzy in his attempts to instruct Hania in the finer points of skiing? And wasn't it in the dark that our gentle red-jacketed leader was kept for a frustrating long time in search for his Easter Egg one morning? And weren't we all in the dark at some time or another considered from the enlightened viewpoint of the Sophomore (translated in Greek, the wise fool) otherwise known as The Yearling? Jawol, Commandant Klink! Darkness played a profound and influential role in the group experience.

But pardon me. Let me halt this philosophical foolishness. Sit down Commandant and let Judy give you a nice quenched-thirsting drink and let us now travel straight to the heart of the matter --- skiing. This is a wonderful sliding, slipping, turning and falling game, one that without our grave Cousin Gravity we would not be allowed to play. Look at these Fussgangers once again. They are basically a hard-nosed practical lot, whose definition of "fun" is climbing a thousand feet with skis on their shoulders, and sliding down a majestic basin in treacherous snow. Typical of the fun-loving courage of this group is Joan Layson, who generously walked far behind everyone else so as to recover any loose change that may have inadvertently fallen from the pockets of exhausted hikers further up the grade. She tells us about this Odyssey in her own words.



"Thursday was Tourday. The group divided, with some skiing at Arapahoe and the rest taking the tour. The tour group: Bob and Cathy Ream (our guides), Blitz-mark, The Yearling, The Bloke, Slim Jim, Liz (the Playboy bunny), Noel, Joan, Todd, Diane, Heinz and Stan and Jimmy (friends of the Reams). The first part of the trip was a slow and laborious walk or crawl from the road at Loveland Pass (el. 11,992 feet) to the mountain point above Grizzly Gulch, taking 1½ to 2 hours to walk 1 to 1½ miles, most of which was just a gradual uphill climb.

"We watched Bob disappear over the edge with a red string tied around his waist (in case of avalanche). We took turns, spacing ourselves far apart, starting down after him. The first part was down and across a huge bowl ----- in wet, heavy snow. The method of descent was a process of traversing slowly across the bowl, angling up slightly to stop, a kick turn to change direction, and then traversing again to the other side and another kick turn. The Yearling and the Reams were the only ones who could manage any sort of a turn in the heavy and crusty snow. Any attempt at snow plowing and a snow plow turn resulted in both skis angling away from each other until the skier either did the splits or fell on his face.



"We ate lunch below the bowl and just above timber line. After some tree-bashing and dodging, we found our way to an old mine road which we followed the rest of the way down the mountain. At one point we stopped alongside a stream to quench our thirst---cold snow melt water--- much better than from the faucet! This part of the tour was easier skiing and included a run by an old

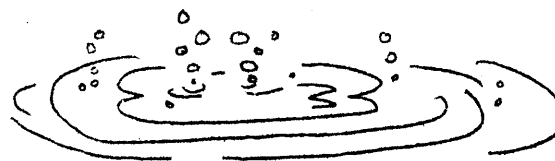
mining camp. We ended the tour in Bakerville with a game of pool and a quench-thirsting drink."

But these are some of the lucky ones, Commandant, for as was said before skiing is a game of sliding, slipping, turning and falling. For high upon the white slopes of a stiffly starched bedsheet on the 9th floor of Mercy Hospital in Denver, lies Patti Feeney. How can she smile? How can she say, "I'm O.K.?" We all fell that week sir, Diane fell, even Ruth fell (became disengaged) ----- all of us went down with the possible exceptions of Cathy Ream and Ladd Loss who seem to have been born with skis on. But Patti fell the hardest. The Wilk and The Bloke charioted her to Idaho Springs, then on into Denver for the operation, the insertion of the pin and the convalescence. Patti is improving now, but as The Bloke might have pithily stated, "Lads, it's no fun to spend a skiing week in bed." We are all hoping for your fast recovery, Patti.

A bold yet God-fearing group such as the Fussgangers must have its share of losses and the cause of these losses is of course that intrepid spirit, which fired once again, this time coincidentally in the breast of another one of our losses, Ladd Loss, who, just as the immortal Babe Ruth stood at home plate in 1927, in the face of jeering rabble rousers, pointed boldly to the spot in the right field bleachers that was to receive his forthcoming home run, with shining eyes, Mr. Loss pointed to the glories of the hot sulphur bath. A soul brother in this adventure is Noel Larson who has composed a scientific treatise on his findings there, and fully expects to have them published in Scientific American later this year. Noel has been kind enough to give us just an excerpt from his research paper.

