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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

TUESDAY OCTOBER 25, 1977

French Theater "The Bald Soprano" presents:

Le Treteau de Paris, touring French language theater company which has delighted Allegheny College audiences many times in the past, will return on Wednesday, October 26, for the only Western Pennsylvania appearance of its 1977-78 tour. The group will perform in the Campus Center Auditorium at 8 p.m.

This year, honoring the twentieth anniversary of the longest-running production in the history of the theater in Paris, the visiting company will present "La Cantatrice Chauve," or "The Bald Soprano," the Eugene Ionesco play which has been running continuously for twenty years.

The cast will be headed by the director, Nicolas Bataille, who discovered the play and staged its original production in

1950. He will play the role of Mr. Martin. Other members of the cast are Anne Alexandre as Mrs. Martin, Jacques Legre as Mr. Smith and Micheline Bona as Mrs. Smith, all of whom have appeared in the cast during the play's twenty-year run in the famous Theatre de la Huchette.

As the second part of the program, the company will perform a series of poems, songs and sketches from the French author, Jacques Prevert.

Of his play, Ionesco says, "The society I have tried to depict in The Bald Soprano is a society which is perfect, I mean where all social problems have been resolved. . . . The play deals with a world where economic worries are a thing of the past, a universe without mystery, in which everything runs smoothly for one section of humanity

at least. . . . There is no action in The Bald Soprano, simply theatrical machinery functioning, as it were, in a void. It shows a hollow automatism being taken to pieces and put together again in the wrong order, as well as automatic men speaking and behaving automatically; and to this extent it illustrates 'comically' the emptiness of a world without metaphysics and a humanity without problems."

Le Treteau de Paris is a production company devoted to the promotion of French culture in North America. It has totalled well over 1,500 campus performances of 32 plays in the original language, all officially sponsored and supported by L'Association Francaise d'Action Artistique of the French government.

See Theatre page 8



Two members of the Le Treteau de Paris company are pictured in a scene from "La Cantatrice Chauve." The group will appear at Allegheny on Wednesday at 8:15 p.m..

Outing Club plans foot-stomping Halloween hoedown

by Cathy Losch

A Halloween Hoedown-foot stompin' music . . . swingin' your partner, do-si-do . . . dancin' and clappin' and gettin' rowdy . . . gallons of thirst quenchin' apple cider . . . spicy rich pumpkin pie . . . sticky caramel apples and salty pumpkin seeds . . . scraggly scarecrows and dinosaurs? It's Halloween at the Bousson cabin this Saturday night, October 29, sponsored by Allegheny's Outing Club and Allemanders.

Everyone on campus is invited to come carefree and crazy to the festivities. Bousson's rustic log cabin surrounded by woods flaming with autumn colors creates a real back-country feeling for this shindig. There'll be plenty of cars shuttling out to the college owned land, about seven and a half miles south east from campus, at 8:00 p.m. If you need a ride, just come to the Campus Center parking lot at 7:45 p.m. and you'll be sure to get there for a great time.

Be prepared to see some strange looking people, though. Ghosts, Frankensteins, R2-D2, Anita Bryant, who knows? The most imaginative costume gets a prize; it's a surprise, of course, but something worth getting decked out in the weirdest thing

you can find.

The square dance will get going around 9:00 p.m., with caller Al Weirich from Erie, Pa. There'll be plenty of cider, pie, popcorn . . . good Halloween munchies for ravished monsters and such. Even after the dancing's over, around 12:00 a.m., blue grass music will keep the party rolling until. . . ? Everyone is welcome to camp out at Bousson and have a hotcake breakfast Sunday morning.

A cover charge of \$2.00 can be paid in advance at the Outing Club office in the CC, or at the door at Bousson. Although the Allemanders have ASG funds to cover part of the costs for this all-college square dance, AOC will need this extra money to help pay for food, and the caller as well. Anyone who would like to help run a shuttle to Bousson please stop in at the AOC office before Friday. If enough drivers volunteer, only one trip each should be necessary. Mileage will be paid by AOC.

Tickets are now on sale for the Weather Report Concert to be held on November 5 in the C.C. Auditorium. Student tickets are available for \$4.00 at the C. C. Desk.

A.S.G. discusses finances and rules

by Peter Fleming

The relatively brief A.S.G. meeting on Sunday night was dominated by a variety of rules changes and financial allocations.

President Nancy Welsh also reported on several matters she has been pursuing. She announced that President Pelletier has agreed to a student referendum to gauge student opinion about the new Judicial Review. The new process makes considerable changes in Allegheny's judicial system.

There will be a meeting of students interested in the Judicial Review at 7:30 p.m. tomorrow night in the A.S.G. Office.

Welsh also reported that the administration is receptive to the establishment of a committee consisting of one representative from each dormitory plus, Mr. Simpson; Maintenance, Mr.

Maddy; Business Manager, and Mr. Yartz; Treasurer. The committee would meet weekly to deal with student problems.

Sue Paris, director of travel and communication reported that the A.S.G. phone book is ready to be laid out and should be at the printer by the end of the week.

Paris also noted that the Alumni Center is arranging a trip to Florida for students and alumni during Spring Break. More details on this will be available in the future.

During the old business portion of the meeting, the Hockey Club received an allocation of \$600 from the General Fund to help defray their operating expenses. Also approved was a change in the source of funding for some previously approved WARC equipment.

Council also passed a motion attaching a rider to the

that it be available for use only by Allegheny Community Exchange.

The Rules Committee brought out a number of by-laws changes which received their first approval. They must be approved again next week.

The nomination of Harry Kloman as Parliamentarian by Vice-President Todd Steck was approved by council. Kloman replaces Frank Putrino who resigned.

New business included proposed changes in Mellon Pool hours, and a request that a roll call be taken at the end of each meeting. These motions will be investigated.

For those interested, there will be a meeting of the Ad-Hoc Committee on the Health Center on Thursday at 6:15 p.m. in the C.C. Conference Room.

Common Cause to hold information session tonight

There will be an opportunity to become acquainted with Common Cause Tuesday October 25 at 7:30 PM in the Campus Center Activities Room. At this meeting members of Common Cause from both the Meadville Community and the college will present short talks and answer questions about their organization.

"Common Cause is an effective citizens' lobby," stated Dave Houseman, a student member of the organization. The members of Common Cause decide each year, through a

referendum, what issues the organization will devote its time, effort, and money. A member-elected Governing Board then sees that the organization moves to make the members' views known and adopted.

John Gardner, the first Common Cause Chairman, has written, "Effectiveness, access, responsiveness, accountability these are the attributes we have a right to expect of our instruments of self-government." Thus, the major purpose of Common Cause since its inception in September of 1970 has

been to make the system work. Common Cause has continuously monitored the campaign contributions of special interest groups and was the major force behind passage of the Federal Election Campaign Act. They were instrumental in motivating the House Ethics Committee to formally investigate Representative Sikes, which led to his reprimand by a vote of 381 to 3. Common Cause lobbied extensively for a stronger Freedom of Information Act and helped it become law over a Presidential veto. They were the chief citizen organization lobbying for the constitutional amendment giving the vote to eighteen-year-olds.

Presently Common Cause is working for a strong conflict of interest law which would include a Sunset law (that would require termination, modification or continuation of federal agencies and programs only after full evaluation and justification),

public financing of Congressional elections, a law to restrict Executive Branch officials (for a limited period after leaving their agency) from taking jobs with private enterprises with which they dealt substantially and directly while in government, and elimination of the rigid seniority system in Congress.

Common Cause also works on the state level. During 1976 Common Cause/Pennsylvania worked for a tough lobbying regulation bill and although the bill eventually passed did not contain all of the organization's proposals, the bill that did emerge provided for more regulation than before. Since then the state organization has been closely monitoring compliance with this act.

Presently the group hopes to work for a much needed refinement of the budget process in the state legislature.

Common Cause is a non-

partisan political pressure group employing professional lobbyists, lawyers, researchers, field organization managers, and other support staff. But its real clout comes from its members who write the letters and make the phone calls to people in government so that Common Cause's position is felt. As Dr. Wayne Merrick, the Meadville area district coordinator for Common Cause, expressed it, "Some people say that Common Cause is an elitist organization. Those people are right in the sense that we want members who are concerned and who can and are willing to write letters, discuss, or in some other manner present Common Cause positions to government officials."

If you wish to know more about Common Cause or would like to be a member, attend tonight's meeting in the CC Activities Room at 7:30 PM.

Inside this week.

"The Degree"

The CAMPUS Magazine

Editorial

ASG apathy

Now are the years when the student body has more of a voice in how their lives are managed (or mis-managed in many cases) at colleges and universities across the United States than any other time in the past. Students everywhere are finally deciding that they do know what they want and are capable of expressing themselves in such a way as to achieve those ends. Therefore, it seems far more than just a shame that the majority of Allegheny students are still moving about with their minds somewhere in the upper atmosphere. Thank God, we are not in the foreground publicly lest our predecessors of the 60's cast their frowns upon us.

Examples of this blatant apathy are apparent in almost every aspect of our community. Situations in the dining halls, student utilization of the library, curriculum adjustments, and participation and organization of athletic activities are all open to question, but the focus at this moment is on the most important and maybe least explored evidence of this insolence. . . ASG Council. It has been more than simply noted that student government representatives this term have shown a basic disinterest in attending meetings, getting involved at meetings, and even remaining until the conclusion of meetings. Most representatives, excluding those old timers who care and who know what to do, tend to sit back like stifled sheep and vote with the crowd or when they do perk up a bit agree with the loudest argument.

The pity of it is that rarely does there seem to be any argument. Very seldom are there questions raised and subsequently position appointments, amendments to the constitution, and fund allocations have been consistently passed by unanimous vote. The most recent and perhaps most identifiable incidence was the allocation of nearly \$6,000 for the acquisition of a new student organization vehicle. It is not to be implied nor inferred that this vehicle was not needed or deserved. What is to be understood is that decisions of this caliber should at least raise some questions or discussion among those being approached. To ask a seemingly obvious question is not a stupid approach, but to remain ignorant and in the dark definitely is!

These freedoms of our own government and management are sacred, or should be, to each and to all. To lose them from misuse would surely be a sadness; to lose them from disuse - a sickness.

Senior class

Those who have been around Allegheny for a while have noticed a pleasant change in this year's Senior Class. The Senior Class Coordinating Committee, a group of about forty seniors in cooperation with the Alumni Center has planned a wider range of activities than ever before.

The Senior class voted to have outdoor graduation, to pursue Gerald Ford as commencement speaker and to alter the traditional method of donating their class gift.

The CAMPUS applauds the unity shown by the Senior Class at the popcorn sales and at last Friday night's dance, in the planning for homecoming and graduation, and with the class gift and senior dinners. The Class of 1978 will certainly be a pace setter for the future. The CAMPUS encourages underclassman to observe the senior's activities as a guide for the future.

Letters To The Editor

The CAMPUS welcomes feedback. Address letters to Box 12. We reserve the right to edit all material. Letters must be short, concise and typewritten. Letters submitted reflect the author's opinion only. Deadline for material is 6 p.m. Sunday nights.

Judicial Board revisions Attacked. . .

To The Editor:

I address this letter to repudiate some of the explicit and implicit contentions raised in a letter in last week's Campus concerning proposed judicial system revisions by a group calling itself, "The Committee to Investigate the Adoption of the Proposed Judicial Revisions" (hereinafter referred to as the Ad-Hoc Committee). The Ad-Hoc Committee advised us that "few students are aware (of the changes) and do not fully realize the quickness with which these recommendations may be implemented. Soon it may be too late." We are further counseled that, "To establish a judicial system (or to revise one) without the general knowledge and consent of the student body is an insult to the students' integrity." The letter goes on to cite one proposed revision: the adoption of a student group to act as the prosecutor in Judicial Board hearings. This, in the opinion of the Ad-Hoc Committee, will "pit one student against another...this situation never existed at Allegheny...and is an issue to be decided upon by students."

I reject all these pseudo-allegations, except for the fact that few students are aware of these proposed revisions. However, the fault that a majority of the student body is ignorant of these proposed revisions lies with the students themselves. The Committee, faculty members and student—not the Administration—who drafted these proposed revisions had drafts available for preview as early as last May. Presently, Allegheny Student Government has a copy of these proposals. Bentley need not send a copy of these proposed revisions to the entire student body. Indeed, if they did, I would conjecture that three-quarters of these are interested in these changes are, and have been, aware of these proposals for months. Secondly, it may not "soon be too late." It is my understanding that such revisions would not be in effect until May, 1978, at the earliest.

And, too late for what? Your letter colors these proposals as if the Administration was returning to the Star Chamber. Evidently, you have read these proposals, how can you draw such false conclusions? These revisions can only be interpreted as benign additions to our already superlative judicial system. The "student-defendant" will still have access to the assistance of a Student Judicial Adviser, if he or she so chooses. The student prosecutor is no real new innovation; such a function is already performed by the Honor Committee members during Judicial Board hearings. The adoption of a student prosecutor office, as separate entity, merely involves a further division of labor in the existing judicial system. To imply that this revision "pits one student against another," is an illogical and baseless perversion of the truth. The student prosecutor's duty is to present the evidence so as to ascertain innocence or guilt. What is admissible evidence in a hearing is strictly bound by rules. The evidence that is presented in a hearing is substantive, factual materials concerning that issue, and that issue alone. Quirks in the personality of the defendant, and generally muckraking, is deemed irrelevant and inadmissible. If the prosecutor has the personal acquaintance of the defendant in a hearing, he or she would naturally be expected to recuse (sic) or remove him or herself from the case.

