

In MEMORY OF PETER FRANGOS

The power that words hold in their ability to give form to thought and emotion is profound. Their effect, when written down and printed, to evoke images of their own in the minds and hearts of their readers reflects this power.

On March 31 our friend Peter fell to his death. It was a devastating loss to those who got the opportunity to meet him. Now all that is left are memories, and through them we can keep the spirit of Peter alive and well.

Peter loved life, and I believe that life loved Peter. He gave us all a sense of great love and comfort whenever we were in his company. Peter was the one buddy of all who made sure everybody was enjoying themselves, and if somebody wasn't he felt responsible. That's just the way he was. If I had to tell what kept Peter going besides his friends, it would be his music. He had a special relationship with music. He was tagged the Music Man of Tingle. Peter was the buddy you would call when you were stranded at the bus station, or if you had a problem and needed some empathetic listening and comfort you'd head for Peter's room. Peter was the kinda guy who believed that we're all brothers on this Earth, and he offered his friendship for whomever was there to take it.

I think it is important to remember all the wonderful and complete times we who knew him spent and not all the wonderful times we should have spent with him. Remember what it was, not what it should have been. Please...do me a favor. Hang onto the image Peter left, and in a way you can actually catch him.

It does not matter how Peter died. Nor does it particularly matter that he left us at such a young age. It is only important that Peter lived, and lived with the purpose that life proposes: To discover yourself and your own potential. He did. Peter's short life speaks well.

You're in my prayers, Peter; I love you.
-Submitted by Jeff LaDage

It's been five days since my good friend and roommate, Peter Frangos, had an accidental fall from our Tingle dorm that eventually took his life. I've heard people that didn't know Peter harp on what a terrible waste it was for him to have died so young. No. It is only a waste if his friends and loved ones fail to appreciate all that Peter added to our lives and all that we may have added to his. This is Pete's time; the time for his praises to be sung and his accomplishments recalled.

When I think of Peter I grieve for his loss and for all the adventures we might have shared. But I also rejoice as the memories flood my thoughts and as I realize how fortunate I am to have crossed his path, even if for only half a year. When I remember Pete I think of the incredible energy he threw into whatever he was doing, whether it was driving to California, or picking the movies for a movie night at the dorm, or even just making a friend. And I also think of his ability to listen. It really is amazing how often we don't listen to one another in today's ridiculously inhuman society. Pete always listened to whatever anybody had to say, and more importantly he made the effort to understand the speaker's thoughts.

Some people are trying to use Pete's death as an example of what happens to all those evil sorts who ledge-walk and drink carelessly. I urge us all to leave this kind of nonsense to the statistic-keepers and Health textbooks. Pete drove in the fast lanes of the world's highways and walked on the ledges of life's buildings - always testing the limits of ability and danger. If he hadn't been on the ledge that night he might be alive today, but he would not have been the Peter Frangos that we all knew. Let us learn lessons from Pete's life rather than his death, let us bless ourselves for truly caring, and let us bless Pete simply for being good ol' Pete. Those of us who knew Peter will always be connected to each other and made closer through him. Perhaps this is his last act in our world. And if so, perhaps we can help him. Please don't take your friends for granted, and please smile at least as strongly at the sun as you frown at the rain.

All are invited to attend the planting of a tree in Pete's honor. It will take place just in front of the McClain and Tingle dorms on April 9th, 6:00 P.M.

I always tried to convince Pete that he wasn't a Greek God. Now I'm trying to convince myself.

Pete -

I'll miss you very, very much.

-T.A. Burgess

The words that we, the friends of Peter Frangos, read in the Friday, April 3 article in the Emerald move us to print more words in an attempt to offer those other readers of the Emerald more images of Peter Frangos than those created by

I didn't know Pete nearly as well as I should have. But well I remember his cheerful, easygoing grin as he asked me if I had a good time at the tailgater which he helped coordinate. It wasn't a perfunctory greeting, he was genuinely interested in it. That was Pete: A true friend who endeared himself to nearly everyone he met.

When it happened, for a while I searched for a reason. But presently I realized that if there was a reason it would pale to transparency beside what his life could have been. So it seems better that it remain a senseless accident.

After all "life is like a beanstalk, ISN'T IT?!"

Pete, I'll miss you forever.

-Finn John

Pete--

I wish you were here right now so I could express how much I loved and respected you. Not only were you a friend, you were an inspiration.