"By Friday, several members of the Group had succumbed to local discoloration of the skin, aches and pains resulting from five consecutive days on the ski slopes and were seeking relief in therapeutic Glenwood Springs only sixty-five miles, to prevaricate, to the west.

"Taking the word of our Senior member, we decided that to stop and climb to the Hanging Lake and Spouting Rock located in Glenwood Canyon approximately ten miles from Glenwood Springs, would not be a non-extrinsic experience on our western jaunt. (Ed. note: some of the finest minds in the Group are still hard at work unravelling the author's meaning here.) One hundred and twelve miles later, we surreptitiously made our way past the syndicate located at the foot of the two mile trail to the bewitching attraction at the end of this gentle, narrow canyon trail.



"The lake was extremely beautiful, clear, and of a travertine nature as indicated by the limestone deposits found on any object in contact with the water for a period of time.

"We ate our lunch on huge boulders that had become disengaged from the surrounding canyon walls. Meanwhile, Jerzy taught us the Polish method of carrying and drinking water from a bread wrapper and an orange skin. Afterwards, we were entertained by The Yearling's pre-planned and surreptitiously thrown snowball at The Bloke, and again later as Jim eye-balled the trout in the pool while cleaning his ears simultaneously."

Jawol, Commandant Klink! Just as Tenzing braved Everest and as Admirable Perry shivered through a discovery of the North Pole, The Fussgangers are no less bravehearted explorers. But although they are bravehearts, although

they are bold, although the juices of courage flows by the quart in every vein, they are getting tired Commandant Klink. Tired, tired, physically tired. But after an exhausting day of hotsulphuring, a new leader will emerge to kindle the spirit of exploration of new and different games at night, the celebrated moment of Apres Ski. With his apologies to Fydor Dostoyevsky, our own young revolutionist, The Yearling, from his lofty intellectual vantage point will open our eyes to what truly happens at such ancient night splotches as The Blue Boar. O



Notes from the Underground.

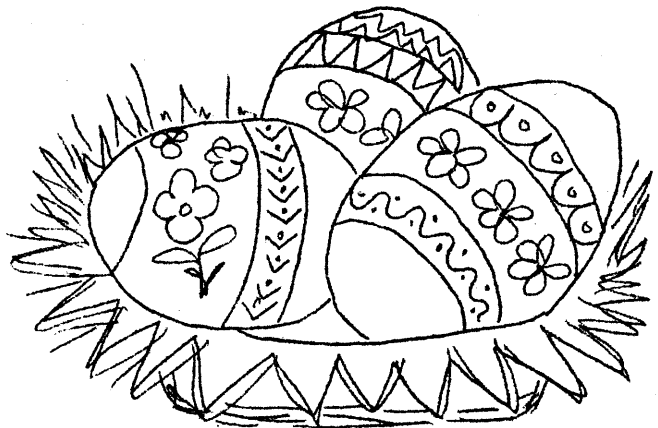
"That was the night Ruth, Young Charles The Bloke and Judy agreed to go to The Blue Boar. I decided to lend my vibrant personage to their jolly company.

"We tromped through the swinging doors into the Red Ram. I gazed furtively over my shoulder and eye-balled the main room. I was looking for Georgetown's 'cowboy cop'. He wasn't there. Smug in my sedition of Georgetown's law enforcement I truly enjoyed the rustic western atmosphere.

"Our merry little group then proceeded into the tiny room which housed the bumper-pool table. After extricating the balls in ~~our~~ esoteric manner we played several games.

"The others decided to have a few beers. I voluntarily abstained from partaking of that particular intoxicant. After they had quaffed to their satisfaction we left the Red Ram. I was more than a little pleased with the night's recreation at Georgetown's only cultural center."