In retrospect, and without becoming overly legalistic and delving into case law, Allegheny's judicial

system is presently par excellence. The Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit in "Dixon" v. "Alabama State Board of Education" (1960) ruled that all that is required in a student hearing is that, "the student be given adequate notice of the specific grounds and nature of the evidence, a hearing in which the student can explain his 'position,' and that no disciplinary action taken which cannot be substantiated by sufficient evidence." Furthermore, this opinion goes on to specify that a student need not be given "warnings about privileges, not provided representation," or the procedural due process safeguards as incorporated via the Fourteenth Amendment. Dixon, though, is not the controlling case in Allegheny's situation. Dixon involves a publicly funded State College. Allegheny, as a private institution, does not have to proffer the "student-defendant" any of these procedural due process guarantees. In a trilogy of cases involving private colleges, "Guillory" v. "Administrators of Tulane University" (1962), "Grossner" v. "Trustees of Columbia University" (1968), and "Powe" v. "Miles" (1968), the courts refused to extend any Fourteenth Amendment safeguards to students attending private institutions. Not only does the present Allegheny College judicial system adopt the "Dixon" standards, but also adopts the provisions deemed unnecessary (i.e., warning of privileges throughout the entire process, right to have representation and a right to appeal) by the courts. The proposed revisions (and they are only proposals) will further extend the penumbral due process coverage for the Allegheny student.

Finally, I wish to advise the Ad-Hoc Committee concerning their issuing of the statements that the proposed revisions are "an issue to be decided by students" and that, "this ad-hoc committee will remain active until the Administration formally addresses the student body concerning these possible revisions and asks for their approval." I hope you plan for a long tenure, unless the Administration and Trustees view your claims in a benevolent light. Without going into detail, may I direct you to the landmark decision in "Dartmouth College" v. "Woodward" (1816). In this case, the United States Supreme Court ruled that a private college's charter was equivalent to a contract. This enabled private colleges to assume corporation status. The Trustees of this college are, more or less, the owners and Chairmen of the Board of this institution. With respect to your Ad-Hoc Committee and the student body as a whole, if the Trustees so choose to adopt any provisions without the student's knowledge, they may. It is certainly not an "issue to be decided by students," nor must they ask for your approval.

Instead of viewing these proposed revisions as an invidious conspiracy perpetuated against the students, perhaps you should look at what we have, and these revisions as the extensions and refinements of fundamental fairness to the student, which they truly represent.

Sincerely,

Dana Bullock
Student-College Judicial
Board Member

. . . And defended

To the Editor:

Many questions have been raised to members of the committee concerning our letter to the editor of a week ago. In an attempt to further clarify our position, some of the more "popular" issues will be discussed herein.

To reiterate, our purpose as an ad hoc committee is to keep the student body informed (not pass judgment on any of the proposed revisions as we indicated in our previous letter) and to secure a student body consensus on the issue before its presentation to the Board of Trustees. We realize that the students and for that matter, faculty and administrative personnel as well, have no legal voice in the Board of Trustees' decision, but that is precisely the point we wish to make. Once the Trustees decide on an issue, it is the policy of the school regardless of what the college community or its students, professors and administrators have to say. It is imperative that if the student body is to have a role in this decision, it must be before any action by the Board of Trustees.

The question of whether or not this is a student concern is unquestionably yes since in at least one area a new student position would be created—a student

presenting the report of the Honor Committee before the College Judicial Board. However, as quoted from the cover letter of the proposed judicial revisions it clearly states that the role of the Student Judicial Adviser (SJA) as a student prosecutor will hopefully result in a more rigorous prosecution. "Presenting the report of a committee and responding to questions when asked by members of the College Judicial Board is not the same as the initiation and subsequent direction of dialogue by the student prosecutor while the College Judicial Board is instructed to act as a jury." (The College Judicial Board has already been instructed as to this new role although nothing has been approved).

This leads to another point raised by many students this past week regarding the urgency with which our last letter was submitted. Can something that is already being used to instruct the present Judicial Board members be dismissed as an issue not to be dealt with now? The possibility exists that student eligibility of the issue may come only after definite action by the Board of Trustees and that is to what we address ourselves as a committee to inform the students.

Signed:

The Ad-Hoc Committee to Investigate the Adoption of the Proposed Judicial Revisions.

CAMPUS

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US-World News Round-Up

compiled by Mary Norton

Carter Incompetence?

Although President Carter, like other American Presidents, has achieved success in several presidential efforts, and has lost in others, there is an abundance of talk about his ineptness. The criticism, which previously tended toward Carter's emphasis on his image as opposed to his ability, has shifted target to Carter's style, particularly his administrative and political techniques. As a Senator from the Democratic party put it, "It's too early for a final verdict, but there are grave doubts about the President's performance." The same type of comment was offered by Congress members, committee officials, and lobbyists who were interviewed recently. Senator Muskie said that the White House misunderstands Congress. Other criticisms are that Carter's staff has little experience and lacks organization. In an Associated Press interview, Carter said he is handicapped by political inexperience, and that he did not before realize the scope of Congressional influence on foreign and defense issues. One Carter defender, Hamilton Jordan, said that the Congressional complaints against Carter are really the result of Carter's pushing controversial policies that could frighten powerful interest groups, which would in turn come down on Congressional heads. Jody Powell, White House press secretary, admitted change is necessary, but gave reason for incompetence, in the statement, "We have been so preoccupied in getting our own house in order that we may have failed to develop relationships outside the White House with the major cogs that move this country so they can and will speak out for us."

Future for '70' retirement

Both the House and the Senate have voted to push the retirement age to 70. If Carter is true to his previous support of the idea, he will probably sign the bill, especially in light of the large margin of votes by which it was passed. The House and Senate differ as to who should be excluded from the legislation. The House wants to exempt Federal employees from any mandatory retirement, but the Senate says no one should have voluntary retirement. The Senate also wants the present 65 year retirement to apply to tenured college professors and those who would receive at least \$20,000 annual retirement income. Many consider the bill as a long-awaited civil rights law for the elderly, but others say that if the bill is passed, women, minorities and youth will experience more unemployment; and pension costs will increase. Labor Department figures indicate that in the first year of the bill's passage, the number of workers between 65 and 70 will rise by 200,000.

Korean hearings

Hearings on the South Korean influence-buying scandal, conducted by the House ethics committee, revealed that the committee underestimated the amount of spending money that the lobby in Washington had. Mr. Tongsun Park, the Korean broker for American rice purchases, was paid, over seven years' time, 9.2 million dollars in commissions. Most of this money was to cover lobbying expenses. The money was from the Connell Rice and Sugar Company and the Rice Growers Association of California. Mr. Richard Hanna is the first of the former Congressmen to be indicted so far in connection with Mr. Park. In the hearings, the ethics committee all but ignored the issue of which Congressmen accepted Korean favors, and when and why. Leon Jaworski said that these identities would be revealed later, perhaps not until next year after the committee establishes the full range of the Korean operations. The most helpful thing at this point, would be to question Tongsun Park, who is deeply involved in the influence-buying. He returned to South Korea before his indictment last summer, and officials in Seoul will not release him to a neutral third country for questioning.

Germans gain small victory

A small victory for the German government, several deaths, including that of Hanns-Martin Schleyer, and a greater awareness around the world of increasing terrorism are only a few of the results of the recent terrorist moves in Germany. The fate of 86 people on a Lufthansa jet, Mr. Schleyer's life, and perhaps the reputation of the West German government depended on the skill of Border Protection Group Nine, a German antiterrorism commando unit that followed the Lufthansa jet to Mogadishu. In a swift attack, they saved the passengers, killing three hijackers and wounding the fourth. After the jet rescue, three prisoners that the hijackers had wanted free, died in their jail cells. And their deaths raised questions such as, how did they find out about the terrorist defeat, how did they get the pistols with which two were killed, and it is possible that they were murdered. Following their deaths, was the crushing news that Hanns-Martin Schleyer's body was found in the trunk of a car in France. Apparently the remaining terrorists were not going to give up, and they're still at large in spite of great efforts to track them down. In Italy, Greece and other European countries, radicals carried out anti-German demonstrations and attacks to illustrate their unity with German Terrorists. Although Germany "won" this battle, it seems that it was only one battle in a continuing terrorist war.

The delayed art of procrastination

by Cathy Losch

Procrastination is an art every student dabbles at, but for some it is a natural talent, a skill, a certain genius unrecognized by academic society.

My own latent knack for evading work woke the moment I crossed the Educational System threshold. The secret of the craft unfurled like a banner before my eyes: Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow. And now after many happy hours of haphazard practice, I've become adept at sundry un-study techniques.

My favorite is the Layaway Plan. How simple it is to slap that irksome syllabus into a folder and file it in some dark, unobtrusive place. Then I'm free to fritter away the days with never a worry, until a devilish reminder of some imminent paper or exam slips out in class. It hovers for days like a pesky mosquito in my ear, viciously trying to alight and suck all the pleasure from a weekend. Even if it doesn't fly in one ear and out the other, there is still time to employ numerous Diversionary Tactics.

The weekly activities calendar is a map of escape routes. A 50 cent flick, a soccer game, a square dance, a sundae party, ...a music recital, ...a lecture — any event offers sanctuary. On a desperate Sunday night, even an ASG meeting is appealing. But when I rush from here to there, dodging that dastardly work, it always slips through the crowds and tackles me somewhere between there and back. I wrestle with my conscience, then resolutely gather myself and my dusty books together and trudge off to The Cubes.

I suppose the Study Cube Theory is similar to that of blinders for a horse — keep all distracting objects out of sight and they won't be a bother. A public bathroom would be about as conducive to study though. Absurd sketches, passionate poetry and perverted jokes scrawled on the cube walls provide ample reading material (much better than economics or chemistry). And adding a profundity of my own could take hours more.

Eventually I exhaust the supply of scribble and open a book. Then the inevitable rumbles and grumbles from my stomach tell me I need sustenance to study. In experienced procrastinators, this Hunger Mechanism is triggered automatically by the mere sight of work. Of course the only alternative is to eat, eat, eat. When vending machine munchies and popcorn just wet my appetite, I prowl around for some real food. I have a fail-proof recipe for a good work-stopping course: Take hunger, feet, and money, then walk as far as my aversion to working takes me. Sometimes Red and White will do, usually McDonalds or Mister Donut. But there are times when I have to hike all the way home to Pittsburgh for a satisfactory snack.

Gorged and happy, I meander back. Doing a little Visiting along the way is good for a few hours of procrastination. Every room from Brooks to Ravine with a semi-familiar name on the door is a potential sanctuary. And every friend is equally anxious to take an interminable study break.

Somewhere around two or three in the morning of the fated exam I return to my room. A tiny flame of ambition flickers in me, and I stumble toward my desk, with pens and pencils neatly lined up beside stacks of expectant books. But when I gaze at my notes, words blur into an incomprehensible blot on the page, and sleep drags down my heavy eyelids. Sleep steals more time...

Let's not forget Kent State

Let us not forget Kent State. Let us never forget Kent State. May 4, 1970 always must be an important date in our country's history. On that day, four students were killed by the guns of National Guardsmen. Two women and two men, demonstrating the Vietnam War, were murdered.

I was 13. I knew that students across the country were denouncing U.S. involvement in Indochina. Time magazine showed me pictures of it. My sister knew what was going on. She even went to Washington to demonstrate. Playing basketball and riding my bicycle were more interesting to me.

Now I am appalled. The state of Ohio wants to build a gymnasium on the site of the murders. The bulldozers already have started work. Protesters have delayed their progress. Something must be done.

I missed the 60s. I was too young. A 13-year-old doesn't know much about the world around him. Now I am 20, and my insides hurt when I think about the tragedy. Kent State has provided me with one truth as to what was real in the 60s and what is wrong today. Reliving the past is senseless, but remembering our history—the tragedies and the triumphs—is important. These must be preserved. Let future generations be able to remember Kent State as it was on May 4, 1970.

Mark Hale
Junior CAS

Reprinted from *The Pitt News*

As the Soap Operas Turn

By Amanda Baker

I was strolling through the halls of Hulings one typically trying Allegheny afternoon when a flurry of hair and blue jeans sent me flying.

"Oh dear, I'm terribly sorry, wailed a wild eyed coed, "but I mustn't be late... I just can't be late!" She glanced frantically at her watch.

"It's all right," I mumbled as I began picking up the comp. cards that were still floating to the ground. I looked up as she was disappearing around the corner, still staring at her watch. I, wondering where she was headed in such a hurry, followed her through the double doors. (I was fairly certain it wasn't time for finals yet.)

The room I entered was darkened except for a single hypnotic light. As my eyes adjusted, to the dark I realized that the room was full of students; all staring transfixed at the "boob-tube." Some were crying; some

looked as though they had slipped into a catatonic stupor. I was amazed.

"What's going on?" I whispered. Immediately I was shut up by an emphatic, "sh-sh-sh-sh!"

A weepy-eyed brunette turned to me. "It's 'The Young and The Senseless,'" she sniffed, "Lori just found out her fiancée is actually her half brother. The father to Jody's baby wants to leave her with the child and go to college. Brad was blind but had an operation and now he wants to go back to his wife, but..."