-Andrew Kvistad

Wandering, wandering in hopeless night
Out here in the perimeter
There are no stars
Out here we are stoned
Immaculate.

-Jim Morrison

Submitted by Andrew Kvistad

Why not think about the times to come,
And not about the things that you've done,
If your life was bad to you,
Just think what tomorrow will do.

-Fleetwood Mac

Submitted by Andrew Kvistad

When the music's over
Turn out the lights
For the music is your special friend
Dance on fire as it intends.
Music is your only friend
Until the end.

Before I sink into the big sleep
I want to hear
The scream of the butterfly.

This is the end, beautiful friend.
This is the end my only friend. The end
Of our elaborate plans. The end
Of everything that stands, the end.
No safety or surprise, the end.
I'll never look into your eyes again.

-Jim Morrison

I love you Pete,
Yesterday...Today...Tomorrow...

submitted by Jerry Nairns

the mere statistics of this death.

The following words of close friends, words that inspired Peter and his own words we offer with sadness at his death and joy in his image which we will always hold in our hearts.

It's amazing what an effect one split second can have on someone's life. Peter was a very spirited and sensitive man, and he was the "happenin' guy" in Tingle - always organizing things and making sure everyone was enjoying himself or herself. All the memories we have of Peter are good ones - every single one. Peter has left something of himself in everyone but has also taken something from everyone - and this is where the hurting begins. The emptiness we feel is lonely and scary, and the only thing that will heal this feeling is TIME. But, I think the most difficult thing resulting from Peter's death for me is getting close to someone - for fear that one split second might take someone away from me forever.

Jennifer Collegio

"Hey Pete, what's up?" "Not much Jeremy, How's it goin'?" I find it hard to remember how often these words passed between Pete and I. Often after coming into his room and the above words were said, we'd just sit and let the ever-present music surround us in our own individual thoughts. As I look back, this was the most special, most important time with Pete and, more often than not, his roommate T.A. Everyone has a special relationship with Pete. Relationships with Pete could be no other way. For me, it was enough to sit and listen to his music and relax with him. His room was, and still is a place for me to escape to. A place where I can go and be free from any type of judgment or stress. Pete would never judge the things you said, at least not outwardly. He just listened and asked questions. Sometimes my own answers to his questions would bring out points that he wanted to make but Pete never said "That's Wrong". I can remember putting a column on my door that supported the evolution side of the evolution/creation argument. After reading it, Pete said, "Great article, but what does it MEAN to you?" I realized that I didn't really know. He seemed to realize it as well and said, "When I was younger, I used to argue for hours about God and his role in our life and creation, but now I realize that everyone needs something to cling to, everyone's gotta have something to cling to. Now I just try to accept and know them as people and not by the things that they cling to cuz that just isn't them." I realized right away that he was right and that the things that people cling to just don't matter, it's the person. I learned that you shouldn't judge people but only accept them for who you feel they are. As I read the article in ODE (APR. 3) I remembered this conversation and I got pissed. Here was a guy that was so accepting and tried to understand all of the people he came in contact with. He was being judged without understanding who he really was so that the campus could have peace of mind knowing that they had been warned about the dangers of drinking. Please, please, don't try to judge Pete, just read the other words written on this page and try to understand, at least a little bit of the person that Pete was. If you can do that the other bullshit just won't matter. I miss you Pete. I think now I can accept and understand anyone. That is your greatest gift to me and I love you for that. Thanks.

Jeremy Gottwals, 3rd Floor Tingle

**In the darkness of the night
Only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana
As seen through other people's windows
Wallowing in a morass of self-despair
Made only more painful by the knowledge that all I am is in my own making
When everything around me - even the kitchen ceiling is collapsed and crumbled without warning
And I am left in the eye of a well...looking up wondering why?...and wherefore?...
At a time like this (which exists maybe only for me) is none the less real
If I can communicate and in the telling of the barrier of my soul anything is gained
(Even if the words I use are pretentious and make me cringe with embarrassment)**

**Let me remind you of the pilgrim who asked for an audience with the High Llama
He was told that he must first spend five years contemplation
After the five years he was ushered into the High Llama's presence, who said: "Oh my son...What do you wish to know?"
And the pilgrim said: "I wish to know the meaning life, Father."
So the High Llama smiled...and said: "Oh my son...Life is like a bean-stalk...
ISN'T IT?!"**

-Peter Frangos

written in early part of March '87