Prop. toothpicks into those drooping eyelids, Commandant Klink, because we are at long last nearing the end of this pleasurepain-filled game called skiing trip to Colorado. Although the members of this heroic group are intelligent, ruddy-faced and of thick-legged Norwegian, Germanic or Eastern European stock, they are still human, sir. The Poet tells us "To err is human, To forgive, Divine." So Commandant, with that in mind, forgive us for the small sins that started piling up near the end. An outstanding example of the final game we played (Turning-On-One-Another's-Throats-With-Bared-Teeth game) was the Easter Egg Paint-and-Discover. Forgive us for telling Jeanne to make us in the likeness of a Neanderthal Man. Forgive us for making the top of Jerzy's egg resemble his I.D. card that did so much to get himself (and The Yearling?) into The Blue Boar to teach us those Polkas. Forgive Ladd Loss for getting up Easter morning and picking up just anybody's egg and eating it. Forgive us for making our gentle leader work so hard to find his egg. Forgive us for painting a happy matrimonial scene of a sheep jumping over a fence in ardent chase of another sheep on Mary Carlson's egg, an egg that had that ominous crack running directly between the two sheep. Forgive us for those small



sins. And Commandant, please forgive us for playing the insidious game of symbolism, called quite innocuously, "Take a Walk Down an Imaginary Path" in Judy's car that day. (Ed. note: for a brilliant description and analysis of this treacherous game far beyond their combined years of thirty-nine, see Judy and Liz.) And forgive us for talking into the wee hours in an effort to understand your ways Command-

WANTED: for contributing to the delinquency of a minor; for hit-and-run skiing; for line crashing and tree-bashing; for inciting verbal violence; and for sinking shafts without a proper permit.

Alias: Slim Jim



ant, talking blithly about such profound instincts as reproduction as the primal urge of all life.....If you can forgive The Bloke and The Yearling, Commandant, you can forgive the rest of us. In a final example of the last game we The Bloke.....

Sinking a Shaft on The Yearling.

"There comes a time in almost every young man's life when he feels inconsequential, but not the Yearling. The Yearling sees himself like the great red salmon that from birth realizes his goal is to swim against the swift current of life in order to grace the world with his gift to humanity. But one might wonder if his drive is not more like the instinct of the lemming ----- to jump from high cliffs to drown himself.

"There comes a time in almost every young man's life when he lacks the wisdom and self-confidence to formulate and defend a philosophy of life, but not The Yearling. What a boon to mankind that The Yearling does not plan to waste the first twenty years of his life as did Socrates and Plato." (Ed. note: we are sorry to report that at this point in "The Shaft", the author grew so inextricably entangled in the powerful throes of pity for the wasted life of The Yearling, that he was unable to continue to see the page through his tear-filled eyes. Space will be offered for The Yearling's "Shaft On The Bloke" in a future publication, but knowing The Yearling and his philosophy of turning the other cheek, he will refuse to indulge in revenge.)

Jawol, Commandant Klink, I know you are almost sleeping but just prop one eyelid up to see these wonderful Fuss-gangers soundlessly gliding in the other direction across the flatlands of Nebraska in their sleek machines, thinking silently to themselves about the week of games that was. And to show how tired they are Commandant, just use your one free eyeball to take a peek at Ruth, tired, bleary-eyed Ruth, coming out of a men's washroom in a truck stop someplace in the heart of America under a starry sky.

The Eating - Game.

- Sunday: chili, crackers and cheese, relishes, fruit salad, cake
- Monday: hamburger-green bean casserole, tossed salad, hot corn bread, cake
- Tuesday: meat loaf, baked potatoes, peas, brown-and-serve rolls, sherbet
- Wednesday: tuna casserole, tossed salad, pickles and relishes, brown-and-serve rolls, strawberry sundaes
- Thursday: angels-on-horseback, baked beans, coleslaw, potato chips, pickles, s'mores
- Friday: spaghetti with meat sauce, tossed salad, garlic bread, ice cream

The Price of the Game.

- A - 7 days of skiing
- B - 5 days of skiing, the ski tour, swimming at Glenwood Springs
- Sunday: Loveland
 - A - \$5.00
 - B - \$5.00
- Monday: Arapahoe
 - A - \$3.75
 - B - \$3.75
- Tuesday: Winter Park
 - A - \$4.70
 - B - \$4.70
- Wednesday: Vail
 - A - \$6.25
 - B - \$6.25
- Thursday: A - Arapahoe, B - ski tour
 - A - \$4.12
 - B - \$0.00
- Friday: A - Loveland, B - swimming
 - A - \$5.00
 - B - \$1.00
- Saturday: A - Arapahoe, B - Loveland
 - A - \$4.50
 - B - \$5.00
- Totals:
 - A - \$33.32
 - B - \$25.70

Summary of Costs:

gas (average)	\$20.00
tickets (average)	31.00
food	7.05
lodging	21.00
Total	<u>\$79.05</u>