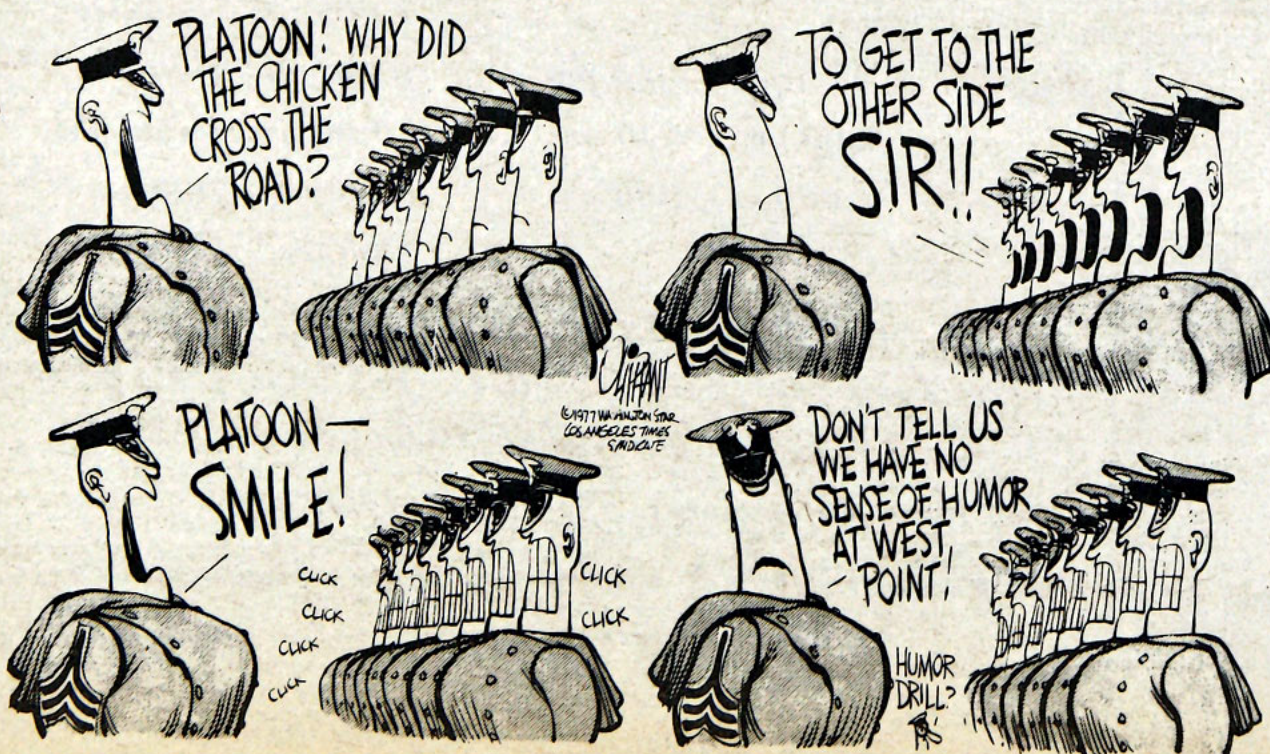
"Enough!" I moaned.

"Do you want to stay?" She invited.

"No Thanks," I answered, "I want to get back to my story."

"Your story?"

"Yes! You see, Scarlet thinks she loves Ashley, but Ashley marries Melanie. So, Scarlet marries Rhetti, but..."



An interview

The Honor Code & you



Mat McGough was among the acts performing at Saturday nights CC Nightclub. Photography by Meszaros.

Simon delights audience

by Cathy Cronin

The professor's kids settle into the chairs, students and townspeople alike turn front at the flick of the house lights. Abbey Simon, a small bent man, enters with applause and sits on a specially designed slanted bench.

The internationally known pianist played sonatas from Beethoven and Chopin for the first half of the program. His mastery and control of these tightly structured pieces was not marred by distractions in the large audience of 500, or by his cold.

It was the second half,

though, which captured the audience. Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit" could evoke so many images; one had only to sit back and listen. The music flowed from Simon with a minimum of motion that belied the amount of expression.

The audience had been prodded awake by this rendition, clapping and anticipating another piece as moving as Ravel's. Abbey Simon announced a change in the program: "Reminences of Don Juan" rather than as printed, the "Toccata". The title of the selection could have been provided by the listeners as the

music touched them, first carnal, then courtly.

The standing ovation Simon received was gratefully acknowledged by two encores. The students who came out of duty for a music class were no less amazed than the rest of the audience at his mastery of four very different composers.

Abbey Simon disappointed no one on Friday night.

Psych lecture

The Allegheny Psychology Department will sponsor the annual Seymour J. Rosenberg Memorial Lecture this Tuesday, October 26.

Dr. Jack Wolford of the Western Psychiatric Institute in Pittsburgh will speak on "Psycho-Social Stress: Tonic or Toxin?"

The lecture will begin at 7:30 p.m. in Carnegie 204. The public is invited to attend.

suspicious . . . and could he please either explain his actions or stop it.

Q. Would you risk losing a friend because of the Honor Code?

A. I know of a specific case where a member of the Honor Committee turned in someone he knew.

Q. What was your reaction to the ad placed in the CAMPUS a few weeks ago?

A. You can as easily cheat from a book as from the write-away term paper. You can take a book out of the library but in either case, the professor can recognize the change in style of writing. If both are referenced correctly, it is not a violation.

Q. If someone brought a case before the Honor Committee, would the accused ever find out who accused him?

A. Yes, if the Honor Committee passes the case on to the Judicial Board.

Q. Suppose the accuser refuses to go before the Judicial Board and face the accused?

A. That's never happened . . . but the accused has the right to see who accused him. Too many people feel bad turning someone in. They should realize that they're hurting themselves and the cheater loses both self-satisfaction and the trust placed in him by the faculty and students.

Q. What if someone doesn't value honesty?

A. Then he belongs in a rigid system where people slap his hand and tell him what is right and wrong.

Q. Why shouldn't the honor code be abolished?

A. Because it's a unique and integral part of the educational system at Allegheny.

Q. How is it a "unique and integral part . . .?"

A. Not too many people have it. The code surrounds everything you do academically. If you cheat in a proctured system, then you beat the professor, but you lose. With the honor code, if you cheat, everybody loses including yourself.

Q. Isn't the Honor Code shifting the responsibility from the professors to the students?

A. That's what it's supposed to be doing. It's actually giving the students more rights.

Q. How?

A. It's giving him the right to police his own system.

Q. What are some possible punishments after a student is found guilty of violating the Honor Code?

A. This is decided by the judicial board. There's nothing in the Honor Code about punishment. If you're convicted of the Honor Code, it stays inside Allegheny College. It never goes out of Allegheny. If you're kicked out of school, people won't know why unless you tell them.

Q. Why don't students cheat?

A. Because of self-pride Because they're under the Honor Code and people expect them to live up to their integrity.

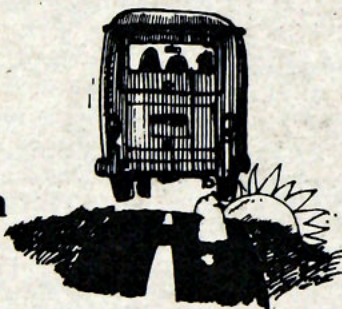
Q. Are People afraid of the Honor Code?

A. Yeah, that's why they don't cheat. It's not something to fear. It's something to be proud of.

If you have any further questions about the Honor Code, contact the members, or attend a session on Thursdays, 8-00 p.m. in the browsing lounge of the C.C.

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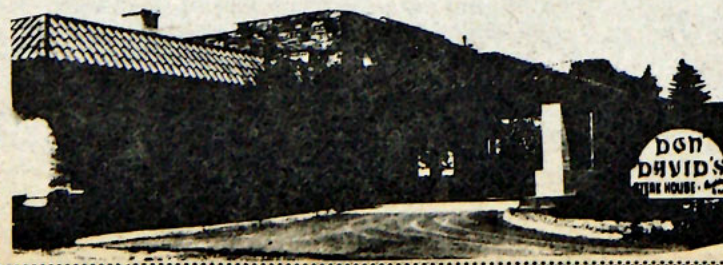
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Monday	2:30 pm - 4:30 pm	7:30 pm - 10:00 pm *
Tuesday	2:30 pm - 5:00 pm	
Wednesday	6:00 pm - 8:00 pm	
Thursday	2:30 pm - 5:00 pm	7:30 pm - 10:00 pm *
Friday	2:30 pm - 5:00 pm	7:00 pm - 9:30 pm
		10:00 pm - midnight
Saturday	2:00 pm - 4:30 pm	5:00 pm - 7:00 pm **
	7:00 pm - 9:30 pm	10:00 pm - midnight
Sunday	2:00 pm - 4:30 pm	5:00 pm - 7:00 pm **
		7:30 pm - 10:00 pm

Recommended Fees & Charges

General Admission	Youth (17 and under) \$ 1.00
	Adult (18 and over) 1.50

Group Rate (20 or more) Youth .75 Adult 1.00

Rink Rental (Groups & Organizations)	55.00 per hour
(Season Contract Use)	45.00 per hour

* Special

** Group Rentals

A Conversation With...No Kidding!...Mark Russell

Political comedian Mark Russell performed in the Campus Center on Tuesday, October 11. After the show, Russell went to the WARC studios and was interviewed by Professor Nels Juleus, Speech Communications, who is currently writing a book on humor and has taught seminars on the topic. Following is the text of that interview, with our thanks to Dr. Juleus, Mr. Russell and WARC for their help and cooperation.

Nels Juleus: Good evening. I'm here this evening talking to Mark Russell, who sometimes refers to himself as a political comedian for the blind. How are you this evening?

Mark Russell: Good evening, Doctor. Well, that's true. In other words, the word satirist is a bit stuffy. I'm a verbal cartoonist. I draw these things with words. If I could draw, I'd be a great cartoonist, and a modest one, too. But these are little situations, and if you use your mind's eye, they become a cartoon.

Juleus: I noticed this evening in your performance that much of your humor comes as testing credibility, questioning credibility. Is that too hifalutin a way to refer to it?

Russell: It's hyperbole. The exaggeration does get a little ridiculous. Obviously, the questionnaire the House Ethics Committee sent out for the Congressman didn't ask them if Tong Sun Park was a nice place for a picnic.

Juleus: So then you become essentially a questioner of the credibility of those sources?

Russell: Right. But what often has occurred in the past is that you could make up the most ridiculous situations in the world and the fact that follows just outdoes the thing you've made up. . . rip and read off the ticker. Where I say, "Several years ago my career was going great, the Nixon resigned and I had to go back to writing my own material." It really was like that. If I had said a year ago that the FBI has a file on Helen Keller, that would have been an embarrassing thing to say on stage. Then it was discovered about six months ago that the ACLU filed a freedom of information suit and they did in fact have a file on Helen Keller. What else did they do? Did they once trail Wilt Chamberlain and lose him?

Juleus: Earlier we were talking about the program this evening, and I wondered how you went about structuring this evening's show. Was it something that just happened on the spur of the moment, or did you actually have a plan or outline in mind?

Russell: No, I must say tonight . . . and this is to the credit of the audience . . . I didn't have to do much fast shuffling at all. More normally, at the Shorum in Washington, I do two shows a night, and they are different. And then when I go out and do one lengthy concert, I do the best of the two shows I do in Washington. Now, I don't do them in the same sequence I do there. I don't just do the first show and say here I go with the second show. I do mix it up. There's a routine I do about Pringle's potatoe chips. I don't do that all of the time. It works better in a concert situation than it does in a nightclub situation.

Juleus: And I noticed you began a speech at one point where you were testing the accoustics, and you broke it and went into a routine on religions.

Russell: Right. I got carried away with the accoustics in there. They're quite good, so I thought I'd do my own now. It's what I call my stained-glass voice. What you have to remember when you're going to do that: while I'm doing all of this evangelism, in the back of my head I had to remember to get back to the potatoe chips. There aren't many evangelists who can get back to Pringles. You're very perceptive. Not many people notice that. There are some performers who are really exciting to watch if you have a mind that follows things, such as yourself. Like Mort Saul: he admits that it takes him forever to get back to the point of it all.

Juleus: What's about the worst audience you've ever faced?

Russell: Oh, some disasters come to mind. I remember there was a group of football coaches . . . they were college coaches . . . and they just happened to be at the hotel. All of their options were up with their school. They were in a rotten humor, and they were imbibing rather heavily. These were tough guys, big guys, drinking beer, no glass. And they say to the waiter, "Don't open it, I'll bite the cap off with my teeth." Or you'll have a non-english speaking audience.

Juleus: Japanese who nod politely?

Russell: I worked in London a few years ago and I used to do all the things about the Queen and the Prime Minister. It was lovely. But then I started talking about DeGaulle, and the French people in the audience became all upset. I've had my share of terrible situations.

Juleus: Do you remember as you're thinking about your own life in humor when you really discovered you could get a laugh from someone?

Russell: Yeah, I think it's always the eighth grade. There's something about the eighth grade. Not the seventh grade. But by the eighth grade, you've got your act together, you're ready.

Juleus: We're you a clown in school?

Russell: Yeah.

Juleus: Throughout?

Russell: No, only the eighth grade. And then in high school . . . I went to a Jesuit high school. I really had no business being there. It was over my head. I don't know why I stayed, but I stayed: it got to be a challenge. From there I went on to the Marine Corps boot camp, which after the Jesuits was anti-climactic.

Juleus: Were you funny in the Marines?

Russell: Yeah.

Juleus: Now, you had played the piano . . .

Russell: Yeah. Well, I didn't belong in the-Marines, either. I suppose . . . what it is . . . testing your masculinity or something? But the Marines had no special services, no entertainment at all. Marine special services would be one deflated volleyball and a hockey puck. But I had a band in Japan. We played service clubs and enlisted man's clubs.

Juleus: So that's when you probably began to discover you could make money by being funny, too.

Russell: Well, yeah, the money part: When I got into the business I was still a piano player who did more talking than playing. I still sat down. I stand up now. The moving target is harder to hit. But I still wasn't a stand-up performer for a long time.

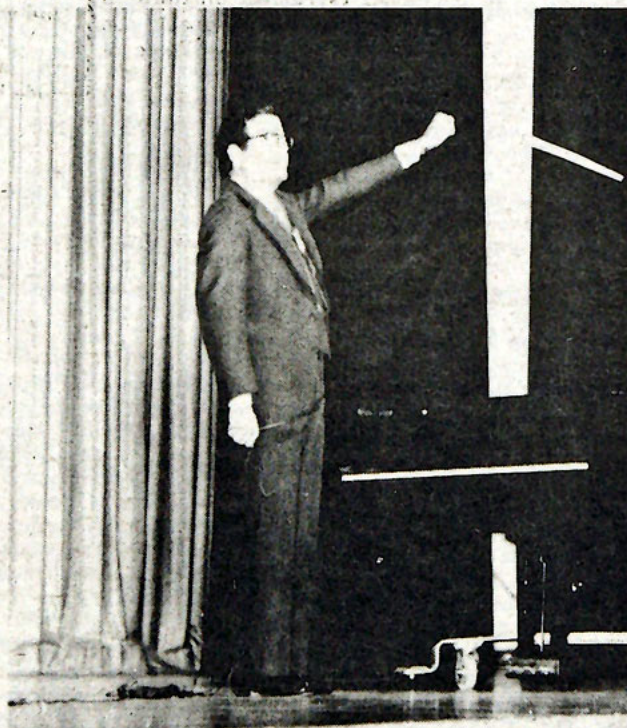
Juleus: Were you at the Shorum during that period, too?

Russell: I was at a Hotel that was right near the capitol building. This was a real lobbyist hangout. It later became notorious through the Bobby Baker episode. That's where he had his private club. I saw this one fellow who looked very sinister, looked like a swarthy character. I said, that's got to be one of those union guys. It was Pierre Salinger.

Juleus: Now, you write your own material, and as I asked you earlier, you actually have no files of material, but you use the headlines or you use the news.

Russell: What it amounts to is a chronological sequence. I know that most performers who have files are by subject: baseball, lawyers, mother-in-law, etc. Mine are just chronological, and I have to trust my own memory if I want to look up something. Let's say the Bakke Case, which is going on now. Well, in a couple of years, if I want to look back and see what I said about the case . . . and the answer now is nothing, by the way . . . I'll have to remember that it was sometime in the fall of 1977. Originally, they are written in the form of my column. Some of the stuff is better read than said, and vice versa.

Juleus: Are there taboo topics? Over your twenty years of experience, have there been fewer and fewer topics that are taboo?



Russell: Yeah, they're taboo at one point, but they're not always. A perfect example of that: last night on Saturday Night Live they reenacted Lee Harvey Oswald walking through the Dallas Police station, and an actor playing the part of Jack Ruby came up and hit him in the face with a pie, and there was a quick black-out. And I thought back to the assassination and remember telling people that maybe in a hundred years, people will joke about this the way they do now: "Mrs. Lincoln, other than what happened, how did you enjoy the play?" Maybe it will be that kind of thing. There are probably no taboos whatsoever, but at least in my mind, a little bit of time has to take place.

Juleus: Do you have a favorite, comic, other than yourself?

Russell: I'm rotten, sometimes. They wear out in my mind, and so I just keep going with the newer people.

Juleus: And that's why you watch Saturday Night Live?

Russell: Obviously, it's a thing that I have to do. I've got to watch it just because it's the trendy thing, and any performer has to see more movies, read more plays or more books than the average person. Right now, I think it's the best humor on television . . . in a pretty grim field. I like all the newer people: Steve Martin, who has no act at all, but for my own pleasure, not watching him professionally, I'm laughing at him.

Juleus: And you can do that: you can essentially divorce

yourself from analyzation of the material? You feel you can do that?

Russell: With some performers. I like to go to the circus and watch clowns. I really enjoy that. I fantasize, still, at this point in my life about running away with the circus. I envy them because, if I go from Washington to Meadville, I think: this thing may not work. But these performers such as clowns as musicians: what a wonderful thing that is to go to Copenhagen, or Moscow, or Tokyo or Buenos Aires and be *totally* understood. I suppose . . . just to analyze myself here . . . I get a little crazy and do more moving around than is necessary: scream and yell and make faces that are probably a little bit redundant. Now that's nervousness.

Juleus: Also, though, isn't it playing to the crowd? I noticed as you went on that you could get away essentially with more "mugging."

Russell: Well, it would be nice to be like Mark Twain or Will Rogers: just to stand up for an hour and do nothing more than talk. No props, no gimmick. Now, Mort does that. But I can't do that: I've got to jump around, I've got to hit that piano. That's just my make-up.

Juleus: But it does build the show. Do you feel consciously that you are building a show as you go through it?

Russell: Yeah. Every once in a while you watch a comedian and he says, "I'm rolling now." Well, what he means is that he is in fact topping himself with each line. But that is for you, The Educator, to analyze. As soon as we, The Performer, start being pre-occupied with that, it's not good.

Juleus: You don't subscribe to the "ten basic formulas?"

Russell: Yes I do. They are not jokes. All my life I've always heard that there are only ten jokes or seven jokes. They are not jokes: they are formulas. Now the reason that they are a little difficult for people in our generation to understand is because we are conditioned by those formulas. Comparison: it was so hot that, so cold that, so this that, so that that, so fat that, so thin that...all "so that's." That's one: there may be 250 jokes, but that's formula number one.

Juleus: Where did you get those formula jokes?

Russell: Everybody has them. That's how you start. You don't know that you're doing it.

Juleus: Did they come from observing other comedians working?

Russell: Yes. My parents would take me places. You could see someone work for an hour. Where is a kid going to see someone work for an hour? He's going to see them work for six minutes. That six minutes on television is so false, so anticpetic. Let me give you another example of a more sophisticated kind of formula: I liken it to a railroad track. A lazy way of writing satire is to just restate the original premise. For example: at West Point the other day they had a Pentagon study, and they said the Cadets didn't have a sense of humor. Now I decided I was going to write about this . . . and this is a confession I'm making to you here . . . and I wrote, "This is in keeping with the tradition of some of the great hilarious generals of the past: Douglas 'Chuckles' MacArthur, George 'Bozo' Patton...They would fall into line with their snappy dress uniforms and false noses and rubber feet...Old soldiers never die, they just drop their pants." Now, what am I doing? It's a lazy, dumb way of restating what already happened. Now, if you're going to satirize news, you've got to go beyond that. The original premise is the one railroad track, but now you switch onto another track. You have to have a duality. Now, here's where the duality comes, and I discovered it by reading Art Buchwald. He stated the original premise, but then he created a second track which ran parallel with the first track by saying that a Cadet told a joke to his commanding officer and the commanding officer didn't like the joke and he was court marshaled. Now, by introducing the court marshal, Buchwald introduced what I call a "double track." The court marshal syndrome of the military was the original, ongoing set of circumstances. The need to have a sense of humor was a news event, which called our attention to it in the first place. And so he connected the two. You see, I'm being overly-methodic. I'm doing what I don't like to do, but for your purposes here, I'm over-analyzing and dissecting this situation. That's what's funny: not the fact that you wear rubber feet and not the dumb things I was saying. What's funny is that you get court marshaled. So, we're back to the original problem again.

Juleus: Let me ask you a very technical thing about that. You said that you write these things down. Now, do you write them, with pen on paper, or do you type them?

Russell: I don't type.

Juleus: Everything is written, and you keep re-working the material in your own hand?

Russell: Yes.

Juleus: I was reading Fred Allen's autobiography, and the one thing that bothered him was that his material was always being stolen. Does that bother you?

Russell: It hasn't been a great problem. Professionals don't steal from me. They may steal a line once in a while.

Juleus: But that would not bother you?

Russell: No. When I hear someone of television doing it, that would bother me. It's happened a couple of times.

Juleus: Would you write them a letter?

Russell: No, I never did. I'll tell you, even the biggest names steal from each other. The only time it becomes serious, and noses have been punched because of it, is when you steal a whole routine. But if you steal a one-liner...

cont'd on page 4

For The Fans

I guess I've never liked opening closed doors—I mean the kind with people on the other side of them. My dermatologist had such a door. I'd push it open weakly. It seemed a little less than half of my arm's power would be fighting to close it. I recognized this counter current. Often, it flowed through my entire body and paralyzed me. I'd walk into the office with my head bowed and my hand scratching a supposed itch on my face. (The hand was for camouflage purposes.) And everyone's head would turn or rise discreetly, like a married man looked at a bra-less chest, to observe that I must be there for my skin condition. (Not that I have bad skin; it's just not as clear as it could be and people notice that.) And right away I would be marked, discredited. Then I'd find a seat and sometimes there wouldn't be one. I'd walk around the office looking for an empty chair and the people would laugh to themselves and think, "Dumb, stupid, jerk, there aren't any seats." And I'd stand the whole time because you never know when a lady's going to come in, silently demanding a seat in the obnoxious feminine way. I'm aware of proper manners. Anyway, I opened the door in front of me. The wind caught the door and slammed it as I entered. Heads turned automatically. Staring. The back of my neck flushed, mordant. And the green-blue tile began to rock against the sides of the pale green walls. I spun away, almost around, trying to focus on the mass of turning heads, pointing hands, smiles, eyes, desks; anything. He, in the corner, appeared so calm, so removed, and I went to him, to the desk behind him and took my seat.

I studied the back of the blue flannel shirt of the man who sat in front of me in History 405. It covered the texture of his immense body but not its dimensions. Fred Doberly. Not even a week into classes and most knew him. Fred could have been a poster boy for Hitler's Aryans: six-two, one ninety, not a blemish on his face, curly blonde hair cut close to the head and above the ears and blue eyes that appeared to be a conglomerate of tiny stones of different blueish hues. His smile was transforming. To those who worship physical beauty he would seem to be a god. And I was one of "those."

I admire individuals who can do things better than I. I cannot appreciate swimmers because I do not know how hard it is to coordinate, to breathe inches above the foaming water as the head turns and the cupped hand cuts the water and pulls, the legs kicking powerfully. I mean that I have never tried to swim. But I've thrown a football and last Saturday, against Purdue, Fred threw a football. The ball rushed into his hands on command and the powerful thigh muscles braced for three sure, rapid steps back, lightly, on his toes. The heel of his right foot firmly planted, he studied and strode, releasing the inflated leather into a mass of moving forms. Hands appeared, the correct hands, and Fred Doberly completed another pass.

He never paid his dues. He never struggled, never spent hours on the practice field trying to get the timing down. He had natural talent, the kind other athletes envy. I celebrated and yearned for the ability that Fred Doberly accepted like the sunrise in the morning.

And the blue flannel shirt never moved. Fred did not turn to converse in idle chatter and I did not know what to ask him, how to approach him. The bell rang and the professor strided in confidently. No hellos or introductions, he began. "Is Mr. Hogan here?" An older youth raised his hand. "Mr. Hogan, what is the name of this course?"

"The study of Europe during the age of imperialism."

"Mr. Campbell," I heard my name and sunk lower in my desk, "are you here?" He glanced across the room once, twice—

"Yes, sir."

"What do you hope to accomplish through this course?"

For a moment, I stared at him helplessly and then dropped my head. I thought of myself in the back seat with my luggage and my dad driving and mom next to him. Everybody where they should be as I go to college. The car had traveled over the intermittent white lines as the road signs moved forward and away and the trees sped by sickeningly fast. Dad had tapped his hand rhythmically against the wheel, the second hand on the clock circled past the numbers and the little plastic shrunken head swayed back and forth. I had closed my eyes and thought of school, college; a big college where I could be anyone. A new beginning. Not the tall, skinny fool I'd been in high school.

I looked up and he was still waiting. What could I tell him? I wanted to talk about mirrors, about how skinny I looked, about friends who used to tell me to turn sideways and disappear (good guys—I lost contact with most of them over the summer). The girl I asked to the senior prom said she didn't go out with toothpicks. Toothpicks.

"Mr. Campbell."

"I don't know, sir." And the quivering of the tone destroyed any hope for pretense.

After that first day, I always sat behind Fred in history. Three weeks into the term I helped him pass a test. He didn't ask for help. But I noticed a couple blank spaces on his paper that I could fill in. So I offered the answers and he invited me to a party as if he were saying, "How are you?" as he walked on.

Knowing, as we often know, that I wasn't going to enjoy the party, I went. The music hurt me and the smoky surroundings made my eyes water. I knew no one, and stood out strikingly though I could barely move through the mob. A beer was pushed into my hands. I did not drink but carried it as I had once carried a lighted cigar to ward off bugs when I slept outside. Others swallowed liquid faster than water on a hot, thirsty day. And some, nonchalantly, let half-filled cups drop, emptying on the floor. Nobody noticed. A funny memory made me laugh. Mrs. Hall, with her back to the window began to undress. I watched from the outskirts of the wood, fearing to be discovered all the while. She turned, exposing her nakedness to me, and I ran off much ashamed.

As I moved through the crowd, the talk enticed me. A burly body at my right finished a story about his high school days. "So it was third and eight, see. And this big, dumb son of a bitch yells, 'Hey, block-body, if you get the ball again, I'm gonna send ya back as building blocks so my little sister can play with ya.' So I says to Mike, our quarterback, I says to give me the ball." Silent, nearby, I waited for the expected—he got those eight yards and ran over the big son of a bitch to do it. I was thrilled, like when the Pittsburgh Pirate baseball team won the world series.

Immediately in front of me another story unfolded.

"The blonde, over there by the register."

"Yea, I see her."

"Pretty good, huh?"

"Not bad."

"Last night I picked her up and you ain't kidding, not bad."

"Go on."

He did. And I listened to the suave and the cunning. And I wished I would have been there that night, that I could have said the right lines. I stared at the blonde and hoped only for a good dream.

Then, I saw him. Fred let a pole hold him up as he raised a cup to his lips. The players were in season and absolutely forbidden to drink, but Fred made his own rules. I stood awkwardly on the sticky floor, not knowing where my next move should be. Fred detected me.

"Hey, hey you, Toothpick. Come here."

I shuffled over, feeling the pulse in my stomach.

"Have a good time?"

"All right."

"Drinking?"

"I don't drink."

"Ought to be. Well, where is your lady for the night?"

"I guess I don't pick up ladies for one night."

"Don't like girls?"

"I just don't think it's exactly right." Something happened. He straightened. The glassy gaze took on a more coherent look. His left hand reached out and rested on my shoulder.

"Good man, Toothpick. Course, don't let them ever hurt ya. God, don't let one of them get so close that she can hurt ya. I'll never let one of them get that close again. But a different girl every night? Always seeing what you can get? Maybe that's not the

way. Right, Toothpick?"

He started to bow, and his knees gave way as he slid down the pole, like a snake curling down a tree, unconscious. I tried to help him up, not knowing why, or where I was going to take him.

"Hey, fag. Get your hands off him."

"Ya, what are you trying to do?"

"Who are you, anyway, kid?"

"I think he's lost. Find your way back to mama, boy. Real quick like."

"Step over to this window and let me help you out."

Fred slid out of my hands. I examined the tile of the floor, the back of my neck burning, as I hurriedly, to hurriedly, left the party.

The night air was refreshing, relaxing. I stared into the metal-black collage that hung over me. No stars tonight. The world was enclosed, temporal. The sound of steps and a shadow approached. I wanted to reach out and grab this shadow, this human form. "I am a human being like you. I think, breathe, feel, cry, anguish, yearn, lust, love like you. Touch me. Belong to me. I am you." But the voice remained in my mind as she passed and only a smile betrayed its trace.

"Hey, Toothpick." History class ended; I was leaving the room when the sound abruptly halted me. And my heart pumped very hard, as if from my stomach. "Toothpick, sorry about the other night. The guys didn't know. They're a wild crew. Don't care much about anything except sports, sex, and slaughter. Come over to the room with me so the guys can apologize."

I waited for a trap, but nothing happened. A few of the guys apologized. Others nodded, which was all in all the same. And they talked about sex and sports and slaughter. An awesome black kid (blacks terrified me) asked if I'd played any sports in high school. I answered proudly that I had and even started my senior year for my school's basketball team that almost won the district. I wanted to add more but the hand-checked guffaws and averted laughing faces stopped me. And I had nothing to add but remained like part of the wood in the dresser; unlike the wood, my structure alerted.

A surly crew enveloped me. Some talked of their latest conquests. A young woman called Billy Joe played a prominent part in several of their stories, and all found this amusing. (I felt ridiculously sorry for this girl even though I didn't know her.) Some ruminated over practice or the game next Saturday. And two or three told of barbarous drunken escapades that repulsed me a bit, but most enjoyed heartily. One guy mentioned a cat he had found and carried to the railroad tracks. He tossed the cat into the path of an oncoming train and watched it splatter. Fred shifted queasily in his chair as the others roared.

Fred and I started to hang around together. Nothing much ever got said. Sometimes, he would be annoyed with me for no reason and scream about my morals and how I thought I was so damn good and better than he was and how he didn't have to respect anyone. Then, he would walk off alone. I never understood or questioned him about this, and he never chose to explain it.

Fred had an entourage of girls, very pretty girls and others not so pretty. At parties, I continually circled near him, like a moon, though I had no reflection.

"Hey, Toothpick, why don't you grab yourself one of these nice young ladies?"

"Oh, no. I don't know."

"Come on. I'll find you one that'll teach you a few things." Fred smiled and winked, naturally, as he did all things.

"I don't think so. No. No."

"Waiting on the right one, eh, Toothpick? Don't blame you. Nothing easy for Toothpick here cause he ain't easy." Fred slapped me on the back.

The next morning Fred came over to my room. Fred Doberly came over to my room. He paced, like one trying to prove an abstract theorem.

"You ever been laid?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Ah, you've never been laid, have you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I guess I don't think it's right."

"Maybe it isn't. And if that's the truth, stick to it. Course, maybe you never had the opportunity."

"No. I mean—I did."

Fred paced faster, trying to get a hold on something, trying to catch it with his feet. "Ah, hell."

I never meant to ask her out because she was so very pretty. Her black hair fell straight about her shoulders and the brown eyes were wide and intense. Her mouth was sensual, the lips full. Her skin, an attractive pale, fit her body firmly, exactly. I sketched her as a portion of an assignment and wanted some part of her on the paper. I walked over with the intention of having her sign it. Agitated, standing so near her, I did not know what to say. Some of the chemicals failed to react in my mind. Neurons exploded off and away, the sequence shattered. My mouth moved on its own. Not myself, I became Fred for a moment.

"Hi! What are you doing Saturday night?"

"Why?"

I rubbed my palm on the outside of my leg. "Oh, I don't know. Wondering if you'd like to take in a movie?"

"Which movie?"

So many questions. "A good one." I tried to force a natural smile.

"Sure. It sounds nice."

"Yea. Okay. Um—yea. I'll pick you up, okay?"

"When?"

"When? Uh, seven-thirty."

"Do you know where I live?" A smile played on her lips.

"Yes, I mean, no."

"Delgrade apartments, 2A."

I nodded and turned to go.

"Ask for Julia."

As I left, I greeted an acquaintance with a robust hello and when he asked me a bit bewilderingly how I was today, I told him.

Naturally, I informed Fred, but he wasn't very impressed. "Good," he said. "Now we'll see."

Later, he made a shivering motion and smiled, his hand touching me gently at the elbow. "Toothpick, my man, let me tell you about a few things that might come in handy Saturday night."

I patted the small of his immense back. "Sure."

By their standards, it wasn't much of a date. We saw some horrendous movie about a girl who ran away from home to New York City, only to find out that life wasn't all the way she pictured. She couldn't make it in that world and returned to her country home and was reunited with her high school sweetheart. Yeech. Fred would know what to do now and had given a few urged suggestions. But I didn't. Her voice was so soft, often I did not hear it, and the freshness of her body kept me wanting to be near her. We stood in the lobby as I knelt down to untie and tie the lace of my shoe.

"Scott?"

My hands fumbled with the lace. "Um?"

"May we spend a bit of time at the park tonight?"

I pulled the bow all the way through the knot and had to start over.

"Sure."

Refractions

Black. Smoke blankets the tiny houses, buried from outside eyes as if to conceal in the early morning some concious outrage. Cowering, each dwelling huddles with greying aluminum siding hugging tightly to its frame. The factory on a hill above the houses, two stacks extended triumphantly into its own excrement, surrounded below by pathetic replicas which send up their own drop into the shadowy ocean, stands confident of its own omnipotent position. Not a single flash of light dares to burst into the sulphuric presence.

An old man, soot etched deeply into the cracks on his face, sits among the blackened cracks in the plaster of his tiny house. Legs atrophied from ill-use, skin thickened from the fight against the air's sting, eyes filmed over with muddy tears. The mist which drifts past one eye to the other and back again mixes through the cutting of a children's

jump rope:

Teddy Bear,
Teddy Bear,
Turn around.
Teddy Bear,
Teddy Bear,
Touch the ground.

The chirp and chatter of small birds and the tap, tap, tap of the rope against the concrete accents the singing of the shrill girls' voices. Stones scatter as the rope cracks at them and sends each pebble dashing into a nearby gutter. Laughter.

Just another early morning of sunshine for the little boy who tosses the last paper of his route onto the doorstep. Patiently opening flowers are fluttered by the paper on its last stop before reaching the breakfast table. As the boy turns from the final home, he hears the familiar jump rope snap through the early morning fog:

Blue Bells,
Cockle shells,
Evy
Ivy
Overhead.

I was born in the month of:

January
February
March
April
May
June
July...

Little feet grind the sprocket against the chain and start the bicycle forward. The brake then silently locks and brings the bicycle to a slow stop far enough away so that the already tired paper boy can watch the girls in their game.

While he watches the two girls spin the rope and sing, two other girls, all spindly legged and calico dress, adeptly dodge a foot at the rushing twine and run around opposite ends in what seems a perpetual race. The paper boy soon loses track of time as his eyes bounce between the rope and the mass of limbs. Hand over hand, scatter of feet, and the trill of voices suddenly is washed out when the sun flashes out from behind a tree hidden by the fog. He quickly covers his eyes as they begin to tear from the rays of the sun burs

ting through the small opening in the curtains. Silence. Furniture. Cracked plaster. Clothing. Ammon Ra. Magic. Laughter. Rustle:

For The Fans---Cont'd from page 2

She sat on the swing and I pushed her, not like in the movies. Her head did not turn with a beaming smile on each downswing, and our eyes did not fervently meet. I simply pushed this young woman on a swing in the playground on a warm September night.

The night, the time, did not need words. At her door, I tried to remember the key phrases, the methods Fred had briefed me on how to get inside. But they didn't really matter. I laughed and squeezed her hand good night.

"Coming in?"

"Well, if you're not too tired. That is, if you want."

"For awhile."

I eased into her couch and she put some music on. She sat close, but not next to me, and talked of her painting and her family. She missed them and wondered if I'd mind if she played the guitar a little just now.

"Fine," I said. And the world was very right at the moment; yes, it was.

I woke up, startled, as the sun made me turn my head that rested on the same couch of the night before. Oh my God, I fell asleep. I tossed the blanket off and heard noises in the kitchen. I stumbled in that direction. Julia was making breakfast. She smiled, "I didn't want to wake you."

"I'm sorry. I'm, you know, sorry."

"No harm has been done. Stay. I'll have breakfast ready soon."

"No. I, um, better get going."

"Maybe another time, then."

"Yes, another time."

I walked rapidly back to my room, equally embarrassed by what had and what hadn't happened because of my ineptitude. The guys. What would the guys say? Maybe they wouldn't care. A piece of paper on my door portended how foolish that thought was. I recognized Fred's writing. "Hey, Toothpick, four in the morning and you ain't here. All right."

Ah, God. I pushed the door open deliberately and noticed a familiar body on my bed. I assumed he was in deep slumber.

"Toothpick." His mouth barely moved, the rest of him remaining as it was. "Late night?"

"I guess."

"Good time."

"Yes. Yes, it was."

"I bet it was. Did you--you know?" His left eyelid opened.

"Well, not exactly."

"Toothpick, be straight with me. I'd tell you, now wouldn't I?" The right eyelid opened and he raised his head.

"Well, you know." I giggled and made a few translatable motions.

"All right, Toothpick. Gidget grows up." And he jumped out of bed and shook my hand passionately, like one saying hello or goodbye to a dear friend. A part of me wanted to take the last few minutes again, for technical reasons. But Fred was shaking my hand. This six-two pagan god was shaking my hand and I'll be damned if I was going to let go.

Telling the other guys was easy. I threw in some details that delighted the fans.

watch. What time is it?"

"Six-fifteen."

"I can't sleep any more. I wish this blasted place would go on daylight savings. You know, I can't sleep with all those birds making such a racket. I wish it was night all the time." The soft song of a bird. "Come to think of it, I really do wish it stayed dark all the time. Jamie, I wouldn't mind losing myself in these sheets with you and never finding my way out. You know that?"

Hands search and find a few ribs to jab. Automatic nervous system goes into action: kick, thrash, and quiet.

"Well, would you like that?"

"Like what?"

A well placed hand to the back of a sandy blond head. No movement.

"You're absolutely exasperating. Didn't you hear a goddam word I said?" Hot flash of flesh. "See if I ever say anything nice to you again, you non-appreciative zombie."

In the opposite direction, muscle fights a rematch against linen. A hand cups a small warm breast with an affectionate and ginger-like sweep.

"Of course I heard you. As long as the sheets are clean, I'll get lost with you whenever you want and for as long as you want."

Timidly out of a fold in the sheet: "Really?"

"You know I'll spend every possible moment with you. God, before I met you I want to work from nine to five and then spent the rest of the time in bars. If those goddam birds didn't sing and I had a

better blind, we wouldn't even know it's Monday."

"If we close our eyes we won't see the sun. Kiss me... please."

Envelopment. Warm wet flesh slides in a desperate suction. Breath. The birds shatter the air as the sunlight shreds through the blind.

"Jamie, I love you. Please, don't ever let me go. Let's find some corner at the foot of the bed and never come out."

Hands slip through hair alive in the sunlight. Sweat glistens off skin. Each ray of the sun explodes on impact, burs

ting against the back of the paper boy's retina. As the sudden pain subsides, he slowly opens his eyes into a world of sparkling shrapnel. The little girls' jump rope game materializes through a million super charged water particles: Blue bells, Cockle shells surrounded in an endless sea of gold dust.

His eyes, blinking with kaleidoscopic vision, watch each diamond pop from the air and disappear one by one. A voice chases the last winter droplet from the air with a "Girls, it's time to come in and have breakfast. You don't want to be late for school." They are gone.

And the paper boy realizes with the last glimpse of a little girl running around the corner of a house that it is also time to return to home. The morning's visions are entrapped in his head with a small bit of gold dust which mixes

es with the black smoke which has crept into every corner of the old house. Not a piece of furniture, no fiber in the rug, nor a memory in his wrinkled head has not been colored by the seeping of the town's obnoxious excrement.

The old man sits, with gnarled fingers embedded in the lion heads carved at the end of the rocker's arms, watching the factory exhale thick particles into the air. Nothing moves. The old man has not batted an eye since the sun made its half-hearted attempt to rise, because he notes a scent of laughter coughing from the factory's mouths.

Bill Bradley added a few things I probably left out. Chuck Steiner said he always thought I was a fag and was kind of disappointed to discover otherwise. He kissed me playfully on the cheek. Stopping at this room to b.s. with the guys became something to look forward to. I announced my next conquest to be Billy Joe. The guys roared. She had been through everybody at least twice and was on her way out.

Wednesday, I asked Julia out for a second time. Nothing much was ever said between us, just understood; like two admirers of the same painting. I kissed her that night. I kissed her and would have again if the guys weren't expecting me. They wanted to get me drunk.

"I heard you went out with Julia, tonight. What's the story, Toothpick?"

"Nothing. No story."

"You don't want to be getting serious with no whore, now, do ya?"

"Fred, she is not--she's a nice girl."

Chuck Snider handed me a beer. "Who's a nice girl?"

"Toothpick, here, says that Julia is."

"Oh ya, champ. And you were just so masculine and virile that she, after twenty years of well guarded chastity, decided to give her virginity to you. Somebody wake this boy up."

Fred nodded and started to walk away.

"But Fred--" He didn't hear me. Maybe they had a point.

"Come on, champ, drink up."

The stuff tasted terrible for awhile. I didn't see Fred for most of the night. Then he came up with his arm around a blonde. "See this." He pointed to her. "I'm going to have this, tonight, Toothpick. You ain't any better than me. No, you're just like everyone else. And I'm gonna have this one for you tonight, Toothpick. In your honor. The first of many. I've been idling too long because of you."

"Fred." This was another one of his strange outbursts.

"Ah, go call up that whore of yours, Toothpick. That's the only way you're gonna get laid. 'Cause you're easy now, Toothpick. Remember that. You're easy now. Bye, Toothpick."

I tapped my foot to the beat of the music and had another beer.

Julia came over the next morning after I had passed out at three. She wanted to go for a walk. The vivid yellow light stunned me as I opened the shade. Christ, my head hurt. I told her I didn't feel up to it, which was mostly true, and she left, as unassuming as she had entered.

We beat Michigan Saturday and the party that night was gigantic. I drew a large quantity of air around me into my lungs. It seemed heavier, richer, and the smoky taste spiced a bit. The music permeated my very essence. The beat was my beat and I went to the bar, getting a beer to warm me. I was happy, solid, but something kept rising up from inside of me, accelerating to its peak intensity, and then vanishing, like the sharp, stabbing pain a victim of a knife wound experiences before he passes out. Billy Joe waddled by. I pinched her in the ass and wondered about my chances. They all had this girl at one time or another and I wanted her. It would be a kind of physical communion with the group. I knew it would finalize my place with them, with Fred. Fred and I kept

For The Fans- Cont'd from page 3

missing each other. That afternoon he'd been fantastic. Third and seventeen with forty-three seconds left, down by four and everyone in the stands sweating and gesticulating wildly, Fred called for the ball. Men wiggled uneasily and a few girls covered their eyes as Fred took three steps back. He studied the field as the arm cocked and the body remained poised. A lineman had broken through and viciously charged from the side. Fred heard him. He had to have heard him. But the arm did not hurry. The muscles tensed as Fred drew the arm forward. The lineman crashed into Fred's body and his side collapsed. But the arm traveled unerrant, graceful, the wrist snapped and the ball left his hand like gossamer. The bodies hit the hard surface as the lineman's shoulder dug into Fred's back. He didn't see the reception, the perfect path of the ball to the opponents' two yard line. Fred did not have to see.

I grabbed a beer and walked over to say hello to Chuck who was talking with some of the other guys. "Hi, Chuck."

"Oh, hi, Champ. So Brad here gets the ball and tries to cut off my tail. But this big mother slaps me upside the head and I know in my heart it's over unless--"

I moved on. "Joey. Bill."

"Hey, Toothpick. Out of the way, all right? These two babes are checking us out and you don't want to spoil their view." I glanced in that direction, but the two babes were already on their way over to get a better view.

"See you guys later." I made my way to the bar for another beer and determined to find Fred. I wanted only to stand near him, like I used to stand by my father in church. I pushed and bumped through the crowd. Fred, damn it, where are you? Frantically, I bounced and darted, like a hungry mouse in a maze. I stopped short, my heart beating in my stomach. Fred. He didn't see me till I was next to him.

"Toothpick."

"Hi, Fred."

"Yea, hi." He started doing something with his beer cup.

"Can I get you anything, or anything?"

"Yea, Toothpick. Why don't you get me a beer." He handed me his cup.

"Sure."

He wasn't there when I came back. I stood there, holding two beers. Fred was not there and I had two beers. What an ass; two beers. My hands began to shake and some of the liquid spilled over on them. Arms, legs, hands, cups, faces spun by. The pain shot up from its hidden hovel and clouded my senses. Tears covered my sight. Something I couldn't lose, something I needed whole, kept breaking inside me. And my whole being mourned for each breaking, compounding the agony. Fred. Goddamnit, God, Fred. A cat. The image rushed over me like a healing wave. A cat, yes, a cat. A goddamn cat. "Chuck, Bill, Joey, come on. A cat. We'll throw a cat in front of a train and watch it splatter. Oh, yes. We'll watch that son of a bitch splatter its miserable body all over the goddamn train. Come on."

No one moved. Two or three people turned their heads for a second; that was all.

I wanted to move but I couldn't. The damned counter current immobilized me. I watched the people around me. Chuck still babbled about his exploits; Joey had his arm around the blonde while Bill and the other girl made for the door. But the speed was all wrong, ludicrously faster somehow, like an old, old, movie. I heard many voices around me, shrill and staccato like a tape on fast forward, or a record set at too fast a revolution, and I couldn't make out any of the words. My surroundings had become disengaged. The band that held them down had been broken, like a released catapult. And I wanted to reach out and grab the missile, my surroundings, and pull them back to me. But I wasn't fast enough. In fact, I couldn't move. So I stood there like the ceramic statue of a little black man I used to see in front of driveways holding two lanterns that illuminated the path it could never travel and the home it could never enter.

Touch We The Stillness

Touch we once of all,
Captives with the moment;
Moment with the end.

One warmth our breath sifting
We with with with the end.

Touch we,
At once with all searching
Turning shifting glances
Burning with the hour.

And touch we the stillness
Past the echo that was earth.
Being done with being.
Being with the end,
Touch we.

Dave Sluyter

I am mindless.
Traveling through thoughts
of nothingness.
Disjointed; distraught
Images of the past.
Runnings of the mind
Going faster... fast.
Memories of the kind
Singers will compose.
Their longing, lonely lyrics
For me, I suppose.
The message in me sticks
Deeper. I am deep
Into the mist of her.
Think... smile... weep.
Further; the final blur.

Tim Cahill

The willow
is a lady.
She lets the wind
run its fingers
through her hair
and hums softly
to the clouds
to keep them from crying.
She sways with calm grace
and beckons to the birds.
Sometimes she is angry.
She bows her head
and lashes out,
tangling her hair
in her wrath.
But the willow
is ever
a lady.
In the dusk
she weeps.

Gale Rue

I AM DARKNESS

Plagued by the sobriety of night,
Infested with my incommunicable thoughts,
Tried by nothingness,
Bewildered by the forms of objects,
Testing theory against confusion,
Stranded into myself,
Cast into relentless anxiety,
Estranged from my body,
Asking my fingers for comfort,
Receiving a glance assuring me that I am helpless,
Knowing that I am incompetent of leading myself,
Lacking a definition of self,
Lacking a grasp of self,
Having a vacuum as a center,
Bouncing like a ball within a chamber of steel,
Falling prey to the careless cat,
Having disgust as marrow,
Having the marrow assure me of my disgust,
Being the artwork,
Having the artwork create me,
Being the helpless as the artwork of the artist, the artwork,
Being disfigured,
Being the disfigured artwork, only a shadow,
Having no ability to define myself,
Being disfigured by the careless cat,

Estranged by the nothingness of myself,
Estranged by the careless void,
Becoming a victim of the disfigured shadow,
Receiving a cold glance from my fingers,
Discovering the void,
Falling subject to the void,
Speaking babble,
Being swallowed by the void,
Speaking babble,
Shocked that the void is me,
Having the vacuum center carelessly approach the surface,
Falling victim to the void,
Trying to disbelieve the vacuum,
Shocked at the carelessness of the void,
Speaking incomprehensible babble,
Having my voice absorbed by the void and reiterated as babble,

Being pierced by the cold sword of nothingness,
Exploding into the darkness,
Blending, mixing, becoming one with the darkness,
Being effortless,
Harmonizing, hearing one voice,
Becoming one with the careless cat,
Being content with the disfiguration,
Greeting myself,
Talking to emptiness,
Content with the nothingness of darkness,
Understanding the sobriety of night,
I am.

Michael Dale Rectenwald

A Conversation with Mark Russell-Cont'd

Juleus: That would be, for example, someone stealing one of your songs.

Russell: Oh, that would be serious. I'd make a big deal about that. But that never happened...not that I know of.

Juleus: You use up a tremendous amount of material. How many jokes would you say you deliver in a night?

Russell: I never counted. I've often been meaning to. There are certain performers who have their own private rule about time. I think Phyllis Diller has a five or ten second rule: there has to be a laugh at least that often. That's admirable, but by the same token I don't like it because it's just keeping with the hyper-activity of life today. We're so hyper today that people start to doze off unless there's something every five seconds.

Juleus: What do you find the least gratifying aspect of your profession?

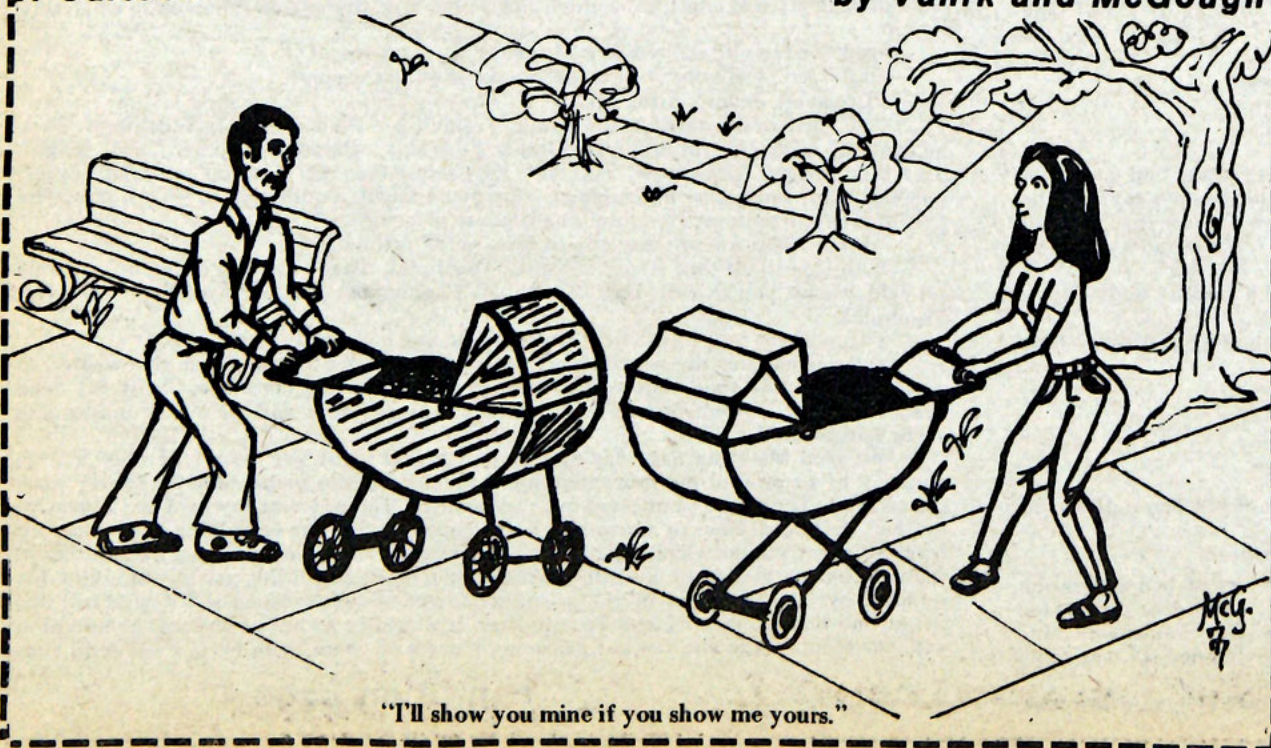
Russell: The fact that you only feel as good as your last show went. That's probably true of an awful lot of people. We are not nice people after bombing.

Juleus: It's amazing to me, because I saw you before the show and after the show, that you are so "on" when you're on-stage, but essentially before, you're very much at ease.

Russell: An evening like tonight is almost like a night off. I'm different from most performers in that I've been working the same place for sixteen years. And so any time I can get out...I'm like a housewife who wants to get out of the house once in a while.

A Cartoon

by Vahrk and McGough



"I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

the DEGREE

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L.T.L. asks: Do you know yourself?

by Gale Rue

Rich Chafey and Jeff Ickes from the Allegheny Counseling Center used the Lunch-Time Learning opportunity to explain some basic skills on "How To Communicate in a Relationship You Care About." In their presentation they said they did not presume to define a problem solving technique, but strove to give the audience a method for achieving self-awareness, the first step in improving communication in any relationship. The communication method continues beyond gaining self-awareness to learning how to disclose one's feelings to a partner. The audience participated in the presentation and had the chance to use the method being taught.

Becoming more aware of ourselves helps increase self-esteem and enables us to drop some defenses and disclose more to our partner. Chafey stressed that by "Partners" or "couples" he did not necessarily mean spouses. He defined "relationship" as any experience where two people share a personal past together and anticipate a future together, such as: roommate/roommate, male/female, teacher/student, parent/child, or employer/employee. The partners must feel a natural responsibility for each other. Learning to communicate requires work on each person's part and can be a positive, rewarding experience or a negative, destructive experience.

Almost every relationship goes through certain stages, Chafey said, whether they are long or short term relationships. Examining the stages leads us to understand our inner feelings. One stage of a relationship is togetherness. Chafey said this is sharing, caring and doing things with our partner. This stage requires involvement and many new relationships focus on this. It usually a very positive stage as long as both partners agree on spending time together.

The next stage is one of leading or supporting. One member plays an active role and becomes involved in something while the other partner supports that activity. Whether this stage is positive or negative depends

on the acceptability of the activity to each partner. One partner may pressure the other to participate in an activity he is not interested in, (such as a parent forcing a child to play the piano).

The third stage is apartness, where the partners are involved in activities apart from each other. This can be physical distance or mental distance, (such as reading different books while sitting in the same room). Apartness can cause negative feelings if one partner views the other's separation as avoidance or lack of commitment.

Once we can evaluate stages in a relationship we have a basis for asking questions of ourselves. This is where gaining self-awareness starts. Chafey and Ickes used the Awareness Wheel as a model for examining self. This model was presented in "Alive and Aware: Improving Communication in Relationships" by Miller, Nunnally and Wackman. The Awareness Wheel is divided into five congruent parts: sensing, thinking, feeling, wanting, and doing. By answering what our reaction is to a situation in each of these areas we become aware of self.

Each of these pieces of self are equally important. We need to integrate each part of ourselves into a whole. Some people are more in touch with themselves than others and they can learn to use the model more easily. But it is possible to learn. Once we can examine each part of the wheel we have more personal choices available to us on how to create a better relationship.

The first section of the Awareness Wheel is sensing. Chafey explained sensing as receiving "raw data" from our surroundings. This is the primary source for our perception of the world, yet we do not always pay attention to this data. We need to realize the difference between observation (seeing a person smile) and interpretation (considering that person to be happy).

Thinking is another part of the wheel. We make meaning out of the data we receive. The thoughts we have are shaped by our past experiences and future expectations.

Feelings are spontaneous, emotional responses to interpretations or expectations. By examining our feelings we can understand our behavior. Feelings seldom change by themselves; outside factors can influence them to change. We should not deny our feelings because this is when our feelings control us.

We all want certain things in a relationship. We should recognize our goals, long or short term, and be able to disclose this to our partner. All of these parts of the Awareness Wheel interact and are reflected in the last section of the wheel, defined as doing, or behavior. Our actions become "raw data" for our partner to interpret. And if we are aware of what we do and why we do it we can improve our relationship.

Ickes suggested that we should all use this wheel as a model in evaluating a personal relationship. We do not need to use the wheel strictly, but by introducing the model Ickes hoped to make us aware of what we need to look for.

There will be times when we may not be able to examine subconscious feelings or thoughts. This is why counseling or group sessions are used. Someone else may be able to drag hidden feelings from inside us.

Chafey and Ickes counseled about 400 students last year. Chafey said he and Ickes were interested in this communications system because he sees a need for it on campus. Students have not been taught communication skills. Chafey and Ickes attended a workshop on couple communication in Pittsburgh put on by the Interpersonal Communication Programs, Inc. They would like to offer an entire communications workshop during the Winter or Spring term involving six or seven couples. The workshop would entail 12 to 14 hours of sessions, not to be held at one time. Anyone who is interested should get in touch with Rich Chafey or Jeff Ickes at the Counseling Center.

This week's L.T.L. program features Dr. Gerald Reisner speaking on "Religiosity and Reason."



Abu meets the genie in this scene from the Pickwick Theatre's "Arabian Nights" to be presented this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p.m.

Pickwick Puppets will delight youngsters and oldsters alike

The Pickwick Puppet Theatre will present "Arabian Nights" on Sunday October 30, 1977 at 2:30 p.m. in the C.C. Auditorium as part of the Public Events Series.

In the puppet production, Abu sets off to seek his fortune and meets a giant genie, a magic carpet, an evil magician and a beautiful princess.

This world of the thousand and one nights is brought to life by rod puppets ranging in height from three feet to life.

The melodies of Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem "Scherazade" provide the background music.

The Pickwick Puppet Theatre is well known for combining serious music with

puppetry in theatrical productions for young audiences. In recent years, the Pickwick Theatre has also performed for adult and college audiences.

The Pickwick Puppet Theatre was founded in 1951 by Larry Berthelson. The present director of the company, Ken Moses, is a graduate of the Carnegie-Mellon School of Drama.

The Grand Rapids Press said of the Arabian nights, "the production...had enough thrills, chills and excitement to keep a nearly full auditorium engrossed in the stage action."

The Sunday afternoon presentation is free and open to the public. Spend an afternoon with 1001 Arabian Nights.

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Gators dropped by Behrend and Case; fall from first

by Marty Goldman

The Allegheny soccer team crawled back home after two miserable road trips to Behrend and Case Western Reserve on Friday. Behrend nipped the Gators 1-0 while undefeated PAC Case Western rolled to a 4-2 victory.

Behrend displayed the kind of play Allegheny needs, an aggressive one. The contest was plagued by elbows, pushes and kicks by the (4-3-1) Bulldog club.

Rich Scott, the resident center halfback along with Gator teammates Paul Thomas, Pat Martin and Chris Morgan ran all day to no avail, as their hosts kept penetrating the entire contest.

The Allegheny offense was stifled by an equally tough

Behrend defense, but it was the Bulldog offense which got the only break of the game. Striker Tom Delahanty beat Gator goalie John Sutphen on a miskick at 24:57 of the first half for the only score.

Even before leaving the Allegheny campus, the players knew the going was to be tough against the (8-2) Spartans. In a pre-game pep talk reminiscent of Knute Rockne, Coach Tom Erdos told his performers they have the talent and the dedication to win. The field general added that "To win, you have to invent and today we invent."

Upon arriving at the CWR campus an hour and a half before gametime, the bus driver unknowingly drove off with striker Dave Nelson's equipment in search of a restaurant. Manager Charley McBride bor-

rowed winger Bob Minkel's car in search of the driver but Minkel had left his playing gear in the back of his car.

To add to the mentor's problems, two other Gator starters wandered off to site-see the Cleveland campus. Twenty minutes before the opening tap, McBride returned without finding the driver and the two missing players reappeared.

The Spartan offense penetrated deeply into Gator territory and struck first at 12:42, when Guatemalan Oscar Rodas blasted a 10 yard shot off a corner kick. Allegheny quickly tied things up 4 minutes later when Nelson received a nice midfield pass, dribbled 12 yards and gently tapped his shot around on-rushing CWR goal tender Bob Cohn.

The Spartans hit pay dirt.

again at 31:12, when Algerian Aziz Bookhechba converted his first goal of the contest off the Gator defense which was playing too far up. Rodas fed the 4th goal getter in Ohio in close, not allowing keeper Jeff Tindall any chance for a reaction.

The hosts completely dominated the opening stanza, allowing Allegheny only 4 first half shots.

Libyan Ibrahim Shibani converted a penalty kick at 35:16 to shut down the scoring. In frustration, defender Pat McIntyre had illegally used his hands in stopping a Spartar shot. At the 40 minute mark, two Gator defenders stopped two sure-goals by heading the ball out of the area.

After the halftime intermission, the Gators came out a totally different team as they controlled the first 20 minutes with some fine crossing shots just missing the mark.

The kickers closed to within one at 20:22, when Rich Clarke threaded the needle with a 25 yard pass landing at the feet of junior Bob Minkel, who was closely guarded by two defenders. Minkel took three steps and then blasted a high, hard shot into the left corner of the net. Play started to get ragged for both sides, but the advantage again went to the Spartans, whose individual stars and their

skills clearly was head and shoulders above the Gators. CWR closed down the scoring spree at 33:40 when Bookhechba broke away from 2 defenders and shot past Gator tender John Sutphen, for his second goal of the sunny afternoon.

Minutes later, a fight broke out with one CWR player being ejected and a Gator warning. Allegheny was unable to capitalize on any scoring opportunities against their hosts' loss of a man

The Spartans edged their visitor 16 to 14 in the shot department with Tindall and Sutphen saving 5 while CWR goalie Bob Cohn stopped 3.

Allegheny fell to (5-3) overall and (3-1) in the PAC. The Gators have a slight chance in tying for first place as CWR travels to defending PAC champ (5-0) Bethany on Friday and will have to lose while Allegheny travels south next week and must beat them for a possible three-way tie.

This Friday, the Gators entertain Carnegie Mellon at 3:30 at Robertson Field. The locals must defeat their 4th place PAC visitors in their last home game for a crack at the number 1 spot.

Harriers split, look to PAC's

by Ray Meeks

For the second time in as many weeks, Allegheny's distance squad split their two meet schedule. In a double dual meet at Cleveland on Saturday, the Gators over-powdered the presidents of Washington and Jefferson 19-36, but were trounced by host John Carroll 19-38. In a double dual, all three teams run together, but the race is scored as if three separate races had been run.

Gator Ace Mark Davison had a disappointing day. Finishing fourth behind three top caliber John Carroll runners. Davison did, however, top the W&J squad while posting a respectable 25:52 clocking.

Sophomore Tim Schmittle was the second Gator to place taking fifth over all with a fine 27:14. Allegheny's third man, Charles Kiel, posted a

28:12 while Dan Danowski was close behind with a 28:20. The Frosh pair picked up ninth and tenth respectively, continuing their gradual improvement which bodes well for the future.

Rounding out the top five AC runners was Cornel Osadsa, who finished fourteenth with a 19:16.

Though not pleased with his team's loss to the Blue Streaks, Coach Jeff Ickes credited Schmittle, Kiel, and Danowski with superior races and pointed out that continued improvement from these men and from Frosh Brian Shea (absent on Saturday), will be the key to Allegheny's placement in the PAC championship race November 5.

According to Ickes the Allegheny scoring five has tightened a 4½ minute spread between first and fifth man to a

2½ minute spread. They will have to close the range further if they hope to surprise any of the top teams in the championship run.

The Harriers take a break from action this week to concentrate on serious training for the PAC race. The only meet which counts for team or individual conference standings, the PAC's will be hosted in Cleveland by CWRU.

Nardone recognized by AC, Pgh Press

Allegheny's Gator of the Week as well as the Pittsburgh Press Offensive Player of the Week, kicker Nick Nardone must have had an inkling as to the outcome of last Saturday's grid clash with Washington and Jefferson.

For, Nardone, who pulled AC from a 7-0 deficit to a 9-7 victory with three field goals last week, adhered religiously to a deeply-rooted superstition.

The 5-8, 170-pound junior from Beaver Falls connected on a 39-yard second

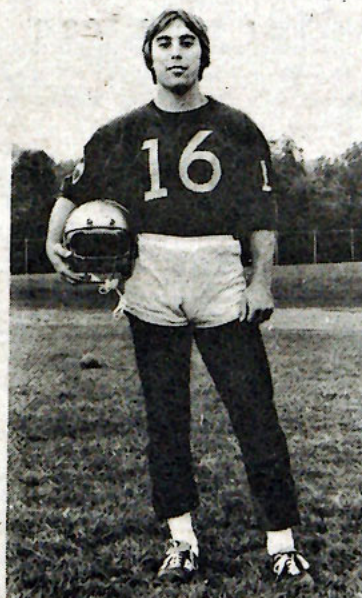
quarter attempt and two boots in the fourth quarter, 42 yards and 38 yards long, respectively, after the Gators had relinquished the first touchdown by a '77 rusher four minutes into the first quarter.

The superstition, though, came into play long before the opening kickoff.

It seems as though the club's photographer innocently asked Nardone to pose for a photograph before the contest, but Nardone refused.

"During my senior year

in high school, I had my picture taken before a game," Nardone recalled. "We won the game 12-0 but I missed an extra point.



"I've never allowed my picture to be taken before a game since," he added.

con't on page 7

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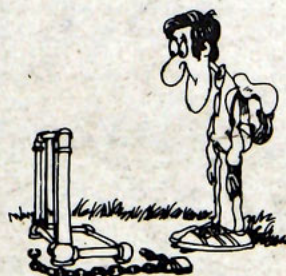
Tuesday- Movie- Day of the Jackal 9:00

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CMU crushes Allegheny gridgers, clinch tie for title

by M. Berman

It was a game billed as the Nation's top defense against a very strong club. As it turned out the strong club exploited the defense, as Carnegie Mellon amassed 400 yards, trouncing the Allegheny Gators 29-7 Saturday.

The Tartans, by winning so overwhelmingly have now clinched at least a tie for the PAC crown. They are presently vying for a bowl bid, and their football program is nationally recognized.

CMU opened the game by reeling off 70 yards on 16 plays. Back up quarterback Rick Brown was able to sneak the ball over for the first score of the game. This drive, the longest engineered against the Gators, was to set the tone for this game.

Although the Gators were able to tie the score at 7, they could not keep up their attack against the stiff CMU

defense, and by halftime the game's outcome was not in doubt.

Mark Matlak, who scored the Gator touchdown, rushed for 124 yards, while the entire AC rushing attack netted only 153 yards.

Jimmy Schaeffer hit for just 3 of 10 passes as the Gators could not get untracked all day.

Defensively the Gators did not play as well as usual, though this was their first game against a strong offensive club.

CMU has been destroying their opponents all year, and the Gators were no exception. Although they attempted only 4 passes, 2 of them went for touchdowns. The Tartans were also able to convert a broken play into a 53 yard touchdown run by Bob Kennedy.

These are sure-tell signs of a very strong club. They displayed such power that Tartan coach Chuck Klausing feels they are ready to compete in the

national playoffs leading to the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl.

The Gators can only hope that CMU will be upset by both Thiel and Hiram, so they may salvage a share of the title. However unlikely this may be, the Gators have nothing to be ashamed of. They played excellent football throughout the year. They have displayed a defense so powerful that this victory is what will give CMU its prestige. By soundly defeating such a strong club they prove to coaches all over how good they really are.

This week Allegheny meets Thiel in its final home game. It will be the final home game for many seniors who will be closing out some great careers. Quarterback Jimmy Schaeffer, slot back Frank Civaterese, tight end Mike Maropis and co-captain center Phil Spina will be paying their final home games for Allegheny.

Defensively this will be the curtain call for such stand-outs as Dennis Zimmerman, Rick Boughton, Rick McNeal, Bob Schwarz, and John Elie.

Also leaving the Gator

fold will be punter and all-around ace Brian McClure, who played admirably as an end and cornerback. And, lest we forget, this will be the end of an era at Robertson Field. It will be the last chance Gator fans will have



to pay tribute to a name with whom football has become synonymous—Matlak.

Brothers Mark and Matt will be playing their final home game. Mark, who leads the PAC in total offense will be looking to nail down that title in this, his final appearance at Robertson field.

Nardone-continued

The halfback turned kicker has already tallied 28 points on the year by way of his toe and appears to be on the road to his best year ever. He has seven of eight PAT connections (the one was blocked) and seven of 10 field goal attempts.

Last year, Nardone made all 22 of his PAT kicks and four of 11 FGs. And as a freshman, he scored 25 points on 10 of 17 extra-point kicks and five of 11 FG attempts. In totaling 86 points, has longest was the 42-yarder Saturday.

As far as the Gators are concerned, they certainly won't be holding Nardone down for any photographer before a game.

Matlak — baddest dude in town

If you can get down to the sidelines while Allegheny faces another team on the gridiron, the conversations you can easily weed out from all the rest of the common cries sound like this:

"He's bad, isn't he?" says one Gator.

"Yeah, he's the baddest," proclaims another.

Then it catches like fever and someone shouts to the opposing players in formation on the field within hearing distance, "Yeah. YEAH. Hey 95 and 83 - Number 41's badder than you'll ever wanna be."

They're shouting about a

number 41 that's none other than AC tailback Mark Matlak. They refer to him as "The Baddest Dude," or, just "The Baddest."

And they're not using poor grammar at all. You see, 'bad' in this context really means good, and really good. It means extra special. It means — well, if you're lucky enough to be bad, you are just what the doctor ordered.

The defensive captain is Matlak's brother, Matthew, a linebacker who is equally as 'bad' as Mark, for he has accumulated twice as many tackles as any other Gator for three years; he displayed remarkable talent Saturday with 20 solos and 17 assists.

"What's bad mean?"

Matt echoes the question, "Extremely tough."

"What's bad about lark?" Matt echoes again and ponders, "What's bad about Mark is that the opposing defensive players think they have his heart, but they don't."

"What makes me so bad?" Mark echoes as a twin brother should, "The other 10 guys — they make me go."

"I do the best job I know how," Matlak states, "I try to use all the God-given ability I have."

Then, reflecting gleefully, Matlak, the baddest dude in town, chuckles, "Do they really say that? I'm tickled — it means they respect me. And I respect them."

Water polo team wins first of year

The Allegheny Water Polo team captured its first victory last Friday night against the Indiana Indians by a score of 11-7;

After suffering a set back a week earlier at Indiana, the Gators rallied for the home fans and won the hard fought contest.

Going into the fourth with a narrow 6-5 edge, the Gators exploded for 5 goals and put the game out of reach. Ron Morsky, and Jim Johannes each had five goals while freshman Bob Smith tossed in a single tally.

With high percentage scoring and an excellent defensive job, the Gators put together their best performance thus far. They hope to maintain the momentum for this weekend's tournament at Indiana. The Gators will be facing teams from Shippensburg, Millersville, Slippery Rock, and Indiana.

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BENTLEY BEAT

by Pam Steele

REGISTRAR-All change cards must be signed and turned into the Registrar's office by Friday, Oct. 28.

ADMISSIONS-November 12 is a campus visiting day. Students interested in mingling with or acting as tour guides to these prospective students should come to Admissions.

SECURITY-This is a reminder to students that they may take advantage of the visitor parking permits available in the Security office. Hopefully the issuing of traffic tickets to visitors can be eliminated.

OFFICE OF STUDENT AID-There are work-study openings in the bookstore, Admissions, and Geology.

The National Endowment for the Humanities has developed a program called Youthgrant. It is designed to support projects in the Humanities, either on the group or individual level. The first deadline for applications is Nov. 15.

The F. Lammot Belin Arts Scholarship was established to provide financial assistance to those with aptitude in the Fine Arts.

Dean of Instruction:

Students who are interested in studying overseas during the 1978-79 academic year are advised that they should begin to make arrangements now. In particular, students who wish to study in a British, Scottish or Welsh institution must begin application procedures during this term. Some British universities have established Dec. 15 as the deadline for applications for overseas. See Mrs. Barretta for further information.

The Meadville chapter of the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.) will hold a special meeting for new and potential members on Thursday evening, October 27, at the Meadville Y.W.C.A., 378 Chestnut Street. This meeting is free and open to the public. It will begin at 7:30 p.m. in Room 8.

The CAMPUS Bulletin Board

On Thursday November 17, 1977 the Career Services Office will Sponsor an Employer Panel on Employment Interviews in the auditorium of Pelletier Library. This will be an opportunity for students to hear perceptions and ask questions of employers representing a variety of employment fields. Participants will include, Bob Henson from Talon, Donald Inderlied from the First National Bank of Pennsylvania, Tom DuChene from the Bethesda Home, John Phillips of Hughson Chemical and Thomas Barratt from the Crawford Central School District. Interested students should call Career Services at 724-2381 to sign up.

Any student interested in serving on an Ad Hoc Committee on the Food Service should contact John Allen at Box 223, or A.S.G. at Box 60.

This week's 50 cent flick will be shown TONIGHT at 9 p.m. in the C.C. Auditorium. The movie is "Day of the Jackal."

A Halloween Hoedown at the Bousson Cabin will be sponsored by the Allegheny Outing Club on October 29. After the square dance from 9:00 to 12:00 on Saturday night, everyone is invited to stay overnight for a hot griddle cake breakfast on Sunday morning.

Professor Melvin Grasney from the University of Rochester Graduate School of Management will visit Allegheny on Tuesday November 1, to discuss the school's graduate programs. Professor Grasney will be in Quigley Faculty Lounge from 1-5 p.m. on that date. Individual appointments can be made through Career Services.

The Senior Class Coordinating Committee will hold a luncheon meeting on Thursday October 27 at Noon in the Small Dining Room of South Hall. All interested seniors are invited to attend. Plans for the rest of the term will be discussed.

Happy Halloween to everyone from all of us at the CAMPUS.

On Monday October 31, a representative of the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Business will be at Allegheny to discuss that school's program. The representative will meet with interested students in Quigley Hall Faculty Lounge from 1-5 p.m.. Appointments may be arranged through the Career Services Office.

There will be a meeting of students interested in learning about Common Cause on October 25 at 7:30 p.m. in the C.C. Activities Room.



Contributions to "The CAMPUS Bulletin Board" should be sent to Box 12. Any and all members of the college community are encouraged to contribute.



by Peter Fleming

VITA, Volunteer Income Tax Assistance, is now looking for volunteers interested in helping local residents prepare their tax returns during second and third terms. Each volunteer is required to attend four training sessions conducted by the Internal Revenue Service. After the Sessions are completed, the A.C.E. volunteers are scheduled at various sites in the Meadville area to assist people with their tax returns.

VITA is an excellent opportunity for students interested in Economics or Business to learn about tax returns and gain practical experience. Training sessions are scheduled for January. Interested volunteers should contact Directors Paul Marcela, Box 1184, or Jane Black, Box 487 for more information.

A.C.E. would like to send a speedy GET WELL wish to Tutoring Co-Director Pam Trusal who is in the hospital for an operation. We hope to see her back next term.

A.C.E. is currently seeking someone to serve as Director of Transportation. The Director would be responsible for car scheduling and related matters. Anyone who is interested, please send your name to Box 185.

ing sessions are scheduled for January. Interested volunteers should contact Directors Paul Marcela, Box 1184, or Jane Black, Box 487 for more information.

Batiks and children's artwork

Two new art exhibits will go on display in the Doane Hall galleries at Allegheny beginning October 27. One exhibition is of Japanese batiks which are part of the collection of Meadville resident Samuel T. Pees, and the other is a traveling collection of art by children from different countries.

The batiks were recently acquired for Mr. Pees and were chosen for him from centers of Indonesian batik production by members of the Sanggar Ligar '64, a school for art studies in Bundung, Java. The art of batik has had an unsurpassed development in that area through many centuries, and the technique has been exported to many other lands, including the United States.

Batik is a method of applying color to fabric which has been treated with a resist of wax or other substance so that the color, which dyes the cloth, will be confined to precise areas of the design. After each color has been applied, the cloth is washed, all wax removed, and a new resist drawn on the cloth in

to highlight exhibit in Doane Hall

preparation for applying another color. Thus, the process may be very lengthy if a number of colors are used.

Tools used in the process, together with other explanatory materials, will be part of the exhibit. Mr. Pees, an Allegheny graduate who made exploration geology his career, has practiced his profession in many parts of the world and has a fine collection of art from many of the areas he has visited, including Latin America, Australia, Indonesia and Oceania.

The display of children's art, entitled "The Figure Conception Graphic Artwork by Children from Different Countries," was organized by Dr. Richard A. Salome and Dr. Barry E. Moore of Illinois State University.

The drawings, paintings and prints have been done by children from all parts of the world, and the exhibit will be enjoyed by children as well as people involved in education and art. Children will be interested in seeing what other children are

doing, while the older observer can trace the development of figure representations from the scribbling stage to very sophisticated renderings. Over twenty countries are represented by the 65 works.

Gallery hours are 12:30 to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday; 7 to 9 p.m. Friday evening; 1:30 to 5 p.m. on Saturday; and 2 to 4 p.m. on Sunday.

The batiks will be on display through November 12 and the children's art exhibit will remain on display through November 18.

Theatre from page 1

The group's appearance at Allegheny this year is supported in part by the College's William Preston Beazell Fund.

Admission is \$2.50 for students and \$3.00 for adults. Allegheny students and faculty are admitted free of charge.



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LOST: one, blue, waist-length, jacket; in CC activities room Friday night. Contact M. McGough, Box 1261.

Roommate wanted for second term in off-campus apartment. Single room, female only. Reasonable rent. Close to campus. INQUIRE: Jane Anderson, Box 246 or 333-1916.

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